

# PROGRESS.

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## WHAT CURES HAVE DONE

### MANY HARD DRINKERS ARRESTED IN THEIR DOWNWARD COURSE.

A few interesting facts concerning "Cures" and "Lapses" from the Standpoint of the Several Managers—Something Has Been Accomplished.

One of the greatest achievements of this old of the century period is man's victory over the alcohol and morphine habits. Throughout the world thousands have been saved, another step had been taken in the space of a few short years set free from a thralldom as galling as the slavery which the negroes of the south endured.

There was much doubt expressed when the "gold cure" was first announced to our world, and most people believed that it would soon prove useless in reclaiming the thousands of humanity who had fallen and were burdens upon their fellows. But they all agreed that it did prove a success a hitherto unsettled problem had been solved, another step had been taken in the world's advancement and the social condition had been raised to a higher plane of happiness.

After a few years of trial this and its kindred remedies have proved worthy of trust. They have met their foes and vanquished them and now there is hope for tens of thousands of thousands of morphine fiends throughout the world. Looking at the thing broadly it will be seen that the effects of this discovery will be marvellous and that it gives a new and very important phrase to questions of temperance, poverty, social relations and other questions that affect the masses.

Even in St. John the influence of the discovery has been felt to a large extent. There is not a person in the city who has not to thank one of these remedies for the salvation of a member of the fire-side, a near relation or a dear friend. Every one can point to men who from being a burden upon their friends have become blessings to their families and to society. Many families have been made happy that a year or two ago found it difficult to get along, employers have steady industrious men when once they could not depend upon them, and the sum total of money that goes over the barroom counters of the city has been considerably diminished.

It is a little over a year since the remedies which are now in the city were introduced here and yet the people cared can be counted by the score. Most of them were notoriously hard drinkers, who had utterly lost control of themselves. Many of them were prominent in professional and business circles but their practice and their business had gone to the dogs, how they have been set on their feet again, and are among the city's busiest workers.

These cures have been much talked about and each new patient who has been saved or has lapsed has renewed the conversation about them. "So-and-so has taken the cure," has been a frequent remark of late and "so-and-so has gone back" has been another one, though heard less frequently.

The subject is one in which the public is interested and with the object of obtaining for them the total result of the work of the various remedies here PROGRESS interviewed the various managers this week. Of course they were apt to give the results of their work in the very best light, still the statements which they made may be taken as pretty reliable, and it will be found that the readers' own knowledge of cases will carry out the figures.

About two hundred and ten persons have been cured of drunkenness in the three institutions of the city, and about a dozen of the morphine habit. Of the alcohol patients treated about five per cent of the whole number have lapsed, so that the risk of failure in the treatment is small.

There are in this province five institutions for the cure of inebriates. The first to enter the field was the Keely Institute, which located at Fredericton in the summer or fall of 1893, in charge of A. W. B. Keely and W. Scott Robinson. Then C. E. Russ came into St. John with the Dipocora in September of that year. The following February, a year ago, Carroll Ryan came here from Montreal as agent of the Murphy Institute. In March the Bellinger Institute was founded, of which Dr. Preston is in charge. Then in November last the latter institution established a branch at Moncton.

Mr. Russ states that between forty and fifty have taken the Dipocora treatment and of those only two have lapsed. Some of these have been cured over a year, which is long enough to make the test absolutely sure.

Carroll Ryan, who by the way is just about closing his institution, has had between 220 and 250 patients. About five per cent of these have lapsed. Unlike the other two located here Mr. Ryan's was residential and people remained at his dispensary while being treated. In the other patients this was not required and they went about their business as usual.

Dr. Preston states that there have had

under the Bellinger treatment 87 patients, of these 76 were alcohol patients, nine were morphine, one was tobacco and one was treated for neurasthenia. Of this eighty-seven, eleven are under treatment now, so that the institution has probably had about 65 graduates of the alcohol treatment of these there were two direct lapses, while half a dozen did not follow out the course of treatment as prescribed and so were not cured. The reason of this was that they either left after a week's trial or else kept on drinking while being treated.

In Moncton fifteen or twenty patients have been treated or are under treatment and half a dozen have got through. Probably in New Brunswick the five institutions have had nearly five hundred patients.

The Bellinger and Dipocora treatment also include morphine and in this former has had especially good success, of the nine patients who were treated not one has lapsed and they are sure and certain cures. There are a large number of people, Dr. Preston says, who are addicted to the use of morphine and they include men and women in the highest walks of life. He could point to a clergyman and a physician in the city who were addicted to its use. Of the nine who had been cured two were physicians.

The patients who have been treated were not men only. Two women of high social standing have been cured of the morphine habit and two others in humbler spheres have been rescued from drunkenness and made good mothers again.

### A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

A Mute Appeal for Mercy From the Ten Cent "Orchestra."

Weary, haggard and sad, they left the train after their cold journey and, though nipped by our Canadian frost and baffled by our strong winds, they did not at once proceed to their hotel and the warm embrace of mine host. No, they had braced themselves for one last effort in a another direction.

Silently, dolefully, wretchedly they paced the street from the station to Canterbury street, which they entered with faltering steps and reversed instruments.

"They" were the members of Bab's "Orchestra" going to Protoness office to make one last appeal for mercy, but when they reached the building their courage failed them though they had thought "Our sweet strains must soothe their savage breasts."

But alas! for the plans of men. Their instruments were mute—mute as the harp that hangs on Tara's walls. Not even the strains of the "Dead March" could they accomplish, as they thought of their buried hopes. No, they could not play, but simultaneously fifteen pairs of sorrowful eyes were raised to the windows with glances of wild appeal; then they turned and wended their weary way to find what rest they might.

As the inmates of the office watched this affecting scene even the adamant heart of the dramatic critic was touched and his Spartan sense of justice wavered for an instant as he murmured,

"Poor chaps! They do look badly, and after all there's no great harm in them."

Then a sudden thought occurred to the instigator of this moving tableau, and darting to a speaking tube he called to one of the staff,

"Run quick, boy, and find out if the Opera house managers are peeping around the corner."

### A Chance to Make a Saving.

Economy is now the chief desire of the common council, and they are looking for every chance to save a dollar. The other day a citizen drew attention to a point wherein the city might save \$40 a year. For a long period the city has been giving St. George's church, Carleton, \$40 a year for the support of a clock in that church on the ground that the clock is a convenience to the people of Carleton. But those people have not derived any advantage from the grant. It is stated that the clock has never been running and that it is no use to Carletonians. Such being the case this \$40 is useless expenditure and the church should not receive that amount of assistance for the salary of their sexton. The city cannot afford to give presents and if they did they should not discriminate in favor of any particular parties.

### Always Want the Latest Book.

It is interesting to watch the ladies at the free public library in their chase for the latest books. They are bound to have the newest novel as soon as it appears, and the most talked about book is the one that is sought after. Applications came in for the score for such books as "The Heavenly Twins," "Trilby," "The Manxman," etc., and these books are always on the move and never find time for a day's repose on the shelves. The library's chief patrons are ladies, and a great many in the city have this institution to thank for many hours' enjoyment.

## A FIGHT OF EX-MAYORS.

### MACKINTOSH AND McPHERSON FOR THE MAYORALTY.

Both Freebooters, and Anti-Tax-Reformers—Little Else Upon Which They Agree—Mackintosh Father of the Lien Law—McPheron Dry Dock Manager.

HALIFAX, Feb. 7.—It is nearly three months yet till voting day for the mayoralty of Halifax but civic politicians are preparing for the fray. Two citizens have accepted the nominations of their friends and have consented to become candidates. That word "consented" is used advisedly, for it is a pretty well fact that neither ex-Mayor J. C. Mackintosh nor ex-Mayor David McPheron was anxious to re-enter the civic arena. Both men are now in the field, not on account of their own inclinations, but because of the urgent demands of their friends, because of pressure which it seemed almost impossible for them to resist.

One month ago, to all appearance, there was nothing surer than that J. C. Mac-



J. C. MACKINTOSH.

kintosh could be prevailed upon to offer for the mayoralty. He would be elected by acclamation, or if opposed at all, that he would be returned by a sweeping majority. Now it is certain there will be a contest, and it is equally sure that if Mr. Mackintosh wins there will necessarily be some hard work done between now and the end of April. The opponents of Mr. Mackintosh could not have brought out a stronger man for the purpose than Mr. McPheron, and a contest between them will make the liveliest civic election Halifax has seen for ten years. Mr. McPheron was a "dark horse."

The two men, while both prominent in business, represent opposing interests in the community. On two things one they are agreed. Neither of them is in favor of the proposed tax reform scheme, and both are members of the Presbyterian church. There is a little else upon which they see "eye to eye."

In politics Mr. Mackintosh is a conservative, while Mr. McPheron sails under the liberal flag, yet a goodly proportion of the two or three hundred names of leading citizens attached to Mr. Mackintosh's requisition are those of pronounced liberals, and some conservatives have asked Mr. McPheron to run. Mr. Mackintosh was in the field first and to a large extent, the contest so far has been made a personal one by the friends of Mr. McPheron, rather than a comparison of the policy and record of each candidate.

Mr. Mackintosh's friends point to him as the father of the lien law, and as the man who while in office straightened out



EX-MAYOR McPHERSON.

the civic finances so that there have been none of the tremendous shortages in the collection of city taxes which have hitherto existed. They say he put the city's affairs on a sound financial basis, and out the rate of assessment away down below the old figure. Of recent years the rate has been going up again. In a few years about \$1,000,000 has been added to the civic debt, and though there are some valuable public works to show for it, yet Mr. Mackintosh's supporters claim that our liabilities have increased far too fast for our ability to bear the burden. They urge that a man of thorough financial knowledge and strong determination is needed in the present emergency to avoid a crisis, and to restore a proper equilibrium

between what should be the city's income and its expenditures.

The great majority of the business men of Halifax are backing Mr. Mackintosh, and the bulk of the mercantile interests of the city are anxious for his election. He not only made a success of his management of city affairs when he was in office before, those men say, but in private life he has built up a fine banking business and has already put together a respectable fortune of from \$75,000 to \$100,000. And this, while affording much of his time and means to further the interests of nearly a score of religious and benevolent institutions. A man who has shown his ability as an alderman and mayor on a former occasion, and has made a success of his own business, it is urged by his supporters, is the man whom the city needs for mayor in the emergency that has now arisen.

Mr. McPheron is manager of the Halifax Dry Dock. He is a director in one or two of our financial institutions, and has invested largely in the Canada and Newfoundland and steamship company, an enterprising Halifax transatlantic transportation company. His administration of civic affairs when he was mayor a few years ago was not marked by any important measure. He made himself popular with those with whom he came in contact, and passed through the chief magistrate's chair without making enemies.

His present, sometimes a man's character is best shown by the enemies he has. They say that anyhow, the mayor is powerless to mould the city's policy, that practically he is only a figure-head.

As already stated, McPheron's supporters are backing him mainly on personal grounds of the two men. They like McPheron better, and Mackintosh less, and accordingly they will work for their favorite. Mr. McPheron is a "North-ender" and he will likely poll a heavy vote in wards 5 and 6. Upon the north-end vote his friends largely rely for success. The central business wards and the south-end will go the other way. Mr. Mackintosh, like his opponent, has for the last few years been a resident of Ward 6.

This is about the way the mayoralty situation stands. Poor Alderman Mosher, who had his long eye on the chair, is not in it at all, now that the two ex-mayors have entered the lists.

### Eloped With an Oxford Tutor.

HALIFAX, Feb. 7.—Public opinion is a mighty force. On Sunday an 18-year old girl arrived here from Liverpool, having eloped with John Brown, an Oxford graduate, married, and the father of five children. On the strength of a cable from her father, a wealthy Englishman, Detective Power arrested the girl and kept her till Monday. There was no law under which she could be detained, so another method was taken to keep the woman away from her lover. Rev. F. H. Almon and the police made an arrangement under which the girl was spirited away where Brown could not find her, for a time at least. Had public opinion been against such a proceeding there would have been hue and cry, hueus corpus and all that, but it was not, and Mr. Almon and the police may do almost anything to defeat Brown and save the girl and there will not be a syllable of complaint. The probabilities are that the friends of the girl will get her back to England where Brown dare not follow. If they do it is to be hoped that Miss Gertrude Bentley's father will hire 500 more such tutors as this amorous £800 per year John Brown of Oxford.

### Mayor Keefe On Top.

HALIFAX, February 7.—Where does tax reform in this city stand now, in view of the sustaining of the mayor's veto of it by the city council—a veto which two or three weeks ago a majority of the aldermen ordered to be expurgated from the minutes? The aldermen now agree that such a veto cannot be expurgated. The tax reform measure will soon come before the legislature, and William Roche, M. P. P., who is strangely opposed to the scheme, will see fit to call attention to the fact that it has not legally passed the council, while there are few who will pretend to say that the scheme is popular with a majority of citizens. What tools these—aldermen be. Major Keefe is decidedly on top, and the city fathers who have been fighting his worship seem to find he is a hard man to beat, that, in fact, it is better to sail in the same boat with him, no matter what his course, than run imminent risk of sinking.

### The Drama at Fairville.

The St. John Proscenium club intend giving Fairville public a treat in the way of a dramatic performance. They have decided to present that nautical two act drama "Among the Breakers" at the public hall on Wednesday, February 13th. Sleights will leave foot of King street to convey from the city those wishing to attend. Any who have not seen "Among the Breakers" should not miss it.

## FUN AT THE MEETING.

### HOW A WET BLANKET FELL ON MR. McALPINE

When Mr. Purdy Talked Straight—Fits a Phrase for Some People to Think About—The Amendment was Prepared and Typed—Written Before the Meeting.

There was lots of fun at the meeting the other night and many incidents that those present will recall and laugh over in years to come. Of course the younger element carried the day with a rush and it was a severe blow to the old party leaders and newspapers. There were some surprises too. The first one was afforded by "Ned" McAlpine who flopped over to the support of the older element and started out with a rattling good speech, prepared for the occasion. Why he permitted himself to be used as an instrument of abuse, why he should hold up bright young fellows in the party to scorn and ridicule are questions his friends are asking yet. But it they felt like having satisfaction as they listened to him they were gratified sooner than they had any idea of, for when Mr. "Dan" Purdy jumped and objected strongly and decidedly to the peculiar abuse McAlpine was indulging in the latter "shut up like a jackknife." "Mr. Purdy is right" said McAlpine "he is always right" and he left the platform.

Another funny episode was the amendment placed in Count de Bury's hands by Major McLean—or as the cartmen have christened him—Major Salt. It was typewritten and evidently prepared before the meeting assembled. But even with that advantage it was defeated—five to one. The secretary said, three to one, and Mr. O'Brien questioned the decision of the chair although "believing him an honest man he did not think it was carried." If the votes of the staffs of the Globe and Telegraph had been deducted the objectors to the resolution would have been few indeed.

There was some plain hard speaking but far more on the part of the opposition than with those who favored the new convention plan. Messrs. Weldon and Ellis listened to the suggestion that they were old fogies and masters of inactivity; they heard Mr. Stockton remark that if providence was kind enough to remove them the liberal party might survive; Mr. Weldon heard Michael Kelly predict that McKrown could beat Hazen in St. Martins—all of which must have been unpalatable. Then Editor Hannay and Colonel Tucker and Major McLean and Mr. O'Brien all had an opportunity to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest."

### MR. HANSARD TOOK HIS TURN.

And Retired From the Hockey Team for a Distinct Reason.

The St. John Hockey club did not play the same men last night as they have been playing all along. It was because there has been some friction in the club and one of the team saw fit to retire. Mr. H. H. Hansard, one of their most scientific and careful players, is not now a member of the team. The reason d'être is about as follows.

When arrangements was made for the match with the Wanderers, of Halifax, the St. Johns began to consider what would be the best team they could line up against the visitors. The captain decided to replace Mr. Hansard with one of the Messrs. Clark. That was all right. The St. Johns played the Wanderers and won.

Then Friday night of last week came round and with it the time for match with the Victorias. Then Mr. Hansard announced his intention not to play. He had been displaced for an outside man in the Wanderers match and so he had decided to withdraw from the club. He was as good as his word and the club had to look for other material.

The question is how does it look from the point of view of the interests of sport. Was the club right in getting outside men and putting off a man who had played for them through two seasons and had played well? Or taking the other side, should not Mr. Hansard have acquiesced gracefully, seeing that the club were doing what they thought best in the interests of victory for St. John?

These are the two lines of argument. They are suggested to the reader and he can decide for himself.

### NOTABLE PROVINCIAL WOMEN.

The Names of Three Likely to Stand out in Bold Relief.

Lately some of the ladies of the city have been obtaining information about women and women's work in New Brunswick. They are preparing it for Lady Aberdeen and it is to be incorporated in the report to congress of the women's department of the world's fair.

New Brunswick's three most distinguished women are found in very different spheres. To the mind of the writer Madame LaTour stands out as without exception the most noble woman in all history, combining in the most perfect degree serene courage and devotion, softened by

the presence of the womanly traits. O her woman heroes have been too frequently rather masculine.

May Agnes Fleming is a woman whom perhaps the leading ladies of the city would not look upon as an ideal woman. They would say that she did not elevate mankind. This is true, her novels were rather hasty. But the fact remains that she was exceedingly popular, and there has never been a woman born in New Brunswick who was better known abroad.

Finally, there is Lady Tilly, who is the leading woman in the province today and who will be long remembered as a founder of philanthropic institutions and as a leader in woman's work in many ways.

All three of these chief women of New Brunswick are St. John women.

### HER LITTLE EXCURSION.

A St. John Girl Celebrates Her Coming of age in a Curious Way.

A certain well known young lady in this city came of age recently. This is not a strange fact in itself, it is the accompanying circumstances that lends color. She did not remain in town on that notable day on which she became in the eyes of the law responsible for her acts. She spent that day at Hampton and her doing so was a rather strange freak and not akin to the deeds of responsible persons.

She somehow got the impression that a grewsome dragon in the shape of a very near relation was pursuing her with hostile intent and she wished to be away for safety sake. It appears that she consulted her lawyer on the matter and he must have encouraged her in her vain wish for he did not dissuade her from leaving the city.

The circumstance has been kept very quiet and the young lady in calmer moments realizes how quixotic was her resolve when she left town.

### Fairville Church Going Behind.

Some time ago PROGRESS published an article that the candles had been restored in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, and it had created great dissatisfaction among the supporters of the church. It was given out by those near to the Rev. Mr. McKiel that the bishop had ordered the candles to be put back. At a recent meeting Mr. McKiel was asked by whose authority the candles were restored, and he replied that they were there with the approval and consent of the bishop. On being further pressed for information he said he had written the bishop asking permission to restore the candles and the bishop wrote back saying he declined to interfere. This seemed a curious consent and approval to the meeting, and no doubt will to every one else. Out of over seventy church families in the church only a few of them have any desire for candles. The parish is running in debt very fast and is now over \$200.00 behind because of the introduction of "non-essentials" into the church. It may be explained that Mr. McKiel has said since he came to Fairville that candles were "non-essential." A prominent churchman tells PROGRESS that the Rev. Mr. McKiel has had trouble in other parishes, and if that is so it is not likely that his parishioners are to blame for all the fuss that has been in the Fairville church since he came.

### A Row Over an Election.

Whenever two prominent citizens get into a pugilistic encounter there are only one or two excuses that the public will accept as such. One of these excuses is an election. It is fortunate for the good name of two Amherst gentlemen that this is so. A correspondent states that John M. Currie, the well-known and popular furniture dealer of the town, and Dr. N. Ayer, who has friends all over the province, didn't altogether agree on town election matters. In the discussion Mr. Currie gave the doctor his fist between the eyes, knocking him down and bruising him considerably. Mr. Ayer has carried his wrong into the police court. Amherst is a Scott Act town and Dr. Ayer and Mr. Currie are both temperance men.

### Mr. McDonald Is not Overcome.

This week another appointment was announced that is a sort of echo of the county court judgeship. Mr. Mont. McDonald was an aspirant for the position and the department of justice have sought to satisfy him by bestowing upon him the position of deputy judge of admiralty. This a position having honor but nothing more substantial. Mr. Justice Tuck is judge of admiralty and Mr. McDonald would preside in his absence. This compensation would not amount to anything so it is nothing more than empty honor. It is stated that Mr. McDonald was not overcome with gratitude and that his friends do not feel satisfied. How it will influence their votes is not certain.

### Mr. Pound Becomes a Partner.

Mr. Alfred M. Pound, who, some time ago, left the newspaper business to enter the employ of Messrs. P. S. McNitt & Co., has been taken into the firm as a special partner. Mr. Pound is to be congratulated upon his rapid advance and the firm in securing the personal interest of so popular a young man of publishing and clever business methods.

IN THE CHILD-GARDEN.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A KINDER-GARTEN TRAINING.

Learning by Doing—The Fallacy of the "Book," "What is Good Enough for Us is Good Enough for Our Children"—An Appeal to St. John Parents.

It seems a strange thing that in enlightened St. John so little interest should be taken in the kindergarten movement, and so little done to further it.

Most of the neighboring cities and towns rejoice in flourishing kindergartens, where their children are trained to use all their faculties, and with minds bright and active, pass into the schools, where the habits of observation, reasoning, and thinking, which have been inculcated, aid them materially.

Take a child of five years old, just through the Primer, ready to enter the second grade: what can she tell you of the wind, the way the flowers grow, and the baby seeds are cared for! A kindergarten child of three, one who is in her first year, will tell you that the north wind brings Jack Frost, and the snow, and the west wind fine weather; that the flowers sleep through the winter, kept warm by their white snow blanket, that the spring suns rain, and sunshine, to warm and soften the ground, and wake them up.

Is it a help or hindrance to a child's education to understand things? Will the constant repetition of the fact that "the point where two lines meet is called a corner," be of as much benefit to a child, as the finding for himself, that where the edges of his cube meet, there is a sharp point, and that everywhere else, where one line, or edge, runs along, and one up, or down, will tell him, there is the same? The one he may meet in his memory, but the other he knows.

I have heard a great many objections to kindergartens from people who have never studied it. One will say it is too much like school, too hard work for such little tots. I appeal to that mother. Has she ever visited a kindergarten? Has she ever seen the happy hearty way the children enter into their work? Is it more likely to give a child brain fever, to find out the shapes, colors, and use of things, by handling and observing, than by carrying all the letters of alphabet in his head, and being through the primer before he is six years old? Another will say that her children can play at home, without being taught: but in all their play will they be as contentedly happy and busy, as in that which they feel to be, not a useless building up of blocks to be knocked down, but a real doing of something, with a purpose?

Once more, let me say to the mothers of St. John, study this system for your children's sake, visit kindergartens, and decide for yourself whether the "Learning by Doing" be harmful or helpful. I.M.A.

IN UNION IS STRENGTH.

What Would Follow the Organization of Provincial Boards.

"Associations of business men and the methods by which they can promote the welfare of New England," was the topic discussed at a notable gathering of New England business men, held at the hotel Vendome in Boston last week under the auspices of the Massachusetts State Board of Trade. Papers upon the subject were read by several presidents of state and local boards of trade, and others, and the meeting, which was followed by a reception and banquet, was attended by no less than 250 men prominent in the commercial and industrial interests of New England, including the governors of the six states.

This matter is referred to here as showing one of the ways by which our neighbors in the states arouse and keep alive the spirit of push and enterprise needed to maintain and advance sectional interests; to sustain and promote growth and business prosperity in matters which every community of a given section—New England in this instance—have in common, in order to keep pace with other sections in the general development of the country's wealth and resources. It is such policy and such measures as this, through associations and organizations of business men, that have been chiefly instrumental in establishing enterprises and industries in sections where the natural conditions were far less favorable than in these provinces, and that have drawn upon us to so great a degree for the capital and labor required to operate them.

It is time that some concerted move were taken by the business men of the maritime provinces to offset this influence

and counteract this outside competition. There are many local boards of trade throughout this section, and new ones are continually being organized. Some of them are active and useful, others inert and practically dead, and still others possessing latent energies, but sleeping. New Brunswick should organize a provincial board of trade, that would solidify and stimulate these local interests, promote the formation of new boards in communities where none exist, and infuse new life and fresh ideas and courage into the business circles of the whole province.

A grand result that would naturally follow the organization of provincial boards would be a union of interests by the formation of a maritime board of trade, whose opportunities for usefulness in promoting the welfare of this whole maritime section would be practically unbounded. This subject was discussed and favorably considered at a board of trade meeting held in St. John not long since, at which a number of prominent members of the Halifax board were present.

This is a subject worthy of our best attention. The western interests of this Dominion are increasing. We find in the matter of representation that we decrease. They increase their interests in deepening their waterways; spending immense sums in the construction of canals that they may successfully compete with the carrying trade of the adjacent country is advocated on national grounds. Yet as soon as navigation is closed in the St. Lawrence the maritime ports interests are ignored and foreign ports are made highways to the ocean.

The business men of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island should awaken to the importance of this question, as only by presenting a united front to the common enemy in a commercial way—viz., their neighbors of the States and their friends of the upper provinces—can they hope to regain and hold the supremacy which is theirs by right of priority, position and natural advantages.

The annual meeting of the Truro, N. S., board of trade, was attended by one hundred members. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: president, C. E. Bentley; vice president, E. E. McNutt, W. E. Bligh; secretary treasurer, G. A. Hall; executive committee, G. Walker Smith, R. L. Turner, F. McG. Archibald, D. J. Thomas, S. M. Bentley, Wm. Craig, R. T. Craig, J. E. Bigelow, F. McClure, T. G. McMullen.

The secretary's report showed the board to be in a healthy financial condition, and the membership increasing. A number of questions affecting the interests of Truro were submitted and assigned for discussion at the next meeting, among others the necessity for taking steps to add new industries to the town. It was voted to ask the support of the Colchester representatives in the Legislature in getting the Exhibition Act amended, so that the Exhibition can be held elsewhere than Halifax, as proposed by the board, and to correspond with other interested bodies in the province, requesting them to urge their representatives to support this proposed amendment.

The women of Siam entrust their children to the care of elephant nurses, and it is said the trust is never betrayed. The elephant, not being susceptible to the charms of the sauntering policeman nor the social claims of its friends and relations, is consequently able to devote its entire attention to its charge. The babies play about the huge feet of the elephants who are very careful never to hurt the little creatures. And if danger threatens the sagacious animal curls the child gently up in its trunk and swings it up out of harms way upon its own back.

The promenaders along the Avenue de la Gare, Nice, witnessed a somewhat curious spectacle the other day. A bicyclist, carrying a baby clothed in white, was followed by nearly fifty persons, men, women, and children, all on cycles, and made his way to the church of Notre Dame, where the ceremony of baptizing the baby was gone through. After this the whole party re-mounted their machines and rode to the house of the father of the infant, where a reception was held.

"Did you ever pay any attention to theosophy, Mr. Sligo?" she asked, with deadly sweetness in her tones. The young man admitted that he had not. "Oh, it is just lovely," she continued. "I have often thought how perfectly charming it would be to send one's astral self down into the drawing room to entertain while one's real self was sound asleep." The ticking of the clock became painfully loud.

"Sad affair, Goodman's death. I don't believe he had an enemy in the world." "Jinks! I don't believe he had, either. Why, even his relatives spoke well of him."

A BOOK FOR MOTHERS.

It Gives Good Advice as to the Care of Children.

The very large number of Canadian mothers who so eagerly welcomed the helpful little volume called "A Baby's Requirements," published two or three years ago by Miss Elisabeth Robinson Scovill, superintendent of the Newport Hospital, will be sure to accord a no less warm reception to the larger and more comprehensive volume on the same subject which is the latest product of her pen. Miss Scovill's name has long been familiar to the reading public, as she has been one of the associate editors of the Ladies' Home Journal for some years, and her own especial column, "The Mother's Corner" is one of the best known and most popular departments of that popular journal.

Miss Scovill's latest work is called "The Care of Children," and is really the outcome, as the author tells us in her preface, of the warm reception accorded her first volume, which showed her the need existing for some book of the kind. In her capacity of editor of the "Mother's Corner" Miss Scovill received hundreds of letters, asking advice as to the care of infants, and in response to these appeals wrote the little pamphlet which proved such a help to numbers of mothers both in Canada and the United States.

As might well be imagined "A Baby's Requirements" brought down upon the author a fresh shower of eager inquiries as to the care of larger children, and it is recognition of this need of more information so important a subject that Miss Scovill has given her more extended work to the world.

"The Care of Children," besides embracing nearly all the matter contained in the original volume, gives a most comprehensive and clearly written description of all the requirements of a child from the hour of its birth until it reaches maturity. The author's long experience as a hospital nurse has made her especially qualified to advise and help mothers in the anxieties and perplexities which beset all those who have the care of young children, and her advice as to the proper care of sick children is invaluable.

No solitary requirement of a child's life has been left unnoticed by Miss Scovill, from the proper diet for the tiny baby of a few hours old, to the physical exercise required to develop the frame of the healthy well grown boy or girl, and the very fullest and most explicit directions are given on such vital subjects as the resuscitation of the partially drowned, the treatment for poison, for bleeding at the nose, for hemorrhage of the lungs, convulsions, dislocation, burns, and even fractures; while special attention is devoted to the care of all diseases, and the proper management of the sick room.

It would be impossible in the limited space of a short review to do justice to this really invaluable work; suffice it is to say that Miss Scovill is entitled to the gratitude of all mothers for the manner in which, at the cost of much labor to herself, she has simplified their cares, and smoothed for them the difficult path every conscientious mother must tread. The book is published by Henry Altemus, Philadelphia, ASTRA.

Working Under Difficulties. While building part of the new Siberian railway, which has recently been extended from St. Petersburg to Omsk, a distance of 2,200 miles, the men had often to carry their food with them, and sometimes had to be lowered in baskets in order to prepare the track. In draining a bog sixty miles wide, both engineers and men had for some time to live in huts built on piles, which could be approached only in boats. Mosquitoes were so plentiful that the workmen had to wear masks, of which four thousand were bought for the purpose.

As an Encouragement. A North Carolina judge tells this story of his early days at the bar. When he made his first appearance, the solicitor, as is customary in that state, asked him to take charge of a case for him. The young lawyer did his best, and the jury found the defendant, who was charged with some petty misdemeanor, guilty. Soon after one of the jurors coming round the bar, tapped him on the shoulder. "R—," said he, "the jury did not think that man was guilty, but we did not like to discourage a young lawyer."

TYPHOID FEVER.

The After Effects of the Disease Often More Serious and Fatal Than Typhoid Itself.

HUMBERTSTONE, Ont., Feb. 4.—Typhoid fever is a disease to be dreaded because of its dangerous nature as well as for the fact that some disagreeable results usually supervene when the patient has escaped from the clutches of the disease. Harvey H. Neff, of this place, was convalescing after an attack of typhoid when he was prostrated by a severe form of kidney disease. He was bedridden for weeks, and no medicine that he took was of any avail. But like a light in the darkness, came the news of what Dr. Dooley's Kidney Pills had done for other victims of kidney disease. Five boxes of the pills put Mr. Neff on his feet again thoroughly cured.

His Opening. Ada (pensively)—"I hope you'll invite me to the wedding when you get married." Jack (boldly)—"I'll invite you the first one, and if you don't accept there won't be any wedding."

No Faith in Insurance. Canvasser—"You don't seem to have much faith in life insurance, Mr. Dooley." Mr. Dooley (excitedly)—"Why should I? Look at me poor brother Meiko."

Strongest and Best.—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health." Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. 90 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

R.I.P.A.N.S ONE GIVES RELIEF.

BUTCHER'S Boston Polish Or Hard Wax Finish, For Floors, Interior Wood Work and Furniture.

W. H. THORNE & CO., MARKET SQUARE, T. JOHN.

THE Willett Washer.

Image of a Willett Washer machine.

This well-known WASHER has long passed the stage of experiment and has become a necessity in every well-regulated kitchen. There are thousands of them in use, and still growing in popularity, the price is so low as to place it within the reach of all.

Emerson & Fisher Skates. Skates.

Image of a skate and Acme Pattern, The most and best self-hastening Skate Made.

Hockey Sticks, Hockey Pucks, Sleds and Framers, Sleigh Bells, &c. Send for Prices. T. M'AVITY & SONS, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

FOR SALE.

1 SMITH Patent Water Purifier and Heater, for Prevention of Scale in Boilers.

CLAIMS:

It will feed Water into Boiler at same temperature as steam in Boiler. It is an established fact that at 290 deg. Fahr., all mineral in water is precipitated.

By means of this device all these impurities are retained within the Purifier and can be blown out several times each day, allowing only pure water to enter the Boiler. Other advantages claimed are: That being placed at water level in Boiler, makes it the best surface blow-off known, relieves the boiler of steam and fatty matter, and prevents foaming under all circumstances. THIS DEVICE IS BRAND NEW.

WRITE FOR PRICE. J. S. CURRIE, 57 WATER STREET, - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Musi

Somewhat late to partment last week an ungentlemanly one H. B. Clarke, and made public by this city. If one whole matter as to characters would all to Mr. Clarke, the Metropolitan opera and to Mr. Carter friend.

I have designated "impudent" because a course this department should follow in its companies that play and Halifax. That With the original between Mr. Carter of the Opera House what ever to do. I dvery, I might say, I care particularly, business and he has can defend himself. attacks this department it, then I have something to say it now.

What Mr. Clarke's side his interests in proportions in connection of Progress. His they related to this as his letter is impud judge of the merits some knowledge at le the part of the indivi critics it. Now, I Clarke of having th far as I know, does ar ever be so accused— me—he can safely p rely upon an acquitta no charge.

I have heard Mr. opinion of a compar this city (do not get I am not referring to engagement) and if he honest belief, then no be paid to what he ances. He does no when he sees it. Sit ation should be p notices of the Halifax as alleged, that his w are observed by the "If the show is bad s if it is good then p that certainly is a ne This is not accepted intelligent Haligon expend in addition theatre were his o might well enoug, pu as it comes from the duty of the press to e that is not up to the advance notices. T good when any other public is attempted.

The recent strict Comedy Company app Clarke's feelings. Is oiple that "like likes

If Mr. Clarke posse truth he ought "to hav ecommend Progress" company. He ought ains stated facts appa on their opening argument than fact is Bubb, the speechmak es!—found it neces That is a fact. The about the players; it about the shadowgr stated, if my memory Miss Arkwright was the cast that night, that equal to her part, alth Fuller was credited w wards the end of the p fact was, as a con heading lady did not fact was, the question dialikes was not taken The fact was, Mr. tire some speech and funny. The fact was of the play is "Ly "A Kentucky Home" Was not this deceiving tempt to do so? Som put on except by pay ment. Perhaps "Ly these plays. The fact ten cent show and I management knew its y accordingly. You se the show was not "beli have had good reason to been called a five cent dealt with the play and opening night. Not the merits or demeris (as manager Bubb, call now be admitted that the drawing feature of

Now I would advi future to read his att as he may be as de spite the arrangem

Musical and Dramatic.

TALK OF THE TOWN.

Somewhat late to deal with in this department last week, came under my notice an ungentlemanly and impudent letter from one H. B. Clarke, of Halifax, addressed to and made public by Mr. A. O. Skinner of this city.

I have designated Mr. Clarke's letter as "impudent" because he presumes to dictate a course this department of PROGRESS should follow in its treatment of dramatic companies that play the cities of St. John and Halifax.

What Mr. Clarke may choose to consider his interests is a factor of infinitesimal proportions in connection with this portion of PROGRESS. His statements, so far as they related to this department, are as false as his letter is impudent.

I have heard Mr. Clarke express his opinion of a company that he played in this city (do not get agitated, Mr. Clarke, I am not referring to the Arthur Rahab engagement) and if he then expressed his honest belief, then no consideration should be paid to what he says about performances.

The recent strictures upon the Bubbe Comedy Company appear to have hurt Mr. Clarke's feelings. In this upon the principle that "like likes like."

If Mr. Clarke possesses the regard for truth he ought to have he would rather commend PROGRESS' attitude towards this company. He ought to know that PROGRESS stated facts about the Bubbe Company on their opening night, and no better argument than fact is required.

On the 12th inst., at Orpheus Hall, Halifax, will be given a concert by Mr. Bernhard Walther. I do not know what other talent will take part on the programme, but I presume the occasion will be of not a little interest.

The readers of PROGRESS will bear in mind that "Christ and his soldiers" will be given on the 13th inst. by the Oratorio Society at St. Paul's (Valley) Church.

Among the Boston Theatres. "Good thing, push it along" has become quite a catch word ever since The Passing Show has been occupying the boards at the Columbia, and the thing is a good one, of its kind, a mere thread of a plot on which to hang specialties of all sorts, burlesques of scenes from popular plays.

Edie Ellier has been seen this week at the Grand Opera House in her usual place, Hazel Kirke and Doris, as well as in a new play called A Woman's Power.

operatic benefits or things of that kind—and refrain from interference with matters he does not understand. I give this advice while I am conscious it may be wasted upon its object, as a man so wholly lost to a sense of what is gentlemanly and honorable, cannot be depended upon to take even a proscribed tonic.

There is yet another fact for the consideration of Mr. Clarke, Mr. Skinner, and the general public, which in concluding I desire to mention. That fact is that since this department of PROGRESS has been placed in my charge—now upwards of a year—my endeavor has been as my desire is, to treat all parties justly; to be fair to them on their merits; being entirely indifferent as to whether they advertise or not, or whether or not they extend the ordinary press courtesies to this paper—dealing impartially in all cases so far as I was able.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The event of special musical interest during the week was the concert given at Mechanics' Institute last Tuesday evening under the auspices of the choir of the Mission church. Some of the best known talent in the city assisted the choir with choice selections, some of which were heard before—and perhaps rendered better—and some of which were new.

The Boston Theatre has had Wilson Barrett on its stage for the last two weeks, the first of which he devoted to his dramatization of Hall Caine's Maximilian. Your readers are familiar with this splendid story, how strongly and how sadly the tale is told, and know the plot.

Westward Ho still runs along at the old museum but its days are numbered for on the 18th, Zib takes its place with bright fetching little Annie Lewis in the lead.

Bowdoin Square has given two weeks of The Prodigal Daughter, a sporting play that was seen here last season.

Grand Opera will soon be with us, and then how all Boston will flock to the big barn in which Mr. Abbey and his partners produce the pieces. It makes no difference though about the comforts or discomforts of the theatre, it is the great stars we want to see and hear, Emma, Malba, Nordica, Sanderson, the de Reszkes, Piancon, Tamagno, all the song birds.

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Edie Ellier has been seen this week at the Grand Opera House in her usual place, Hazel Kirke and Doris, as well as in a new play called A Woman's Power.

There will be a new comic opera put on in Boston probably in early April and it is on the cards that Miss Nita Carrite will be heard in the lead. Helen Dauray was not a success in the Twentieth Century Girl and Bettenia Girard has taken her place.

Joseph Hawthorth has a new play called Ronald written by Mr. Ernest Lacy of Philadelphia. The play is a tragedy, written in blank verse, the scenes laid in and near Florence about the 14th century.

A revival of one of last season's plays is the current attraction at the Halifax St. The Girl I Left Behind Me, and a go-

play it is too, further strengthened this year by the addition of a troop of cavalry who make a very effective entrance at the scene scene Nat Goodwin in the next to come at this house, he opening on Monday night for a two week's season in his round of plays. A Gilded Fool, In Mizura, and David Garrick.

Castle Square has been the home of the legitimate for a fortnight with Jos. Haworth as the leading exponent. In addition to Rosedale the perennial favorite, Mr. Haworth, has given Hamlet and Richeieu, in both of which characters he surprised and delighted his friends by the mastery and artistic manner in which he depicted these two so different characters.

Burlesque of the more gorgeous kind holds sway on the stage of this theatre in the shape of Aladdin Jr., not to mention the scenes of other shapely more or less shapely form of Anna Boyd, who leads the company.

The Tremont the Kendals have given a season of two weeks playing for the first one a very elaborate revival of Clancarty, and for the second doing old pieces such as The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, The Ironmaster and A White Lie, winding up the engagement by a production for the first time on any stage of A Political Woman.

The Black Sheep still continues at the Park with no immediate idea of a successor. The piece seems to have caught the public fancy, but then all the Hoyt pieces do that.

For the second week Mr. Barrett has varied the bill, playing Orpheus, Virginia, Ben-my-Chree, Hamlet and finishing with his splendid production of The Silver King.

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them for inspection and approval. Aladdin Jr. came under the ban and as a consequence the lithographs and stands of this production which picture forth the chains of the female form are ornamented with a date line across the middle of the pictures not at all enhancing their attractiveness.

In the matter of costume some of the dancers in The Passing Show, whose dresses were a trifle audacious, were requested to regulate their apparel in a way more suitable to the Puritan ideas of the city fathers, which they did with the result that the effect was more startling than before.

I do not know whether the gentlemen will insist on Ada Rehan wearing skirts when she plays Rosalind and Viola or not; perhaps they may these waves of high morality amuse me—they rise quickly some to their height very soon, break into foam and are lost in the sounds of public derision.

Miss Percy Haswell and Mr. Wm. F. Owen were both in the cast of The Orient Express, which Daily produced.

Your dramatic editor got Mr. Wm. Owen mixed a short time ago—the former is the one so well known to St. John theatre goers, the latter is a younger man and has played in St. John with Mile. Rhea in her first engagement there, and now is with Julia Marlowe.

"77" FOR GRIP

Seventy-seven is the only Specific for Grippe. Not until long after the first epidemic did Dr. Humphreys offer his discovery to the public. He devoted time and study to the development of a true Specific.

Frederic C. W. Esq., Geological, 145 East 16th St., New York, formerly of Montreal, writes: "The change from the high altitude of the Rocky Mountains made me an easy victim of Grippe. On Saturday, Jan. 12, I had intense fever, bad cough, pains everywhere."

Mr. W. H. Wilson, 210 West J. Street, Louisville, Ky., writes: "I was using your '77' for my little boy, aged 4 years. We always use it when he has a bad cold, and it helps him very much."

Mr. H. D. Dwyer, 42 West 98th St., New York, says: "I have taken '77' for Grippe and found most wonderful relief, and will spread the good news far and wide."

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Johnson's ANODYNE LINIMENT

It is the most powerful and most reliable remedy for all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, and other painful affections. It is the only liniment that is guaranteed to give relief in all cases.

Priestley's Dress Fabrics. In the long run it is the quality of the material that will determine the success of a lady's costume. Every lady who has at all studied the matter knows this. Priestley's Black Dress Goods are the best that the market affords.

See that the goods you buy are stamped EVERY FIVE YARDS with PRIESTLEY'S NAME. No others are of their manufacture.

EQUITY SALE. THESE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner, Prince William Street, in the city of St. John, in the city and county of St. John, and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, THE THIRTIETH DAY OF MARCH NEXT,

MOURNING. MILLINERY A SPECIALTY. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

Beautiful Lady May. Cynos Gold's New Song, will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents, addressed to C. G. Music, care "Progress" Office, St. John, N. B.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS AND DESIGNS. HANBURY A. BUDDEN, Advocate, Attorney, and Solicitor in Patent Cases, Expert, 517 New York Life Building, MONTREAL.

AS YEARS GO BY... ONE MILLION CUSTOMERS... \$3 A DAY SURE... NO GOOD HOUSEKEEPER... RUBBER GOODS... RESIDENCE... ANATEON PHOTOGRAPHERS.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 20 to 21 Centre-street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies can be purchased at every news stand in New Brunswick, and in every many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Discontinuation.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuation can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

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

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

The circulation of this paper is over 12,000 copies; a double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 9

MR. HARTE AND MR. QUIGG.

The February number of the Arena contains a story entitled "A Drama in Tatters," from the pen of WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE, a young gentleman who was born in Canada, and has written good, bad and indifferent things for the United States press. His story is not half as amusing as the extra page which the Arena prints in a second edition of the February number. The page bears a title entitled "An Apology to the Hon. LEMUEL E. QUIGG." This endeavor to soothe the wounded feelings of the gentleman, these feelings having been lacerated by the fact that the hero of "A Drama in Tatters" is "the Honorable LEMUEL QUIGG," and contains the following: "As I do not follow, and am not interested in municipal or state politics, I am not acquainted with the names and fortunes of party politics, and I was totally ignorant that there was any gentleman in public life, or even occupying any public position in society, business, or any vocation, bearing the name given my hero."

There are two very remarkable statements in the above sentence. One is the confession of Mr. HARTE concerning his ignorance of politics, which is amusing after the widely circulated articles that that gentleman wrote a few years ago concerning the politics of the United States and Canada. These articles plainly show that there were more things in the United States and Canada than were dreamed of in his philosophy, but would also seem to indicate that Mr. HARTE was blantly ignorant of the fact. It is pleasing to observe that this trait in Mr. HARTE's criterion of great men—modesty. But how any man could ever look at the United States newspapers without stumbling across the name of the Hon. LEMUEL E. QUIGG is a puzzle even greater than Mr. HARTE's lamentable ignorance concerning the public men of Canada, in which he spent the greater part of his life.

Mr. HARTE never heard the name of Hon. LEMUEL QUIGG before he gave it to the politician mentioned in his story, there is certainly a remarkable coincidence connected with the affair, as it was undoubtedly the strangeness of the name and the fact that Mr. QUIGG was "of Quogus" that gave that gentleman the needed notoriety which he has taken advantage of to bring to the notice of the American public the talents he possesses. The fun that was poked at his name was very fortunate ridicule for LEM QUIGG of Quogue.

The fact is, that Mr. HARTE must have been innocently guilty of plagiarizing the name of his hero and the living exemplification of "what's in a name." Mr. HARTE has done a little plagiarizing in this line before. The head of his department in the New England Magazine, "In a Corner at Dole's," strongly resembles that which was used for a long time before by another critic, who wrote for a Canadian journal.

Manufactures are the life of any community. Nothing else will so rapidly and substantially build up a town and give it population, wealth and influence. Every town should be alive to its needs in this respect, and should take active measures to bring its natural advantages and acquired facilities to the notice of manufacturers and capitalists, and hold out all reasonable inducements to industrial enterprise. To any responsible parties desirous of starting a manufactory, strong encouragement in some practical form should be freely given. Rentals and taxes should be made nominal at the start; or if it is desired to build, land for the purpose should either be given outright or offered at a low figure. If any of the citizens, having surplus means, not required in conducting their own business, be disposed to invest in this new enterprise with a view to helping its establishment, they will likely find it safer and more profitable than sending their money abroad for investment, if they first carefully investigate its merits. Frequently it is a wise course for the business men and local capitalists

of a town to club together, erect buildings suitable for general manufacturing purposes, provide them with water or steam power, and offer them for rental or sale; or if there is a good waterpower in the town, improve it and put it in shape for use, if not already developed. Privileges thus afforded will not long remain unoccupied. In these and many other ways that will suggest themselves to the enterprising community, according to its special needs or peculiar resources and location, manufacturing industries may be established and fostered, and the interests of the place promoted.

The present Czar was reported, when he came to the throne, to be a weak young man. But he is showing himself to be a better man than his father. It is reported that he intends summoning to St. Petersburg the prominent officials and other personages of all the provinces of the Empire, in order to ascertain the desires and the exact situation of his people. The lifting of the burden off the shoulders of the people of Warsaw is another act which has shown that the new Czar is a man of sense. He has a glorious opportunity to make a name for himself that will lighten the dark annals of Russia, and it looks as though he was going to make it, while at the same time he is saving himself a good deal of worry and fear. Not only is he a doer, but he is also a talker. Some of his sayings will go far towards making him popular. When that brilliant diplomat, M. DE GIER, handed to him his resignation, saying, "My legs are not able now to do service for your majesty," the Czar replied, "Retain your office, for I need your head and your heart."

Cassell's Saturday Journal, in copying articles from American papers, generally makes a few explanatory remarks at the head of the article, either to give its readers some information concerning America, or to explain the joke. The last number to reach this office tells a story of SAM JONES, and calls him "the celebrated negro preacher." An even more amusing error to people in this part of the world occurs in a late issue of the London Tid-bits, a paragraph in which reads: "A sailing vessel which was making for Halifax, N. S., encountered a heavy gale in the Bay of Fundy, and struck a rock." The editor of Tid-bits might learn something about geography by looking at the map of Nova Scotia.

It was Judge WAXEN who said, "A man who can vote and won't vote should be made to vote." This is the theory upon which the Belgian system of voting is based. In Belgium severe penalties are imposed upon those "who can vote and won't vote." The popular election phrase "Vote early and often" seems also to be the basis of clauses in the electoral law of Belgium, for in that thickly-settled country unmarried men over twenty-five have one vote, married men and widowers with families two votes, and priests and certain other persons of position and education have three votes.

Honors are easy in the United States senate now. LEE MANTLE has just been sworn in senator from Montana, and the democrats have no more representatives in the senate than the republicans at present. Vice-president STEVENSON is the man to whom the democrats look in the case of a straight party vote. It will not be long, however, before the new republican senators from Wyoming and Washington will take their seats. Then the democrats may look in vain for ADLAI in the event of a party vote.

The Rum's Horn is one of the most modern christian of all the religious papers, and is one of the leading exponents of true christianity. But it is not always using deceptive advertising methods. In the February number there appears an advertisement of the paper, in which the words "Living Pictures" are printed in large type. The printer naturally starts to read the smaller type below, and is thereupon surprised at finding that the "living pictures" are of the success attendant upon those who subscribe for the Rum's Horn.

On another page of PROGRESS will be a critique on a book by ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVILL for some time one of the associate editors of the Ladies' Home Journal and author of several books on the care of children. "Astra" and the most of her readers will probably be surprised to learn that this author of whom she speaks so highly is a native of St. John, and is now living in Gagetown.

A writer to the Detroit Free Press says that San Francisco is or was never alluded to as "Frisco" by Californians—that it is an Eastern mistake. But in spite of this assertion, readers who have never been in California, and probably those who have, will continue to pin faith upon the testimony of that keenest of observers, BRET HARTE.

All good men, whatever their caste, hope that WARD MCALISTER is hampered from enjoying the society of the best by no "four hundred" exclusiveness.

Colonel POPE of Hartford has followed the example of Mr. WILMOT of Fredericton, and has won a name that will live with the city by giving it a park.

PLEASURES OF WINTER.

Some poets write about the spring, And of its blossoms early sing; I'll busy upon another ending The pleasures of our winter.

With check, and eye, and heart aglow The children play on the snow; They laugh, and slide, and coast, and crew The pleasures of our winter.

The older folks enjoy a skite, Some on the ice have found their state While gliding hand in hand or sleigh; Enjoying fall our winter.

No fun in winter! that's the time When poets best can strike a rhyme; And story makers wax sublime Around our fires in winter.

The canny Scot forgets himself! When on the rink he tak's a spill At broom and stone, loch! what a yell For frosty day in winter.

The mammoth sleigh, the concert, ball, The hockey match, and carnival, The church ice-skating call To socialize in winter.

And should the dare prove ever cold Our hearts may warm to neighbors old, Or sick, or poor, and thus a mild New pleasure for our winter.

They come, ye crystal feather flakes, And come, ye frozen streams and lakes, And come, ye hoar-frost and snow, With pleasures for our winter.

S. J. JOHNSON, C. H. D.

Forever, Love, Forever. When we in faithful friendship meet, And to our sweet hearts The language of love's glad dream

Our spirits in a peaceful prayer No time or space can sever; Our vow is for eternal years, Forever, love, forever.

Our pathway leads to brighter skies, Love's angel guides us higher; Where flowers have immortal bloom, That here in air but winter.

Our path is for eternal years, Beyond our strong endeavor; Our faith is for eternal years, Forever, love, forever.

Here you and I in beauty see Within this bosom of mine, Like melody of harmonies Between my soul and thine.

I greet thee true, thy face I see, And from my being never; So time its vainities remove Forever, love, forever.

The blisful music of one hour, Sell o'er my life is laid; The few but earnest words we said, Need here no brief recalling.

I need not tell you to be true, To soothe the man's restless fever; I hear your voice responding low, Forever, love, forever.

Pansy Porch, Feb. 1895. CYRIL GOLDIE.

Love's Requiem. Today I read a thousand protestations Of your divine, undying love for me; "Your first and last and only love" forever, All this had led to a memory.

But ah, I keep—I still shall keep those letters, The withered blossoms of a love that died; They will remind me of those dearer moments When you, your writer, was still at my side.

For love I feel it blossomed too profusely, It gave its very life to make them sweet; No strength remained to succor its existence, It died and drooped and withered at my feet.

"Love, put thy trust in me," you sang so sweetly, Ah, yes, you really dearest love sincere; And I—I scarcely dreamed a love so ardent Could fade to less than friendship in one year.

"With these converses"—"Have you quite forgotten How of you spoke, and speaking thought it true, Like melody of harmonies was perfect. When I, your 'only love,' was near to you.

Alas! for love. When from his idol severed, The dear face seen no more, the voice unheard, Love soon grows vague and dim! a shade! a shadow! A boyish dream a half forgotten word.

Edna W. W.

The Intelligent Voter. His great responsibility would keep him up, And when he went to bed he lay and pondered "Woman's rights"; Drank deeply at the Society Club of essays on reform; Heard other orators exhort of the "impending storm"; The tariff he declaimed so much it cost him many a friend.

Yet he was sure the cruel means were sanctioned by the end. He was to be a voter, said he: "I know what I'm about." But he had little cross wrong, and they threw his ballot out.

The Captain's Treasure. There was a boy upon his forehead, There was a glow in his name; He had led his country's cohorts Through the crimson field of fame; Yet from his breast at midnight, When the throng had ceased to cheer, He took a faded blossom, And kissed it with tear.

A little faded violet, But more than fame Or loud acclaim He prized its faded blue.

We have all a hidden story Of a day in-re bright and dear; We may hide it with our laziness— It is latent in us all; And we're all some little keepsake Where no eye can ever mark, And, like the great commander, We kiss it in the dark.

A little faded violet, Perchance a loop of gold, A gift of love, We prize above All that the earth can hold. —Natalie Minton Peck.

Within Thy Courts. Within thy courts, O calm and still, The place thou dost with glory fill, May we have knowledge of thy will, And learn of thee.

There earnest souls with loving heart, Seek grace that thou dost love impart, Aid us to choose the better part Thy love to see.

Let thy mercy ever flow, On us, on all thy love bestow, That we and they may truly know Thy boundless grace.

Thy boundless grace, great One in Three, We, thy weak and unworthy shall be, While ages roll steadily, Jehovah, God.

THREE CIVIC OFFICIALS.

HALIFAX'S HEAVIEST OUTLAY IS WHAT PAYS THEM.

The Mayor's Salary Increased by Fourteen Per Cent—The Recorder, City Treasurer, City Clerk and Engineer—The New Stipendiary a Success—An Astute Collector.

HALIFAX, Feb. 6.—One of the heaviest items of civic outlay is what it costs the Halifax taxpayer for clerical salaries at the city hall. The entire police department takes only a little more money than is necessary to pay city hall salaries, but the difference is small. There is one thing to be said about this expenditure which will please optimistic taxpayers, and it is that the clerks are not much more numerous than they were ten years ago and that the salaries have not been materially increased. The last civic report to hand places the amount paid for salaries at \$20,800; for



Chief of Police O'SULLIVAN.

police \$28,120, and for the works department \$24,864. Salaries will be proportionately higher the coming year.

The mayor nominally receives \$1,000 per year, but this year Mayor Keele draws at least \$1,500, having taken an additional \$500, half of what had been voted as the board of works commissioners' allowance, before the board was abolished. That was a sharp move on the part of his worship, which Progress first brought to the attention of the public. The \$1,000 mayor's salary was intended to be exclusively used to maintain the dignity of the office, but in these hard practical days, and especially under Mayor Keele's regime the money has been appropriated and used as would be any civic clerk's salary.

His honor recorder MacCoy receives \$1200 per year to act as the legal adviser of the city. Probably the city saves money in having at its disposal the services of an attorney with the wonderful ability of W. F. MacCoy, rather than be compelled to go outside to consult legal opinions when doubtful cases arise, as they sometimes do. The city council is making the recorder fully earn his salary these days, in giving frequent judgments on the rulings of his worship the mayor. It is not pleasant to be forced to decide against the chair when it takes to "voting."

The salary of the city treasurer is \$1,800 W. L. Brown, who now occupies the office, gets only \$1,000, the balance going to the ex-treasurer, Greenwood. Mr. Brown was formerly in the water department, at a higher salary. He voluntarily took the treasurership at \$1,000, in the belief that sooner or later, as the head of the department, he would receive the whole \$1,800, and he will not likely be disappointed. Mr. Brown has not been long enough in his present position



F. W. DOANE, City Engineer.

tion to enable one to definitely judge what he will be like, but he made a first class record in the water department, and there is little doubt he will be equally efficient in his new sphere of civic labor.

The city clerk is Henry Trenaman, and if any man in the city hall earns his salary that man is Mr. Trenaman. He regards not hours, but is at his post early and late and frequently burns "the midnight oil." He has three assistants. If Mr. Trenaman has any fault it is in not having fully the faculty to get his assistants to do more and himself have less work. A man who can direct and drive others may do more valuable labor than he who only works hard himself. Mr. Trenaman is a first-class man anyway.

Thomas Trenaman, M. D., is the city medical officer. There are those who think the doctor has one of the easy offices in the city employ, but his place is by no means a sinecure. The poor's asylum, with between 300 and 400 inmates; Rockhead city

prison, and the infectious disease hospital, all require his attention, and it does not seem as if his \$1000 per year he receives were any too much money for the work performed.

One of the most responsible positions in the city government is that of stipendiary magistrate. George H. Fielding is the judge who presides in this court of justice, and he gives promise of being the best judge who has ever graced the police court bench. Mr. Fielding is a well-read lawyer, is the possessor in large measure of tact, talent and good common sense, and he gives satisfaction to bar and public alike. The salary in the meantime is \$2,000 but that figure will, in course of time, be greatly increased, as it should be. The new stipendiary is a success.

City engineer F. W. Doane is the higher paid official in the city hall, and the coming year will receive a salary of \$2,400. His picture, and that of Collector Theakston, are given, as those of the two most important officials in the city employ, and as being representatives of their fellows in the city hall. A mighty change has come over the views of members of the city council since the days of E. H. Keating, who was Mr. Doane's predecessor, and who is now city engineer for Toronto. Mr. Keating was paid only \$2,000 per year, and was allowed practically no assistance in his office, even payment of a small bill for car fare, which he incurred in the discharge of his duty, being repaid by the aldermen. Mr. Doane has the salary of \$2,400; he has H. W. Johnston as one assistant at \$1200 per year; Mr. Pickering as another, at \$500; Mr. Morrison as a third at \$500; and he has a horse and wagon for his exclusive official use, besides two other teams for subheads of his department. Quite a contrast! City engineer Doane is a good man, practical and level-headed. Great things have been accomplished since he came into office, and that the city is \$1,000,000 further in debt than when he began is not Mr. Doane's fault, and there is something to show for the money, if not all there should be

to which timely attention should be directed, is the fact that of the great body of factory operatives which by these removals will be thrown out of employment, a large proportion, and by far the better class of them, are French Canadians who will be forced to return to their old homes in upper Canada and the maritime provinces. The occasion will furnish a good opportunity for Canadian capital and enterprise to set on foot some need-d measures for establishing new industries and developing home resources.

THE PROFESSOR'S RUSE. How He got rid of the Musicians who Bothered Him.

A well-known professor at one of the English Universities was often annoyed by two Italians playing a street-organ before his house. Giving his servant some money, he told her that when ever she heard an organ she was to go and pay the owners to take it away. This was a failure. The men instead of coming once a week came twice.

One day the sound of the organ disturbed the professor while working at one of his lectures. This so annoyed him that he rushed out and ordered the men away, telling them that if they came again he would hand them over to the police. They refused to go unless he gave them more money. Enraged at their impudence, he raced down the street in search of a policeman. Just as he turned the corner of the street he met a sergeant marching with a band of musicians. He turned and walked alongside the procession.

When they turned the corner, the Italians saw the professor with the policeman. It was enough. They were both seized with the sudden desire to see how quickly they could get the organ out of the street. The cure was lasting, for the professor declares that no man has since been bold enough to play an organ before his house.

A Man of Peace.

One of the best men of Italy, the Deputy and former Republican, Quirico Filopanti, died at Bologna on the 18th December. His real name was Giuseppe Barili, but he changed it to Filopanti (the friend of all). In 1849 he was one of the secretaries of the Constituent Assembly. In 1860, 1866, and 1867 he served on the staff of the General Garibaldi. Remarkable is the commission he made that, during his campaigns, he never fired a bullet at the enemy, as this was not compatible with his humanitarian principles. Filopanti was altogether cast in an original mould.

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"Now, you must not let this go any further," said Watts to M'David after retaining a choice bit of scandal.

"Oh, certainly not," said M'David.

"How did you happen to hear it?"

"My wife told me. She is just like any woman—can't keep a secret, of course."

"Turn back," pleaded the maiden, "Oh, Time, in thy flight, and make me young again, just for tonight."

"Certainly," rejoined Time, slyly. "About how far must I turn back?"

"None of your business."

Mr.—"What month is it in which it is unlucky to be married?" Mrs.—"Great Scott! what a poor memory you have, my dear. We were married in June."

That Susquehanna Trip.

To the Editor of PROGRESS.—I regret much that I cannot at present comply with Mr. Blackburn's request in your last issue to write a description of my canoeing trip on the Susquehanna. I have no memoranda of the cruise by me, and my recollections of it are blurred and dimmed by the intervening years. Any description, then, that I might attempt would necessarily be lacking in those little touches that give to such writing the charm of reality. Susquehanna's banks are no longer the sedge reaches spoken of by Scott; and in wealth of scenery and gentle grandness of contrast, the river itself deserves more than a memory sketch of a canoeist's experience.

NEW ENGLAND COTTON MILLS.

A Movement of Them to the South Seems to Have Set In.

The movement of New England cotton mills to the south which goes to have set in, as witnessed in the announcement at that several large corporations of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut are about to transfer their plants to Georgia and other southern states, possesses some features of special interest to Canada, and particularly to the maritime provinces.

In the first place this migrating tendency is not mainly due to a desire to get nearer the cotton fields and thus save cost of transportation on raw material—for Egyptian cotton is already being brought to America for about half what it costs to grow the stuff in the United States. In the next place this exodus does not thus far, and most probably will not, include any of the cotton factories of the state of Maine; on the other hand, Massachusetts capitalists of New Bedford and Fall River have just purchased and will soon start up a Maine factory which has long been idle, Boston capital has newly invested in a large Lewiston, Maine, mill which has been in idleness for the last few years, and the Cabot corporation at Brunswick, Maine, one of the largest in the state, are contemplating the erection of a new mill that will double their capacity or production.

The truth is that these corporations which are taking to themselves wings and flying away are driven out by the arbitrary and unbearable exactions of organized labor, by the hostile legislation and generally unfriendly attitude towards them which has resulted from incessant labor agitation, and by excessive, and in many instances, unjust taxation, all of which has made it impossible for them to compete with mills in the south and elsewhere that pay less taxes and wages, and work more hours, and have no trouble with their help. There is a lesson in this which any action will find it worth while to heed.

And another thing in connection, to which timely attention should be directed, is the fact that of the great body of factory operatives which by these removals will be thrown out of employment, a large proportion, and by far the better class of them, are French Canadians who will be forced to return to their old homes in upper Canada and the maritime provinces. The occasion will furnish a good opportunity for Canadian capital and enterprise to set on foot some need-d measures for establishing new industries and developing home resources.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

From American Society News and other sources.

- KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street... W. R. HARRIS, 111 Hollis street... J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N.S.

The dance given by Hon. Mrs. Montgomery Moore on Thursday evening last was the principal event of the week...

Governor and Mrs. Daly gave a dinner at the government house on Tuesday evening...

Mrs. Waterberg gave a pleasant afternoon tea on Saturday last...

A dramatic concert was given by St. George's choir at their hall, Malting street...

A social evening was spent in Christ church Sunday school room on Wednesday evening...

The annual meeting of St. Mark's church was held in their hall on Wednesday evening...

The marriage of Mr. J. A. Smith, barrister of this city to Mrs. Thomas...

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Mr. J. E. Smith, of Boston, is visiting at the home of Mrs. J. H. Green...

Miss Julia Dickson, who has been teaching the intermediate department...

Miss Black, of Pagewash, has taken Miss Dickson's place at the rest of the term...

Miss Lizzie Dunmore, brown and cream silk... Miss Addie Hinch, pink chiffon with ribbon trim...

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Lunch was served about eleven o'clock after which several games were played...

The Division of the Sons of Temperance will visit Pagewash Monday evening...

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Langille have taken the house formerly occupied by Wm. McInyre...

Strength is what JOHNSTON'S FOOD BEEF imparts. Forms Sinew and Muscle, and gives soundness to the Constitution.

Mr. R. L. Hatfield, Mr. Inge Hatfield, Mr. Stewart, Mr. F. B. C. Smith, Mr. F. W. Moore...

Mr. R. B. Hardwick returned on Saturday from an extended American trip...

Mr. W. H. H. Harris, of Halifax, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Holly, Col. Inge street...

A number of young married people, of Yarmouth, have lately organized a "wrist club" consisting of twenty-four members...

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Page 1)

Miss M. W. ... Mr. ... Mrs. ...

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AN OFFER OF \$5,000.00

Every testimonial published by us is bona fide, and so far as we know is absolutely true.

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Read what some noted people say about Warner's SAFE Cure, acknowledged to be the best remedy in the world for all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver or Urinary organs.

DR. WILLIAM EDWARD ROBESON, of the Royal W. Army, wrote to a London newspaper called the Family Doctor as follows: "Having had more than seven years' experience in my profession, I can conscientiously and emphatically state that I have been able to give more relief and effect more cures by the use of Warner's SAFE Cure than by all other medicines ascertainable to the profession"

R. A. GUNN, M. D., Dean of the U. S. Medical College, New York. "Belonging, as I do, to a branch of the profession who believe that no school of medicine knows all the truth regarding Disease, and being independent enough to use any remedy that will relieve my patients without reference to its source from which it comes, I am willing to acknowledge and commend frankly the value of Warner's SAFE Cure."

DR. ANDREW WILSON, F. R. S., editor of Health, in replying through his paper to a correspondent who had written to him regarding Warner's SAFE Cure, said: "Warner's SAFE Cure is perfectly safe and perfectly reliable"

MRS. ANNIE JENNERS MILLER, the famous leader of dress reform. "It gives me great pleasure to express my faith in the virtues of SAFE Cure, which is the only medicine I ever take or recommend."

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soning, "two months' arrears all at once as it were, and stand (or sit) in imminent danger of being snowed up indefinitely. Therefore if by any means we can get our feet on the ground, it is a matter of life and death to us."

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THE TYPE WRITER

Has ceased to be a luxurious toy. It is now an indispensable business accessory. You have been thinking of buying one for a long time, and are now convinced that you must have a Writing Machine to keep up with the business methods of the age.

ant THE BEST? Which is it? Why, THE YOST. No. 4, New Model for 1895.

IT IS THE BEST. Because of its PERFECT WORK, produced by direct printing from the face of steel type. Because of its PERFECT and PERMANENT ALIGNMENT, secured by the wonderful centre guide, which causes every type to print exactly in line, as it is mechanically impossible to strike the paper except in the proper place.

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THE TYPE-BAR of the Yost is peculiar and unique. It is at once the lightest, strongest, and quickest type-bar on the market, actual mechanical tests prove that a Yost type-bar will run continuously for twenty years without being worn out.

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Look at the Carriage of our New Machine. See how easily the paper is inserted without lifting any pawl or other device. The paper can be turned backward or forward to the place desired without effort.

The New Release Key is Very Convenient. It can be used either when the carriage is raised or lowered, and, being fastened to the left end of it, is easily manipulated. The carriage can be stopped at any desired point, and stays just where placed without moving a space or two.

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FRANK LEAKE, Oshawa, Ont.

Pains in the Joints

Caused by Inflammatory Swelling

A Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My son was afflicted with great pain in the joints, accompanied with swelling so bad that he could not get up stairs to bed without crawling on hands and knees. I was very anxious about him, and having read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it, and got a half-dozen bottles, four of which I gave to my son. He is now cured, and is as well as ever." Mrs. G. A. LANE, Oshawa, Ontario.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Pills not easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 2c.



BARBOUR'S LINEN THREADS.

Send 10c. in Stamps to THOS SAMUEL & SON, 25 St. Helen St., Montreal, and get one of BARBOUR'S PRIZE NEEDLES, WORKER'S NEW, A most instructive Book for Lace Making, etc. BARBOUR'S THREADS Are Sold Everywhere

"Minnie, aren't my roses nice?" "Yes, very pretty." "But don't you like their perfume?" "Oh, yes, it is just like mamma's that she got from Plesse & Lubin when she was in London, England."

You can buy those scents at the store now. Plesse & Lubin's perfumes may be had from all leading druggists.

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9 1895.

THE WOMAN'S SIDE OF IT.

"ASTORIA" REPLY TO REV. R. F. DIXON'S ARTICLE.

A Point Which the Claimed Mr. Dixon Overlooked—Sister-Vagabond Maidens—Who Must be Fed—Bread in One Branch of Distinctive Female Work.

I have just finished reading the very exhaustive and thoughtful article on "The Work of Womanhood," which Rev. R. F. Dixon, of Halifax, published in last Saturday's Progress, and while no one could fail to be impressed with the logical, temperate and comprehensive manner in which he presents his arguments, and the careful analysis of cases and facts which he reaches his conclusions, I cannot help thinking he has overlooked one very important aspect of the subject.

Throughout his entire article Mr. Dixon seems to base his arguments upon the assumption that the woman who is taking men's places in the various occupations which were formerly open to men alone, and allowing men out of positions which should rightfully belong to the other sex, do so of their own free will, and merely because of a stubborn determination to obtain their rights at any risk.

He speaks of the difficulty of young men obtaining positions in the world and the miserable wages received by them, being due to the "cut-throat unscrupulous competition of young women," and the habit of our sex in underbidding men in the matter of wages—performing the same work for much less pay. While Mr. Dixon does not speak in any sense disrespectfully or unkindly of the women workers, he seems to quite lose sight of the motive which drives so many of us out into the world, to work for our living at anything, at everything which may offer, and for which we have the slightest aptitude,—the motive of dire necessity! I speak from the worker's standpoint, as one who must needs work if she would eat, and whose selection of a profession was as much a matter of choice, as of chance; so I have a very deep respect for the influence of the stern "mother of invention" who often has such a hand in the moulding of our destinies.

Mr. Dixon speaks of the "abundant and sudden sight" of hundreds of unemployed young men lounging at street corners, and in public parks, passed by some staid business man, and counting houses; but still he does not seem to take into account the fact that the competition which has made such a state of affairs possible, is not the fault of the girls, but rather of the employers! Are we to blame because the merchant pays a woman just one-half as much wages as he would give a man for performing the same work? And is it our fault that the corporation pays the male teacher in the public schools \$600 a year for teaching one grade, and the female teacher who has charge of a higher grade, \$240? I do not think so! The man will not work for starvation wages, but the woman has no choice, she must earn her living, so she is forced to take what she can get, to accept anything; and therefore the "underbidding" to which Mr. Dixon refers is not her doing in any sense, but rather the result of man's oppression of the weaker sex, and a proof that he is still supreme in the world, and rules with a rod of iron.

No one could condemn more bitterly than I do, the well-to-do woman who has no need of adopting any business profession and yet who qualifies herself for law, medicine, or teaching, merely for the sake of securing what she calls her rights oblivious of the fact that she is thereby robbing some deserving man of the means of earning a livelihood. But still I do not believe for a moment that many women deliberately turn aside from the occupations which are best suited to their sex in order to enter into others which were formerly considered exclusively masculine employments. I think it is only when they find so many branches of women's work overstocked, that they turn to more laborious occupations, and are thankful for the chance of doing man's work for half his pay.

The truth of this may be found in the fact that the female supply of teachers, dry goods clerks and typewriters far exceeds the demand, and that the books of all the large hospitals contain long lists of applicants for every vacancy which occurs in the staff of pupil nurses. All these occupations are arduous and confining, yet numbers of women are only too eager for an opportunity of engaging in them, but failing that opportunity they must seek some means of earning their bread, and they gladly accept whatever offers, no matter how hard it may be.

Does Mr. Dixon take into consideration I wonder, that those poor "sister vagabond maidens" he speaks of, must be fed, and that in some cases out of ten they have nothing but their own exertions to depend upon for a living? Who will take care of them, if they stop their daily toil, and let some unemployed young man on the street corners take their places; no one will feel

compelled to look after them, and a grateful public is scarcely likely to see that they want for nothing. Surely Mr. Dixon can scarcely have avoided meeting with scores of cases where the incapacity of those who should be bread winners, has forced the women of the family to take the burden on their shoulders and face the world alone, and battle for themselves and their loved ones? He must know scores of husbands and fathers who have utterly failed to provide for their families, and finally dropped out of the race content that their feminine "belongings" should continue the struggle? And yet he speaks as if the life of incessant toil to which too many of us are condemned, were a matter of choice, instead of necessity. Almost the only branch of distinctive feminine work which is not overcrowded is that of domestic service, and who would recommend a woman of refinement and education to choose the life of a kitchen drudge, a servant of all work; or even that of a cook, or housemaid in a well-to-do family, where no man servant was kept, and the duties of attending to the turkeys, bringing up coals, and doing the weekly washing, were divided between the two?

Wealthy people who can afford to keep upper servants are few and far between in Canada and the life of the ordinary maid is by no means an easy one. As for the "lady help" experiment of which so much was expected, experience has proved it to be an utter failure, both for mistress and maid. Therefore the great majority of working women are compelled to encroach upon man's territory, and labor side by side with him.

Mr. Dixon very wisely warns the women of the present generation that if they persist in their present course of engaging in strictly masculine occupations, the inevitable result will be serious physical deterioration. We shall wear out our bloom in counting houses and offices, and become old women before our time. It is not worth our while, he tells us, to subject ourselves to such a strain for the sake of a paltry three or four dollars a week; but when that three or four dollars represents the entire living we scarcely stop to consider that the effort of earning it is causing us to fade before our time. As well to wear out, as to die of starvation, and that is the only choice left to many of us.

As for the economic point of view which Mr. Dixon also dwells upon, I scarcely see how that is very much affected by the fact that so many women are forced to earn their own livings, nor how they are depriving natural protectors of the means of doing likewise. If those women did not work, it follows that some one must support them, and in relieving their natural protectors of the burden they are doing a praiseworthy act.

Poor women who work, how many of you would not gladly give up the weapons you are supposed to have grasped so willingly, and stay at home idolized, looked up to, and revered, by some adoring male protector? It is so much easier and pleasanter to be a "better angel" than to work all day in an office, and being the keeper of a man's conscience is much less hard work than keeping the books in some store; but then if the man is not there to provide bread and butter, and an occasional joint of meat; or worse still if he is there and fails to provide it, the woman who bravely takes the responsibility upon her own shoulders can scarcely be said to unsex or degrade herself to the level of an apology for a man. Indeed she should be entitled to far more honor than if she sat idly down and waited for society at large to provide for her.

Finally, if woman is never unsexed until honest faithful work unsexes her, I do not think there is the least danger of her "abdication her throne," and I feel certain that she will never lose the respect of any right thinking man, because circumstances have forced her to stand by his side in the battle of life, and share his hardships, as well as his triumphs. Instead of depending upon men for support, she is being a burden to them, and they are being a burden to her. Why, then, is she expected to carry uncomplainingly, over rough places and smooth.

Mr. Dixon has argued his case very cleverly and told many wholesome truths which it would be well for us to ponder over, but still granting that all he says is true, and a great social revolution the inevitable result of the competition between the sexes, does not that prove the world to be over-populated, and would not the seeming deterioration of the woman of today to choose a life of solitary independence, rather than the responsibilities and cares of marriage, seem the readiest and best solution of the problem? ASTRA.

Why the Aspen Gullers. It is said that the quivering of the aspen's leaves is due to the fact of the leaf stalk being flat on the sides, and so thin about the middle that the slightest breath of wind sets all the leaves wagging horizontally. A single leaf plucked off and taken by the end of the leaf stalk between the thumb and forefinger admirably illustrates the peculiarity of the aspen.

PAY JUDGES SALARIES.

THIS IS "G. E. K.'S" PLAN OF PROBATE COURT REFORM.

Early History of Probate Courts—Judge Skinner's Idea—Several Causes Cited—The Issue Why Still One Hour Many Judges Proceed via the Usual Way?

The governor's speech delivered at the opening of the Legislature, which has since been approved of by "the assembly," promises "probate court reform." This was foreshadowed by the "bill" introduced last year, which it is said was not passed owing to the hostility of the legal gentlemen in "the house," sent by the people to aid in all necessary reforms. I am told that the "bill" to be introduced by the executive will go rather further than that of last session. As the writer has been advocating "probate reform," both from the platform and through the press, for nearly forty years, he believes that a repetition of some of his ideas and arguments will not be amiss now when some of the lay members of the legislature may have to advocate in opposition to the lawyers a reform they will not be as well posted up about as our legal lights. My letter will be lengthy, and yet it will not cover all the ground the very important subject demands. I claim for myself entire credence, because I am a witness giving testimony contrary to my own interest, and because all I say can be placed beyond doubt by the records of our province.

Our probate courts demand our serious attention, because they are connected with the interest and welfare of everyone interested in the estates of deceased persons. Interesting though it might be I will not go back into the distant past and show how priests and lawyers contended for the control of dead men's estates, the priests claiming that they wanted it to secure the souls of the dead, the lawyers for the well being of the heirs of the dead. In the end the lawyers, as they generally do, came out on top, and the practice in all the ecclesiastical courts and the probate robes to cover up the theft. Your readers have seen a priest in his robes and a lawyer in his gown. Like the farmer's twin sister, "they looked so much like both he could not tell them from which."

Our probate courts in New Brunswick, while the laws under which they have their jurisdiction have been frequently reformed, are yet conspicuous for their imperfections, and the practice in no two of them is exactly similar. In some of the counties the lawyers, with the approbation of the judges have pinned on to the courts rules and practice long since extinct in Great Britain, and not authorized by the statute and amendments to it of our Province. The late Judge Skinner in his lecture on "Probate" said, "The law as laid down in England in the Prerogative Courts, and the cases decided thereunder, give nearly all the law that is required. I will add 'and a great deal more,' and when we have to look outside of the practice we will find all we want in the probate practice followed in that country."

All must admit that courts having jurisdiction over the estates and effects of deceased persons are appendages to our jurisprudence that cannot be dispensed with, and that they should be made as perfect as legal institutions can be made. Those courts are entrusted with the control of the management of property in which widows, fatherless children, orphans, and creditors are interested, and the correctness and honesty of the procedure in them should be above suspicion.

The desire to accumulate property because it is property is the attribute of the miser, and is not as general as many suppose. Men accumulate property for a better purpose. Marriage places at the husband's side a being he is by the laws of God and man bound to protect and provide for. The general consequences of marriage are children, and the responsibility for their maintenance and education rests upon the parents. The teaching of christianity is that "he who will not provide for his own is worse than an infidel," and the Author of our being has placed in every well constituted man a law that responds to this teaching. The man or woman who has acquired property for such laudable reasons looks to the law of the land to secure it to them while they live, and to carry out their expressed or implied determination about it, after they die, and if the laws of a civilized state do not do this they are a mere mockery. There is another important consideration connected with the estates of dead men. Men hold a part of their property as trustees for their creditors. While they live the law compels them to carry this trust in effect, and after they are dead should take this trust in the hands of their legal representatives as safe as it was in theirs. Your space will not permit me to thoroughly discuss this, but your readers will fully comprehend the importance of my conclusions.

The jurisdiction of a probate court is to take proof of wills, grant letters testamentary and of administration, appoint guard-

ians, and in certain cases, audit and pass the accounts of executors, administrators, and guardians, and grant licenses for the sale of land to provide funds to pay debts of deceased debtors. All this discloses how important our probate courts are, and it does seem exceedingly strange that these Courts have attracted so little public attention.

The judges, registrars and proctors in these courts are paid by fees, taxed and allowed by the judge, who can order them to be paid "out of the estate or otherwise." After fifty years of careful observation I have not known an instance where it has been "otherwise." I will now show you the beauties of the tree by an exhibition of some of the fruits.

In Nova Scotia they have the same system of paying judges of probates by fees as in New Brunswick, and the celebrated Gramel will case will fully disclose the position in which a judge may be placed. The testator, a highly respectable and intelligent gentleman, late in life married a lady in every respect his equal. After living very happily with him for many years he died childless, after willing her the most of his property. She entered on the estate after obtaining probate of the will. Afterwards a paper was produced to the court which it was claimed was the last will of the deceased, and after a lengthy contest the probate of the will was revoked and the last paper admitted to probate as the last will. The decision of the judge of probate was afterwards quashed by the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, which by its judgment on appeal virtually decided that the paper allowed as a last will was a forgery and testimony on which it was allowed was perjury. I have to solve the problem, what could have induced the judge with the evidence taken by him to allow the forged will? Had he decided the will was a piece of forgery and the evidence perjury, he would not have been in a position to make the estate pay the costs of the contest, and I am informed that the persons who produced the papers could not have responded if they had been ordered to pay the costs. The judge would have lost his perquisites, and the legal gentlemen who brought the rich gnat to his mill there. Do you think that a judge should be ever placed in such a predicament? The temptation is too much for an ordinary mortal, and while our probate judges are paid by fees, similar cases may occur.

Our Annual Mid-Winter Sale of WHITE-WEAR For LADIES and CHILDREN is now on. NEVER HAS IT BEEN POSSIBLE to show such values in Cotton Underwear as in the present season. Prices of materials are at the lowest, and the wonderful rapidity with which skilled labor turns out quantities of beautifully made garments, on the constantly improved electric power sewing machines, is the great factor which has cheapened the cost of production, and thus enables us to place a Ready-Made Garment before our patrons at the bare cost of materials. We are showing a magnificent range of Ladies' Underskirts, from 35c. to \$4.00, but particularize the illustration AS BEING OF Exceptional Value. Full Size, Good Cotton, Yoke Band, 10 INCH TUCKED CAMBRIC FRILL. At 75c. With Embroidery Frill at 95c.

Ladies' Drawers, 23c. to \$3.45. Chemise, 25c. to \$3.25. Nightgowns (special prices for this sale), 45c., 60c., 90c., up to \$6.25. Corset Covers: High, Round, Low, Square, and V Neck, 30c. to \$1.80. Sizes 32 to 44 inch Bust Measure.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

ter. By proper advice she paid a large amount to keep the estate from being wrecked in the probate court. The Isaac Wry will case was a still harder one. The testator six years before his death got a neighbor, a careful business man, to write his will. The will was duly proved and letters issued to the executor. A son who had been amply provided for in his father's lifetime was disinherited. First he attempted to "blackmail" the widow, sending an agent from Patterson, New Jersey, where he resided, to demand a certain amount, the demand to be accompanied with a threat that if it was not complied with the will would be attacked. The widow refused, and was dragged into the probate court. After a large part of the estate had been eaten up in costs, which the judge, "proceeding in the usual way," decided should be "paid out of the estate." The will was decreed "proved in solemn form," and the expensive farce terminated. The widow and her fatherless infant children were nearly beggared and the step-son had his revenge. While I have been intimately connected with a probate court for nearly fifteen years, and know something about the history of other probate courts, I have to admit that I have never known a case where a will was put in contest on good grounds, or where one was set aside, or where the person or persons who sought to have the will declared bad, had to pay any of the costs no matter what the grounds disclosed might be.

I will not pass to other proceedings in the Westmorland Probate Court, and here pause to say that I do not want to be understood that the judges, registrars and proctors in the Westmorland Probate Court have been "sinners above all sinners." The estate of Robson M. Dixon was inventoried over \$13,000, and not one cent of it reached the orphan son or the creditors. The estate was kept in the Probate Court rather long and the final was there was only enough left to pay two thirds of the taxed costs. In that it overruled the celebrated "Bleak House" case. This reminds me of a case over the line. The judge was a rare exception. The heirs were fighting over an estate when one proposed a compromise. The others seemed disinclined to accept. The judge, seeing this, turned to the objecting parties, and said, "Gentlemen, if you don't settle I shall proceed in the usual way and divide the estate among the lawyers."

How many judges in our Province have proceeded "in the usual way?" In conclusion I return to my first conclusion that all the wrongs done in our probate courts are the results of paying their judges by fees, and the remedy is, pay them salaries. C. E. K. Dorchester, February 6th, 1895.

Fashion's Aid. Mrs. Rastus—"How in de world did ya manage to smuggle dat great big turkey fru de streets widout being disklivered?" Mr. Rastus—"Bress yer heart, honey, dere am a Providence in all tings; I found one ob dem new fashion, long-hall comb, coats a-hangin' on a line, dat somebody left out to air, an' de gobbler fit under it jes' like as it was made a purpose for him."

HOW IT IS DONE. "I don't see how Mrs. Brown does it," remarked Mrs. Smith to her friend. "I'm sure my husband makes more money than Mr. Brown, who is only a clerk; and yet that woman dresses better and has more clothes than I could begin to think of buying." Now, Mrs. S., we'll tell you how it's done. Whenever Mrs. B.'s clothes get a little worn, she don't rush into a dry goods store and buy new material, but neither does she want to appear shabby. So she sends the dress to UNGAR'S and has it dyed some pretty shade. And with a little alteration, behold, "Another new dress," as you remarked. Why not do likewise? UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S. WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

FORTIFY YOUR SYSTEM against PNEUMONIA and LA GRIPPE by using ROYAL EMULSION. A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN PHYSICIAN STATES: I cheerfully recommend the Royal Emulsion; I have suffered from a yearly attack of Bronchitis but this year, for the first time, I have escaped, and I attribute it to the use of ROYAL EMULSION. Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00. Wallace Dawson, CHEMIST, Montreal. A Word in Your Ear, Madam! Are you not feeling as well as usual this year? Is that tired, run-down feeling getting the upper hand? Do you sometimes feel nervous enough to fly? Are you sometimes even cross with the children? Do you mention that poor patient husband of yours? Get a half Dozen Bottles of PUTNER'S EMULSION, take it freely, and see what a charm will come over your existence. Read this to your husband this evening, and he will bring you the medicine when he returns from the club. It is pleasant and safe to take. Six bottles for \$1.50.

WHY SHE PROPOSED.

There was rather less than the usual Sunday crowd outside the Monte Rosa Hotel on this September morning. Holidays were drawing to an end. "A good thing too," said Edward Lincoln, when Jocelyn May remarked about it. "Ah! For my part, I'm tired of a bit of a stir," said the other. He moved aside, so that he could glance at one of the hotel windows. His face minutely became radiant. Lincoln noticed the change in his complexion, and hit his lip. He lunged to do as May had done—yet he dare not. They were both dressed for an excursion: Norfolk jackets and knickerbockers, ice axes, and the inevitable coil of rope. There was a slight commotion among the Zerematt guides as they moved forward. "Dear me, the greatest snow storm since '57," said one of the men, taking his pipe from his mouth, and smiling pleasantly. "Not to-day, Euler," said Lincoln. "We're going to do nothing serious." "It is good weather, even for the Hoars," proceeded the man. "None of your Matterhorns for me, my lad," said Jocelyn May, with a laugh. "I'm under a vow, Lincoln." "To whom, I wonder?" "That's telling, old chap." Again Lincoln hit his lip. "Come along," he said hoarsely, "or we shall never have for dinner." They soon got their stride, with their faces towards the Breithorn. It was understood that the magnitude of their excursion was to be independent upon the state of the snow. They had met by chance at the Monte Rosa—these two Jocelyn May lived with his mother at Graycester. He was believed to be a coming poet. His first little green book had made its mark, at any rate. Lincoln, on the other hand, was a young barrister in the country town. As fellow collegians, they had been sufficiently intimate. But there was now one particular reason (in Lincoln's opinion) why they could have had little in common. Evelyn Iles, the Dean of Graycester's daughter, was that reason. Still, they kept up the appearance of friendship; and when Evelyn had challenged him after breakfast, Jocelyn's making a martyr of himself for Jocelyn's sake, Lincoln had done his best to convince the girl that it was by no means so. But Evelyn was not easily deceived. And so they strode up the valley, with the snow and the blue sky before them; and each tried to assure himself that it would be as well for the time to forget Evelyn's gray eyes, and to make the most of a prime day among the Alps. Meanwhile the Dean and his daughter had had a little conversation at the window of the great breakfast-room, with its rows of honey-pots still on the table. "How very strange it is, my dear," said the old gentleman, "that we should invariably, wherever we go, encounter friends or acquaintances!" He said this while he smiled at young Jocelyn, who had just then moved towards the window from the outside. "Yes, papa," said Evelyn. All her energies were at that moment concentrated in her eyes. "The world is very small, my dear." "Very small, papa—smaller every day." The Dean laughed at this. "You puzzle me with your paradoxes, child," he said. "But," he added, kindly, "I had no idea Jocelyn would be at Zerematt. His mother said not a word about it when we were leaving." Evelyn held her tongue. She drummed on the window-pane, with two taper little fingers. "Had you any idea of it, my love?" The Dean's daughter drew a deep breath, blushed, and replied— "Yes, papa. He told me we might meet." "O—h!" "Yes, papa," continued Evelyn, warmly. (They had the room to themselves). "He did more than that. He told me why. He said he couldn't spend six dreary weeks at Graycester without seeing—who do you think, papa?" "My dear Evelyn! Is that so? Then I am to understand that Jocelyn—Well, well! He is a good lad, a good lad. Besides, his mother's property is really far from inconsiderable." "I care nothing about his prospects, papa," exclaimed Evelyn. "Oh, indeed. Is it possible you like that young barrister the better, after all?" "Papa! I was the reproachful retort. "I only asked you, my dear. Well, well! This has burst upon my blind old head like an avalanche. So I am destined to lose you one of these days, my little daughter?" "Never, I hope, papa," said the girl, nestling her hand into the old man's. "But I do hope you will gain a son in Jocelyn. I care very much indeed for him." "Come and let us talk it over by the river," said the Dean. And they did so. Three hours later, May and Lincoln were on the Gorner Grat and the great Breithorn. They had not had very much to say to each other. May was preoccupied. He was thinking that he would surely, in the course of a day or two, face that interview with the old Dean. And Lincoln also had much to think of. There was the rope, for one thing; and the bitterness of knowing that Evelyn Iles did not look on him with affection, for another. Suddenly May stopped. At his companion's request he had been leaning throughout. "I say, you know, this is really too much of an obstacle," he said, with rather a nervous laugh. They were on the edge of a deep crevasse, the blue ice of which contrasted well with the hot blue heavens. Lincoln came to the side, and looked at him. "I expect," he said, "we can improve matters considerably by following it up." "But," urged May, when they had gone about fifty yards up the broken scree, "need we bother about it? Don't you think we've done enough, considering we've only got for a sort of constitutional?" "Do you funk it, May?" "Funkt it! Not I. What in the world makes you put such a question to me? I was thinking of dinner, that's all." "We have a good five hours still. Sorry if I hurt your feelings. You poets are so touchy—there's no managing you." Jocelyn May laughed lightly. "I expect you're right, old fellow. I

an extremely sensitive. They all tell me so. We'll do precisely what you please. I can't say more than that." "All right. Then your bit of a bridge will serve our turn handsomely." The consensus had announced, and its depth was here something but formidable—some fifteen feet at the most. In these circumstances Jocelyn was easily persuaded by Lincoln to begin to drag himself over the snow bridge which spanned the crevasse. It was not a safe bridge at all. Whether Lincoln knew or did not know that, he set him in very firmly to resist any strain that might accidentally be brought to bear upon him. Suddenly, when Jocelyn was in the middle of the bridge, this broke inward. The young man uttered a cry. There was a strong jerk upon Lincoln; as momentary as strong, and then it was evident what had happened. The rope had broken, red strand or not in it. And Jocelyn was lying, more surprised than hurt, among the ice and snow at the bottom of the crevasse. Lincoln smiled, and then looked down. "Don't be anxious, old chap," said Jocelyn from below. "Only a strap or two. But what a nuisance about the rope." "A great nuisance, May. Cold, isn't it, down there?" Jocelyn stood up, rubbed his right thigh and then answered. "Awfully cold. What is to be done?" "Oh, I can get you all right. There's twice as much rope as is necessary round my waist. But I want you to promise something." "Promise something! What do you mean?" "You must admit, May, that your life's at my mercy. If I were to leave you here for two or three hours, I doubt if you'd bear it." "Lincoln! You'd never do that." "I'm a very human sort of a brute, with evil passions like the rest of the world." "I—I don't see what you are driving at," said Jocelyn, faintly. "What am I to promise?" "That you will give up making yourself agreeable to Evelyn Iles—that's all, May. Give up a most proposition to make. But I am past caring for that. She is everything to me." "To you?" gasped Jocelyn—mental disquiet as well as bodily discomfort were accountable for the new fit of shivering which took him. "I'll give you five minutes to think it over," said Lincoln, calmly. He looked at his watch, strolled away, and lit his pipe. He scanned the snow-bound horizon somewhat eagerly. Very small would be made to look if at once were just then to come in sight. At the end of six minutes he returned to the crevasse. "Well, May, what is it to be?" "Jocelyn was shaking with the cold." "I have no alternative," he said dismally with chattering teeth. "For pity's sake help me out." "I do." Then, in silence, Lincoln did what was necessary. "I—I did not think you could have been such a scoundrel," said Jocelyn, afterwards. "No? At any rate, I have your promise. You will have Zerematt to-morrow, I hope?" "Just as soon as I can, you may be quite sure. It sickens me to think of staying where you are." Lincoln laughed ironically. "I don't mind your abuse, May. All I am concerned about is this: I may have sacrificed my self-respect for nothing." "Quite so," said Jocelyn, and, in spite of himself, new hope came to him. When they got back to the Monte Rosa, Jocelyn felt very queer. The cold had reached his bones. He could do nothing but shiver. There was an English doctor at the hotel. To him Jocelyn sent word, and when he had come he ordered the young man to bed. "You may be in for a bad turn," he added. "I'll Lincoln that," said Jocelyn. The doctor did more. He told the Dean and Evelyn. He also made the incident quite a lively topic of conversation at the dinner-table—much to Lincoln's disgust. This gentleman had, in fact, to tender a garbled version of the accident. "Then, but for you, he would never have been saved!" inquired Evelyn, with bright eyes. "I suppose so," he replied. Immediately after dinner, Evelyn came up to Lincoln, and again showed her sense of gratitude. Strangely beyond anything, the man must needs there and then blurt out his confession of love. "Miss Iles," he said, "I would do anything for you. If only I might hope!" "Hope what, Mr. Lincoln?" "That you would consent to be my wife." "Out of the question, completely," was the girl's prompt reply. "Thank you for the invitation, nevertheless." At this very moment who should come up but that annoying doctor, with the broken rope in his hand. "I've taken the liberty, Mr. Lincoln," he said, "of overhauling your rope, and there's something like a deliberate cut half across it." "Loc-cut, I suppose," stammered Lincoln, conscious that Evelyn was looking at him. "With your permission, then, I'll make an exact study of it," said the doctor. "The subject is interesting and important." Months passed and Evelyn was unhappy for Jocelyn seemed to avoid her company. One day she asked him, at a chance meeting, "Jocelyn, what is the matter? Can it be that you promised Lincoln not to ask me what I know you wish to ask me?" "Forgive me, Evelyn," said Jocelyn. "I was weak." "And now you intend to keep that promise, of course. There is no reason why you should not. This is the dawn of the day woman's prerogatives, and as you say ask me to marry you, why, I will ask you!" The Mishap of the Modern Turpin. The more or less gallant highwayman now bestrides the bicycle, instead of the more picturesque and less trustworthy horse. But even this mode of locomotion has its disadvantages for robbers. One of them "held up" a woman on the Corniche road and of course dismounted to conceal the plunder on his person. While he was

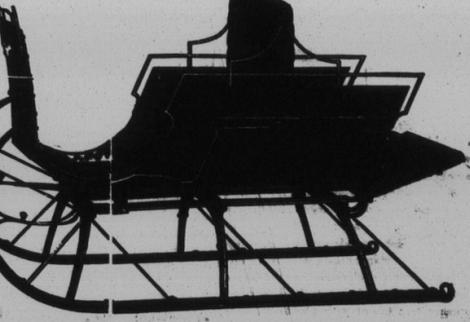
striving the money and jewelry in his pocket the woman, seated in the saddle and upon away to the station of the police, who soon had the fellow in charge. This example will always be worth considering by those thieves who may hope to make a habit of house and shop robbery. It is not a very good reason for highwaymen, anyway. A JOHNSON HARK TWAIR. How He Received a Deposition of Nightly Hours. Charles Davis tells a good story about Mark Twain, in which the humorist was far once out-humored, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. Davis was then with the Forepaugh show, which happened at that particular date to be playing in Hartford. The extraordinary event thought it would be a good advertisement to get an interview arranged between Twain and the Indians, then a feature of the circus. He called upon the humorist and laid the matter before him. Mark said he didn't care for Indians and was busy and didn't see what the Indians had to do with his employment. "Why, the fact is," replied the circus man, with a gravity worthy of a higher life, "they have heard of you and want an ally to see you." This didn't appear to be strange to Mr. Twain. Still he was indisposed to grant the request, and he was not to be easily persuaded. A child's first year. The first years of a child all your own. Begin at once to mould him for a pure life on earth, and a bright future in the Heavenly Home. Be methodical, be gentle, be firm with him, from the very first. Let the boy be early taught to read, to write, and to be subject to your will, as to food and sleep and cleanliness, before his own will can assume the mastery over his feebly habituated. Give him an atmosphere of love to grow in. Keep him happy by your cheerfulness, let your smiles prompt his own. As soon as he can hold his hands for thanksgiving, encourage that thanksgiving with his daily food. Let him early remember to trust himself, loved and forgiven, to the care of his Heavenly Father for the night, and wake to thank that Father for peaceful sleep and a new day of blessings. Filgrims in Fertil. The risk of a pilgrimage to Mecca may well make the most earnest Mussulman hesitate to undertake that pious duty. Of the 66,000 pilgrims who have sailed from various Oriental ports for this sacred spot during the last six years, some 22,000 have never returned. A few, it is thought, may possibly be held back by other routes. Many, it is feared, have been murdered by gangs of scoundrels, who are believed to travel regularly by the Jeddah steamers, marking down pilgrims who are possessed of valuables, and attacking them when a favorable opportunity occurs. It is said, however, that by far the greater number fall by the wayside on the long tramp from Jeddah to Mecca or Medina. Some coal to sit in the Pulpit. Some time ago, while two unknown young men were carelessly handling a revolver in a United Brethren church at Belle Grove, Pa., one of them was accidentally shot in the arm. The young men have since been discovered, and the authorities of the church discussed the propriety of prosecuting them or requiring them to make a public apology. Failing, however, to reach a satisfactory conclusion, it was finally decided to compel them to sit on the pulpit, one each side of the minister, at three Sabbath services in succession. This punishment is now being carried into effect. He Wasn't the Coachman. The first Lord Wolverton once had occasion to dismiss his coachman. In the interval before the arrival of the new one he went himself to the coach-chandler's to order a horse. On booking the order the dealer remarked with a wink, "I suppose you're the new coachman?" Yes," replied Lord Wolverton, realizing the situation. The merchant softly pressed a five-pound note into the peer's hand. "Cheer for me," Lord Wolverton used to observe, "but very dear for him." An Ancient Weight. The British Museum has an ancient weight, a unique object in the shape of a bit of green diorite, about four inches long, carved in Mesopotamia in the year 605 B.C. It has a long inscription in Assyrian, which sets forth that it was made in the time of Nebuchadnezzar I., and is the exact copy of the legal weight. It is somewhat conical, with a flat bottom. Economy in the Use of Coal. A saving of nearly one-third of the coal consumed may be made by the following easy means: Let the coal ashes, which are usually thrown into the dust-bin, be preserved in a corner of the coal-hole, and add to them from your coal heap an equal part of the small coal or slack, which is too small to be retained in the grate, and pour a small quantity of water on the mixture. When you make up your fire, place a few lumps of coal in front, and throw some of this mixture behind; it saves the trouble of sifting your ashes, gives a warm and pleasant fire and a very small part only remains unburnt. Free "Want" Ads. In Luxembourg, any person out of work, and desiring it, can, by sending a postal card to the director of the postal administration, have his wants advertised free in every post-office in the country. By means of labor bureaus established in various countries, men out of work can now fre-

quently obtain employment by being brought into communication with employers in want of workers. In some of the Australian colonies the governments dispatch many of the unemployed, on application, to the gold-mining districts, supplying the men with railway passes and allowing them a small sum of money, and allowing them to work on the mines for a few weeks, in order that they may be able to maintain themselves during the intervals of their work. The Church Parter. The church parter, which has become an essential feature of all the churches that seek to attract and hold their people, was the thought of Thomas K. Beecher more than twenty years ago, and he was assisted by his ministerial brethren an impassioned and scrupulous innovator. After long effort he induced his congregation to build the first parter, kitchen and assembly rooms known in the East. Here innocent games amused the youth, and the more intellectual needs of the children were ministered to. Here religious fervor its stilled forms and found expression in hearty, unconventional gatherings, and so the church flourished mightily and became a power in the land. Now, when old age relieves the venerated churchman from active work, a fair, graceful woman, a clear singer, and a true and hearty speaker, a wife and mother of four children, is called to the parter in place of Mr. Beecher, her ordination being one of the significant events of the year just ended, a year that has seen the entrance of many women on important pastorates. A Child's First Year. The first years of a child all your own. Begin at once to mould him for a pure life on earth, and a bright future in the Heavenly Home. Be methodical, be gentle, be firm with him, from the very first. Let the boy be early taught to read, to write, and to be subject to your will, as to food and sleep and cleanliness, before his own will can assume the mastery over his feebly habituated. Give him an atmosphere of love to grow in. 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Sunday Reading.

FOR LACK OF COURAGE.

The Confession of Samuel C. Seely, bank defaulter, is very interesting, but every suggestion it makes that his troubles began by a simple mistake, which anyone might have made. Through trusting to luck to his memory he allowed Frederick Baker, one of the customers of the bank, to overdraw his account. That might not have resulted in harm to any one if Seely had had the courage to acknowledge his mistake; for the bank could probably at that time have compelled Baker to pay back the money.

But Seely was afraid to confess, so he made matters worse by fixing his books so as to conceal the mistake. Then he went to Baker and begged him to make it right. Baker at first promised to do so, but afterwards, finding that Seely was in great fear lest his attempt to conceal his error should be found out, Baker took advantage of this fear to get more money. He named Seely that there was no danger of his not being able to pay back the money; but he said that everything he had was locked up, and that he could not get out of the tight place unless Seely would let him have some more money to help him out.

Seely protested and refused, but at last consented; and from that time he felt himself at Baker's mercy, because he had committed a deliberate crime which he dared not confess.

Baker saw his advantage and used it without mercy, always promising, but always demanding more money. Then the devil whispered in Seely's ear that he was taking all the risk and Baker was getting all the benefit, and that if Baker could not pay the large sums which he had by this time abstracted from the bank with Seely's assistance, at least he should pay him something for the risk he was running. So Seely went to Baker and asked for fifty dollars, which he got; and as Baker's drawings continued, Seely demanded more and more money from Baker for his own use until he had received as his share of the plunder, ten thousand dollars. Thus from being merely the weak tool of a bad man he became himself a thief.

This story is the history in outline of many ruined lives. Thousands who would not have dreamed themselves capable of crime have been led into it through not having courage enough to confess a mistake or a fault which had been committed without thinking. And thousands of others have been led down step by step from sobriety and respectability to drunkenness and vice, because they had not the courage to break away from evil companions or to say no to their suggestions.

There is no advice which young men need more than that which the Lord gave to Joshua: "Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest."

PAINTINGS OF CHRIST.

How he is Depicted by the World's Greatest Artists.

Among the more modern paintings representing the Saviour is that by Correggio, painted in the sixteenth century. It represents Christ with a short, curly beard, and long waving hair, surmounted by a crown of thorns. There is a look of mute anguish on his face that is heartrending, but nevertheless, the face is rather weak. The most terrible likeness is that painted as about the same as that of Correggio, by Albert Durer. It represents a powerful face, with a Grecian cast of countenance, and eyes distorted by pain and anguish, and even a trace of anger is apparent.

The Christ of Raphael, a contemporary of both the above, is an essentially Italian work, the face being Italian, although the model for the forehead and upper face was evidently a woman.

The Rembrandt Christ, of the seventeenth century, wears an unpleasant expression about the mouth, and has too long a face to be perfect, yet it is one of the great artist's last efforts.

Perhaps the most fantastic picture of Christ is that painted in the fifteenth century by Leonardo da Vinci. It represents the Saviour looking over his shoulder, a cynical smile on his face. A hand may be seen in his hair, evidently drawing the head to one side. It cannot compare in beauty, however, to the same artist's face of Christ in the famous "Lord's Supper."

The noblest and the grandest is that by Titian painted in the sixteenth century. It is a face of resignation of firmness—strong, yet mild; mild, yet strong. Titian was 90 years old when he painted this, and it is considered as one of his masterpieces.

Of the absolutely modern paintings of Christ those of Munkaczy, Ary Sheffer, and Gabriel Max rank highest, still, every one of these is an imaginary production, and the Saviour will still continue to be the "Man of Mystery."

An interesting comparison is made in the current numbers of the "Gothic World" between Tompason and Holmes. The writer

claims that both men had in plenty a sort of homicide, never degenerating into murder. In Holmes, the great desire for adulation that he had, combined with his habit of associating with the lowest class of men; in Tompason, conservatism was at the root of vanity. Holmes' unfeeling, unwavering kindness to young people, particularly literary aspirants, was inhumanity. His personal character, the man who put every man in his company at his ease. Tompason's manner had always a touch of severity in it. The fathers of both were distinguished men of culture, refinement and literary attainments. The mothers of both were intensely, fervently religious, as mothers of poor children. Both great enemies of the modern doctrine of evolution and their voice so as to be heard in the arena of their time. Their methods, though, are as far apart as England and America. Their standpoints have little or nothing in common. And yet, because they both recognized that the highest aspect of man is his spiritual aspect and as such have appealed to that higher element, they have won a common triumph.

"OUR BOYS."

What is the Matter With the Sons of our Rich and Great Men?

Every moralist hard up for a theme asks at intervals: What is the matter with the sons of our rich and great men? The question is followed by statistics on the wickedness and bad character of such sons. The trouble with the moralists is that they put the question wrong end first. There is nothing wrong with these foolish sons, except that they are unucky. But there is something wrong with their fathers.

I suppose that a fine specimen of an old-fashioned, very successful in his business, should collect outside door in a park, invites them up, and then say to his pupils: "Here, boys, I've had hard catching these deer, and I mean to see you enjoy yourselves. I'm so used to racing through the woods and hunting that I can't get out of the habit, but you boys just pile into that park and help yourselves." Such a doctored as that would be scorned by every human father. The human father would say to such a dog:

"Mr. Hoard, you're simply ruining those puppies. Too much meat and too much exercise will give them the mange and scurvy and other troubles, and if I don't discipline 'em they will be a knock-kneed, waxy-eyed lot of degenerates to you. For heaven's sake keep them down to dog biscuit and work them hard."

That same human father does with great pride the very thing that he would condemn in a dog or a cat. He ruins his children, and then, when he gets old, profusely and easily observes that he has done everything for them, and yet they have disappointed him. He who gives to his son an education which he has not deserved and enables him to disgrace his father and friends, deserves no more sympathy than any Mr. Fagin deliberately educating a boy to be dishonest.

The fat, useless pug dogs which young women drag when walking about the end of strings are not to blame for their condition and the same thing is true of rich men's sons. The young women who overfeed the dogs and the father who ruin the sons have themselves to thank.

No man would advocate the thing perhaps, but who can doubt that if there could be a law making it impossible for a man to inherit anything but a good education and a good constitution it would supply us in short order with a better lot of men.

ROYALTY'S TEMPLE BUILDERS.

The Strange Tools They Employed as Disclosed by Excavation.

In his record of "Ten Years' Digging in Egypt" (1881-1891), recently written, Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie sheds much interesting light on the ancient pyramid and temple builders, and the wonderful mechanical appliances that were employed in those early times. He writes:

"Tools are needed as well as labor; and the question of what tools were used is now settled by evidence, to which modern engineers cordially agree. I found repeatedly that the hard stones, basalt, granite, and diorite, were sawn; and that the saw was not a blade, or wire, used with a hand power, but was set with fixed cutting points, in fact a jeweled saw. These saws must have been as much as nine feet in length, as the cut runs lengthwise on the sarcophagi. One of the most useful tools was the tubular drill, and this was also set with fixed cutting points; have a core from inside a drill hole, broken in the working, which shows the spiral grooves produced by the cutting points as they sunk down into the material; this is of red granite, and there has been no flaking or jumping of the tool; every crystal, quartz or felspar, has been cut through in the most regular way, with a close, irrefragable cut. The lath tools were fixed in modern times, to sweep regular arcs from a centre; and the work is fearless and powerful, as in a flat diorite table with foot, turned in one piece, and also surpassingly delicate, as in a bowl of diorite, which around the body is only as thick as stout card. The great granite sarcophagi were sawn outside, and hollowed by cutting rows of tube drill holes, as may be seen in the great pyramid. No doubt much hammering was also used, as in all periods; but the fine work shows the marks of just such tools as we have only now reinvented. We can thus understand how more than before how the marvellous works of the Egyptians were executed; and further insight only shows plainer the true skill and ability of which they were masters in the earliest times that we can trace.

Among the ruins of the temples at Tanis, where a series of highly important discoveries were made, two excavators found an ancient stela or memorial tablet, such as in early times were used as memorial stones or tablets in monuments. Mr. Petrie writes:

"Tanis is a great ring of mounds, around the wide plain in which the temple ruins. And the first day I went over it I saw that the temple site was worked out; the limits of the ruins had been reached, and no more statues of buildings should be hoped for, by the side of what was already known. But such was the large expectations about the site, that I had to prove the

can by a great amount of fruitless travelling in all directions. The only success that was recorded was for one of the temples, in a Ptolemaic stela; this contained a list of names of Ptolemy II and Antioch, which were entirely gilt when discovered, and two or three other stelas, the scenes containing the large stela flanked by two figures. The stela and sphinxes are in the British Museum.

But though discovery was not productive in the temple yet I found two important monuments which had been exposed by Mariette's excavations, and yet were never noticed by himself, De Rougé, or others who studied the remains. One was a part of an obelisk of the sixteenth dynasty, with an inscription of a king's son, Nebem, perhaps the son of the king Nebem-Ra. The other was the upper part of the well-known stela of Tuthmosis; this I found lying face up; and on searching every block of the same quality of the remainder turned up the lower half, which Mariette had; thus the unknown led to the known."

CHAMBERLAIN'S REMEDY AS AN INTELLECTUAL DRUG.

"Did you ever see a man on a cinchoman drunk?" asked L. J. Cartwright, a lumberman of Knoxville, Mo. "If you should witness a case you would never want to see another. A few months ago I had three young men getting out pipes staves down in the Tennessee mountains, and they concluded to have a little treat on the way. They went to a near-by town, but failed to get it; needed articles. In fact, they could get nothing whatever of a stimulating nature but essence of cinchoman. This essence comes in little 15-cent vials, and is, of course, put up for flavoring. The boys bought a couple of dozen of these vials and began drinking the essence straight. When they got back to the camp they were in a very bad fix. They were noisy and violent and roared and staggered about helplessly. One of the boys, a quiet modest fellow, who was never known to make any sort of a demonstration, danced and sang like a madman. They all yelled like demons and kicked like madmen. He was a tear. It was a shocking sight. They were pale as death, and their eyes were out like a cat's eyes. To move their eyes they moved their heads. They had no control over their minds or voices. They were deathly sick, but their stomachs could not throw up the stuff. They had taken, and then for three hours the young men raved and danced and said no words can tell. It took them three days to get over it. When they got straightened up again they said the one experiment was enough—no more cinchoman drinks for them. I think they meant it."

Phillips Brooks' Addresses.

Phillips Brooks was in all respects so completely a preacher that a simple volume of 529 pages holds all his "Essays and Addresses" outside of the pulpit. They cover thirty-seven, so that all are short, and they extend from 1839 to 1892, over all the growth of a great man. They have been collected with loving, solicitous care by the Rev. Mr. John Cotton Brooks, Bishop Brooks' younger brother, and since the great preacher was one of the most difficult men in the world for a reporter "to take" he talked at the rate of 250 to the minute—the reported addresses are often imperfect. Taken as a whole, there is here a surprising uniformity and force. Most of them are "occasional" addresses a man of distinction is asked to deliver. In them all is the note of his sermons—sympathy with humanity and belief in the spiritual. This motive and this conviction are always present, and they are enough.

Inconveniences of Riches.

But it is not the poor man alone who deserves pity. There are misfortunes, not a few, that are the torment of abundance. On the poor man's door locks are not needed. No midnight burglar disturbs his sleep. The highwayman has no motive to hold him up or to threaten his life. He is not the mark of envy, and obloquy passes him by. The world may not give him all it has to offer, but it is at least surrounds him with inestimable immunities. Neither private gossip nor the public organs of opinion busy themselves with calling him mean. He escapes fawning sycophants and flattery put forward for gain.

They are Rare.

It is seldom that a really good specimen of the Damascus sword can be obtained, for the art of working and engraving this kind of steel is dead. These swords were made of alternate layers of iron and steel, which were tempered so that the blade would bend to the hilt without breaking. The weapons had edges so keen that no coat of mail could resist them, and surfaces so highly polished that when a Moslem wished to rearrange his turban he used his sword for a looking glass.

The Best Cure for Weariness.

There is nothing which will give a chance for rest to the over-tired nerves so surely as a simple religious faith in the overruling, wise, and tender Providence. A simple faith in God, which rests on the knowledge that he cares for us at least as much as we care for those who are the dearest to us, will give the tired nerves the feeling of the bird in its nest.

Messages of Help for the Weak.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." Psalm 122: 1, 2.

"The Lord hath appointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek, but hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn."—Isaiah 61: 1, 2.

"Whom say ye that I am?"—Luke 9: 20.

"Martha said unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt say of God, God will give it thee."—John 11: 21, 22.

"I am Jesus whom thou persecuted. But rise and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee. . . to make thee a minister and a witness."—Acts 26: 15, 16.

BUY



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A Duplographer having the following points of excellence:—Never requires ink or re-inking and is used without rollers or sheets. Gives 100 to 125 copies from one writing with one SPECIAL Duplographing Ink, and 75 to 100 copies with our ordinary ink.

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WORK STARTS AT THE FOUNDATION.

Does Not Give Temporary Relief, But is an Assured System Builder.

Indigestion and All Nervous Disorders Lastingly Cured

Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., Cured by South American Nerve When Everything Else Had Failed.



Many of the remedies now administered are simply opiates. They are a stimulant for the time being. They give temporary strength possibly, but are not system-builders. The constitution that has become run down through trouble, overwork, disease, or from whatever cause, cannot become itself again except where the system of building-up is begun at the foundation. Here it is that marvellous results come from the use of South American Nerve Tonic. Starting from the established scientific fact that the life and healthfulness of every part and organ of the body has its origin in the nerve centers, which are located in the base of the brain, this great discovery, South American Nerve Tonic, acts at once upon the nerve centers. It does not serve simply as a soothing draught, or a temporary stimulant to the injured and diseased organs. It gives the needed strength to the nerve centers, and this done, the whole system is toned and built up. Evidence on this point might be presented by the volume. The subjects of such a cure are found all over this Dominion. Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., tells us in a letter over his own signature, and dated May 10, that he has been troubled with indigestion of a most aggravated character. Terrible weakness, as well as agonizing suffering followed. South American Nerve Tonic was brought under his notice, and he decided on giving it a trial. The results in his own words in this: "I found very great relief from the first couple of bottles; my appetite came back and I soon became strong. I can honestly say that I consider South American Nerve Tonic a remarkable medicine. It cured me of my suffering which seemed insupportable, and had baffled all former methods and drugs. Language cannot be too strong or positive when used in setting forth the merits of this remarkable, scientific remedy. It has cured many of the most desperate cases of indigestion and nervous disease in the Dominion. For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Hassen J. Dick, 148 St. John St.; Clinton Brown & Co., Cor. Sidney and Union; R. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, or any Constable of the said City and County. Whereas, William E. Russell, of the City of Saint John, in the County of Saint John, deceased, testator in the last Will and Testament of John Logan, late of the said City of Saint John, New Brunswick, deceased, and James under said last Will and Testament, both by his positions dated the eighteenth of June, A. D. 1881, and presented to this Court, and more fully with the Registrar of this Court, proved that the said last Will and Testament may be proved in solemn form; and an order of said Court having been made that such papers be coming with YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUIRED to cite the following part of the said John Logan, deceased, namely:—

- William Duncan, aged 68 years, Car Inspector, resident in the City of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick. Mary Ann Duncan, aged 61 years, Spinster, now resident in the said City of Saint John. Charles E. Duncan, aged 31 years, Clerk, resident in the City of New York, in the State of New York, one of the United States of America. Richarder Duncan, aged 23 years, Medical Doctor, resident in the said City of New York. Waldorf Duncan, aged 22 years, Cleric, resident in the said City of New York. Susan Duncan, aged 19 years, Spinster, resident in the said City of New York. Robert Hunter, aged 44 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John. Robert McManus, aged 42 years, of the said City of Saint John. Charles McManus, resident in the said City of Saint John. Mary Hunter, aged 40 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in the said Province of New Brunswick. Lillie Hunter, infant, aged 14 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Saint John, in the said City of Saint John. Elizabeth Hunter, aged 12 years, Spinster, resident in the said Parish of Saint John. Frederick John Arnett, infant, aged 2 years, resident in the said Parish of Saint John. Leonard Hunter Moore, aged 27 years, Spinster, resident in the said City of Saint John. John D. Moore, aged 21 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John. Robert Hunter, aged 23 years, resident in the said City of Saint John. Elizabeth McConall, aged 25 years, Widow, Housekeeper, resident at Charlottetown, in the County of Westchester, one of the United States of America. Jane Lahey, aged 24 years, wife of George Lahey, resident in the Parish of Lancaster, in the said City and County of Dorset, in the County of Westchester, in the State of Maine, one of the United States of America. Ann Oshara, aged 23 years, widow of Samuel Oshara, resident in the City of St. John. Sarah Howarth, aged 70 years, widow, resident in the City of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, one of the United States of America. Margaret Roxborough, aged 65 years, widow of George Roxborough, resident in the City of Boston, in the said State of Massachusetts. Elizabeth Lyden, aged 60 years, widow, resident at Saint John, in the said City of Boston. William Burke, aged 55 years, Farmer, resident at Souris, in the Province of Prince Edward Island. Ida McKean, aged 38 years, wife of a rebelled McKean, resident at San Jose, in the State of California, one of the United States of America. James Burke, aged 34 years, a Member of the Mounted Police, in the Northwest Territories, in the Dominion of Canada. A. B. Burke, aged 22 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, in the said Province of New Brunswick. Martha Inverson, aged 20 years, wife of John Inverson, Farmer, of Bay Fortune aforesaid. Frederick Burke, aged 21 years, 1110 Insurance Agent, resident in the said City of New York. Elizabeth Burke, aged 19 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid. A. F. Burke, aged 20 years, Farmer, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Mary Jane Glegg, aged 18 years, wife of William Glegg, resident at Long Beach, in the Province of New Brunswick. Ship Carpenter. James Rodgers, aged 14 years, Carpenter, resident at Charlottetown, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Margaret Spearin, aged 12 years, wife of Freeman Spearin, a Millman, resident at Campbellton, in the said Province of New Brunswick. Sarah Ann Ballinger, aged 10 years, resident at San Jose, in the said State of California. Car Builder, resident in the City of Boston, aforesaid. Isabelle Hales, aged 47 years, wife of John J. Hales, Clergyman, resident in the City of St. John, aforesaid. Alexander Rodgers, aged 42 years, Farmer, resident at Kicker's Landing, in the said Province of New Brunswick. David Hughes, aged 40 years, Farmer, resident at Cranfield's Landing, in the said Province of New Brunswick. Elizabeth, aforesaid. Clara Hain, aged 41 years, wife of Alexander Hain, brass moulder, resident at Beaulieu, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Hannah LeCain, aged 39 years, wife of Geo. LeCain, laborer, resident at East LeCain, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. George Howard, aged 39 years, painter, resident at Westport, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Edwin G. Hunter, aged 38 years, Fireman, resident at LeCain, in the State of Wisconsin, one of the United States of America. Augusta H. Weston, aged 34 years, wife of L. Weston, of Kingston, in the County of Kings, in the said Province of New Brunswick. John T. Hunter, aged 32 years, barber, resident at St. Martin, in the City and County of Saint John, aforesaid. George A. Wheelon, aged 29 years, wife of Gordon Wheelon, of Kingston, aforesaid. James H. Hunter, aged 28 years, manager of said Province of New Brunswick. Amanda Hunter, aged 26 years, Spinster, resident of Kingston, aforesaid. John W. Hunter, aged 26 years, carpenter, resident at Somerville, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Herman G. Hunter, aged 26 years, Master Mariner, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid. Ernest Hunter, aged 25 years, carpenter, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. George H. Hunter, aged 24 years, millwright, steamfitter, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. South American Nerve Tonic, aforesaid. Dressmaker, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Anna F. Worden, aged 23 years, wife of George A. Worden, Farmer, resident at Kingston, in the said Province of New Brunswick, and the following devisees and legatees of the said John Logan, deceased:—Mary Jane Isabel, aged 3 years, Spinster, resident at the City of St. John, aforesaid, devisee and legatee and the said William E. Russell, aged 54 years, Clothier, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid, and all other part of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, if any and all persons interested and all others whom it may concern, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in the Equity and Probate Court Room in Pugsley's Buildings in the City of Saint John, within and for the said City and County of Saint John, on Monday, the Thirtieth day of May next at the hour of 10 o'clock, in the afternoon, to attend to the proving of said last Will and Testament in solemn form as they may see fit with full power to oppose said last Will and Testament being so proved or otherwise as they and every of them may deem right. The said petitioner having made it appear to this Court that he has given the above notice, captioned and signed of residence of the said next of kin, heirs, devisees and legatees, so far as the same are in his power so to do. Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Probate Court, this third day of January, A. D. 1895. ARTHUR J. FAIRBANKS, Judge of Probate.

"NIAGARA" INJECTOR.

If you require a better feeder try the "Niagara." Life is too short to lose any time on worthless machines. No satisfaction, no pay, in my opinion, will you get on 30-day trial. Write for prices. W. H. STIRLING, Waring, White & Co's Works, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Notes of Provincial Industries.

GRAND INDUSTRIAL SCHEME. How St. John may be made a credit to the factoring and shipping city. A well-known citizen of St. John who for many years has given careful study and earnest thought to the question of the city's industrial and commercial future, and who is thoroughly familiar with the varied resources of this region which are as yet wholly unutilized or but partially developed, has conceived a plan for bringing St. John immediately to the front industrially, and opening the way to a train of manufacturing and other enterprises upon a large scale, that would be sure to follow close upon the inauguration of the original scheme. The promoter believes that the project, of magnitude though it be, is thoroughly practical, that the time is now ripe for the undertaking, and that if the business men of St. John will take hold of the enterprise and give it the needed start, the capital required to further it can readily be procured abroad.

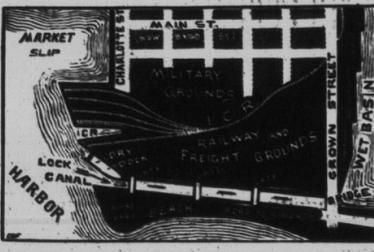
black and dove marble; and quartz, and treatments and granites, of many colors and of superior quality; with alabaster, and roofing, mantel and tiling slates, will supply materials for many more extensive works, if reasonable attention be given thereto. Our large supply of sharp, fine grain, soapstone, is just what is required for whetstones and small grindstones; this stone together with soapstone, fire clay and pottery clay may form other important industries on the docks. One of the great wants of the city is a magnificent hotel, with appointments that will attract tourists from all parts of the United States and central and western Canada, at times when their temperature is unbearable, while our arid reaches 85. As the securities of such a hotel can readily be marketed in England, the enterprise should be superior in every respect, costing not less than a million dollars. To meet the fog difficulty which at times occurs, the hotel should have a glass-covered garden on its roof, a large museum, in one of its towers, and a park and pavilion at the foot of the harbor, and also another park and pavilion near Westfield, points to which

government refuse to any reasonable demand for aid in carrying forward a work that is of national importance? I think not." Two Flourishing Provincial Industries. The industrial enterprises of St. Stephen have made the town well known all over Canada, and far beyond its limits. The St. Stephen Flouring Co., who attended the recent St. Croix bridge opening, is the St. Croix soap factory, which is owned by J. W. Young and J. E. Gaudin. The latter will probably be remembered in Fredericton as a former University student. Messrs. Young and Gaudin have pushed their business in Canada. They are doing business in every province in the Dominion, in Newfoundland, and have recently found a profitable market in the West Indies. Their best business is in Ontario, where they lead all competitors. The firm employ thirty hands and their enterprise is a credit to the town and province. Another industry of which St. Stephen is justly proud is Gaudin's candy factory, employing one hundred hands and sending its products all over Canada. It is run by a company, but the backbone of the operation is Gilbert W. Gaudin, ably assisted by Ed. Kierstead, who some years ago was a citizen of Fredericton. The candy factory is an imposing

Company. There are to be twenty-one wheels, nine of them of twelve feet diameter—the largest ever turned out by a Nova Scotia foundry. James R. McLennan, merchant tailor, Senator, is having plans prepared for a new store and residence, to be erected the coming spring. A new cheese factory at Bellefleur is likely to be built and put in operation the coming summer, as the enterprising promoters have assurance of generous support from the farmer in the district. The Grand Trunk railway is in the market for 650,000 tons of coal required for its yearly supply. Thirty thousand tons will be distributed from Partridge, and 35,000 tons from Chaudiere Junction, and for these points at least Nova Scotia will furnish the supply. Wilson Gladwin, the Truro furniture manufacturer, has recently shipped consignments of goods to Dartmouth, N. S., and Sackville, N. B. The Truro News takes much pride in the fact that these home manufactures are in such demand in outside markets. G. G. Seavill, M. P. P., who is operating extensively in lumber along the line of the Central Railway, having large quantities handled and sawn by portable mill for shipment to St. John, has a contract to get out 6000 railway ties for the I. C. R., besides cutting a large amount of cordwood. F. W. Fuller, who is heavily interested in the Quincy, Mass., granite business, has been looking over the Bocabec black-granite quarries at St. Andrews, and as he expresses himself as being much pleased with the property, it is believed that he will interest himself in its development. D. W. Hoegg & Co., Fredericton, have accepted the city's offer of free water and tax exemption for five years, and will rebuild their canning factory on the site of the one burned last spring. Building plans have already been prepared, and the work of construction will be commenced in early spring. Thirty thousand tons of Nova Scotia wood pulp has been shipped to England within a month. The market is a good one, and the maritime provinces should have it all to themselves. They are ahead of all other sections in their supplies of raw material, and in facilities for manufacture and shipment. The Musquash Anthracite Coal Company held its annual meeting recently and re-elected the old officers and directors. Borings were carried on last fall by Boston parties, but owing to the lateness of the season and other matters, nothing definite as to the deposits of coal were ascertained. It is expected that borings will be continued next spring. A new fruit crate has just been invented by a Maitland, N. S., man, which the Hants Journal thinks is destined to take the place of the old apple barrel in the shipment of apples to a foreign market. The new crate is square and without hinges, therefore its contents are free from pressure and damage in transit. It will be put on the market for the next season's crop. Westville, N. S., has applied for the necessary legislation to proceed in putting in a water system. A Halifax paper says that this progressive town with its inexhaustible coal areas, its railway facilities, its splendid sanitary advantages, situated on an elevation between the East and Middle rivers, with an unbroken stretch of the most fertile and best farming country in the province, must inevitably in the near future become a great industrial centre. The Maritime Terra-Cotta and Pressed Brick Company, capital \$200,000, is a proposed enterprise at Moncton, having for its purpose the establishment of a large brick-making industry. It is intended to use the new dry process recently introduced in Ontario, and it is thought the finer grades of brick can be made by this process cheaply enough to admit of shipment by water to the States. Excellent soil abounds at Moncton for brick-making by the old process, and tests made this winter show that it is equally satisfactory when submitted to working by the new process. J. T. Smith of Amherst, Cumberland county, N. S., is engaged in developing his coal property at Maclean in that county, and has sunk a slope to the depth of about 100 feet on the seam recently discovered by him almost directly opposite the I. C. R. station, from which he is now raising coal of an excellent quality. Mr. Smith informs Progress that the indications are the property will prove a most valuable one. Its convenience for railway shipments is a highly important feature in its location. Other seams which are known to exist on the property will likely add very materially to its value. The Colonial Iron and Coal Company, limited, seeks incorporation for the purpose of acquiring coal and other mineral lands in any of the counties of this province or elsewhere, working mines, etc., with a capital stock of \$1,000,000 and power to increase to \$2,000,000, one-half common, and having authority to issue bonds to the amount of the capital paid up. Manager R. G. Leckie of Londonderry mines is one of the chief promoters. The Grand Falls Waterpower Company, composed of Edward Jack, C. E., of Fredericton, and associates, have been granted by the Victoria county council a lease of the common at Grand Falls, contingent upon the expenditure by the company of \$10,000 in surveys, labor and improvements. A Fredericton paper says: "Mr. Jack is strongly impressed with the idea that by utilizing the port of St. Andrews as a shipping point the Grand Falls waterpower company has a bonanza worth contemplating." What the matter with utilizing the port of St. John, which through the river has water-way connections with Grand Falls,

DO THE FAIRIES HELP TO MAKE BABY'S OWN SOAP? IT'S SO NICE. The Albert Toilet Soap Co. MFRS. MONTREAL.

IF THE MAN IN THE MOON TOOK SICK WHAT WOULD HE DO? JUST SPEND HIS FOUR QUARTERS FOR A BOTTLE OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS AS ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE DO; BECAUSE IT CURES DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, BAD BLOOD, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.



formation of a corporation to be known as the St. John Dock and Industrial Company, the capital stock to be of two classes—preferred and common, in equal proportions—the holder of preferred stock to have the option of exchanging it for common at any time desired. Some of the most important enterprises and industries which can be taken up or promoted and encouraged by the proposed company are enumerated as follows: The enclosing of Courtney Bay (1,000 acres) by constructing an artificial sea-wall across its mouth, and providing therein a 500-acre wet basin, a dry dock, three miles of wharf frontage, railway and freight grounds, warehouses, ice houses and facilities for numerous boats and heavy manufacturing plants.

the fog seldom reaches. These provisions together with the extension of our street-railways to the parks, and with numerous pleasure steamers on our beautiful inland waters, would make this city one of the most attractive places for tourists known. In connection with the proposed docks and industries, it is important that the partially constructed St. John valley and Rivier du Loup railway, with a branch from upper Gagetown, through the coal fields to Moncton, be completed without further delay. It will be seen that this is a far-reaching project, and the more deeply it is investigated and considered, not only in its broad scope but in its multiplicity of detail, the more practical and less visionary will it seem. The originator submits that as a number of the proposed industries can be stated with our present terminal facilities the proposed company should be formed forthwith and pending the obtaining of a subsidy for the docks, plans and estimates can be perfected, and steps taken to obtain the principal required capital. Regarding the claims of St. John to a Dominion subsidy for a work of this character and magnitude, he says: "St. John is the natural Atlantic port of Canada. Including bridge charges it is, via the Canadian Pacific railway, the equivalent of 400 miles further west than Halifax. From Liverpool by water to St. John requires the same time as by water and rail via Halifax. The long repeated slander by interested parties, that St. John harbor is unsafe is confuted by the fact that the rate of insurance from St. John to Europe is the same as from Portland, Boston and Halifax. The fast Atlantic steamships for which a million dollars yearly has been promised by the government could save three-fourths of that annually, on freight alone, by coming to this port. A cargo of 5000 tons of wheat can be sent from St. John to London, and a corresponding cargo brought from here by water, for \$15,000. To go to Halifax from here by rail and thence to England by water with a return will cost \$30,000, a difference in favor of St. John for 52 weekly trips of \$780,000.

building on Main street and the private office of the company are the finest in the town. Success to such enterprises as the St. Croix soap company and Gaudin's candy factory. A hundred thousand tons of gypsum were shipped from Hants County, N. S., to New York last year. Richardson Bros., Sydney, C. E., have secured the contract for the building of the new Episcopal church at Arichab. James Robinson, of the Hillsboro mines, is prospecting there for coal, and has a crew of men at work sinking an 8x12 shaft. The fires have been lighted in the blast furnaces at Acadia Mines, N. S., for the purpose of drying them out ready to start up. The Bass River Furniture Company, Bass River, N. S., has received an order from New Brunswick for 1,000 chairs for spring shipment. Levi McDiarmid is making preparations to establish a butter and cheese factory at Stanley, York county, to be supplied by 500 or more cows. Halifax has opened up a direct trade with Manchester, Eng., through the new canal. The S. S. Barcelona will make regular trips between these points. The Robb Engineering Co., Amherst, N. S., shipped last week a Monarch Economic boiler and Robb-Armstrong engine for the electric light station at Dartmouth. Four carloads of cranberries were shipped recently from Auburn, N. S. The cars contained 740 barrels of the fruit, the net proceeds of which amounted to over \$3500. The contract for the extension of the Algonquin Hotel, St. Andrews, has been awarded to Robert Stevenson and James McKenzie. Work will be commenced at once. E. L. Fenerty of Halifax, N. S., has patented in the United States and Canada a new shaft loop, which promises to save much time in tacking up to and unhooking horses from wagons. John Edgecombe & Sons, carriage and sleigh manufacturers, Fredericton, have received an order from St. Antigua, West Indies, for a Gladstone carriage, to be shipped via Halifax on the 1st March. Daniel McDonald, proprietor of the Cape Breton Door and Sash Factory, Sydney, C. B., has lately put in a new tenoning machine of the latest improved pattern, from the Goldie, McCulloch Co., Galt, Ontario. That oil well reported from Gaspe last week must be a "rusher." It is said that when struck it sent a column of oil thirty feet into the air, and five hundred barrels were lost before the well could be plugged. The Kingsley Boiler Company, St. John, are making a large boiler of their celebrated water-tube pattern for the Lewis engine works of Montreal, the largest manufacturer of engines in the Dominion. The Joggins coal mines are doing a good winter business, with an average daily output of 550 tons. There is very little ice in the bay, navigation is yet practically open, and the mines will resume water shipments this season much earlier than usual. A new sulphate pulp mill on a large scale is in prospect on the Miramichi river near Chatham. Montreal capitalists are interested in the enterprise, which is promoted by Thomas Allison, lately connected with the mill of the Maritime Sulphate Fibre Company of Chatham. The Truro Foundry Co., Truro, N. S., have received a large contract for wheels and hoisting gear from the Dominion Co

of the proposed company can insure the smelting of iron ores in this city, and out of this industry a dozen hundred ones would soon grow up; numerous ore deposits, some of them the purest known, are available; some experts assert that St. John is the most favorable location, all things considered, in Canada, for large iron industries. And Mr. Peter Imrie, of Liverpool and the White Star line, says: "Canada, from the abundance of her nickel deposits, must necessarily control the ship-building trade." Iron pyrites can be delivered in this city in any required quantities, at rates that will ensure its utilization here, and also large shipments abroad. The proposed company can readily establish this and some other industries with but little capital, in anticipation of the construction of the docks. From muscovite, gypsum and limestone, to be had nearly in exhaustless quantities, and also sulphuric acid made from iron pyrites, and from fish waste and moss litters, an important fertilizer industry can be rapidly built up here. Nickel, manganese, gold, silver, copper, antimony, plumbago, infusorial earth and shales, will furnish a basis for other industries, and near, this city. Our vast supplies of limestone, of unsurpassed quality, and cement clay; white

disposable. Made of any and always a thrill around the world which was it is no material used in the The heaviest chifton and un government, un concurred that has ever dist who possess other cream several daint with either, well dressed attire is of course. Of course.

besides rail and ocean-shipping facilities second to none. Toronto parties will make application to the next Parliament for incorporation as the Camp Harmony Angling Club, to acquire, hold and take by purchase, lease or otherwise, lands, riparian rights and other interests in lands on the Rostigouche in the province of Quebec and New Brunswick, and to erect and maintain buildings, wharves and other structures, and for such other powers as may be deemed advisable in order to maintain a club for angling purposes. Messrs. Marlock, Miller, Crowther and Montgomery of Toronto are the solicitors for the applicants. The Woodstock Novelty Company (limited) is a new manufacturing enterprise organized at Woodstock last week. The primary object of the corporation is the manufacture of a novel dish-washer, the invention of an Aroostock man. The company is chiefly composed of J. T. A. Dibblee, M. P. P., David Tapley, Dr. T. F. Sprague, A. B. Connell (secretary), D. A. Grant, W. M. Connell, Charles G. Connell, J. C. Millmore, M. M. Brewer, Frank Shea, George Frapp, J. W. Plummer, and M. D. Cobalt, the inventor of the machine. They have purchased the patent right for the maritime provinces, and the manufacture of the novelty will be commenced at once. The Kentville, N. S., board of trade held its annual meeting last week and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: M. G. DeWolfe, president; George Calkin, E. and W. J. Ross, vice presidents; Thomas F. Calkin, C. S. Nixon, secretary; Thomas H. Loney, R. S. Masters, W. Eaton, R. Porter and B. H. Brown, M. P. P. executive council; F. H. Brown and T. C. Rand, auditors. The meeting president, C. S. Nixon, presented the address reviewing the work of the past year. The board is a live one, has done good work in its two years of existence and is still eager to engage in any laudable enterprise for the welfare of the town. The new United States tariff is being availed of by some of the enterprising manufacturers of the maritime provinces, to extend their markets in that country. The Bangor Commercial notes that since the first of January quite an amount of cloth for suitings, has been imported into the United States through the Bangor custom house. For quite a number of years no cloth has been imported through there excepting a little that the officials would detect in the baggage of someone who was attempting to smuggle it through and they would then pay duty upon it. These amounts have been small however running

from 5 to 8 pounds in a lot. The duty on that which has been brought through that custom house thus far this year amounts to several thousand dollars. This cloth, which is largely tweeds for suits, is manufactured at Oxford, N. S., and there is a duty on it of 50 per cent, according to the new tariff law, that went into effect the first of this month. The former duty on these goods was 30 per cent, and 44 cents per pound additional. These goods are consigned to Boston and New York parties. The buildings erected in Cape Breton for the Dominion Coal Company by Rhodes, Curry & Co., of Amherst, include the following: At Bridgeport, three-story hotel 80x40 with hot-water heating, and seventy miner's cottages at \$650, total \$50,500; at Root mine, twelve cottages, \$7800; at Glace Bay, general offices and bank, warehouse, oilhouse, railway, station, freight house, machine shops, and three official residences averaging \$3,000 each, total \$45,200; at Sydney, railway station and additions to residence, \$2,000; grand total \$103,500. Besides these items the company have completed a large number of railway cars—passenger, box, flats and hoppers—and besides other work under way have just been awarded a contract for 300 coal hoppers, one first-class passenger coach, and a combination passenger and baggage car, for the Dominion Coal Company; and they have also received an order from the Dominion Atlantic railway for thirteen box cars of the latest pattern. These cars will be fitted with the latest improvements in car architecture and will be supplied with air-brakes. The above order ensures four months of busy work.

Playing Golf on States. Golf on skates is the latest development of the ice-making game. A few days ago two players at a club in a south-western suburb of London met to play a match, but on arriving at the links found that they were covered with ice, the snow having half melted and then frozen again. With undoubted enthusiasm, however, they donned their skates, and having thawed the holes by the aid of bonfires, proceeded to play their game. The Troubles of a Biographer. Brown—"Hobbs is working on his 'Life of Napoleon,' but he isn't at all satisfied with it." Jones—"That is something new. He is usually very much pleased with everything he does." "T. T. B. T. E." Brown—"Yes; but it isn't easy for Hobbs to make himself out more important than Napoleon." Mr. Bashful—"If you were going to invite a young lady to go to the theatre how would you begin?" Mr. Swifty—"By passing my watch for enough for the tickets."

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. OUR BRANDS: DEW COUNTRY, BERRY COUNTRY, ISABELLA, SOLE AGENTS, (Registered), CLARET. MARCH 1895, 1895. E. C. SCOVILL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, JOHN, N. B. DEAR SIR—My family have received great benefits from the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past few years. It is the best tonic and cathartic for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it if I had the best. Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Annapolis Co. E. C. SCOVILL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces, Telephone 525. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces, HAMILTON & CO'S Columbian Wine, guaranteed pure juice of the Grape. Registered at Ottawa.

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CATALANI AND GOETHE.

How the Stage-Struckly Married the Author of Werther.

The prima donna of the older time was, as a rule, a somewhat illiterate individual. Catalani, for example—whose throat, by the way, was said to be large enough to swallow a penny loaf whole—Catalani was almost entirely uneducated. She was extremely vicious in company, and this, with her ignorance, often placed her in a somewhat ludicrous position. The best story told of her in his connection is associated with an occasion when at Weimar she was placed next to Goethe at a fashionable dinner party. Catalani knew nothing of Goethe; but, being struck by the fine appearance of the poet, she asked the gentleman on her other side what was his name. "The celebrated Goethe, madame," was the reply. "Ah, yes. Pray on what instrument does he play?" was the rejoinder. "He is not a performer, madame; he is the renowned author of 'Werther.'" "Oh, yes, yes, I remember," said Catalani, and turning to the venerable poet she addressed him. "Ah, sir, what an admirable 'domine' in being. A low bow followed in acknowledgement. 'I never,' continued the lively lady, 'I never read anything half so laughable in my life. What a capital farce it is, sir!' 'Madame,' said the poet, looking serious, 'the 'Sorrows of Werther' a farce?' "Oh, yes; never was anything so exquisite, so ridiculous," rejoined Catalani, still laughing heartily. It turned out that the lady had been talking all the while of a parody of 'Werther,' which had been performed at one of the minor theatres of Paris. But fancy the mortification of the poet!

HE WON THE BET.

The Trainers Cost Considerably More than They Seemed Worth.

Old John Langley, the veteran horseman, is better known to old Worcester sporting men than any man living. Stories of his eccentric career are innumerable. He often complained of being "done" in betting. As a matter of fact, he "did" his adversaries in the sporting world oftener than they did him. One day he called at the store of a tailor and stated in his usual loud and emphatic way for his conversation was always highly flavored with the tobacco profanity that he "wanted a pair of breeches. And I want the best stuff in the store, no matter what the color." The tailor was a little bewildered, but finally showed Langley the most costly material in the shop, a beautiful silky broadcloth. That this was suitable for trousers made no difference to him. "I want it," said he, "and I want it made up wrong side out." The tailor expostulated in vain, and the trousers were made and delivered. A friend called on Langley and remarked on the trousers in uncomplimentary language. Langley said he was satisfied. More gazing resulted in the old man offering to bet \$25 that the cloth cost more a yard than that in his friend's trousers. The bet was taken, and the tailor was to decide it. He named the price. The friend would not believe that the rough goods could be so costly until he was shown the shiny, silky other side. Then he paid, as did other men on similar bets. That was what the old man had bought the trousers for.

HE WANTED BREAD.

And That was why a Tender Woman's Heart was Touched.

"What do you want?" she asked of the tramp, who had made his way around to the kitchen. "Nothin' much, ma'am," he replied with a politeness that awakened her suspicion. "Aoney, I suppose. We don't give tramps money." "No'm. I don't want no money." "Well, we have no victuals, except for dinner, and they ain't done yet." "I don't even ask for none of yer dinner, ma'am. All I want is some dry bread; jes' dry bread." She was touched. "Poor man!" she exclaimed. "Here, I'll give you a piece of pie anyhow." "Do you like it?" "No, but yer see me and the rest of the 'boys hez bustled aroun' till we've got turkey an' some celery an' some cranberry sauce an' some plum puddin', an' all we want now is j-est the dry bread ter make the stuffin' of."

Why Preaching Falls.

Various reasons are assigned for the failure of preaching to reach some people and to convert the hearers. An old chief in Uganda, with whom Bishop Tucker recently had an interview frankly gave his reason for not wishing to accept Christianity and for refusing to allow missionaries to come to his territory. He said: "We are fond of fighting and cattle-stealing, and if teachers come they will tell us that all this is wrong." Possibly if some of our citizens were equally frank they would give a similar reason for not going to church. They do not want to be told that their business principles and practices are wicked.

The Bishop was Shamming.

Here is a story told of the late Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Short. After the usual examination for ordination, the Bishop requested one of the candidates to come into his drawing-room and pay him a pastoral visit as a sick parishioner. In due time the neophyte entered the drawing-room and found the good Bishop lying on the sofa, with a handkerchief over his face. Summoning up his courage, he advanced to the sofa and pulled off the handkerchief, exclaiming: "Thomas Vowles Short, you are shamming!"

Not Adapted to 'pe. d.

Employer (to new amanuensis)—"Here, you are taking most of this dictation in longhand! You represented yourself as a stenographer." Graduate (of business college)—"So I am, sir; but you talk too fast!"

We feel, cold in the head, cold in the chest, are reasonable complaints. Hawker's catarrh cure cures cold in the head. Hawk's balsam cures cold in the chest.

School children are not always wise. They expose themselves, frequently, to a bad cold by coughing. Then you need Hawker's balsam.

Those who have once used Hawker's balsam will have no other remedy for coughs, colds and bronchitis ever known. It is prompt, pleasant, perfect.

The worst case of hoarseness will yield at once to the effect of Hawker's balsam.

Babies

and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion than all the rest of the food they eat. Its nourishing powers are felt almost immediately. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of food is assimilated.

Scott's Emulsion

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THE ARAB CHARACTER.

The Remarkable Wording of an Arab's Opinion.

One day I was the guest of a general commanding the military division of Northern Africa. It is better not to mention names, for people with official responsibilities usually dislike being quoted. My acquaintance with General—arose, however, through a good mutual friend, and as I was treated with frankness, I have every reason to consider his views of considerable interest.

"Can you trust these Turcos and Spaniards in the case of war?" I asked him.

To this he replied by telling a story. That he had once been in the position where he was able to save a great Arab chief from disgrace and beggary. That chief had been "killed" with "years," and was so overwhelmed by gratitude that he brought the general a costly present. "I never expect presents from natives," said the general, in parenthesis. "Whoever accepts a present from an Arab loses his authority at once."

The chief was very much chagrined at the general's determination, and sought in vain to alter it. Finally, in a fit of uncontrollable emotion, and with a choking voice, he raised his hand solemnly and said: "General, you have saved me from disgrace. I owe you all I have. Let me make you a gift more valuable to you than any precious stone. It is one word of advice: Never trust an Arab—not one—not even me!"

"With which strange, not to say paradoxical, warning the chief disappeared." "That happened several years ago," said the general, "but each day I realize more fully the value of that strange gift. The Arab has his nature, which is not yours or mine. He may live twenty years with you, respect and admire you, serve you faithfully, even spill his blood for you—but all that counts for nothing. The next year he may cut your throat."

Fiercest of Their Tribe.

The gray wolves are on the rampage in the northern part of Gallatin County, Montana. Already they have killed hundreds of calves, and in some instances have been known to attack steers and cows that became separated from the herd. The gray wolf is the fiercest of his species and many a man in the great woods of the East and North has been killed by them. A few days ago a farmer in the northern part of the county shut two large-sized colts in a corral while he took his team to a field. When he came back after the colts a few hours later he found both had been killed by wolves. Another steerman was riding over the hills, came across two large steers that had been carrying on an unequal fight with wolves. The steers were surrounded by a number of the big gray creatures and several coyotes, which he was running the battle about. The steerman was badly wounded and he was nearly exhausted with the unequal struggle. At the appearance of the steerman the wolves and coyotes slunk away. When winter finally sets in and it becomes a difficult matter for them to get a call or a sheep the steerman fear that these wolves will become desperate. They will then be in bands and will undoubtedly attack almost anything that might furnish them a meal.

Reward of Honesty.

Mr. Chugwater, who was taking a ride on a street car, had just handed a half dollar to the conductor. On counting the change given to him in return, he called out: "Conductor, you didn't keep out your nickel. You've given me 50 cents." "So I have," replied the conductor, counting it himself. "I must have dropped a dime in my nickel pocket by mistake. Thanks."

He took back the dime, put it into his pocket and Mr. Chugwater rode to his destination sufficed with the comfortable glow that comes with the consciousness of having done a manly, honorable, upright act.

And it was not until Mr. Chugwater had got off the car—that it dawned upon him he had paid 10 cents for his ride.

Flying Machines.

Lord Rayleigh at the British association considered that three out of the five great flight problems had been solved—namely, motive power, propelling power and the lifting power. Steering and maneuvering remain. The art of descending has also to be practiced. Hitherto this has been the easiest but least satisfactory portion of the problem. For commercial purposes M. Maxin expects little from flying machines, but for military uses they will be highly valued. Perhaps they might be used for sporting purposes, and it is not altogether unlikely that in the daily journals of 20 years hence we shall find illustrations of some popular prince of the realm on a flying machine pursuing a flock of wild geese through the air and firing on them with a Maxin gun.

The Portieres Broke Their Heads.

An old couple took a son home to live with them and decided to him the property. The young man's wife brought from Massachusetts a head full of notions as to style in home decoration, and had the inner doors taken off, all through the house, and to key-ways portieres hung all over the premises. The old folks looked on in wonder at first, but then the change in their home surroundings amazed them so they began to weep. After about three months of this crying the young man concluded that his wife's decorative ideas would kill the old folks, so he decided back the farm and went his way. The portieres did it, for he could never learn of any other cause for complaint.

A Ghastly Competition.

A hungarian recently died, and his post was offered for competition. Among the aspirants were several bankrupt merchants and schoolmasters, but the place went to a peasant who had proved his talents during the Boenian campaign, when he assisted at several executions.

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A TOWN'S INCIDENT.

Here's Twenty Dollars to Get Her a Better Coat With."

He didn't look like a student or scholar—yet even like a cultivated gentleman of refinement, capable of the higher instincts and noble feelings. He was not even well dressed. In fact, he looked rough and un-accustomed to the ways of civilization. How he came to find his way to the city's undertaker no one knows. But he pushed and edged his way through the little crowd that surrounded the coffin of Governor Casanova and his lover, and did not shrink from the ghastly sight of the dead and hearts who had found union only in death.

"Say, pard," said he to the city undertaker, "that gal died afore she wanted to, didn't she?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' that feller there murdered her?"

"So it is said."

"An' ye'r givin' him a big burial?"

"His friends are."

"Ye'r say the gal's got to go to the potter's field?"

"I am afraid so."

"Where's her mother?"

"She has none."

"But she had one on't, an' she's got to have a square deal an' be buried right. Here's twenty dollars to get her something to wear what's fit to be planted in. Here's twenty dollars to get her a better coffin with an' here's ten dollars for a broken chest. The undertaker Les' not have it said that old Frisco gives the murderer a bigger send-off than the poor gal what he killed. Good-bye, old pard."

"What is your name, please? This is an act of rare generosity."

"Have a drink, pard, but my name's my own biz."

What Comes After Death.

A little story is told in connection with the recent lectures on theosophy in this city that is too good to keep. The lecturer was in the midst of a learned discourse and asked in stentorian tones:

"What comes after death?" No one answered, and after waiting a moment he repeated with vehemence, "Again I say, what comes after death?"

Just at that moment the door opened and in walked one of the leading undertakers of the city and went demurely to the lecturer and said:

"The coincidence was too much for me; the rules and a broad smile spread over the countenance of many and the solemnity of the occasion was for the moment broken."

A Patriotic Element.

There are people who in former years were wont to regard street cars and ferry boats a privileged mode of transportation who will not make the shortest railway journey now unless in their own private, or a specially chartered, car. This sought-for exclusiveness which it is claimed begets distinction, is a part of the education of youth which makes those unaccustomed to it extravagant in foolish ways. And to think the Pilgrim Fathers and Puritans, from whom we boast descent, were compelled to walk to church, to which exertion the additional annoyance of shooting Indians en route was a necessity!

No Blackmail for Mrs. Mackay.

Mr. Mackay, the wife of the well-known "Silver King," is not a woman to be intimidated, for recently she completely turned the tables on a would-be blackmailer. Mr. Mackay, when in Paris, received a letter from a man in which he asked for four hundred and eighty pounds, insisting that unless this sum was paid, he intended to have the bodies of a former porter and a governess in Mrs. Mackay's establishment exhumed (their deaths, according to his statement, having come about by foul means). Mrs. Mackay sent the letter to the Prefect of Police. The man was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Where Men and Women Dress Alike.

In Annan, an Empire occupying the eastern portion of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, with a population of 6,000,000 men and women wear their hair in the same way, and dress almost alike. Like the man the woman wears a turban, a long tunic, wide, loose trousers, and a bright sash, the end falling below the knees. The physiognomy is almost the same, as the men are beardless, and have their hair done up like the women. The only clue to distinguish them is found in the ear-rings and finger-rings, which are worn by women only.

Pole-Finding Made Easy.

To reach the North pole an architect, M. Hauln, has proposed to the Geographical society of Paris the construction of wooden huts on one or two days' journey apart. He considers Greenland the most favorable locality for an experiment of this kind. Each of the huts would become in its turn a base of supplies for the construction of the next. As the distance to be covered is about 900 miles, about a score of huts would be necessary to establish a route to the pole.

A Prince Among Flatterers.

Jollye—"Yes, Miss Lightfoot, you are a wonderful dancer." Miss Lightfoot—"Do you think so?" Jollye—"I'm wonderful than the dancer who dances before the king and demanded the hand of John the Baptist." Miss Lightfoot—"How so, pray?" Jollye—"When she danced one man was decapitated, but when you dance all men lose their heads."

Ancient Eggs as Food.

The Chinese are fond of eggs about 100 years old, and old eggs are worth about as much in China as old wine is in other countries. They have a way of burying the eggs, and it takes about thirty days to render a pickled egg fit to eat. Some of the old eggs have become as black as ink, and one of the favorite Chinese dishes for invalids, is made up of eggs which are preserved in jars of red clay and salt-water.

A Four-Footed Electrician.

The underground system of electric wires in London owes much of its success to "Strip the electrician." Strip is not a man, but a tiny tortoise, who has been trained to crawl through the street conduits, dragging a wire, the end of which is attached to her collar. She has done an immense amount of work that could not have been accomplished as well by any other agency.

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Although I had "pilgrimages" with the Plymouth work's holidays and it through the land—not such fetid have sometimes paper man accounts of Duxbury, it is his name from the Standish family—Captain's Hill—the home of Currier, the view of the current, which will be supplied of the Yankee crewing these old Filippi John and of the wick appear equality of the "loyalist" they will wake up so from now may the loyalist forefathers Fort Howe hill. New Brunswick rather than nothing, clear-cut against Fort Howe, would come in honor of founders, who gave of living under the Captain's Hill is the with cannon to rig of him, cannon at his feet, lies buried. That is, it is supposed is not, I believe, a being his place shadows of doubt places and things, cities claim the place of Homer Miles Standish, at least two places, including in this Wolfe. But, may possessed two sword wear them both at about the supposed isles, a wall of an cannon and piles most formidable decidedly indegal Good taste will, something more resting place), to seeking out these genuine little Puritans, the scene of a flower, awayed, bury hills. Nature most lovely face, it purity. Her laurel pressed only candor was a picture, few to the eyes of the, she stood and open talked with my friend resting on a grassy one of the descend, Priscilla J. Mullins school (she still wears her life with her "It was "Benah," a friend foolishly called her "for about sometimes called her So we chatted and saw of "Sweet Betsey" wave to us as she brow of the hill. sweetest things I many a day and Puritan maiden, pleasant place in "pilgrimages." Leaving Duxbury "fats" and cross bridges (which remain the "Nervia" far longer, and is better up through, and these Massachusetts often cover large respond, I suppose, "parishes." This as field is the country things here take on Webster and of W. house is one of the are spotted all, along beaches are good the "Bay Shore. Daniel Webster lives in good repair. His great orator delivered dress on 24th July buried. The incident is "Lord, I believe hold," and under expressing a sort of christian religion. I ground I noticed a sweet singer, Adelaide was here in this part her family still occur. Here, in the old, W. also to be found the first child born to the White, born on the

HER NAME WAS BEULAH.

THE SWEET LITTLE MAIDEN THAT "PELHAM" FOUND

When on His Pilgrimage Through Duxbury Town—Where Miles Standish and Daniel Webster are Buried—The Swords of Standish.

Although I finished with Plymouth in my last "pilgrimage" I have not quite done with the Plymouth pilgrims. I spent a week's holidays about Plymouth, Duxbury, Marshfield and adjacent country. I footed it through the land. Took genuine "walks"—not such fictitious "tramps abroad" as I have sometimes noticed. St. John newspaper men accused of taking. The town of Duxbury, it may be mentioned, received its name from Duxbury Hall, the seat of the Standish family in England. From Captain's Hill—so called from having been the home of Captain Standish—a good view of the surrounding country was obtained, which will be much better from the top of the tall Standish monument, which crowns the summit of the hill, when means are supplied of getting up inside the tower. The Yankees have been tardy about erecting these monuments to the memory of the old Pilgrims. The people of St. John and of the province of New Brunswick appear equally negligent of the memory of the "loyalists." Perhaps some time they will wake up and a hundred years or so from now may see that tall monument to the loyalist forefathers crowning the top of Fort Howe hill. Even a plain shaft of New Brunswick red granite would be better than nothing. Such a shaft, standing clear-cut against the sky, upon the top of Fort Howe, would ever speak out to all comers in honor of the memory of the old founders, who gave up much for the sake of living under the British flag. Near Captain's Hill is the Standish grave. Here, with cannon to right of him, cannon to left of him, cannon at his head and cannon at his feet, lies buried the Puritan captain. That is, it is supposed he lies there. There is not, I believe, absolute certainty of this being his place of burial. Time casts shadows of doubt upon the identity of places and things. Did not seven different cities claim the honor of being the birthplace of Homer? Even the sword of Miles Standish is preserved, I believe in at least two places in Massachusetts, resembling, in this respect, that of General Wolfe. But may not such warriors have possessed two swords, even if they did not wear them both at once? There is record about the supposed grave of the Standishes, a wall of masonry, with mounted cannon and piles of cannon balls. It is a most formidable looking structure but decidedly inelegant and inappropriate. Good taste will, in time, probably provide something more fitting to mark the last resting place of the Puritan leader. In seeking out these places I discovered a genuine little Puritan maiden. Lithe and graceful, she seemed like some tall beautiful flower, swayed in the breezes of Duxbury hills. Nature gave forth, in her most lovely face, the signs of health and purity. Her laughing, brown eyes expressed only candor and innocence. She was a picture, sweet to look upon, filling to the eyes of the heart [and the mind, as she stood and openly, artlessly, smilingly talked with my friend and me as we sat resting on a grassy bank. She was surely one of the descendants of John Alden and Frisilla Mullins. She talked of her school (she still went to school) and of her life with her "Grandpa." Her name? It was "Beulah." How appropriate! My friend foolishly wanted to know what they called her "for short." She said that they sometimes called her "Sweet Beulah Land." So we chatted and parted and the last I saw of "Sweet Beulah Land" was her hand waving to us as she disappeared over the brow of the hill. She was one of the sweetest things I have looked upon for many a day and the image of the little Puritan maiden, "Beulah," will hold a pleasant place in my memory of these "pilgrimages."

Leaving Duxbury and the Duxbury "flats" and crossing the long Duxbury bridge (which reminds one very much of the "Nerpeps" bridge, but appears even longer, and is better built) I made my way up through the "town" of Marshfield. These Massachusetts "towns," be it known often cover large areas of country and correspond, I suppose, to the New Brunswick "parishes." This sea-board town of Marshfield is the country of Daniel Webster and things here take on largely the name of Webster and of Winslow. The Webster house is one of the summer hotels which are spotted all along these shores. The beaches are good here and almost equal the "By Shore." The house where Daniel Webster lived is still standing and in good repair. Here, on Cherry Hill, the great orator delivered his last public address on 24th July 1862, and here he lies buried. The inscription on his monument is "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief," and underneath, his own words expressing a sort of compelled belief in the Christian religion. In the same little burial-ground I noticed the monument of that sweet singer, Adelaide Phillips. Her home was here in this part of New England and her family still occupied the homestead. Here, in the old Winslow burial-place, are also to be found the remains of the very first child born to the Pilgrims—Peregrine White, born on the Mayflower; the first

mother—Susanna Winslow; the first bride; and also the first native governor, Josiah, son of Edward Winslow. Major-General Winslow, commemorated by Longfellow, in connection with the expulsion of the Acadians, was the grandson of this Governor Winslow.

While speaking of the burial places I must here insert a brief but striking epitaph from a stone in the Duxbury cemetery. It is as follows: Assath Soule. The chief can't help her any. There is more truth than poetry in this, though the chief does not attempt to say whether the character of Assath was good, bad, or indifferent. Trusting that she was too good to stand in need of any posthumous praise I must leave her and leave

ENCOURAGE PHYSICAL TRAINING.

It is a Means of Elevating the Moral of a Nation.

The best foot-ball teams that Yale has ever had, have been composed of the most moral men. This portion of physical training gives opportunity for development of certain qualities of mind not provided for in the college curriculum, and we can readily see how each member of the team would learn his moral lessons. The diet table would teach him self-restraint, the nature of the game self-control, courage, unselfishness, resolution, and perseverance, and he would learn discipline from the necessity of obeying captain and coach. Men who seem to require some outlet for superabundant animal life, find the exercise

structure is present conducting the exercises, the liability to accidents is small.

What then shall we say concerning physical training? Shall we not look favorably on it as a means to elevating the moral of the nation? Surely there are arguments against it, but are they not in the abuse instead of the use of this valuable education? A man of fine physique does not live for the observance of physical training but observes physical training as a necessary means to proper and wise living. President Garfield said, "There is no way in which you can get so much out of a man as by training: not by pieces, but the whole of him; and the trained men, other things being equal, are to be the masters of the world." We can then see

LETTERS FROM NANNARY.

No. 5.

It was September in San Francisco, and one of the warmest days of the season, although it is never at any time uncomfortably hot in the glorious climate of California. I met an Irish bull they have there summer there in the autumn, and to me the memorable 20th of September 1894 was at least a faint reminder of the glowing discomfort of a July or August day in the Empire City that I had left behind a few short weeks before over three thousand miles away. However I knew I would soon cool down a bit and in I was not aware

state of preservation in which he found St. Paul's, whose ruins his prophetic soul has not as yet been able to sketch from the busy whirl and life of London Bridge. Everything comes to him who waits, and the mails brought by the Overland Flyer came rumbling down the pier at last. The plank which separated husband from wife, father from son, sweetheart from sweetheart, was pushed on shore; the heavy ropes were cast off, the big engine commenced its slow but sure propelling powers, and we swung from the moorings amid a flutter of handkerchiefs, mingled sighs and tears, fond farewells and sweet adieux with the crew of our gallant ship turning the famed Golden Gate, where the fresh evening breeze came to meet us with its refreshing and cooling breath. A deep purple haze seemed to cling to the brooding and parched looking hillsides, the declining beauties of the glorious orb of day were dancing sweet and pretty minuets upon spire and housetop and sloping hill and bubbling waters as we saw the Cliff House and the seals slumbering in their foam-washed, rocky abiding places in the last fading distance. In the gloaming and long lingering twilight we pass beneath the dim shadows of the Fanalona Islands, with their flashing light crowning one of their jagged peaks, guiding the brave toilers of the sea to the portals of the Golden Gate, lying thirty miles away—or out upon the vast and boundless beauties of a great and majestic ocean. This lonely looking spot, the first and last land we saw for many weary days, is a refuge for a few people who dwell in their little white cottages beneath the deep shadows of the barren hills that rise abruptly out of the lonely ocean and for millions of sea gulls and other birds of the air, which find a resting place and a shelter upon and around its flinty boulders, and even that little oasis in the watery desert through which we were ploughing was soon lost to sight as we sped on in the darkness over the billowy waves of the great Pacific, which seemed to grow angry and boisterous and anything but pacific as we ventured further on and on over its foamy waves.

Many of the light laughing mortals who had come on board a few hours before were speedily transformed into sad viaged, thoughtful, tear-bedewed specimens of the "genus homo." We had on board the usual quota of other wise good people who were beginning to feel in their profound, badly constructed stomachs the aching, disagreeable motion of the Mariposa, as she kept bounding away over the troubled waters unwilling subjects of dear old Neptune who was covered with the yeasty foam of the sad sea waves, and whose haughty trident sparkled with the dripping bubbles of a mighty ocean as he sat in gleeful torturing triumph upon his aqueous throne to which his mistaken followers with hearts bowed down were paying their unwilling tribute. The Ships that Pass in the Night were not seen even in the daylight near at any time, so we kept steadily on for the first three days, when the white crested beauties of the mighty deep seemed to flatten out and gently subside into a glorious calm, only rippled by the mild breath of the shining sea and the glistening sunshine of the brave over hanging firmament that was replaced when the sun had made a golden set and buried his shining splendor in the silver sea by the twinkling stars shining brightly in the heavens above our heads, and reproducing themselves in glistering splendor in the glorious waters through which the steamer was now gliding so peacefully on and on.

IRISH CHILDREN.

How They Perpetrate some Amusing "Bulls."

Francis Power Cobbe, while living with her father in Ireland—he was the owner of a large estate and the landlord of many tenants—used to teach two or three hours a week in a village school not far from her home. In her "Litt's" she tells two stories illustrative of the ingenuity with which, when they came to a difficult word in reading, they substituted another that they could pronounce.

One boy read that John the Baptist had a leather "griddle" about his loins. A young man with a deep, manly voice once started his teacher, while reading in the New Testament, by announcing, "He casteth out devils through—through—through Blas-z, the chief of the devils."

Not infrequently a child, carefully instructed by a painstaking teacher, would sail on examination as to be diverting. "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" asked the teacher of a child. "Ating camels, my lady," promptly replied the child.

On paying a visit to her old home, after an absence of ten years, Miss Cobbe found that the impressions made by her teaching were far from durable. She asked her crack scholar, promoted to the position of second gardener on her brother's estate: "Well, Andrew, how much do you remember of all my lessons?"

"Oh, ma'am, never a word."

"Oh, Andrew, Andrew! And have you forgotten all about the sun, the moon, and stars, the day and the night, and the seasons?"

"Oh, no, ma'am! I do remember now, and you set them on the schoolroom table, and Mars was a red gooseberry, and I ate 'em."

the Plymouth Pilgrims for the present. I hope next to "pilgrimage" to interesting old Salem and an account of this pilgrimage shall be duly forthcoming.

PELHAM.

CANTON'S EXECUTION AGAINST THE WALL. The Heads are Put in Large Jars Against The Wall.

We arrived at a place where a lot of rough, unbacked pickins covered the ground. It was a narrow strip of land twenty or twenty-five feet wide and seventy or eighty long, the only patch of ground not built upon in the neighborhood. "This is the place," said the guide; "it is one of the sights." It was not much of a sight, I thought, after a hurried glance, and I did not feel inclined for deeper investigation. Hitherto it had seemed as if nothing could upset me, but that afternoon I was doubtful. Near the middle, where the pickins were not so close together, the ground was discolored. "What is that?" said I. "Some men were beheaded there a day or two ago," he answered. "Would you like to see their heads? They are in those large jars standing near the wall." But I declined.

Some half-doz. ten T-shaped crosses were stacked against the wall. I inquired the uses of these harmless-looking instruments. "They are for tying people to keep them in position for the ling-chee," was the reply. I had not heard this word before, so I asked about it. "Oh," said the guide, as if imparting the most ordinary information, "the ling-chee is cutting into pieces when alive." "Is this form of execution often carried out?" I asked. "Yes," he replied; "frequently." I turned to flee. The guide called out, wishing me to see the executioner's sword; but I escaped and he followed, evidently with great contempt for my capacity as a sight seer.

Donning a Veil.

It is an accomplishment worth acquiring in these days when American women go about almost universally veiled as the beauties of the Orient, to put one's veil on successfully, that is so as the hair is held securely in position. The veil itself does not droop below the hat brim at any point, and neither hangs loose nor draws across the face, rendering a wink inconvenient and the nose a martyr to the tickling sensation with every wearer of a veil knows. Half the beauty of the veil, or more strictly, the enhancement of beauty which the veil gives, is due to the way it is put on. Worse than no veil at all is the veil put on before the bonnet is assumed, as one fashion writer recommends. The filing meshes, pressed closely against the face and hair, leave no room for the charming illusory effect which is the veil's chief "excuse for being." The first requirement in a veil is that it shall be of unlined size, double width, unless it is to be worn with a very small bonnet, and a yard long, so that it may be gathered up in generous folds over the hat brim and pinned—a veil should never be tied—well up at the back of the hat. A better fit and a prettier effect is given by a little cluster of gathers directly in the middle of the front. It is to be hoped that women will sometimes learn that veils figured with sprigs, or, indeed anything but unobtrusive dots, are never becoming and make them look, as a man was heard to remark the other day, "as if their faces were covered with flies."

ment of the game replaces that which was formerly obtained by fighting and midnight marauding. Mr. Ed. Chedwick, the distinguished English sanitarian, said he could build a city, so as to have any death rate from five to fifty per thousand annually, according to the sanitary condition; and so I think a race could, to a great measure, be cultivated to have any degree of morality, according to the physical training received.

But not everything on this question is in its favor. There are arguments of considerable weight, which are frequently raised to show that physical training has a degrading moral effect; and perhaps we could well examine a few of them. Making excellence in attainment the primary object in physical training cannot but have an immoral tendency. The object in physical training is not to discover who can accomplish the most difficult feat, but to educate and develop the body that it may better obey the commands of the will. As soon as we have the wrong object in view, we lose the substance in the shadow, we create selfishness and indulgence, and in all probability ruin our bodies in endeavoring to excel our fellow athletes. We then make the training an end instead of a means to an end. We worship the body instead of worshipping through the body and cause our bodies to rule our wills instead of being in subjection to them. By this also professionalism is encouraged, which has ever proved itself to be a moral degradation. Persons who will sell their bodies to the highest bidder, in order to obtain an easy living, are liable to be immoral men, and consequently exert an evil influence on those associating with them in training, who perhaps have a good object in view.

Waste of time and of money has been an objection of some. They claim that work of different kinds will give the required exercise without spending money or time, that physical training is a misuse of means and leisure hours. Probably there is some truth in the statement that, if work with the exercise that each and every muscle requires, and bringing in some revenue could be acquired, it would tend to a more definite and moral aim.

Brutality in field games such as foot-ball and lacrosse, is a cause of much antagonistic criticism, and no doubt there are grounds for some reproach. Many accidents occur in out-door sports that could without doubt be avoided. We have read of many bones being fractured, many eyes lost, many persons being disfigured for life, that would never have been recorded but for the existence of certain field games. I do not say that these objections would not be a thing of the past, if certain rules of the games were changed and others added that would bring the risk of an accident to a minimum. We hear of accidents in gymnasiums, but not as a usual thing in well conducted ones. If a competent in-

structor is present conducting the exercises, the liability to accidents is small. What then shall we say concerning physical training? Shall we not look favorably on it as a means to elevating the moral of the nation? Surely there are arguments against it, but are they not in the abuse instead of the use of this valuable education? A man of fine physique does not live for the observance of physical training but observes physical training as a necessary means to proper and wise living. President Garfield said, "There is no way in which you can get so much out of a man as by training: not by pieces, but the whole of him; and the trained men, other things being equal, are to be the masters of the world." We can then see

A PRETTY TALL YARN.

A Cunning Crow's Stratagem to Get Food at a Hunters' Camp.

"A crow is the slickest bird flying when it wants to be," said Lige Thomas as he sat on the edge of a soapbox at William's store at Long Hill Centre, "and to prove it I will tell a circumstance that occurred when a party of us were camping at Canaan Mountain Pond last fall.

"There were an almighty lot of crows around the but we occupied and one day I brought out my gun and shot into a flock. All escaped my shot except one which was lying on the ground wounded. I went to the place and picked the wounded bird up and found that its left leg had been broken by the shot. Taking the crow to the hut I amputated the leg and taking a hot coal from the fire I burned the stump so that it would not bleed. The bird was then allowed to go at liberty, but instead of leaving the vicinity of the camp it hung around and the boys would feed it with crumbs from the table, and it became quite tame. It would come limping into camp just like a veteran a ter his position.

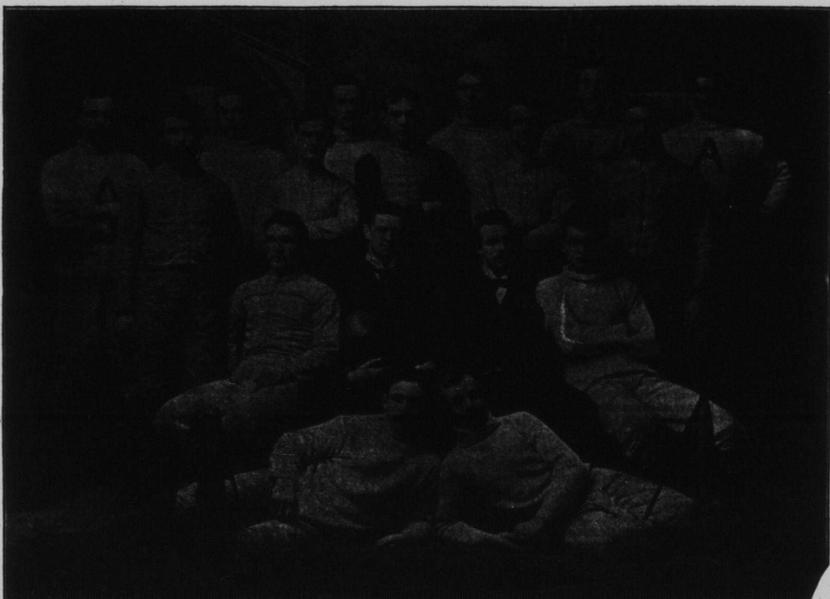
"At about meal time the crow could be expected at first, but as it grew more frequent. One of the boys hinted that the bird was feeding in the not the victim of my gun shot and in investigating this theory we found out what a great deceiver the crow is. Up the alley leading to the spot where the bird had been in the habit of receiving its food, there hopped one day a fine black crow. There was nothing about the bird to show that it was not the same one that had been the object of our bounty so long. It had only one leg so far as we could see.

"I'll bet that ain't our crow," said Charley.

"Yes it is, too," I say; "It has only one leg."

"You wait and see," says Charley, and away he hurried and returned with his gun. Raising it and taking careful aim he fired and the bird stretched over on the ground dead. We made an examination and sure enough the bird had two legs as good and sound as any bird had come into our camp. It had hitched the other up under its wing so as to deceive us and secure food. It must have watched us feeding the wounded bird and saw an opportunity of securing food by imitating that one. All crows are so near alike there is no identifying one, and the only way we knew ours was by the one leg. When such a clever imitator attacked us we were badly fooled. I do not know what became of the real wounded bird. It never showed up after the other was killed. I don't know but that we had been feeding the bogus bird for the rest one or two weeks before we found out our mistake as it was."

It is always the same. Even in the matter of a matrimonial engagement, a man must take the initiative, that a woman may indulge in her prerogative of having the last word.



THE ACADIA FOOTBALL TEAM.

AN INDIAN HERO.

Some fifteen or sixteen miles south of Hellbore, Texas, there is a point known to all the country around as Jim Ned Lookout. It is merely an elevation forming the northern end of a long line of bluff that stretches away to the south.

After awhile the recumbent figure on the ledge of rocks got to be a familiar one to all the neighboring country. Day after day, no matter how hot the sun might be, there was the same motionless form grasping the same ominous Winchester and keeping the same grim outlook.

Perhaps not one person in twenty of those now living in Montague County knows that this point of land perpetuates the name of one who, for resolute fidelity to his friends, pathetic faithfulness to his loved ones and self-abnegating heroism in the hour of final trial, had few equals even in that hard frontierland.

Another time two toughs and would-be humorists from a neighboring ranch told the station people of a joke they intended to play on Jim Ned. They were going to fix up a plausible tale and by decoy him some ten miles down the river to where a woman of very bad repute kept an establishment.

What's your name? was the question first propounded by Parker. The Indian told him. "Who's you on the lookout for?" "Njun gal—me on the lookout for?" "There was a parba about his inflection as he asked this question that showed conclusively that an Indian is not all stoic.

Two days after the strangers were found dead Sal Soda died, and when Jim Ned laid her to rest under the cottonwoods that fringe Red River there were many moist eyes among those who had stood by and looked on.

and it is no wonder that it overthrew him. I apply the term "great" to him advisedly, for it is a man who can take a great purpose and stick to it is not a great man, who is Jim Ned had done this, but why? why so strong for him and he fell. As he took to drinking he took to lying, swearing and, unless the indications were far wrong, to stealing as well. Things began to disappear very mysteriously around the station, and suspicion pointed to Jim Ned.

Some weeks after this Charlie Hall was up the river shooting ducks. A band of some five or six Comanches got in pursuit of him. He succeeded in hiding for the time among the trees on the river's bank, and while there Jim Ned put in his appearance. It was the first time he had been seen since his escape. It was evident from his looks that he still washed well for the boys.

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Perhaps it would be better for Jim Ned's reputation if the narrative should stop here. He is now being told only of his strong points; it now becomes necessary to tell of his downfall. After his sister's death the whole misapprehension of his life seemed to be gone. No more keeping tireless vigils on the look-out for him. No more work of any kind, in fact, when there was any possible chance in the world to get out of it.

He has punched the bag, taken long runs to test his wind and reduce flesh. In short the condition of the prize fighter is brought about by gymnastics. The same thing can be done with a horse, but the exercise on a race track won't do it. The animal must have gymnastics and be brought to the "pink of condition" before he can break a record.

Prof. Bartholomew is a veteran horse trainer. He has enjoyed a national reputation for years as such. He has a ruddy face, deep-set blue eyes, and wears his iron gray hair brushed back from his forehead. He resides at Independence, Mo., and is a native of the State.

He is as clever as the beggars in the Arabian Nights. The Japanese are very fond of listening to stories, and of national characteristics, and a good story is enjoyed over and over again quite as much as when it was new.

Eight years ago the wife of Jonas E. Hartig, of Detroit, escaped from an insane asylum and shortly afterwards the mutilated remains of a woman were found on a railway track and were identified and buried as those of Mrs. Hartig. This, however, was a mistake for the real Mrs. Hartig wandered to Benton Harbor, where she recovered her reason, but could not remember anything of her previous life or even her name.

The story is told of Padarewski, he of the long locks and supple fingers, that he was invited to test by a New York millionaire. The pianist rather coldly refused his intended host to his agent.

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BORN.

Parsons, Jan. 25, to the wife of William M. Langhals, a son. New Glasgow, Jan. 25, to the wife of Raymond Dand, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Anderson, Jan. 29, George W. Granham to Lily E. Stinson. Halifax, Jan. 29, by Rev. D. Foley, John Wakeley to Sarah Bryant.

DIED.

Halifax, Jan. 27, Martin Breen, 77. Truro, Jan. 27, Mrs. J. J. Goggin, 82. Halifax, Jan. 25, George Nichols, 62.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT FOR Bronchitis, La Grippe, Etc. "I obtained immediate relief in a case of bronchitis, caught while in camp at Sussex, by the application of your Minard's Liniment."

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