

CHESLEY CAN CROW NOW.

THE MUGWUMPS KEPT THEIR WORD AND GOT THERE.

There have been numbers of funerals in St. John that have been away above the election last Tuesday as lively, inspiring and exciting events. Less than half of the people who had voted polled them, and half of those who did vote acted as though they were not particular whether their ballots counted or not.

Mr. Robertson had lived in ancient times, and the man who invented the expression of "mad as a hatter" could have seen his face as it appeared Tuesday night, the phrase would have been changed to "mad as a grocer." He looked very much cut up, and there is every reason to believe that he felt very much as he looked.

There was not much enthusiasm in the crowd at the Foster's Corner headquarters. Those who knew anything about elections saw very early that Mr. Robertson was out of the fight, and after that the chief interest was as to Mr. Chesley's majority.

Mr. Robertson's word, commercially, is safe to be taken and relied upon, but when he told the mourners that he "cheerfully bowed to the result there were some who almost doubted the depth of his hilarity. He took his defeat like a man, however, and gave them to understand that he would not forsake St. John as Mr. Blair has forsaken York.

A man with a keen eye might here and there have found a conservative among the cheerful crowd at the Chesley headquarters in the Old Wigwag at Berryman's hall, but it was a straight grit crowd on the face of it. The kid glove liberals were not there, but Mr. Chesley had not made a bid for kid glove votes from either party.

Monday's indications were in favor of Robertson, because Chesley had declined to shell out as liberally as was expected. Had the Robertson workers had \$600 they could have won the battle. But there was as little shelling out on one side as on the other.

Then, too, the Chesley workers did work, while it would seem that a good many of the Robertson hustlers took things very easy. Chairman Forbes threw the blame on defective organization, and there was a good deal in what he said.

Before the election Carleton was going to do the business of itself for the sake of putting down Chesley, but it did not have so much to say when the votes were counted. The best time to take stock in West End political predictions is after a fight is over. The hustling on Tuesday was all in the North End, by Chesley men. It was a slow enough procession in the city.

This was only one of a number of instances of apathy in the contest.

Then there was at least one man who had promised to vote for both candidates. He kept his word, by marking a cross opposite the name of each on the ballot, which of course counted for nothing.

Another man worked for Chesley in his district, but threw his own vote for Robertson, or at least told the latter's friends that he intended to do so.

In one of the booths an old flagger was so determined that he erased Chesley's name from the ballot, leaving only that of Robertson, but that did not count worth a cent.

The liberals are sorry now that they did not put a man in the field. They estimate that the number of liberals who voted or did not vote was considerably larger than the number of conservatives who did not vote for Robertson.

Chesley won easily, though he was opposed by the straight party machine and the Junior Liberal Conservative Club. Even his fellows of the common council with a few exceptions were arrayed against him. Nor did he get all the liberal votes that were polled, as a good many business men of that party supported Mr. Robertson.

But Mr. Chesley got his election as a mugwump, and now his party is willing to accept him, though he is under no obligations to them. He will go to parliament as the free and independent member from the North End.

The old flag was not moved to any extent this time. Wednesday's Sun says it is nailed up on the wall of the C. P. R. offices.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

But the Finding of Fita is Usually an Indication of Cheries.

A very good story comes to PROGRESS from the county of York in which two politicians from that constituency figure. One of them has been so long in the business, and so many times on the wrong side of the poll that there is nothing surprising in the anecdote so far as regards him, but the other is a more recent acquisition, from whom better things would be expected. He professes to run pure elections and conduct them without the aid of money or rum. No one will deny that this is a very commendable spirit in which to run elections, but if the story rendered as it comes to PROGRESS is correct this newly fledged politician cannot be said to be strictly consistent.

Importing a Hangman.

The statement that a hangman is to be brought from the upper provinces to execute Buck, brings to mind the fact that this course is unusual, if not wholly novel, in this province. The law places the responsibility on the sheriff, and that official has generally carried out the details in person. This has been the practice of the sheriff of St. John, and PROGRESS has heard him say that he would never shrink from the duty, unless he had a doubt of the guilt of the accused, in which case he could resign his office. If, however, a sheriff feels that the manual act of taking another's life is repulsive to him, or if he wants to make sure that the work will be done without mistake, it is quite within his province to delegate the duty to an expert, as the sheriff of Westmorland has done. The last execution in Westmorland was of the lad Hicks, some twenty years ago, when the late Blair Botsford was sheriff. The work was done by that official in prison.

Got Mixed on the Name.

Ald. John Kelly was in Queens county on election day, and singular to say he arrived in company with three orange lights from St. John. He did not remain with them however, but proceeded to do valuable missionary work among the orangemen of Queens. They had heard of the Royal Black Knight Jimmy Kelly, and it is feared that some of them mistook the new arrival for that redoubtable tailor. However it was, the districts which Alderman Kelly favored with his presence did not do so much for the opposition candidate as had been expected of them. The name of Kelly, anyway, is a little prominent at election times nowadays.

SAYS HE IS NOT AFRAID.

BUCK IS NOT WEAKENING AS HIS HOUR DRAWS NEAR.

He Has No Hope that His Sentence Will be Commuted.—The Special Correspondent of "Progress" Describes the Ways of the Doomed Man.

DORCHESTER, Nov. 24.—As the first of December approaches the interest manifested in the fate of the unfortunate man Robert Olson, the "Buck" of the Steadman tragedy, increases. The petition prepared by Mr. Grant, his counsel, has been circulated throughout the province and has been very largely signed, but the prisoner puts little confidence in the result, and is preparing himself for death with more submission and resignation than he has previously shown.

A look at the man would by no means lead you to believe you were in the presence of one who in a week from this date will be ushered into eternity by an ignominious and horrible death. His conversation and appearance would almost make a person doubt that he realized his approaching doom. He has gained considerably in weight since his incarceration, his appearance has undergone a decidedly favorable change, and he laughs and jokes with his attendants in a manner that shows not the slightest tinge of affectation or bravado. On being asked if he ever thought of what was coming, he answered that he tried not to do so, that it would be hard enough to meet it when the moment arrived, and he endeavored not to brood over it now.

The condemned man sleeps well and eats heartily, spending part of the day in reading, though he says his eyes will not permit him to do so for any length of time. He uses tobacco, and seems very much to enjoy a good cigar when given him. He speaks in the highest terms of the kindness of his attendants and of the good officials, Mr. Wilson the deputy sheriff especially coming in for his praise. The sheriff and goaler on their part, say that Buck is a good prisoner and gives them no trouble, and that since he was put in gaol he has never used a rough word to any of them.

Father Cormier is Buck's spiritual adviser, and comes to see him every day. Buck says his parents were Roman Catholics and that he himself was baptized in that faith, but that his religious experience stopped at that. All the clergymen of Dorchester have visited him, and he has spoken sensibly and in a courteous manner to each of them. Mrs. Atkinson of the W. C. T. U. of Moncton has also visited him several times and interested herself greatly on his behalf, and the condemned man seems very grateful to her.

He says that he will die like a man, and that no one will see him tremble; and any one who saw him in the dock when the Judge was delivering the sentence will not doubt but he has the firmness to do as he says. His extraordinary coolness on that occasion can best be illustrated by his remark to Jim when brought back to his cell, that he didn't think they would "take in the world's fair." He has manifested the same nerve throughout, and the only indication of the strife that is within is the changing of his hair to gray, and that he maintains was caused by the pounding he got when arrested.

Where the Money Went.

There was some vigorous language used by some of Mr. Robertson's supporters after the election. They alleged that enough money had been subscribed to ensure the election, but that it had been sent to Queens to defeat Mr. Blair. A Fredericton authority says that \$2,000 was sent, but not used. It is quite evident, from the returns, that it was used the votes Mr. Neales received cost high.

Was It a Deep, Dark Plot?

The story goes that wires were pulled by the Robertson party to aid and abet the candidature of E. H. McAlpine as a liberal candidate, under the impression that his being in the field would take enough votes from Mr. Chesley to ensure Mr. Robertson's election. Mr. Blair had need of Mr. McAlpine in Queens, however, and the machine stock took a drop from which it has not yet recovered.

Where He Made a Mistake.

The best friends of Mr. Chesley think he made a mistake in crowing too offensively over his detested opponents. In the face of such a victory, he should have seen his way clear to be more generous, as well as more just. His speech at Berryman's Hall was possibly excusable in the excitement of the occasion, but apart from his abuse of the machine and its adherents,

EVENINGS IN HALIFAX.

AMATEUR ENTERTAINMENTS ARE CROWNED WITH SUCCESS.

DICKENS FURNISHES THE SUBJECTS AND CLEVER SOCIETY PEOPLE MAKE SOME OF HIS FAMOUS CHARACTERS A REALLY VERY ENJOYABLE NOVELTY.

HALIFAX, Nov. 24.—Not since the last appearance of the celebrated Mrs. Jarley on the Halifax boards have we had an amateur entertainment so drawing as the "Evening with Dickens," on Wednesday at the Masonic Hall. Curiosity brought everyone; long before the hour fixed for the performance the hall was full; and the C. W. M. A. must have done well financially, to judge by the audience.

THE BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE.

Mr. Rev. Hollingworth Tully Kingston is Enthroned at Fredericton.

Mr. Rev. Hollingworth Tully Kingston, the successor of the Most Reverend John Macleay in the diocese of Fredericton, was enthroned in the cathedral at Fredericton on Wednesday last, St. Clement's day. The excellent portrait of Bishop Kingston



given herewith will be of special interest to the readers of PROGRESS at this time.

His Lordship enters upon his high office at an age when in the full vigor of life, he has the years which have brought valuable experience. His position as coadjutor in the past has made him familiar with the diocese, its people and its needs. Under his guidance it is believed, the Church of England in New Brunswick will long continue to advance with the steady and healthful progress it has made in the past.

Jim the Prisoner's Identity.

There is said to be no foundation for the report of Jim, the mysterious prisoner at Dorchester, belonging to a good family in St. John. He was reported to have been identified by St. John officers, but officials of the penitentiary, old St. John men, say there is nothing in the rumor. It is said, however, by some who pretend to know that Jim has powerful friends and relatives at his back, and that his sojourn in his present abode will not be as lengthy as his sentence seemed to imply.

For Secretary Wetmore's Attention.

It has been suggested that the attention of the S. P. C. A. be called to the recent instance of cruelty to animals, when an old and supposedly tough horse was virtually ridden to death. The animal in question is known as the Protestant Horse, and has been successively ridden in St. John, York and Queens until it is in a condition to be of no further service. The names of the men who have been concerned in the affair are well known, and the parties should receive their deserts.

Ald. Davis Was Absent Minded.

Ald. Davis has not been a conservative so long that he can trust himself to talk in a hurry, without showing evidences of his former afflictions. In one of his recent addresses he referred to Mr. Robertson as "a good man as any liberal conservative could be," whereupon there were cries of "put him out." The alderman subsequently explained that he was apt to forget which side he was on when he got excited.

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Undertakes and Furnishes Repaired, Dressed, Union street.

Thompson as David and Traddles and "Mr. Pickwick's Reception" comprised the whole of the company.

Taken altogether the performance was quite novel and very good. The band played very pretty waltzes and selections between each tableau, and the audience went away well pleased. There was a light supper given for the performers behind the scenes, I believe by the committee, who has every reason to be pleased with their entertainment.

MORRIS GRANVILLE.

MONCTON'S MISSING MAYOR.

The Theory that Mr. Snow Has Been the Victim of Foul Play.

Now that Mr. J. McC. Snow, mayor of Moncton, has been missing for four months, in which time not a trace of him has appeared, some of his fellow citizens begin to think it is time some effort was made to find him, or at least to get some idea of what has become of him. Opinions differ as to his fate, but the prevailing belief is that he is dead. The citizens talk freely when they are questioned.

"I believe that Snow is alive," said one man who knew him particularly well. "He may be in the West or he may be somewhere else, but I do not think he is dead. I cannot give any reason for my belief. It is simply an impression which is fixed in my mind. I cannot understand a good many things about the affair. Before Snow went away he paid money that he need not have paid until the next week, and I don't know why he should have done so. He had no business at Hampton, and I don't know why he should have gone there; and there are a number of other things which nobody can quite understand."

Quite different from this was the opinion of a very prominent citizen, who was also an intimate friend of the missing mayor. He is "as firmly convinced that Snow is dead as he is that he himself is alive. More than that, he has a theory about it. It is that Snow was murdered."

"I haven't fully worked out my theory," he said to PROGRESS, "but I cannot come to any other conclusion than that J. McC. Snow was murdered. There is no other way in which he could have disappeared."

"But who would murder him, and what motive would there be?"

"I have this idea: There was a gang of thieves and murderers going through Canada, like that fellow Buck who will be hanged, as he ought to be, and they were capable of any crime. I believe that some of them killed Snow. He was the kind of a man whom they would suppose was in the habit of carrying a good deal of money about him and they either followed him or laid a trap and decoyed him to some out of the way place and killed him. How, or where this was done, I do not pretend to say. That is one of the things I have not figured out."

"Why," he continued, "I knew Snow for years as intimately as any man in Moncton, and had a great many transactions with him, and he was a man I could not think of doubting. I would have been willing to go on his paper for any amount my business would permit, for I could not doubt his integrity. Everybody had confidence in him. He could have gone around Moncton and raised any money he wanted. When anybody tells me that Snow could be alive and not write to me, I say that it cannot be true. If I could believe, as it is utterly impossible for me to believe, that he could act in that way after all that has passed between us, I could not have confidence in any man on the face of this earth. No, I could not even have confidence in my wife. The more I think of it, the more I am sure Snow was murdered."

"You do not believe he could have killed himself?"

"No, there is no possibility of that, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that he became insane. I tell you he was murdered, and it is a dreadful thing that nothing has been done about the matter. He was, for the time, our leading citizen and there should be an investigation of the mystery. I will be one of a number to subscribe to a fund for the purpose and I am willing to give a liberal amount. Why, the more I think of it, the more dreadful it appears to be, this easy way of taking the affair. Any citizen might be murdered, and people would conclude that he had simply left the country. If I were to disappear they might say I ran away, or they might say the same about John Harris or anybody else. Something ought to be done. I have been intending to write something about it for publication, and the only reason I haven't is that I have not been well and have been so cussed lazy. There ought to be an inquiry started, and every means should be taken to find out what has become of Snow, but my mind is made up that he has been murdered."

An Injunction in Order.

If people will continue to vote the names of judges of the supreme court, the only remedy suggested is an injunction to stop it.

PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at "King's Chapel, News Stand,"—Corner of School and Tremont streets.

Vertical text on the left margin containing various notices and advertisements.

Vertical text on the right margin containing various notices and advertisements.

THESE ARE IN THE STYLE. GARNETS THAT LADIES WILL LOOK AT IN WONDER.

Fancy Cloaks That Have Not Yet Made Their Appearance in this Part of the Country.—Women of Fashion say They are Very Stylish.

New York, Nov. 22.—Sweldom made a great sacrifice the other evening—gave up the Horse Show to attend the opening of one of its new clubs—y-e-e-p! Colonial. Chauncey Depew was there, as usual, and spoke of the number of pretty women present. I looked about me. Did I gaze through green spectacles, that I could not discern his rose-colored visions? I had just before made a mental note of the fact that there wasn't a single pretty woman there—no, not one could I find, although I

had gone from room to room, up and down every staircase, peeped into all the cozy corners where Beauty might be lurking, and examined critically every woman in the lovely gold and white theatre. Perhaps it was because they were more like themselves than they used to be. Powder I could see plenty of, but very little rouge, cream washes and beautifiers.

Another thing that I noticed was the courage of the American woman as exem-

indifferent. I noticed it even in the dressing room before they came down—there wasn't the usual crowding about mirrors; almost all of them gave only a look or two into the glass and then turned away. Is it the growing strong-mindedness do you suppose that has anything to do with the change? Surely the element isn't creeping into the circles of exclusiveness and gawdy-Bengaline was the most popular material, apparently, and chiffon. There were any number of bengaline gowns in light colors, with velvet sleeves. White and green were there, and a great deal of them, particularly in all white gowns, with very bright green velvet sleeve puffs. Next to white and green in favor came white and pale yellow; possibly because the exquisite little ballroom was decorated in these two delicate colors. The women

even when she took hold of the very middle, a long end still fell about her, which she was helpless to control. Her robe was very beautifully trimmed with deep Venetian point. But I was fully repaid for all the weariness of looking and watching that evening when the women began to go home, for I saw two cloaks that were most magnificent. They were fresh from Paris, I could see at a glance. The first one was of pure white cloth, and hung over a rose-colored gown that had a crush velvet Empire belt of pink, a deeper shade. The cloak was a double pelérine, the first cape hanging three-quarters length, and edged with Russian sable, the second very much shorter, edged the same. From the neck fell a very narrow ruff of the cloth, but headed and edged with fur; and the fur of the heading went down inside the mantle as well, for a few inches, so that it was warm and close at the throat. The lining was white taffeta, shot with pale rose. The other was very different. It was of a beautiful water-green brocade, with leaf-sprays outlined in gold. The cloak which fell to the feet, seemed to be made of but four straight pieces. Two were narrow and formed the front, meeting in the centre. The other two were much wider and formed the back, the sides and the sleeves. At the back the opening was far up, so that the dress' train had plenty of room to sweep out. But where those pieces touched the front breaths they fell altogether loose, and apart, so that they were like long sleeves. A pretty lining of white quilled silk showed at one side, and a pointed yoke of rich green velvet was edged by a wide berth of fine gypure. An immense rolling collar, also of gypure stood up above the lady's ears. How did those dames fix their hair, do you ask? Not very much out of the ordinary. Most of them high, or semi-high, with diamond or flower bands lying round the coils with pretty silver or gold flowers or high narrow satin bows standing up from the twists, with perhaps less waving locks and more smooth shining ones. Some of the dainty hair ornaments worn now are very pretty. They often convert an ordinary coiffure into a remarkably pretty one, with their fanciful shapes. One that I saw was particularly pretty. It had a fine head of gold for a foundation, and at the centre a bird perched with outstretched wings, all in dull gold. Talking of head ornamentation reminds me of head covering. Just think of it! The restoration of the style of 1830 has gone even so far as the hat. Behold a bonnet with high brim standing up away from the face, with sides closely drawn over the ears by strings that tie under the chin. How do you think you look in it? Do you think you like it? If you have a sweet face, with a pretty, demure mouth, it may be the very thing that will suit you. The only one I have so far had the pleasure of seeing is of pale gray felt, has a gathered rose-colored lining on the wide front brim, has black standing plumes in front and black strings. Strange to say, it isn't at all ugly. Nay, to be still more candid, I shall have to confess that I like it, that I think it very pretty.

ETA. A. SCHUBERT.

For Mending Little Things.

"And I want a large sheet of black court plaster," said a young woman at a notion counter the other day, "which," she proceeded to explain to a lady friend at her side, "is my chief mending friend. I always mend gloves with court plaster, using black on the light tints according to the shade of the glove. I turn the glove inside out and fit the plaster over the rent, first of course, drawing the edges together as a surgeon does a torn skin. It is much nearer than sewing and lasts longer. Sometimes I get an ugly three cornered rent, leaving practically no indications of it. I mend fans, slippers, late—everything, almost, with it.

A Remedy for Chapped Hands.

In Fashion Again.

HOME MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

From Picture Loving Friends—Dainty Frames Easily Made.

A picture loving friend will always enjoy a gift of pictures. A set of small etchings or photographs, mounted as described, will be a joy for ever to such a person. The sets of etchings showing the localities made famous by noted writers are good for the purpose. These are four scenes in each set, besides a portrait and a fac-simile of the author's writing. To mount them take cartridge paper of any preferred color, double a portion of it and tear it in a strip 9 inches wide and three times as long. In this way the edges of the double strip will be torn alike to look like one piece. Separate the two and put inside a piece of very stiff paper or thin cardboard, pasting all together and putting it under a weight until smooth and dry. Then bend it like a threefold screen, and place on each fold of each side an etching, gluing it lightly in place. It will make an attractive ornament for the top of a desk or bookcase or to set on a mantel.

To use photographs, select unmounted ones of nearly the same size, mount them on thin cards and then arrange them like the etchings, laying them on by their corners with very narrow ribbon, if preferred. A single good photograph, mounted on the lower right hand corner of a panel several times too large for it, the remaining space being filled with some sort of a design in branches, leaves, or flowers, is a lovely and tasteful ornament of Christmas.

The presentation of one's photograph to an intimate friend is allowable at Christmas time, and if one can give a frame with it to be set, not where it can be seen by every one, but in the recipient's own room, so much the better. Several effective designs in ribbon make tasteful frames, though they will not allow the use of a glass. The first consists of four bows made of ribbon, about two inches wide, so placed that they shall touch. They are fastened on a narrow oblong, cut out of cardboard, just the size of the picture, and a back of the same is fastened on, that the picture may be slipped inside. The ribbon bows must wholly conceal the cardboard. Yellow ribbon is pretty for this purpose, or pale blue. A good effect is produced by making the bow on the bottom of the card, and that next it, on the right side, of olive, the other two of pale blue.

For the other frame make a front of water color paper, with torn edges and a square opening for the picture. Back it with cardboard, the whole being a trifle larger than the picture, so that it can be slipped inside, and make a stiff standard, so the frame will not need an easel. Take fancy edged ribbon of some pale color and arrange it as in the illustration. The result is a very delicate and pretty setting for any picture.

Christmas is Coming.

Make your fruit cake and otherwise provide for it. New Raisins, Currants, Spices, Cabried Peels, Fresh Eggs, Mince Meat, Sweet Cider, Choice Lard, Roll Butter, Dunn's Hams & Bacon, and all other things necessary and in season to be had from J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., Charlotte st., next W. M. C. A.

There are shorter and better ways—business ways—do you wish to know about them? Lessons by mail—penmanship, book-keeping and shorthand. Write to SNELL'S COLLEGE, Windsor, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Breech-loading Shot Gun. SCHUTZE Smokeless Powder. It is clean; there is no Recoil; it is Smokeless. One pound is equal in Power and Bulk to two pounds of the best black powder. It is the POWDER OF THE FUTURE for Sportmen.

Single and Double Barrel Breech-Loading Guns, MUZZLE-LOADING GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS, CARTRIDGES AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS. W. H. THORNE & CO. Market Square, St. John, N. B.

"DO YOU REQUIRE A FIRST CLASS COOKING RANGE?" If so, call and see our "ROYAL ART." It is strictly first class in every respect. Very moderate in consumption of fuel, and a continuous fire can be kept up throughout the season. As a baker it is PERFECT. Every Range Guaranteed. EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

SOME NOVELTIES. Electro Plated Plaques WITH GOOD View of the Cantilever Bridge and the St. John River, especially made for us. Very suitable to send away to a friend. 1 case CUCKOO CLOCKS from Switzerland. Fancy GILT and GLASS WATCH STAND and other Novelties. Silver and Electro Plated Ware Large Stock. Large addition to our Cutlery department which is second to none in Maritime Provinces. Prices low.

BURPEE, THORNE & CO., 60 and 62 Prince Wm. Street.

Heating Stoves. 50 SIZES AND STYLES TO SELECT FROM. ALL GOOD HEATERS. AND THE PRICES WILL SUIT YOU. J. H. SELFRIDGE, 101 Charlotte St. (Opposite Hotel Dufrain.)

Season, 1892. Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition, and all SPORTING REQUISITES. T. McAVITY and SONS, 13 AND 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Great Cash Bargains. Pants from \$3.00 up. Overcoats from... \$13.00 up. Reefers from 8.00 up. Gent's Suits from 14.00 up. MADE TO ORDER AT SHORT NOTICE. PANTS MADE WHILE YOU WAIT. W. H. McINNIS, Tailor, 127 and 129 Portland Bridge, Mill Street.

Mince Meat Now Ready; Also ROLL BACON, S. C. HAM, SAUSAGES. JOHN HOPKINS, UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Berton House, Gold and Silver Plating. ST. JOHN, N. B. Permanent and Transient Board. Apply to MRS. A. DANIEL, 45 Millon Row. All kinds of old SILVERWARE repaired and replated and made to look as good as new. W. BILLMAN, 27 Germain St., St. John.



WHITE CLOTH PELERINE.



WATER GREEN BROCADED CLOAK.



BONNET OF 1830.

even when she took hold of the very middle, a long end still fell about her, which she was helpless to control. Her robe was very beautifully trimmed with deep Venetian point. But I was fully repaid for all the weariness of looking and watching that evening when the women began to go home, for I saw two cloaks that were most magnificent. They were fresh from Paris, I could see at a glance. The first one was of pure white cloth, and hung over a rose-colored gown that had a crush velvet Empire belt of pink, a deeper shade. The cloak was a double pelérine, the first cape hanging three-quarters length, and edged with Russian sable, the second very much shorter, edged the same. From the neck fell a very narrow ruff of the cloth, but headed and edged with fur; and the fur of the heading went down inside the mantle as well, for a few inches, so that it was warm and close at the throat. The lining was white taffeta, shot with pale rose. The other was very different. It was of a beautiful water-green brocade, with leaf-sprays outlined in gold. The cloak which fell to the feet, seemed to be made of but four straight pieces. Two were narrow and formed the front, meeting in the centre. The other two were much wider and formed the back, the sides and the sleeves. At the back the opening was far up, so that the dress' train had plenty of room to sweep out. But where those pieces touched the front breaths they fell altogether loose, and apart, so that they were like long sleeves. A pretty lining of white quilled silk showed at one side, and a pointed yoke of rich green velvet was edged by a wide berth of fine gypure. An immense rolling collar, also of gypure stood up above the lady's ears.

How did those dames fix their hair, do you ask? Not very much out of the ordinary. Most of them high, or semi-high, with diamond or flower bands lying round the coils with pretty silver or gold flowers or high narrow satin bows standing up from the twists, with perhaps less waving locks and more smooth shining ones. Some of the dainty hair ornaments worn now are very pretty. They often convert an ordinary coiffure into a remarkably pretty one, with their fanciful shapes. One that I saw was particularly pretty. It had a fine head of gold for a foundation, and at the centre a bird perched with outstretched wings, all in dull gold. Talking of head ornamentation reminds me of head covering. Just think of it! The restoration of the style of 1830 has gone even so far as the hat. Behold a bonnet with high brim standing up away from the face, with sides closely drawn over the ears by strings that tie under the chin. How do you think you look in it? Do you think you like it? If you have a sweet face, with a pretty, demure mouth, it may be the very thing that will suit you. The only one I have so far had the pleasure of seeing is of pale gray felt, has a gathered rose-colored lining on the wide front brim, has black standing plumes in front and black strings. Strange to say, it isn't at all ugly. Nay, to be still more candid, I shall have to confess that I like it, that I think it very pretty.

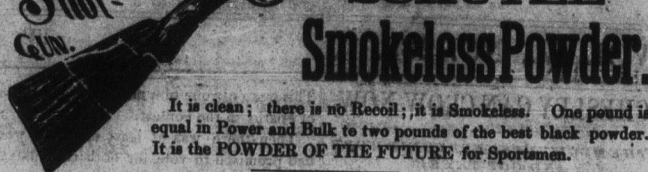
ETA. A. SCHUBERT.

For Mending Little Things.

"And I want a large sheet of black court plaster," said a young woman at a notion counter the other day, "which," she proceeded to explain to a lady friend at her side, "is my chief mending friend. I always mend gloves with court plaster, using black on the light tints according to the shade of the glove. I turn the glove inside out and fit the plaster over the rent, first of course, drawing the edges together as a surgeon does a torn skin. It is much nearer than sewing and lasts longer. Sometimes I get an ugly three cornered rent, leaving practically no indications of it. I mend fans, slippers, late—everything, almost, with it.

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SCHUTZE Smokeless Powder. It is clean; there is no Recoil; it is Smokeless. One pound is equal in Power and Bulk to two pounds of the best black powder. It is the POWDER OF THE FUTURE for Sportmen.

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Berton House, Gold and Silver Plating. ST. JOHN, N. B. Permanent and Transient Board. Apply to MRS. A. DANIEL, 45 Millon Row. All kinds of old SILVERWARE repaired and replated and made to look as good as new. W. BILLMAN, 27 Germain St., St. John.

MUSICAL

Mr. Ford worked wonder rooms Monday evening in ing spirit into the practice capital one, all parts been The tenor was stronger th for a long time. At pres has to be done in the sop although it is the stronge still much is required in th On Sunday Miss Wilson, at the Stone church duri absence, was given a very testimonial by the rector an of the appreciation they fel lent and painstaking work will be in charge of St. next Sunday. The amateur ministrs their recent performances catholic and protestant orph date. The German street bapti has been cleaned, tuned an the improvement is very hear that that much abus the mission church orga doing more satisfactory wor electric motor answers splen I noticed in one of the that Mr. Watkins, a you Wolverhampton, Eng. h mented by the Queen for h This young man is a wo reader and has often playe panied some of the most diff and symphonies perfectly at out any preparation. He p come quite a light in the m It seems a great pity St. raise money enough to have concert, but I don't think could have been an extra go wouldn't have looked at such as \$1,000. I am not alludin Nordica herself. She, we al wonderful voice.

THE ORATORIO NEXT Careful Preparations Give P Successful Concert Reserved seats should be s for the Oratorio concert, n and Friday. No pains are by vocalists and instrum these performances the best ever given. Mr. Ford took rehearsal Monday night, an was greeted by the best att season. Since then not a d without a practice of some k To-night will be no exception day there will be the regu when the orchestra is exp present. Tuesday and Wedn hearsal will be in the Opera H the latter night, Mrs. Allen soloists will remember. Hon bers should remember their privilege of being present hearsal on production of their There will be no change r arrangements announced last improvement will be made portions of "Athalie" by givi of Joad, Salomith and the Ch to different voices, so as to p identify. On the last occas characters were read by the result that much of the dra of the work was lost. The soc wisely decided to print all the both nights.

It is difficult to say which one the more enjoyable; probab night will possess more variety, more taking solo work, as both toward Mr. Daniel have sol Lay of the Bell" as well as Mrs Miss Hea. Friday's oratorio, is in totally different style to recently given by the Society. the musical setting in the choru cine's sacred tragedy. The na been condensed into a poem, w read, thus preserving the drama ty. It is something so diff anything ordinarily presented in that it will be worth hearing, the sake of the novelty. It h fine overture, and the instrum through is splendid. So few, tively, heard it when given over ago, that it may almost be sty work to St. John.

TONES AND UNDERTON A number of hitherto unpubl positions of Chopin are shortly to print at Warsaw. Some notes of interest in rega will know hymn writers appea eleventh page of this issue. Anton Rubinstein is said to be with writing his memoirs, the p of which is, however, to be del after his death. Verdi has declined the offer of ship of music by Cambridge uni age preventing him making a per to receive the degree. It is stated that the new s which Verdi is now engaged in the opera, "King Lear," the libretto

MUSICALS

Mr. Ford worked wonders at the oratorio rooms Monday evening in the way of throwing spirit into the practice...

On Sunday Miss Wilson, who has played at the Stone church during Mr. Ford's absence, was given a very nice present and testimonial by the rector and choir...

The amateur minstrels are to repeat their recent performances in aid of the catholic and protestant orphans at an early date.

The Germain street baptist church organ has been cleaned, tuned and repaired, and the improvement is very great.

A new genius has been discovered in Germany. His name is Hemprich, and an opera of his, entitled "Im Schoos der Erde," has been accepted for performance in Munich...

On Dec. 7, at the Berlin opera house, will be celebrated the 150th anniversary of the first performance of a grand opera in that theatre.

Dr. Hubert Parry's new cantata, "Job," which was a feature of the Gloucester, England, musical festival this year, is said to be a highly unconventional piece of work...

Although Bach and Handel were contemporaries, were of about the same age, born in the same neighborhood, practiced the same branch of the same art, and each was famous as an organist...

The organ at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., which has been undergoing repairs for four months, under the bequest of Emma Abbott, the actress, was rededicated Sunday evening by a service of music and song.

There has been some excitement among the young lady singers of Christ Church, Jersey City, N. Y., over an innovation they tried to introduce into that edifice when it was opened last week.

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Boito, which the veteran maestro had taken in hand some years ago, and after sketching a few scenes had laid aside again.

A collection of valuable musical books and manuscripts has been unearthed recently within the precincts of the Church of St. Bartholomew at Blakenburg, in Saxony, now in course of restoration.

An important and, hitherto, unknown pianoforte trio by Franz Liszt, the only one extant from his pen, a transposition of the composer's "Carnival de Pech" for pianoforte, is about to be published by Messrs. Schott, of Mayence.

Fine voices, says Good Health, are seldom found in a country where fish or meat diet prevails. Those Italians who eat the most fish, those of Naples and Genoa, have few fine singers among them.

The latest intelligence from Paderewski, the pianist, is to the effect that he will arrive in New York in December. As his appearance in San Francisco will probably be postponed until later in the season, he may be heard in New York some time in January.

The supposed birth-place of Handel in Halle has recently been used as a beer garden, and it is now about to be sold, probably for the site of a big brewery.

A new genius has been discovered in Germany. His name is Hemprich, and an opera of his, entitled "Im Schoos der Erde," has been accepted for performance in Munich, where much is expected of it.

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TALK OF THE THEATRE. The performance of the Amateur Minstrels in aid of the orphan asylum will take place in the opera house on December 6th.

The Daniel's Specialty Company opens in the Mechanic's Institute on Monday next, and according to the flyers will remain for one week. Should their opening be successful it is quite probable that their stay will be prolonged until the end of the year.

The particular pets of Mrs. Janaschek are two guinea pigs. Mrs. Langtry is to be modeled in wax and costumed as Cleopatra for the Chicago fair.

Thomas W. Keene has played "Richard III" 1,700 times and now he has 100 men in the battle scene.

Iring's "Lear" is severely condemned by the London papers for the actor's exaggerated mannerisms.

With a fortune of \$750,000 safely laid away Edwin Booth has positively decided not to appear again upon the stage.

Miss Fannie Davenport may possibly appear as Lady Gay Spanker and as Nancy Sykes in "Oliver Twist" next season.

Sarah Bernhardt is 48 years old. She is christened "Rosine," but changed her name to Sarah for a reason known only to herself.

From 1661 to 1680 it was customary in England to return the price of admission to persons who left before the close of the first act.

The largest theatre in the world is the Opera House, in Paris. It covers nearly three acres of ground and cost about \$20,000,000.

Actor Wilson Barrett has a fair prospect of being compelled to pay over to Uncle Sam about \$7,000, the amount of duties imposed on \$20,000 worth of theatrical baggage, scenery, etc., brought over from England.

Since Sol Smith Russell announced that he intended impersonating Abraham Lincoln, he has received hundreds of letters from friends and admirers advising him not to do so.

Up to the present date "Les Huguenots" has been performed 822 times at the opera in Paris: "William Tell," 776; "Robert le Diable," 743; "La Favorita," 622; "Faust," 611; "Mazeppa," 584; "Prophet," 469; "Count Ory," 434; "Jessie," 386; "Lucia," 289; "L'Amleto," 210; "Don Giovanni," 214; "Freischutz," 210; "Trovatore" and "Alda," 162.

Mlle. Rhea, who has just closed an engagement at the Grand, in 1886 was playing down in Indiana one night when she discovered that her diamond brooch, one she wore in "Josephine," was missing.

The gambling instinct in the average human nature is said to be powerfully illustrated in Hallen and Hart's new musical comedy, "The Idea." They play an actual game of keno on the stage and induce the audience to take part by distributing Lotto cards through the house.

Theatres in Paris are not paying. There are eighteen leading playhouses, and their receipts fell off from twenty-two millions of francs in 1890 to seventeen and a half millions in 1891.

BARLEY SUGAR TOYS.

The finest ever seen in St. John are shown at the KANDY KITCHEN, 12 Charlotte St. and the BIJOU, 70 King Street.

not Shakespeare ever met a Jew. But a study of the Merchant of Venice will bear out the statement that, though he greatly exaggerated Jewish character, it was not common in that day for Jews. Else why did he impart to Jessica her lovely character?

Shylock's demand for the pound of flesh, said the lecturer, was not, never was, a Jewish custom. Shakespeare got the idea from an old Roman law, which gave a creditor the right over his debtor's life and property.

Superstition in Maine. In regard to the habit of partridges of flying into civilization and a popular superstition regarding them, an Augusta man says: "One flew on our premises and was captured. There came up the question whether we should kill the bird or allow it to live."

Why he Stopped. A nervous little man sat on one side of the cross seats on the top of an omnibus the other day back to back with a young woman of the "sweet girl graduate" species, says the Boston Globe.

Arabian Wisdom. The tongue often cuts off the head. If your friend is made of honey do not eat him up at one meal.

Its Deficiency. "Going to start a paper, I hear." "Yes. Smith's going to furnish the money and I'm going to furnish the brains."

A Discovery. "Say, you know that play of 'Faust' that was here some time ago?" "Yes." "Well, there's been a book written about it by a fellow named Goethe.—Truth."

Museum Uproar. Museum Manager—What's all that row about? Assistant—The show is over and the freaks are getting ready to go home.

A Good Reason. Stranger—Why do you put the choir so high up in the gallery? Deacon—Because the bass has such a deep voice that if he was below nobody could hear him unless they sat in the cellar.

It seems necessary to constantly advise the public to be on their guard against substitutes and imitations of popular remedies. And yet, notwithstanding these repeated warnings, the business of selling substitutes and imitations flourishes to a greater or less extent in many parts of the country.

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MURPHY'S & CO. RESERVED SEAT Plan for the ORATORIO CONCERTS IN THE OPERA HOUSE WITH ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS. Dec. 1st, and 2nd. Opens today AT MURPHY'S & CO. THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 1st, AS THE HART PANTS, THE LAY OF THE BELL, FRIDAY, Dec. 2: "ATHALIE."

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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Half-pay Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

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NALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 26.

THE CONTEST IN QUEENS.

The election of Mr. BLAIR in Queens county, by a majority of two to one over his opponent, is an event on which the people of that important constituency are to be congratulated. Outside of the question of politics, it is an event which must have a salutary effect upon the whole province. It would have been a sad reflection on the intelligence of the people had the result been other than it was.

The rejection of a man of the ability and experience of Mr. BLAIR would have been a mistake in itself, but much more than that was involved in the contest. The government could doubtless have held its own with another leader, and if it could not it would have had no right to exist. It would be a poor government indeed, and one not worthy of support that depended for its existence on any one man, and the country would be more healthful if it were swept away, to make room for one established on more stable foundations. The fate of the present government was not in the balance and its most optimistic opponents could not take such a view. It would have left the loss of its tried and trusty leader, but that would have been all. The vote on Tuesday could not have made any material change in the politics of the present legislature.

Nor would the position of Queens county be of itself so much worse than it has been. Mr. NEALE belongs to a respected family, and might have proven an excellent representative, even though not in a position to secure any particular advantages for the people he represented. If those people had chosen to prefer him to the ablest man in provincial politics, they might have never realized how great had been their mistake. They would have lost a great opportunity—the opportunity in their political history—but if they had been content there was no reason why the people of other counties should blame them for their preference. There would have been a natural wonder that they should have justified themselves, but on the mere question of a choice of men there could have been nothing more.

But far and beyond the question of Mr. BLAIR's success or non-success, beyond the question of government or opposition, and apart from the future of the county of Queens, was involved on issue in which broad minded people everywhere are interested. When Mr. BLAIR determined to be a candidate for that constituency, he did so with the full knowledge that he was going to a protestant county fresh from a defeat which he had suffered through the protestancy in York. He could easily have found a vacancy in a county where such a cry could not have been raised and where without doubt he would have been elected by acclamation. Conscious that he had done nothing to forfeit the confidence of any fair minded protestant, and unwilling to creep into the house with a chance for suspicion that he was afraid to face a constituency on the merits of his record, he prepared for the battle in Queens. There was nothing to be feared from the intelligent people of that county, but the extent to which outside influence could sway the ignorant and prejudiced could only be guessed. Up to a late date in the campaign, his friends feared that he had sacrificed himself by his own confidence that the electorate would vindicate him. It is understood that he was, himself, not over sanguine. The result of the election has shown that his open, manly and courageous course was by all odds the wisest he could have taken. He goes to the legislature with even more honor than if he had won at the outset on his own ground in the county of York.

The attempt of the modding, mischief-making, strife-breeding bigots to secure his defeat by appealing to the passions and prejudices of people whose creed is the hatred of others' creed, and who are ready to believe any lie, however monstrous, of the people

of another faith, has signally failed. Mr. BLAIR was not mistaken in his good sense of the majority in the county, and he asked only that they should know the facts in such a matter as the big bugaboo of Bathurst and its schools. Those facts, on unimpeachable authority, were placed before the people, and the pitiful peddlers of the previous false and malignant scandals were brought to confusion. On election day they were routed, horse, foot and artillery, and the sectarian cry was so sternly rebuked that they would be extremists in folly who would attempt to raise it in Queens again. The lesson is a valuable one to stifle breeders everywhere. It shows that a "religious cry," when there is no foundation for it, is very apt to react upon its promoters, and with most disastrous effect.

It is quite in order for all fair minded men to join with PROGRESS in congratulating both Mr. BLAIR and the county of Queens.

CHEAPER HOUSES.

A correspondent takes exception to the views advanced by PROGRESS in regard to the possibility of houses being put up to rent for \$200 and under. What was meant was a seven-roomed house, of wood, without any extravagant fittings. Such houses can be found by the score in the suburbs of Boston, and rent from twelve to fifteen dollars a month. They are compact, comfortable, and are really snug homes. If they can be built and rented for that figure in such places as Somerville and Roxbury, why can they not be built in St. John. PROGRESS is still of the opinion that they can be, but would be glad to hear from any of its readers on this point.

Something depends on the cost of the land, but at the rates which property has been bringing of late years, that may be figured pretty low. There are, however, owners of vacant lots which yield and are likely to yield nothing, and, in such cases, the question of the cost of land is greatly simplified. It is better to get even a minimum return from it than to keep it idle in the hope that the national policy or some other wonder working remedy will make it immensely valuable some day. Then, and this is important, the nature of the ground and the cost of excavating have to be considered. Outside of these a comfortable house can be built for two thousand dollars. This is the opinion of Mr. R. C. JOHN DUNN, the architect, and he ought to know something about it.

A few years ago Mr. DUNN prepared plans for a number of self-contained houses, which it was proposed to build on Canterbury street. They were to be of brick, which is more costly than wood, but also more durable, and as everybody knows Canterbury street is pretty rocky ground. The cost of each brick house, including the cost of the land, was estimated at \$2,500. This, allowing the interest at ten per cent, would make the rental \$250. In other localities the cost, even of this superior class of houses would be less than \$2,500. A wooden house would cost much less at the outset, though it would be liable to entail expense for repairs in time, though there are plenty of wooden houses in this city which have had little or nothing expended in repairs on them for years, and are still in good condition.

Supposing, however, that a house does cost as much as \$2,500, which is an ascertained amount after careful calculation, why should a landlord insist on having ten per cent, which is understood to allow six per cent on the investment, leaving the remainder for taxes, insurance, etc.? Capitalists are content with less than six per cent on other investments, and if they would consider four a fair return in this case, they could rent a \$2,500 house for \$200.

Some landlords have had much worse luck than that. A good substantial house need not have stained glass or plate glass, elaborately carved newel posts, cornices in every room, and a hundred other little but expensive affairs which are well enough in their way, but are not necessary either to comfort or respectability. There are a good many men working for small salaries who expect such things, so that they may be thought as good as their neighbors, but there are also a great many sensible men who prefer to keep within their means and enjoy comfort without display. For such men it ought not to be difficult to build houses, rentable at moderate figures, and it would not be difficult to find architects who would undertake the work.

A SECRET OF SUCCESS.

One of the New York papers, in referring to the approaching "encampment" of the Salvation Army in that city, ascribes the success of this peculiar organization to the principle of giving everybody something to do. The masses are reached and held together because every man and woman is made to feel that he or she is a participant in the work. As the paper in question expresses it, "all have not the same work allotted to them, but no member is left to mere passivity and receptivity. All the while things are kept moving, there is action, there is expression, there is a universal sense of responsibility. Every talent is utilized, every form of help is welcomed; the ranks are never too full for the enlistment of new recruits; each recruit is made to feel that he or she is wanted, is needed, was expected and adds strength to the whole body. Then there is developed

a sense of comradeship. They fight shoulder to shoulder. They shake hands and they keep step. They know one another; they acquire a consciousness of common interests and rejoice to think that no one among them is forgotten by his fellows or by their 'captain' or their 'general.' This is why there is such abounding enthusiasm."

All who have given careful attention to the workings of religious or secular organizations must recognize the value of this principle of making members feel that they are wanted and that their services are valued. In the lodge or in the church, the most successful body is that which has leaders who are in touch with the rank and file of the members, and who utilize their services. "The theory of running the affairs of any body by a clique is sure to lead to deadness and apathy. No matter how efficient may be the men at the head of affairs, there can be no healthy growth unless they have the sympathy and co-operation of the rank and file, which can only be had by letting the rank and file understand that it is wanted.

This seems especially true of church work, and the rapid stride of some denominations in recent years have been largely due to the recognition of the people and especially the young people as auxiliaries in the work. On the other hand, the churches which have thought that the pastor and officials were a body sufficient to keep things moving have barely, and in some cases not quite, held their own. The Salvation Army has hit upon the right method of maintaining a live organization, and the principle on which they work is worth thinking over by the churches which find their flocks lacking in zeal. The people can be made useful, and are usually anxious to be, but many are loth to come to the front until when there is nothing to show that they are wanted.

WHERE IS MAYOR SNOW?

On the morning of the 21st. of July, J. McC. SNOW, the mayor of Moncton, left the latter place to go to Hampton, to return, as his friends expected, the same night. He was seen both in St. John and Hampton within the next two days, but since that time, about four months ago, all trace of him has been lost. Nobody can say whether he is alive or dead. Each of these theories finds advocates, but neither has anything to support it but conjecture. It is not every city that could have a mayor disappear so suddenly and mysteriously as that, and go calmly and quietly about its business as though he had never existed. Yet that is about what the city of Moncton has done. Mr. SNOW has been voted out of the chair, and a man has been put in his place, but that is the official end of the matter. Where the mayor is, gone to has not seemed a matter for investigation. He is gone and gone for good. There are more pressing matters for the council to attend to, it would seem. Provision must be made for paving the remainder of Main street, for instance, and the workings of the Scott Act have to be considered. The council cannot be expected to attend to everything at once, and so the remarkable disappearance of the chief citizen has become merely a matter of record, a curious incident in the history of a great and growing city.

All of the citizens do not take the same view of the matter. One of PROGRESS staff had occasion to be in Moncton for a little while, the other day, and heard the opinions of some of the leading men. Their theories differed as to what had become of Mr. SNOW, but they agreed in the view that even now some effort ought to be made to solve the mystery. If the city council would take no action, they felt the missing man had friends enough to raise a fund for the purpose if anybody would take the lead. They did not feel satisfied with the pass without more energetic measures being taken. Some of their views are quoted on another page of this issue.

Either Mr. SNOW is alive, and therefore it is possible to find him, in time, or he is dead, as the result of suicide, accident or murder. Only in the latter event, when special caution had been taken to hide all traces of the deed, might a thoroughly conducted search be baffled. There are few mysteries indeed which cannot be solved in these days, if the necessary time and money are employed. There are occasional cases where all efforts to get at the truth are fruitless, but that is no reason why the people of Moncton should be afraid to make the attempt to find out what has become of Mayor SNOW.

As to the murder theory, it is as tenable as any other which has been advanced. Those who knew Mr. SNOW best scouted the idea that he would utterly ignore his family and friends were he alive and well. They are equally positive that he was not a man who would take his own life, and when they last saw him there was no indication of mental unbalance. They are sure he did not become insane in a day. Equally sure are they that he had no enemies, and unless the idea that he was decaying and murdered by tramps is accepted, it is difficult for them to believe he has been murdered. It is one of the cases in which each theory advanced has some point which may be strongly combatted by the advocates of some other theory.

Whatever may be the truth, the fact re-

mains that the mayor and chief magistrate of Moncton has utterly disappeared, and that four months have passed without any well-organized effort being made to find him. This latter fact is almost as singular as the fact of his disappearance.

"During the last week PROGRESS has received several letters in regard to its recent plea for clemency in the case of BUCK. The writer of one of these, some Moncton man who was afraid to sign his name, censured the course of PROGRESS, and intimated it would make the paper unpopular with the people of his city. Other letters commend the course of PROGRESS in warm terms. They are not published for the reason that nothing that may now be said by the press can affect the fate of the condemned man. The petitions have been forwarded to Ottawa and the decision from there will be final.

A lot in New York city, at the corner of Broadway and Pine street, was sold for \$176 a front foot last week, the price for 5,898 square feet being \$1,040,000. This gives some idea of the extraordinary value of real estate in the big city. It may be some years before city lots in St. John will approach those figures, even at the encouraging advance made in the last year or two, as shown by the sale of the HARRIS property to the government.

"Speaking of dances a religious exchange remarks that 'they have never helped one soul into the kingdom of heaven, but have dragged millions down to bottomless perdition.' In view of this, it would be interesting to have statistics as to the evangelizing influences of the Sunday school picnic, the church tea meeting and the social gatherings where kissing games and gossip take the position that dancing holds among the ungodly.

If the small vote polled in St. John on Tuesday was due to the fact that there was "no money going," it is a sad reflection on the electors. A man who will not vote unless he is bought should be deprived of his franchise.

With the glorious autumn weather we have had of late, it seems hard to believe that Christmas is only four weeks away.

PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at 'King's Chapel News Stand,'—Corner of School and Tremont streets.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

The Boom at St. Andrews. The court-house roof is receiving a new coat of shingles.—St. Andrews Beacon.

Things Lively in Halifax. A mad dog made things lively on Hollis street this morning near the Halifax Hotel.—Halifax Mail.

Westville's Latest Woe. Social circles are disturbed because what was looked upon as a sure thing is now "off."—N.G. Enterprise.

Fredonston is Putting on Style. Mr. A. Lotzinger has had his store greatly improved by the putting in of a few hardwood floors.—The Glasnost.

Somebody Was Awake. Two loons, whose curiosity led them too close to the railway wharf, on Saturday last, paid for their tenacity with their lives.—St. Andrews Beacon.

The Scott Act in Chatham. A large and valuable St. Bernard dog, name on collar (Beckwith, Quebec) died suddenly on Wellington street this morning.—Newcastle Advocate.

Every Hoe Has Its Day. The weather remains open. The farmers have got all their crop in, and the squalling of the swine reminds us that the porker's day has come.—Digby Canadian.

A Wall from River John. That buggy seat should be taken down off the bridge. Those who put it up on Hollow e'en will be held responsible for damages to passers by.—N.G. Enterprise.

It is a Black Sea. The condition of the block pavement on Main street, contrasted strongly with the sea of mud on the unpaved portion. It is an impressive object lesson.—Moncton Transcript.

The Ambition of Pictou. Pictou was ambitious in these days. She didn't lay out to be the salt of the earth, but thought it possible she might become a light of the world, so in 1883 a lighthouse was built.—N.G. Enterprise.

Vital Statistics at Hebron. Some how or other we failed to notice in our items the arrival of another resident in our village some three weeks ago in the person of a fine boy at Mr. and Mrs. John Porter's, making the eighth boy in succession in the family. This can't be beat every day in the week. But hush—they have an infant daughter only three days old at the home of Mr. Reuben Durkee, which he firmly believes is equal to any eighteen kids ever born in the country. Reuben is usually level-headed, but this sounds rash. The fact that this is No. 1 explains the whole matter.—Yarmouth Light.

Romdoms. November's rain down pours to-night; And, rushing round in sobbing night Outside, November's wind blows cold Among the trees and hours untold, While I read on, am taking flight. How warm my room is, and how bright; With books to left and books to right: And yet,—how dreary sounds that old November's rain!

I read until the black and white Of printed pages fade from sight.— Until my book drops from my hold: Then, when a cigarette I've rolled And lit, . . . O perfect world,—despite November's rain!

To Music Beginners. The advertisement of Mrs. T. F. Raymond will be found in another column, and should be interesting to those who are thinking of learning music. Mrs. Raymond will be glad to give particulars to anyone enquiring of her, either personally or by letter.

HOUSES AT CHEAP RENTS.

A Reader of "Progress" Wants Further Information About Them. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—I cut the following from an article in last Saturday's PROGRESS for the purpose of eliciting information:

"There is no scarcity of vacant lots in St. John, the owners of which are puzzled to know what use to put them. The suggestion that they should build on them houses which would meet the wants of people of moderate means is worth considering. Self-contained houses at figures below \$200 a year would never be vacant, and would return a sure and steady return for the money invested in their construction. Somebody should try the experiment, and there is little doubt he would find it crowned with success."

Now as no doubt there are many capitalists in St. John who have large sums of money lying idle awaiting safe investments, it would be interesting to me, being one of the above unfortunate class, to obtain such information as would encourage me to go into this building speculation, and thus secure what you call "sure and steady return for the money invested in their construction." Let us see for a moment how your suggestion can be reduced to practice, when you suggest that self-contained houses at \$200 a year would never be vacant, and would pay the owner handsome or good profits. Now a house at \$200 a year rent would only represent \$2,000 of an outlay, as you are aware that 10 per cent. (which covers taxes, insurance, etc., etc.) is the customary business calculation; and I would ask, can a house complete in all its details, with what are called "all the modern improvements," be built for \$2,000, and without the price of land too? Any architect in St. John can answer this question. Let me see—suppose I feel disposed to erect say five cottages, as a start, on a strip of land long enough so that each house would have 30 feet front, all being connected and under one continuous roof, as is customary in such cases, the whole range occupying 150 feet front,—then, to begin, what would the land itself cost? This, I suppose, would depend upon the situation, and again upon the nature of the soil for excavation purposes. Would \$300 per lot be too much or too little? Call it \$300 at a venture,—running back say 100 feet—this outlay at 6 per cent. would be \$18 a year (on each lot) which is to be deducted from the \$200 rent, leaving him \$182 income on rent, supposing the house to cost him only \$2,000, and that simply for the building. Of course I understand that each house would be, say two stories high, or one and a half, with Mansard roof, large enough for a family of seven or eight persons. Survey the whole field and tell me whether it would be possible to obtain suitable land and a row of say five well built cottages, brick fronts, as above shown, for the sum of \$10,000, the price of the land not included, equal in quality and character, each to rent for \$200 a year, or rather \$218, including interest on land; and all things being equal. If you hear of such an architect or builder who will undertake the work,

I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW: A Great Scheme Proposed. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: As the government professes to be willing to oblige the public as much as possible in regard to the delivery of mail matter, why should there not be a telephone placed on the main floor of the post office in the delivery room, where it can be answered by the clerks on duty? I have a box, but frequently I go to the post office before the mail I want is sorted, and I have either to wait in the lobby or go back and return later. I am a busy man, and I have no time to waste. If there were a telephone I and other citizens could call upon the clerks as often as we pleased and ask if the mails were in or if there were any letters in our boxes. In the same way people who now ask for letters at the window could be saved useless journeys by using the telephone, to ask if there was anything there for them. I observe that the clerks, when not sorting letters, seem to have plenty of leisure, and that time often seems to hang heavy on their hands. The attention a telephone would require, when used by the general public, would do much to vary the monotony of post office life. What does the postmaster think of the suggestion? BOXHOLDER.

QUERY ABOUT A QUESTION. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Not being one of the girls may I ask "Astia," through you, in what part of the Bible I can find the proverb "a still tongue maketh a wise head," which she ascribes to King Solomon? ONE OF THE BOYS.

True to Its Name. The St. John PROGRESS continues to be true to its progressive name and principles. The rapid increase of business has compelled the proprietor to put in a new, fast running Cranston press, and an electric motor, which runs both presses, has recently been introduced. It is claimed with apparent truth that PROGRESS now has the most modern and complete outfit of machinery of any printing office in the Maritime Provinces.—Truro Sun.

Imprisoned for Five Minutes. Ald. Davis was at one of the polls on the West Side, Tuesday, when a man attempted to vote, was challenged and declined to take the oath. Therefore the alderman construed his act into a disturbance of the peace and ordered him to be imprisoned for five minutes. The sentence was duly carried out.

A Distinction With a Difference. One of Mr. Chesley's workers met a prominent member of the junior Liberal-Conservative Club, the day after the election. "Ah!" said the former triumphantly, "we have fixed the machine!" "Fixed it?" replied the other. "You call that fixing it, do you? I should say you broke it."

GRAND MANAN.

Nov. 21.—Miss Laura Cameron, accompanied by her sister, Miss D. B. In, went to Boston last week, where I believe they intend to make their future home.

Mr. W. B. Morris, of St. Andrews, visited the Island last week.

The teachers and scholars of the Grand Harbor School are making preparations for a concert to be given near the end of the month.

Mrs. H. C. Scott entertained a few of her friends very pleasantly at her home, on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Sylvester West was turned from Portsmouth. Mr. and Mrs. C. Scott, and Miss Scott left on Thursday's boat to visit friends in Carleton, Me.

Much sympathy is expressed for the parents and other relatives of Mr. Robert Harvey, who was drowned on Wednesday evening. The funeral took place Friday, Rev. W. S. Coyett conducting the services.

Mr. F. J. Martin went to St. John on Monday. Miss Watson, of Campbell, is visiting her friend Mrs. Joseph Gaskill at North Head.

DALHOUSIE.

Miss Hattie Johnson left on Wednesday evening last on a visit for the winter to friends in Carleton county and the United States.

Rev. J. Simonds left here on Monday for St. John en route to South Carolina the scene of his future work.

The entertainment given in the Mechanics hall on Monday evening in aid of the B. C. church here was well attended and realized a very handsome sum; too much praise cannot be given to the ladies for the manner in which the supper etc., were conducted.

A very large congregation assembled on Sunday evening to hear the farewell sermon of Rev. J. Simonds, rector of St. Mary's church, it was a fine address and his hearers were much affected.

Mrs. W. T. Boultonhouse of Newcastle is visiting Mrs. Draper.

GRAND FALLS.

Nov. 23.—Hon. John Costigan passed through town Sunday on his way to Ottawa. He was accompanied here by his nephew Mr. Tom Costigan.

Mrs. Reid arrived some last week from St. John. She visited her friends here a few days before going to Van Buren.

Mr. E. Holyoke, of Woodstock, has been in town the past week.

Mr. Fred Estey, of Fredericton, is spending a few days with his Uncle, Prase A. Estey.

A very successful pie social was held in Victoria hall, last evening, in aid of a sick boy. Forty dollars were realized from the pie. A few of the young people joined in dancing and a few hours were very pleasantly passed.

Mrs. C. H. Henderson and children are visiting friends at Fredericton. Rns.

PETTICODIAE.

Nov. 23.—Miss Annie Geldart of Hillsboro is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. C. Brown.

Mrs. Kiebor of Dorchester, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Rascoe, who has been quite ill.

Mrs. D. L. Trites spent Wednesday in Moncton. The ladies of the Baptist church have organized a sewing circle. It met at Mrs. G. C. Brown's on Wednesday evening.

Miss Hattie Spidell of Chester, N. S., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Spidell.

Miss Jessie Fleming who recently returned from a visit to Lynn, Mass., has been the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Hiram Humphrey. BLUEJAY.

CAMPBELL.

Nov. 22.—Mr. Edward Lank, who has been visiting friends in New York, has returned home.

Rev. W. H. Street, rector, spent Wednesday in St. Stephen, where he attended the meeting of the St. Andrew's society.

Miss Alice Estey, organized a number of her friends at a card party on Thursday evening. Among those present were: Miss Alice Taylor, Mr. F. L. Day, Mr. M. Taylor and Mr. O. F. Taylor. Miss Madeline Calder has gone to Newport to spend the winter. GIRREL.

SPRINGHILL.

[PROGRESS is on sale at J. S. McDonald's book store and Daniel A. Frost's.]

Nov. 22.—Mr. George O. Davidson, agent of the C. P. R. at Spring, Albert N. W. T. is visiting his friends here. Mr. Davidson has been in the North-west for about twelve years.

Miss Laura Moore, left this week for Boston. Her department of the Harris road school will be taken by Miss Christina Hunter.

A concert will be held in the Parish House, by the faculty of the Doering Branch conservatory of music, under the auspices of the Parish House orchestra, on Monday evening, Nov. 28. Mr. Archie McPhail, of St. John, has been visiting his friends here. He left for Bath this week.

How to Tell Bricks and Groams. He always carries two new grips and two umbrellas. He always offers her his arm. He's always clean shaven, and wears, besides immaculate linen, a cat-worm, worried expression. He always pulls out his watch, ostensibly to see how much of the last moon is left. When he registers at the hotel the "and wife" is written twice as large as his own name. She never fails to ask how many lumps of sugar he takes in his coffee.

She Combed His Hair. John Quincy Adams possessed much knowledge, but was often sarcastic at the most serious times. It is said while canvassing his State during a political season he was approached by a well to do farmer, who introduced himself and said: "Mr. Adams, I'm glad to meet you; my wife remembers you well; she was in your family when you were a boy and often combed your hair."

"Well," said Mr. Adams sharply, "I suppose she combs yours now."

Jewish Prosperity. The Jewish population of America by numbers more than a million. As early as time in their history, not even immediately after they had taken possession of the "Promised Land," were the Jews more prosperous than they are to day in America. All efforts, therefore, to attract them to Palestine seem to be futile. The Jewish Talmud, in speaking of this matter, says: "The conditions in this country will have to change mightily before the Jews will forsake it for the land of the prophets."

Dr. Bonavia is authority for the statement that the lilies which form the coat of arms of France were originally the emblem of royalty in Assyria. The doctor also maintains that the fleur-de-lis is not really flowers, but animals' horns which the Assyrians used to fix on trees in order to ward off the evil spirits, and similar to those horns which Neoplatons carry in order to ward off the evil eye.

There is a proposition to have one day in the week set apart for the introduction of fashionable parents to their children.

PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at 'King's Chapel News Stand,'—Corner of School and Tremont streets.

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HOW MANY TIMES can you make the words "Wood Baskets" out of the above? Leave answer with

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New Canned Goods AT W. ALEX. PORTER'S. 250 Cases Canned Tomatoes. 272 Cases Canned Corn. 180 Cases Canned Peas. 25 Cases Canned String Beans. 75 Cases Canned Peaches. 50 Cases Canned Strawberries and Raspberries.

We are Showing a full line of the best heating Stoves including New Silver Moon, Peri, Tropic and Faultless; also the famous Orient Franklin. Give us a call. COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.



St. John—South End. Mr. J. J. Botwick, met with a serious accident on Saturday last, at his residence, Wellington Row, when in going down a flight of stairs, he fell, breaking his knee cap. He will be confined to the house for some time. The death occurred on Sunday morning, of Mr. A. N. Peters, wife of Mr. Peters, proprietor of the Clifton House. Mrs. Peters though in ill health for some weeks past, was able to about the morning the died. Heart disease was the cause of her sudden death. Dr. and Mrs. John Berryman, after being absent nearly two months on a trip to the Southern States, have returned home. Mr. W. H. Thorne has purchased the handsome residence, on Mecklenburg street, owned by the Nicholson estate, and at present occupied by the Misses Nicholson. Mr. Thorne has certainly secured a bargain, it being sold to him for \$4,000, and I hear the residence cost in building upwards of \$30,000. Mr. Eileen Jones and the Misses Jones have returned home, from a trip to New York. Miss Grace King, who has spent the last three months at Waltham, Mass., has returned home. On Tuesday last, Mrs. Warner gave a very large and pleasant afternoon "at home" to her lady friends, at her residence, Mt. Pleasant. Invitations were issued to over one hundred guests. Mrs. Warner was assisted by Miss Warner, Miss McMillan, Miss Gertrude Dever, the Misses Bayard and Miss Keator who dispensed light refreshments during the afternoon. Mrs. Gardner Taylor, gave a five o'clock tea to a few friends, on Wednesday, which was a very enjoyable gathering. Mrs. W. Malcolm McKay and Miss Florrie McMillan, have returned from a trip through the States. Mr. Hilton Green, has come from Fredericton, to take the position in the Bank of Montreal, lately held by Mr. E. Leonard Beer. Mrs. T. Wilder Daniel intends shortly removing to the residence in Hazen street, formerly occupied by the late Mr. Daniel Sisson, and lately by Mr. Thomas H. Gilbert, of Gagetown, spent part of this week in the city. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bendershot, returned to St. John, on Saturday, from a sojourn at Summerside, Prince Edward Island. Mrs. Snowball of Chatham is here, the guest of Mrs. Lawrence McLaren, Charlotte street. Miss Matilda Ward, is gradually recovering from her recent serious illness. Miss Lizette Gilbert, spent last Sunday with her cousin the Misses Gilbert, at Kothaway. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Austin, returned on Monday, from a trip to New York. Mr. John A. Weston, of the city, is enjoying a holiday in Boston. A near rumor of a dance to be given probably next week, by a well known leader of society. It will be doubly welcome to our young people, who have had but little opportunity of indulging in their favorite pastime. Mr. and Mrs. George Cummings, of Winnipeg, are spending this week, in St. John. Mrs. G. Ludlow Robinson, who was confined to her house, for a week, through illness, is now able to be about again. About sixteen young ladies of this city are busy preparing for an entertainment of a novel character which will probably take place in the Opera House in about six weeks. All the different nations will be represented by the invited guests, and the affair will be under the management of Miss H. G. Goss. Miss Harding, daughter of Sheriff Harding has returned home from a visit of some weeks to her brother in New York. Mr. J. Robinson is here visiting his family in Broad street. Dr. Macrae left on Monday morning, for a trip to Halifax. Mrs. Mack-Barnes, who has been the guest here for some time of the Misses Nicholson is again enjoying delicate health. She has been advised by her physician to spend the winter in Southern California. Mrs. Douglas of the city, who has been visiting a stay of a few weeks with her friend, Mrs. Geo. M. Armstrong, Union street has returned to her home. Dr. E. A. Smith, who has been making a visit to his friends in this city. The next meeting of the Eclectic Reading Club will take place at the residence of Mrs. Thomas Walker, Francis street. Judge Palmer returned home from New York on Wednesday, and left for Ottawa on Thursday morning. Dr. M. F. Bruce who has been confined to the house through illness for some days, is now convalescent. Mr. George R. Sangster of Moncton is in town this week on route to Ohio. Mr. John D. Chipman of St. Stephen has been visiting St. John. Mr. R. G. Magee of this city is visiting Charlottetown. DUNELM.

MONCTON. [Promises is for sale in Moncton at the bookstore of W. H. Murray, Main street, and at the streets by J. E. McCoy.] Mr. George H. Pick, assistant freight agent of the L. C. R., and Miss Jennie Rogers, formerly of Sackville, but who has made Moncton her home for the past two or three years, were married Thursday evening at the residence of the bridegroom, by Rev. E. B. Hooper, rector of St. George's church. Mr. and Mrs. Pick's friends join in wishing them happiness. Mr. and Mrs. David Stewart have taken rooms with the Misses Baxter, of Bedford street, where they will remain for the winter. Owing to the disagreeable weather which prevailed during her reception week Mrs. Stewart received for two days last week, wearing her wedding dress of white corded silk, for the first two days, and afterwards a beautiful costume of black silk and jet. Mr. Primrose of Pictou, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Church, of Main street. Mrs. R. W. Simpson and her little daughter returned last week from Dorchester where they have been spending a few days. Mrs. Thomas Williams is still seriously ill, the improvement noted recently not having proved permanent. Mrs. F. S. Archibald left town last week to spend a week with friends at Antigonish. Mrs. Dummer, who has recently broken up housekeeping, and decided to spend the winter in Boston, departed yesterday afternoon. Mr. D. L. Harrington, Mrs. M. B. Teed and Mr. H. E. Emmerson, of Dorchester, paid a short visit to Moncton on Friday. Mr. E. A. Record, of East Medford, Mass., is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. L. Harris, a few days here with friends. Mr. G. F. Harrington is spending a few days here with friends. Mr. J. L. Harris entertained a few friends last week at a whist party. There were about fifty tables. Mr. G. H. Sangster returned on Friday from Ohio. The lawn tennis club held a meeting on Friday evening with the object of commencing the season of making the time pass pleasantly during the winter months. I believe they intend giving a dance before long but the plan of action is still undecided. Miss Lucy Whitely left town last week to spend a few days with Mrs. C. W. Harrison of Sackville. Miss Rowland, of Halifax who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke, returned home on Wednesday. Mr. Fleming, who was recently injured by a fall, is convalescent. Mrs. Hall, of St. Andrews, is staying with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Williams, who has been ill for some weeks past. Mr. J. L. Harris left town, last week, on a trip to Montreal and Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. Dewar, of Edinburgh, Scotland, are in town on a visit to Mr. J. L. Harris and Mrs. Harris. Mr. Alexander P. Pick intends to apply to the legislature for permission to change his name to Alexander H. Mitchell. Mr. Pick, who was adopted by his uncle, when very young, with the usual change of name, desires to return to his family name. Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton, are visiting friends in Richibucto. Miss Borden, Miss Fraser, and Miss Lila Borden, of Mount Allison Academy, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Borden, of Bedford street, returned to Sackville, last week. CECIL GWYNNE. (Continued on Eighth Page.) Umbrella Fittings New; Duvel, Union St.

Hacknomore Cures Coughs and Colds. St. John—North. Mrs. S. F. Tapley entertained a number of friends at a drive while party Wednesday evening. Speeches were made on the evening, by Hon. W. Fungley and J. A. Chesney, M. P. Mrs. Mason left for New York on Tuesday evening, where she will spend the coming winter with her son Bayard. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Coll on the arrival of a young son. Miss Beatrice Seely and Miss Edith Cochran, were guests of Miss Lottie Belton last week. Mrs. Henry Maher is seriously ill. The party given by Dr. and Mrs. March last week proved a great success and was highly enjoyed by all present, among whom were, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wisely, Dr. and Mrs. F. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. G. Davis, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. A. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. G. Tapley, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kettle, Mr. and Mrs. E. Courney, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. F. Fleming, Mrs. John A. Chesley, Mrs. M. V. Higgins, Misses Farmer, Miss J. Bucknam, Miss L. Boyce, Miss Annie McMonagle (Cousin), Miss Goddard, Miss Saml H. Miss Gregory, Miss H. Smith, Messrs. Travis, Farmer, Dr. G. A. Hetherington, Raddock, Good, Hobbs, Higgins, Courney. Mrs. Douglas McArthur of Grand Bay was in the city last week. Last week Miss Nellie Cavanagh was married to Mr. J. J. O'Brien. Miss Mary McShan acted the bride and Mr. R. O'Brien, brother of the groom supported the groom. The usual wedding presents, cashmere, silk and fringe trimmings. They left in the evening train for Lewiston, Me., the home of the groom. Mr. J. T. Powers was married yesterday morning to Miss Minnie Dalton, daughter of the late Mr. M. Dalton. Miss Lena Seely acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. J. H. Hain as best man. The wedding presents were numerous. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and family have returned from Switzerland, where they have resided for the past year and are now living at their former home on High street. Rev. Mr. Pippett, occupying the other part of Miss Raddock's house. Mr. Venning, of Sheffield, is in St. John this week. It is said that one of our North end lady teachers will leave us shortly to reside in the colonial city for the future. Miss C. McMurtry is visiting relatives at Moncton. On Thursday evening of last week, the Misses Tapley entertained a large number of their friends, at their home on Holly street. Dancing being the amusement of the evening. Among those present were—Mr. and Mrs. George Tapley, Mrs. C. Miller, Mrs. G. Tapley and the Misses Peters, C. Holly, G. Holly, W. Peters, M. Morrison, E. Robertson, J. Hill, M. Holly, F. Tapley, A. Tapley, J. Pullen, D. Pullen, Misses J. Pullen, Fleming, DeForest, M. Tapley, B. Eagles, A. Gregory, Alice Armstrong and H. Courney, and Messrs. W. Holly, G. White, J. Russell, F. Peters, G. Peters, Dunlap, McFarlane, Malellan, Holly, Pace, Edwards, King, Simons, McDonald, Gregory, E. Armstrong, Tapley, B. Armstrong, DeForest, W. Jones, Robertson and others. ARTIST.

Mr. Mathew C. Hinchew, grand manager for Canada of the Atlas assurance company and chief Hacknomore Cures Coughs and Colds.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 and 63 King Street.

Mantle, Jacket, Ulster, etc. STOCK NOW COMPLETE! DISPLAY NOW ON 587—Garments to Make Selection from—587 Plain Cheviot Jackets to Elaborate Braided, Gimped or Fur-Trimmed.



\$4.00 to \$38.00. We offer Express Paid one way to out of town purchasers. Three or four garments to make selection from. Send bust measure. Fit guaranteed. We have the largest stock and lowest prices for quality. Write for Samples of our New Dress Fabrics, Cloths, etc. MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

How Do You Do WITHOUT A Pair of STORM RUBBERS on Wet Days? THEY KEEP THE DRESS FROM WETTING THE BOOT. A STORM IS COMING. So Buy a Pair the First Time You are Out. American Rubber Store, - 65 Charlotte St.

Human Hair Goods. Braids, Bangs, Waves, Ornaments for the Hair, Crimping and Waving Irons, Combs, Perfumes and Fancy Goods in endless variety, from the cheapest to the best. American Hair Store, 67 Charlotte Street, three doors South of King, FINE WIGS A SPECIALTY. J. V. RAMSDELL.

THE Oriental Waving Iron. A Perfect device for WAVING or CRIMPING the HAIR in the prevailing style. Easily and quickly operated. Made of polished steel and handsomely nickel-plated. Price, 50 Cents. Miss K. HENNESSY, 113 CHARLOTTE ST., Opposite Hotel Dufferin.

WE ARE TOLD That our variety of Silk and Satin Ribbons is the best shown in the city. Having every width and shade from several different makers, it gives buyers the best possible chance to MATCH any color they may require. DANIEL & ROBERTSON. RIBBONS FOR FANCY WORK.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Procession is for sale in Halifax at the following places: Keweenaw Book Store, 24 George Street; Morrison & Co., Barrington Street; Clifford Smith, 111 Halifax Street; HATZER & MITCHELL, Morris Street; CROSSLAND'S BOOK STORE, Spring Garden Road; BUCKLEY'S DRUG STORE, Opp. I. C. R. Depot; G. J. KYLE, 217 Brunswick Street; J. W. DOLLY, 17 JACOB STREET; F. J. GRISBY, 146 Pleasant Street; H. STUBBS, Dartmouth Street; CHAS. W. CO., Railway Depot; KERR & CO., Granville Street; F. J. HORNEMAN, Spring Garden Road; J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N. S.

The people of this town have certainly had their full allowance of wet and windy weather; the latter part of last week and the beginning of this were so very gloomy as to have an appalling effect on the spirits of most people, and the few alleviating things that were doing were seized on with avidity.

On Friday evening Mrs. Cotton had a large theatre party of about seventy people, quite the largest ever given in Halifax except that of the officers R. A. and R. E. some weeks ago.

Among the guests were Sir John and Miss Ross, Colonel and Mrs. Rolph, Major and Mrs. Reader, Miss Daly, the Misses Kenny, Miss Stairs, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Stairs, Dr. and Mrs. Tobin, Surgeon-Captain and Mrs. Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. F. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. James Morrow, Miss Roberts, Miss Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Morrow, Miss Slatyer, Miss Stockwell, and so on through the list of society.

On Monday evening there was a couple of what is called poker parties, sure signs of winter. Card playing is so much the fashion lately for ladies, whereas some five or six years ago an occasional euchre party was pretty well all they ever did in that way.

On Tuesday evening in addition to the Orpheus club concert, there was a small theatre party given I hear, by a member of the medical staff, but this only concerned a very few people and the concert was the great event of the evening.

Mr. Kilgusfield was a member of the club who was heard on Tuesday to much advantage, and he was very good to his audience giving them two long selections in response to encores.

Miss Kennedy Campbell's name was down on the programme only once which every one regretted, but after giving very beautifully a song by Grieg, she sang a Stenander by Mozowski very excellently, and on being encored, rendered giving something the name of which I do not know, but which suited her voice to a marvel.

A capital thing to send abroad just now is "Beauties of Halifax," a little series of photographs. But think how such another would sell, if it contained pictures of "Halifax beauties."

The first of the winter series of entertainments begins this current week, at the Church of England Institute, and a very light and varied programme has been announced for it.

BOYS' OVERCOATS!

A magnificent range of Overcoats for Boys. Extra long with deep capes, wool lined and capes lined too! \$6.50, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.50.

A great variety of CAPE OVERCOATS for Boys from all the newest goods made up in the latest styles. \$2.75, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50.

MEN'S CLOTHING! A large stock of Overcoats at \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.50, \$7.50. And extra fine, equal to Custom Made, at \$8.50, \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00.

THE STANDARD CLOTHING HOUSE, Scovill, Fraser & Page, 168 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

When You Want Furniture, Carpets, or any kind of House Furnishings, write us for Prices. We can offer inducements that will be to your advantage, and a postal to us stating requirements will receive prompt attention.

NOVA SCOTIA FURNISHING COMPANY—Ltd., Successors to A. STEPHEN & SON, 101 and 103 BARRINGTON STREET.

Le Bon Marche.

Designers, Manufacturers and Importers of fine French Millinery Goods. Orders Solicited.

LE BON MARCHÉ, Halifax, N. S.

Special Offer of Bulbs.

- Collection A. Suitable for House Culture. 3 ROMAN HYACINTHS, 1 EASTERN LILY, 3 FREESIAS, 1 ORNITHOGALLUM, 3 JACQUINS, 3 NARCISSUS, 6 TULIPS, 3 MIXED HYACINTHS. Collection B. Suitable for the Garden. 12 MIXED TULIPS, 24 NARCISSUS POETICUS, 24 CROCUS, 6 HYACINTHS, 5 NARCISSUS (Garland Lily), 2 LILIUM CANDIDUM.

NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY, Lockman St., Halifax. J. H. HARRIS, Manager.

It is only to be regretted that Mr. Troubridge has not also returned. I hear that the latter has gone on a six month's cruise with the training squadron.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Morrow, have given up their quarters at Maplewood, and are established for the winter at Mrs. Mooney's; whose is the pleasant home at the corner of Morris and Queen streets.

NORTH SYDNEY. Nov. 21.—Last Thursday the orchestra gave a sociable which, though not marked by as large an attendance as the previous one, was decidedly a success in every other respect.

NEW GLASGOW.

Nov. 20.—A pleasant time was enjoyed by a number of young folks on Friday evening at "Brookside House," the residence of Mr. Henry Zuydam.

Mr. Will H. Hattie and Mr. Miller McConnell, of Halifax, were in town for a few days, they were the guests of Mr. J. E. Smith.

Nov. 23.—Miss Isabel Moore was pleasantly surprised at her pretty home on Victoria Street by a large party composed principally of Miss Gliska's dancing pupils.

Several very nice afternoon teas have been given during the week and many more are talked of for the next few days.

Mr. Tremaine gave a very nice little party last week at her home on Hazelwood street. I understand that it was largely for visitors, of whom we had a goodly number lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith have gone on a trip to the United States.

Mr. Glasgow of Antigonish spent a few days in town this week.

Mr. John Ervin, of Bridgetown, is on a visit to Digby.

Mr. J. Brignell was here on a business trip last week.

LADIES' Underskirts.

In Great Variety for Fall and Winter Wear. Black Quilted Alpaca and Italian Skirts. Black Moreen Skirts with Frill. Crimson Felt Skirts, Fancy Felt Skirts. Cloth Skirts in Brown, Navy, Black, etc. Fancy Embroidered Felt Skirts. Fancy Striped Skirts.

New Black Jackets \$4.00 to \$6.00. Fur Trimmed Jackets, \$13.00 and \$16.50.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.



Mr. Geo. Blackadar has returned home on account of illness. Miss Jessie Titus will take his place on the teaching staff of the Digby Academy.

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It is characteristic of the House to have only the very best, and never deal in what is known in the trade as cheap instruments.

W. H. JOHNSON, 121 and 123 Hollis Street, HALIFAX, N. S.

SPECIAL IMPORTATION FOR CHRISTMAS TRADE. 110 doz. China Silk Handkerchiefs purchased at a reduction of 40 per cent. from original prices.

MR. J. GODFREY SMITH is Sole Agent for B. LAURANCE'S Genuine 'Fris-Cut' Public Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

SMITH BROTHERS, Wholesale Dry Goods & Millinery, Halifax, N. S.

BARRINGTON.

Nov. 20.—Miss Annie Robertson was the guest of Mrs. New Park. She has been giving a considerable time to the study of painting.

Mr. Irving G. Hall has been a Cottage for a few days. It is well furnished and well situated.

Nov. 19.—Mr. W. H. Campbell, of the W. & A. Railway, who has been in Ottawa, got home again a few days ago.

Mr. A. Bishop and Miss Ida Pickles on the 9th. They are in Boston at present.

Mr. Borden of Halifax and Mr. R. W. G. Borden of Digby, are in Dr. Hare's party a few days here to see Miss Nellie Sailer has gone to H. winter.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1892.

SAME AS THE INSTITUTE.

WHAT TREMONT TEMPLE IS TO THE PEOPLE OF BOSTON.

A Place Where All Kinds of People Hold Forth—The Chinese and Their Grievances to the Front Just Now.—Personal Mention of St. John People.

BOSTON, Nov. 22.—Once upon a time, everybody who arrived in St. John and had anything to say—and scores who, had been in St. John all their lives but suddenly found out they had something to say—said it from the platform of Mechanics' Institute. When anything was announced, outside of a pie social or a Sunday school concert, or a new show struck the town, the people tooled up for granted that, the Institute would be the place to go. The old hall wasn't particular as to the uses to which it was put, much less the men who decided whether the gas bill would or would not be included in the rent. So, the institute caught everything, from the best theatrical show of the year to veriest rot Harrison's orchestra was ever compelled to fiddle for; sensational preachers like Sam Small, or the gentleman with the pictures, who proved to a bewildered audience that the world would surely come to an end at a date, which, I believe, is now past; George Francis Train, and the Anti-Tobacco society; the Evangelical Alliance and the Bible society, and then perhaps on the next evening Lily Clay's Gaiety Girls, or a bang up political meeting, with free and independent voters shouting themselves hoarse, and standing on the backs of the hard-bottomed chairs, to sit in which Humphrey Price Webber had not the heart to charge any man 75 cents.

Tremont Temple is the Mechanics' Institute of Boston. Like St. John, the hub has other halls, where all kinds of people hold forth; and then there is old Fanell hall, which catches its share of indignation meetings, but the man who is a regular attendant at Tremont Temple gets nearly all that is going on. All but the theatrical performances; and in this particular the Institute has the advantage of "The Strangers' Sabbath Home." Then, the Institute does not lay any claim to being a "meeting house" in the village sense of the word.

While the campaign was on, democratic orators told of the advantages of free trade, while a brass band played "Four years more of Grover," between the speeches; the people's party candidates told of the blessings we will enjoy when Bellamy's "Looking Backward" becomes a reality; the society of christians at work spent ten hours a day there for more than a week,—except on one evening when they had to go some place else to give the democrats a chance to cheer—and Ira D. Sankey roused all the enthusiasm of a congregation of christians with his gospel hymns. And so it goes on night after night, with the regular church services on Sunday.

Now the Chinese have come to the front, and as a matter of course, those Tremont Temple as a fitting place to ventilate their grievances. And they have a grievance which would make even Chinese kick.

There are 150,000 Chinese in the United States, and they are all so much alike that the government officials, especially those attached to the immigration department, find themselves unequal to the task of keeping track of them. This difficulty is experienced everywhere. Here in Boston the police can tell some queer experiences with Chinese, although it must be said, to John's credit, that there are not more than two or three cases on the police records of Boston, where Chinese have been charged with criminal offenses.

They get into the courts once in a while, however, when the police swoop down upon them and break up a game of fan tan, John's favorite pastime. They are charged with gambling, and of course, have to give their names. The leader of the crowd gives an assumed name, the others take their cue from him and the police have a list, which is as intelligible to them as a laundry check is to a man whose shirt depends upon it. When the case comes on in the morning the fun begins. The names are read, and it often happens that the Chinese forget what they called themselves the night before, and have to answer at random. The police cannot tell the difference, and usually compromise the matter by imposing a fine on each member of the gang.

Chinese look more or less alike, the world over, and I have no doubt that even in St. John, where there are not more than six or eight celestials, if Mr. Sam Wah, of Mill street, appeared before Police Magistrate Ritchie, to answer a charge preferred against Mr. Sing Lee, of Brusells street, there would not be a policeman in the court willing to swear that he was the man wanted.—Now that Capt. Rawlings is no more.

What is called the Geary act, which will become law May 5, 1893, provides that "every Chinaman in the United States must present a certificate specifying the date of his arrival, must present a photograph of himself, and must finally establish

the essential facts with evidence supported by at least one white witness."

This is what the Chinese are kicking against, and at Tremont Temple, the other evening, they were ably assisted by a number of Massachusetts' most prominent men. Two of the principal speakers of the occasion were Chinese, in "citizens' clothes," from New York and Philadelphia. One was a journalist, the other a business man, and they both agreed that while it usually took a good deal to make a Chinese kick, it was impossible for them to restrain themselves on this occasion.

They delivered addresses which astonished the people, and knew just how and where to strike an American audience with the greatest effect. They spoke of the land of the free and the brave and then referred, with all the eloquence at their command, to the emancipation of the negro, as brought about by the people of the North. It was most effective. The people saw the point, and the chances are that the photographers of the United States will not have the boom they anticipated.

People who know something, about it, say that John is not such a bad fellow after all. Of course, out in San Francisco, where he runs things pretty much to suit himself, he is perhaps not as desirable as some immigrants are, but here in Boston, John is, as a rule, very respectable. He has to be in this city of culture. Only the better class of Chinese can afford to come across the Continent, and they are usually pretty well off. Some of them do live on rice and rats, according to the popular superstition, but Boston dealers say that Chinese are good customers. They smoke opium, it is said; but they also smoke cigars, and go to the theatres. The colony on Harrison avenue seems to enjoy life, as well as men can who keep their hands in their ample pockets, except when they are working, but the number who are adopting the America style of raiment grows larger all the time. And when a Chinaman does dress "like other people" he is nothing short of a dude. But the best argument that can be made against the cheap labor cry is that while some Boston laundries will do up a collar for 1 1/2 cents, John sticks to the old price, 2 cents a collar and 10 cents for a shirt. The checkee comes in as usual.

Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay is a back number. The street musicians have given it up, except in rare instances and some time ago people arrived at that point when it was necessary to put wads in their ears every time there were indications of Ta-ra-ra's revival. Lottie Collins, the original Ta-ra-ra, has been at the Columbia theatre, and not even standing room could be obtained, every time she came on. Which goes to show that a good deal of the disgust people take pains to make evident when referring to back numbers, is not genuine. Lottie Collins is the liveliest back number, that has struck Boston for some time.

Those good people of Boston, who probably spank their own children and send them to bed without any supper, when they do not wipe their feet in the entry, have been raising a row because other people's children have been enjoying themselves for fifteen minutes or so on the stage of the Boston theatre. These youngsters were a striking feature of McCarty's great spectacle "Babes in the woods," and had nothing much to do; but through the efforts of the society for prevention of cruelty to children, this part of the performance will in future be omitted.

It is curious how some of these societies draw the line. The stage children do not object, they enjoy the fun, but the good people think they should be doing something else. They raise "a time." The papers print everything about it. The good people's names get into the papers, the theatre gets a free "ad." The children return to the drear monotony of uneventful lives. Meanwhile thousands of little ones suffer untold cruelties day after day, and nobody raises a hand. Is it because there is no advertising in it for anybody?

Here are some St. John boys who are making both ends meet, and lap over, once in awhile, in Boston.

Mr. Will Gregory, formerly in Waterbury & Rising's store, St. John, is cashier in the Quincy House.

Mr. Geo. Emery, son of Mr. Oliver Emery, St. John, has been in the employ of the Boston Woven Hose company for a number of years.

Mr. Geo. May is cutter in a Washington street tailoring establishment.

Mr. J. E. Sharpe, formerly of Waterbury & Rising, St. John is learning the details of the plumbing business, with visions of frozen water pipes, and as a consequence, diamonds, in the future.

R. G. LARSEN.

The Dude Dry Goods Clerk.

She told him that all was at an end between them. "What can I do for you, miss?" he asked in perfect composure. "I want our engagement broken. It has worried me more than tongue can tell." "Certainly, miss. Is there anything else to-day?"

SAW HER ON FORT HOWE.

WILLIAM COBBETT'S STORY OF HIS COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

It Was a Case of Love at First Sight, and He Never Regretted His Choice.—She Was a Wife Worth Having, and Was a Prudent Helpmate.

Many of the readers of PROGRESS know that the famous William Cobbett fell in love with his wife on Fort Howe, but many more have never read his account of it and his subsequent experience, as told in his Advice to Young Men.

"When I first saw my wife," he says, "she was about thirteen years old, and I was within about a month of twenty-one. She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain—for that, I had always said, should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day, to take a walk on a hill, at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk, and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston at the time of the election, to verify whether I was the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise when I told him that these tall young men whom he saw around me were the sons of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New Brunswick at day-break?"

"From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her being the wife of any other man more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in the Book of Fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Fredericton, a distance of a hundred miles, up the river of St. John; and, which was worse, the artillery were expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment. The artillery turned with Phyllis and Molly Bann, and it was that I acted part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that, when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like, besides, that she should continue to work hard. I had saved a hundred-and-fifty guineas, the earnings of my early hours in writing for the paymaster, the quarter-master, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her all my money before she sailed, and wrote her to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people; and, at any rate, not to spare the money, by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

"As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time. Mr. Pitt (England) not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka sound, and poor bawling Pitt, too, I am afraid! At the end of four years, however, home I came, landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the Army, by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then major of my regiment. I found my little girl a servant of all work (and hard work it was) at five pounds a year, in the house of a Captain Briars; and, without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my hundred-and-fifty guineas unbroken.

"Need I tell the reader what my feelings were? Need I tell kind-hearted English parents what effect this anecdote must have produced on the mind of our children?"

After his marriage, Cobbett lived with his wife for some time in France, studying the language; and then they went to Philadelphia, where he began to teach English to Frenchmen; and, as his first work, composed his French and English Grammar. He remained between Philadelphia and New York for about eight years, and during most of this time had a printing establishment and a book-store. He also conducted a furious anti-Jacobin journal called The Porcupine. In his political career, after his return to his native country, he renounced very flattering prospects to become the champion of the people, and was subjected to a severe fine and long term of imprisonment for denouncing, in warm but only fitting terms, the fogging of Englishmen under the bayonets and sabres of Hanoverians.

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as a real wear-resisting, strain-enduring, never-rip, never-tear, never-give-out, grand, good, all-around, morning to night, the year through, strong, serviceable, knock-about, Boy's Cape Overcoat.

PRICES ARE: small Boys, \$3.25, \$3.50, \$3.90; larger Boys, \$4.00, \$4.25, \$4.50, \$5.50.

REMEMBER THE SAYING, "If it came from OAK HALL IT'S ALL RIGHT."

Scovil Fraser & Co., COR. KING & GERMAIN STS., ST. JOHN.

THE SARCASTIC GIRL.

She May be Talented, but Sarcasm is Not Always Pleasant.

The sarcastic maiden is not a pleasant companion. She is too sharp to be agreeable. Her cutting speeches, rife with scathing personalities, cause her to be shunned rather than selected as one of those charming sort of girls men and women both admire. She writes a letter, her pen seems to be dipped in vinegar, and though her composition may be the very acme of elegance still such an epistle is not received with the warmth that one of those gushing, girlyfied but altogether friendly ones always obtains.

The sarcastic girl may possess talent far above the breezy creature who candidly admits that she would rather read one of "The Duchesses" novels than an essay of Emerson's. She may be able to converse in seven different languages. She may be as beautiful as an houri, but men will be afraid of that sharp tongue, and the purely feminine creature who weeps and laughs by turns with Phyllis and Molly Bann will win the admiration and preside over the home of the greatest catch of the season, while her more brilliant sister, with her dangerous sharpness, will be left to her sarcasms and solitudes.

Sarcasm is not wit, though wit may be sarcastic. One can be bright and say all manner of clever things without hurting the feelings of others by keen knife edged opinions that are subtle with bitterness and teeming with gall. Sarcasm is not a quality to be cultivated. It is a rank weed that once started grows and grows, choking out the little plants of kindness, forethought and consideration until it overruns the garden of the mind, dominating controlling each thought with a disagreeable pungent odor that cannot be eradicated.

Reason on Bible Reading.

How much I owe to my mother for so having exercised me in the Scriptures as to make me grasp them in what my correspondent would call their "concrete whole," and above all, taught me to reverence them as transcending all thought, and adorning all conduct! This she effected not by her own sayings or personal authority, but simply by compelling me to read the book thoroughly for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching at first every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; that she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all I should get hold of it by the right end. In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse—hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better the lesson in patience; if loathsome the better the lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken. After our chapters (from two to three a day, according to their length, the first thing after breakfast, and no interruption from servants allowed—none from visitors who either joined in the reading or had to stay up stairs—and none from any visitings or excursions, except real travelling) I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost something of what was already known; and with the chapters above enumerated I had to learn

A Grand Harvest for Dealers. LATEST NOVELTY. JUST OUT.

Wizard's Purse

OR THE GREAT ORIENTAL WONDER AND MYSTERY. EVERYBODY PUZZLED AND BEWILDERED.

THE WIZARD'S PURSE, which has just been offered to the public, is without doubt, the most mysterious and remarkable production of the age; acknowledged by "puzzle experts" and leading professors of Magic, to be the greatest little mystery and wonder the world ever produced. A marvel of Oriental Skill that puzzles both young and old. Keller, the most wonderful magician and exponent of the Black Art, was Fuzzled and mystified. It is simple enough, but if you don't know the secret—Oh, my! Can you open it? You may say you can, but can you? A trial "at it" will convince you that it is the toughest job you ever tackled. To those understanding the secret it can be quickly and beautifully opened. Elegantly made of fine Morocco in a variety of handsome colors and beautifully trimmed with silk. An elegant purse, suitable for either ladies or gentlemen. Sure to please all. Full printed directions accompany each purse. Sure to be a big sale. Everybody will want one.

A WONDERFUL PUZZLE, PRICE 35 CENTS EACH.

Agents wanted in every city and town in the Maritime Provinces. Circulars free to any address. Send 35 cents and we will send you a sample purse in fine morocco, postage paid. Special prices to the trade. Address all orders to THE GLOBE NOTION & NOVELTY COMPANY, ST. JOHN, N. B.

the whole body of the fine old Scottish Paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verse, and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation to my ear in sound. It is strange that, of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm—has now become of all the most precious to me in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the law of God.

Cost of Running Dining Cars.

Dining cars are generally run at a loss and are attached to trains simply as a matter of attraction. A steward, four cooks, and five waiters are attached to each car. The food costs from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a month. It costs from \$16,000 to \$22,000 a year to run one of these cars, exclusive of the wear and tear on the property and incidentals. In some places, and particularly in the south, sleepers are also run at a loss. A sleeping car leaving New York for Chicago is supplied with 120 sheets, 120 pillow slips and 120 towels. The washing is done in different cities, and is given out in great quantities at the low rate of \$1 per 100 pieces. An equipment of linen, which lasts a year, is purchased in amounts of \$50,000 worth at a time. One company, for 700 cars, uses every thirty days 2,400 dozen cakes of toilet soap, 1,200 dozen boxes of matches, 35 dozen hair brushes, and 50 dozen whisks.

A Patient Pole.

The Russian character teaches patience. A Polish miner went to see a doctor at 9 a. m. the other day and was told that the doctor was from home and would not come back until late in the evening. "I will wait," was the reply. When the servant went into the waiting room the next morning to sweep it she was astonished to find the pole sitting still like a wooden pole in his chair, waiting for the doctor.—Chicago Journal.

\$3.00 Parcels.

FOR the convenience of out-of-town customers, we make up \$3.00 parcels.

If you want a Dress or Jacket for a child, all that is required of you is \$3.00. Tell us age of child and what color goods is wanted whether plain or fancy. Then leave the rest to us. We will furnish the material, linings and trimmings for either dress or jacket and deliver all in your town free of any charge above \$3.00.

If everything is not satisfactory parcel may be returned, and money refunded.

Bankers—The Bank of Montreal. GEO. H. MCKAY, St. John, N. B.

IN PLEASANT CHELSEA.

AN ANCIENT LONDON SUBURB OF WORLD-WIDE RENOWN.

Memories of Kings, Courtiers, Statesmen, Novelists, Poets and Pastors.—A Region Where Wealth Unhidden Lies.—Charming Recollections Recalled.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—A good sweet book could be written about the folk who have loved and known old Chelsea whom we have known and loved for what they did for the world.

In the very heart of this pleasantest of all London outer districts, Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle literally battled along together, from the 10th day of October, 1834, until Mrs. Carlyle's sad and strange death in her brougham in Hyde Park, in April, 1866.

Lying along the northern bank of the Thames, to the west of the city, Chelsea proper may be said to begin on the east at the famous Chelsea Hospital for British pensioners.

Chelsea hospital itself is a world of memories not only of British history, but of the time of Charles II, of old King James' college, of Sir Stephen Fox, and of wayward though kind-hearted Nell Gwynne.

At the western side of the hospital still stands Sir Robert Walpole's house, almost precisely as it stood when he all but ruled England through the two Georges, first and second.

Not far from the Hospital, over in the northeast corner of Chelsea, is a little green oval like a pretty emerald lozenge, around which crowd some very ancient two-story brick houses.

The one time famous Cremorne Gardens at the western edge of Chelsea, has special interest to Americans. A granddaughter of William Penn, named Philadelphia from the city of her birth, became the second wife of Viscount Cremorne.

Charley Mitchell, was built by Charles II as a home for his favorite. It was from the windows of this house, now a resort of Chelsea pensioners, that Nell's eyes looked in upon the then fine meadows of King James' College, in her dream, when she saw the beautiful palace rise with its thousand chambers out of which "divers many old and worn out soldier men" came and cried, "God bless King Charles!" which led to the merciful founding of the splendid Hospital.

The other associated with the fame of the pretty orange-girl is a sedate old rookery at the western side of Chelsea. It is called the "Nell Gwynne Tavern," and many a rare tradition of Charles' companioning lingers about the mellow old place.

In Great Cheyne Row Smollett lived, long before Carlyle came, and here he wrote "Ferdinand Count Fathom" and finished Hume's "History of England;" while George Elliot died in a house near Carlyle's in the same modest little thoroughfare.

In Cheyne Walk along the river side lived Turner, the painter. Rossetti lived and sang here among his birds and flowers, Leigh Hunt's Gipsy like home, of which Carlyle has left inimitable description, was just around the corner from Great Cheyne Row.

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At the western side of the hospital still stands Sir Robert Walpole's house, almost precisely as it stood when he all but ruled England through the two Georges, first and second.

WHEN BIRDS MIGRATE.

THEY TRAVEL BY MILLIONS TO THE SOUTHERN LATITUDES.

A Wonderful Pilgrimage in Which the Veterans Lead the March—They Have a Science of Navigation and are Guided by the Position of the Stars.

The fall is the time of the year when hundreds of thousands of birds migrate, by night and by day, in large battalions from the frost-bound North down to the sunny South. These migrations form one of the most interesting studies of ornithologists, who tell us that the little voyagers make their long journey with the precision and discipline of an army on the march.

Now that cold weather has set in at the north, millions of birds of almost every species are on the wing for the south. They are travelling along the same high roads over which they have passed from time immemorial.

One of the most interesting things in connection with the night-flying birds is the apparently perfect system of signalling that they maintain when sometimes they are half a mile high in the air.

The birds that lead the main body are veterans who have made the march north and south for half a dozen years. The signal of a wild goose is a loud "honk."

It has long been a matter of conjecture as to how birds can make their way at night, but it has been lately held by the best ornithologists that they are guided by the stars.

The captain of a schooner trading between Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland told the writer how, on one occasion, he had left the Newfoundland coast with a steady northeast wind.

The proprietor of the circus announced that on a certain night his elephant would play the Russian hymn on a piano with his trunk. Intense interest was aroused, and when the evening came the expectant public crowded the circus to the roof.

There was a great hurrying to and fro of the employees, and the circus proprietor and the elephant-keeper left the ring for consultation. In a few minutes the proprietor returned and announced, with regret, that the performance could not take place.

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mother, who had fallen a prey to the ivory hunters of Africa. He had suggested to the keeper that another piano might be procured, but that expert had informed him that the animal was so overcome with emotion that it would be impossible for it to perform that evening.

PELLEE ISLAND CLARET for Dyspepsia is the same Grape Cure so famous in Europe. GLASGOW, 17th December, 1891.

My son George has suffered with neuralgia round the heart since 1882, but by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT in 1889 it completely disappeared and he has not troubled him since.

It is sometimes hard to distinguish between honest criticism and spiteful comment when it is applied to you.

It always surprises a man when he discovers that a woman is not a coward. But it never surprises a woman to find that a man is one.

Rigby suitings and pantings can now be had of all the first class tailors in the newest designs, intended for spring wear.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. WHELAN'S PILLS. COATED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING.

Indication, Want of Appetite, Fullness after Meals, Vomiting, Sickiness of the Stomach, Bilious or Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Cold Chills, Tingling of Feet, Lassitude of Spirit, and All Nervous Affections.

WHICH DYES 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.

HUMPHREYS' This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine.

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

CURES PILES. "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

WASH ANYTHING, EVERYTHING, You or your family have with SURPRISE SOAP. No matter how dirty the wash "Surprise" will make it sweet and clean. All kinds of clothing—white or colored equally well washed. Not only for clothes but for cleaning everything about the house 'tis good.

AT UNGAR'S! It's Ungar's for everything in the wash line. Where do you get your laundry done? At UNGAR'S! Who dyed your suit? UNGAR! Who washes rough dry? UNGAR! UNGAR! UNGAR! Who does anything in the wash line. Everything that goes there comes back sweet and clean,—white as snow! He can make that last winter's coat, faded and wrinkled as it is, look like new. Just try Ungar's. Ring the telephone, 58. Ask him to call. He'll do it; anything you want can be done.

Bisquit Dubouché & Co. COGNAC. THE SECOND LARGEST SHIPPERS OF BRANDY FROM FRANCE. THEIR BRANDIES ARE UNSURPASSED IN AGE AND QUALITY. Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

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ENGRAVING. "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, SAINT JOHN, N. B.



THREE FAMOUS HYMN Keble, Lyte and Bishop Wordsworth.

A writer in the Scottish Pulpit appreciative words to say of the hymn writers: John Keble, the cultured as "Christian Year" and the "Lyte," was born in the year 1802 in Oxford where he studied, and in which university later on Professor of Poetry.

The best of Keble's hymns are the "Christian Year," which indicates, in a volume, contained for the various seasons in calendar. We may remark possible to say too much in Keble. He was an artist rather than a poet, and his style characteristically Keblean.

His best hymns are well known. His best hymn is "Soul," taken from the longer piece, that bright and orbed blue competes for the pre-eminence. Ken's famous "Abide with me," this night," and Lyte's "Abide with me," which is the evensong. No other three hymns are the best evening hymns. In our estimation "Son of my Soul" the middle piece Lyte's "Abide with me" first.

Keble has also given us the good marriage hymn. We have known hymns beginning "The breath of Eden," and a certain of the Greek hymn, Phos dozes, "Hail gladdening light, glory poured"—a hymn of the which was sung at the placing of the stone.

Keble's hymns are pleasant reading, and are better suited to private devotion than to the pulpit. Keble died in 1866. And now we come to a hymn written by Keble, decidedly by Henry F. Lyte. He was born in the town of Kilsno in the year 1793.

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SUNDAY READING

THREE FAMOUS HYMN WRITERS.

Keble, Lyte and Bishop Wordsworth, and some of their works.

A writer in the Scottish Pulpit has these appreciative words to say of three famous hymn writers:

John Keble, the cultured author of the "Christian Year" and the "Lyra Innocentium," was born in the year 1802. He studied in Oxford where he was an able student, and in which university he became later on Professor of Poetry. He was in the heart of the famous Tractarian movement, with which Newman, Faber, and Pusey were associated, and wrote eight of the "Tracts for the Times." He died that movement pretty much what Charles Wesley did for the evangelical movement, in Oxford, of his time—employed his fine poetic gifts to sing it into the heart. For several years Keble was closely associated with John Henry Newman, but ultimately they parted, Newman entering the church of Rome, while Keble remained in the church of England. He filled several curacies, and at length became rector of Hursley, near Winchester.

The best of Keble's hymns are found in the "Christian Year," which, from its title indicates, is a volume, containing hymns for the various seasons in the church calendar. We may remark that it is possible to say too much in Keble's praise. He was an artist rather than a poet—or better, he was more an artist than a poet. Finish and style characterize Keble. You seldom come across a thought in his poems that acts as an inspiration. To read Keble is like driving through the well-trimmed policies of some nobleman, seated in a soft cushioned carriage, drawn by sleek, well-combed horses. You never experience a jolt, or start with joy as some scene of natural beauty. All is regular, and beautiful, and pleasing. When Keble gets a good thought, he usually makes too much of it, and you tire of it before he is done with it.

His best hymns are well known, and deservedly so. His best hymn is "Sun of my Soul," taken from the longer piece, "Tis gone, that bright and orb'd blaze," and it competes for the pre-eminence with Bishop Ken's famous "All praise to Thee, my God this night," and Lyte's "Abide with me, fast falls the eve-tide." No doubt those three hymns are the best evening hymns in the language. In our estimation we give "Sun of my Soul" the middle place, placing Lyte's "Abide with me" first. Keble has also given us the only really good marriage hymn. We have the well-known hymn beginning "The voice that breathed o'er Eden," and a chaste rendering of the Greek hymn, *Phos ilaron agias doxas*, "Hail gladdening light, of thy pure glory poured"—a hymn of the third century which was sung at the placing of the evening lights.

Keble's hymns are pleasant and profitable reading, and are better suited to the hour of private devotion than to the public praise. Keble died in 1866.

And now we come to a hymnist, if less artistic than Keble, decidedly more poetic—Henry F. Lyte. He was born in the border town of Kelso in the year 1793. He was a delicate frame from his youth, and having to be the barbershop resulting from narrow circumstances from the earliest, and all through his studies preparatory to entering the church of England, his delicacy became confirmed. After filling many curacies, he settled down at Lower Brixham, in Devonshire, and there most of his hymns were written. He did not find his surroundings specially congenial there. The population were a rough unsympathetic, "other class," and Lyte's fine soul, that loved to muse on the beautiful things of God, felt solitary. But Lyte had early been taught to bear crosses, and this one he bore manfully. Had his life been otherwise directed, our hymnody would today be poorer.

"Jesus, I my Cross have taken," is a very sweet hymn, and the breathing of a resigned spirit. Another beautiful, simple, and trustful hymn is "My Spirit on Thy Care." "Pleasant are Thy Courts Above," is a joyful and trustful hymn, and is fortunate in most cases in being coupled with appropriate and good music. These, with the renowned "Abide with me," are, perhaps, Lyte's best hymns. But there are others which deserve notice. "Praise my Soul, the King of Heaven," and "God of Mercy, God of Grace," are both good hymns and suitable to the praise of the sanctuary. We are indebted to Lyte for one of our most beautiful children's hymns, "Saviour, like a Shepherd, lead us." This hymn has been erroneously attributed to Dorothy Ann Thrupp, but proof goes to show that Lyte was the author. He is also the author of the Jewish missionary hymn, "O, that the Lord's Salvation." It may be interesting to give an account of the occasion upon which his best hymn—"Abide with me"—was written. We class it with our evening hymns—we could not do better—but Lyte sang of the evening of life, and not the evening of the day:—

"Hail Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes— Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shade I flee; In life and death, O Lord, abide with me."

So far as we can ascertain, it was his last work. He was very ill—worn out with work and anxiety. Ordered to leave home for a summer climate, he felt constrained to have a parting communion service with his people. Unfit for the task, he got through it with difficulty; and after it was over, he entered his room, and throwing himself upon his couch, soothed himself, mind and spirit, by composing his best hymn. How truly he sang of evening life is seen in the sad event of that year. He died at Nice, speaking only of "peace and joy." Lyte published two volumes of religious pieces. The "Spirit of the Psalms" is the volume in which most of his popular hymns

appear. "Poems, chiefly religious," was published in 1833, and contains the hymns which breathe so fully his own experience. "Jesus, I my cross have taken." "Abide with me" is found in his "Remains," published by Livingtons in 1850.

Bishop Wordsworth (1807-1885), a nephew of the poet Wordsworth, inherited not only his name, but also no mean share of his poetic gift. He ultimately became Bishop of Lincoln. He issued a christian year—a collection of hymns for the church year—under the title, "The Holy Year," in which are two hymns of excellence, both of which have gained great popularity. Not only are they excellent in themselves—they are also especially well suited to the public praise. We do not know to which to give the most prominence; both are so good. "O Day of Rest and Gladness" is, perhaps, the best Sunday morning hymn we have. It is a glad, thankful hymn, and at once puts a congregation into a fit state of heart and mind for the glad service of the sanctuary. The other is also a thankful hymn—"O Lord of Heaven, and earth, and sea, To Thee all praise and glory be; How shall we show our love to Thee, Who givest all?"

IN THE ANGLICAN CALENDAR.

The Christian Year Begins—Notes About Advent—St. Andrew's Day.

The long season of Trinity is ended, and tomorrow is Advent Sunday, the beginning of the christian year. Tomorrow is therefore the actual new year's day of the catholic church, which observes the first of January only as the feast of the Circumcision. The explanation is that the church "does not number her days or measure her seasons so much by the motion of the sun as the course of her Saviour; beginning and pursuing her year with him, who being the true Sun of Righteousness, began at this time to rise upon the world."

Advent Sunday is always the Sunday nearest to the festival of St. Andrew, who was the first apostle called, and with whom the church begins the commemoration of her saints. When both festivals fall on the same day, Advent Sunday supersedes St. Andrew's day, for as the head of the sacred season of preparation for Christmas it is Sunday of the highest class.

Advent, lasting from its first Sunday to Christmas eve, is a penitential season when the faithful are bidden to prepare for Christ's coming in humility at Christmas, and His second coming in glory to judge the quick and the dead. During this season the *Te Deum*, being a joyful and triumphant hymn, is not used, and the *Benedicite* takes its place at matins. In some churches it is customary to have the *Dies Ira* sung after evensong, the priest kneeling at a desk outside the choir screen, as when a litany is recited.

Marriages are forbidden, by the commandments of the church, to be solemnized from Advent to the octave of the Epiphany (Jan. 18th) because, as the people are called to penitential exercises a joyful solemnity would be out of place.

The liturgical color for Advent is violet, in the Western use, and red in the use of Sarum, though purple (really is not a Sarum color) given as the Sarum use in some calendars. The Advent collect is to be said daily, beginning with evensong to-day.

Tuesday will be the vigil of the feast of St. Andrew, and is a day of fasting.

Wednesday will be the feast of St. Andrew, apostle and martyr, the first of the saints commemorated in the church's year. The color for the day, beginning with the first evensong of the day on Tuesday, is red in both uses. The creed of St. Athanasius "shall be" sung or said at morning prayer on this day.

St. Andrew, one of the twelve apostles, was the son of Jonas and brother of Simon Peter, the latter being brought to Christ by him. He is first in the calendar as having been the first of the apostles to follow the Lord, but his name is not found in the New Testament after the Ascension. He is stated to have travelled as a missionary in both Asia and Europe, and finally suffered martyrdom at Patra, A. D. 70. The Roman proconsul caused him to be first scourged and then crucified on a *crux decussata*, a cross in the form of an X, to which he was fastened by cord, instead of nails, so that the death would be more lingering and painful. He lived for two days, during which he preached to and exhorted all who drew near. A christian lady of rank, Maximela, caused his body to be embalmed and honorably buried. In the early part of the fourth century the remains were removed to Constantinople by the Emperor Constantine, and deposited in a church erected in honor of the twelve apostles. After the death of Constantine, Regulus a Greek monk, took the sacred relics to Scotland and deposited them on the Eastern coast of Fife, where he built a church, and where later arose the city and cathedral of St. Andrew. The Scotch have long held this saint as their patron, and in all parts of the world his festival is observed by them as a day of rejoicing.

The Needlework Guild of America collects new garments, made by its members and their friends, and distributes them through charitable institutions and hospitals, and also by means of the bible readers and parish visitors, who make their rounds in the tenements and minister to the sick and to those whose labors keep them closely at home. Last year the collection of garments by the New York branch was very large, and this year's reports show that they have got together and have distributed about 60,000 useful and new garments, an increase of a hundred per cent. over a record of last year.

NEWS AND NOTABILIA.

Nothing makes a man so quick-sighted and intelligent in the service of God as enthusiasm.

To believe in Christianity without knowing why we believe it, is not Christian faith, but blind credulity.

The authorities of Stonington, Conn., have put up posters about the town giving notice that the law against profanity will be rigidly enforced hereafter.

Bishop Doane, who always registers as William, of Albany, and has his baggage so marked, is one of the few bishops of the American Church who follow the English fashion of knickerbockers.

Bless your little ones with patient care, of their childhood, and they will certainly consecrate the glory and grace of their manhood to your service. Sow in their hearts the seed of a perennial blessedness, and its ripened fruit will afford you a perpetual joy.

Just before the sermon the other evening in a Cambridge (Mass.) church the electric lights went out. But they were not limited in that respect by the congregation. On the contrary, everybody stayed and listened to the pastor while he threw light on the subject he had chosen for his sermon.

"I cannot understand," said a little boy, "what becomes of our sins when God takes them away." "Do you ever do a sum, Willie, and when you take a sponge, and wipe your slate, what becomes of the figures?" "O, I see now," he said, "they are all gone." And so God says he will blot out our transgressions, and will not remember our sins (Isa. xlii, 25.)

The Queen has subscribed five hundred pounds sterling towards the building fund of a new "kirk" at Craithie. The plans for the building made by an Aberdeen firm, have been submitted to Her Majesty and received her approval. Pews for the Queen and Royal Family, etc., will be in the south transept, which will have a separate entrance and will be approached by a private drive.

We touch one another in all life's associations; we impress more or less all with whom we come in contact. In the home, in society, in business we leave our mark. It becomes us all, then, to inquire what kind of an impression we are making upon childhood and manhood in our several spheres of influence. Is it for good or for ill? If for good, then, our life is worth living; if for evil, then it is a failure.

Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark, president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor who is on his tour around the world, is now in Japan, and will remain there for a month. His month's stay in Australia was of unusual interest. He found there 450 societies, 200 in Victoria, with 8,000 members; 58 in South Australia, with 650 members; 51 in New South Wales, with 1,650 members; 10 in Queensland, 10 in New Zealand and 10 in Tasmania.

The Bishop of Manchester has announced his intention next year of making a new departure in his visitation, and instead of delivering a charge, of summoning the clergy or visiting them in their own churches—occasionally paying them surprise visits to hear them preach—and holding conferences with all church workers. This is a return to the visitation of old times, and in some sort being resorted to by the Bishop of Lincoln at this moment.

Reports submitted at the Baltimore triennial convention of the American church show that there are 72 bishops, 3865 presbyters, 313 deacons, 682 ministers for orders, 1896 lay readers, 123,310 baptisms since last convention, 125,738 confirmations, 42,426 added communicants over those lost by death; present number of communicants, 549,250; church edifices, 10,246, of which 4,681 are free churches; aggregate contributions, \$40,566,529.

A sensation has been caused in Montreal by a report prepared by five prominent Protestant ministers to the Ministerial Association on the moral condition of the city. The report says that there is an alarming increase in vice. Lotteries are doing rushing business. Bucket shops are in full blast, notwithstanding laws passed to suppress them. Gambling rooms are abundant, and there are no less than 118 houses of ill repute in the city, with a total of nearly 500 inmates.

The present Lord Tennyson says: "My father was much pained, to learn that any one could misinterpret the 'Foil' in 'Crossing the Bar,' and imagine that it referred to Arthur Hallam or to my brother Lionel. He thought there could be only one possible interpretation. Repeatedly and emphatically, at his dictation, I have had to say this. Moreover, I have had to explain, also at his dictation, that 'in the line' after that the dark, the 'dark' means merely 'the valley of the shadow of death.'"

A New York paper complains that visitors to that city were to make the most of their time visit the churches, look at the fine edifices, hear as much of the music and sermon as their late entrance permits, and wonder why the fame of the organization or the preacher has so loudly gone abroad. They take no time to look into the manifold working appliances of the church. It is too slow for them. They want all results concentrated in one burst of oratory or sacred song. They lose in depth what they gain in speed of exterior view.

It is claimed that there are 141 separate and distinct denominations in the United States. The number of communicants is: Roman Catholic, 6,228,579; Methodist Episcopal, 2,240,364; Regular Baptist (colored), 1,914,425; Regular Baptist (South), 1,271,029; Methodist Episcopal (South), 1,209,976. The value of church property is rated as follows: Roman Catholic, \$118,000,000; Methodist Episcopal, \$97,000,000; Protestant Episcopal, \$81,000,000; Presbyterian (North), \$76,000,000; Baptist (North), \$49,000,000.

"The universal instinct towards the dramatic representatives," says Bishop Westcott, "appears to show that, like music and art, they answer to a natural and right desire." He has not been to the play since he was a boy, however, and he has now no desire to go. "The only rule I can offer and seek to follow," he adds, "is to consider whether I find that a particular amusement helps me to do my work better. Then I regard it as a gift of God, to be used with a view to His service." "The worst harmless pastime," on the other hand, may become bad for a particular person."

Advent Hymns.

In clara vos redarguit. Hark, an awful voice is sounding; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say; "Cast away the dreams of darkness, O ye children of the day!"

Startled at the solemn warning, Let the earth-bound soul arise; Christ her Sun, all shroud dispelling, Shines upon the morning skies. Lo, the Lamb so long expected Comes with pardon down from Heaven; Let us haste with tears of sorrow One and all to be forgiven.

So when next He comes with glory, Wrapping all the earth in fear, May He then as our Defender, On the clouds of Heaven appear.

Honor, glory, virtue, merit, To the Father and the Son, With the co-essential Spirit, While eternal ages run.

[From the Latin, Rev. E. Caswall, Translator.]

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JOHN A. KIMBALL.

Before me, J. E. BARNES, A Justice of the Peace in and for the City and County of Saint John.

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RISKS RUN BY REPORTERS.
Instances of Men Who Have Lost their Lives Doing their Duty.

The death in Asia by cholera of Theodore Child, the famous newspaper and magazine correspondent, calls attention to a phase of newspaper work that people do not often think of—the danger, says the N. Y. Press. The wonder is that the list is not longer. The perils of the soldier in the line of battle are not greater than those which a reporter on any New York paper is likely to be called upon to face any minute. He goes where news is. He can't stop to wonder if there is danger there, too. If he did you would go without the day's sensation at your breakfast table next morning. Among criminals, at fires, where subtle disease lurks on land or water, under the earth or in the air, it does not matter, there is the reporter if anything interesting is likely to occur there.

A complete list of the reporters who have during the last ten years died because they did their duty, would be a long one. The latest instance was Fred Williamson of the Advertiser, who contracted typhus fever during last winter's outbreak of the disease here and died of it on North Brother Island. (Hamilton was formerly on the St. John Telegraph.)

In 1884 a Sun reporter named Donnelly was busily engaged in taking notes at a Broadway fire when he fell from a crumbling wall and killed himself.

During the blizzard of 1885 a man named Reilly, who was employed on the editorial staff of the Star, started to Coney Island to write up the effects of the storm there. He froze to death on the way.

One of the most appalling accidents to newspaper men on record started Chicago about a year ago. Four reporters were on a railroad locomotive to write up a fast run. The engine was wrecked and all four were killed.

Another Chicago reporter went up in a balloon with an aeronaut. His body was found weeks afterwards on the shores of Lake Michigan.

The reporter who is writing this article barely escaped violent death several times within a year in an interior city. He was shot twice in one night by a gambler whose dive he had exposed; was almost killed by anarchists who assaulted him on several different occasions, and had his head cracked with a blackjack in the hands of a confidence man whose methods he had laid bare.

Instances of heroism among newspaper men are common. Every epidemic brings many of them. Henry Guy Carleton, now the playwright, braved a long siege of yellow fever for his paper when he was a newspaper correspondent in the South. Every war develops plucky writers who would rather die before the blazing muzzles of a dozen cannon than "get let" on a good piece of news.

FRENCH WOMEN OF BUSINESS.
How They Successfully Manage Some Big Undertakings.

The French woman unlike her English sister, as a rule, is a very good business education, says an Exchange. In the common schools she has been taught household bookkeeping, and has been given lessons in purchasing and useful expenditure. As a wife she is expected generally to help her husband in his business, and sometimes she manages it entirely for him. In the small stores she acts as clerk for him, and in the larger ones she is an equal partner. The Bon Marche was made famous by Mme. Boucicaut who helped her husband found and maintain the establishment, and after his death she took over the charge of it. Her system was one of much kindness and consideration toward her employees that called her "the lady of the Bon Marche," and looked upon her as almost a saint. She was very prosperous in the business, and associated with herself, as stockholders, the chiefs of the various departments who had been faithful in their service, that they might share in the profits. Then she decided to include as many of the other employees as possible, so she ceded a part of her shares to a common fund subject to their purchase. In her will she left the rest of her shares to the stockholders. Also she gave \$1,000,000 of her own private fortune for a pension fund for those of the employees who were aged or ill, and were unable longer to work. There are many other large establishments in Paris managed by women. Mme. Coquelin, it is said, invests all of her husband's money for him, and many of the wives of the artists manage the selling and exhibition of their husbands' works and attend to the collecting and paying of debts, obtain orders and call upon the newspaper men, doing all of the necessary work to make their husbands' artistic efforts profitable.

MAY HE SOMEBODY FOUND THEM.
A naturalist who is absent minded to a degree, recently celebrated his silver wedding. Just as the first guest arrived, one of the daughters was sent to summon the father, who was all ready, and came into the parlor. The daughter noticed that her father carried in his hand a small wooden box, and as he shook hands with the nearest guest, she saw him drop it. The cover rolled off, but she gave a sigh of relief when she saw that the box was apparently empty. The naturalist, however, uttered a cry of dismay, and instantly went down on his knees in an attempt to gather up something.

"Have you spilled anything, father?" she asked.

"Spilled anything?" he echoed, in evident indignation at her calm tone; "I have lost fifty fleas that I have just received from Egypt!"

The effect of this intelligence on the family was nothing in comparison to the effect the catastrophe had upon the company before the evening was over.—S. F. Argonaut.

A Valuable Hindoo God.
The famous Hindoo God Lingam is now owned by an English gentleman of culture, who paid a sum equal to \$18,000 for it at an auction sale of East Indian relics in 1888. This sacred image stands but 12 1/2 inches high, but, small as it is, it is worth its weight in first water diamonds. The base of the figure is of pure hammered gold, and around it are set nine gems—a diamond, ruby, sapphire, chrysoberyll, cat's eye, coral, pearl, hyacinthine, garnet, emerald and moonstone. The apex on the figure, which is in the shape of a pyramid, is encircled with a plinth set with small but very fine diamonds.

A DUFFERIN COUNTY MIRACLE.
ERNEST DUKE'S GREAT PERIL AND WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

How His Life was Saved After His Condition had Been Declared Hopeless by Three Doctors.—An Interesting Narrative Given to the Public by the Boy's Mother and Other Witnesses.

[Dufferin Post, Orangeville.]

The great Edmund Burke once exclaimed in a moment of sadness and despair that the age of chivalry was gone forever, and on every side of us we hear it remarked that the days of miracles are a part of the dim, superstitious and romantic past. We are not going to enter into a discussion on the merits of either statement. Much of the chivalry that we read of had a great deal of the wild and grotesque about it, while not a little that was attributed to the miraculous agencies was the work of men of talent and genius, wiser and greater than their generation, who had explored and comprehended the treasures of Mother Nature within whose bosom it is said to be locked a panacea for every ill of fallen flesh. A newspaper's chief mission is to faithfully and attractively record interesting current events and to make such comments and suggestions as it deems advisable, and it is this role The Post is desiring to fill in this article. The neighboring township of Mono furnishes an instance of a marvelous cure, which in less enlightened times would undoubtedly have been credited to supernatural influences, and which has even in this stern and practical era created a genuine sensation. In a recent issue we gave the particulars of the restoration to physical strength and activity of George Hewitt, of Mono Mills, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which are now household words on this continent. Many who read the article on Mr. Hewitt might be disposed to doubt, but the least credulous were silenced and convinced by the striking evidence of the patient himself, evidence which was corroborated by several reliable persons who had an intimate knowledge of the facts. The fine banner township of Mono supplies equally striking and conclusive testimony of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as an effectual remedy where the physician's skill and knowledge have been utterly baffled. Men may be disposed to be sceptical, and to fancy that much has been said in praise of these pills is mere hyperbole, but it is hard to confront the logic of facts, and in this respect an enduring monument is fast being built in support of the merits and claims of this greatest medical preparation of the century. Mr. Wm. Duke, of L. concession 6, Mono, is one of the best known and respected pioneers of this section. A few weeks ago we heard that his little 12 year old boy had been snatched from the very jaws of death by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and we determined to fully investigate the reported cure. Mr. Duke resides about six miles from Orangeville, and is one of the most prosperous farmers of the banner township. When the representative of The Post called at his quiet and comfortable home, Mr. Duke was at a neighboring threshing, but the reporter was courteously received by Mrs. Duke. We enquired as to the condition of Ernest, the little boy who was reported to have been cured, and were somewhat non-plussed when told that he was at school. From our information as to his state of health last spring, we did not expect to find him able to leave the house, and were not prepared for the news that he was once more strong enough to mix with the gabbling schoolboy throng. "Is Ernest the little boy that was sick last winter and spring?" was our next interrogative. "He is, indeed," replied Mr. Duke, "and to tell you the truth, we had at one time no hope that he would ever again be able to leave his bed."

"To what do you attribute the boy's recovery?" the reporter asked.

"Oh! to nothing but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," was the ready and emphatic response of Mrs. Duke, who is a very intelligent lady, and who then gave the interviewer the following interesting and well-nigh incredible narrative: "Last winter Ernest had the grippe, and he never seemed to fully recover from the effects of it. In February last, some time after he had the grippe, he was so unwell that we took him to Dr. Bonnar, of Mono Mills, who examined him, and said that what was troubling him was a decaying tooth which required to be extracted. He pulled the tooth and said to take the boy home and he would be all right shortly. Instead of getting better, however, Ernest got far worse, and was soon confined entirely to his bed. He failed in strength and appetite, and was becoming more nervous every day. Sometimes he would get twitching and nervous fits, and shake so hard that he would frighten you. The shaking was so strong that the whole bed shook with him. We became alarmed and sent for a second doctor, who prescribed for the boy, and who gave it as his opinion that his recovery was impossible. At this time Ernest had lost the power of both legs and arms and they had to be tied down to ease the sufferer by lessening the nervous agitation. The second physician called in attended the boy some time, but the case was getting so bad, every day becoming more helpless, that a third was sent for to consult. This last one said that there was no chance for poor Ernest, and that all he could do was to ease his pain. I need not tell you how grieved we felt over the prospect of losing our boy, and would have tried anything to save his life. We had been reading in The Post about the wonderful cures made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and often thought of trying them as we were told they would do no harm if they did not do any good. Nearly every week we read about miracles wrought by the Pills, and one day I determined to ask the doctor if we might try them. 'Well,' said he, 'the boy can't get better, and the pills are not likely to hasten his end. You can do as you like.' Shortly after we bought a box of the Pills. The news was in May last. Little Ernest had not been taking them two weeks when we noticed a wonderful change. We quit the doctors medicine altogether, and kept using the pills only. The boy improved so rapidly that in a short time he was able to be out of bed. One can hardly believe a story like this, but every word of it is true. I tell you there is a wonderful change in our boy and we ought to be thankful to the Pink Pills. Ernest is growing stout and strong,

and this is his first day at school. The doctor said he would be dead before the last Toronto exhibition, but my little fellow was so well that he was able to be around. We have been buying the pills from Mr. Stevenson, one of the Orangeville druggists, and Ernest is still using them although not so often as at first. It would not be much out of your way to call at the school, and there you will find Ernest who will be able to speak for himself."

Just as Mrs. Duke was concluding her interesting narrative the teacher of the school, Mr. Thomas E. Langford, who boards at Mr. Duke's entered the house. It was the dinner hour, and the reporter expected that Ernest would turn up, and save him a visit to the school. He was informed, however, that the boy had taken his lunch with him in the morning and would spend the dinner hour at play. Mr. Langford accompanied the reporter to the road and on the way the teacher said that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills could not be too widely known. "I have been boarding all along at Mr. Duke's," said he, "and I tell you little Ernest was in a bad state last spring. No one ever thought he would get better, and it seems so strange that he was cured by such a simple remedy. Why, three doctors pronounced his case hopeless, and yet he is at school to-day! He is a bright little boy, and the Pink Pills saved his life."

The reporter was full of thought as he hastened to the school to interview the little fellow who had been said to have heard the summons of the angels, and have been saved from an early grave by Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills which the teacher had truly described as a simple remedy. When we reached the school several children were playing in the yard, and in answer to our call for Ernest Duke a bright little boy started out from the romping throng. We asked him if he was the boy who had been sick, and he answered with a mild and clear "yes." "Are you well now?" "O, yes, I'm as well as ever again." "What cured you?" "Pink Pills" was the ready and smiling response. The little fellow did certainly appear to be in the full enjoyment of health, and no one who did not know the facts would think that he had so recently been in such a feeble and precarious condition as to be despaired of by three local physicians of standing and experience. We shook hands with the boy and started for Orangeville fully convinced that there was a good deal in the stories we had been reading of miracles wrought through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The reporter also interviewed several of Mr. Duke's neighbors, and found them all of one opinion. This was that his son would now be sleeping in the silent church-yard had it not been for the timely use of Pink Pills. He also learned that many others were using the pills with gratifying results, while many more had made up their minds since the miraculous saving of young Duke's life to try the great remedy for lesser ailments with which they were troubled. We had anticipated that our mission would be disappointing in some respects, never expecting to have the strange story which we had heard of Ernest Duke's recovery to fully substantiated, but here we were returning to Orangeville with everything that was flying rumor before conclusively established on investigation.

On arriving at Orangeville we determined to interview the local druggists as to the popularity of the remedy that is working such wonders and causing such genuine sensations in many parts of the country. Mr. Thomas Stevenson was the first druggist interviewed. "Do you sell many of the Pills?" he asked. "The sale is increasing. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills report the best results. The remedy is certainly a wonderful one."

When Mr. A. Turner was questioned he said the sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was a surprise to himself. In his experience as a druggist no remedy had made such a reputation or produced such wonderful results. Scarcely a day passed that he did not hear of parties who were benefited by the use of Pink Pills.

Mr. J. R. Dodds was equally enthusiastic. "If you call Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a 'patent medicine,'" said he, "they are the most popular and best selling 'patent medicine' in my store to-day. The sale is undoubtedly on the increase, and I can say that scores who have bought from me are loud in their praises of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for them. They are certainly a great remedy, and my experience is that they effect all that is claimed for them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of influenza, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont. and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundreds, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The Blindest Doctors' Fee

The largest fee ever paid to a physician, \$100,000, was received by the late Dr. Willard Parker for the successful removal of an excrescence from the face and neck of the son and heir of one of the wealthiest families in the vicinity of New York. Should he succeed in curing a St. Louis business of a slight mental trouble that has bothered her from childhood, Dr. William Bradley of that city, is to receive a cash fee of \$56,000. There is only one New York doctor who began life poor, and is now a millionaire. This is Dr. John F. Munn, physician to Jay Gould, Russell Sage and other very rich men, and chief examiner for a leading life insurance company. Dr. Munn's fortune has not come to him directly from the practice of his profession, although he receives \$25,000 a year from Mr. Gould alone, but it is mainly the result of lucky speculations in which his grateful patrons have given him the opportunity to participate.

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The seven wise sayings are the famous mottoes inscribed in the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, which was once the fountain-head of all religion and government. Kings and rulers sent to the temple to ask of the Oracle what their policy should be, and what their fate or the result of their wars. The seven wise sayings recorded on the walls of this famous temple were: "Know thyself," by Solon of Athens; "Consider the end," by Chilo of Sparta; "Sovereignty is the precursor of ruin," by Thales of Miletus; "Most men are bad," by Bias of Priene; "Avoid excess," by Cleobulus of Lindus; "Know thy opportunity," by Pittacus of Mytilene; "Nothing is impossible to industry," by Periander of Corinth.

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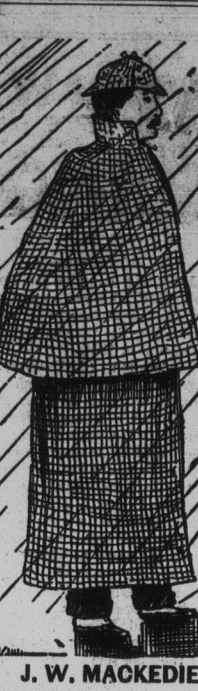
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"ABRAHAM'S" TALKS

[Correspondents seeking information should address their communications to the Editor, St. John.]

Either the typos or I must take last week in my answer question about the Royal St. land. Between us we must Scotland entirely out of the turn England's leopards into have too warm a corner in "the land o' cakes" to all unintentionally, so I hasten right. I have also taken my memory about the color happy to give my correspond of my researches. The r red, on a yellow ground, surround of frame or ribbon in the stand and occupies the upper right ter of the flag, while direct appear the three leopards against the other, in yellow, on a r am a little uncertain about representing Wales. I have does not appear on the st represented by the three f Prince of Wales. The harp yellow on a blue ground.

AUTUMN LEAVES.—You I recipes for the hair before t lished one or two the very w but here is a new one which highly recommended and of w have the first trial. One pi one drachm of tincture of castor oil, one drachm of ammonia, mix all well rub into the roots of the hair. If your hair has the strange turn gray which is so commo young people now-a-days, le castor oil. Thank you very dear, kind-hearted girls for you express of my humble effort of the birds. I wish all women you do; it was so honest of yo about the wings in your new h very much amused at your pr buying any more, but all the you will keep it. Of course n expect you to spoil the new h out the wings and the resolu wear them in future, will do good as their removal now.

CARRIE, St. John.—I am su have to work and study very I can imagine how little time you anything else. I was very g that things were all straight ag you and your friend; it is hard to be wroth with one we love," an to be friends again. (1.) If y go and call upon her, go without waiting for any further but if it is a visit do not think ing, remember that a man's invi for absolutely nothing unless e supported by that of his nea relatives. (2.) The over sensit shows the most refined and hi nature but is often too self-co her own peace of mind, or the her friends; she is greatly to b she is very apt to see a sligh is intended, and her more th sister who never could, or wh hint is far the happiest perso, strange as it may seem, the mo of the two. (3.) I really agree friend that you will have a little indifference to fancied, or if you expect to go through the v out more than your share of suffer I know of nothing better than hot, but not too hot, water, a t at a time, it allays the inflam finally soothes the pain, but y requires time, and you have so lit You do not say whether it is for woman, but how would a nice or a pretty little souvenir pin, the scarf, if the former, or the dr if the latter? (6.) I don't know I don't think I should try, I keep on loving her. You did no many questions. Quite well than was glad to hear from you again.

BLACK-EYED BESS, St. John.—ever know my correspondents, cannot make any difference, as y I am always glad to answer them of my ability. (1.) The gentle of course I think there is such a love,—I should be very sorry not an afraid you know very little of or you would not doubt it. What world be like if there was no lo (3.) I know of call tell which was wrong, the quarrel could not have very important one, and the soo made up the better. (4.) A year is shortest time that one could wear ing for a parent, and many peo deep mourning for the first ye lighter for another year. Your wonderful good considering yo your left hand. Your questions v silly at all.

AUTUMN, St. John.—You unda this time that your first letter was and only reached me in time for las column. It was very strange, and der you were puzzled; I was myself I do hope for your sake, and that others, that the Victoria rink will be this season. I have been there, but skate. I used to be fond of that exercise, but it is so long since I h a pair of skates on, that I fancy I require a chair to help me along now. I really think it would depend on stances, if he had no right to de

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

Either the typos or I made an odd mistake last week in my answer to R. N. C.'s question about the Royal Standard of England. Between us we managed to cut Scotland entirely out of the flag, and to turn England's leopards into lions. Now I have too warm a corner in my heart for "the land o' cakes" to alight her, even unintentionally, so I hasten to set myself right. I have also taken care to refresh my memory about the colors, and I am happy to give my correspondent the benefit of my researches. The rampant lion in red, on a yellow ground, surrounded by a sort of frame or ribbon is the standard of Scotland and occupies the upper right hand quarter of the flag, while directly beneath it appear the three leopards again, one above the other, in yellow, on a red ground. I am a little uncertain about this quarter representing Wales. I have an idea that it does not appear on the standard, but is represented by the three feathers of the Prince of Wales. The harp of Ireland is yellow on a blue ground.

AUTUMN LEAVES.—You have seen the recipes for the hair before this, as I published one or two the very week you wrote, but here is a new one which comes very highly recommended and of which you shall have the first trial. One pint of bay rum, one drachm of tincture of cantharides, one ounce of castor oil, one drachm of carbonate of ammonia, mix all well together, and rub into the roots of the hair twice a week. If your hair has the strange tendency to turn gray which is so common amongst young people now-a-days, leave out the castor oil. Thank you very much, my dear kind-hearted girls for the approval you express of my humble effort in behalf of the birds. I wish all women thought as you do; it was so honest of you to tell me about the wings in your new hat, and I was very much amused at your promise of not buying any more, but all the same I hope you will keep it. Of course no one could expect you to spoil the new hat by taking out the wings and the resolution not to wear them in future, will do twice as much good as their removal now.

CARRIE, St. John.—I am sure you must have to work and study very hard, and I can imagine how little time you have for anything else. I was very glad to hear that things were all straight again between you and your friend; it is hard indeed "to be wroth with one we love," and delightful to be friends again. (1.) If you mean to go and call upon her, go by all means without waiting for any further invitation, but if it is a visit do not think of accepting, remember that a man's invitation goes for absolutely nothing unless endorsed and supported by that of his nearest female relatives. (2.) The over sensitive person shows the most refined and highly strung nature but is often too self-conscious for her own peace of mind, or the comfort of her friends; she is greatly to be pitied for she is very apt to see a slight where none is intended, and her more thick-skinned sister who never could, or would take a hint is far the happiest person, and often, strange as it may seem, the more popular of the two. (3.) I really agree with your friend that you will have to cultivate a little indifference to fancied, or real snubs, if you expect to go through the world without more than your share of suffering. (4.) I know of nothing better than pouring in hot, but not too hot, water, a teaspoonful at a time, it allays the inflammation, and finally soothes the pain, but you know it requires time, and you have so little. (5.) You do not say whether it is for a man or woman, but how would a nice card case do, or a pretty little souvenir pin, either for the scarf, if the former, or the dress collar, if the latter? (6.) I don't know I am sure, I don't think I should try. I should just keep on loving her. You did not ask too many questions. Quite well thank you. I was glad to hear from you again.

BLACK-EYED BESS, St. John.—I scarcely ever know my correspondents, so that cannot make any difference, as you know I am always glad to answer them to the best of my ability. (1.) The gentleman. (2.) Of course I think there is such a thing as love.—I should be very sorry not to, and I am afraid you know very little of the world or you would not doubt it. What would the world be like if there was no love in it? (3.) If neither can tell which was in the wrong, the quarrel could not have been a very important one, and the sooner it is made up the better. (4.) A year is the very shortest time that one could wear mourning for a parent, and many people wear deep mourning for the first year, and lighter for another year. Your writing is wonderfully good considering you used your left hand. Your questions were not silly at all.

AUTUMN, St. John.—You understand by this time, that your first letter was mislaid and only reached me in time for last week's column. It was very strange, and no wonder you were puzzled; I was myself. (1.) I do hope for your sake, and that of many others, that the Victoria rink will be opened this season. I have been there, but not to skate. I used to be fond of that delightful exercise, but it is so long since I have had a pair of skates on, that I fancy I should require a chair to help me along now. (2.) I really think it would depend on circumstances, if he had no right to do so, he

was simply a brute and I should not notice him in future. But how did it happen? (3.) I believe I should feel sorry for him, because he cannot have proper sense. I don't think I ever saw him. I will give your love to "Patsy" with pleasure; she is rather a favorite of mine. Thank you for the love.

ROLLING STONE, St. John.—You were quite mistaken about the frequency of your letters. The sight of your familiar writing, and peculiar ink you always use, was a very pleasant surprise to me, and I am glad to know that you are in town for the winter. Try Canada by all means, I think you would be almost certain to succeed, and if not try the Halifax Herald or Mail. I know so well what discouragements one has to bear. I would like to hear your views on that subject; sometimes I am half inclined to agree with you, and it is very not for one or two people I should be altogether inclined. I hope that as long as Progress and I both live I shall continue to write for it, but, of course, I don't know, so many things might happen. Even if this column should be given up I fancy the editor might find some other corner for me. The climate is much better in every way, drier and warmer in summer, with a crisp, healthy cold in winter. Write again and let me hear what success you have.

PUZZLED, St. John.—Some of those small matters are very puzzling I know, and you are a sensible girl to try and set yourself right. "Are there many?" would be correct, also "are there many books?" Always say "you were" even when speaking in the second person singular, the third person would be "he was", etc. (3.) I think it would depend a great deal upon yourself, if "number one" is willing for you to be a friend to "number two" and has no objection to your offering him some little gift, it would be quite correct to do so, as "number two" understands the position of affairs. But I would, not accept a present from him unless he is a very old friend, and then only some trifle. (4.) No, that would be quite impossible if she had many callers, the hostess very rarely partakes of anything herself, unless towards tea time, she might take a cup of coffee or chocolate. I was glad to see that you called it "our column." I like the girls to feel this corner belongs to them as well as to me.

VENETIA, St. John.—I am glad you made up your mind at last, and I hope you will not regret it. Thank you very much for the recipe for the hair. I will use it soon, I am always glad to get new recipes especially when they have been tried and found beneficial. (1.) I am very fond of the names Catherine, Margaret and Pauline, I think the latter, prettier than Gertrude. (3.) Never try to remove moles, you simply cannot do it, and you may do yourself serious injury by trying. I once knew a mole being turned into a cancer through the efforts to remove it. A mole is a thing which comes into the world with one, and it comes to stay, only a skillful surgeon can remove it and few surgeons care to do so. Do you know I rather like a mole as a beauty spot! I have one in the centre of my left cheek, and I would not part with it for anything. You are quite mistaken, your writing is not at all fashionable I admit, but it is so clear and legible that it is a real pleasure to read it. ASTRA.

A Woman's Scrub Bath. Nothing on earth will help a woman more to preserve her general health and good complexion than a daily scrub bath. Get enough Turkish towelling by the yard (you can get remnants) to make two pairs of chamber mittens, just large enough to slip over the thumbs and allow the hand to stretch flat; also a large, rough towel and a generous supply of tepid water, and of course, soap, and either another towel to stand on or a piece of oilcloth four feet square.

It is very important to have a warm room, so that the body may not be chilled when you doff your garments. After taking everything off stand on the oilcloth or towel in front of your basin, slip your mittens on and dip them in the water, squeeze the drips from the mittens, soap well and rub the body all over, beginning at the neck and ending at the toes. Take off the mittens, lay them down beside the basin; allow the soil of the body will be in those mittens. Take your second pair of mittens, slip them on and go over the body again, rinsing the mittens several times, thus: Take the soap off the arms, then rinse the waist, etc. Bathing thus rests and strengthens a tired body. It takes from eight to ten minutes to wash from top to toe and to rinse the mittens in a second water, ready for another dip. It is well to put them in the air to sweeten, and to have them boiled once a week to keep them pleasant.

To improve the complexion one should keep the pores of the skin open and keep away the chaps. Wash the face and ears with very hot water, and then put sufficient cold water to make it tepid for the body. The face should be washed in hot water at least three times daily.

Two Neat Lady Costumes. If a woman has a handsome black dress she is rich in resources and is always one of the "best dressed women there." She can have a great variety of waists to the skirt as there are colors in the vocabulary; she can have one waist and make as many different toilets as there are flowers in the conservatory; she can wear the simple black without change, and she will be the best dressed because of the unchanging elegant simplicity. There is only one other color that will rival the elegance, and that is the cream white. It is a rival, because of its being universally becoming as well as elegant. If you can—in your very respectable poverty—have two evening dresses, one black and the other creamy, yellow, white you will always be exceedingly well dressed.

REASONABLE RECIPES.

Specially Prepared from Practical Tests for the Ladies Readers of "Progress."

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

Who has had those intensely interesting letters in the London Truth, to "Dearest Amy," from "ever, dear, your loving cousin, Madge," has not been charmed with her girlish gossip? and who that has followed her recipes has not been rewarded for their pains? I think I cannot do better this week, for a change, than to give a sentence or two of the gossip by way of seasoning, and a batch of her recipes. In a recent number she says: "Now, dear, what recipes will you have this week? I am glad you approved of those I sent last. This is a capital ice and not at all troublesome to make:—

Squeeze the juice from 6 lemons into a pint of clarified sugar, add the rinds of two lemons and half a pint of water. When all are well mixed together, strain into a refrigerator and freeze in the usual manner. Then add a glass of brandy and the same quantity of rum, again let it freeze, for the addition of the spirits will have the effect of thawing it. Beat up the whites of 8 fresh eggs till they resemble snow, sweeten it with 3 oz. of castor sugar, slowly stir it into the ice. Serve in glasses with macaroons, which can be made in the following manner:—

MACAROONS.—Pound 16 oz. of sweet almonds in a mortar, add a tablespoonful of rose-water (to keep them from oiling), add the grated rind of a lemon, and 1 lb. of castor sugar. When all are thoroughly blended, drop the mixture from a spoon onto a water paper laid on a clean tin. Stir a little castor sugar over them and bake them in a slow oven.

These macaroons can very easily be made, so are a good subject for a novice on which to try her skill.

I think you will like this salad which is specially suited for supper:—

Place a well-soaked ornamental mould on broken ice; line it with aspic jelly about a quarter of an inch in thickness. On this coating place a dozen skinned prawns, then cover with flakes of cold boiled codfish; set all with a little liquid jelly. Have ready a pint of freshly-skinned shrimps; arrange half of them round the mould so that a hollow is left in the centre; the mixture is filled with the following:—Pound in a mortar the yolks of two boiled eggs, two blanched, boned, and skinned anchovies, into which slowly stir a gill of salad oil, the same quantity of tarragon vinegar, the juice of a lemon, a dash of sugar, with salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Add by degrees half a gill of thick cream. When all are thoroughly blended, throw in the meat from a boiled lobster, which has been cut into dice-shaped pieces. With this mayonnaise fill in the hollow that has been left. Again set it with liquid jelly, and screen with the remaining half-pint of shrimps. Leave the mould on ice to set; then arrange the dish on which the jelly is to be served. Glaze the dish with a thin coating of colourless jelly; on this place a border of tiny hearts of lettuce, turn the fish mould into the centre of the dish, then fence the whole with a border of watercress and plum-shaped tomatoes peeping out between. Scatter finely-minced jelly over the lettuce.

Care must be taken that each guest is given a little of the mayonnaise.

I have a novel recipe for you this week in the shape of a "mock turkey." Do you feel inclined to give it a trial?— Hang a shoulder of mutton for two or three days. Bone, and sprinkle it with a pinch of pepper and pounded mace. Lay on the lean of the meat a dozen and a half of bearded oysters, roll, skewer, it into shape, tie tightly. Let it simmer in a small quantity of water until tender; add one onion stuck with cloves and half a dozen peppercorns. Cover the pan closely, but turn the meat once. Throw into a pint of good hot veal gravy a score of oysters bearded and rinsed in their own liquor. Thicken with a lump of butter the size of a walnut, well worked in corn-flour. Dish the meat, remove the tapes, and pour the sauce over it. Garnish with tufts of parsley and pickled capers.

A delicious dish for breakfast or luncheon is made in the following fashion:—

Boil a calf's liver until tender, and pass it through a hair-sieve. Butter a mould thoroughly, and place two slices of fat bacon at the bottom. Over this put a layer of the liver, then a layer of cold chicken or cold veal cut into dice, more liver, and so on until the mould is nearly full. On top comes more bacon. Pour over all some gravy, or, failing this, water in which a little gelatine has been dissolved. Bake or steam till the bacon is cooked, turn out when cold and serve.

This is a good way of preparing the remains of cold joints in an appetizing manner:— Line a dish with well-minced potatoes; set it in an oven till they are browned inside and out. When done turn the potatoes from the mould, fill the centre of this crust with any cold minced meat you may have by you. On the top lay three eggs, nicely poached in brown gravy. Screen the whole with finely-chopped parsley, and dust it over with a little coralline pepper.

You may imagine that there is not much novelty in this "Fish on toast," but you will find that the novelty lies in the little additions that make it so tempting:— With two forks pick the remains of any cold fish free from the bones, put it into a basin, add a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce, a dust of cayenne with pepper and salt to taste. Fillet two fresh blotters, spread a portion of the above mixture on each piece of fish, fry in heated butter for three minutes, place them on slices of buttered toast. Arrange the two halves of a split roe, which have been grilled in oil paper, on either side of the fillets. Just before serving squeeze over with the juice of a lemon, and garnish with tufts of parsley.

You will find the following an enticing way to prepare sweetbreads:— Blanch some nice sweetbreads and stew them in a well-seasoned gravy made of

You Should See Them!

Our Ladies' Blucher Balmorals.

The latest and most Fashionable Walking Boot. Made on the new Piccadilly Lasts, and of the finest Dongola Kid with Patent Leather Tips and Facings. It is the best fitting and most stylish boot that has been seen in St. John for some years.

DIFFERENT WIDTHS AND HALF SIZES NOW IN STOCK.

Waterbury & Rising.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS COMPANY.

Lace Curtains Cleaned and Dyed by a French Process

Office—South Side King Square, Works—Elm Street North End, St. John, New Brunswick.

stock and vegetables; when cold, cut them into pieces of nearly an inch square, put them into a sauce d'atelets, and let them cool. With silver skewers skewer the sweetbreads and a bit of ready-dressed calf's udder alternately—make them all as near as possible of an equal size and of a square form. Moisten them with the sauce and cover them with grated bread-crumbs, then dip them into 4 well-beaten eggs, strep over them some more grated bread-crumbs, and smooth them with a knife; fry them a delicate brown and serve with an Italian sauce (white or brown). Sauce—Take of finely-minced parsley, mushrooms, and shallots a tablespoonful of each; fry them with a little butter and then dredge in a little flour; season the mixture with some good stock, season it with pepper and salt, and boil till it begins to thicken; then take it off the fire and add the well-beaten yolks of 2 or 3 eggs. Stir it well all the time it is cooking.

This is a delicious breakfast dish when carefully prepared. Let me know what you think of it:—

Make a batter with four well-beaten eggs, a gill of cream, and a small tablespoonful of flour. Slightly grill half-a-dozen neatly trimmed thin rashers of bacon (streaky). Dip each rasher in the batter, lay them in a frying-pan half full of well-heated bacon liquor, pour a little of the batter over each rasher carefully. When one side is done, turn, and again pour batter over them. Both sides being fried, drain them on clean white paper and lay on a hot dish. Meantime split and skin six sheep's kidneys, dust over each a little pepper; close and lard them with bacon (thin). Set them on a grill over a clear fire, turn often. When they are done remove the bacon and lay them on a hot dish in two rows between each rasher. Garnish with parsley and lemon slices.

Try this Swiss recipe for cheese-cakes.

I hope you will like them:— Take about the fourth part of a close fat Brie cheese, pound and rub it through a sieve; mix with it a pint and a half of flour; lay it on the board, make a hole in the middle, into which put 3/4 lb. of butter, and work it in well; add to it a little Gruyere cheese grated, and six eggs. Knead these all well together; mould it up, and let it stand for half an hour; then roll it out, and make into a cake of about three inches; mark it with a knife on one side in squares, and on the other in rays; bake in a moderately hot oven.

Finally, these chicken cutlets are capital:—

Parboil a chicken, strip it of all the meat, take out all skin and gristle, etc.; pound the meat, add to it a little pepper and salt, a few bread-crumbs; bind the mixture with a well beaten-egg, shape it into cutlets, egg and bread-crumbs them, and fry in butter a bright golden brown. Serve with tomato-sauce, or plain, with a little clear brown gravy. These can be made of rabbit almost as well as chicken. I wanted more savoury, the addition of a little lemon thyme, and the grated peel of a lemon, makes them very nice.

Alphabet Suppers. "Alphabet suppers" are getting to be quite a craze in some parts of the country. The young people of church societies arrange for an evening lunch, the names of every article of which begins with the same letter. Each member is instructed to provide a portion of the feast, and a forfeit is levied against delinquents. A "B" supper, for instance, would include bread, beans, butter, bananas, beer (possibly), beef, brie cheese (by an elastic construction of the rule), bologna, etc.

What Becomes the Complexion Yellow, cream, or "dead" white is very becoming to all complexions. It makes a harmonious effect instead of the bold one produced by black. It makes the sallow complexion look clear, and shows the tint of the pink and white skin beneath of its own flesh tint.

A TONIC

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

A preparation of the phosphates, that acts as a tonic and food to the exhausted system.

There is nothing like it; gives great satisfaction.

Try a bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Runford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

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The cheapest, brightest and best monthly paper published in the Dominion. When it appears, the old are pleased, the young are delighted. No patriotic Canadian can afford to be without it. It grows in favor everywhere, from Atlantic to Pacific. Subscription, 50 cents a year.

Special Offer.

In order to test the value of PROGRESS as an advertising medium, we offer CANADA a whole year to anyone sending us 25 cents in postage stamps before January 1, 1893, and mentioning PROGRESS. Address: MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, Hampton, N. B.

Granby Rubbers

Are what you want at this season of the year. Perfection of style and finish, and they WEAR LIKE IRON.

All dealers sell them.

Have You Shaved This Morning?

If not, step right in to the Royal Barber Shop, 36 King street. The best workmen employed.

RAZORS HONED TO ORDER. Face Washes Supplied for Home use. D. J. McINTYRE, Proprietor.

Ask for Islay Blend.

TAKE NO OTHER. Pronounced by the Government Chief Analyst superior to all other Whiskies imported into Canada. See page 21 of the Official Report of the Inland Revenue Department issued Dec. 31-4, 1891.



FUR LINED COAT \$30. Fine Irish Frieze Coat lined with Siberian Racon and trimmings only \$30. 25¢ Free Illustrated Catalogue of this and many other styles of coats. Also caps, robes, etc., on application to JOHN MARTIN & CO., 457 St. Paul St., MONTREAL. Subscription, 50 cents a year.

KOFF NO MORE WATSONS' COUGH DROPS WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM

SUN FIRE INSURANCE CO. ESTABLISHED 1855. TAYLOR'S FIRE & BURGLAR SAFES. HAVE MANY PATENTED IMPROVEMENTS NOT FOUND IN OTHER MAKES THAT WILL WELL REPAY AN INVESTIGATION BY THOSE WHO DESIRE TO SECURE THE BEST SAFE. J. & J. TAYLOR. TORONTO SAFE WORKS. TORONTO. MONTREAL VANCOUVER WINNIPEG VICTORIA.

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SEGEE'S OINTMENT

—IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR— Piles, Fever Sores, Sores of any kind, Ringworms, Chapped Hands, Chitblains, Frost Bites, Warts, Corns, etc. And its effect on a Burn or Scald is really astonishing; it removes the anguish in a very short time without leaving a blister. PRICE, 50 cents per Pot; \$5 per dozen; Six dozen \$26; One Gross \$50.

Oysters in Season.

The Oyster season having opened Sept. 15th I can now supply my customers with choice P. E. I. OYSTERS at lowest and North Shore prices. J. D. TURNER, 19 1/2 St. N. S. King Square.

KEEP COOL! ICE

ORDERED through Mail or Telephone promptly attended to. Telephone No. 424. Office: Leicester Street. Parties going out of town, can have ice delivered at regular rates until their departure and upon their return to the city purchased

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Chinese streets are not often more than eight feet wide.

Greek infantrymen were always trained in stone throwing.

Two million barrels of beer are made annually in Milwaukee.

Nearly 900,000 grown English people can neither read nor write.

The hourly rate of water falling over Niagara Falls is 100,000,000 tons.

Fashion plates came into use during the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

Several thousands of hair pins in many styles have been recovered from Pompeii.

In the reign of Louis XIV the hats of the ladies were two feet high and four wide.

Pockets in ladies dresses first appeared in England during the reign of Edward III.

Place 600 earths like ours side by side, yet Saturn's outermost ring could easily inclose them.

Muffs were first used by doctors to keep their fingers soft and were adopted by ladies about 1550.

The highest bridge in the world is at Garabit, France. It is 413 feet above the water and 1,800 feet long.

The Dead Sea is nothing more than a small but very old salt lake now in an advanced stage of evaporation.

The College of Pharmacy of New York has the most complete herbarium in the United States. It embraces over 60,000 specimens.

Black patches shaped like stars, crescents, horseshoes, and even like coaches and horses, were worn by the ladies of the court of Anne.

The famous Bank of Venice began business in 1192, lasted 600 years, and might have existed to this day but for the invasion of Napoleon.

Emigration is slowly decreasing in Ireland. The numbers for the last four years (1888-1891) are 78,684, 70,477, 61,313, and 59,623 respectively.

Pliny mentions wines made of honey and six-year-old rain water; of honey, sea salt and vinegar; of honey and myrtle seed; of palms, dates, figs, wormwood and snails.

Today France has only 38,000,000 inhabitants to Germany's 50,000,000, yet the French army is 25,000,000 larger on a peace footing and 340,000 larger on a war footing than Germany.

A freight car 36 feet long has been built of steel in Manchester for the Mexican Railway Company. It is said to be no heavier than a 34 foot wooden car and will hold nearly three times as much.

There are chicken factories in New England that are turning out thousands of motherless chickens every week more successfully than by the old method. In the incubator art leaves nature in the rear.

Three-quarters of a second is the time occupied by the fall of the knife in the guillotine. The knife is weighted by 120 pounds of lead, falls nine feet, and cuts through flesh and bone as easily as through a bar of soap.

The estimated wealth of the United States, that is, the value of all lands, buildings, railways, etc., is put at \$64,000,000,000. The amount of money of all kinds is estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury to be \$2,108,130,092.

No President of the United States was born in New York city, but two of the twenty-three died there. One president, one ex-president and one occupant of presidential office during the period of four years for which his opponent was elected survive the contests of more than a century.

The Bellerophon, on board which Napoleon surrendered to Capt. Maitland on July 15, 1815, was built in a private shipyard at Frindsbury, on the Medway, in 1785. She was used as a hulk in the latter part of 1815; in 1825 she was renamed the Captivity, and in 1834 she was broken up.

The United States contains 70,000 lawyers, 11,000 of whom are in New York city, making the proportion here about one to every 160 of the population. France with a population of 40,000,000, has but 6,000 lawyers, and Germany has only 7,000 out of a population of 50,000,000.

The obtaining of tortoise shell involves intense cruelty to the tortoise. When the creature is caught it is fastened down to the ground and covered round the shell with leaves and grass, which are set alight. The heat forces the scales of the shell to separate, and they are then cut off with a knife. The poor reptile is then released to grow fresh scales.

An eminent authority has it that the death rate of the world is calculated to be 67 per minute, 4,030 per hour, 96,720 per day, while the rate of births, slightly exceeding the death rate, is calculated to be 70 per minute, 4,200 per hour, 100,800 per day, 36,742,000 a year. The estimated increase per annum is therefore a little over 1,500,000.

According to the Earl of Yarborough, fox hunting does not seem to have lost any of the popular hold upon the English aristocracy, that it had 100 or 150 years ago. According to this Earl, more than \$25,000,000 are spent each year in Great Britain upon this sport. There are 350 packs of hounds in the United Kingdom and more than 100,000 horses trained to follow them. These \$25,000,000 do not include the cost of carriage horses, cover hacks and other incidental expenses involved in the chase.

A recent census bulletin gives the relative number of males and females in the United States in 1870, 1880 and 1890. From this bulletin it appears that the proportion of females to males has been decreasing since 1870. In 1880 there were

1,257 fewer females to each 100,000 males than in 1870, and in 1890 there were 1,964 fewer to each 100,000 than in 1880. The last census has disclosed the startling fact that, while there are 32,067,880 males in the United States, the females number only 30,554,370. In other words, if every-body married there would be of necessity 4,720 bachelors out of every 100,000 men.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

"Your scalin sack is rather short, is it not?"—Yes; when I got it my husband was short.

She (hintingly)—The fire is going out. He—Well, I hope it will bring some coal back with it.

"Have you selected your winter quarters yet?"—Miggins—No; every quarter I had went on the election.

"Goitard is a little wild, isn't he?"—"Wild! I should so. Why even the clock in this room is fast."

"Do you study grammar?" asked a strange lady of a little boy she met on the train. "No, m," he replied; "she's dead."

Briggs—How do you like my new coat? I got it at the misfit parlor. Griggs—First rate. It's one of the best misfits I ever saw.

Little girl—Why do the flies bite so today? Mother—It's going to rain. Little girl—Well they might know 'tain't my fault.

It was in the school of design. Professor—What you have just drawn there looks more like a cow than a horse. Pupil—It is a cow, sir.

"How old is your grandfather, Hyson?"—"I don't know, but he must be quite old. He was a grown up man as far back as I can remember."

Kitty Winslow—I don't see why it should be so hard for a young man to say "no." Tom De Witt—No; you girls seem to find it easy enough.

Snobley—I'm going to a fancy dress ball next week. Suggest a costume for me.—Jarley—Why not go as a gentleman of the nineteenth century.

"You live on Beacon street, do you not, Miss Emerson?"—"No, Mr. Hawkins. I live in a house that is situated at one side of that thoroughfare."

"Are there too many doctors?" asks an exchange. "No, there are not half enough, but there are too many pretending to be doctors who are not."

"Did your wife say yes the first time you proposed to her, Mr. Henpeck?"—"Yes, she snapped at me at once and she has been snapping at me ever since."

"How do you keep your collars so bright and clean these dusky days?"—"They're made of celluloid, and I polish them up with tooth powder twice a day."

Jaggs—How was it that you represented yourself as being a poor man?—Snags—That was only in an advertisement for some money I lost in the street.

"Few men have more trouble in life than the man who keeps hens."—"There one man has more trouble."—"Who is he?"—"The man who lives next door to him."

Balbriggan—I say, old man, what are you putting those toothpicks down your back for? Flanelly—Just getting in training to wear my winter flannels, old fellow.

"How fortunate I was not to have been born a tree!" said the dramatist. "What were you born?"—"I was born a tree!"—"What were you born?"—"I was born a tree!"—"What were you born?"—"I was born a tree!"

"Women," quoth Jones, "are the salad of life, at once a boon and a blessing."—"In one way they're salad indeed," replied Brown. "They take so much time in their dressing."

Boston Girl—What a blow the ancient myths have had in the past few years! Nobody believes in William Tell these days. Chicago Girl—I should say not. And how is Ben Butler now?

"I'm going to have that last painting of mine framed," said young Daub, the artist. "Don't you think it would be a good idea to have a glass put over it?"—"Yes, replied the stranger, "a smoked one."

Young Calloway—How strange it is, darling, that you should love me? Prunella—Oh, I don't know. A phrenologist once told me I was naturally affectionate, that I had to have something to love.

Minister—Mr. Hardsense, I didn't see you put anything on the plate this morning when I made an appeal to the congregation to think of the heathen in Central Africa. Mr. Hardsense—Well, I thought of them.

Brooklyn Eagle: The wretch! "Mary Jane, you say you had no company in the kitchen last night. I would have sworn—"—"Oh, mum!"—"I mean, I'm sure I heard a kiss there."—"Sure it was only the boss, mum."

Steele—I hear, you have broken off with Dolly Varden. Penn—Yes. She made me spend too much money on my clothes. Steele—How so? Penn—She was so fastidious that she wouldn't sit on the same pair of trousers twice.

Boswell—I find that I have omitted to make a note of your very felicitous definition of a picnic. Will you oblige me by repeating it? The Doctor—Sir, with pleasure. A picnic is the cupidity of several, and the misery of all.

Temperance enthusiast.—O, my friend, strive to cast aside this evil habit. Why do you not struggle with drink?—Confirmed Inebriate—Never have no call to, guv'ner. I can always get it down easy enough without struggling.

A paterfamilias was complaining to a friend of the conduct of his son. "You ought to take him severely to task."—"I?" the father replied; "what is the use? He listens to none but fools—do me the favor of speaking to him yourself."

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Mme. Carnot, wife of the French president, smokes cigarettes.

Queen Victoria is quite a successful farmer and has taken 47 prizes at English cattle shows.

Paul B. du Chailu says that while he was in Africa he had 22,000 opportunities to marry and declined them all.

W. T. Wandrey, who died in Quincy, Ill., the other day in the poorhouse, was the last of Blucher's drummer boys at Waterloo.

Thomas Nelson, the recently deceased publisher of Edinburgh, left \$500,000 for the provision and equipment of five working-men's clubs.

A blind man who should hear the strong voice and the quick, firm step of Edward Everett Hale would never suspect that he was 70 years of age.

Mr. Gladstone's physician is putting still more restraints upon him, and insisting upon his adopting every means of economizing his failing strength.

Mrs. Willis, who has just died in London, was the author of the remark that females who fought strenuously for women's rights were generally men's lefts.

Miss Kate Marsden is coming from England to the United States on a lecturing tour. Her object is to raise funds for the establishment and endowment of two leper colonies in Siberia.

Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, the son of the famous Norwegian writer, according to foreign papers, is soon to be married to the beautiful daughter of Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the great politician of Norway.

Henry II. of England is represented as wearing green boots, his spurs fastened with red leather straps, black leather gloves, with outside jewels on each finger and a star of gems on the back of each glove.

Mrs. Harrison's portrait, to be painted by an artist not yet selected, has been provided for by the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington, and will be sent to adorn the gallery in the White House.

It is stated on what professes to be good authority that the Prince of Wales intends to visit the Chicago exhibition during the coming summer, if all is well. The Prince will probably be accompanied by the Duke of York.

At the school of fine arts, Paris, the Jean Leclerc prize of 500 francs (architectural) was this year divided between Mr. Howard of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Mr. Arthur A. Stoughton of the School of Mines, Columbia college.

The Duke of Connaught, who will receive \$60,000 a year as commander in chief of the army, gets as much more from the civil list as royal duke, and for acting as colonel of several regiments \$5,000 each. His elder brother, Duke of Edinburgh, does even better.

When Macaulay went to a barber, and, after an easy shave, asked what he had to pay, the shaver replied: "Just what you generally give the man who shaves you, sir."—"I generally give him," said the historian, "a couple of cuts on each cheek. I shave myself usually."

Lucy Booth, General Booth's youngest daughter, is about to go to India to be at the head of the work among the women of that dark land. Like all the women of the Salvation Army in India, she will go among the native women in their own costume and live in the same manner that they do.

Ex-Kemp Frederick of Germany, as is well known, had great regard for the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, the chief physician of her husband during his fatal illness. As a testimonial of her regard she has contributed \$250 to a fund collected in London to build an additional wing to the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat. The wing is to be named in honor of the dead physician.

The Empress of Austria has begun the study of the modern Greek language and literature. She has already made considerable progress, as she is clever and learns easily. While staying at Goedocleo, in Hungary, Professor Roupoulos acted as her tutor. Her majesty speaks a number of modern languages, and likes to be able to use the tongue of the natives when travelling in a foreign country.

Four years ago, it is said, General Harrison went to bed on the night of election before he knew the result, the wife of General Hancock declared that the latter went to bed at 7 o'clock in the evening on election day, 1880, being tired to await news. Next morning he awoke at dawn and asked if there were any definite tidings. Upon her reply: "Yes you are beaten," he turned over and went to sleep again.

Barrett Browning, now about 43 years of age and a resident of Venice, was in Christ church college, Oxford, at the same time as Allen Thorndike Rice, and the two had lodgings together for a time. Mr. Browning says that when he was only 5 years old he wrote verses which led Ruskin to declare that the child was destined to become a poet. Instead of adopting his father's and mother's art, however, Mr. Browning has become a painter.

Baron Hirsch, the Hebrew philanthropist, is expected to make a visit in Philadelphia next summer when he comes to this country to attend the World's Fair. One of his personal friends in that city said: "He will spend a portion of his time here and in New York and will go into full consultation with the American trustees of his charitable funds in these cities. It is believed he has a grand plan for future charity to his race in this country, which will involve the expenditure of millions of dollars."

The new commander of the Pacific squadron, says an English paper, is to be Rear-Admiral Stephenson, C. B. He has been in the navy for nearly 40 years, and saw active service in the Crimea, in China and during the Indian mutiny. It was Captain Stephenson, as he then was, who was in command of the Heron gunboat on the Canadian lakes during the Fenian disturbances; and he had charge of her majesty's ship Discovery on the Arctic expedition of 1875-76. Rear-Admiral Stephenson was formerly a naval side-de-camp to the queen, and has been an equerry to the Prince of Wales since 1878.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—August Flower the Remedy.

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Ministers, Students and others suffering from Nervous Debility, Mental Worry, Sleeplessness, Lack of Energy and Loss of Nerve Power, positively cured by HAZELTON'S VITALIZER.

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COLD
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Money to loan on Real Estate.

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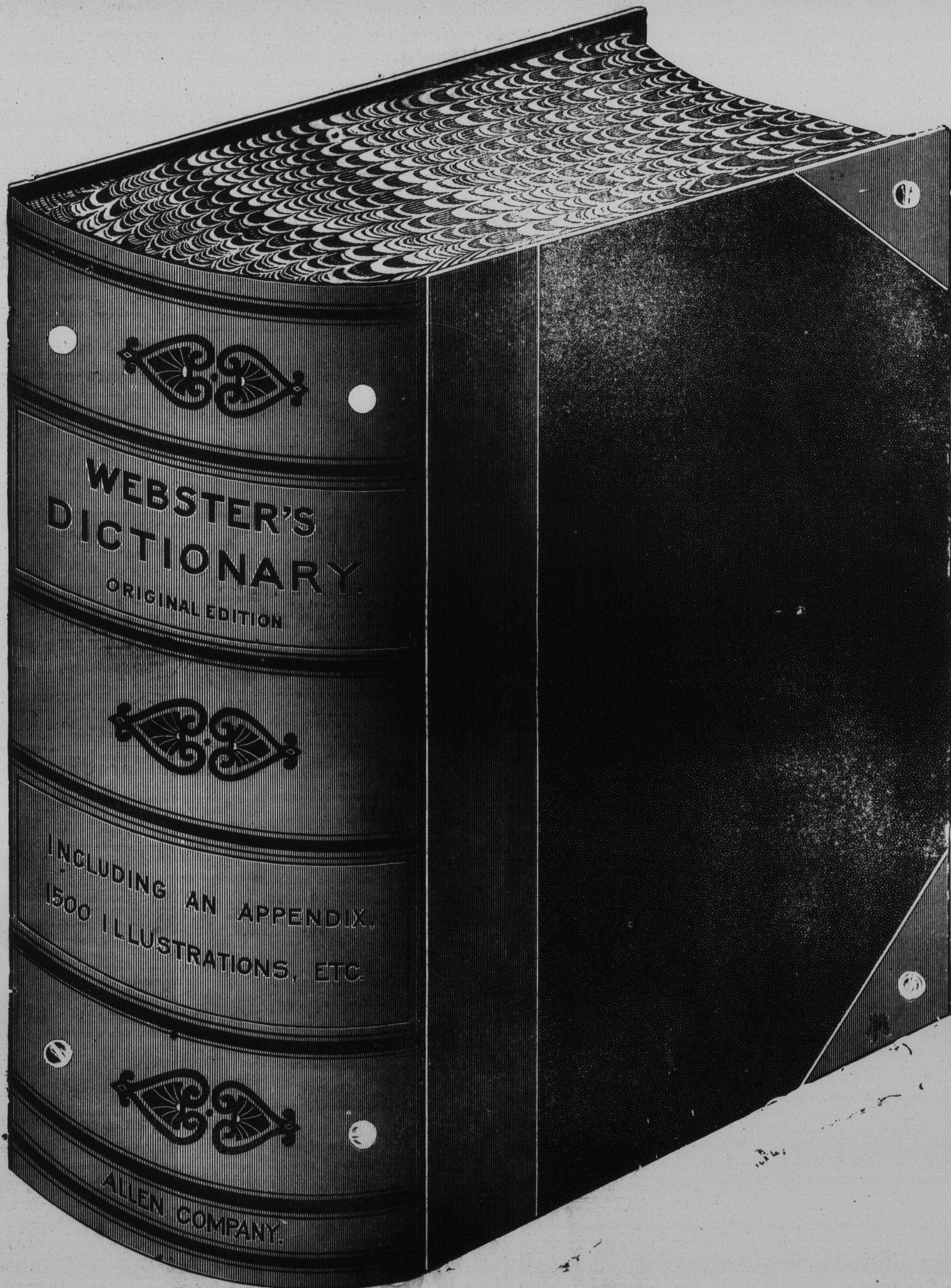
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A LADY'S-MAID'S STORY.

My lady was a fine beauty; a great belle, indeed. She received many offers; but she had no thought of marrying till Lord Strange asked her. I didn't believe she'd take him, but she did, though it couldn't have been for anything but his title and money, for though not so much older than she, he was very ill-favored, his face was all scarred up with a burn he had got when a child, and he had as cross and jealous a temper as ever I saw. Besides that, one shoulder was higher than the other, and he had a withered limb which made him drag one foot when he walked, so he wasn't graceful, let alone being handsome. He was desperately fond of my lady. He was that jealous of her that he could not bear her to look at another man; and to do her justice, she honored him wonderfully in this respect. I don't believe any lady could have been more careful than she was in not doing anything to vex him. One day, when my lord called at the house to see my mistress about some old family jewels he was having reset for her, there was a stranger with him, a dark, handsome, foreign-looking gentleman, who looked at my mistress a great deal, and could not conceal how much he was struck with her beauty. I wondered at so jealous a man as Lord Strange bringing this handsome gentleman to see his promised wife, but I wondered still more at the way he looked at those two, and then he kept asking questions and looking at my mistress as she answered them, for all the world as if he were trying to catch her in a trap. But that night my mistress told me the handsome stranger was only a new secretary my lord had got, and I concluded I had been fanciful in my imaginings. But the next day Lord Strange came again and brought the handsome secretary with him, this time into my mistress's own boudoir. She must have been surprised, but she never showed it. She had learned already that my lord liked her to take everything he did as a matter of course. The secretary's name was Vassilis, I found, and I took the opportunity to be in the next room, the door of which opened from the boudoir, and I kept it ajar enough to watch what went on. I wanted to satisfy myself, you see, about that secretary. He stared at my mistress worse than the day before, and my lord watched him and her in the same queer way. Lord Strange was not at all like himself—one minute too gay for him, the next gloomy and scowling. He couldn't sit still even, but must go limping around the room and gnawing his finger nails as he watched my mistress sideways. "There is mischief brewing somehow," I said to myself. You see, my mistress seemed so perfectly unconscious, either of my lord's strange manner, or Mr. Vassilis' absurd behavior. But he wasn't to blame. My mistress was so handsome it was no wonder he stared—and he was a Frenchman, too. I don't suppose he ever saw so beautiful a creature in his life before as my mistress was. She was so used to being stared at, I don't suppose she knew anything about it half the time. I had been with my mistress a long while, and she knew I was devoted to her. Sometimes she would talk quite cosy-like with me. Well, that night, when I was dressing her hair, she asked me if I ever noticed anything strange about my lord; and I said "Yes, I have noticed it." She turned right round and looked at me. "What have you seen, Annette?" said she. "I think he's crazy with jealousy," said I, "and that's what the matter with him." My mistress turned white as a sheet. "Oh!" said she "I never thought of that. I believe you are right, Annette. He does act like a person not in his right mind." "Oh, I don't mean that exactly," said I. "I know what you mean," my mistress said; "I don't think she did. The next morning, as she stood at her dressing-room window, she called to me, in impatience and dismay: "Annette, here is Lord Strange and that Mr. Vassilis again. I suppose we are to have the same thing over again as yesterday. I want you to go down to the conservatory, and stay there near the drawing-room door all the time. Watch Lord Strange, particularly, and tell me just how he looks and acts." "Will," I said; and I went down to the conservatory at once and hid behind some of the big plants and my mistress came and looked at me and nodded and smiled; but I noticed she was very pale. She scarcely looked at my lord and Mr. Vassilis when they came in, though she greeted both courteously enough in words. My lord sat down a moment, then muttered something, got up and went out of the room abruptly. My mistress looked after him with anxious eyes. "He's going somewhere to watch those two," I thought, and sure enough, in a minute I heard his dragging steps coming behind me, and dodged back just in time, though I don't think he would have known I was there if he had seen me, he was looking so intently into the drawing-room. I looked to, and I saw my mistress, who had scarcely noticed the secretary before, gave her chair now and go near to him, speaking earnestly, and the French fellow

must needs lay his hands on his heart as if he were answering her and look as excited as if it were something of importance. I thought for a moment my lord would leap in at them and tear the man in pieces. His eyes glared like a wild beast's, and I could hear his teeth grind upon each other. "It is true, then," he muttered savagely; "she does love that handsome scoundrel. Oh! but it shall cost him dear." He stood there some moments longer. But my mistress had gone back to her chair, and presently my lord retraced his steps, and I saw him alter a little enter the drawing-room by the same door he had gone out at. He was smiling in such a dreadful kind of way that it scared me even at that distance to see. I wondered how my mistress could meet it calmly. The two gentlemen went away, and my mistress called me to come to her. I took one step, caught my foot somehow. I don't know on what to this day, and fell sprawling. That was the last I knew for weeks. I struck my head on a flower-pot as I fell. You can see the scar yet. I came near dying, they said. Well, almost the first thing I heard when I got to know anything again, was that Lord Strange had been robbed of twenty thousand pounds' worth of family jewels, and that he had accused Mr. Vassilis, his secretary, of taking them. Mr. Vassilis was in prison, and was to be tried at the next assizes, which were almost at hand. It was my mistress who told me this, and she looked troubled and anxious. She was to be married in a few weeks, and the preparations for the wedding were going on as fast as possible; but she seemed worried and out of spirits for one so soon to be a bride. "Did you watch Lord Strange that day, as I told you, Annette?" she asked me. "No, I had not forgotten. Everything came back to me as she spoke. I told her all about my lord coming into the conservatory, and what he muttered to himself as he stood there. My mistress looked startled, but she could not understand it more than I; nor so much, for I did have my suspicions even then, though I did not dare tell them. "It is impossible that he could have been really jealous of Mr. Vassilis," she said, "his own secretary. Why, I never saw the man in my life till Lord Strange brought him here, and I never spoke a word to him that Lord Strange did not hear till that day, and then I only asked him if he thought Lord Strange was quite well. I began to think the man was crazy himself when he put his hand upon his heart in that absurd manner, and looked so excited." My mistress was married at the appointed time, and Lord Strange took her away on the wedding tour. I was not sufficiently recovered to go with them, but I met them in London on their return, and went down to Castle Strange with them. Mr. Vassilis had been tried meanwhile, found guilty, and sentenced to transportation. He hung himself in his cell the day after sentence was passed—made a rope out of the sheets of his bed to do it with. I heard at the castle some particulars of the robbery. The jewels which were missing had been in town for some time to be re-set for my mistress. The day they were stolen Lord Strange had gone to the jewel-er who had them, and after examining the work so far as it was completed, had found all manner of fault with it, and ended by ordering everyone to be immediately packed again in the box he had brought the jewels there in, and taken out to his carriage. He left the establishment in one of his well-known tempers. His secretary was with him. They entered his lordship's carriage, and put the box of jewels on the seat between them. Lord Strange's own coachman was on the box. They rode ten miles out to his lordship's suburban villa. From the park gates to the house it was about a thirty minutes' drive by a winding road. When the carriage reached the house there was no driver on the box, though there had been at the gates. Both Lord Strange and his secretary were inside, in a deep, drugged sleep. The box of jewels was gone. They found the driver in an insensible condition back almost to the gates. He had not been drugged. He had been knocked off the box by a heavy blow from behind, a blow with a club, which had only missed killing him. Lord Strange was the first to come to himself after some hours. The last thing he remembered was drinking with Mr. Vassilis some wine, which must have been drugged. But by whom? Who beside themselves and the jeweler could have known they had the jewels with them? An accident, as it seemed at the time, revealed the fact that Mr. Vassilis had a bottle of morphia in his pocket. The secretary was still sleeping. Either he had taken more than Lord Strange of the drugged wine, or had taken it later. Lord Strange at once boldly accused the unconscious secretary of having first drugged him, probably before they entered the gates, then climbed out and knocked the driver senseless on the way to the house, afterwards concealing the jewels or passing them to a confederate, and finally drugging himself to divert suspicion. The finding of the bottle of morphia on Vassilis was what condemned him. The unfortunate man denied having ever seen it before the

moment it was shown to him, and when told what he was accused of, between horror and weakness fainted, and lay unconscious for hours, in spite of every effort of the physicians in attendance to restore him. All this time Lord Strange limped back and forth, not far away, his ugly face distorted with rage and threatening, a frightful face to see. The footman whose place it was to be in attendance on my lord that day, but who had been left in London on what he himself considered a pretence, told me that he heard my lord mutter more than once in the days that followed, with the secretary's name in delirium: "I don't want him to die, curse him! I want him disgraced, turned black with infamy and sent to rot in a felon's cell." I said I had my suspicions. Now, when I heard all these things, they grew stronger than ever. But I never dared utter them. I believed that, whoever else had got the jewels, poor young Vassilis did not take them. But I did not dare say so. I used to wonder sometimes if Lord Strange, or my mistress, ever thought of him. They were neither of them happy—though my lord had got the woman he loved, and my mistress had got the title and riches she coveted. The two never quarrelled. Bad-tempered as he was, my lord never showed his temper to my mistress. But everyone could see that they were neither of them happy. One day, when we had been at Castle Strange some weeks, feasting and making pretence of being merry, the house full of company, my mistress asked her husband to show her the muniment room. This was the strong room of the castle. When my lord consented, instead of taking any of her guests with her, she called me to attend her. She would never be alone with her husband if she could help it. My mistress examined all the curious treasures of the muniment room eagerly, and my lord, pleased at her interest, showed her how to open the most secret repositories there, and displayed their costly contents. I don't know how it could have happened; my lord must have made the blunder himself, and opened a door he never would have had my mistress see beyond, in his deliberate senses. I heard a sort of scream from my mistress suddenly. She was bending over a long ebony box, which was open, and Lord Strange stood by, with such a fâcé as I hope never to see again. Livid with despair and horror, distorted with an expression more evil than I would have believed possible to a human countenance, he stood watching his wife. My mistress raised her head and looked at him. The truth had come to her at last. "These are the jewels you accused that man Vassilis of stealing!" she said, in a voice so changed I would never have known it as hers. "Yes," my lord answered, an awful blaze in his eyes, "they are. The only crime that poor wretch was guilty of was being loved by you." "Liar," was all she said. Lord Strange took a letter out of the box and gave it to her in silence. I knew afterwards what it contained. It was an anonymous letter accusing my mistress of having known and loved Vassilis abroad. It must have been written in the merest malice by someone who envied Lord Strange for having won her, and who knowing how jealous he was, played upon that weakness. My mistress read the letter through to the end before she looked up. Then she said, in the same terrible, changed voice: "My lord, I never saw Mr. Vassilis but three times in my life, then you were with him. I never spoke to Mr. Vassilis in my life till you brought him into my presence." My lord was a pitiable sight. He seemed to shrink and shrivel up under her looks and words, as though actual flames had touched him. Suddenly he fell upon his knees, and crawled in the dirt at her feet. "Oh! forgive me," he moaned. "It was my mad love for you made me do it." My mistress looked down at him with a sort of shudder, as if he had been some poisonous and loathsome reptile. "I will never forgive you," she said slowly. "I will never speak to you again if I can help it." She took my arm and went away and left him. As we passed out of the door I looked back. "Oh! my lady," I said, "there is blood."

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VOL. V., NO. BOOMING A CAN FRIENDS OF MR. STURDEE HIM TO BE A N. So far the Whippers are Gent... What Mr. Sturdee has done for the Cause—The Council Men to Put Up. It is a little early for the civic politics, but the question of the mayor of St. John next to the front. A boom, in started in a quiet way, an spirit in the movement is at John Connor. The matter very quiet for Mr. Connor who abouts very much until titles are in position and the number of people to who has spoken about it, though the something about it, though the all committal on the subject. The gentleman whom it is boom is Mr. Henry Lawrence A. M., barrister-at-law, of the peace and ex-mayor of the Portland. Mr. Sturdee has been a kind or another on various fate, whether expressed by the people or the will or pl government has been unkind friends believe that his opinion come, and that if the liberally managed he will be the St. John. When the situationally considered, as no doubt considered by the suavesman man for Stanley ward, Mr. S seem to have a strong fighting Mayor Peters has made during his administration, proved during his second year made an excellent presiding of judicious repression of the elc West End members is especially note. He has done nothing the public in general and gracefully to the will of the it was opposed to his own vi strongly prejudiced against harbor improvements being a but when PROGRESS and the that they ought to be there, with very good grace. Some men think he is too out of ruling, but anybody who kn of the council will understand kind of a czar is not out of times. Mayor Peters, however, terms, and that is generally enough for any man. When after a third term the public down on him and cool his s electing the other man. T Mayor Peters is likely to get anxious to have the office again. Whether he is or is not officially stated. It is pretty nature of things, that he will if he offers, and it is for late whether it will be wiser all the honors or run the r He will have plenty to coun in the field again, but Mr Sturdee is to the front the time to lose in his plan of acti Should he run, and the confined to these two, there is l pretty fight. It may be a rep Robertson-Cheley contest, w left out. The civic contests a party line, as a rule, nor would this instance. As Mr. Sturde land man, would get the Nor while as an undoubted liberal ceived nothing from his party fall to have a good grit sou South End. Apart from th liked as a man and a citizen be likely to dignify and ad civic chair. The common council, despit not rich men who would much chance as candidates or mayor's chair if they could g that John A. Chesley has secu Ottawa, there are but few left even be hinted at as candidi Blizard's name is one that co spect, but he would only aspir if he thought it was a call from Ald. McCarthy is one of the m commencement men at the bo chance. He may be mayor as Shaw is already an M. P. P., pull a good vote if a candidate chances of election would much on who opposed him. A is not after the mayor's possibly because he sees, not ripe for him to take also because he has something in which his services will be m ently valuable to the people. idea is correct, it would be u to run the risk of defeat in contest, which might weaken h important fight a few years lat The names quoted exhaust aldermen who might be th searching for a candidate. M chances ought to be good as s