

KNOWN BY HIS WORKS.

WHAT MR. ALEXANDER STEPHEN HAS ACCOMPLISHED

As a Business Man, and Alderman of Halifax—Head of the Nova Scotia Furnishing Company and President in All Movements for the Public Good.

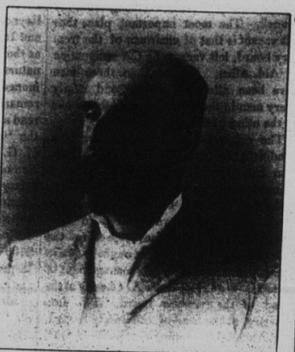
HALIFAX, April 14.—The name of Alexander Stephen is not strange to the readers of PROGRESS. They knew him all the time as an energetic and successful business man, and they hear of him frequently in connection with the public interests.

After obtaining a thorough education at the Free church academy and Horton College, Mr. Stephen, quite early in life, became associated with his father in the firm of A. Stephen & Son, furniture and wooden ware manufacturers, and, upon his death, some years ago, he continued the business, which, under his management and energetic direction has increased and developed.

In 1868 he gave up the woodenware branch of the business and added that of furniture, carpets, oilcloths, draperies and general house furnishings.

Four years ago a very valuable charter was obtained through the legislature and the business became incorporated under the name of the Nova Scotia Furnishing Co., Ltd., with an authorized capital of \$150,000.00, \$125,000.00 of which is paid up.

has resulted in great benefit to the gardens which are not equalled in the dominion and are surpassed by but few on this continent. But it was as chairman of that most important branch of civic service, the city board of works, that Mr. Stephen brought to bear his business abilities and accomplished so much.



ALEXANDER STEPHEN.

in civic matters, he is eminently fitted to occupy the chair and would lend dignity to the position. Like all shrewd business men Mr. Stephen is a great believer in life insurance, and is one of the largest policy holders in the city.

HE WAS A TAKING MAN.

Comeau Got a Recommendation that Everybody Was Willing to Sign.

All small towns have one or more public nuisances, and Bathurst, abreast of the times in most ways, is by no means behind hand in this particular.

"The bearer, Mr. David Comeau, more familiarly known as 'Trois Quartes' contemplates taking his departure from Bathurst to the town of Orono, Me., thus helping to strengthen moral and religious fibre of the neighboring republic.

It costs within a fraction of \$7,000 a day to maintain the circus at the Madison Square Garden. The receipts, however, average some \$10,000 a day.

ADVANCE SHEETS.

Of a New and Improved Dictionary of Popular Words.

ROUBLE.—This word is yet in its infancy in Canada, having been imported with other enterprising schemes from the free and United States of America, but for an infant, it "don't do too bad."

CONFEDERATION.—A thing that ruined the lower provinces by going into, and Newfoundland by going out of. In this rendition we trust all may be suited.

DUKE.—A composition of pre-adamic clay—being unlike the rest of mankind—and more particularly recognized by height of collar, length of cuffs, bagless knees, well worn head of cane caused by sucking, and occasionally by going into glass, while the possession of intellectual attributes appears to be of small moment, at least, he is seldom lionized for the qualities.

LECTION.—An unproclaimed holiday, bar-rooms closed by law, but candidates don't mind trifles like that, while the voters rarely go thirsty, but how they get it! Some of the enterprising newspapers would do well to offer pianos or diamond rings for the solution, that is of the puzzle, but voters get the solution all right.

SHOUL.—A cooler term for a hotter place, hence since its adoption the old style is not so significant of future discomfort and a noticeable decrease in hot sermons is very apparent; still for "cuss" purposes this word will never take the place of the other word with the same meaning. JAY BBS.

A New Great Seal for In-land has just been completed by Mr. Allan Wynn, chief engraver of her Majesty's seals to take the place of the seal designed on the accession of the Queen, which is now worn out.

HOW TO TELL GOOD WHISKEY.

The Chief Analyst of the Canadian Government Informs the People.

A 43-page pamphlet recently issued by the Inland Revenue department, under the title of "Balletta No. 27," furnishes information concerning the quality of liquors of such an interesting and valuable character as to make it an excellent guide book for importers, retailers and consumers; and one that should be in the hands of all who desire to know the names of reliable distillers and dealers, and the way to tell high-class liquors from inferior grades.

On page 41, referring to Scotch Whiskies, the Analyst says:—"These whiskies claim, I believe, to be produced by distillation of malted grain, or a mixture of malted and unmalted grain, in pot-stills. They are characterized when new by the very large amount of so-called 'emphyreumatic oils' which they contain.

Page 33 says:—"Any volatile oils present in a liquor are carried over with the vapor of alcohol, and are therefore found in the alcoholic distillate. Such oils are, as a rule, insoluble in water and rarely insoluble in very dilute alcohol. In consequence of this when water is added to the distillate, so that its volume is double that of the liquor distilled, the oils are largely thrown out of solution, and the emulsion so produced becomes decidedly opalescent.

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

WANTED, ONE GOOD JOB PRINTER. Right wages to the right man. Apply Fortunate Printers Print.

CAMERA WANTED, A GOOD Landscape camera, with necessary apparatus for development plates. Apply for particulars to WARRIS, WARRIS & CO., St. John, N. B.

BUSY MEN WHO have no time to look after their advertisements and make them attractive and readable, can have this work done in a way that will pay them. Write to the Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, N. Y.

RINKEY DINKEY ONLY! The great Londoner, the wonderful surprise camera; heaps of fun for young and old; send for sample; agents wanted everywhere. Address T. C. RUNDALL, P.O. Box 2929, Boston, Mass. 3, 26, 41.

NEW GOODS; WOBBED COATINGS on the subject of Hopewell, Salisbury, English Tweeds, Light Overcoating, Flax, Checked and Striped Trouserings. Prices—Suits from \$14.00; Pants from \$4.00; Overcoats from \$12.00. A. GILKOUR, Tailor.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOCHE, Norton, Maryville, Chipmunk, Hopewell, Salisbury, Upper Woodstock, Freague Lake, Carleton, Fort Fairfield, and many other places should have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling PROGRESS. Splendid profit and little work. Address for information, Circulation Department PROGRESS, St. John, N. B.

EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 306 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a complete compilation from the American National Directory of all the word and class journals; gives the circulation rating of everyone, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising.—Address ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce Street, N. Y.

ADVERTISING, IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, WRITE TO GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.

FOR SALE, HALLETT, DAVIS & CO. Square Piano, 7 1/2 octave; four round corners. Cost \$1000, only a short time in use; must be sold; price, \$250.00.—C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 King Street, Aug 1.

BOARDING, A FEW PERMANENT or transient boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very central location, house, 75 Sidney Street.—Miss McLELLAN.

ENERGETIC CANVASSERS, men or women, wanted to work in this city or suburbs. A splendid chance for the right people to make money easily. For further particulars address O. K., Drawer 21, St. John, N. B. Oct. 10-41

The KEELEY INSTITUTE, NORTH CONWAY, N. H. A CURE FOR Drunkenness, Opium Habit and Nervous Prostration.

A Prudent Man Eats to Live, and he eats choice Breakfast Cereals and Hygienic Foods, such as Desiccated Wheat, Pearl and Flake Hominy, Wheat Germ Meal, Granulated Wheat, Farina, Bye Flour, S. R. Buckwheat, etc., and buys them from J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte St.

WOONSOCKET Rubber Boots.



We have in stock and can ship same day order received at Lower Boston Prices with duty added. Men's D. F. SHORT RUBBER BOOTS. Men's PEBBLE LEG SHORT RUBBER BOOTS. Men's PEBBLE LEG KNEE RUBBER BOOTS. Men's D. F. HIR RUBBER BOOTS. Men's D. F. STORM KING RUBBER BOOTS. Boy's D. F. RUBBER BOOTS. Boy's PEBBLE LEG RUBBER BOOTS. WOMEN'S PEBBLE LEG RUBBER BOOTS. MISSES' PEBBLE LEG RUBBER BOOTS. CHILD'S PEBBLE LEG RUBBER BOOTS.

Also a full line of Dull Finish and Pebble Leg Boots of the Rhode Island Brand. Orders by mail or through our travellers will receive prompt attention.

L. HIGGINS & CO., Moncton N. B.

Spring Cloths.

The Subscriber has just received his Full Line of Spring Cloths in Over Coating, Suitings and Trouserings. Inspection Solicited, Satisfaction Guaranteed.

A. R. CAMPBELL - 64 Germain St.

Easter Meat.

St. John Co. Spring Lambs. Albert Co. Steers. Kings Co. Veal and Mutton. Tuskeys, Fowls, Fresh Pork, HAMS, BACON AND LARD. Cucumbers and All Green Stuff in Season.

THOMAS DEAN, 13 and 14 CITY MARKET.

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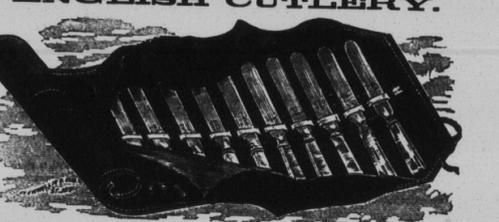
CANNED Salmon, Lobsters, Oysters, Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, Beans, Peaches. 1400 Cases. In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Duct St.

COOK STOVES and RANGES For SPRING TRADE.

THE CHARTER OAK, THE NEW HUB, THE MEDALLION, THE CLIMAX, THE PRIZE, THE PERFECTION, THE COAL ACORN, THE SILVER ACORN, THE ROYAL DIAMOND, THE STAR, THE WATERLOO, THE NIAGARA. An unequalled variety at prices that cannot fail to please. Inspection and comparison solicited.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

ENGLISH CUTLERY.



For Hotel and Family use, Fine Electro Plated Table Ware. T. McAVITY & SONS, - St. John, N. B.

SINGER SAFETY BICYCLES

Read the following testimonial to SINGER SAFETY BICYCLES. Halifax, N. S., April 9th, 1892. Messrs. C. E. BURNHAM & SON, St. John, N. B. Gentlemen,—In reply to yours of the 7th inst., we suppose that there are about three dozen Singer Safeties in use in this city, all of which, so far as I can learn, are giving the greatest satisfaction, some of the owners being very enthusiastic over their wheels. I have ridden one for two years, and it gives me every satisfaction. Yours truly, E. CLAYTON, of the firm of Clayton & Sons, Clothiers.

SINGER SAFETIES are the only wheels selling this season. They stand at the head. We cable our fourth order this week, making 35 wheels in all. Catalogues mailed on application.

C. E. BURNHAM & SON, 83 and 85 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Kerr CREAM CHIPS OPERA CREAMS.

25 lb. Boxes, 50 lb. Boxes, or 5 and 10 Case lots. CAN FILL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

NORTH STAR BOLOGNA!

25 lb. Boxes, 50 lb. Boxes, or 5 and 10 Case lots. CAN FILL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

JOHN HOPKINS, 186 UNION ST.

For One Week Only!

We will sell Spring Seat Lounges three different coverings, for \$4.50 From MARCH 28th to APRIL 2nd.

EVERETT & MILLER, - 13 WATERLOO ST.

Selling Out at Cost.

Those who are thinking about getting New Furniture for this Spring have A GRAND CHANGE. CHEAP FURNITURE

Is the rule, as the Stock must be closed out. G. E. REYNOLDS, - 101 CHARLOTTE ST.

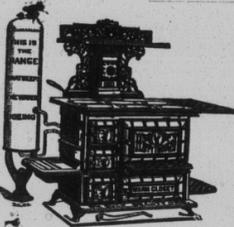
WASH WITH IDEAL SOAP.

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

Takes Little Labor and Time.

ASK Your Grocer for it. If he offers you a substitute, tell him you'd rather use Ideal Soap. You'll get it if you ask for it that way. There's no substitute; you'll say so after using it.

HAPPY THOUGHT RANGE.



Perfect in Operation!
Elegant in Appearance!
Durable in Construction!
And in every way equal to our celebrated Jewel Range only smaller in size.
Every Range Guaranteed to be as Represented.

OUR OTHER RANGES ARE

The "CELEBRATED JEWEL," The "MYSTIC JEWEL," The "RICHELIEU," and The "MECHANIC."

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE,
38 King Street. Telephone 358.

"QUADRANT" CYCLES

ARE THE BEST!

Send for Price List.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., SOLE AGENTS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

New Designs in Easter Cards, New Designs in Booklets.

Now Ready a Large assortment Easter Booklets, Easter Cards.

DOUGLAS McARTHUR, Bookseller, - - - 80 King Street.

C.B. PIDGEON & CO. Merchant Tailors, COR. KING and GERMAIN STS., - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

OVERCOATINGS, WORSTED TROUSERINGS, TWEED SUITS,

Very Low, at 127 and 129 Segee's Block, Mill Street.

W. H. McINNIS, - - - Tailor.

Any SPRING PAINTING To Be Done?

Call upon the wellknown Painter and Decorator **A. G. STAPLES,** - CHARLOTTE ST. Telephone 546.

EASTER WEEK.

Dunn's Hams. P. E. I. Hams. Dunn's Bacon. Eggs.

We have arranged for a large supply of FRESH HENNER EGG FOR EASTER WEEK.

BONNELL & COWAN, - 200 Union St. ENGRAVING. STORES, ADVERTISEMENTS.

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



St. John—South End.
The marriage of Mrs. Thomas S. Adams and Mr. Charles F. Harrison was solemnized in St. John's church, on Tuesday morning at half past eight o'clock. Notwithstanding the early hour, and that the time fixed for the marriage was not known till the day before, a number of the friends of both bride and groom were gathered at the church to the ceremony, both being decided favorites in St. John society. The bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her father, Hon. James I. Fellows, and was attended. The groom was followed by Mr. C. E. McPherson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. de Soyres. The bride wore a very becoming travelling costume of light brown with bouffant to match, trimmed with green. The only guests present were Hon. James I. and Mrs. Fellows, the Misses Fellows, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Harrison, Miss Laura and Master Berrie Harrison, Miss Adams, Mr. Arthur Adams, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. McLeod, Misses Lill and Amy Adams, Mr. R. Campbell, Mr. H. Godard, Mr. R. K. Ritchie and Mr. T. Hart, acted as usher. As the bride was leaving the church, No. 3 battery of the N. B. R. Co. station, an exquisite little grey bouffant and a salute of fifteen guns. After the ceremony the party drove to the bride's residence, German street, where a dinner was served after which the bride and groom left for Moncton by the morning express. A number of the friends were present at the station to offer their congratulations. They were joined by Misses Fellows, and Mr. and Mrs. Adams, and the latter party took passage for Lunenburg. The bride and groom will be absent about two weeks. Miss James I. Fellows wore a very elegant silver and white gown, trimmed with silver passementerie and made up in an exquisite little grey bouffant and grey gloves. Mrs. W. F. Harrison, costume of dark pink, trimmed with white black lace flouncing and pink bonnet. Miss Fellows wore the most striking gown of all perhaps, namely, a yellow crêpe trimmed with gold fringe, bon of brocade, and yellow and white gloves and hat trimmed with brown velvet and cream lace. Miss Laura Harrison was very becomingly dressed in ivory cashmere trimmed with gold fringe, made with long lancing sleeves, and with streamers of ivory ribbon reaching to the edge of her gown. Little Miss Adams and her sister wore frocks alike of ivory cashmere with velvet swags being large hat trimmed with quantities of yellow flowers. Miss Harrison returned from Halifax this week. Rev. Prof. Adams, of Bishop's college, Lunenburg, N. S., arrived in the city on Thursday last to take, for a time, the services at the Mission chapel. Mr. J. C. Robertson left for Montreal on Wednesday last. Miss Josephine Scovill has returned from a trip to Dorchester. The members of St. George's society are now preparing for the celebration of their anniversary. 23rd of this month, when they have decided to hold a concert and dance at the Institute assembly room, or rather the Monday following the 25th. All are working hard to make it a success, and a pleasant evening is expected by all who are fortunate enough to receive cards of invitation. The ladies' committee are: Mrs. J. de Wolf Spence, Mrs. Markham, Mrs. E. T. Sturdee, Mrs. W. O. Raymond, Mrs. Frank Adams, Mrs. A. Forster, Mrs. Sir Wm. and Lady Ritchie arrived from Ottawa Sunday last and are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. David Robertson, Kootenay. Prof. Max Sterne, of A. Mherst, spent the week in St. John. Rev. Mr. Geare and Mrs. Geare left for Boston on Saturday last. It is feared in consequence of ill health, Mr. Geare will be obliged to resign his position as priest of the Mission chapel. The deaths occurred this week of two well known persons, after a long and trying illness of consumption, passed away at her father's residence, New York street, on Monday last. Her husband, Mr. Norman Perley, was the son of Mr. Henry Perley, Ottawa, and was a death at the early age of 31 years is much regretted by a large circle of friends. The funeral services, only daughter of Mr. Richard Thomson, of Lunenburg, occurred on Tuesday last, at her father's residence. A very handsome dinner was given by the friends of Hon. James I. Fellows in honor of the late Union club on Saturday last. The entertainment was given at the residence of Mrs. J. de Wolf Spence, and the table appointments were of the most excellent. The dinner was a most elegant, the latter consisting of a mound of hot house flowers in the shape of a star as a centre piece, and bouquets of lily of the valley and jolly on a many ornate bronz drink, and a most enjoyable evening. Mr. Charles Harrison was also given a complimentary dinner at the club on Monday night on the eve of his departure for his home in Lunenburg. Master Pat Holden, son of Dr. Holden, accompanied Rev. Mr. Sibley last week to Boston, where he will spend a few weeks with Judge Sherman. Mrs. Thomas Stead, who has been visiting her relatives at Philadelphia, returned home on Saturday last. T. W. Bell left last week to visit Boston, New York and Washington. Mrs. Bell who has been in the south returns with her. The wheat club met at the residence of Judge King, Orange street, on Tuesday last, a very pleasant evening was spent, with a very handsome supper enjoyed by those present. Mrs. J. de Wolf Spence gave a very enjoyable afternoon at home at her residence, German street, on Tuesday last from 4 till 7. It was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. H. Lawrence Sturdes spent this week at Fredericton. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Glass on the arrival of a little stranger. Mrs. J. Russell Armstrong gave a very enjoyable party last week, in honor of the birthday of her daughter, Aye. Mr. James F. Ellis, formerly of this city, but now U. S. consul at Brooklyn, Ont., has been visiting lately, and his many old friends welcomed him warmly. Miss Edith Skinner, daughter of Mr. A. O. Skinner, has returned home from the Ladies' College, Halifax. Mrs. Boyd accompanied Senator Boyd to Ottawa, and will remain with him during his sojourn there. Rev. F. W. Vroom of Windsor, has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Sheffield were at Victoria, B. C., on the 27th of March en route to San Francisco. Bishop Rogers and Rev. T. J. Bannon of Chatham, were in St. John last week. Mr. J. M. Humphrey has gone to Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. E. Pomiston Starr, who have been spending the winter at the south, returned home last Saturday. I am sorry to hear that Mr. Starr's health is not improved by his absence in a warmer climate. Miss Marion Blair, daughter of the Hon. A. G. Blair, is visiting St. John. Mrs. James T. Kennedy has presented to the vestry of St. Luke's church (in memory of her deceased husband) a valuable freehold lot of land adjacent to the church, for a parsonage lot. Mr. George F. Smith left for a trip to New York last week. The friends here of Mr. W. S. Hooper are glad to learn that he has returned to St. John and resumed his former position as manager of the Dominion Express company. Mr. William Thompson, son of Mr. John Thompson, the principal of Leinster street school, has gone to Kansas City, where he has secured a good position. Mr. and Mrs. William F. Starr are spending this winter in Bermuda. Mr. John C. Allison, C. E. returned on Wednesday from Ottawa, where he has been during the last fortnight. Mr. Sampson, U. S. Consul, who has been so dangerously ill is now recovering. A surprise party met on the evening of the 8th to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. T. Phippen on the 25th anniversary of their wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Phippen were given, and an enjoyable time was spent. Mr. C. B. Robertson has gone to the neighboring town of Digby and his daughter are here, and are stopping with Mrs. Miles, Colborne street. Mrs. Z. Carleton of Fredericton, has been making a visit to her sister, Mrs. Charles Harrison. Mr. Allen was also in town this week. Mr. W. J. Phippen Drury and the Misses Drury are expected home from Kingston next week. Miss H. F. Todd and Miss Todd, of St. Stephen, are visiting here. Last Sunday, being Palm Sunday, the church and altar of St. Paul's (Yankee) church presented a beautiful appearance from the promotion of floral decorations, tastefully arranged, with which they were decorated.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

61 and 63 KING ST., St. John, N. B.

OPENINGS FOR THIS WEEK: French Millinery.

New and beautiful designs in printed Cotton Lawns, Satens, French Cambrics and Mull Muslins. All Wool French printed Challies, in endless variety of pattern on black or cream grounds. Novelties, Wool Dress Materials in all the latest colorings. Jacket and Cape Cloths. Samples by mail promptly to any address.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. ATOMIZERS!

You can't afford to do without one when you can buy a regular \$1.00 for 50 cts. By mail to any part of Canada on receipt of price. Dress Shields 9 cts.

American Rubber Store, - 65 Charlotte St. Agents ATLAS RUBBER CO., New York.

MODEL GRAND RANGES!

Model Grand Ranges Are the Best. SEE THE MODEL GRAND BEFORE YOU BUY. COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.

A LEAP IN THE DARK is very often attended with disastrous consequences. The shrewd advertiser does not leap in the dark. He knows where his game is before he tries to shoot it. If he patronizes the "ST. ANDREWS BEACON" he does not expect to reach people in Labrador, but he does expect to reach people in St. Andrew, St. Stephen, St. George, Dear Island, Campobello, Grand Manan and other places in Charlotte County. And he will. They all take it. HOTEL PROPRIETORS and TRANSPORTATION COMPANIES will find the "BEACON" an excellent medium through which to reach the summer traveller. R. E. ARMSTRONG, Publisher, - St. Andrews, N. B.

DAISY CHOCOLATES.

By permission of the originators we are now making a full line of the famous "Daisy Chocolates." Ask your Grocer and Confectioners for them, and you will get something good, large variety. WHITE, COLWELL & CO.

Boy's

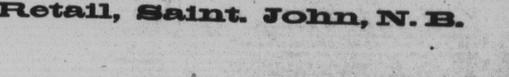
Grained Leather Balmorals, Tap Sole, extra High Cut, guaranteed Waterproof, \$1.50. Youth's Balmorals same as above. \$1.25. Also, Youth's Balmorals from 75c. up, Boy's Balmorals from 75c. up. Come in and examine them. G. B. HALLET, - - 108 KING STREET.

Easter!! Easter!!

Chiffon Lace for Neckwear, all Colors. LADIES' CHIFFON SCARFS, LADIES' SILK SCARFS, LADIES' CHIFFON HANDK'FS, LADIES' EMBD. HANDK'FS, LADIES' INITIAL HANDK'FS.

Very pretty Leather Belts. Our Stock of Kid Gloves is complete. Ionvin 4-button, sizes 5 1/2 to 7 1/2. Eugenie all sizes, with and without stitched back. Pauline all sizes, all shades. Josephine all sizes, the best gloves you can get. Misses' Gloves all sizes, all shades.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, London House Retail, Saint John, N. B.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MONTOUR.

It will take charge of the St. James Hotel. Mr. Fuchs came to Monton from Montreal, and made...

It is a sorry to say that measles have evidently come to stay. Miss Trille Hamilton is now a victim, and I believe Mr. Fred...

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COTTON DRESS MATERIALS!

We invite attention to our large display of New Cambrics and Sateens, in Light, Mid. and Dark Grounds. The patterns are especially stylish, comprising a very large variety of the latest designs.

Drillettes 30 inches wide, beautiful patterns in Polka Dots, Stripes, Figures, 12 1/2 C. Per Yard etc. all fast colors, at only American Printed Challies New and choice designs, Fast Colors, at only 8 cents per yard.

All Wool Challies, light and dark grounds. Ladies' 4-button French Kid Gloves, 85c. PER PAIR.

S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

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It is a sorry to say that measles have evidently come to stay. Miss Trille Hamilton is now a victim, and I believe Mr. Fred...

HILLSBORO.

April 12.—Last Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. John L. Steeves entertained a number of friends; a very pleasant evening was enjoyed.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trail and at the book store of G. S. Wall in Calais at G. F. Treat's.]

DORCHESTER.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.]

SACKVILLE.

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

RICHMOND.

April 13.—Angus Leaver, M. P. P., spent a few hours in town with his friends on Friday on his way home to St. Louis.

BOSTON VISITING FRIENDS.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur O'Leary have taken a residence in the south end of the town.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

Advertisement for Macaulay Bros. & Co. featuring a large illustration of a woman in a long dress and hat. Text includes 'Boiling, digestion, purgation, Drink. Absolutely PURE. Chemical (1 lb. 95c). Recommended when a beverage all the is required value health' and 'STAINLESS HOSE FOR LADIES GENTLEMEN AND CHILDREN.' The bottom of the ad features the text 'MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 61 AND 63 King St., St. John, N. B.' and 'FOR \$3.95'.

SUSSEX.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in Sussex by R. D. Boal and S. H. White & Co.]

GOLDEN GROVE.

April 13.—Messrs. Edwin and Stinson Brown, who came here to attend their father's funeral, have returned home to St. John.

ST. GEORGE.

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

BERTON HOUSE.

Having taken a lease of the above well known house, which is centrally and pleasantly situated, the undersigned is prepared to receive applications for permanent and transient board. Parties requiring accommodation for the Summer months or permanently will please apply at present to...

ST. JOHN.

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MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 61 AND 63 King St., St. John, N. B.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1892.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SING.

HERE'S A CHANCE TO LEARN MORE THAN THE CHORUS.

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay as Sung by Miss Lottie Collins, who introduced it in London—A song that caught the popular fancy, and is having its day.

A great deal has been said and written about Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay. Its history has been gone into in a way that has left very little to be told. The song has been sung by a woman famous, and this is what a London correspondent says about her: Miss Collins who is a well-built, stocky little woman of the thoroughly English type, has known from bitter experience all the vicissitudes of a variety artist's life. She was introduced on the stage when a mere child in the provinces, and after knocking about for several years she came to London with a provincial reputation as a dancer of the old-fashioned clog-step, heel-and-toe kind, which at that time was popular, but which has since been swept out of sight by Sylvia Grey, Lottie Lind and the high kickers with convoluted skirts. Since she began to sing this song Miss Collins has been earning anywhere from \$400 to \$600 a week. Next week when she comes on in the last act at the Gaiety Theatre, in order to give society women who cannot go to the music-halls a chance to hear her, she will be earning \$800 a week.

When she is not on the stage Miss Collins is a thoroughly domesticated little woman, with a flat and three bouncing children in Islington. She deliberately refused all offers to sing this week and threw \$800 to the winds in order that she might take her children to France to put them to school there. She expects to make money enough out of this song before it runs its course to retire from the stage and bring her husband home from America.

The words of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" were written by Richard Morton and the music was supplied by Angelo A. Asher. An interview with each of these gentlemen supplied some interesting facts about the production. Mr. Morton is a round-faced, clean-shaven man, apparently not yet thirty, with black eyes and hair. To the question, "How did you write "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay?" he replied:

"In the first place, the music of the song is about four hundred years old! It was carried over to America years ago by some emigrants from the east of Europe. What country can exactly claim it is not known. But it seems to me that Roumania is very likely the birthplace of the air."

"It had some vogue as a chorus which was sung in a house in St. Louis. Somebody thought with different words it might go as a song, and it was introduced into a minstrel farce called Tuzedo, which was played all over the United States."

"One of the first published copies of the air fell into the hands of Lottie Collins's husband, who was in States. He sent it over to his wife, thinking she might fix it up for an English music hall audience. She brought it to me and told me her ideas of a song for the music. I wrote the song in two sittings of quarter of an hour each. Then Lottie Collins showed me the dance which she intended to use with the song and tore up two of the verses and wrote two more which carried out the idea of the dance better. There has never been a more popular song than this. It is the rage all through the United Kingdom, and they are singing it in France and Germany and at Monte Carlo."

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!

A smart and stylish girl you see, Belle of good society; Not too strict, but rather free, Yet as right as right can be; Never forward, never bold, Not too hot and not too cold, But the very thing, I'm told! That in your arms you'd like to hold!

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay! Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay! Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay! Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay! Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay! Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!

I'm not extravagantly shy, And when a nice young man is nigh, For his heart I have a try— And faint away with fearful cry! When the good young man, in haste, Will support me round the waist; I do! come to, while thus embraced, Till my lips he steals a taste!

CHORUS.—Ta-ra-ra, &c. I'm a timid flower of innocence— Pa says that I have no sense— I'm one eternal big expense; But men say that I'm just immense! Ere my verses I conclude, I'd like it known and understood, Though free as air, I'm never ruled— I'm not too bad and not too good!

CHORUS.—Ta-ra-ra, &c. EXTRA VERSES. I'd should see me out with Pa, Firm, and most particular; The young men say, "Ah, there you are!" And Pa says, "That's peculiar!" "It's like their cheek!" I say, and so Of again with Pa I go— He's quite satisfied although, When his back's turned—well, you know—

CHORUS.—Ta-ra-ra, &c. When with swells I'm out to dine, All my hunger I resign; Taste the food, and sip the wine— No such daintiness as mine! But when I am all alone, For shortcomings I atone! No old trumps to stare like stone— Chops and chickens on my own!

CHORUS.—Ta-ra-ra, &c. Some time Pa says with a frown, "Soon you'll have to settle down— Have to wear your wedding gown— Be the strictest wife in town!" Well, it must come by-and-by— 'Tis a need, to keep quiet I try; But till then I shall not sigh, I shall still go in for my—

CHORUS.—Ta-ra-ra, &c.

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!

Sung by MISS LOTTIE COLLINS.

The Original English Version Written by RICHARD MORTON.

Arranged by ANGELO A. ASHER.

Musical score for Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay! including vocal and piano parts with lyrics.

The Heptonette Waterproof Cloak.

OF all the enterprising firms which Leeds can boast of in connection with the vast clothing industry of the town, few are more widely known than that of Messrs. Hepton Brothers, whose business is now one of the largest of its kind in the world. Of their general productions we need say little now, a novelty recently placed on the market by Messrs. Hepton claiming more particular attention. It consists of a lady's waterproof cloak made of Heptonette, a guaranteed rainproof material. This important quality is attained through a unique combination which enables the patentees to offer a cloth perfectly porous, free from rubber, odorless, and yet rain-repellent. This is a combination which at once renders the waterproof cloaks referred to superior to most classes of goods in the market, and certainly equal to the best, if indeed it does not surpass it. The garment is registered under the name "Reversal," and protected by Royal Letters Patent. In enumerating its most striking features, the makers point out that the whole garment will reverse, giving the wearer the advantage of two distinct articles of clothing. One side may be made of a light pattern suitable for travelling purposes or for bright weather, while the other may be in a darker design suitable for use when the atmospheric conditions are not so favorable. The caps is detachable and perfectly reversible, making two splendid wraps in distinct designs. The wearer thus enjoys the possession of four distinct garments in one, and although the novelty has been on the market little more than a month, it has been in great request, the run being phenomenally large for such a comparatively recent innovation. The Messrs. Hepton are certainly to be congratulated upon the happy thought which suggested such a useful and attractive addition to the manifold products of the Yorkshire commercial capital, and which appropriately belong to a firm which assists largely towards maintaining that centre on its present high level as a business town.—Reprinted from the British Warehouseman, November, 1891.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, Sole Selling Agents for HEPTONETTE Cloths and Cloaks.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

We do not Often

Advertise our CUSTOM DEPARTMENT in the daily papers, yet we have as a general rule been kept busy. The reason is every one likes our cutter after having once met him, and they are SATISFIED WITH HIS WORK. We have now in STOCK SOME of the FINEST WORSTED SUITINGS ever imported, and a choice selection of SCOTCH and WEST of ENGLAND CLOTHS which we guarantee to make up to order in the latest styles at the lowest possible prices. We desire also to call the attention of the LADIES to the stock of CHILDREN'S MADE CLOTHING and the PRICES. We want to make OAK HALL headquarters for the CHILDREN'S CLOTHING TRADE.

OAK HALL. Scovil, Fraser & Co. OAK HALL.

AN M. P. P. AND THE MILITARY.

He Was Curious About Them And Got Information that Started Him

The short but lively session at Frederickton in over. The pious Grit may cease for a while to mourn at the trials and tribulations of that good man, Blair, and the philologist student need no longer scan the papers to see what the bear-eyed man said about the descendant of thieves. The tired legislator returns to his anxious family and when the evening shadows have fallen takes his accustomed place among the boys in the corner grocery. Among the stories brought home from the House is the following told of an honorable member—one of the illustrious three that didn't hold the bridge. A number of celestial objects even escaped his eye, among others, that all important Frederickton institution—the Infantry School man. The hon. gentleman was two sessions in the celestial city, and never had his attention attracted by the all attractive I. S. man. In fact he never saw him. This session the hon. gentleman had come down to the earth once more, and the I. S. man had his innings. The hon. gentleman noticed him—he noticed him very much; everywhere the I. S. man—sometimes two of him, sometimes whole droves. There he was, with his slim waist, chicken breast and hair parted over his forehead. The honorable gentleman got nervous; he could not understand it. He must investigate. He had a friend, an honorable member of that august body which not long since had decided to die. He sought him one evening and asked him. "Why, Mon cher," said the M. L. C. "Don't you know? Those are special police employed by Blair during the session and, entre nous, their principal duty is to keep an eye on the members of the opposition."

The honorable gentleman believed him. The M. L. C. had given him valuable information before. He had advised him to rat from Blair, but notwithstanding that the honorable gentleman had confidence in him. Up to the time he got his fire insurance the M. L. C. had never been known to attempt a joke. Besides this thing was just like some of Blair's doings. The honorable gentleman saw a chance to make a point, to distinguish himself and bring back the wavering voter of Shemogue and Abousagan. This thing must be investigated. Blair's extravagance must be shown up. He would go get figures and fall on Andrew G. in the morning. His friend told him that it would be just the thing. The information evidently didn't pan out well as the inquiry was never asked for, nor was the charge embodied in the opposition memorial. The two friends are not so chummy at present; but the Acadia vote still hangs together.

WHEN LINCOLN WAS SLAIN.

A Copy of the Programme of Ford's Theatre On That Night

This programme that I had the good fortune to secure in Washington a couple of years ago from the back-door keeper of the theatre in which the awful tragedy occurred, is perhaps only a sad reminder of that terrible Good Friday night, April 14, 1865, just twenty-seven years ago, when the deadly bullet of the rash and impetuous hood, pierced the martyred Lincoln, and left him in the cold embrace of death, just as surely as the daggers of Brutus, Cassius and other noble Romans of centuries ago struck down the valiant Cæsar at the foot of Pompey's Pillar, in that proud capital—that sat upon her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world." This sad memoir, of which I send a copy, ornaments my soap box.

John T. Ford is managing a theatre in Baltimore; Harry Hawk is at the present writing, in the cast of The English

FORD'S THEATRE.

Tenth Street Above E.

Season II. Week XXXI. Night 191.

Whole number of nights, 495.

John F. Ford, Proprietor and Manager.

Also of Holiday street Theatre, Baltimore, and Academy of Music, Phila.

Stage Manager, J. H. Emerson.

Treasurer, H. Clay Ford.

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 14TH, 1865.

THIS EVENING

The Performance will be honored by the presence of PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BENEFIT

OF MISS LAURA KEENE.

The distinguished Manageress, Authoress and Actress, supported by MR. JOHN DYOTT

—AND— MR. HARRY HAWK

Tom Taylor's Celebrated Eccentric Comedy, as originally presented in America by Miss Keene and performed by her upwards of ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS

—ENTITLED—

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN.

Florence Treachard, Miss Laura Keene (Her original character), Abel Murell, clerk to attorney, John Dyott (Her original character), Harry Hawk, Sir Edward Treachard, T. C. Goutray, Lord Dundreary, E. A. Emerson, Mr. Coyle, attorney, John Mathews, Lord Dundreary, E. A. Emerson, Captain de Beris, W. J. Ferguson, Bluney, a water, G. G. Spear, John Whicker, a gardener, J. L. De-Bonay, a groom, A. Parkhurst and L. Johnson, Mary Treachard, Miss E. Goutray, Miss Montchristian, Miss H. Mazy, Augusta, Miss H. Truman, Mrs. M. Hart, Mrs. J. H. Evans, Skillet, Miss M. Goutray

Saturday Evening, April 15th.

Benefit of Miss Jennie Goutray.

When will be presented Honicault's Great Sensation Drama

THE OCTOORON.

Easter Monday, April 17th, Engagement of the Young American Tragedian EDWIN ADAMS.

In Twelve Lights Only.

The Prices of Admission.

Orchestra, \$1.00

Dress Circle and Parquette, .75

Family Circle, .50

Private Boxes, \$5 and \$10

G. R. Ford, Business Manager.

L. Brown, Printer, Washington, D.C.

The Leaning Tower a Freak.

No one who has ever dallied with a geography has escaped a picture of the leaning tower of Pisa, and just as invariably have we all escaped a proper conception of the glories of sculptured marble pillars, the grace of design and detail and the immensity which characterize the structure. It is immense, and yet I found little pleasure in looking at it, for it is an architectural freak, a show thing, a curiosity after a more beautiful fashion, peculiar than the five-legged calf or one of the mis-shapen abominations which are advertised by dime museums, but nevertheless a freak. In detail it is not unlovely, nor architecturally does it fail to be one of the wonders of the world, yet it is a freak, and I am not fond of freaks.—Don.

SMALL FARMS IN JAPAN.

No Change in Farm Implements for Two Thousand Years.

Japan is cut up by mountain ranges, so that only about one-tenth of the whole area is suitable for cultivation. The land under cultivation in Japan is about 18,000,000 acres, upon the product of which 40,000,000 people must be fed. The farms are very small, the average being from one to three acres. A ten-acre plot is considered a large farm. Farming is not regarded by the Japanese in the light of a science, but as an art whose scope was measured and whose limitations were conceded long ago. The methods of cultivation, the succession of crops, and even the kind of machinery used, are the same as they were two thousand years ago. Yet no country in the world produces so much per acre as Japan. The limit of cultivation was reached long ago, but by a judicious use of fertilizers and a skill in turning almost ingenious the same average yield is obtainable year after year. The land is well suited to irrigation, and the water is abundant. Most of the land is made up of plains, whose surface is well drained. In April the crops are in a flourishing condition, and wheat, barley, rape, and corn form the principal part. All the fields are planted with a mathematical precision. Even the ears of corn appear in line as they come out. The cereals are planted in single or double rows, and whichever way they are planted grow in clusters of several stems, each cluster being exactly in line. Seed is too valuable to waste, and only rice is scattered broadcast. Four or five acres of corn are planted together, upon ridges equal distances apart, and generally in rows. The intervening space is utilized for growing beans, without injury to other crops. Land is so valuable that no space is allowed for grass plots. No weeds are to be seen in any of the cultivated plots. Every inch of ground is put to the most profitable use. A few narrow paths are made in the fields where necessary, but there are no roads, and no room for wheeled vehicles or machines. The work of cultivation is done by hand, and the tools are models of simplicity. The tool used for cutting barley or wheat consists of a sharp blade, placed at right angles to the sheath, which is about two feet long. The corn is cut very carefully, so that the adjoining plants are not injured. There is no room in the fields for drying sheaves, for the ground must be used immediately after harvest for other crops. The corn sheaves are tied up in bunches, and securely fastened to houses, fences, and trees. The ears are always placed downward, so that the rain may run off. During the harvest season the caves and verandahs of every village house are stacked about with neat bundles of grain, that will be beaten out as soon as dry. In July the fields are made ready for the rice, after being properly banked up and irrigated.

Beethoven and the Beaks.

The centenary of Beethoven's settlement in Vienna has recalled stories about him, of course. Among the best remembered incidents are Beethoven's ill-usage and rough treatment of the unlucky individuals whose lack of talents condemned them, to copy the great master's music for the miserable pittance paid for clerical labor in those days. Beethoven was satisfied only with one copyist, and he died early. All his successors drove him to distraction. In a letter dated May, 1825, he writes: "I spent the whole morning correcting two short pieces, and I am hoarse swearing and stamping my feet." One copyist, a Bohemian, Wollanek, who had probably tried to "improve" Beethoven's "Grand Mass" while copying it, received such a moral thrashing for his pains that he sent the next work back with a sharp letter, in which he says: "My only comfort in all this is that Mozart and Hayden, were they your copyists, would be treated just the same as your hands."

erooms. rtains! W WINDOWS. YEARS, TV, IN P.B. (5) Cash is doing driving means the whole ATHER. Street. continued gains Cost. ments. stock. ngest eciate eavor. his annual trip to have gone to the aw ponds to restore corner of William ns of Mr. S. H. he parish of Holy r. Cartwright and w home sometimes ned to her home in al months in Yar. in Halifax. y, passed through day. ash at Mrs. John a bride will soon come to grace the ertonians in town D. McGrigor, who on Sunday morn- nator, taking the with us, and Mr. our oldest and his sister, Mrs. Chas. Creed, M. a, for nearly fifty the appointment go to Halifax on Easter with her ter in Amherst, Bent, Sunnyside registered at the Farm, Nappan, f his sister, Mrs. HERE will be a Sacred Concert on the 15th, in the under the man- ce Ladies' ice Programme, all music will be rs open at 120 RE TAUGHT in Ten ing necessary. r week. send ADVERT or Adv, apt. 16 1/2 has in stock a ent of flowers, & furnished at omers. P. E. an, No. 4 Dock apt. 16 1/2 LARGE front the most orn- Two of three y be had May ney street. 'S" WDER. UCE. IST, St. John.

FROM LOYALIST STOCK.

LATE GEORGE BOTSFORD, CLERK OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

The History of the Botsford Family, and the Part its Members Took in the Affairs of the Province—Prominent in the Law and Politics of the Country.

The demise of George Botsford, Esquire, barrister-at-law, and clerk of the Legislative Council of New Brunswick, closed a useful and an eventful life. The history of the Botsford family is so closely interwoven with that of our province, that any record thereof is not only extremely interesting, but also furnishes material which the historian will eagerly grasp to place before the public.

In Doomsday Book "Botsford" is recorded as being the possessor of lands and tenements in "Leicestershire"; and, it appears, the descendants of the Briton early crossed to the new world, for we meet with mention, in Upham's History of America, of a Botsford who owned domains in Connecticut, A. D., 1640.

George Botsford was descended from the Loyalists. His grandfather, Amos Botsford, an offspring of the Connecticut family, was the leader, or agent, of that patriotic band, who, at the close of the American Revolution, removed to the county of Sunbury, Nova Scotia, (now the province of New Brunswick), and landed at Parr Town, (now St. John), on the Eighteenth of May, A. D., 1783. He secured a grant of some lots in Parr Town, but settled at Sackville, Westmorland county. The state papers in the public archives, at Halifax, show his duties as agent to have been to superintend the apportioning of lots, to oversee and arrange all public transactions of the migrating population, and to distribute the provisions and the pecuniary allowances of the Crown, which accepted his certificates as sufficient evidence of payment.

The province of New Brunswick was organized on the sixteenth of August, 1784, and at the first provincial election Amos Botsford was returned as one of the members for Westmorland, and had the high honor of being chosen speaker of the first assembly, which was convened at Parr Town on the third of January, 1786, a position he held continuously until his death, which occurred at St. John, in March 1812, at the age of three score and ten. He had one son, William, who was born in 1773; educated at Yale college, whence he graduated with honors in 1792, after which he studied law with the Hon. Jonathan Bliss, (afterwards chief justice of the province); was appointed recorder of St. John, 1810, and, like his father, represented the County of Westmorland in the provincial assembly, and was chosen speaker of that body, being afterwards appointed a judge of the supreme court. He lived to the ripe age of 92 years. The family of William Botsford comprised ten children, the most prominent of whom were Amos Edwin, ex-speaker of the senate of Canada; Bliss, speaker of the house of assembly, N. B., solicitor general, and finally judge of the county court of Westmorland; Chipman Botsford, sheriff of Gloucester; Hazen Botsford, Blair Botsford, Dr. Le Baron Botsford, and George Botsford, the subject of this sketch.

Having thus traced the descent of George Botsford, we may turn another page of our provincial history, where we shall find a very interesting record of the ancestry of his widow. Like her husband, Mrs. Botsford's line of descent runs through the Loyalists, her grandfather, Garret Clopper, who became the first recorder of the county of York, N. B., being a New York Loyalist of Knickerbocker stock. Some twenty years before her nuptial nuptials, she married (April 29, 1763), Miss Penelope Miller, daughter of Stephen Miller, Esq., of Milton, county of Suffolk, province of Massachusetts Bay, and Hannah Dyer, of Plymouth; the Rev. Jacob Bacon officiating on the pleasant occasion. Mrs. Charles Dyer took as her second husband, Edward Winslow, Esq., father of Judge Winslow. The family of Garret Clopper, the found of "Grape Lawn," the Botsford homestead in Fredericton, consisted of two sons and four daughters. The sons were Henry George, and Garret William. The latter was killed in a duel with an American officer, in Washington, D.C., when only nineteen years of age, the cause being a dispute on the National questions then at issue. The oldest son, Henry George, who became an officer in the British service, married Mary Anne Ketchum, daughter of Richard Ketchum, who was the grandfather of Henry George Clopper Ketchum, C.E., the projector and chief engineer of the Chignecto Ship railway, in which important undertaking he is associated with Sir Benjamin Baker, engineer of the famous Frith of Forth bridge, Scotland, and Sir William Fowler, C.E.

The family of Henry George Clopper numbered one son and two daughters. The latter were Margaret Elizabeth, married to Dr. George P. Peters, son of Attorney General Peters (appointed 1828); and Francis Marian, the surviving widow of the late George Botsford.

Mrs. George Botsford's father, Henry George Clopper, who, as stated, held a commission in the British army, retired to succeed his father as recorder of York county. He was the founder of the Central bank of New Brunswick, of which he was elected president, an office which was held later by George Botsford. The notes of the Peoples bank another of New Brunswick's successful financial institutions, bear to this day, the likeness of Henry George Clopper.

George Botsford was born at Sackville, where his grandfather, Amos Botsford, had settled. He was educated at Halifax, and removed to Fredericton in 1840, where he formed a law partnership with Mr. Gray, (now judge) and afterwards with John C. Allan, (now knighted). He was one of the most learned and successful equity lawyers of the province, and compiled Botsford's Rules of the Supreme Court, which is a high authority with the profession. In 1841 he, for the first and only time, offered his services as a member of the assembly, contesting York county with the late H. N. L. A. Wilnot, but was defeated. In 1843, on the death of Tyng Peters, he was appointed clerk of the legislative council, receiving his commission direct from the crown; and when his outspoken political sentiments clashed with those of some member of the

council, causing them to seek to dismiss him, he successfully denied the right of a lower power to cancel the crown appointment. For three years, (1870-1873), the duties of clerk were performed by the late George J. Elias, Esq., when Mr. Botsford was re-instated. Thenceforth, he held the position, uninterruptedly, until his death. When the bill to abolish the legislative council passed the legislature, in the session of 1891, the esteem in which both houses held Mr. Botsford was shown by their providing for the continuance of his salary until his death, after the council which had received his intelligent and gentlemanly services had gone out of existence.

While devoting a great part of his lifetime to his profession, and to his clerical duties, he nevertheless found time to be extremely useful in other spheres no less important. As president of the Central bank, his skill as a financier was apparent, and he was called to visit England on business of that nature, travelling to London and Paris. In a letter from the grey French capital, he speaks in glowing terms of a cordial visit which he received from his cousin, Lady Arbuthnot, accompanied by her husband, Sir Robert, who had been informed of Mr. Botsford's presence by a mutual friend, Mr. Doe of Boston. As a memento of his visit to England, he brought home an old-fashioned sofa, which at one time graced the speaker's room of the house of commons, and was the property of Lord Canterbury and Baron of Botsford, of Botsford, Leicestershire.

He was also president of the Fredericton and St. John Telegraph company, and of the Bible society. In society Mr. Botsford was ever a most welcome and honored guest, and an affable, open-hearted entertainer. A brilliant conversationalist, well-read, learned in the laws, versed in the political history of the province, and possessed of a shrewd and refined humor, he was a very strong acquisition to any social gathering. As an honorary member of the officers' mess of the 33rd, the Duke of Wellington's regiment, his wit and versatility were noted at the board, and his popularity in the regiment was such that when the officers were on a tour of the United States he was invited to accompany them, and became one of the party.

He married Miss Frances Marian Clopper, on the fifth of August, 1848, the ceremony being performed in the Stone church, St. John. He first met Miss Clopper at the residence of Sir James Carter, in Fredericton, where, after the death of her parents, she lived for some time, Lady Carter being her cousin.

It is to be expected that a man of his standing and of his social position possessed of a mind so well balanced and cultured should be reflected in his material surroundings. Mr. Botsford's residence in Fredericton, called "Grape Lawn," was ever a beautiful spot. This old-fashioned English-looking homestead, beautiful in its surroundings, and venerated for its recollections, was erected in 1790 by Mrs. Botsford's grandfather, Garret Clopper. The property, as originally acquired by the loyalist, comprised about one third of a city block, or equivalent, bounded by Brunswick, Saint John and King streets, and on the east by the property of Sir John C. Allen, whose wife, Lady Allen, is a cousin of the late George Botsford. On the death of Mrs. Botsford's father, Henry George Clopper, the property was divided, and the house, with a large plot of land, comprising the homestead as at present constituted, going to Mrs. Botsford. Though situated in a part of the city noted for the sylvan beauty of its streets, and the magnificence of its private gardens, "Grape Lawn" was yet pre-eminently noticeable—attractive to strangers, captivating to those who had the entrée to its restful precincts. The trim buckthorne hedge on the south front skirting the velvet croquet and lawn tennis ground, shaded by state elms and wide-spreading oaks, from whose branches hung suspended the old-fashioned swing; the orchard, redolent in spring time of rich perfumes from apple and plum trees; the garden, with its roses, lilacs, syringas, and honeysuckles, raspberries, strawberries, and other luscious fruits, and its flower beds in continued bloom, scenting the air by day and night; the grape vines over-running some old trees, given up to their embraces—these are some of the recollections of "Grape Lawn," which will ever nestle in the memories of the many friends of the family. Yet the grape vines reached forth their tendrils and climbed up the latticed veranda, billowed over its roof, spread over the house-side, framing the windows with cool festoons, where the purple grapes, "drooping their dusty globes of wine," and rested not until their green foliage waved from the apex of the hospitable roof-tree. In such a home George Botsford's family nestled, and beautiful as the homestead was, it never lacked the presence of beautiful women to adorn it, for the Botsford daughters were ever fair. Nor in physique alone were they beautiful, for the "sweet, attractive grace" of the true lady-hood was theirs, sitting as lightly and as naturally upon them as its blue on the violet.

Besides "Grape Lawn," his city residence, Mr. Botsford erected a handsome suburban villa on his property, "Hawthorne Hill," about a mile below the city, whence a most magnificent view of the beautiful valley of the St. John river is obtained. This property was at one time leased by Baron Von Seidlitz. The house was destroyed by fire. The family of George Botsford consisted of five sons and five daughters. Three sons and three daughters predeceased him. The daughters now living being Elizabeth and Leila, and the sons H. G. Botsford, C. E., late of the Chignecto ship-railway staff, now residing in Boston, and George Botsford, now engaged in mercantile pursuits in Boston. The armorial bearings of the family are a shield on bay branches, surmounted by a dove. Motto, "Digna Sequens," and the members of the family have ever lived with that object in view.

BARRY STRATON.

A Bamboo Watch Spring. A gentleman travelling in Japan broke the mainspring of his watch, which he took to a native village jeweler. The watch kept good time until the rainy season set in. Being in the city of Tokio at that time, the traveller took the watch to an English workman, who found that the Jap had put in a bamboo spring, which, so long as it kept dry, remained elastic, but during wet weather had gathered dampness and lost its power.

CHARLES READE AND DICKENS.

The Former's Realism, and the Latter's Wit, compared as Opinions.

Mr. Wybert Reeve describes, on the authority of Wilkie Collins, a scene at Judge Talfourd's, in which Dickens played a part, as follows:—It was a dinner party, at which most of the leading representatives of literature and art were present. The conversation turned on Dickens's last book. Some of the characters were highly praised. Mrs. Dickens joined in the conversation and said she could not understand what people could see in his writings to talk so much about them. The face of Dickens betrayed his feelings. Again the book was referred to, and a lady present said she wondered when and how many strange thoughts came into his head. "Oh," replied Dickens, "I don't know. They come at odd times; sometimes in the night, when I jump out of bed and jot them down, for fear I should have lost them by the morning." "That is true," said Mrs. Dickens. "I have reason to know it—jumping out of bed, and getting in again, with his feet as cold as a stone." Dickens left the table, and was afterwards found sitting in a small room off the hall—silent and angry.

There is also in Mr. Reeve's volume a good story of Charles Reade. Reade was great stickler for reality, and on producing a play of the "Princess," the first act of which introduced a faraway scene, he insisted on having a live pig on the stage. The property-master raising some objection, Reade lost his temper, and drove to the market and bought one. He brought it back in triumph to the stage door, when an officious super, seeing who he was, quickly opened the door of the cab, a proceeding which Reade was unprepared for. Out jumped the pig, and a way it scampered down the street, Reade after it, calling out "Stop my pig!" to the amusement and surprise of all the young ruffians of the neighborhood.

Unconsciously Committed.

The husband stood before the mirror with his face screwed into a horrible grimace. He was shaving himself. The wife lingered at the opposite side of the room with her mouth full of pins. She was just finishing her toilet.

"M-m-m-ump," observed she.

"Wal-aw-ah-oo, m-m," he replied.

The husband took a new turn in his lips in order to stretch that cheek and facilitate the work on hand. The wife removed one pin from her mouth and put five more in its place.

"Ho-r-r-oo-r-r, m-ump," she proceeded, with a certain air.

"R-nt, m-ump," he promptly rejoined.

There was a moment of silence, during which time the fire crackled in the grate and the lace curtains rustled gently. The wife was the first to speak again.

"Ah-m-ump," she murmured, with some animation; "pah-ow-a-ump."

"M-ump," quietly answered he.

The lady standing there in her stately beauty, hastily ejected the pins upon the table and started in evident astonishment.

"Ah-m-ump," she murmured, with some animation; "pah-ow-a-ump."

"M-ump," quietly answered he.

The gentleman, proud in the consciousness of strength, suddenly pulled his face into shape and stared likewise.

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"M-ump," quietly answered he.

most unalluring cure for insomnia and disease of the head and throat. If the face, the sides of the throat and ears are thoroughly rubbed with fine oil or vaseline, a cold will usually disappear within two or three nights. It is safe to say that one-half of the colds, and consequently a great many of the more severe ills of life, would vanish if people realized that it is as necessary to protect the head at night as it is in the day time.—N. Y. Ledger.

Cardinal Manning's Successor.

Dr. Vaughan, Roman Catholic bishop of Salford, whose nomination as archbishop of Westminster in place of the late Cardinal Manning is announced from Rome, is in his 60th year. He is a man of great energy and activity. Some twenty years ago he founded the beautiful missionary college at Mill Hill, and literally tramped over America, north and south, collecting the necessary funds. This institution, with preparatory schools also established by effort at social regeneration, for the benefit of the more unfortunate, on the continent, will ever stand as a witness to his zeal and work. In 1872 Dr. Vaughan was promoted to the See of Salford, and since that time has labored steadily to make Manchester a Catholic centre. In philanthropic work he has always taken an active part. To him more than to any other ecclesiastic belongs the credit of having led the crusade against the overcrowding and other unsanitary conditions of the houses of the poor of Manchester and Salford. The sweating system has always had in him a determined and outspoken opponent. Dr. Vaughan is an eloquent preacher and a staunch total abstinence, holding that the drink demon lies at the bottom of every effort at social regeneration, mocking the philanthropist and the religious alike. He is proprietor of the Tablet, the best of the catholic papers. His claims to the archbishopric of Westminster are understood to have been advocated strongly by the "aristocratic set" in the Roman Catholic church, including, of course, the Duke of Norfolk, who is said to be a great admirer of Dr. Vaughan.

An Incident in the Life of a Duke.

The Grand Duke of Hesse was an exemplary husband, although not many years after the death of the Princess Alice, in 1878 the widowed Grand Duke was entangled in the coils of a beautiful and clever lady. Mme. de Kolemnie, the widow of the former Russian Attaché to the Court of Hesse-Darmstadt, made royal lover the abject slave of her caprice. Had the Grand Duke been of firmer moral fibre he would hardly have committed such a crowning piece of folly as to give the Princess Alice's successor as Mme. de Kolemnie. But, imprudent as was the marriage itself, it almost passed unperceived, that the Grand Duke should, a few hours after, with his eldest daughter's marriage to Prince Louis of Battenberg, and while his august mother-in-law, the queen, the Prince of Wales, and other distinguished guests were under the Grand Ducal roof, have chosen just this moment to be secretly married in a remote room in the palace to Mme. de Kolemnie. But, if the marriage was suddenly decided on, the separation between the Grand Duke and his second wife was even more abrupt, the bride of a few hours being practically turned out of the palace and never allowed to re-enter it. How far the Grand Duke's repentance was quickened by the action of his distinguished relatives we need not here inquire.

An Odd French Custom.

A feature of last week's social life in Biddeford was the "burring" of Ash Wednesday by the French people, a custom peculiar to Canada, and the way it is done: The host and hostess of the party buy themselves in frying "flapjacks," and after a big stack has been piled up the party is seated at the tables and there is a gastronomic contest to see who can eat the largest number of those "flapjacks." The winner gets a suitable prize while the one who eats the fewest becomes the clown of the party for the remainder of the evening and is obliged to submit to any pranks which the others may play and do everything ordered to no matter how ridiculous. The biggest record ever known there was made by a Frenchman, who is now dead, who ate an even two dozen good-sized "flap-jacks," with nothing to help them down but sugar. Whether his feat had anything to do with his death, which soon after occurred, is a matter for speculation.—Biddeford Journal.

Head-Covering at Night.

It is a curious fact that people who would under no circumstances venture out of doors in the day-time baredheaded, will open the windows and retire at night and expect to sleep with the thermometer eight or ten degrees lower than they could tolerate in the day-time. Delicate women twist their hair in crimps, which uncover the forehead, and then, entirely without protection for the head, expect to sleep and enjoy reasonable health. One of the ablest physicians in the country and one who has been uniformly successful in the treatment of many diseases, recommends a bandage of very thin woolen material or of silk, to be bound around the forehead and worn at night. If you imagine that you have taken a heavy cold, wrap the head, throat, neck and shoulders in a light, soft band of silk or scarf of silk and wear it for two or three nights. See that a fold of the silk comes over the forehead long enough to meet the eyebrows, then bring it around in front, covering the sides of the face after the fashion of a sister of charity. This is recommended as an



Results.

EXAMINE the wash closely when Surprise Soap is used.

NOTE that white goods are made whiter; colored goods brighter; flannels softer.

You will see that not the slightest injury has been done the finest laces or tenderest fabrics.

The fine results of the Surprise Soap washing is sufficient reason for its use—to say nothing of its economy; it's labor saving properties.

'Tis not only for washing clothes that Surprise Soap is good, but it will clean everything that needs cleaning.

Surprise Soap is pure Soap.

The St. Croix Soap Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

They're After You



But they will never know you from other men who keep up with the times, if you send your Collars, Cuffs and Shirts to Ungar's Laundry. There is all the difference in the world between a Collar ironed at Ungar's and one done at home, and for stylishness the two cannot be compared. Why not do as others do and look as well as possible. Send your laundry to Ungar's and save a heap of trouble.

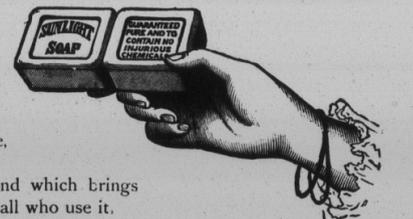
Tell your wife how to get a fashionable silk dress for an old black one. You know how it's done.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to Ungar's Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Grandville street. It'll be done right, it done at

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THIS IS THE SOAP

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PUT YOUR TRUST IN "SUNLIGHT," IT WILL NEVER DISAPPOINT YOU.

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NEW DISCOVERY BY ACCIDENT

In compounding a solution a part was accidentally spilled on the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We at once put this wonderful preparation on the market and so great has been the demand that we are now introducing it throughout the world under the name of Queen's Anti-Hairine, IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT. Lay the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or ever afterward. It is suitable for any preparation ever used for like purpose. Thousands of LADIES who have been annoyed with hair on their FACE, NECK, and ARMS, attest its merits. GENTLEMEN who do not appreciate a beard or hair on their neck, find a precious boon in Queen's Anti-Hairine which does away with shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility. Price of Queen's Anti-Hairine 25c per bottle, sent in safety mailing boxes, postage paid by us (securely sealed from observation). Send money or stamps with full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly confidential. This advertisement is honest and straight forward in every word it contains. We invite you to deal with us and you will find everything as represented. Cut this out and send to-day. Address QUEEN'S CHEMICAL CO., 174 Race Street, GINGHAM, O. You can register your letter at any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay \$5.00 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed. SPECIAL—To ladies who introduce and sell among their friends 25 Bottles of Queen's Anti-Hairine, we will present with a BIKER DRUM, 16 yards best silk. Extra Large Baskets and samples of silk to select from sent with order. Good Salary or Commission to Agents. HOME REPRESENTERS—The Lytle Sale and Lock Co., 146 to 150 Water Street, Edwin Alden Advertising Agency, 245 Race Street, and John D. Park & Sons Co., Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE. - POTATO PHOSPHATE.

THE PRIZE CROPS. 1st Prize for Potatoes, \$50.00, taken by C. Pickard, Sackville. This is to certify, that I the undersigned, assisted Mr. Lund to measure one acre of Potato land, and assisted Mr. Bowers in checking and weighing the Potatoes taken from said acre, on which we used Imperial Superphosphate only, and find the crop four hundred and thirty-one bushels, 27 1/2 lbs. (63 1/2 %). About three quarters of the Potatoes were Beauty of Hebron, remainder Blue Mountain. The Hebron grew at the rate of about 400 bushels to the acre, and Montana full 600 bushels to the acre. (Signed) C. PICKARD. Affirmed before me this 13th day of Nov. 1891, at Sackville. (Signed) CHARLES E. LUND, J.P. This is to certify, that I have this day parted off one acre from Mr. Charles Pickard's potato field, and marked the bounds of the same for the purpose of a prize competition. (Signed) C. E. LUND, D. L. Surveyor. Dated at Sackville, 29th Sept., 1891. SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co., 89 Water St., St. John, N. B.



THE DAYS OF HOLY WEEK. Lenten Ceremonies of Old and Modern Times.

Good Friday is the most solemn period of the Lenten fast, and brings the sombre rays of mourning near their close. In times gone by, the whole of Passion-week was much more rigidly observed than now. The amusements and humiliations were, outwardly at least, much louder and deeper, and the Easter rejoicings much more extravagant. But it may be that what the world has lost in the art of giving expression to its sorrows or its joys, it has gained in earnestness and seriousness of character. There are few days in the year when we lay aside our burden of daily toil and care, and give ourselves up to the impulse of the day and hour, whatever it may be.

Yet, as Christianity rules so great a portion of the world, the days set apart for religious observance on the calendar are carefully kept and observed by many. And of these, those which witness the culminating scenes of Lent are the most important and attract the widest attention. In this country, the ceremonies of Lent and of Easter belong to the church alone, but in most other lands these occasions have always borne both a civil and political relation to society. In former times royalty itself led the Lenten solemnities, and we read of monarchs washing the feet of beggars, in imitation of Christ, who washed the feet of his disciples. This ceremony, which was regularly practiced by the kings and queens of England in ancient times, occurred upon Maundy Thursday. They washed and kissed the feet of as many poor people as they themselves numbered in years, and bestowed a gift, or *maundy*, upon each. Queen Elizabeth performed this royal duty at Greenwich, when she was thirty-nine years old on which occasion the feet of thirty-nine poor persons were first washed by the women of the laundry with warm water and herbs, afterwards by the sub-almoner, and lastly, by the queen herself; the person who washed making a cross upon the pauper's foot, above the toes, and kissing it. This ceremony was performed by the queen kneeling, being attended by thirty ladies and gentlemen. Clothes, victuals and money were then distributed among the poor.

The last of the English monarchs who performed this office in person was James II., and it was afterwards performed by the almoner. On the fifth of April, 1791, it being Maundy Thursday, and the king in his forty-eighth year, there was distributed at the banqueting house, Whitehall, to forty-eight poor men and the same number of poor women, boiled beef and shoulders of mutton, and small bowls of ale, for dinner; after that large wooden platters of fish and loaves, the fish being undressed; twelve red herrings and twelve white herrings, and four half quarter loaves. Each person had one platter of these provisions, and after that was distributed among them shoes, stockings, linen and woollen cloth, and leather bags filled with copper and silver coins, to each about four pounds in value. The washing of feet was performed by his Grace, the Lord Archbishop of York, who was also Lord High Almoner.

Cardinal Woolsey, in 1230, made his *maundy* at Peterborough Abbey, where upon Maundy Thursday, in our Lady's Chapel, he washed and kissed the feet of fifty-nine poor men, and, after he had wiped them, he gave every one a golden shilling, and twelve pence in money, three shells of good canvas to make them shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cast of red herrings and three white herrings, and one of these had two shillings.

This ancient custom is now no longer observed, except in the Royal Chapel at Whitehall, where the poor still receive their gifts from the royal bounty. Maundy Thursday is always the Thursday before Easter, and the origin of its name is still disputed. By some *Maundy* is supposed to come from the *mandate* of Christ, when he bade his disciples break bread in remembrance of Him; or from his other *mandate*, after he had washed their feet, when he said "Love one another."

But the word is probably derived from the Saxon *maud*, which afterwards became *maund*, and signified a basket, and finally the gift in the basket. Thus says Shakespeare, that oracle for old time words and phrases, "a thousand favors from her *maund* she drew"; and Herrick— "Behold for us, the naked grassy stair With *maunds* of roses, for to strew the way." In another place, the latter poet also again refers to the *maund* thus: "All's gone, and death hath taken Away from us Our *Maund*, thus The widows stand forsaken."

This day is also called *Shere Thursday*, since it was at this time that the clergy were accustomed to *shere*, or shave their heads, and to trim their beards against the coming of Easter day. Whether this practice of shearing had anything to do with sheep, it is now impossible to say; but such might be inferred since there has been handed down to us an old legend of St. Brandon, which says: "He sailed away with his monks to the island of Sheep, and on *Shere Thursday*, after supper, he wesshe thyre feet and kyssed them lyke as our lordy dyd to his disciples."

In Papal countries the washing of feet still forms part of the church ceremonies upon Maundy Thursday, where twelve paupers represent the apostles, and their feet are washed by the archbishop. In the great cathedral of Seville, in Spain, Maundy Thursday is celebrated by high

mass, which is intended especially to celebrate the last supper, and assumes toward the close the deepest melancholy. After this, one of the public sights of the town on this day is the splendid cold dinner given to the twelve paupers by the archbishop. The dinner is to be seen laid out in two large rooms of the palace. The twelve guests are completely clothed at the expense of their host; and having partaken of a more homely dinner in the kitchen, they are furnished with large baskets to take away the splendid commons allotted to each, which they sell to the *gourmands* of the town. Each is also allowed to dispose of his napkin, which is put up in some fanciful form—as a bird or animal—and people buy these and place them in their cupboards as specimens of the skill of nuns in the art of plaiting.

About this time the processions, known as *confrades* or confraternities, begin to move out of the churches and along the streets, which are thronged with people. The object of these processions is to represent various scenes of the Saviour's passion. There are the Jews, with their long, aquiline noses; St. Peter, with his head completely bald; John in his dress of green, and Judas in the abhorred yellow, and with red hair.

All the painters of Europe seem to be agreed upon the color of Judas's hair—and Judas's hair is a common name in Spain. A similar application of the term seems to have existed in England, for Shakespeare in "As You Like It" makes *Rosalind* say, "His hair is of the dissembling color," and *Colin* replies, "Something browner than Judas's." Upon Good Friday Judas is the particular object of execration in the Spanish and Portuguese navy. Says an eye-witness at Montevideo: "The three last days had been kept as days of sorrow; all the ships in the harbor expressed it by having the colors hoisted wholly up, and the guns fired from all the ships in the harbor, while the bells on shore were set ringing as fast as possible; and at the bowsprit, or yard arm of the ship, was suspended an effigy of Judas, which they began to dip in the river, acting with the greatest possible enthusiasm and ridiculous madness, beating it on the shoulder, dipping it, and then renewing their former ridiculous conduct."

To Good Friday belongs the hot-cross bun, which seems to be the only relic of the Pagan religion which the Reformation has left in England. The buns are unsweetened than the ordinary bun, are flavored with allspice, and stamped with a figure of the cross. In many a poor cottage, the Good Friday bun is hung up and preserved for good luck until the next Good Friday comes round—and there are plenty of superstitious ones who aver, that no fire ever happened in a house that had one. This resembles the vulgar notion that the straight stripe down the shoulder of an ass, intersected by the long one which extends from the head to the tail, is a cross of honor conferred by Christ, and that the animal possessed it not before Christ rode into Jerusalem upon the back of an ass.

It is a curious fact that in the ruins of Herculaneum, which was destroyed in the year 79, were found loaves of bread precisely similar to the Good Friday bun, and with the cross stamped upon them. The bread of the Greeks was stamped in the same manner from the earliest times. Sometimes the loaf had only four lines, and it was then called *quadra*, and the cross was to make it break more easily.

From the early Greeks we seem to have received both the bun and its name, for a species of sacred bread, which was called *boun*, in very ancient times was offered to the gods. One of the most solemn ceremonies of Good Friday in the Roman Catholic church is the *Tenebrae*, which signifies *darkness*, and symbolizes the darkness which fell over the crucifixion. This is partly represented by a triangular candlestick with fourteen yellow wax candles, and one white one; seven of these yellow candles being on one side, seven on the other, and the white candle at the top. The fourteen yellow candles represent the eleven apostles, the Virgin Mary, and the women that were with her at the crucifixion; the white candle at the top represents Christ. Fourteen psalms are sung, and at the end of each a yellow candle is extinguished until none are left burning except the white one above. After this, and the extinction of the light upon the altar, the white candle is taken down and hid under the altar. The putting out of the yellow candles denotes the flight or grief of the apostles and women; the taking down the white candle, that Christ has descended into the sepulchre.

In St. Peter's, at Rome, a most marvellous effect is produced by putting out the hundred burning lamps upon the tomb of St. Peter, after which a stupendous illuminated cross depends from the dome of the cathedral and hangs as though self-supported.

There were consecrated rings in the olden time which belonged to Good Friday and which were believed to heal the wearer of sickness; these rings were hallowed by the kings of England. There was preserved for a long time in Westminster Abbey a ring which was said to have been brought to King Edward by pilgrims who had journeyed from Jerusalem, and which the king had himself given long before to a beggar who had asked alms of him for the love he bore to St. John the Evangelist. There was a particular service for consecrating these rings, which were called "cramp-rings." In 1557, in the Breviary of Health, we find Andrew Boorde speaking of the cramp, and thus: "The Kyng's Majestie hath a great help in this matter in halowing Crampe Rings, and so given without money or petition." And Lord Berners, when ambassador to the Emperor Charles V. wrote from Saragossa, "to my Lorde Cardinal's grace," in 1818

"for some crampo rings," with "trust to bestowe thaim well, with God's grace." In some parts of Ireland, it is still the practice of the lower order of Irish Catholics to prevent their children from having any food, or babies at the breast, from twelve at night of Thursday to twelve at night on Good Friday, and the fathers and mothers take only a bit of bread and cold water during that time. Along the roads which lead into the market towns may be seen numbers of women with dishevelled hair and ragged garments and barefooted, bewailing the martyrdom of Christ.

Holy Saturday follows Good Friday, and then great preparations are made for the near festival of Easter, and thus, amid universal rejoicings, which extend over the civilized world, Passion week draws to its close, and the solemn period of Lent is over.

"THE DEVIL DOCTRINES." The Famous Letter Circulated by the Chinese Last Summer. Commander Barber, of the U. S. N., has translated with fearless faithfulness a circular which was sent throughout China last summer, but its violence is so great and its vituperation so nasty that little of it is fit for publication. The general tenor of the document may be gathered from extracts which follow. The phrase "devil doctrines" is the Chinese way of referring to the Christian religion, and "devils" means, of course, Christian missionaries.

"Let every man carefully read this book. Let everyone spread its contents and talk about them. Where devils are numerous it is necessary that they should be utterly exterminated. Take vengeance for every plot. Guard against the devils and protect your families. The Chinese statesman, Chow Tung Ta (disciple of Confucius), wrote this manuscript and had it printed. The devil's doctrines ought to be killed. 'The perfect gentleman must be benevolent, the perfect statesman must be faithful. The father must be affectionate, the son must be dutiful. The husband must be kind, the wife must be submissive. Elder brothers must be amiable, younger brothers must be respectful. Friends must be faithful, and there are many more moral principles which can be deduced from the above five axioms which are most important.'"

"Take the book, 'The Devil's Doctrines Should Be Killed,' talk over all the details listen to it. Does it not show forth a hateful thing? From the time the devils came to our country they have gone in every large town and market place of every province, being in waiting, the yards were squared, which they call 'churches of God.' They gather a congregation of devils, of devils' children and devils' women, and every seven days have a Sunday, when they worship the head of the devils. They have a representation of the devil, the whole body naked, with a long tail, nailed on a cross. They say this head of the devils was murdered by persons who quarreled with him. So the devils, the devils' children and the devil women all compassionate him and pity him. The traitor is the Chinese spirit, the traitor's places descended to the earth and written by the parchment on tablets and written planchette books, clearly stating and saying that Jesus in life was exceedingly infamous, exceedingly wicked, exceedingly perverse, and atrocious he committed great crimes, was executed by the ancient devil king of the Tao Te (a kingdom). The judge of hades placed his ghost in a dark region of hell and brings the ghost out once a day to receive corporal punishment. Two thousand years have since elapsed. Now will Jesus' ghost see the day."

"When he was hailed to the cross not an atom of injustice was done. The devils, the devil's children, and the devil's women, when they die, all go to hell, and when dead will reap sorrow. They will live they dream and say Jesus, the perverse devil and all the perverse devil teachers go to heaven. Are they not more stupid than pigs?" "These devil books are very numerous. There is not one that ought not to be destroyed. I already, by dissemination, have some of these books; have glanced at one and condemned another. When I had read them through I burnt them. You who have not read these books, I will tell you all about them. They say the Chinese are quite wrong about the time of heaven and earth; the sun, moon and stars. That heaven, earth, the sun, moon and stars and time were made by Jesus and are his creatures. Why do you respect them?" "The above is bad enough, doubtless, but there follows a good deal of matter that is so sacrilegious as to be intolerable to any American reader, and yet millions upon millions of copies of this circular have been scattered among the 400,000,000 people of China to prevent the growth of the Christian faith. The American missionaries are accused of all manner of crimes most detestable. It is averred in this precious pamphlet that the missionaries lead immoral lives to the worst degree, and that they induce Chinese girls and wives to the worst sort of crimes. The pamphlet also accuses the missionaries of administering drugs to their converts. Imagine the lot of hundreds of American ministers who are devoting their lives to the solution of this horrid. The circular says: "The Christian God, the perverse devil, has left behind him a perverse religion, the leading doctrine of which is, however great crimes or wickedness may have been committed, if the criminal only worships Jesus his crime is redeemed; so the devils, the devil's children and the devil's women have ever been like pigs and dogs. Further, the devil princes send his missionaries everywhere to seduce and excite men to follow the devils and be an internal force to cooperate with the outer force in obtaining possession of China's rivers and hills. The princes give the head missionaries large sums of money and a free hand in doing the business. It is not to be marvelled at that the missionaries do their utmost to seduce and excite the people. The natural disposition of Chinese blackguards and ruffians is to be fond of money. They stifle their consciences, lose their reputations and naturally gladly and joyfully follow the missionaries. The people that live near the devil halls know a little about them. There are also those who are stupefied with drugs. They are stupid and ignorant who enter the devil's halls. "There is another matter. Put aside for a moment thoughts about sages, saints, fables and Buddhas. Put aside thoughts of Chinese imperial interests. You each have a body; you each have a family. Do you

wish them to be destroyed or to preserve them? At the present time the head devil missionaries in every province of China are sending a lot of Chinese who follow the devil doctrines to all places secretly to distribute devil's books; most of them have been repressed, but still be of your guard and tell everyone you meet the same. Look out everywhere and seize him whenever you meet a devil or a devil child who says that the devil religion is good and strikes him. If you see a devil book burn it. You must bear in mind the principle that if a single person listens to them and is seduced and excited to enter the devil's religion, the whole family is stupefied, and when the family is stupefied it will desire to stupefy the neighbors to the right and neighbors to the left, and numberless places will be stupefied and corrupted. "Let us take no thought of the frost on other people's roofs, but let us each sweep the snow from his own doorstep. Let us all help each other and at once guard ourselves. Let each city guard each city, every town, every market, guard that town and that market. Every village community, every clan, guard its community, guard its clan, and prevent a single person becoming a Christian, and thus stupefy and injure the place by inviting the devil missionaries to the place to erect devil halls. "Fathers and elder brothers teach this song. By this act of virtue become happy. Lads and boys learn this song to prevent disaster and avoid disorder. When it is feared the devils are many, then you must exterminate them."

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TYRANTS IN UNIFORM.

HOW THEY DO THE STRANGERS IN GALICIA.

Where the Air is Said to Listen—People Who Love Their Mountain Homes—Roads With Crucifixes at Every Mile—How the People Worship.

There are two European Galicias. Each of these in their peasant life possesses great interest to the traveler. Spanish Galicia, comprising the northwestern provinces of Pontenedra, Lugo, Coruna and Orense, will ever hold for me the most tender recollections. Its Gallegan folk are the bravest, most patient and loyal in the world. They love their rugged mountain land with so passionate a devotion that they will suffer untold privation and even death before they will give it up. They become the "Gallegan dog" servant of all Spain, Portugal and Italy for half their lives, bearing inconceivable contumely, sacrifice and suffering that they may finally come back to dreary crags and wild and almost sterile glens to the ownership of a little cabin, a tiny patch of land, and to the them blessed right to lay their bones in the same graves as those who have labored, sacrificed and died, in precisely the same way, for ages before them. They are dumb folk, but not even a Spanish monarch, has ever dared attempt their enslavement.

The other Galicia is less tender and winsome in any of its aspects. It is indeed immeasurably more sombre and tragic. It is Austrian Poland. Every one remembers the history of ancient Poland; its line of warrior kings; its splendid and unwarded victories for Christianity over the Turks; its great universities; even its wonderful medieval literature; its kindly commoners and its peasant kings; and the final treachery of Russia's Catherine, which led to repeated dismemberment and partition of old Poland by Russia, Germany and Austria; with the horrors of a hundred years of insurrection, murder, slavery and despotism that followed.

It is all too horrible to dwell upon. Austria's portion of the Polish murder and rapine, Galicia, comprises an area of over 30,000 square miles, bounded north and east by Russia, on the south by Hungary and Bukovina, and on the west by Prussia and Austrian Silesia. Fully six million souls occupy this area. Of these about two and a quarter millions are Rusniaks—interchangeably called Ruthenians, Ruthenes, and Ruthenians, whom I shall call Ruthenians in these papers, and who are of Russian stock and tongue. A million and a half are Jews. The remainder are about equally divided between Austrian and Russian Germans.

Almost the entire nobility are of Polish extraction and are country loving and loving people. The peasantry are all Poles and Ruthenians. It will therefore be readily seen that nearly the entire inhabitants of Galician towns and cities are Polish Jews and Germans, the former greatly predominating. To illustrate, this ancient city whose population does not exceed 50,000 souls, contains 28,000 Jews. Lemberg, commercially the leading city of Galicia, has 60,000 Jews among its 100,000 people. And I have the honor of a friend, a Canadian resident of Kolomea, that among the 28,000 inhabitants of the latter city more than 21,000 are Jews.

Practically then, Austrian Galicia presents for study four classes—the Polish and Ruthenian peasantry who, while theoretically free men, are more slavish than slaves; the ancient Polish nobility who are either rich and great enough to live almost regally in Berlin, London or Paris, or home-loving enough to live upon their own estates something after the simple and patriarchal manner of Count Tolstoy, not very far to the north of them; the Jews who financially own both peasant and master body and soul, as well as all his business affairs of every name and nature; and the military who relentlessly control them all.

Austrian rule over its share of fallen Poland, which for the first three quarters of a century after its seizure was quite as cruel as that of the Russian plunderers to the north, has had the virtue of not having retained its more barbarous iniquities. It is still impossible to escape the clang of the sabre, the jingle of the spur, the challenge of the sentry and the almost intolerable insolence of the omnipresent soldiery. These uniformed tyrants are in every railway carriage or station. They accompany every coach. They dog the stranger from hotel to country-side and back again with imperturbable effrontery. They enter the home at will; and by their godless presence sully every sanctuary and pollute every shrine; while spies are so thick—swarming among all classes in the guise of officials, merchants, artisans, laborers, peasants and comprising in one form or other more than one twentieth of the entire population—that the very air is said to "listen" in Galicia.

Despite all this the Austrian Poles of Galicia live "in Paradise" in contrast with their brethren, ten miles north of city, in Russian Poland. The electoral reform law of 1878 gave the Galician Poles direct elections to the Vienna assembly by districts, thus breaking down the old clannish national Polish interest. The government has wisely encouraged agricultural reforms and awakened an emulative spirit between native Poles and Ruthenians and many small but thriving German agricultural colonies. And among other sensible things which should be first and best done in every farming community in the world—built roads that will vie in their enduring qualities with the finest to be found in England or New England.

Indeed in wandering through Galicia, I am not certain but that I could count these grand Galician roads as the greatest of all blessings of all time to the peasant Poles. Their general direction has been governed by the course of the great chain of Carpathian mountains which forms the Hungarian boundary on the south.

I am explicit regarding the thoroughness of Galicia, because without this, those who travel with me can hardly know Galician folk and their ways. Their roads furnish the outward seeming of their lives and affairs, threading to and from a score of countries add sharply defined peoples, is seen. From them every variation in outdoor daily life, aspect of quaint husbandry,

A GREAT FRENCH TAILOR.

He Made Uniforms For the Militair and Gave Satisfaction.

A French military tailor of great renown has lately joined the majority, after having outlived by more than a score of years the period of splendor and extravagance, in connection with army uniforms, which set in under the regime of the First Consul, and came to a close simultaneously with the fall of the Second Empire. M. Paule, the "artist" in question, whose funeral took place in Paris the day before yesterday, had himself been a soldier before the thirties, and on the accession of Charles X. was transferred from the stately corps of the Guard Cuirassiers to a crack Hussar regiment, in which his sartorial talent soon enabled him to attain the position of "tailleur-en-chef." His reputation for good taste and correct judgment spread rapidly throughout the French army, so that in course of time the Clothing Board accustomed itself to consult him respecting all important changes in uniforms and equipments, and it became his privilege to set the fashions, for the French cavalry in particular.

Paule's influence endured through the reigns of the Citizen King and of "the nephew of his uncle." Under the former dispensation he invited the crimson peg-tops which were patronized by Louis Philippe's soldier son, the Duc d'Angame, and speedily established themselves in the favor of the French Army; under the latter he designed the picturesque uniform of the Imperial Guides, when that fashionable corps was formed under the auspices of Louis Napoleon's favorite aide-de-camp, Col. Fleury. The late Emperor held Paule's gait in such high estimation that he would not wear any military dress which had not been turned out by the famous ex-hussar, who was, moreover, honored by a special command to "create" the first uniform—that of a Grenadier of Guards—ever induced by the Prince Imperial.

Paule's taste, which seemed to have suited Legitimists, Orleanists and Bonapartists equally well, was of the florid order, and by no means accorded with the sober and simple military fashions which came into vogue with the third republic. He was a staunch advocate of the colored plumes and glossy bearskins, glittering gorgets and aiguillettes, richly embroidered sashes, braided pelisses, and fur trimmed dolmans, shining shakoos, kalpaks, and overalls, burnished handlovers and pipe-clayed gauntlets, richly gilded swordknives, belts, and sabres—in short, of all the spendthrift magnificence with which the French army was accoutred and equipped by the First Napoleon, and which but slightly modified by his Bourbon successors—all three equally anxious to avoid going unbragging to soldiers' graves in all its gaudy glory by the young son of Queen Hortense, when for the second time, the Imperial eagle supplanted the Royal lilies in the French army.

Marshall Wilder's Experiences. The way in which Marshall Wilder chose this method of earning a way in the world was merely accidental. As a child he was delicate and afflicted. He was not strong enough to play with boys of his own age, and his sole experience of life was gained by sitting propped up in a high chair at the window and observing people passing up and down the street. Debarred from active participation in the work or pleasures of existence, the senses became abnormally acute. The little invalid commenced unconsciously to mimic the strange sounds he heard as he sat in the casement.

He gradually learned to imitate the unusual accents of foreigners, the brogue of Irishmen, the cockney dialect, the German guttural. His father, Dr. Wilder, was glad to see the little fellow's mind interested in this harmless diversion and encouraged him by laughing at his attempts to portray the unusual things he had heard at the window.

One evening Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) was dining with the Wilder family, and in order to give his share in the evening's enjoyment the boy ventured to mimic a conversation which he had heard that afternoon between a policeman and the Dutch grocer. Mrs. Croly was highly amused. She invited the boy to come to one of her receptions and entertain her guests. Dr. Wilder took the little chap over to Mrs. Croly's house soon afterward, and after some persuasion the boy was induced to display his remarkable talent.

The band which I visited was a fair example of them all. It had just come upon the southern slopes of the mountains from the valleys with their herbs, but its members had already built a mountain village of thirty huts. These were of tree limbs, bark and leaves, large and comfortable, but all opening to the south. All the band, including women, were dressed in the untanned skins of the goat with hoods and sandals of the same material. They do not remain long in these sylvan huts, but, as the summer advances, leave them, never to return to the same structures, for the higher grazing lands, where new homes are built with each change of location. Each band really comprises one immense family, patriarchal in system, and, as nearly as I could judge, to a great extent communal in regard to their little gainings. By nature they are full of sentiment, and are rude poets and artists of no mean quality. The mountain gins around them constantly re-echo their wild and endless vocal melodies, and the exultant notes of the cig-zig-zig and the splendid enthusiasm of their movements through one whom of an evening they engage in the czardas, as only these strong-legged mountaineers can whirl and leap in this weird Hungarian national dance. They are Arcadians pure and simple; simple, good and pure.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A Good One of Oscar Wild's.

A good thing, attributed rightly or wrongly to Mr. Oscar Wilde, is going the round of the dinner tables. Oscar, so the story goes, was once profoundly bored after dinner and much irritated at the tardiness of his hostess in leaving the table and making way for the cigarites. Suddenly some one remarked that a lamp on the table was smoking "Happy lamp!" said Oscar, and the hostess took the hint.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

She swaveth gently to and fro, She treadeth only on her toe, And when I ask the reason why, The licensee maketh doth reply: "Dear Edmund Russell doth so."

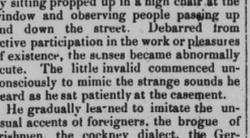
Delirium tremens. She swaveth gently to and fro, She treadeth only on her toe, And when I ask the reason why, The licensee maketh doth reply: "Dear Edmund Russell doth so."

"And who my Edmund Russell be?" "Tis thus I catche her: She looketh in a mirror on me; She saith, 'In truth, I play thee'; She craveth, 'Shameth and these'; The high priest of Delirium tremens, A type of wan fanaticity, Out of his delectation saith so."

She futtereth her wrists Just like that matches man; She doeth her hair tress-tress, Though I don't see how she can, The white and silver tresses, She liketh it till vague mista tresseth her, and she saith: Just like that price of priests, The pale Deliriant.

Buffalo Courier.

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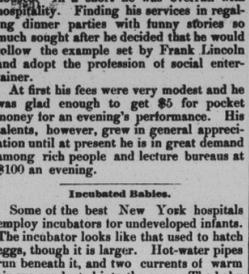
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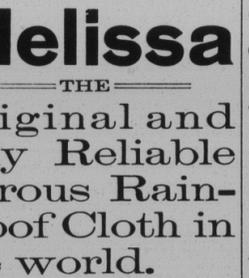


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St. JOHN, N. B., March 28th, 1892. To the Directors of The Dominion Safety Fund Life Association: GENTLEMEN,—We the undersigned, beg to acknowledge receipt of the sum of Fifty-five Dollars, cash, paid to each of us; being a FIRST Bonus under the terms of our Specific Tontine Policies, issued in May, 1891. These policies continue in force for the full amount, with provision for further Bonuses. We heartily recommend THE DOMINION SAFETY FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION to the Public for reliability and promptitude.

MARSTON GULLOOD, W. G. LES, FRED C. JONES, WALTER BARKIN, A. L. GOODWIN, J. B. ANDREWS, H. F. FINLEY, RICHARD RODGERS.

The Association has over \$250 of Assets for every \$100 of Liability and holds the same RESERVE that Level Premium Companies do. Full Dominion Deposit. A Dominion License. Official Inspection. For further information apply to our agents, or to CHAS. CAMPBELL, Sec'y.

Anything new lined naturally in one in an English count of the district of "Bulls Eye." I have a gain in ginger beer a juice cordial. Glass full of but I do not remember without

The heads are skinned. Split it for you. receiving a calf brains, flow the them as it for boil them in salt an hour, and put into cold water cold fresh water out the blood, cook it as soon should be thorough over done. hours. When boiled, lay it in a pan, and it comes from the rather fine, and a quantity of the nuts over it and freshly boiled butter and milk. brown.

Take the neck and cut it into Put a piece of egg in a saucer into it two med them fry in the ly; take them a ful of curry into the butter, full of good smooth, add the onions; let it squeeze in the into the centr

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SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Specialty Prepared from Practical Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress."

The following sheet of copy was uniformly omitted in last week's letter. It contains some important points and is printed here in order to enable our readers to better understand how to make an omelet. It is as follows:

About Omelets. An omelet can not be made properly in a pan that is used for everything. To insure its being clean, put in a small quantity of fat or butter; let it boil, then pour it away and wipe the pan with a clean cloth. The fat that the omelet is fried in should be heated very gently or it will brown and spoil the color of the omelet. The number of eggs should not be large. If more than six are wanted, make two omelets. The pan should never be washed, but scraped and wiped dry with a cloth. If it is washed, probably the next omelet fried in it will be a failure. A very small quantity of salt should be put in, as salt keeps the eggs from rising. The secret of the beautiful, rich golden color that it should be is the clean pan that is used for nothing else but omelets.

Ignorance or contempt for the foregoing details is the cause of so many failures in making omelets. It is a simple, wholesome and inexpensive dish, and yet it is seldom met with in perfection outside of professional cooks domain. The flavoring may be varied indefinitely, but the process is always the same. We will begin with the plain omelet, and when it is known how to make this properly, it will be a very easy matter to make any kind of omelet, except an omelet soufflee, which is a widely different process, and which will be described at another time.

Plain Omelet. Take a clean omelet pan that has only been used for omelets before, and for one portion put into it a piece of butter the size of an egg, set it on the range where it will gradually come to the boil, while break two eggs separately, to see if they are good, into a cup, then put them into a bowl with a tablespoonful of milk or cream, a little salt and pepper. Next, with a fork or egg beater, beat all up together, till it is quite frothy, and when the butter in the pan froths up, pour in quickly the eggs which you should continue to beat till the last moment. Take a large spoon and stir it all up very quickly, keeping the pan in a moderately hot part of the range, and scraping the bottom of the pan all the time to prevent the omelet from sticking and burning. As soon as it begins to set, take the frying pan a little from the fire, and with the left hand raise the handle to a slanting position and work the omelet with the spoon to a half moon shape opposite the handle. Hold it for a few seconds in this position over the hot fire to give the under surface a golden brown color, and then deftly turn it down side up, on a hot dish, and serve immediately.

A Pleasant Drink. Anything new in the eating or drinking line naturally interests me, and having noticed in an English catering journal an account of the discovery of a new drink called "Bulls Eye," I was led to try it and found it so good that I think it worth repeating. Here it is: To a tumbler full of good ginger beer add 1/2 a wine glass of lime juice cordial. The inventor added a wine glass full of Scotch whiskey to his, but I do not recommend that. It is good enough without.

A New Dish. Casting about for my larder one day this week for something for a change, and finding nothing that could be "worked up" but the remains of a joint of roast beef, and ditto of a bottle of pickled walnuts—both articles, as they were, almost useless—it occurred to me to try an experiment: the result of which was a most appetizing dish, but alas! it was not touched by those for whom it was intended (they have not much faith in anything that savours of "resurrection pie.") However, what was their loss was a gain to the employee, and I think the dish only wants a nice sounding name to make it popular. I call it a new dish because I have never seen or heard of it before. This is the way it was done: Cut all the meat from the bones, mince it a small quantity of chopped shallots that has been stewed in a little vinegar for about 20 minutes or half an hour, to a pound of meat, mix in a tablespoonful of pickled walnuts. Mix altogether, sprinkle a quantity of the black figger of the walnuts over it and lay spread a layer of freshly boiled mashed potatoes done with butter and milk, on the top, and bake till brown.

Calf's Head. The heads are usually sold by the butcher skinned. Get your butcher also to split it for you. The first thing to do on receiving a calf's head is to remove the brains, throw them into cold water and let them soak for an hour, drain them and boil them in salt and water for a quarter of an hour, and put them aside. Put the head into cold water and wash it well, lay it in cold fresh water and leave it there to draw out the blood, &c. It is always best to cook it as soon as possible, and while it should be thoroughly cooked, it should not be over done. Time to boil, from 1/2 to 2 hours. When it is to be served plain boiled, lay it cheek upwards on the dish as it comes from the water, garnish with slices of lemon, and serve the brains chopped up in a nice butter sauce in a sauce boat.

Calf's Head, Curried. Take the remains of a boiled calf's head and cut it into pieces about an inch square. Put a piece of butter the size of a large egg in a saucpan, let it melt, then slice into it two medium sized onions, and let them fry in the butter until browned lightly; take them out and stir a desert spoonful of curry powder gradually and smoothly into the butter, and afterwards a small cupful of good stock. When the sauce is quite smooth, add the cold calf's head and the onions; let it boil ten minutes, at the last squeeze in the juice of half a lemon. Put it into the centre of a dish with a border of

rice round it. If necessary a little more stock may be added, but curries should not be watery.

To Boil Rice for Curry. Wash half a pound of Patna rice in three waters, drain it, and pick out every discolored grain. Put two quarts of water into a saucpan with a teaspoonful of salt, when it boils throw in the rice, and boil for ten minutes, or till each grain becomes rather soft; drain it into a colander, slightly grease the pot it was boiled in, with butter, and put the rice back into it and cover tightly; let it swell slowly for about twenty minutes near the fire, or in a slow oven. Each grain will then swell up, and be well separated, presenting a pleasing appearance instead of the pasty mess so often seen.

Calf's Head Fried. Cut the remains of a cold calf's head into pieces about an inch and a half wide. Lay them for three hours in a pickle made of two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, the same of white wine, some salt, pepper and powdered cinnamon. Take them out, drain them, and dip each piece into a batter. Fry them in boiling fat till they are a bright brown, and pile them in a pyramid on a hot dish.

Mock Turtle Soup. Boil a calf's head gently for an hour and a half, cut the meat into pieces about an inch square and throw them into cold water. Drain and put into a saucpan, cover with stock, and let them simmer gently for another hour and a half. Put three quarts of nicely flavored stock into a separate saucpan, and with it a tea spoonful of minced tyme, a tea spoonful of marjoram, four bay-leaves, three desert spoonfuls of chopped parsley, half an ounce of whole pepper, half an ounce of salt, three onions with four cloves stuck in them, half a head of celery or a few celery seeds, and two table-spoonfuls of mushroom ketchup. Let these simmer slowly for two hours. Strain the liquor, thicken it with two table spoonfuls of flour, mixed with a little cold water, and added gradually, then pour it into the same saucpan as the meat, add 1/2 a pint of sherry, eight or nine forcemeat balls (one for each person) the hard boiled yolks of five eggs, and the juice of a lemon. Let all simmer for a few minutes and serve. The forcemeat balls should be made by mixing well together the brains, a cupful of finely-grated bread crumbs, a little salt, pepper, nutmeg, and parsley, three ounces of butter and two eggs. Form them into balls the size of nutmegs, fry them in hot lard or dripping, and drain them from the fat before they are added to the soup.

Prayers That Cost Money. In the case of the Golden Lion, an endowment society with some 12,000 members, upon a hearing before Justice Allen of the supreme court of Massachusetts, one of the officers was asked what position he held in the corporation; he answered that he was the supreme chaplain. Asked what were his duties, he stated that he opened the supreme session with prayer. Asked if he was a clergyman, he replied that he was not; and upon inquiry as to his occupation prior to his appointment to the position of supreme chaplain, he stated that he had been a clerk. I think, in a grocery store, at fifteen dollars per week. Asked again what his salary as supreme chaplain, he answered \$7,500 per year. As the supreme session of the Golden Lion was held but once in two years, it will be seen that the cost to the certificate-holders for the service of this supreme chaplain was \$15,000 for a prayer. Evidently prayers come high, but the endowment corporations must have them, and assuredly nobody needs them more.

What a Woman Does. The guileless man who asked this foolish question got this answer from a woman. Having kept a statistical account for one year, she gave the result as follows: Number of lunches put up, 1,157; meals ordered, 963; desserts made, 172; lamps filled, 328; rooms dusted, 2,259; times dressed children, 786; visits received, 897; visits paid, 167; books read, 88; papers read, 553; stories read aloud, 234; games played, 329; church services attended, 125; articles mended, 1,296; articles of clothing made, 120; fancy articles made, 56; letters written, 426; hours in music, 20 1/2; hours in Sunday school work, 208; hours in gardening, 49; sick days, 44; amusements attended, 10.

Besides the above I nursed two children through measles, twice cleaned every nook and corner of my house, put up seventy-five jars of pickles and preserves, made seven trips to the dentist's, dyed Easter eggs, polished silver and spent seven days in helping nurse a friend who was ill, besides the thousand and one duties too small to be mentioned, yet taking time to perform." Now we hoped that man is satisfied; if not he try himself.

Sarah's Bernhard's Voice. Lieutenant Gianni, Bettini, a cultured young Italian, who has for several years been working at improving the phonograph, has now produced a micro-phonograph which, it is said, has reached a remarkable degree of perfection. Among those who recently visited the inventor's rooms in New York to try the instrument was Mme. Bernhard. She was dressed on the occasion in a gorgeous lavender dress, and she took up her position in front of the phonograph, which had been warranted to repeat all the tones of her wonderful voice. "Recite something," invited the lieutenant, and Sarah broke forth into one of the scolding scenes of "Frou Frou." When she had finished, the lieutenant set the machine going, and every shade of Sarah's voice was given perfectly. The artist was so pleased that she declared she would like to own such a phonograph for the sake of hearing her own tones as others heard them.

Sample Chocolate Free. A postal card addressed to C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal, will secure you samples of Menier's delicious imported Chocolate, with directions for using.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

I am afraid, my dear girls, that some letters, or rather answers to letters, have been getting mailed lately, because, there are several letters which I answered long ago, and yet I have never seen the answers in print. One was to "Lucille," Nova Scotia, another to "Mrs. One," St. John, and one or two more which I cannot remember. So you must not think the fault is mine.

ALFRETTA, North America.—It is very good of you to write and thank me for the answers, and I am very glad to know you are pleased with them, and like the column so much. You did not trouble me at all, but you service me as I should like a little time to hunt up the subjects asked about, and so you have to wait for your answers. I shall always be glad to hear from you.

APPLE.—It really is too bad, and I am more sorry for you than I can tell! It was a most unfortunate occurrence. How do people find these things out so easily? Never mind they shall not do so in future if I can help it. Perhaps that may be the reason. Thank you very much for what you say about the genial "Sarah," but after all she has only succeeded in showing me how many friends I had, and so she did me a service as I am fond herself, whoever she may be. You know Emerson says:

"If he has a thousand friends, Has not a friend to spare, He who has a thousand friends, Shall meet him everywhere."

So if I have a thousand friends, I need not mind the one enemy, even so utterly spiteful and vindictive an enemy as "Sarah." No, the question was about a letter. Be very careful about bestowing your photographs. Only give them to old friends amongst the opposite sex. I do not see any harm in it, if he is an old friend, and your parents do not object. It was a very pleasant little letter, and, of course, I read it.

META, St. John.—You see I have complied with your request about answering this, but I did not forget you. You are a very good girl, and I hope your reward will come soon. I trust your mother has recovered long before this. If children and old people are loved here, I think itself is a sufficient recommendation. I do not wonder that "he" cares for you, and I think you must be very attractive; I love brown eyes. (1) I had a list of the different meanings of moles, but somehow I have managed to lose it; I remember, however, that moles on either cheek denote an industrious, benevolent, and sober disposition given to be grave and solemn, little inclined to love or flirtation, not of a steady courage and unshaken fortitude, moderate success in life, a happy marriage and two children. Now, is not that quite a fortune? And it is all true, at least so I have read. And so you are a writer too? I wonder if I have ever seen any of your writings. Do not give your lover up, if you really care for him, and I advise you, it is your duty to be true to him, and to think you should have a full explanation he cannot understand in connection with the trouble between you. The first lines are from Jean Ingelow's celebrated poem "The Girl Who Said 'No' to Her Lover." Write to me again some time and tell me how you are getting on, as I shall be anxious to hear.

GIRL, St. John.—I think you are a very sensible little girl for one so young, and I should not have minded if you had asked me more questions. I do admire you more than I can express, for your loyal and loving friendship. You take a most sensible view of the whole matter. A man who will speak slightly of one girl, without cause, would be sure to do so of another. I think it is your plain duty to tell your friend, and warn her against a friendship with such a man. I would not tell her exactly what he said, if you think it will hurt her feelings; merely tell her that she speaks of her in a disrespectful manner when she is not present, and, if she should doubt you, as friends some-times will, then tell her the rest if you find it necessary. Write to him whenever you like; I shall be glad to hear from you.

CORREX, St. John. No, not the least apology is necessary, your sex are always welcome to a corner in our kingdom—that is of course—the very nice ones amongst the sex. Yes! you are quite right, I am "beautiful," all stars are, and I am sure you would think so if you would see me. I have never been able yet to find out whether Geoffrey thinks so or not, but I hope he does. Thank you for the delightful compliment, surely you ought to know that any woman would be willing to have her "valuable time" taken up indefinitely in such a pleasant manner. I really cannot answer your question about the publication mentioned, very definitely just now, as I know so little about it, but last year PROGRESS published an article on the subject, the tenor of which went to prove that it was a gigantic "fake" and that the prizes consisted largely of pewter butter knives. However, one of my friends has just been notified that she is one of the five first prize winners, I am anxiously waiting further tidings, but shall be better able to answer your question next week, at least I hope I shall, and I will not forget you. This lady has sent the money, and is now awaiting further developments. You see my opinion is not so very "weighty" after all.

JUMBO.—Thank you very kindly for the sympathy you express. And so you are a fellow sufferer? Who in the world criticised you so savagely? and what had you done? All great geniuses have been criticised you know, so logical conclusion made that we belong to that distinguished class, but I do not think we are made of such fragile material as poor Keats who died of an article in the Saturday Review, I think it was. To tell you the truth I feel rather sorry for "Sarah" now; she has had so many hard things said about her, poor soul, and she gained so little by her effort to injure me. I can scarcely decide to whom you pay

We are Alive

To the wants of our customers, and are always on the lookout for improvements and new things that will prove to your advantage. Our Four Leaders are genuine favorites and the Ladies will appreciate them.

Ladies' Bright Dongola Buttoned Boots, \$2.00; Bright Dongola Buttoned Boots, \$2.00; Bright Dongola Buttoned Boots, \$1.75; Bright Dongola Buttoned Boots, \$1.75.

These are all different Styles and have the neat appearance and wearing qualities of many boots sold for \$3.00.

WATERBURY & RISING, - - 34 KING AND 212 UNION STS.

Special to Parents:

You will kindly send age and breast measurement of your Boys and state whether you wish Light or Dark Suits for School or Dress purposes. For a child from 3 years and upwards give age only, and we can send you a daisy little Suit that cannot fail to suit him. In each case they will be subject to examination and return. Our Goods are all New and Prices Low. Men's Suits at \$3.75.

NEW ROYAL CLOTHING STORE, 47 KING STREET, St. John, N. B. R. W. LEETCH, Prop.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS COMPANY.

Curtains Cleaned and Dyed by a French Process.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Low Rate ONE-WAY Excursions TOURIST SLEEPING CARS, Minneapolis & St. Paul "SOO LINE," Saturdays, MARCH, APRIL and MAY, 1892.

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL. THE GREAT Canadian Emporium

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, CURTAINS, FURNITURE. CHINA and GLASSWARE, BOOKS and STATIONERY, READY-MADE CLOTHING.

For ONE MONTH Only. A great reduction will be made in Hair Switches AT THE ST. JOHN HAIR STORE 113 Charlotte St. Opp. DuRoi's Hotel

RAILWAYS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Low Rate ONE-WAY Excursions TOURIST SLEEPING CARS, Minneapolis & St. Paul "SOO LINE," Saturdays, MARCH, APRIL and MAY, 1892.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. After Oct. 19, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Cambridgeport, 7:45; for Point de Chen, 10:30; for Halifax, 14:0; for Sussex, 16:30; for Quebec and Montreal, 18:30.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y. Winter Arrangements. On and after Monday 18th Jan., 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

For ONE MONTH Only. A great reduction will be made in Hair Switches AT THE ST. JOHN HAIR STORE 113 Charlotte St. Opp. DuRoi's Hotel

International Steamship Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON COMMENCING Nov. 2, 1891

CHANGE OF SAILINGS. BAY OF FUNDY S.S. CO. (LTD.) S.S. "ALPHA" WILL ON and after WEDNESDAY, the 3rd day of March, 1892, sail from the Company's Pier, Rec'd's Point, St. John, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 12:00 a.m.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HORSERADISH AND ANISEED. FOR GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Easter Cards and Booklets J. & A. McMILLAN'S, Booksellers and Stationers, 98 & 100 Prince Wm. Street, St. John N. B. WORTH REMEMBERING! Ferguson & Page Always carry a large stock and are continually receiving New Goods in Watches, Jewelry, Solid Silver, Electro Plate, Clocks, Bronzes and all goods pertaining to the Jewelry Business. Call at 43 King Street. Excellent Value in Bedroom & Parlor Suits, F. A. JONES, 34 Dock Street. EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT GIVEN.

The Grand Piano PLAYED AND ENDORSED BY The World's Most Eminent Musicians and Pronounced by Them THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE. G. HOBBS & SONS, St. John, N. B. Agents for the Maritime Provinces.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

A statistician gives the number of newspapers in the world at 83,000. Only twelve in the United States have a daily circulation of 100,000 copies.

The year 1900 will not be a leap year. Only those centennial years—years that end a century—are bi-sexile whose first two figures are divisible without a remainder by four.

The world's oldest and largest vessel was used in ancient law to describe different kinds of wrecked goods. Goods floated away when a ship was wrecked and goods jetsam were those cast over from a ship in peril.

The earliest known lens is one of rock crystal unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British museum, as bright and as clear as it was the day it left the maker's hands.

In distance the moon is 240,000 miles away from our earth, around which she gravitates like a satellite. Her diameter is about 2,153 miles, she has a solid surface of 14,600,000 miles and a solid content of about 10,000 of cubic miles.

The average age at which women marry is 25.5. Married women live two years longer than single women, although one woman in seventy dies in childbirth. February is the month in which the greatest number of births occur; June in which occur the fewest.

The first recorded patent of a sewing machine was issued in 1755. Since then there have been hundreds, perhaps thousands of improvements and many patents issued. The machine in its present condition owes much, however, to Elias Howe, as it was through his efforts that much of its perfection and popularity came about.

The latest determinations of ocean depths, fixes the mean depth of all the oceans at 3,803 metres, or about 12,700 feet, less than two and half miles. The Pacific ocean averages about 1,100 feet deeper than the Atlantic. The North Atlantic is deeper than the Southern Atlantic, and the Arctic ocean grows shallower the nearer the pole is approached.

In ancient times gold was obtained abundantly from the rivers of Asia. The sands of Pactolus, the golden fleece secured by the Argonauts, the yellow metal of Ophir, the table of King Midas, all illustrate the Eastern origin of gold. Alexander the Great brought nearly \$500,000,000 of gold from Persia. Gold also came from Arabia and from the middle of Africa by way of the Nile. But all of these famous sources of supply were long ago exhausted.

Queensland occupies the northeastern portion of Australia. It was discovered by Capt. James Cook in 1770. It was first attached to New South Wales under the name of the Moreton Bay district. In 1825 the first convicts were landed there and employed in making roads and other public improvements. Convict immigration ceased in 1839, and in 1842 the country was thrown open to free settlers, and in 1859 it was erected into an independent colony. Its area, including the coast islands, is 678,000 square miles, and the population was estimated in 1873 to be about 146,630, though this is exclusive of the aborigines, it being impossible to gain a reliable estimate of their number.

It was supposed a few years ago that the ocean bottom was largely a counter-part of the land features of the globe, with its mighty mountain ranges pushing up toward the surface of the sea, and deep valleys and glens sinking to almost unfathomable depths. This is found to be true only to a limited extent. Here and there, to be sure, mighty mountains push toward the surface or rise above it, forming islands; and then, again, the bottom sinks in a narrow trough, as off the northeast coast of Japan, until it seems as though the sounding line could never measure its depth. But the ocean bed, in the main, is found gently to undulate, and would appear, if it could be observed, as of a slightly rolling plain.

A lately invented device brought forward by a Western engineer proposes to utilize the waste steam from locomotives during their frequent stops at way stations, made necessary for taking in fuel, water, and for other purposes, the steam saved by this method to be applied to the pumping of water for filling the tanks or reservoirs about the station. In a large number of cases, as is well known, large stations have to be supplied with an engine and steam pump, using fuel for making steam. Under these circumstances it is claimed that the first cost of the proposed plan will be less than that required for the ordinary steam pumping arrangements now in vogue, and, as the latter also involves an attendant, more than the entire cost of steam is gained by the use of the new method.

Vaccination as a preventive of small-pox was discovered by Dr. Edward Jenner, an English physician. His attention was directed to the subject upon casually hearing that persons engaged in milking cows frequently had the cow-pox, a mild disorder of the eruptive kind appearing on the udder of the animal, and communicated in a similar form to their hands and arms, that the belief was common among the agricultural classes that whoever had taken the disease was secure against the infection of small-pox. After frequent experiments he ascertained that only one form of the eruption on the cow's udder possessed this property, a number of these experiments being made upon his son, a boy 6 years old. He labored against opposition for many years before the value of his discovery was acknowledged by the medical profession.

A baby is born at every beat of the human heart. That is more than one for every tick of the clock. These "living jewels" dropped unstained from heaven take wings and fly back whence they came

one for every minute of the day. From January 1 to December 31 between 38,000,000 and 40,000,000 living jewels are dropped into the cold world. There are more baby girls than boy babies. The proportion of female births to male births is as 100 to 90. So that between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 more girls are born in the world each year than boys. There is always a surplus of women, and the extra number of girl babies keep up the supply. The rate of infant mortality is enormous. In round numbers 5,000,000 babies never live long enough to walk, 5,000,000 more never have a chance to walk or run, and 5,000,000 more never get old enough to go to school.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.
"Why is it that Fikil has such an admiration for blondes?" "I don't know. Perhaps it is because his wife is a brunette."
Goslin—"What expressive eyes Miss Amy has!" Dolley (who has proposed to her)—"Yes; her noes are very expressive, too."
"A Bad Business—Jimmie—"How's business?" "Cracker—"Bad, very bad," Jimmie—"What yer been doin' lately?" "Cracker—"Robbin' sales,"—N.Y. Weekly.

Editor—"Yes." Stranger—"How do you manage to make a living out of it?" Editor—"I'm coroner."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dobber (displaying portrait of Miss Snodgrass)—"There, sir, don't you think that is a speaking likeness?" Snodgrass—"Hardly. There's too much repose about the mouth."
She—"There's no poetry in a kiss. It's like a trunk. He—Like a trunk? She—"You can always find a man to express it; and it's wiser to check it if you don't want it to go too far."

"Isn't it a little late to be darning stockings?" asked Glim, as he went home at 11.30 and found his wife at that work. "O, it is never too late to mend," replied the industrious woman.

Benefactor—"Are you too weak to work?" "Tramp (indignantly)—"Sir!" Benefactor—"I mean does it make you tired to work?" "Tramp—"I don't know. I never tried it to find out."
Judge.

Caucus—"We want to nominate you as our candidate." Citizen—"But I've never done anything to—" Caucus—"Oh, that's all right. Just wait till the opposition newspapers open out on you."
Editor—"And so that is the great leader of society? Why, I thought he owned that establishment. I have noticed him coming out so often." Bertie—"Of course. He goes in daily to have his hat stretched."
Tourist—"So you teach the young idea how to shoot, eh?" "Texas School Teacher—"No, stranger, pistol practice hasn't one of the regular studies at our school, but I think it ought to be, by jinks!"—Kate Field's Washington.

Charlie Youngnoodle—Do you know, Miss Alice, that you have sapphiric eyes, ruby lips, and golden hair? Alice—Go away! But there is one thing I haven't got. Charlie Youngnoodle—What's that? Alice—A diamond ring.
Friend—"How sad you look!" Mrs. Truedagain—"Lost my husband recently, you know, and—" Friend—"Yes, but you can get another one." Mrs. Truedagain—"I have got another, but he is worse than the first."—Truth.

Gilboly—"They say pearls mean tears, but I guess it's all humbug." Gus De Smith—"No, it's not." "How do you know?" "My wife wanted some and I didn't get them for her. You bet pearls mean tears every time."—Texas Siftings.

A big job on hand.—Cleverton—"What's your hurry, old man?" Dashaway—"I haven't a moment to spare. I've got to attend a reception this evening, and I'm going around to my laundryman to see if I can borrow one of my collars."—Clothes and Furnisher.

Family physician—Well, I must congratulate you. Patient (quite excited)—I will recover? Family physician—Not exactly, but—well, after consultation, we find that your disease is entirely novel, and, if the autopsy should demonstrate that fact, we have decided to name it after you.
"I suppose you haven't forgotten that it is leap year," he said, as he looked at his watch, "and so I must be careful not to lead the conversation in a dangerous direction," and he laughed. "I had quite forgotten it," she said, with a yawn; "what's the use of remembering it when you never meet a man who is worth proposing to?" This time he didn't laugh.

The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary vocal powers, and had exercised them, much to Johnnie's annoyance. One day he said to his mother: "Ma, my little brother came from heaven, didn't he?" "Yes, dear," Johnny was silent for some time, and then he went on: "Say ma." "What is it, Johnny?" "I don't blame the angels for bouncing him, do you?"
Miss Gale (at a Chicago tea)—"I've heard so much about these Boston fellows being so clever, but I don't catch on to it. They strike me as being pretty slow all that?" Miss Breeze—"What makes you think that?" Miss Gale—"Well, there's that Mr. Bean; I was introduced to him half an hour ago, and he hasn't been talking to ever since, and he hasn't asked me to marry him yet."—Boston Courier.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Queen Victoria is said to be the only living person who has known and talked with Sir Walter Scott.

The Queen of Greece is the best Royal needlewoman in Europe; she cuts out and makes most of her own underclothing.

King Christian of Denmark goes about the streets of Copenhagen in a plug hat and isn't even saluted by the people he meets.

Pullman's daughter, Julia selects the names for all of his sleeping and palace cars, and he is said to pay her \$1,000 a year for the exercise of her ingenuity.

During the whole course of his life Mr. Gladstone has only written three anonymous articles, and the authorship leaked out in each case a fortnight after the date of publication.

Max O'Rell says that every one, except kings and the prime ministers a few great powers, like to be interviewed; and he considers it a compliment to be asked to give a newspaper his ideas.

Mrs. Langtry is said to have the largest collection of fans in the world, representing almost every era. A special room has been designed for them by Oscar Wilde, walls and ceiling and rare cabinets being used to receive the dainty triffles.

Prince George of Wales, it is said, will not marry his cousin, the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, because she is so unattractive, and to possess so long and sharp a nose that since her sister was married she has been dubbed "The Solitary Snipe" by certain heartless people.

The assertion that Count Leo Tolstoy was obliged to leave Moscow and was sent off to his estate is purely a fabrication. The famous author is now living on the estate of his late friend Ruzhicki, in the Dankoff district, in the province of Riazan, where he is carrying on his philanthropic work of relieving the famine stricken peasantry. He has already opened ninety soup kitchens, and the benefits received by his charitable efforts have spread like an oasis over a dismal desert.

George Kennan, the Siberian traveler, began life as a telegraph operator, and had the name of being the swiftest receiver of a telegraph message in the employ of the Western Union. He first went to Siberia at the time of the attempt to establish telegraphic communication between Europe and America via Behring Sea and Siberia, before the success of the Atlantic cables had been demonstrated. While in Siberia he did some writing for some newspapers, that determined his present career.

Louise Michel, the famous woman Socialist agitator, greatest advocate of one phase of the idea of "women's rights," whose life has been one wild turmoil of excitement, is reported to have settled down to the prosaic life of keeping school in a quiet corner in London, and to have determined to henceforth lead a quiet existence. The school is of the ordinary kind, and she will teach the young idea to shoot intellectual sprouts and not oppressive vicious Louise Michel is said to be not by any means the political figure of one time prominence allowed up in quiet retirement in London.

Five young Cabinet Daughters in Washington are well known for their practical, useful lives. Miss Blaine superintends her father's house, attends to the marketing and pays the bills; Miss Miller cares for the household affairs every week; Miss Wamaker looks over the overwhelming number of appeals for charity which are sent to the Treasury; Miss Rank presides at the hospitable Rusk mansion; while Miss Foster, the fresh-faced, sensible, natural young daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury, hired the her mother to do the unpacking and arranging of the furniture, and held two official receptions before her mother's arrival.

An amusing story is told of a certain occasion in the house of commons, when one Thomas Massey moved that the church of Henry VIII. should get rid of the name of "mas" in Christmas, and substitute in place of the too homish appellation the more Saxon one "tide," thus "Christide." O'Connell, who happened to be present, and who was seldom at a loss for the right word at the right time, moved that the honorable gentleman prized the old Saxon so much, he would do well to begin at home, namely, to Saxonize his own name. Let him do away with the "mass" in 'Thomas Massey Massey,' and put his beloved "tide" in the place of it, thus, "Tidey Tidey Tidey." Needless to say that the house roared at the complete turn of the tables on the objector to the "mas" in Christmas.

It was a curious scene, that which you saw when Mr. Gladstone was addressing the house of commons last Thursday afternoon, says a writer. The stranger in the back part of the gallery might have thought it all inexplicable dumb show, for all the splendid resonance of the voice has gone, there is an occasional huskiness, and it has to be carefully husbanded in a way that is infinitely pathetic to those who reflect on the heroic recklessness with which it was spent at one time in the service of great causes and of vast audiences. But he who was able to sit near, and above all, anybody who looked with eyes of insight on the house, could see the full marvels that were revealed. The house of commons in moments of supreme inspiration and emotion has about it something of that light that never was on land or sea. You may see, if you have no imagination and no readiness of responsive emotion, on even such occasions nothing but an array of somewhat shabby green benches, covered with scattered rows of commonplace men with the dread uniformity of English clothing. But if you look closer and sympathetically on such an occasion, you can see a rapt look on all these faces, has in it a certain beauty and a deep impressiveness. It is the soul peering with all its depths, so carefully hidden in ordinary times, its wealth of passion, tenderly reverent, ever; it is the soul revealing itself in its nudity, without shame, without resistance, without the power to resist.

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years, and found it does me more good than any other remedy. I have been troubled with what I call Sick Headache. A pain comes in the back part of my head first, and then soon a general headache until I become sick and vomit. At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, and sourness, when food seemed to rise up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on if I take a little August Flower it relieves me, and is the best remedy I have ever taken for it. For this reason I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury New Jersey, U. S. A.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda
IS NOTHING USUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. and \$1.00
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, EASTPORT.
I have had Rheumatism for five years. I found nothing to give satisfaction until I used Scott's Cure for Rheumatism, and it has proved a perfect cure—Yours truly,
Mrs. ELIZABETH MCCARTHY.

Scott's Cure FOR RHEUMATISM
is the greatest discovery of the age for the immediate relief of RHEUMATISM. Applied to a bruised surface, it will instantly relieve pain and allay inflammation. Scott's Cure is a preparation that no household should be without.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, King Street (West), St. John, N. B.
For sale by all Druggists.
Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50.

TURKISH DYES
EASY TO USE.
They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant.
SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.

WHOLESALE HARDWARE BUSINESS
this city, under the name and style of **Kerr & Robertson.**
Signed the 1st day of February, 1892.
WILLIAM KERR, JOHN M. ROBERTSON.
Having secured the premises No. 47 DOCK STREET, we hope to open for business about 15th inst.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!
Now in Stock for the Winter:
1600 BBLs. Choice Prince Edward Island and North Shore
OYSTERS.
Wholesale and Retail.
10 to 23 North Side King Street; J. D. TURNER.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY
Pool Room in Connection.
WILLIAM OLARK.

Kumiss Face Cream
FOR THE **Complexion.**
Send 10 Cents for Sample. 1408 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

PROFESSIONAL.
DR. J. H. MORRISON,
PRACTICE LIMITED TO EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.
Office after May 1st in McAvenny's Block, 171 Charlotte Street.

GORDON LIVINGSTON,
GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.
Collections Made. Remittances Prompt.
Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

R. G. MURRAY,
ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR,
Corner Church and Prince William Streets,
St. John, N. B.

DR. F. W. BARBOUR,
DENTIST,
FAIRVILLE, Office Hours: 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.
166 Princess Street, St. John, Office Hours, 2 to 4 p. m., 7 to 8.30 p. m.

DR. S. F. WILSON,
Late Clinical Assistant, Boho Square Hospital for Diseases of Women etc., London, England.
DISEASES OF WOMEN—A SPECIALTY.
142 PRINCESS STREET.
Electricity used after the methods of Apostoli. Superfluous Hair removed by Electrolysis.

J. E. HETHERINGTON, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
72 Sydney Street, corner Princess Street,
St. John, N. B.
Telephone 481.

JOHN L. CARLETON,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Offices: 72½ Prince Wm. Street,
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HARRIS G. FENETY, L. L. B.,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office: Pugsley's New Building,
St. John, N. B.
Money to loan on Real Estate.

H. B. ESMOND, M. D.,
(F. S. C., LONDON, ENG.)
CHRONIC DISEASES SUCCESSFULLY TREATED,
No. 14 MARKET SQUARE, HOULTON, MAINE.

CANCERS
removed without the use of the KNIFE, loss of blood or pain. Old Sores and Ulcers permanently healed. See Writers for particulars.

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

CLIMO.
This was the verdict of all who saw the skillfully wrought portraits.

COPIES, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS
AT VERY LOW RATES.
85 GERMAN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

"LABLACHE"
Face Powder.
R. W. McCARTHY, Druggist, 185 Union St.

Do You intend to Build?
Or make alterations in your house, if so send to us for estimate of Doors, Sashes, Balusters, Ralls, etc. Pattern sheets of Mouldings mailed free to any address.
A. Christie Wood-Working Co., City Road.

NOTICE.
WE have this day formed a Co-partnership for the purpose of carrying on the

WHOLESALE HARDWARE BUSINESS
this city, under the name and style of **Kerr & Robertson.**
Signed the 1st day of February, 1892.
WILLIAM KERR, JOHN M. ROBERTSON.
Having secured the premises No. 47 DOCK STREET, we hope to open for business about 15th inst.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!
Now in Stock for the Winter:
1600 BBLs. Choice Prince Edward Island and North Shore
OYSTERS.
Wholesale and Retail.
10 to 23 North Side King Street; J. D. TURNER.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY
Pool Room in Connection.
WILLIAM OLARK.

DAVID CONNELL,
Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St
Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.
See Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Wagon at short notice.

Complexion.
Send 10 Cents for Sample. 1408 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

INSURANCE FIRE
PLATE GLASS & INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE
S. W. FRANK & JOHN B. WILLIAMS
78 PRINCE STREET
INSURANCE
STEAM BOILER INSPECTION INSURANCE
ACCIDENT

A CENT
Dropped into the machine at Crockett's Drug Store, is the popular idea, when you want to get a Cent.

FOR A CENT.
In other words you can get your Pocket Handkerchief perfumed, without any trouble. Try it when you can!

CROCKET'S DRUG STORE
Cor. Princess and Sydney Streets.

DeFOREST'S CITY EXPRESS

MESSENGER SERVICE.

DOMINION EXPRESS OFFICE,
96 Prince Wm. Street.
Telephone 586.

ANDREW PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR.
FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUTTER WITH JAS. S. MAY & SON, begs leave to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the public generally, that he may now be found at his new store,

No. 70 Prince Wm Street,
with a NEW and FRESH Stock of Woolen Goods, personally selected in British, Foreign, and Domestic makes. Suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed First-class, at

S. R. FOSTER & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE, STEEL AND IRON-CUT NAILS, Etc.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. & J. HAY,
DEALERS IN Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, Fancy Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc.
JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED
76 KING STREET.

REMOVAL.
On or about May 1st, 1892, I will remove to No 63 Smythe Street, St. John, N. B.
J. THOMPSON, Practical Machinist,
WESTFIELD, - KING COUNTY, N. B.

WHIPPS!
Whalebone and Rawhide,
STOCKED JAVA AND KATAN.
A fine Selection just received, and for Sale Low at **WM. ROBB'S, 204 UNION ST.**

HOTELS.

BARKER HOUSE,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

CONNORS HOTEL,
CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B.
JOHN H. MCINERNEY, Proprietor.

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ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,
23 to 25 GERMANS STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts.

HOTEL DUFFERIN,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

Consu
To them at the sufferer's
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M. F. Eagar.
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M. F. Eagar.
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Bedford, N. B.

Mr. M. F. Eagar.
Dear Sir,—
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HAVE EVER USED
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Since giving
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M. F. Eagar.
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M. F. Eagar.
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Campbellton, N
Moncton,
St. Stephen,
Woodstock,
St. John,
Fredericton,

Guilty or Not Guilty?

We want every reader of PROGRESS who knows of people or has friends suffering from wasting diseases to apply to him or herself the above question. If they do not know of any one who is suffering from any of the following diseases.

Consumption, Paralysis, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.

They are Not Guilty; but if they know of any one who is afflicted with any of these fatal diseases and has not recommended

PHOSPHOLEINE

(Pronounced Fos-Fo-LEINE)

To them after reading such an array of evidence as is given below, then we can and must say that they must return against themselves a verdict of **GUILTY** of neglect in bringing before the sufferers a notice of this wonderful remedy, and thus enable them to regain health and strength. This much attention is due to your fellow beings who are either ailing or on their sure road to the grave. You must acknowledge that you have never before heard or seen a report of so many cures of people who are known to you either personally or by reputation, and any Physician who has used **PHOSPHOLEINE** will guarantee everything that has been said of its value. **LA GRIPPE** cannot get hold of those who take **PHOSPHOLEINE**, and those who have had the Grip are soon restored to strength and health by this source of life, or as cured consumptives style it "BOTTLED LIFE." Be useful in this world commencing by finding out who is sick in your neighbourhood, then be a neighbour unto them by seeing that they have a bottle of **PHOSPHOLEINE** at once, and you will enjoy the happiness of seeing your neighbour get well.

Mr. F. Eagar. WYOMOUTH, N. S.
Dear Sir,—I have used your Phospholeine in many cases for which it is recommended, and am well pleased with the way in which it acts. In a case of the most obstinate Chronic Bronchitis (the disease had baffled the usual treatment in such cases) your Phospholeine acted like a charm, and I ascribe the recovery entirely to the use of it. From my experience of it I feel justified in saying that it is an important remedial agent in all cases of Wasting Diseases, and I can heartily recommend it to the notice of the profession and public as a remedy of real merit.
HENRY D. RUGGLES, M. D.

Mr. Eagar. PLYMOUTH, MAINE.
Dear Sir,—At the time I first sent to you for the Phospholeine in June, 1882, I had a cold that I contracted in March. I coughed considerably and was reduced in weight. I tried several cough medicines without much benefit, my cough had become chronic, I commenced taking the Phospholeine and received immediate relief and soon commenced to gain in flesh. After taking four (4) bottles I felt like a new man, had gained 20 lbs. in weight and have not felt so well for several years, and have enjoyed very good health since. One thing more I wish to mention, for several years past I have been troubled with a numbness in the two middle fingers of each hand, sometimes the pain was quite severe, extending to the elbow. I consulted a physician who gave me some medicine that afforded only temporary relief. I am happy to say since taking the Phospholeine I have not had a recurrence of the trouble.
Very truly yours,
CLARENDON BUTMAN.
[Copy.]
YARMOUTH, N. S., July 30th, 1882.

Mr. F. Eagar, Esq., 157 Hollis street, Halifax.
Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to state that I have been prescribing your "Phospholeine" or "Cod Liver Cream" during the last two years, and the longer I use it the more gratified I am with the results.
H. L. KELLY, M. D.

Mr. F. Eagar, Esq., 157 Hollis street, Halifax.
Dear Sir,—I am very highly pleased with the action of your Phospholeine. It has been used in this Hospital in Pulmonary and other wasting Diseases with success, and, being so palatable, is a splendid substitute for the Crude Cod Liver Oil. Will you kindly let me know the lowest wholesale rate for a quantity for Hospital use?
Yours truly,
(Signed) C. O'REILLY, M. D., C. M., Supt.
Toronto.

I have often prescribed Eagar's Phospholeine, and as it has been invariably beneficial in the cases under my own observation, I have great pleasure in recording my testimony in its favor. Being a perfect emulsion it is easy of digestion, without producing nausea, which is of the very greatest importance in the class of Wasting Diseases it is especially designed to benefit. I have frequently seen it retained by the stomach when almost every other similar preparation has been tried and rejected.
R. ADLINGTON, M. D. (Edin.), M. R. C. S., England.
Bedford, N. S. Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario, &c.

Medical Electro Therapeutic Institute, Corner Jarvis and Gerrard Streets, Toronto, Ontario.
Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure that I can recommend your Phospholeine. In every case it has met my expectations, and is the finest preparation of the kind that I HAVE EVER USED. Some of my patients come to like the taste, and none call it unpleasant, which is very greatly in its favor. Enclosed, please find Post Office Order for \$36.05, to balance my account to date, and oblige me by sending another gross.
Yours very truly,
E. A. TEFFT, M. D.

SECOND CERTIFICATE FROM DR. SLAYTER.
Since giving you my last certificate I have had many opportunities of further testing your Phospholeine, and of comparing its action with the Emulsions and preparations of oil in the market. I may state that I BELIEVE IT TO BE THE BEST PREPARATION NOW OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC, the drugs and oils used being of the finest quality, while the facilities and machinery used for mixing them are of the most perfect kind. I have no hesitation in stating that where oil is indicated, Eagar's Cream (Phospholeine) will be found to be EVERYTHING that is CLAIMED FOR IT BY ITS PROPRIETOR.
W. B. SLAYTER, M. D., &c., &c., &c.
BATHURST VILLAGE, N. B.

Mr. F. Eagar, Esq.
Dear Sir,—Your Phospholeine has given me entire satisfaction, my patients too like it better than any other Emulsion. Its results are sometimes surprising, especially in wasting Diseases of children. Forward to me, per I. C. R., two doz. Phospholeine, and two doz. Wine of Rennet, enclosed find \$36.00, and oblige,
Yours truly,
G. M. DUNCAN, M. D.

Dr. Hardy, of Moncton, N. B., writes:—"I have tried Eagar's Phospholeine in many cases for which it is recommended with satisfactory results. I had a patient whose stomach absolutely refused to retain any preparation of Cod Liver Oil which I could devise, but so soon as EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE was administered no further trouble was experienced. I feel justified in saying that it is an important remedial agent in all cases of Wasting Diseases where nerve element and vital force requires nutrition."
FROM REV. DR. HILL.
HALIFAX, N. S.

Mr. F. Eagar, Esq.
Dear Sir,—I feel it is duty to you that I should say publicly what I have said privately very many times, namely, that I firmly believe your PHOSPHOLEINE was the means of restoring a near relative of mine to ordinary health. The patient was apparently in the last stages of Consumption, but with the concurrence of skilled physicians your PHOSPHOLEINE was tried, and, I am happy to say, with results that I certainly did not anticipate. My friend is today in the enjoyment of excellent health.
Believe me, yours very truly,
GEORGE W. HILL, D. C. L., Rector St. Paul's.

TUBERCULOUS DEGENERATION OF THE LUNG.
Dear Sir,—Last summer I was troubled with a cough, and my physician says 90 unmistakable symptoms of consumption, including debility and loss of flesh. I lost 20 pounds in weight in a few weeks. My physician, who examined me, advised me to use your Phospholeine, and I am happy to be able to inform you that it has produced a complete cure, and I have regained from 124 to 154 pounds in weight, and am now enjoying good health. I drove 65 miles at night across Cape Breton during a snow storm in December without suffering from it in the least.
I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
E. R. HARRINGTON.

Mr. F. Eagar. PLYMOUTH, PENOBSCOT, MAINE, C.
Dear Sir,—While away from home hauling bark last winter I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I was a stout, rugged man, never was sick hardly a day in my life, but this cold got the better of me; I could not get rid of it under the usual treatment. I began to grow worse, coughed a great deal and became very weak, so that I had to give up work. I was so hoarse I could not speak aloud. I consulted several physicians. I took their medicine but received no benefit, but gradually grew worse. The last physician consulted said I could not live. About this time my attention was called to the Phospholeine by your agent in this place, who induced me to try a bottle, which I did with marked results. To tell the truth, I had but little faith in it, I have tried so many medicines without relief. Before I had finished taking one bottle I began to feel better and to gain in health and strength. After taking a few bottles I was able to work in the hayfield, and have since been steadily improving; my hoarseness is nearly all gone and I have gained nearly 25 lbs in weight.
Please accept this as a grateful testimonial from one who has received great benefit from your valuable medicine.
Very truly yours,
PARKER HOLT.

FROM REV. H. J. WINTERBOURNE. HALIFAX.
Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellency of your "Phospholeine." It has been most beneficial to me at different times when suffering from debility, etc. I may add that it is pleasant to the taste, which, of course, is a great advantage. I can confidently recommend it as a really good preparation for building up the system.
Yours very truly,
(Signed) H. J. WINTERBOURNE,
Rector of St. Mark's and St. John's Parish.

Mr. F. Eagar, Halifax, N. S. COW BAY.
Dear Sir,—During the fall of 1876 I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my chest, causing inflammation of the lungs. For the next two years I used many different preparations, including two different Emulsions, and also Churchill's Compound Syrup, from neither of which I derived any benefit. Meantime, hearing of your Cod Liver Oil Cream (Phospholeine), I gave it a trial, and an happy to state that it has very materially benefited me, and would strongly recommend it to one and all who may be similarly affected, being convinced that the ingredients contained in your Cream (Phospholeine) are what is necessary for re-building of either weak or diseased lungs.
Yours gratefully,
ISAAC ARCHIBALD.

FROM AN EX-MAYOR OF HALIFAX.
I have on several occasions used Eagar's Cod Liver Oil Cream (Phospholeine) in my household, and believe it to be a very valuable reliable remedy for building up and strengthening the system in adults as well as children. It is pleasant to the taste.
Halifax.
GEO. FRASER.

Dr. Weeks of Brooklyn, sends the following report of a few of the cases in which he ordered EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE:
W. D., aged 5, a delicate boy, of marked strumous habit, had whooping cough which ran a very protracted course and rendered him very weak; a slight exposure to cold was followed by a chill, violent cough and consolidation of the right lung. After the acute symptoms subsided he was put on Eagar's Phospholeine, and made a rapid and complete recovery—gained flesh and strength, and was soon in much better health than before he took the whooping cough.
E. L., girl, aged 7, had measles complicated with bronchitis, very severe cough and profuse puriform expectoration, night sweats, etc. Took Phospholeine with marked benefit, all the symptoms subsiding rapidly, and leaving the lungs in a healthy state.
A. W., girl, aged 15, family history good; contracted a severe cold which resulted in general bronchitis, both lungs being extensively involved, convalescence tedious, and showing a marked tendency to consumption. Under the use of Phospholeine the symptoms gradually yielded, and she regained her ordinary health. About one year after, took whooping cough, during which all the threatening lung symptoms returned, accompanied by hectic, night sweats, etc., the expectoration being occasionally bloody; she lost flesh and strength rapidly, she again took Phospholeine and though for three months she was confined to the house, she is now entirely free from all symptoms of consumption, and the respiratory sound of the lungs quite normal.
I am, etc., yours faithfully,
MRS. J. S. HOLSTEAD.

Dear Mr. Eagar:
I gave your Cod Liver Oil Cream to one of my children who had lost her appetite and who was rapidly losing flesh, and I am pleased to be able to inform you that before the first bottle was finished she had regained her appetite, and is now fat and well. I have also seen it used in other cases with good results.
I am, etc., yours very truly,
GEO. RENT.

Mr. F. Eagar, Esq., Chemist, Halifax, N. S. LIVERPOOL.
I have used your Phospholeine in several cases of Chronic Bronchitis, and find it a good remedial agent, superior to other remedies of similar character. Use this to benefit others if you please.
Truly yours,
C. A. FOSTER.

A druggist in New York writes as follows:—"You have probably forgotten having kindly given me a bottle of your Phospholeine when in your city last summer. It has benefited my wife so much that I beg you will send me two bottles. Let me know the expense.
Dear Sir,—Having been cured of Consumption of the Lungs by your "Phospholeine," I think it nothing but fair to make it known, that those who are suffering from the same trouble may be cured. There is no doubt about my case having been consumption. I do not depend on my own idea of it, but the opinion of the doctor who examined my lungs. I did not expect to live three months. I commenced getting stronger, eating better and feeling more like myself after the first dose of your Phospholeine. I have now taken over one dozen bottles, and am as well as ever I was in my life.
I am, etc., yours faithfully,
MRS. J. S. HOLSTEAD.

THREATENED CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS. HALIFAX, N. S.
Dear Mr. Eagar,—Your Cod Liver Oil Cream (Phospholeine) cured that cough and oppression on the chest which had troubled me so long, and which no other medicine could ever relieve. I think it an excellent preparation.
Yours truly,
ALEX. MCKAY.

LOW SPIRITS.—DYSPEPSIA. HALIFAX.
Dear Mr. Eagar,—I had a violent pain in my side, which caused loss of appetite, was very much depressed in spirits, being very weak, and suffering from indigestion for anything, either work or pleasure, and could get no relief. I tried your (Phospholeine) Emulsion, and after using three bottles, happy to say quite a new man.
Yours very truly,
JOHN PALMER.

NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL PROSTRATION.—Mr. Blum, who lives on the Rosebank Farm, says:—"You can publish the fact that Eagar's Phospholeine has effected a complete cure of my wife. Her cough is gone, distress in the chest removed, and health, strength and flesh regained, and she has not yet finished the fourth bottle." He says it is the best medicine that he has ever seen.
I remain, yours &c.,
E. C. NEWBERRY.

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.
Dear Mr. Eagar,—I caught a severe cold the first of this winter, and having suffered from Congestion of the Lungs, I became somewhat alarmed. I tried the usual remedies, but they did not seem to relieve me, and not being able to take Cod Liver Oil, I thought I would try your Phospholeine, which I found very pleasant to take, and with good results, as in a few days my cold and cough left me, and I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to any person whose lungs are affected in any way.
I remain, yours respectfully,
S. H. SUGATT.

COLD IN THE CHEST. HALIFAX, March 16, 1880.
Dear Sir,—Having been attacked by a bad cold, which settled on my chest as no other cold had ever done with me before, I was induced from the many favorable reports I had heard of it, to try Eagar's Phospholeine, and am glad to say that it has completely cured me. I may say that it is a remarkably pleasant medicine to take.
Yours truly,
ALEX. S. BAYER.

PRICE 50 cts. per Bottle
CONTAINING 60 DOSES.

PRICE 50 cts. per Bottle
CONTAINING 60 DOSES.

Medical Electro Therapeutic Institute, Corner Jarvis and Gerrard Streets, Toronto, Ontario.
Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure that I can recommend your Phospholeine. In every case it has met my expectations, and is the finest preparation of the kind that I HAVE EVER USED. Some of my patients come to like the taste, and none call it unpleasant, which is very greatly in its favor. Enclosed, please find Post Office Order for \$36.05, to balance my account to date, and oblige me by sending another gross.
Yours very truly,
E. A. TEFFT, M. D.

HEALTH INSTITUTE, 272 Jarvis Street, Toronto.
Dear Sir,—Enclosed find P. O. order for amount due for last gross of your (Phospholeine); it was not received for a month after being shipped by you. I find it all and EVEN MORE THAN YOU RECOMMEND IT TO BE.
E. A. TEFFT, M. D.
Mr. M. F. Eagar.
Dear Sir,—Nearly out of your Phospholeine. Please send another gross as soon as possible.
E. A. TEFFT, M. D.

SECOND CERTIFICATE FROM DR. SLAYTER.
Since giving you my last certificate I have had many opportunities of further testing your Phospholeine, and of comparing its action with the Emulsions and preparations of oil in the market. I may state that I BELIEVE IT TO BE THE BEST PREPARATION NOW OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC, the drugs and oils used being of the finest quality, while the facilities and machinery used for mixing them are of the most perfect kind. I have no hesitation in stating that where oil is indicated, Eagar's Cream (Phospholeine) will be found to be EVERYTHING that is CLAIMED FOR IT BY ITS PROPRIETOR.
W. B. SLAYTER, M. D., &c., &c., &c.
BATHURST VILLAGE, N. B.

OLDHAM GOLD MINES.
Dear Sir,—I have been suffering from pain in my lungs and chest for three months, with hard cough, loss of appetite, unable to work; obtained no relief from the Emulsions and other medicine which I have taken; received treatment from leading physicians without benefit, but growing worse and weaker. I was advised by Mr. Baker of this place to try Eagar's Phospholeine. I got a bottle, and the first dose my appetite improved and returned, pains left my lungs and chest, and I am now as well as ever. I consider that I owe the restoration of my health to Eagar's Phospholeine.
I am, dear sir, yours truly,
W. C. MORRISON, Practical Engineer.

Mr. F. Eagar, Esq.
Dear Sir,—Your Phospholeine has given me entire satisfaction, my patients too like it better than any other Emulsion. Its results are sometimes surprising, especially in wasting Diseases of children. Forward to me, per I. C. R., two doz. Phospholeine, and two doz. Wine of Rennet, enclosed find \$36.00, and oblige,
Yours truly,
G. M. DUNCAN, M. D.

SCROFULA AND SALT RHEUM.
Dear Mr. Eagar,—I have much pleasure in giving you a record of the effect produced by the use of your Cod Liver Oil Cream. The following cases have come under my particular attention while visiting the sick and poor: A Case of Hereditary Scrofula.—The patient had tried most of the blood purifying remedies and Sarsaparillas in use, but for the past 19 years obtained no relief. After taking three bottles of your Cream (Phospholeine) his flesh became smooth and healthy, and he is now completely cured. A case of severe cough in the last stages of Consumption.—The cough was eased, and patient regained flesh and strength. This case is being cured, and the patient was pronounced so by the physicians; but had she obtained of your medicine sooner, would no doubt have been cured. A case in which the patient had given up the use of alcohol.—The craving was cured, and the patient was regaining health and strength. A case of loss of flesh, great weakness, and indisposition for exertion of any kind, has been restored to health and strength by using your Cream (Phospholeine). I have also recommended it to many who have been suffering from Dyspepsia, loss of strength and flesh, and in every case it has effected a cure. I have derived much benefit from the use of it myself.
I remain, yours &c.,
E. C. NEWBERRY.

Dr. Hardy, of Moncton, N. B., writes:—"I have tried Eagar's Phospholeine in many cases for which it is recommended with satisfactory results. I had a patient whose stomach absolutely refused to retain any preparation of Cod Liver Oil which I could devise, but so soon as EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE was administered no further trouble was experienced. I feel justified in saying that it is an important remedial agent in all cases of Wasting Diseases where nerve element and vital force requires nutrition."
FROM REV. DR. HILL.
HALIFAX, N. S.

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.
Dear Mr. Eagar,—I caught a severe cold the first of this winter, and having suffered from Congestion of the Lungs, I became somewhat alarmed. I tried the usual remedies, but they did not seem to relieve me, and not being able to take Cod Liver Oil, I thought I would try your Phospholeine, which I found very pleasant to take, and with good results, as in a few days my cold and cough left me, and I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to any person whose lungs are affected in any way.
I remain, yours respectfully,
S. H. SUGATT.

TUBERCULOUS DEGENERATION OF THE LUNG.
Dear Sir,—Last summer I was troubled with a cough, and my physician says 90 unmistakable symptoms of consumption, including debility and loss of flesh. I lost 20 pounds in weight in a few weeks. My physician, who examined me, advised me to use your Phospholeine, and I am happy to be able to inform you that it has produced a complete cure, and I have regained from 124 to 154 pounds in weight, and am now enjoying good health. I drove 65 miles at night across Cape Breton during a snow storm in December without suffering from it in the least.
I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
E. R. HARRINGTON.

COLD IN THE CHEST. HALIFAX, March 16, 1880.
Dear Sir,—Having been attacked by a bad cold, which settled on my chest as no other cold had ever done with me before, I was induced from the many favorable reports I had heard of it, to try Eagar's Phospholeine, and am glad to say that it has completely cured me. I may say that it is a remarkably pleasant medicine to take.
Yours truly,
ALEX. S. BAYER.

For Sale by the following Wholesale Druggists:
Campbellton, N. B., A. McG. McDONALD.
Moncton, " CHAS. T. NEVENS.
St. Stephen, " W. H. CLARK.
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" And all Druggists.
Pictou, " R. D. STILES.
Spring Hill, " DR. J. W. COVEY.
Stellarton, " GRANT BROS.
Waterville, " J. E. BATTON.
" R. B. DAKEN.
" And all Druggists.
Wolville, " G. V. RAMP.
" And all Druggists.

Also by all dealers. Don't be induced to take substitutes, and if any reader should not be able to secure it in their district write to 181 and 183 Lower Water St., Halifax, N. S.

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A PIONEER STORY.

The little drama herein related was enacted a long time ago, when I was a boy seven years of age; but as I knew the actors well, and grew up almost side by side with them, I am in a position to vouch for the entire accuracy of the tale, the scene of which was a partially cleared farm, not far from the one on which I myself was born.

This farm was owned and occupied by a man named George Morgan, who, three years before the date of my story, had removed, with his wife and two children from the State of Ohio, and bought the then wild tract, put up a log-house and barn, and gone to work with the indomitable energy of a backwoods pioneer to make himself a home.

All went well with the sturdy settler; he now had thirty acres of fertile land cleared and partly under crop; his son, Robert, at this time fourteen years of age, was becoming more helpful; while "Baby" Madge, four years old, was the delight and pet of the household.

By the middle of August in this year (1831), all the produce of the little fields, except Indian corn, late oats and potatoes, had been safely harvested, and very early on a certain morning the thrifty farmer set out with his ox-team and wooden sled (there being no such thing as a wheeled vehicle in the neighborhood), to convey to a small grist-mill, ten miles distant, a few bushels of new wheat, in order to provide the family with enough flour to last until the early snows should come.

This precious grain had been laboriously threshed out by means of the ancient hand-fail, and winnowed in nature's fan-mill, the free winds of heaven; and it is not surprising that bread made from it should seem to taste (as old-timers strenuously insist) far sweeter than any which can be produced from our modern, double-refined, patent-process flour, out of which, in truth, the life is too often ground.

As Mr. Morgan would have to "wait his turn" at the primitive water-power mill, he was not expected to return until late at night, perhaps not before next day, and his wife was thus left with only Rob and little Madge for company. But, so far as she knew, there was nothing to be afraid of; the few Indians still remaining in the country being all friendly, and none of the wild animals, then abounding in the woods, being at all likely, she thought, to make a descent upon the "clearings" at this season. Besides, Rob was in himself a strong tower of defense, not many growing men excelling the stout, active lad in woodcraft or address in the use of firearms.

He had been all day engaged in a field close at hand, binding up into sheaves a quantity of oats previously "cradled" by his father; but about five o'clock in the afternoon he broke off for the purpose of hunting up and bringing home the three milk cows, which were allowed to roam the woods at will.

Before starting on this errand, however, he turned into the house for a drink, and was taken quite aback when his mother said: "What, all alone, Rob? What have you done with little sister?"

"I have seen nothing of baby since dinner-time, mother. Is she not here?" replied the boy.

"Not seen Madge? Why, Rob, she went out nearly an hour ago to 'help poor brudder work,' as she said. She must have lain down somewhere and dropped off to sleep."

Supposing that they would find the child taking a nap, as she had once or twice before done, under the shade of some hazel bushes growing between the house and barn, mother and son strolled leisurely out to bring her in; but, to their great surprise, she was not to be found, nor did repeated calls elicit any reply.

"The little mischief must be fast asleep on the hay-mow," hopefully observed Mrs. Morgan, walking on toward the barn.

But neither here was any sign of the wanderer to be seen; and now really alarmed, the searchers separated, and took different directions, the mother going down the bank of the creek, and Rob along a rail fence leading to the edge of the woods, about one-fourth of a mile away; while from both reiterated, but alas! all unanswered shouts of: "Madge! Madge! Baby! Baby!" broke in upon the peaceful hush of the quiet summer eve.

Now at many places, in the corners of the "snake" fence mentioned, there had sprung up clumps of wild raspberry and blackberry bushes, and, as many of the latter were still laden with wild fruit, Rob expected every moment to come upon the missing innocent, her little hands and mouth stained with the red juice, lying asleep after having eaten her fill. Thoroughly exploring, as he went, every patch of these vines and bushes, the boy finally arrived at the unbroken forest without having seen a trace of his sister, and, greatly puzzled, he sat down on a big log at the margin of a black-ash swamp to think the matter over.

Although far from imagining that any real harm had befallen the child, he naturally felt extremely anxious as he thoughtfully scanned the ground on all sides.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a cry of horror, for there, not two yards from his seat, were deeply impressed in the moist marsh soil the huge footprints of an evidently enormous bear, and close beside the tracks lay a tiny bit of blue ribbon with which he had seen Madge playing at noon. Poor Rob could hardly refrain from shrieking aloud at these ominous signs met his eyes; but he was not one to give way to despair so long as anything remained to be done, and on carefully examining the foot-marks, he was somewhat relieved to find that they did not penetrate into the swamp at all, but were presently lost on the hard, dry trail which led, by a greatly circuitous route, to an almost inaccessible rocky fastness in the hills, where several bears had long been supposed to harbor. Nor could he detect a single drop of blood anywhere about, and with the discovery of this fact was born in a wild hope that possibly his little sister might be carried off unharmed, at least until the monster reached his cave—and this the gallant boy determined he should never do. For Rob to resolve was to act, and now he turned and ran with all his might back to the house, fervently praying at every stride that his mother might not have returned—as, indeed, she had not.

On the wall of the kitchen hung his father's old flint-lock rifle—always loaded

—and to secure this, with the powder-horn and bullet-pouch, was the work of an instant.

Then away across the diameter of the great bend sped the young hunter. Every inch of the surrounding country was familiar to him, and he knew enough of laxy bear-nature to feel sure that the animal would, if not disturbed or alarmed, keep to a quiet walk along the easy path rather than break a harder and shorter one for himself and his somewhat unwieldy burden through the thick underbrush.

Thus the bear, in order to reach his cave, would have to travel fully two miles, while Rob, following an intersecting cow-path, could, by fast running, intercept him, provided he had not gained too great a start; and for the rest he would trust to Providence and his own nerve. (A year or two after this event, when I myself had become old enough to put such a question, I once asked Rob what his thoughts were as he ran his desperate race against death, and his reply was in strict keeping with his noble character. "I hardly know," said he, "whether I thought at all. I just prayed, prayed, prayed, that I might be in time.")

And now the resolute boy, panting from violent exertion, came out upon the trail leading to the hills, and which at this spot was slightly covered by dust. Almost fainting with anxiety, he stooped close to the surface of the ground, dreading to find evidence that the bear had already passed. But no; not a track was to be seen; and, with a great sigh of relief, he stationed himself behind a large linden-tree on the edge of the path. The time of suspense which followed seemed hours long to him, but it was really a few minutes only before his sharp young ears caught a gentle rustling sound, as if of some moving body softly brushing against the thick bushes bordering the trail on either side.

Whatever might be coming seemed to be as yet fifty yards away, around a curve in the path, and Rob noiselessly opened the pan of his gun-lock, shook out the priming, and replacing it with fresh powder, stood waiting, without a thought of fear for himself, but with a heart so loudly beating that it seemed like a burst.

A moment more, and a gray squirrel, frisking about the ground some rods away, uttered a quick chatter of alarm, and scurrying along the path, scampered swiftly up the trunk of a neighboring tree. Apprised by this timely warning that the crisis was at hand, Rob peered cautiously from behind his shelter, and hardly suppressed a yell of rage as, coming slowly along the trail, he saw an immense, overgrown black bear walking with head held high and carrying in his jaws the limp form of baby Madge.

In the fleeting glimpse the boy ventured to take, he saw that the child was held crosswise, face downward, in the brute's mouth, and as the latter shuffled carelessly along, her little hands and feet occasionally touched the ground; but still he saw no stains of blood, and a thrill of hope ran through his nerves—now braced and steady as steel. Nevertheless, as he afterward explained, the situation was a terrible one. He could easily shoot the animal through the body as it passed, but he was well aware that an old bear, black as well as grizzly, will often, even after the heart itself is pierced by a bullet, work deadly havoc; and the sound of his shot, so fired, would simply be his sister's death-knell—presuming that she yet lived. No! if he would save the child, his first shot must either penetrate the brute's brain or sever the spinal-cord, so that death or loss of motion should be instantaneous; and yet he dare not fire from one side at the bear's head, lest by possible mishap he might strike the little girl, hence he resolved upon the desperate risk to himself of squarely facing the brute in open fight.

And now the supreme moment had come! What slight breeze there was blew directly across the path toward the hunter, and thus no betraying scent was wafted to the bear, which, totally unaware of danger, had arrived within three feet of the tree hiding his watchful enemy, when with a sharp "Hello!" the latter sprang out and blocked his way.

So sudden was the apparition and so commanding the young hero's mien, the astounded animal came to a full stop, dropped his prey, and wavered for a breath or two in a kind of stupid indecision as to whether he should attack or fly. The instant's hesitation sealed his fate: for Rob, throwing the rifle to his shoulder with an inward prayer that the flint might not miss fire, placed the muzzle within six inches of the brute's forehead and pulled the trigger.

The heavy bullet, striking just above the line of the eyes, crashed through the brain, and the black monster sank dead to the ground with scarcely the quiver of a hair. Then the brave boy, trembling like a leaf, now that the fearful tension was relaxed, knelt by the side of his sister and examined the motionless form as best he could. To his unspeakable joy no trace of a wound could be seen, nor were the child's garments torn, except slightly at the back of the strong waistband, by which the bear had evidently carried her, but, apparently, without once touching her tender flesh with his teeth.

It even seemed to be almost miraculous.

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but Rob, even in the midst of his boundless gratitude, remembered having read of a similar escape; and he now hopefully directed his efforts toward restoring poor little Madge to consciousness. The snail, however, proved sluggish, his skill, and a great revulsion of feeling came over him as the fearful thought flashed through his mind that perhaps the fright alone had driven out the sweet young life.

"Oh, if mother were only here!" he cried aloud; and with the wish came prompt action.

Leaving his rifle lying across the bear's carcass, the athletic young fellow lifted the child in his strong arms, and with all possible speed made his way to the house, rather more than a half-mile distant.

So soon as he had emerged from the woods, and while yet several hundred of yards from home, he saw his mother, after her own fruitless search, standing at the open door, and wringing her hands in impotent anguish. She caught sight of, and ran swiftly to meet the pair.

But so deep and deathlike was "baby's" swoon that even to her experienced eyes it seemed extremely doubtful whether life yet remained in the delicate form; and the poor woman broke into pitiful moans of grief, as, snatching the little one from her bosom, she rushed frantically back to the house.

But pretty Madge was not dead, nor even hurt, and a few minutes of her mother's skillfully applied exertions sufficed to kindle once more to a healthful glow the flickering vital spark. Then, while encircling both children in her arms, the happy woman sobbed out her joy and thanksgiving, and the little innocent told how she had wandered off along the fence, picking berries, and when stooping down to rescue her dropped ribbon, had been caught up by "a great big black thing," and then—she knew nothing more.

When told what had carried her off, and how she had been rescued, the child, with that touching faith which little girls ever have in big brothers, artlessly exclaimed: "Oh, brudder Wob can kill mos' anything! I s'pose the wicked bear would have eat me up for his supper, and then mudder would have no baby, and poor fadder would be awful sorry."

Mr. Morgan, having got an early "turn" at the mill, came home that same evening just before dark, and after having heard, with infinite horror, pride and joy, the wondrous tale, he and Rob went out with the sled before un hitching the oxen, to bring in the boy's prize, the hind quarters of which were quite valuable for food, though the point that season was not of much account.

So far as the writer is aware, there are but two or three instances on record of children having been carried off by bears and rescued unhurt. One of the cases occurred in Switzerland in the year 1790 and the other in Western Canada in the early part of this century.

But it must be always borne in mind that the bear is not essentially, or purely, a carnivorous animal.

THINGS OF VALUE.

It's funny how much visible laugh there is in a sick man's jokes.

Sell respect is the cornerstone of all virtue.—Sir John Herchel.

K. D. C. positively cures the worst cases of Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Ask your druggist for it or send direct to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

Silence at the proper season is wisdom and better than speech.—Platarch.

The largest number of your friends are those whose friendship you never test.

The World's Fair—'Twill be fairer still when all dyspeptics have been cured by the use of K. D. C.—the Greatest Cure of the Age. Cure guaranteed or money refunded.

Sluth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright.—Franklin.

Unlike all other Dyspepsia medicines, K. D. C. is not a cure-all or a laxative, but is a purifier and healer of the stomach—the seat of nine-tenths of all diseases. For restoring the stomach to healthy action it is specially prepared.

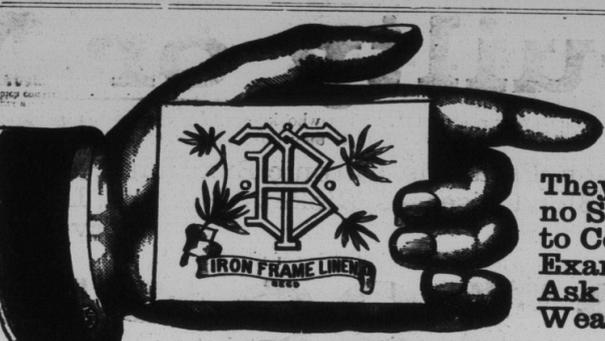
To be selfish is to sacrifice the nobler for the meaner ends, and to be sordidly content.—Hugh R. Haweis.

Substitute nothing for K. D. C.—the Perfect Cure. It acts like magic on the stomach. Test it for yourself! A free sample package mailed to any address, K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

I think you will find that people who honestly mean to be true really contradict themselves much more rarely than those who try to be consistent.—Holmes.

A king appointed by acclamation! Having been tested and proved worthy the highest King K. D. C. has, with shouts of acclamation been acknowledged the king of medicines. Dyspepsia cured or money refunded.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives him for mankind.—Phillips Brooks.



They have no Secret to Conceal. Examine them, Ask for them, Wear them.

A BIG DIFFERENCE.

In politics the great, the indispensable, the clever thing is to conceal all you can. The Chief glory of Tooke Bros.' Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, is that they court investigation of material, make, fit and finish. For sale by the leading Wholesale and Retail houses throughout the Dominion.



Better Than Ever.

THE WILMOT SPA SPRING CO.—(Limited) having secured the services of JAMES R. COCHRANE, M. P. S. I. E. C. S., who has come direct from Belfast, Ireland, and is now in charge of their works at Wilmot, N. S., is manufacturing beverages from the celebrated Spa Waters which they are prepared to put in competition with the Belfast imported ginger ales and soda waters.

Mr. Cochrane, being a member of the pharmaceutical society of Ireland, and fellow of the chemical society, as well as a practical maker of Belfast ginger ales and soda water for 19 years, is a guarantee that these drinks are scientifically compounded. He also holds the certificate of Sir Chas. Cameron, chief analyst of Ireland, as to the purity and high quality of his manufactures. Also took International Food Exhibition Prize Medals for Ginger Ale, London, England; 3 Highest Awards and Medal, 1886, 1887, 1888 and in 1889; 2 Medals and 3 Certificates of Merit: Silver Medal, at Hastings; First Prize, Drusedin, Australia, and First Prize (highest award for excellence), Ginger Ale, New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition, 1889.

One trial will convince that they are delicious. Wilmot Aerated Spa Water is the Prince of Table Waters. The waters have been known for a century as curative in Kidney, Stomach, Bowel and Blood Troubles. Do not confound the Wilmot with any other spring, but see that the Wilmot label and cork brand is given you. All leading grocers, hotels and wine merchants.

Wilmot Spa Spring Co. Ltd.

Headquarters—KENTVILLE, N. S. Shipping Depot—MIDDLETON, N. S.

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co. MONTREAL. Offer For Sale all Grades of Refined Sugars & Syrups. Of the Well-known Brand of Redpath.

Office for Agriculture, Fredericton. Harry Wilkes, 1896. THE Standard Bred Hambletonian Stallion HARRY WILKES, the property of the Government of New Brunswick, will make the Season of 1892 at St. John. TERMS—\$25.00 for the season, to be paid at time of first service.

Assessors' Notice. THE BOARD OF ASSESSORS OF TAXES of the City of Saint John, in the present year hereby require all persons liable to be rated, forthwith to furnish to the Assessors True Statements of all their Real Estate, Personal Estate and Income, and hereby give notice that Blank Forms, on which statements may be furnished under the City Assessment Law, can be obtained at the office of the Assessors, and that such statements must be perfected under oath, and filed in the office of the Assessors within THIRTY DAYS from the date of this notice.

Redpath Certificate of Strength and Purity: CHEMICAL LABORATORY, Medical Faculty, McGill University. To the Canada Sugar Refining Company. GENTLEMEN—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.5% per cent of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured. Yours truly, G. F. REDWOOD.

CHEAP COAL! Reserve, O. M. Sydney, Caledonia. ALL SIZES ANTHRACITE. FRANCES LOW, MORRISON & LAWLOR, Coal Wholesalers and SMYTH, STS.

Extracts from "The St. John City Assessment Law, 1889." Sec. 118—"The Assessors shall ascertain, as nearly as possible, the particulars of the real estate, the personal estate and the income of any person who has not brought in a statement in accordance with the provisions and as required by this law, and shall make an estimate thereof, at the value and amount to the best of their information and belief; and such estimate shall be conclusive upon all persons who have not filed their statements in due time, unless they can show a reasonable excuse for the omission. Sec. 122—"No person shall have an abatement unless he has filed with the Assessors the statement, under oath, within the time heretofore required; nor shall the Common Council in any such case sustain an appeal from the judgment of the Assessors unless they shall be satisfied that there was good cause why the statement was not filed in due time, as herein provided."

McKinney's Night Dispensary. TO THE PEOPLE—Please notice that I have removed my Drug Store to the corner opposite the old Stand on Charlotte and St. James streets, where I also reside now, and will be prepared to fill prescriptions orders all night and all day, giving the same my personal attention. Customers during the night will please note Electric Bell on shop door which communicates with my residence. JAMES MCKINNEY, Druggist.

LOOK AT THIS. And say what you think of it. I have selected the choicest flowers and best workmanship done up at shortest notice. Designs solicited for all kinds of Orders and Societies a specialty. Our Flowers and Plants for table decorations always on hand. You cannot do better than give us a trial. Prices lower and work superior to any in the city. CHARLES GYDE, Flower Grower, 161 Union St., (next door to Paddock's Drug Store).

City Auction Rooms. LESTER & Co. Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, Sole of Real and Personal Property of all kinds personally attended to, Household Furniture a specialty. Business Solicited. Returns Prompt. 88 Prince of Wales St., St. John, N.B., Canada.

Cleaver's Juvenia Soap. Marvellous Effect!! Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion. DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT. The ingredients are perfectly pure, and we cannot speak too highly of them. The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL. It is a perfect skin cleanser, and contains the smallest proportion possible of water. The whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to give it the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. HERRON, Ph.D., F.R.C., F.G.S.; T. HERRON, F.L.C., F.G.S.; A. J. DE HALES, F.L.C., F.G.S. Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.