

PEWS SHOULD BE FREE.

A FEW STORIES OF THE RENTED SEAT IN CHURCH.

An Officer Who Got His Orderly to Bring Camp Stools Along and a Sailor Who Implored a Seat—For Many Reasons Pews Should be Free.

Considerable discussion is going on just now in respect to the abolition of the system of renting church pews.

Most of the churches in the city rent their pews. The plan is followed by St. David's and St. Andrew's, Presbyterian, and by all the Methodist churches except Carmarthen. The same may be said of the Baptist churches.

It is not the intent of this article to discuss the free versus rented seat system, but to give some instances where the plan of having rented seats in the church was the cause of amusement if not ridicule.

Old Trinity church, in this city for instance, had rented pews. On one occasion a British officer in plain clothes went to the church, walked up the various aisles and vainly looked about for a seat. Seats were there in plenty but no one offered him one.

The usher was absent or asleep and the officer saw that he would have to stand during the ceremonies or take his departure.

He chose the latter but decided that he would attend that church and that he would have as independent a seat as any one. Next Sunday he appeared again, this time accompanied by an orderly who carrying two camp stools, one under each arm, followed his master up the aisle, in front of the pulpit. They placed the seats in position there and unconcernedly took their places.

When the service was over, the seats were taken up by the servant and carried back to the barracks. On the Monday following, the officer was waited on by several of the trustees of the church and was at length induced to purchase a pew.

This incident had a humorous aspect but here is another of a different nature.

One of the churches, it is not necessary to designate it particularly, had as adherents a clerk of one of the large dry goods establishments and his family, a wife and little boy. They had been constant in attendance for some years, and had occupied and paid for a pew. The father died in rather destitute circumstances, and on the Sunday following his death, the widow and orphan in their weeds of sorrow took their accustomed places in the sacred, yet rented, edifice. Judge that widow's surprise when just before the service began she was approached by one of the officials of the church and told that she and her boy would henceforth have to take a seat in the gallery. She did as she was ordered but never again entered that church.

Another case comes from a church in Fredericton, where it is the practice with a few denominations to rent their pews. The pastor was in his place and had just entered upon his sermon when a sailor, who had deserted from a ship at St. John and had wandered there, walked in and vainly looked round for a seat. None was offered. He went out and across the street where a house was in process of erection, brought in two deal ends and placed them near the pulpit and there seated himself during the service. Was it sarcasm or charity that prompted him to place a sovereign in the plate when it was passed round?

One of the finer churches here before the fire had large square pews, some of them capable of seating twelve persons. A wealthy man had one of these pews, and his family of eight children with himself and wife filled it pretty comfortably for some years. But the boys and girls, one after the other, either died or went away, and yet the old couple held the large pew. No one was ever invited to a seat there. They paid for the whole seat and held it if they did not occupy it. Thus it continued for years; no one dared speak of the inconsistency of it as it would likely be taken as an insult and perhaps mean the loss of a good paying member of the church.

An American visitor at one of the large hotels on a Sunday morning decided to go to church. He was a member of no particular denomination and so was undecided whether to turn his steps. He noticed on the wall of the office a framed poster, which gave the location and services of a particular church. He had about determined to go to that one when a sentence at the bottom of the card took his attention and put that church out of his reach. The sentence was "Free seats at afternoon and evening services." He mused over the sentence for a few minutes and then said, "Yes, I see! seats are rented in the morning, that is as much as to say there is no room for me."

For the benefit of religion and the furtherance of Christianity seats should be free in churches. The salary of the pastors can be readily secured in some other way and with the regime of free seats all the churches will be filled and the attendance will be regular and constantly increasing. Let the matter be looked at in a fair and impartial manner, and it must readily be seen that it will be an advance in Christian work to do away with the old and out of date system.

Must not look at Human Face.

In the Wyoming Territory in the United States there is a colony of one hundred and thirty souls in the Cheyenne Reservation, who deem it mortal sin to look upon the face of any human being. Both men and women wear masks day and night, and never by any chance do they gaze upon the faces of one another. They teach

morality in the severest manner, not permitting the two sexes even to dwell in the same valley. This custom is observed in the islands of New Britain, where a man must not only not speak to his mother-in-law but it is considered sinful for the son-in-law or mother-in-law to look each other in the face. Suicide of both parties is the outcome if this rule is broken. The White and Silent Nuns, known as Bernardines, a religious sisterhood at Bayonne, in the south-west corner of France, close to the Pyrenees, founded by L'Abbe Costac, hold no converse with human beings. Within the Buddhist monasteries there are frequently ascetics who for years together have no intercourse with the outside world, but sit in constant silent meditation, receiving their food through a hole in the door. Hermits in China tear out their eyes, with the idea that by closing the two gates of love they open the gates of wisdom.

HAUNTED PLACES.

Nooks Frequented by the Poets. Bright and Harmless Shadows at Allfoxden.

If it be truth the poet sings that All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses, it will be felt by the sympathetic heart that the haunts of noble spirits have about them a sanctifying influence so that he who visits them will see something more than common earth, and will experience a glow and exaltation of pleasure in the knowledge that

The poet's memory here Of the landscape makes a part.

It is our purpose in this paper to revive in the reader the memory which may have become dim, of places frequented by Wordsworth and his associates; and if this meets with favor we may at intervals, refer to other scenes connected with the living creations that have brought so much mingled profit and delight to the readers of choice English verse.

After their return from the continent, Wordsworth and Coleridge had much association for friendly and literary purposes, and they afterwards included in their group Southey and Charles Lloyd, a young and gifted man of brief pathetic history.

Their first rendezvous was at Bristol, a city, it has been said, which has had "the singular fortune to produce great men and never to cherish them." It produced Chatterton, and let him perish; it produced Southey, and let him go away to rear the fabric of his fame where he pleased. It was in this dingy, sluggish city, devoid of noble enterprise or appreciation that two of the greatest masters of modern poetry published their first important volume jointly,—"The Lyrical Ballads," which fell almost still-born from the press, and became the laughing-stock of the critics. Joseph Cottle, himself a writer of verse, satirised by Byron,—became their patron and publisher, as well as sympathetic friend.

But it was not at Bristol the young poets were to abide, but in the romantic solitudes of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire they were to tarry for a season to muse on nature, and frame immortal verse.

In a place called Nether Stowey lived a gentleman of estate and consequence, who was an acquaintance and admirer of Coleridge. The Wedgwood brothers, of Staffordshire, were also in the circle; and the favors and invitations of these friends drew Coleridge to Nether Stowey, where he settled as soon as he had been married to Miss Sara Fricker, a sister of Mrs. Southey. There, with Mr. Thomas Poole beside him, they could live more cheaply than at Bristol, surrounded by some of the finest scenery in Britain. Their poetry was to be based on nature rather than upon books; and no one need therefore be surprised to find Wordsworth coming, upon a like invitation to seek solitudes where his strikingly original thought could be matured, and moulded into "poetry of a new, startling and high order," and where he could enjoy the fellowship of a select and kindred circle.

Wordsworth, accordingly, took a cottage at Allfoxden, a few miles from where Coleridge lived, and nearer the British channel. No more delightful solitude could poet seek or desire. It was situated, as William Howitt describes it at the very extremity of the Quantock hills. A little more than a mile distant the channel tumbles its breakers,

And the stately ships go on In full view of those who climb the slopes these poets have described in their verse. Of this country Howitt also in his prose gives us a vivid description.

"As you advance from Stowey, the Quantock hills run along at some distance on your left hand. They are of the character of downs, open and moorland on the top, and with great masses of wood here and there on their slopes. The country on your right is level, rich and well-wooded. On arriving near Allfoxden you turn abruptly to the left, and winding about through a woody lane and passing through a little hamlet, you begin to feel as if you were going quite out of the world of mankind. You are at the foot of the hills, and a little wood terminates your way. But through this wood you have to pass to find the house where Wordsworth had hidden himself. Passing into this wood at a gate, you find yourself in a most Druidical gloom. The wood is of well-grown, tall and thickly growing oak; filled still closer with hollies, which were once underwood, but which have shot up and ennobled the very oaks themselves in altitude. They are unquestionably amongst the loftiest hollies in England. Altogether the mass of wood is dense, the scene shadowy, the ground is strewn with its brown carpet of fallen leaves. As you advance, on your right hand you catch a sound of water, and pursuing it you find it issues from a deep, narrow glen or dean, which no doubt gives

the name to the place.—All fox den, or glen of all the foxes. This glen is a very poetical feature of the place, and especially attractive to a man in Wordsworth's then turn of mind, which led him to the deepest seclusion for the sake of abstraction. Tall trees sprang from its sides, and meet above; some of them have fallen across, dashed down by the wind. Wild plants grow luxuriantly below; woodhens and other creepers climb and cling from bough to bough; and the pure crystal water hurries along over its gravelly bed, beneath this mass of shade and over-hanging banks, with a merry music to the neighboring sea.

"Leaving this glen, you hold on through the woods to the left, and soon emerge into a park inclosed by hills and woods, where a good country house looks out toward the sea. It is one of the most secluded, yet pleasantly secluded, houses in England. Around it sweep the hills, scattered with fine timber, before which repose a herd of deer, and before it stretches the sea at a little distance. The house is somewhat raised above the level of the valley, as to catch the charming view of the lands, woods, and outspread waters below. To the left, near the coast, is a view of St. Andrew, the seat of Sir Peregrine Ackland, pleasantly assuring you that you are not quite cut off from humanity. Below the house lies a sunny flower garden, finely divided, the ascending lawn is encircled by some enormous old oaks, and elms of noblest growth. There are two elms, growing close together, of remarkable size and height, beneath which a seat is placed, commanding a view of the park and sea; which used to be a very favorite tree of the poet's. Under these trees he used to sit and read and compose; and no man could have coveted a more congenial study.

Such is the place as it was seen by a loving eye more than forty years ago. This was the poets congenial haunt in the formative period of his genius, here he dwelt when the "Lyrical Ballads" were written and published. How often must these brother poets have climbed together from this seclusion through the park-like ascent to the open hills. From summit to summit they went "in glory and in joy," leaving the sea and the coast behind them, from those high moorlands, and nourishing the feelings that issue in poetry "amid a profound, but glorious solitude." Here they rambled and their eyes rested on "fine glens with glittering streams, and here and there a lonely cottage sening up its quiet smoke." Here Wordsworth found scene and imagery in his Ballad of "The Thorn," and these scenes Coleridge describes in his "Fears in Solitude" written at Stowey, in 1798.

A green and silent spot amid the hills, A small and silent dell: O'er all the place No singing skylark ever poised his air. The hills are beauty, save that swelling slope, Which hath a ray of sun that never shines furze, All golden with the never blondest furze, Bathed by the mist is fresh and dewy, An arval cornfield, or the purple flax, A heart, the fountain of sweet milk at eve, The level sunshine glimmers with green light, Which all methinks would love.

From these charming hills, mentioned or described in several of their poems, these poets could look away on scenes as fair as eye is wont to meet. The channel glittering in the sun, the vessels with their shining sails going out to sea, or straining in from the ocean; the little island of Steepholms lying in the liquid foreground, and the Welsh hills stretching along in the back. On your right you see the whole level but rich country stretching away to Bridgewater, and on towards Bristol. And here, sometimes wandered with the more devoted and priest like poet of the two, that dear and gifted sister Dorothy, his associate in poetic rambles and poetic toils, who never shrank from his long stretches, and of whom he wrote,— She gave me eyes, she gave me ears, A heart, the fountain of sweet milk at eve, And love and hope and joy.

Here also, sometimes, Southey, and Cottle came, and poor Charles Lloyd, and that other more memorable Charles Lamb; he broke bread, and held their "lyric feasts," and left the perpetual odor of friendship and genius behind them.

But their troubles came. These wandering poets excited the wonder, and the suspicion, of the prosy country-folk in their neighborhood, and in the end Wordsworth and his sister especially fell innocently into the clutches of these gossips, and were glad to escape from the ill-odor they created. Such a thing as the study of nature for the love of it or for poetical purposes, seemed then an unheard-of thing in these rural districts, and they had information on the subject they were still incredulous. What are these men here for? They are spies; they are smugglers; or else they are fools, or insane. And what does that wild, unseemly woman mean by strapping over the hills with men? The hazy! The poets were in a sulphurous cloud before they knew it, and were surrounded of multitudinous eyes as dissolute and lawless men! The upshot of it was that when the term of Wordsworth's occupancy expired he was not permitted to remain at Allfoxden House, in spite of all the intercession of his friends who were supposed to be little better than he was. Well may Howitt exclaim: "The grave and moral Wordsworth, the respectable Wedgwoods, correct Robert Southey and Coleridge, dreaming of glories and intellectualities beyond the moon, were set down as a disreputable gang!"

"Think you, O reader! that out of these prosaic and uncharitable suspicions of the past, the world has rolled into a clearer day." Cottle the friend and publisher, gives a ludicrous account of the whole matter: "The wisecracks of the village [of Stowey] had, it seems, made Mr. Wordsworth the object of their serious conversation. One said, that 'he had seen him wander about by night, and look rather strangely at the moon. And then, he roamed over the hills like a partridge.' Another said, 'he had heard him mutter, as he walked, some outlandish brogue, that nobody could understand.' [No matter, if he muttered in composing the glorious lines about "Tintern Abbey" and the motions of his own soul, or the moral of the old leech-gatherer in "Resolution and Independence."] Another said, 'I think he carries on a conjuror.' Another said, you are every one of you wrong, I know what he is. We have all met with him tramping away toward the sea. Would any man in his senses take all that trouble to look at a parcel of water? I think he carries on a snugg business in the smuggling line, and, in these journeys, is on the lookout for

some wet cargo? Another very significant hint, I know that he has a private still in his cellar; for I once passed his house at a little better than a hundred yards distance, and I could smell the spirits as plain as an ashen faggot at Christmas." Another said, "However that was, he is surely a despicable French Jacobin, for he is so silent and dark that nobody ever heard him say one word about politics." And thus these ignorant amuses drove from their village a greater ornament than will ever again be found amongst them. A vexatious and comic fate indeed, to be between two such fires as the gossips of Stowey and the learned, insulting, cocksure of the Edinburgh Review.

So, far away from these beautiful scenes, memorable for their sakes, the lives of these poets were led, and in another part of England they accomplished their greatest work, and acquired that fame which will endure till the words of poets are read and remembered no longer.

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An amusing story is being told of a deputation from Scotland which recently waited on the Duke of York. The deputation, it is said, had been "skirmishing all over England, inspecting something or other;" but though on pleasure bent they had a frugal mind, and towards the end of their pilgrimage travelled to York third class. Here the Lord Mayor entertained them with sumptuous hospitality, and finally announced his intention of seeing them off by train. The deputation was in despair; but the Lord Mayor was not to be put off, and when his guests crept shamefacedly into their "thirds" they registered a vow always to travel first in future when on an official visit.

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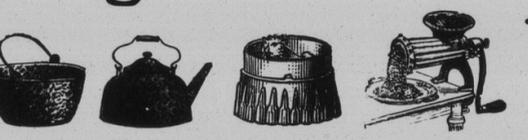
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THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

Perhaps there was much less interest felt in the oratorio performance this week than at any time in the history of the society. The death of the governor left no person in the mood for amusement and the addition of the beautiful Dead March was much too sad to induce many people to go. In fact there are plenty of persons who will avoid the Dead March on account of its unpleasant associations. The soloists at the oratorio were Mrs. Blackmore, Rev. Father Davenport and Mr. G. C. Coster, while Mr. Fisher was the conductor. Mrs. Blackmore's singing was not so sympathetic as one might have wished but that cannot be looked for in an oratorio to any extent.

Mr. Marston Guillou, who is well known in this city in musical circles, has gone to Parrboro, to a better position in the Halifax banking company. Mr. Guillou was for some time an enthusiastic member of the Mission church choir and always took a keen and critical interest in musical matters.

At the opera house since PROGRESS appeared last there have been two performances—The Mischievous Miss—written by Miss Ethel Mollison and adapted by the Rehan Company with the authoress in the leading role. The less said about it the better. Miss Mollison has had ample opportunity to regret its presentation. It turns out to be a mistake to hold up any well known family to ridicule, especially when the representation of the members of the family in question lacks the essentials of fact, and it is a greater error to allow one's private feelings to get the better of judgment. Miss Mollison is young, she has ample time to learn. She may make an actress; she will never be a play writer.

Arthur Rehan's Company—or is it H. B. Clarke's?—returned to the city Wednesday, and gave Mixed Pickles to a slim audience. The Company is good in individual work, but discontent reigned within it. Salaries were unpaid, the management was disliked, and how could united work be obtained under such circumstances? Besides, the four actors were busy exclaiming against H. B. Clarke and his treatment of them, claiming that he left them owing certain salaries for which he was responsible. If they have a claim, Mr. Clarke is worth many times the amount of it, and they can collect the same if they prove them valid.

"Jack" McCaffrey has been in New York and announces an opera company here for Christmas week in which Mamie Taylor figures. Poor Mamie! Was she not with the Aborn company? And couldn't she kick her slipper almost to the gods. I have almost forgotten, but methinks that she was on the boards about the same time as those gift opera tickets.

Price Webber is coming this way. Progress correspondents note that he is pleasing all the country side, and when he comes to town the city folk will be glad to welcome him.

I print something about Gleason and his appearance in Boston. We can all imagine Rufus Somerby somewhere near the ticket office. Somerby told me when here that he proposed to spend \$1,000 advertising that one night show. He probably did so for he had about 10,000 people present. Why are there not more Somerby's?

SUBDUED THREE UGLY HORSES.

Prof. Gleason Had an Audience Which Taxed the Capacity of Mechanics' Hall.

Prof. Gleason tried to tame three horses in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, in two hours and failed by 7½ minutes. The equine trio was supposed to be the champion kickers of their tribe, adepts in the choicest varieties of horse profanity, it heels may be accepted as the exponent of equestrian emphasis.

He tamed them, however, if he was a little late.

The occasion was notable, also, as probably it was the greatest turnout of an audience to a one-night show ever seen in Boston. Thousands were turned away, and hundreds of tickets were refunded when the holders found they could not get their seats. The force of ushers was inadequate, and any ticket holder of an admission who was smart enough could take a reserved seat. He was unconsciously helped by the crowd at the door, which lay banked in a solid, impenetrable ranks, blocking the entrance. As early as 7 o'clock the bank of expectant auditors reached to the middle of Huntington avenue, and far up and down the sidewalk. The high flight of steps at the main entrance was like a sardine box. One of the doors was open and two policemen let the crowd in one by one, as a thousand pushed them in from behind. The writer was three-quarters of an hour climbing that short elevation, and by the time the door was reached over 3000 people were vainly trying to brave the nipping air outside, and crushing forward to go in. Within the building the sight was quite as impressive. By 8.30 o'clock every available seat and every foot of standing room was taken up. The audience was a test crowd for the great hall. It has been estimated as for 9000 people when they crowd up, filling the aisles, and seats and hanging on to friendly beams overhead. They did all that last night. It was a good-natured crowd, fairly so, at least, the problem of finding their own seats being the principal disturbing element. There were unnumbered chances to indulge in ad-

vice to everybody, Gleason included, and they improved every one of them.

The Professor did not appear till 8.45. He made his regulation speech, detailing with especial emphasis that he had never seen these horses before, and would have to gather whatever knowledge of their dispositions he needed from the cursory opportunities afforded after their appearance. The first horse was a big bay, named Bowstring, with a wicked looking head and a black record. His career is a long trail of splintered buggies, sulkies, and any other thing he could reach with his heels. As a show horse he was something of a disappointment at first. He came out as gentle as a lamb, and permitted the professor to fix on the ropes and buckles without a protesting whimper. A section of the crowd took this as a "fake," and said unpleasant things.

Once the professor got a-going it was seen, though, that the horse was as good as his reputation. He kicked with a reach, accuracy and strength born only of long and unimpeded practice. Once, twice, the professor tried to land him with a single rope, but it was no use. Then he put on the double rope and tried again. The horse did not seem to mind this any more, for his heels were still like a cordon around him with his fore-feet in the centre, the pivot on which he spun.

He pulled Gleason off his feet before he was stopped. The professor got up, spit out a mouthful of sawdust, took a new wrap on the lines and began again. This time he was successful. Bowstring in a few minutes gave up kicking for the excellent reason that he couldn't kick any more. His forefeet were doubled up under him, and as everybody knows, no self-respecting horse kicks unless he can stand on something beside his kicking apparatus. The apparatus, by the way, has become tolerably familiar from Gleason's former exhibitions, and may be briefly detailed as a system of ropes, reaching from the two fore fetlocks through a ring on the under side of a stout surcingle, thence in long leading lines to the professor's hand. He can thus pull the horse's forefeet out from under him at will.

When Bowstring gave up kicking at this stage, a string of tin pans was tied to his crupper, and the horse tried to send them through the roof. He gave up the job in a very few minutes, and finally allowed the tinware to dangle around his heels without worrying about it. He had by this time got cooled down so as to allow the professor to poke poles and things around his hind legs, and seemed to like it. Hitched the horse in a squat looking, but rock-ribbed sulky, brought out some more kicking, but this was soon quelled. At the end of 4½ minutes Gleason had him going around the ring as sedate as a cob, without a rope or strap on him, and standing up in the sulky, asked the judges if they were satisfied. They nodded assent. The judges were J. S. Warner, J. P. Silbury, and H. E. Brown. Gleason pounced the animal's rump with the seat cushion, jab poles against his legs, throw the cushions over the horse's head, and "never a badger" had the now thoroughly subdued Bowstring, though not a strap or a rope stood between him and anything beneath the skies that he cared to kick.

Robert R. a handsome black stallion, took the next lesson, he has a biting record, as well as renown as a kicker, and appeared with a big leather muzzle on. The professor hitched a rope to his right fore fetlock, threw it over his back, and standing on the horse's left side, proceeded to throw him down. The process consists in pulling the horse's head around to the left, after pulling his right forefoot from the ground, and pushing him over. It was a long, tedious job, for Robert R. had a will like iron, and kept Gleason busy for 15 minutes completing this first stage.

When the horse was down his head was pulled around still more, and Gleason toyed with his mouth till the horse got sick of trying to bite. The audience had seen nobody bitten, though, and could not appreciate this portion of the show. Robert went the same course of sprouts as Bowstring, but quieted down a trifle quicker. He was treated to bass drum beating on his back, and several bunches of fireworks were set off underneath him. Before the professor got through with him, he acted as if he had rather preferred a pavement of lighted firecrackers, though at first he had tried to comb the professor's hair with his heels when the trick was tried on.

Robert R. was a good horse in 54 minutes, and Gypsy Girl was led out. She was a beauty, but had an awful record, and one owner in a trying moment had chopped off her tail close to the roots, as an expression of his opinion. The other two could kick a little, but they were not in the same class with Gypsy. She could give them 50 in 100, and then discount them. When she got started, her vicinity was an avalanche of glistening heels, with professor, his three assistants, and the front row of the admission seats, perpetually dodging the fearsome circumference.

Alter all her fuss she gave up in 32 minutes. She would have done better, but the crowd was massed in front of the harness racks, and the attendants wasted minutes trying to get the necessary apparatus. Gleason's failure to accomplish the task in the time set may be laid to this fact, and not to any inability. He was bothered all through the evening in this way. He had succeeded with the audience, however, and every stage of his victory over the animals was greeted with uproarious applause. There was a small but persistent body of "doubting Thomases" in the free seats, whose oisses make an unpleasant undercurrent, but they were in a large minority.

Village Insurance. This is the practice of the communal authorities of some of the villages in Switzerland, who, instead of treating insurance against fire as a concern for each household's individual providence and thrift, insure all the buildings—the church, houses, stables and sheds—in the parish. A community living in wooden houses, where the burning of one house often involves the conflagration of more than half the village, naturally appreciates the wise economy of such a practice. The cost is met by a slight increase in the local self-taxation. One single policy is drawn out for the whole place, which diminishes appreciably the cost of the insurance. This is one of those things which might possibly be adopted with advantage in this country when the proper village or parish councils are in operation.

HEAVY RAINFALL.

One Inch of Rain Means One Hundred Tons of Water per Acre.

Recently the writer had occasion to make a twelve hours' journey by rail from the south of Scotland to the extreme north, and noticed that it was raining incessantly the whole way. We may assume, without any great straining of possibilities, that this state of things held all over the country on this or some other day. To take a very moderate estimate, say that in the course of the twenty-four hours, all over the British Islands, there fell a tenth of an inch of rain, this being the amount which falls on what is ordinarily called a wet day.

One inch of rain means 100 tons of water to the acre, and accordingly on our supposed wet day there fell on every acre of the land in Great Britain and Ireland, so, that on this day there fell the extraordinary quantity of 760,000,000 tons, or 172,480,000,000 gallons of water. Taking the population of that country at 50,000,000, this single moderately rainy day would suffice to provide for every man, woman, and child fifty gallons a day for eighty days, if all the water could have been prevented from soaking into the earth. To hold this enormous quantity would require a tank over 1,000 yards long, 1,000 broad, and 1,000 yards high.

RETAINED HER YOUTH.

Had Been Married Thirty Years and Had Enjoyed Life.

That one is as young as he or she feels, and not as old as he or she is, was beautifully demonstrated one day last week by a lady who lives up town on the west side, with her husband and three grown-up daughters, all lovely girls. She came down to the breakfast table radiant with smiles. She greeted her daughters with all the spirit of a schoolgirl. The lord of the house entered and took his seat. "Girls," said the mother, "John and I were married thirty years ago to-day. After breakfast we are going out for the day. We won't be home until morning. You can do just as you please with yourselves."

Out they went, and they made a day of it, with a long drive to the Brunwick, and a box at the theatre. The next morning the girls were a little surprised to see their mother come down to breakfast with the same radiant countenance.

"Oh! girls," she exclaimed, "we had a grand time. Ah! I hope you will get as good husbands as I have. And she had been married thirty years.

He Comprehended.

The young and winsome maiden called to see her father on behalf of George, the youth who had won her heart, but who was not her father's favourite. "Father," she said gently, "I want to tell you something, and you mustn't be angry. 'Very well,' he replied, 'I promise,' and he bent forward and kissed her. "I want to tell you, father, that George and I are in love and we want to get married."

The father forgot his promise in a second and began to storn.

"I haven't told you I wouldn't have him about the house? Haven't I forbidden you to see him?" he ranted. "Now, once for all, I tell you if he comes here again or sees you anywhere else, I'll kick him all over the town."

The girl stood her ground like a little man. "Now, papa, dear," she said, "you'll do nothing of the sort. George is young and healthy and a champion all-round athlete, and we had a conference this morning, and I told him I'd love him just the same, even if he had to pound you out of shape in defending his rights in this case; so you may as well see fit to submit and save the necessity of resorting to harsh measures." "See?"

He saw.

Forget Their Loss.

It is not an unusual thing for people who have lost the use of a sense or a limb to talk, more or less unconsciously, as if they still possessed it.

A short time ago a gentleman who had been totally blind for many years, but who managed to travel about notwithstanding his affliction, wrote to a friend: "I am making a trip to P— in the autumn to see how the world wags, and I hope to see you while I am there."

This is pathetic. More amusing, perhaps, was an incident of like nature which happened during a tour through the provinces which the French president M. Carnot, recently made. At one place, where an address was to be delivered to the President, the duty of pronouncing it was committed to a named veteran, both of whose arms had been amputated. Just before the hour for the ceremony had arrived, a local functionary said to the veteran: "Are you sure you know your speech?" "Know it!" he exclaimed confidently. "Why, I've got it right at my finger ends!"

PHOTOGRAPHS VS. CHRISTMAS CARDS.

How Each Holds Its Own in the Line of Holiday Gifts.

A few years ago the Christmas Cards held an enviable place in the list of Christmas remembrances. Many people like to remember their valued acquaintances in this way, but the day of the much cherished card seems to be past, and among the many more desirable articles to have prominent place in the photograph. Nothing appeals to a person's kindred sympathies so much as receiving a good photograph of a valued friend or relative.

In these days the art of Photography has arrived at such perfection that a picture that will not do for a holiday gift is especially true of the modern studio of H. Conroy, who has been at great pains to secure the very best apparatus for his work. He purchased rapid lenses and plates when in the States recently, and at the same time returned with a complete outfit of valuable background and accessories and furnished them so much towards the completion of an artistic photo. He is a better prepared than ever to place before the public the best possible and to execute all orders promptly. Those who wish his studio at the corner of King and Charlotte streets will be amply satisfied with the character of his work.

FERGUSON & PAGE. JEWELLERS, ETC., 43 KING ST.



HOLIDAY GIFTS.

THOSE TO WHOM THE APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS means the selection of DIAMONDS, GOLD, or SILVER GOODS, or any thing in the Jewelry line are invited to visit our store. Our stock is as varied as people's wants, and includes many recent and valuable importations.

Do Not Forget the Place, - - - - - 43 King Street.

New Dried Fruit at W. ALEX. PORTER'S. London Layer Raisins, Dehesa Bunches, in boxes, halt boxes and quarter boxes, New Valencia, Layer and Valencia Raisins, New Currants, Citron, Orange and Lemon Peel, 20 Boxes Evaporated Apricots and Peaches, Flavoring Extracts and Pure Spices. Try our Tea and Coffee. Cor. Union and Waterloo and 72 Mill Street. St. John, N. B.

EXCHANGE LIBRARY

Will EXCHANGE BOOKS in good condition. NEW BOOKS arriving every few days. Catalogue now ready.

NOVELTY BAZAAR!

A large variety for the CHRISTMAS trade, some of them just arrived per S. S. Inchulva, from England, Germany and France, including: Honey Boxes, Work Boxes, Shell Boxes; Engines, Railways, Mechanical Toys, Magic Lanterns, Pop Guns, Skipping Ropes, Wheel of Life, Wood Brackets, Scales, Tops, Cubes, Dolls in Wax, Wood and Rag, Children's Toys, Rubber Toys, Jack in the Box, Soap Boxes, Dominoes, Checkers, Chess, Knives and Scissors, 25c. each, your choice; Fancy Looking Glasses, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Companions, Jewelry Boxes or Cases, A variety of Celluloid Goods; a large assortment of German Baskets, Games, large and small; Rattles of various make; Hair and Tooth Brushes, Razor Straps, Shaving Brushes and Soap, Ball sin Rubber, Xlonite Celluloid and Leather, Dinner Table Bells, Portrait Frames, Picture Frames, Photograph Albums and Postage Stamp Albums.

Mottos, Christmas Cards and Booklets, a large variety. A large assortment of Handsome Bound Gift Books for Christmas and Birthday Presents, Pocket Books, Card Cases, Pocket Inks, Fancy Ink Stands, Fancy Pen Holders, Paper Cutters, Stationery and requisites of all kinds, Bibles, Prayer Books, a good assortment, Hymn Books, and a variety of other articles.

D. McALPINE & CO.

Remember—70 King Street—70.

Xmas Groceries

Bonnell's Grocery,

200 Union St., ST. JOHN, N. B.



MILLINERY

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.



Boas, Muffs, Capes

and small furs in great variety. FOI LADIES' AND GENTS' WEAR.

THORNEBROS

Hatters and Furriers, 93 KING ST.

VICTORIA SKATING RINK.

SEASON 1893-94.

THE Directors beg to announce that the old Victoria Skating Rink will be reopened for the season to subscribers just as soon as the weather will permit of making it. The building is now undergoing extensive repairs, and after being repainted and newly furnished throughout will present an inviting and attractive appearance. One of our leading local bands will furnish music on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and Saturday afternoon, Carnival, Hockey Matches, Skating Races, and Fancy Skating Competitions will be held during the season, and extra novelties and attractions have been arranged for, as the directors intend to spare neither trouble nor expense to retain the popularity of the old Victoria. Large sleighs will be provided every evening to the rink FREE, starting every 5 minutes between 7.30 and 8.15 p.m. Tickets for the season have been placed at the following low rates: GENTLEMEN'S TICKETS.....\$5.00 LADIES' DO.....3.00 CHILDREN'S DO.....2.00 Family Tickets admitting two, \$7; each additional ticket \$1.

THOS. W. PETERS, Mayor, President. LT.-COL. J. R. ARMSTRONG, Vice-Pres.

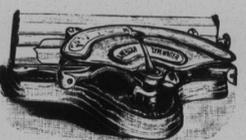
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A NEW DEPARTURE IN DENTISTRY.

TEETH filled and extracted absolutely without pain by the famous HALE METHOD. No extra charge. I have the exclusive right for all time to use the method in this city. DR. L. D. MAHER, City Building, North End. Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces. Communication invited.

The best place to buy Candy is at the 20th Century Kandy Kitchen 12 Charlotte Street.

THE AMERICAN \$8.00 Typewriter.



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

Writes capitals, small letters, figures and marks—71 in all. Easy to understand—learned in 5 minutes. Writes just like a \$100 machine. Weighs only 4 pounds—most portable. No shift keys. No Ribbon. Prints from the type direct. Compact, takes up but little room. Prints on flat surface. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order. Writing always in sight. Capital and lower-case keyboard alike—easily mastered. Corrections and insertions easily made. More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work. Takes any width of paper or envelope up to 8 1/2 inches. Takes good letter-press copies.

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

IRA CORNWALL,

Gen. Agent for Maritime Provinces.

omers. want, and if what we and it back. black, 50c. This is utter ones being sold glove will be sold and they don't com- elsewhere at \$1.10 money. Our \$1.00 ed with the patent any other fastening. KING STREET. & SONS' TILERY. es, ors, etc. Market Square, St. John. nter. special counter (s upwards) on bargains. will be found est labor saving ur line and all equalled values. 5 to 79 e Wm. Street. ETERS. STERING. REWERS. RICES LOW. T. JOHN, N. B. RINK, Well Managed. ported from Germany, the CHILDREN'S \$3.00, same 70c, \$5.00. Extra ONES reserved for Season Tickets. nates to rent. Proprietors, ohn, N. B. inen Collars \$1 per doz. ODS. ain St. E, Jr., HOES, OHN, N. B.

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Social and Personal.

Sterling SOAP



Headquarters Overshoes, Storm Rubbers, Rubber Boots. Ladies' our new Pure Gum Rubbers fit like a glove, they have no lining and have a deep heel. American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte Street.

THE RAISIN SEEDER. The great objection to the free use of raisins is the trouble of seeding them. This trouble is done away with by using our GEM RAISIN SEEDER, which, with a little practice, will seed a pound of raisins in ten minutes.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER, 38 KING ST. Telephone 358. YOUR DOLLAR Has increased in value at our store. GILMOUR, Tailor, 72 Germain St.

St. John-South End. The death of the late lamented Governor has course put a stop to any gaieties during this week. There is but one feeling throughout the city and that is the deepest sorrow and this sudden calamity will be equally felt by all circles of society as it is politically. Miss Florence Shaford, who has been visiting St. John, has returned to her home at Hubbard's Cove, N. S. I hear that Mr. A. C. Thomson, formerly of the Bank of Montreal in this city, has resigned his position and therefore will not return to St. John. Mr. Thomson has so far recovered his health as to be able to travel and is now visiting places of interest in England and the continent. Mrs. Henry Chandler, who has spent the last year in England, arrived in St. John via New York, last week and was the guest of Mrs. James Robertson, Paradise row. She left for Halifax on Wednesday to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Raily. Mr. E. Tiffin, of the C. P. R., and Mrs. Tiffin left on Tuesday for a trip to the north-west. Mr. Theo. Cushing, of Tacoma, Wash., is visiting his relatives in this city. Mrs. Barton Gaudy, who met with an accident last week by breaking her collar bone is slightly better. I hear that the marriage of Mr. John Robinson of this city, son of the late Major B. Robinson and Miss Spurr of Nova Scotia will take place very shortly. Dr. Bayard left for Charlottetown, P. E. I., this week, to attend Governor Carroll, whose condition was so serious that a consultation of physicians was necessary. The sudden death of Miss Edna Clark, daughter of Rev. W. J. Clark, which occurred on Saturday last, was very largely attended. The funeral was held on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of her father, 1200 St. John street. A large concourse of people followed her remains to their resting place. The pallbearers were Messrs. Ernest Deane, Dr. Henry C. Allen, Ernest White, Harry Case, Herbert McLeod and Ernest Colwell. Many beautiful floral tributes were sent by relatives and friends, including wreaths from the girls of the high school and a crescent from the teacher and class members of the F. C. B. Sunday school. Mr. H. Russell Sturdee, eldest son of Sheriff Brown, Montana, arrived home this week. Mrs. Blackmore, who sang at the oratorio concert on Tuesday evening, was the guest of Mrs. Robertson at the Queen Square, while in St. John. I understand that Rev. J. M. Davenport, will preach at the evening services at Trinity church, during Advent season. Mr. Thomas F. Raymond, of the Royal hotel, who has been seriously ill the past week, is somewhat better. Mr. H. H. Whitney, ex-Mechanical Superintendent of the L. C. R., was in town a few days ago. Miss Bairley of Woodstock, is now here, the guest of her cousin, Rev. W. C. Raymond, Padlock street. The friends of Principal McLean of the Grammar School and his wife, congratulating them upon the birth of a little daughter. The congregation of the F. C. Baptist church, Charlton, entertained their pastor and friends at a social last Monday evening, and during the entertainment presented Rev. G. A. Hartley with a well filled purse. Mrs. R. Heber Arnold and her son, Mr. Duncan Arnold, have returned home from New York, where they have been making a visit to Mrs. Arnold's brother, Mr. James Robertson. Captain E. C. Ekin left on Monday night for a visit to Barbadoes. Mr. Gilbert Murdock, C. E., who has been confined to the house for some time through illness, is now convalescent. Captain Cronin, whose ship the "Enrica" was recently wrecked upon the coast of Ireland, has returned to his home in this city. Miss Dockrill who sustained severe injuries on Thursday evening, by falling on an icy sidewalk, will be laid up for some time, with a broken limb. Mr. Theo. Cushing, of Tacoma, Washington Territory, arrived here last Saturday, and is stopping with his mother, Mrs. G. Cushing, Queen square. The meeting of the newly-organized "Olla Podrida Club" which was to have taken place on Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. Daniel Lawson, Jeffrey's hill has been indefinitely postponed, on account of the death of Lieut. Governor Byrd. Mrs. John Metcalf has been visiting Alouamcook, where her daughters have been attending the academy of the sisters. Rev. Richard Simonds, of Moncton, has been the guest here lately of his daughter, Mrs. Arthur P. Tippet, Peters street. Mr. Alexander J. Clarke was recently presented with a handsome pipe, by the employees of the Maritime Lithograph company. Dr. E. A. Smith, of Sackville has been making a visit to his friends in St. John. Mr. R. H. Allingham, of the C. P. R. Telegraph Company, who has been so very ill for some weeks, is somewhat improved and gradually gaining in strength. The "Cheerful Tinklers" society of the Carnarvon street methods club, held a very successful fund-raising sale last Tuesday afternoon and evening at the residence of Mrs. C. H. Hutchings, Princess street. Mrs. Chandler, who left St. John some time ago, returned to this country, and is staying with her daughter, Mrs. W. R. Lacey in Halifax. Dr. Boyle Travers stepped on the ice and sprained his ankle in consequence. Conductor Leblanc for Quebec on Tuesday night to attend the funeral of his father-in-law, Mr. O. Gagnon. Colonel Joseph T. Tucker has been confined to his residence, Chipman's Hill, this week, with a severe attack of rheumatism. The friends of Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, of the Inland Revenue Department, and his wife, are congratulating them on the arrival of their new son. Rev. Richard Mathers is taking charge of St. Jude's church, Charlton, until a new rector is decided upon. Mrs. E. W. Barlow, of Coburg street, who has been having for some months with her sister, in Providence, Rhode Island, returned home on Tuesday. Mr. C. Belyea, who has been confined to the house for some time through indisposition, is now able to be about again. Mrs. Lockett, mother of Mr. K. Hackett, left for Montreal on Friday evening. I hear that the ladies of St. John's (stone) church cleared \$800 after paying all expenses, at their very successful bazaar and high tea last week. The Young Men's Bible class of the C. M. church celebrated their ninth anniversary by a school room, last Monday evening. Over three hundred invitations were issued, and few were unable to accept. Dr. Deane's retirement notice was served, and appropriate speeches made by Mr. John Irvine (who has always had charge of this class), his pastor, Rev. J. J. Teasdale and others. DEATH. Mr. H. A. Drury spent a few days in Moncton last week. Rev. Dr. Soyres preached to a large audience in St. Ann's church, Fredericton, on Sunday morning, and delivered an address in the afternoon at the university. Miss Annie Ellis, who has been visiting friends in New York, has returned home. Mr. J. B. Lambkin, of the C. P. R., was in the city on Monday. Miss Shaford has returned to Halifax, taking with her Mr. J. D. Shaford's eldest son. The many friends of Mr. H. P. Allingham are glad to learn that he is recovering from his illness. Miss Lovitt entertained a few of her friends at her residence, Princess street, on Thursday last, in honor of her guest, Miss Ethel Johnson of Nova Scotia. Those present were Misses A. Golding, Robinson, Harding, Estabrooks, and many others. The evening was spent in playing "Drive White" and dancing. The party broke up about midnight. Mr. J. DeVeber Neales, of Gagetown, was in the city on Monday en route for Moncton, where he will practice law.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 65 TO 69 KING ST.

Write for Samples of Blouse Silks. Fancy Printed China Silks, Only 25c. and 35c. per Yard. Color, Navy Ground, with Spots, Figures and Stripes, 25cts. Light Ground, with Vandyke and Flake Designs, 35 cts.

MACAULAY BROS. & COMPANY. DON'T



spend a cent for SHOES until you have seen MITCHELL the Shoe Dealer's Reduced Prices. We are only speaking the truth when we say we don't know what dull times are at our store, simply because our reduced prices have drawn large crowds of customers to our store, and we are doing a wonderfully large business. Never before in the history of St. John have SHOES been sold so cheap as they are now being sold at Mitchell's Shoe Store. We feel confident that our reduced prices will please the most careful buyers.

MITCHELL'S Shoe Store, 61 Charlotte St. E. G. NELSON & CO., Cor. King and Charlotte Sts.

AN ELEGANT VARIETY OF CHRISTMAS GOODS. Handsome Presentation Books in Single Volumes and in Sets, Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymnals, Writing Desks, Portfolios, Dressing Cases, Purse.

E. G. NELSON & CO. MANKS & CO., 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Ladies' Furs, in ALL LEADING STYLES. Capes, Muffs, Collars, etc. Cash Prices.

AMERICAN HAIR STORE. 87 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. J. W. RAMSDALE, Proprietor.

OUR STOCK OF FRENCH PERFUMES, TOILET WATERS AND FACE POWERS are now complete in the following lines: Peau d'Espagne, A L' Iris Blanc, Vera-Violetta, Lilas Blanc, Paris-Caprice, L'Amoryllis du Japon, Crab Apple Blossoms, Violettes de Parme, Heliotrope Blanc, Cuir de Russie.

Special Sale of Fine Linens For XMAS.

We have opened a lot of German made linens purchased especially for Xmas trade and on Tuesday 12th will make a window display of the different kinds. We're particularly anxious that every housekeeper should see the beautiful goods as we think it's the finest line of German Linens yet shown in St. John. Handsome Designs in Bleached Table Cloths with 1 doz. D'Oyleys to match \$1.75 to \$9.00 set. Hem Stitched Cloth with 1 doz. napkins to match up to \$20.00 set. 5 o'clock Tea Cloth hem attached, drawn thread work in corners \$1.50 \$2.00, \$2.50. Fringed Tea Cloths, 4-4, 5-4 6-4 sizes, at 68, 75, 90, \$1.00 \$1.25, \$1.50. Tray Cloths 25 to \$1.00 each. Pink and Blue Tray Cloths 25c. each White Silk and Linen mixed D'Oyleys, Gold, Blue, White \$4.50, a dozen. Table Runners, fringed, with exquisite drawn thread work. 75c. to 2.50 each. Sideboard Runners, 60 to 68 inches long, 75c, 90c, \$1.10, \$1.25. Mail orders will have our usual prompt attention.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, London House Retail. Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.

(Continued on eighth page.)

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.]

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following places: KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street; BROWN & CO., 111 Hollis street; CLIFFORD SAITS, 111 Hollis street; BUCKLEY'S DECO STORES, Spring Garden road; F. J. GIFFIN, 17 Jacob street; GARDNER NEWS CO., 107 Sackville street; KERRY & CO., Granville street; F. J. HOSKIN, Spring Garden road; H. GARDNER & SON, George street; H. SILVER, Dartmouth, N. S.; W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N. S.

A dull season of the year as far as parties are concerned, and a run of inclement weather seems to have turned the minds of most people towards entertainments given for charity and other objects. An organ recital at St. George's church in aid of the church of England institute drew a good audience on Tuesday evening in spite of the bad weather, while the playing of music was pretty well filled by people anxious to hear Father Murphy lecture on the gold cure. Several of the graduates appeared on the platform, and Mr. Moton introduced the lecturer, who spoke for some time on prohibition, total abstinence and kindred subjects. Father Leonard was followed by Mr. Carroll Ryan and others. St. Patrick's band played during the evening.

On Thursday evening Dr. Tomkins, who is well known in Nova Scotia, lectures at Chalmers' church on the four postulates of success. On Friday evening Dr. Grenfell will lecture at the Orpheus hall on the Labrador deep sea mission. The lecture will be patronized by General Montgomery Moore, who will take the chair. The lecture will be illustrated with views of Labrador, and bids fair to be extremely interesting.

To get more frivolous things than lectures, the entertainment to be given by a number of ladies and gentlemen, well-known in society, for the Suller's Home, is announced for Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. The band of the King's Regiment is to play on Tuesday evening, and a full house on the first night is a certainty. Some of the costumes worn are charming, and all the pretty young ladies who have been enlisted would fill up a large space with their names. The performance at present goes capitally, and too much credit can not be given to the stage-manager, Captain Duffus.

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. John Duffus, Kent street, gave a small dinner for Miss Corbett on her engagement to Captain Duffus. Among the guests were Col. Saunders, R. A., Judge Henry, Major and Mrs. Box, Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Troop, and Mrs. Nicholson.

On Monday evening, there is to be a banquet at the Halifax hotel, given by the conservatives of Halifax, in honor of Sir John Thompson and Sir Elbert Tupper. There will be a dinner about one hundred and fifty persons. Several dinners have been given at private houses during this week, one at Bellevue, being particularly pleasant.

On Wednesday afternoon the Hon. Mrs. Montgomery Moore gave a small tea at Bellevue, which was as usual very pleasant and admirably managed. On Tuesday evening Mrs. James Morrow gave a small dinner, with two or fourteen guests.

The engagement is announced of a charming young Halifax widow, and a well known business man. The marriage does not take place for some months.

Mr. McInnes has returned from Ottawa. Miss Roberts goes to England by the Labrador and will be much missed by her friends.

Captain Primrose, R. N., who married some years ago Miss Kenny, eldest daughter of Mr. T. E. Kenny, M. P., has been appointed to the command of the Queen's yacht. Captain Primrose is a near relation of Lord Roseberry's.

Major and Mrs. Maycock, who left Halifax this autumn, are stationed at Dover, England. Nothing has been heard of the management of the private afternoons at the rink this winter. In another month the skating will begin, but another such winter as last is not expected by the carefully-minded, who do not care to repeat the experience of the winter before.

The Rev. W. H. Binney arrived last week from England and will spend some weeks with Mrs. Binney and Mrs. Lancaster, the latter returning to England in April to rejoin her husband the Rev. H. G. Lancaster, who is at present doing duty in Egypt.

Mrs. George R. Anderson leaves early in January for Jamaica, where she will remain until spring with her daughter Mrs. Krabbe. Mr. Rawlinson and Mr. Knight (Kings Regt.) leave shortly for England.

Dr. Oliver, who is attached to the Army medical staff, left on Wednesday for Ottawa to submit his accoutrements to the consideration of the militia department. Surgeon, Captain and Mrs. Fowler sail for England at the end of December, Dr. Fowler having finished his six years residence here. They will be much missed by a large circle of friends.

His Honor, the Lieut.-Governor, left on Wednesday for St. John to be present at the funeral of the late Lieut.-Governor Boyd, whose sudden death was a sad shock to his many friends in Halifax.

The troop ship Tyne, arrived on Tuesday morning from Bermuda, takes several well known officers home, from Halifax, and a contingent from Vancouver where the work of fortification is making good with great rapidity. Captain Dopping Hoppensall leaves on the Tyne, Captain Mills his substitute, arriving next week.

Mrs. Melior, who has been detained here by the illness of her son, will also leave on the Tyne, taking her little boy, who is quite recovered. Captain Beaumont, King's Regiment, leaves for England on the Labrador.

I hear great things of the coming Orpheus concert, which is to come off before Christmas. There is a dearth of music just at present, and people will be anxious to hear the coming treat.

MORRIS GRANVILLE.

AMHERST. [Progress is for sale at Amherst by Charles Hillcoat and at the music store, J. H. A. Hillcoat.] Dec. 5.—Dr. and Mrs. Black have moved to their recently purchased house on Havelock street, and it is pretty generally stated that their former residence on Victoria street is to be occupied in the near future by a prominent citizen, who is about to become a benedict.

The recital of "Enoch Arden" by Miss May Kelly on Thursday evening in Music hall, was not as largely attended as the talented young lady deserved. She is spoken of in terms of great praise by those who heard her.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Allen appeared in Christ church on Sunday morning and at the Baptist church in the evening. The pretty bride will certainly have to extend the fashionable number of visiting days, for the weather has been very bad.

Mrs. Dickey, of Grove cottage, who has been in Halifax for three weeks past, returned home on Friday. Miss Alice Wood went to Sackville on Saturday for a short stay. On Thursday evening Miss Morse gave a small

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For young or old. MUSIC DOOLS just the thing for the little ones. Music Boxes, all sizes and prices from 90c. to \$60.00. CARD HOLDERS in beautiful Austrian ware. FLOWER STRAWS, FANCY CARDS, CARDS, STICKS and CARNA ROSS in great variety. A complete assortment of Photos of Eminent Musicians, Artists, Literary men and women, Water Colours, Glass Mounts, etc., just received from the Soule Photo Co., of Boston.

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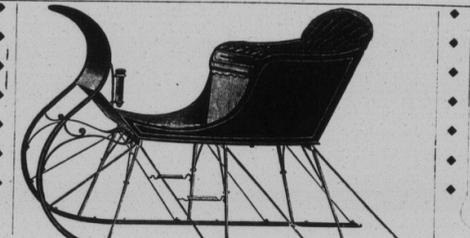
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WHITE FELT SAILORS' SPECIAL SALE, -DECEMBER-

We purchased for Cash from a leading New York manufacturer a few cases White Felt Sailors' the "Mascotte" (high slanting crown) and during November and December we will forward to any address in the three provinces (charges prepaid) on receipt of 95c.

LE BON MARCHÉ. HALIFAX, N. S.

Advertisement for Le Bon Marche featuring a piano and the price \$37.50. Text includes: 'BUT A GOOD ORGAN. This gives you an idea of our SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICES DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO FAMILY. Write for our Handsome Illustrated Catalogue Free to-day. For our Latest Styles and Special Terms send to All. We ship ORGANS direct to the Home on TEN DAYS TEST TRIAL, and sell on easy terms of payment as well as for spot cash. Every instrument Fully Warranted for Six Years. Address: H. E. CHUTE & CO., YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.'



WE CAN SELL YOU ANYTHING NOW. PRICE & SHAW, 222 to 228 Main St., - St. John, N. B.

but exceedingly well enjoyed dance for her friend Miss Hanford.

Rev. J. B. Giles, from Bridgetown, addressed the Methodist congregation on Sunday evening. Dr. Bliss went to Montreal last week for a short trip.

The teachers of the church of England Sunday school are making ample preparation for a treat to their pupils on Thursday evening. The ladies of the guild will assist and it looks rather propitious for the small falls in question who are all agog with the idea of such a festive event.

Mrs. Lay's health is slowly but surely gaining, and she is at present every hope of her recovery from a long and serious illness. There is considerable practice going on in the way of Christmas music. What the result will be it is rather early to surmise.

The ladies of the church are doing very good work, and will give a sacred concert some time during the month. They will have the combined help of the other choir, so an event of considerable magnitude without doubt, can be looked for. Mr. Rosendale has the affair in hand and our full staff of local soloists will probably assist. It seems an age since anything of the kind has been given here, which is most assuredly a great mistake in such a music-loving community.

Christ church choir has improved greatly in numbers, and are working pretty earnestly on their new selections. The soprano choir has been set aside for the time being and the mixed choir will render the Christmas music. It is currently reported that a bachelor editor has gone to Sackville today on business of pleasant importance, and that a fair friend will accompany him on his return.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dowlin have moved into their cottage on Victoria street. Mrs. C. O. Tupper presided at the organ in the Baptist church on Sunday, in the absence of the regular organist, Mrs. G. A. Munro. Miss Lunstrum went to Halifax on last Saturday, to take the steamer for Copenhagen.

MARSH MALLOW. [Progress is for sale in Maitland by James Urquhart.] Dec. 5.—Miss Jessie McDougall spent Thanksgiving among home friends.

Mrs. H. Grant is in Truro visiting her niece Miss Mary Roy, who is attending the normal school. Miss R. D. Eaton is visiting friends in Halifax and Truro.

Miss Elizabeth Douglas, who has been visiting her sisters Mrs. Byers and Mrs. Wilson at Springhill, returned home on Thursday.

A very pleasant social was given in the lecture room of St. David's Presbyterian church on Thursday last. The ladies of the Presbyterian church, assisted by Maitland friends, held a tea meeting in the hall last week. A great many people were present and a goodly sum was realized which goes for church purposes. The refreshment booths were very prettily decorated and well waited upon by charming young ladies.

The literary society seems to be coming up very slowly. Perhaps the holiday season is past, it will become stronger. HOOKS.

TRURO, N. S.

[Progress is for sale by Mrs. John Loane & Co.] Dec. 6.—Miss Maud Archibald is visiting friends in River John.

The marriage of Mr. Archibald McCulloch, one of Wm. Cunningham & Sons' most popular travellers, and Miss Fannie G. McMullen, eldest daughter of Mr. Thos. G. McMullen, Nova Scotia's lumber king, last Wednesday evening in the Pleasant street Methodist church, was an event of interest to a large number of our friends. The contracting parties, Rev. Dr. Hearty performed the ceremony, the church being crowded to the very doors. There were no invited guests but the immediate families of the bride and groom. The bride's toilet was very elegant, being of white merrillane, profusely trimmed with swanston, made with low bodice and short sleeves, and en traine. The toilet was completed by the conventional veil and orange blossoms. The bride was attended by Miss Kate McCulloch, and her little sister, Miss Florence McMullen, as maid of honor. Miss McCulloch looked lovely in a very dainty gown of cream crepon with chiffon trimmings. Little Miss McMullen wore a very pretty frock of pink silk, empire style. The bride and her attendants carried beautiful bouquets. Doctor F. Young acted as best man. The groom's present to the bride was a pearl necklace of very beautiful design. The bridesmaid was the recipient of a gold brooch, and the maid of honor received as a memento of the occasion, a pretty gold bracelet. Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch were the recipients of many valuable presents. Accompanying Messrs. Cummings & Sons' "Best Wishes," was an elegant candelabra, and from the employes, a very handsome gold-plated lamp. The decorations in the church were quite unique, being entirely native spruce, and made with low bodice and short sleeves, and en traine. The toilet was completed by the conventional veil and orange blossoms. The bride was attended by Miss Kate McCulloch, and her little sister, Miss Florence McMullen, as maid of honor. 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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1893.

MAN'S PATIENT HELPER.

THE ONE AND ABOVE THE HORSE GETS.

Ready and Willing at all Times to Serve His Master, He is Often Neglected and Forgotten, Beaten and Abused—Worse Treated Than the Dog.
I wonder if anyone ever thinks what an abused animal a horse is? I don't mean the wretched creature who falls between the shafts from very weakness and is obligingly pricked into an upright position by his brutal master; I mean the everyday truck, cab, and livery horse, whose life is one of bitter and ceaseless toil, and whose life is as devoid of even the simplest and most colorless pleasure as that of the convict condemned to hard labor "for the term of his natural life." The only wonder is that the animal has never broken any of the laws while the man has.

I think the horse is the only animal in the civilized world which is condemned to a life of unremitting toil; the cow is scandalously abused, kicked and pounded by all the humans who come in contact with her, beaten and chased by the small boy whose duty it is to escort her to and from pasture, and whose companions join him on the way, and assist him in the performance of the office by throwing every stone they can hit, at his charge—thrashed by the hired man, and prodded with a bat pin to make her "stand over" by the milk maid; but still she can only manage to keep the quality and quantity of the lacteal fluid which is her chief marketable product, up to the required standard, and get her reputation as a "butter maker" sufficiently high, to keep her out of the butcher's hands; she is reasonably sure of a long life of comparative comfort and leisure.

The ox has to work, it is true, but still, though he also is very badly treated, he is seldom worked beyond his strength, and he is so slow he is never forced into a pace which is too rapid for him, he has only one pace and in order to change that you must reconstruct the ox. Of course he is liable to meet with a violent death at any moment, but then that tragic end is generally preceded by a period of rest, peace and high living known as "fattening" and when his last hour is come, it is at least unexpected, and, I trust soon over.

The pig leads a life of self indulgence, idleness and gluttony, and when the time finally arrives for him to quit the scenes of his earthly carousals and fill the higher sphere of the pork barrel he dies with his face to the foe after making things as unpleasant for his intending murderer as possible.

The dog sometimes has a rough or cruel master who treats him badly, starves and kicks him, but is rather the exception than the rule, and there seems to exist a sort of affinity between the small boy and the vagrant dog, which makes the boy behave with more mercy towards the dog than he shows towards any other member of the brute creation.

I won't speak of cats, because we all know what a cat's life is like, the nearest approach to that existence of perpetual torture, which some theologians believe to be the future portion of those who do not behave themselves in the world. There are exceptions to the rule, of course and pussy's life is sometimes one long succession of beer and skittles, but not often, but at the worst she never has to work, her chosen occupation of hunting is play to her, and she loves it even better than playing.

But the horse, man's patient servant! Day after day, week after week, year after year, there is no change in his condition; early and late through summers heat and winters cold he toils on, ever at his post. For him there are no holidays, because when the weeks work is over, it is his master's turn to enjoy himself, and it is the horse's privilege to contribute to that enjoyment. So he is first driven to church, and left standing either in the bitter blasts of winter, or the scorching heat of summer while the pious family within are worshipping. Then the rest of the day is spent in recreation which consists chiefly of driving and if the horse's owner can borrow a double wagon, he harnesses the hapless animal to it and takes his wife and six children out into the country for a fifteen mile drive, and gets home early—at ten o'clock, so the horse will be fresh for work next day.

This is just the ordinary everyday horse, who is pretty well treated, but what of the horse that draws the butcher's delivery wagon driven by a small boy who is bent on outracing every other wagon he meets. This poor creature has not one moment of rest in the whole day, he is driven at the top of his speed all day long, and lashed when his strength fails him and he stumbles to the ground, and his work lasts from seven o'clock on Monday morning until twelve on Saturday night, with Sunday devoted to racing for his master's pleasure. He is driven until he is in a "father" as the grooms say, and then left to stand in a temperature of ten below zero to cool off, while his driver is warming his hands and waiting for a fresh load; he sleeps in a shed where

the stars peep through the chinks and perhaps pity his misery, and the biting wind sweeps through each crack; his life is a slow death, and shortened years by the ill treatment to which he is subjected, while his death is a fitting finish to so sad an existence. Some day he falls to rise once more, the usual restoratives of pounding over the face at head, kicking in the stomach and jerking at his jaws having failed, the driver realizes that his victim can no longer feel, and so he desists and leaves his faithful servant in the only peace he has enjoyed since he was a colt capering at his mother's side. The harness is removed, the carcass dragged down to the river by some poor comrade of the dead horse, who may have more thoughts of his own on the subject wandering through his poor head during the journey than you can guess at—and then the owner of the dead beast goes around whining about the loss he has had, and looking for sympathy.

BRITISH FURNITURE.

An Enormous Amount of money locked up in Priceless Trifles.
At the first blush it might seem impossible to form any estimate of the value of the furniture in the United Kingdom. Nobody can go into everybody else's houses, look at their furniture, make a mental note of its total value, and, repeating the performance at every house in the kingdom, perform a long addition sum and arrive at the total value. But there is another means by which some idea of it may be ascertained. The rate-books of the different parishes give us a fairly good idea of the value of the houses in each parish, and the experience of insurance agents goes to show that on the average the value of the furniture in a house is about half the value of the house itself. When we talk of furniture in this way we include carriages, jewelry, and works of art. Taking the insurance agent's idea, we can find approximately the value of the furniture in the United Kingdom since the beginning of this century.

The total value in the year 1800 was about £190,000,000; and in 1890 it may safely be put at the enormous amount of £1,450,000,000.

Coming now to the average value for each individual in the kingdom, we find it on an average, £57.
With a little trouble, we can go further still in getting an idea of the value of furniture. Taking the year 1890, and dividing the population into five classes, we find that £191,000,000 worth of furniture belonged to the first class, which gives an average value £7,000 per house, and a value per individual of £1,270. The second class of less wealthy though still well-to-do people owns £386,000,000 worth of furniture. They have as much furniture in a house as falls to the lot of each individual of the first class, viz., about £1,200; while each individual of the second class can claim £224 worth for himself. The third class owns £248,000,000 worth of furniture; has in each house about as many pounds worth as there are days in the year, and reckons the belongings of each individual at £64. The fourth class claims between them £262,000,000, has in each house £152 worth, and for each member of the class about £27 worth. The combined value of the lowest class is £369,000,000; each individual owns property to the value of £13. Looked at in another way, it seems fairly near the mark to assert that each individual in the United Kingdom spends on the average just about £1 a year on furniture. The quantity made is estimated to be worth about £40,000,000 every year. The amount in wages paid to cabinet-makers in 1883 was found to come to over four millions and a half, and to be distributed amongst 79,000 cabinet-makers. Of course, there are a great many other people connected with the trade, besides the actual cabinet-makers, who come in for some share of the wealth annually spent in furniture.

Largest Volcanic Crater.
Haleakala, or House of the Sun, in the Island of Maui, one of the Sandwich Islands in the Pacific Ocean, has a wider crater than any other volcano in the world. The crater of Haleakala is between six and a half and seven miles in width, nearly thirty miles in circumference, between two and three thousand feet in depth, and is 10,032 feet above sea level. These Islands are all of volcanic origin, and contain some of the largest volcanoes in the world, amongst which may be mentioned, in addition to Haleakala, Mawna-Kea, Mawna-Loa, and the far-famed Kilanea, the crater of which has an average width of about two miles. One of the curious features of Kilanea is that no dust is projected from its eruptions, nothing but lava, and much of that in a filamentous condition, so delicate as to perfectly resemble brown human hair. The natives call this hair-like lava "Pele's Hair"—Pele being the name of the goddess of the mountain. According to Mr. Dana, these volcanoes sometimes throw out successive streams of lava two miles in breadth and twenty-six in length.

He Was Satisfied.
Judge Lowery, of North Carolina, was a most learned judge, who, while a practitioner at the bar, unexpectedly lost a case for a client who was a justice of the peace, and in his own opinion a very learned one. The judge was at a loss how to explain the cause satisfactorily to him when they met, but he did it as follows:

"Squire, I could not explain it exactly to an ordinary man, but to an intelligent man like you, who is so well posted in law and law phrases, I need only say that the judge said that the case was *coram non iudice*."
"Ah!" said the client, looking very wise and drawing a long breath, "if things had got into that fix, Mr. Lowery, I think we did very well to get out of it as easy as we did."

WAITING FOR A TRAIN.

IT MAY BE PLEASANT OR VERY UNPLEASANT.

Everything Depends Upon the Half-Way House, the Way-Side Hotel—It May be Homelike and Comfortable—One Described.

The hungry traveller is always delighted to arrive at a point along the route where he may partake of that which affords sustenance and revives strength as well as courage. These little stations along the way where one may get refreshment are as a rule not overly inviting, but exceedingly welcome. Some persons prefer carrying food with them, but if it is possible to make connections one will find a good warm meal much better than a cold lunch.

When you arrive at some junction, weary and appetite good, you will readily enquire where to get a good meal. If it is a small station there will not be many places for the public use, but perhaps two or three. You enter one of these places and as a rule you will find it warm, dimly lighted and cosy. Mostly everything presents an old-fashioned appearance and you will no doubt have recollections of the old home of some of your ancestors.

There will be many curious looking things and features of interest. The lay of the rooms will be somewhat striking. You will make ready for the meal. It may be supper. When you enter the little room where you are to be made happy you will in all probability find everything attractive and inviting. The linen will be snow white and the dishes clean and sparkling. Of course this is picturing the most pleasing kind of places at these "stop over," or "half hour" lunch places. Possibly you may have to wait at one of these junctions for several hours and if you should be so unfortunate you will find some one of these "tiny" hotels a most delightful and pleasant place to pass the time.

At present writing the story teller is in the office of a very neat and cosy place on the main line leading to the New Brunswick metropolis. Directly in front is an old picture of the disastrous fire which visited St. John, June 20th, 1877. At the back is a large picture of that wonderful gentleman, Sir John A. Macdonald. Upon the wall are various old pictures which add to the attractive appearance and cosiness of the room. There is not an uproarious crowd present, where half a dozen converse at the same time and tobacco smoke and spitting are two of the disgusting things to burden one. In place of the above named, quietness prevails and the angel of peace seems to have calmly unfolded the banner of contentment and granted a period of ease. While writing, a traveller came in out of the storm and immediately upon entering his face lit up and he seemed pleased to have arrived at so inviting and comfortable a resort.

The reader will remember of stations where a stop over of several hours was necessary and everything was dreary and uninviting, and there was not anything to console, save the hope of the train arriving and the prospect of departure. You may have been the only passenger and possibly could not find relief in talking with the station agent owing to his being busy. Perhaps you found some old gentleman who would talk no matter what the circumstance might be. Possibly there was nothing to please you but walk a while, sit a while, dose a while and then get on board the train "after a while."

Travelling is pleasant and unpleasant. It is enticing owing to its changes and adventures. When you stop at a way station, find the best place and then you will not get anything too good.

DON'T CUT OFF YOUR MOUSTACHE.

Its Origin and History—A Distinguishing Mark in Olden Days.

There is a startling rumor in the air just now to the effect that fashion, which has so long played foot ball with the gentler sex intends having a little fun at the expense of the lords of creation now, and has issued an edict which will cause maledictions loud and deep amongst the men who are determined to be in the fashion at all hazards, and a thrill of rejoicing in the ranks of those amongst the sterner sex who are not yet grown up. The manifesto which is destined to cause such a commotion is nothing less than a decree which says that the moustache, man's most fondly desired, and tenderly cherished adornment must go!

It is almost impossible to believe that anyone could be found to shoulder the responsibilities of originating such a fashion which really seems to partake of iconoclasm, but reliable reports confirm the first rumors and it is really a fact that the man of fashion who wishes to be thoroughly in the prevailing style wears a face as smooth as a priest's, and the fashion changes and disfigures him to such an extent that his own mother would not know him, all his dearest friends walk calmly past him without a second glance in his direction and his looking glass tells anything but a flattering tale; why he must draw consolation from the

DECEMBER SALE

Of Fall and Winter Dress Goods.

M. R. & A. have placed on the several counters in their Dress Room an immense variety of seasonable DRESS GOODS for the Holiday trade, and being marked at such low prices must consequently effect a very speedy sale.
Among the lot will be found a variety of French Wool Tea Gowns and Wrapper Patterns in cheap designs.
Just opened, Black and Evening Tints in the New ACCORDEON PLAITED COSTUMES. The above are made in Wool Crepon.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

that if he is not a very beautiful object, he is at least a thoroughly fashionable one and the consciousness of being up to date in every respect should always bring inward tranquility with it. Of course we must expect to see a great many of our most cherished ideals shattered and our feelings considerably lacerated because many a man who had a thing of beauty to at least a moderate extent when he wore a moustache, will be the most extraordinary mortal without it, while the youth who looked sufficiently saintly to sit for a portrait of Sir Galahad will be surprised to find that he resembles nothing in the world but a particularly tough specimen of the genus circus actor, as soon as "the manly growth that fringed his lip," has been shorn off.

I am afraid it is true that the mouth is more seldom good than any other feature of the face, and that those who deliberately deprive it of the merciful drapery with which nature has supplied the male portion of the human race, to conceal its imperfections, will repent of their rashness in sackcloth and ashes; while the more strong minded who have had fortitude to defy fashion and prefer comeliness, will congratulate themselves exceedingly, and look around at their fashionable neighbors, with a feeling of pitying surprise that there should be so many more ugly men in the world than they had hitherto suspected; while the depression in the matrimonial market which will be likely to result from the general adoption of such a fashion is simply frightful to contemplate in these times of feminine independence and general indifference concerning things matrimonial.

There has always been a halo of romance and poetry surrounding the moustache which could never cling to a clean shaved upper lip! The knights of old had moustaches, so had the crusaders and the cavaliers, and most of the heroes of romance and song. It would take a very powerful imagination to picture King Arthur with a long, un-draped upper lip, and that peculiar expression of smugness which almost always goes with it, while the idea of a clean shaved Lancelot is something too impossible for the average mind to grasp. I have no intention of advancing the theory that there is any connection between the upper lip and the brain, but still it is a curious fact that many of the most famous poets, painters, sculptors, and men of learning have been possessed of moustaches, while most of the narrow minded tyrants of history have boasted of smooth faces. We are at liberty to draw what inferences we please from these statistics, be they detrimental to the new fashion or not.

Literature teems with references to the moustache, and there are proverbs concerning it. An old Scotch proverb says:

A weel thatched face is a comely grace,
An' a shelter from the cauld.

A Spanish proverb goes further and says:

A kiss without a moustache is like an egg with out salt.

The Italians say:

A man without a moustache is like a woman with out hair—nothing.

While an old English saying goes that:

A kiss is all the sweeter if you have to burrow for it under a moustache.

Now I think that all the weight of evidence which I have been able to adduce in the limited space at my disposal, has been against the downfall of the moustache, and I do sincerely hope that however our American cousins may follow madly in the wake of fashion, the bone and sinew of Canada, the golden youths of whom she is so proud will cling to their moustaches as they would cling to their dearest liberties. Remember the wearing of a moustache was once the distinction between the serf and the noble, and let those hirsute appendages be your badge not only of manly beauty, but also of true nobility.

The Best Advice.

A man was once brought before the magistrates at Leeds. The magistrates told the lawyer to take the man into another room to give him good advice. When the lawyer returned, the magistrates asked where the prisoner was. The lawyer replied—

"I advised him to get through the window, and he's a mile away now."



Every suit, reefer, ulster, overcoat is different from the "cheap." Your money back if it isn't right.
That's just the difference.
You can keep that boy cold or warm—just as you please.
Keep him in our clothes for the warm part.

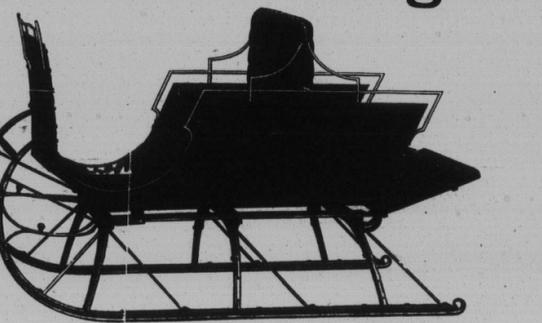
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The Gladstone Sleigh.



If You Want a Nice Comfortable and Stylish Family Sleigh this Winter do not get any other than a Gladstone. For prices and particulars write to JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton.

BARCAINS IN HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

Messrs. Edgecombe & Sons, of Fredericton, announce that they have the following horses and carriages for sale.
8 Shetland ponies with carriages, harness, etc. complete; one Bit Charles colt, 4 years old, bay, hind and good; stock of 10 brand new carriages to be sold at 25 per cent less than usual prices, phaetons, Gladstones, Concordes, Piano boxes, Corraling top buggies. A different style of open and closed carriages at 25 per cent less than usual prices.

MID NATURE'S WONDERS.

WALLED VALLEYS SIXTY MILES LONG WITH WATERFALLS.

Visiting Norwegian Seters - Annual Procession of Herds and Herd Girls to the Mountains - Their Lonely but Loving Life Together - Curious Pastoral Scenes.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—To the traveler in Norway the impression is constantly recurring that the country possesses the greatest amount of majestic scenery and the fewest people of any habitable land on the face of the globe. Perhaps this feeling is strongest with the wanderer on foot along the mountain highways. What might be termed the superabundance of nature's tremendous spectacles often saddens and even appals the spectator, who finds scant relief in human contact or even in that scenic contrast which provides repose from awe-inspired emotions.

These panoramas of nature have been provided in such vast proportions and are so endless in number, that something like head-ache and heart-ache follow the unrelieved emotional tension. One involuntarily cries out, in the surfeit of it all, for respite; just as one who has passed with unweakened mind through the mountain-height spiritual and sound tornadoes of Wagner's "Parsifal," at Bayreuth, feels that reason might be easily dethroned if the human gaieties of Berlin and Paris were not conveniently near to assist in speedy restoration.

Without a companion I should have despaired of tramping more than from one dreary station to another. Indeed I find I love best the lands of peoples, of activities and homes. The mileposts, as would be remarked in dear old Ireland, are too far apart in Norway. There are too much of frozen field and glacier-peaked mountain between clusters of homes. And when, after always journeying long and far, you come upon human kind, while you certainly meet honest folk, hospitable folk and, universally, folk possessing extraordinary virtues of mind and character, you still detect the ineffable sadness and appalling loneliness of surrounding nature reflected in their faces: as you will find, the world over, vacuous meagerness transmitted from changeless surroundings into the nature and faces of all human stand-stills and stay-at-homes.

I had penetrated to the mysterious "eagle-nest" farms above the clouds, and now I desired to see something of sater life in the same lofty regions. Descending the lordly Romsdal, the most wonderful of all Norwegian valleys, partly by carriage and partly on foot, from Halaker to Veblungnes, I came upon the jolliest skydug or post-boy I had found in all Norway, tow-headed, big-eyed, open-mouthed Lars Petersen, or Peter Larsen, I am not sure which. Tramping alone had become insufferable. For a trifling consideration I purchased the companionship and willing services of Lars for a period of ten days. He had been taught English at school, had been four years a post-boy, coming in contact in that period with thousands of Englishmen and Americans; though not sixteen years of age he was as strong as an ox and nimble as a deer: and, while ripping and running over with a gurgling and boundless good nature, had a Mark Tapley sort of philosophy for all unpleasant emergencies and a ready back-door out of every exasperating difficulty.

The Romsdal is a tremendous gorge or gully from 2000 to 4000 feet deep, and from 50 to sixty miles in length, cutting through some of the highest mountains, and the greatest snow and ice fields of Norway. Along most of its length walls rise on either side precipitously upwards of 3000 feet; and over these pitch waterfalls not by the half dozen or dozen but by the score, most of them having a sheer fall for their entire descent. These feed and increase the volume of the Ruma river, along which winds the highway, that nearly the whole distance foams and tumbles and roars in noisy turbulence on its north-west course to the fiord of Molde and the sea. It should be called the somber Vale of Waterfalls. There is nothing to compare with it in any part of the explored globe.

We loitered at the Sletta Foss, where the Ruma itself tumbles into the valley, between Stuefellen and Ornein and Horgeim, where there are hundreds of these water marvels, varying from 500 to 3000 feet in fall, and where at one place I counted 53 in full view at one time; saw the filmy Dantelossen which, directly at the roadside, tumbles 3700 Norsk feet; and, when opposite the giant Romsdal horn or peak, near the picturesque station of Roedingen, led by merry Lars, we took a mountain path towards the upland Alnesdal district, still above which Lars promised to bring me to some of the wildest and loneliest saters of Norway.

It is no easy task to climb to these saters. Some are from twenty to sixty miles from the valley hamlets and farms. Those we sought were no more than twelve miles distant from the Romsdale highway, but certainly more than twice that distance by the circuitous and tortuous way. The path was plain enough to Lars, as to all these Norwegian Alpine climbers, and to the ponies used to carry supplies to the saters and bring back again their pack-loads of butter and cheese; but a stranger to these ravines and crags would have been

irretrievably lost after half a day's wandering. As it was we were obliged to pass a night beside a lonely tarn shut in by black walls, with snow-clad peaks for the only outlook beyond.

Here Lars' genius for surmounting difficulties was illustrated. We had brought a little food. During the last two hours' ascent Lars had gathered here and there every dead branch of wood that came in sight, as well as bunches of juniper branches. These with his tollkniv, which every pleasant carries, and some bits of strong cord which every post-boy possesses with which to mend broken harness, he had arranged in compact branches, bestowing them on his head, shoulders and body until he was completely hidden from sight. With the dry wood he built a cheery fire. The juniper branches provided our bed, which was laid in a snug angle of a projecting rock. A travelling rug and a stout carriage blanket formed our covering, and here beneath the glittering stars, we "slept swate rings round our heads," as the Irish mother would say of her healthily sleeping child.

The next morning our ascent was resumed through hollows, over ridges where ice and snow lay concealed beneath thin layers of black sediment and slime, around soundless tarns still and dark as the walls enclosing them, past copes of stunted fir, and with never a sight of a living thing. The most amazing sight to me in these upper regions was the frequent patches in sunny hollows of strawberries. In some places the ground was literally red with them. I noticed, too, that in these pocket spots the heat, even at this high altitude, was almost stifling.

There is great commotion throughout Norway when the annual June exodus of the sater-girls and their herds begins. Every farm is in utmost confusion. The entire household is busied getting together and packing up what will be necessary for use in the temporary mountain home. There are churns and milk-pails, pots and moulds, frying-pans and odds and ends of cheap crockery and scant cutlery. For food there is a bit of sugar and coffee, much flour and meal, crates of fish-brood, some bacon, perhaps some dried or pickled fish, and, more in weight than in all else, salt for the cattle. The girls themselves find room for odd bits of embroidery and a few knick-knacks, while a Bible and some worn volumes of old Norse tales are never forgotten. Besides these things, there are pounds of wool to be spun, or other pounds of yarn to be knit. A few blankets or sheepskin for bedding and but little more than the clothing upon their backs completes the meagre outfit.

When all is in readiness these strange processions—something like the annual outgoing of the flocks and their herders of the Apulian plains in Southern Italy—set forth for every gaard or farm in Norway. The belongings for the sater are slung in baskets upon the backs of sure-footed ponies, or old horses that have known the same journey for decades. The farmer marches in advance blowing unearthly blasts from the lur, a not-over musical horn made from birch bark. Then come the cattle. No need to drive these. Like the Gipsies who cannot be kept from the road and the tent at the first bursting of spring time buds, they have tired of their reindeer-moss fodder of the winter, have scented the juicy blades that are springing to life in the tiny tar vales above them, and, with genuine manifestations of joy, crowd close upon the farmer and his blaring lur. Then follow the sater-girls, picturesque in their bright bodices, white caps and short skirts, but each bearing upon her shoulders a yoke, from which depend baskets, kettles and all sorts of paraphernalia, almost equalling in bulk and weight the packs upon the ponies' backs.

Towards evening of the second day we came to the sater of Kron. No human beings were at first in sight about the sater. Shortly a flaxen haired maiden, huge of girth and limb, stood at the hut door, shading her eyes with her great bare arm and not her hand, looked long and earnestly at us. Lars gurgled at this, and made wonderful gestures in return. Suddenly the girl—Tillie, Lars called her—rushed at us in a sort of bounding gallop, and seizing my post-boy guide hugged him ecstatically, wrestling with him, turning him round and about, and again hugging him, while tears of joy flowed down her honest face, a perfect torrent of questions and interjections meantime being poured upon him.

The rascal Lars, who had previously kept me in ignorance of the fact, then told me that the sater-girl, Tillie, was his only sister. A cousin, Christine, as little as Tillie was big, was her companion; for two women were required at the Kron sater, there being altogether thirty cattle, three-fourths of which were milk cows, and as many more sheep and goats to care for, and so in a few moments no stranger was there, but all were the best of friends. All they have is yours without the asking. The cows might come, or stay in the mountain fastnesses, until we were given our drink of milk, and drink and drink again we must; water for washing; some curious old half-wooden shoes to replace our heavy boots; and such an attensmad or supper as was never before piled up before me partaken of; greed or strabound enough for the sater's pigs; cream by the gallon; butter by the hundred weight; milk by the barrel; great wooden bowls of jorberrert or strawberries; coffee and black-bread and bacon; while we were pried ceaselessly with impudent commands to eat and never stop eating and beset with mournful reproofs because we could not eat it all.

The sater's house or cabin itself was rudely constructed of pine logs, though comfortable enough for the purpose required. Its roof was of pine beams sheathed with birch bark in many layers, and this overlaid by turf and sod. In the latter several species of mountain brambles and wild

flowers were growing luxuriously. There were two large rooms, perhaps twenty feet in length and nearly as wide, and against the whole of one side of the structure was a huge low shed, where the herds huddled in time of long continued storm. One of the two rooms was kitchen, living and sleeping room combined. Two holes in the house were cumbrously put up for admitting light, and there were no candles, lamps or lanterns about the place, as bed time always comes long before night time in the almost nightless Norwegian summer.

Vessels containing milk and cream were ranged along high, strong benches. Two high keg like churns, a number of whey-flasks, cheese in the process of curing, and empty molds, kegs filled with butter, and empty kegs, milking pails, the krak, or milking stool, skimmers and numerous other rude but ample appliances of the dairy were carelessly piled up, and conveniently disposed, and everything was cool, dry, sweet and clean. In her innocent and boundless hospitality Lars' sister was determined that we should occupy the girls' bed while they slept upon the floor beside us; but we compromised by making our own couch of reindeer-moss upon the sater floor; and passed three nights in this peculiarly informal manner, the girls using every artifice and entreaty to persuade us to longer remain.

In the meantime in company with Tillie and Christine we visited a few neighboring saters. The arrangements, belongings and customs at all were precisely alike. At night the girls call the herds from the mountains with peculiar penetrating calls and songs. As they approach, each cow, goat or sheep is addressed by name, each name ending with the Norsk syllable vos, a term of endearment; and each animal is rewarded by a bit of salt licked from the sater-girl's capacious hand. The throndy of the musical little bells with which the herds are provided, intensified by the echoing rocks and rare mountain air, is a melodic experience never to be forgotten. Each animal stands demurely at milking, night and morning, until the signal for its liberty is given by the sater-girl briskly patting its back. At night the animals dispose themselves for sleep in little groups closely huddled about the cabin; and the caressing and cooing of the girls to the dumb and faithful creatures, as they are sent away to the crags for the long day's grazing in a scene of tender pastoral sweetness and affectionate simplicity worthy the noblest poet's or painter's art.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Best Animal Weather Prophet.

The crow as a weather prophet is entitled to the highest distinction. When rain is approaching a whole community will rise from their nests or perches, wheel about for some time, and then return to their haunts. Weather watchers state that there is a remarkable correspondence between the length of time spent in these aerial evolutions and the duration of the disturbance when it comes. When the birds rise unusually long on the wing, and indulge in loud clamour, the ensuing shower or tempest will not only be of greater protracted duration than ordinary, but the peacock indulges in shrill screams when wet weather is approaching. High-flying swallows are a sign of fair weather, and when they are in great numbers, and pursuing swallow prey flies low, and the earth, wet weather is foretold. Hoops and gulls and other far-flying birds do not venture far from home when heavy weather is approaching. In the English Channel the fishermen regard the curlew on dark nights as the appearance of the sea-wind promises rain and high south-west winds. Sea-gulls in the field mean a storm from the south-east.

Will Appear For Himself.

Lawyer: "You say you made an examination of the premises. What did you find?" "Witness: "Oh, nothing of consequence; a beggarly account of empty boxes, as Shakespeare says."

Not Very Sudden.

Miss Gladys (severely): "Bridget, your manners are not good. You should not come into the room so suddenly when Mr. Callalot is passing the evening with me."

Bridget (disgusted): "Sudden! And is it sudden you call it, an' me wid me ear to his blessed keyhole a full three-quarters of an hour?"

"Your husband is so magnetic a man," said the visitor. "I found a steel hairpin sticking to his coat collar the other day."



A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired, and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so nicely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take AYER'S PILLS Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Every Dose Effective

BRITISH CALMNESS.

Peculiar Incident of English Railway Travel.

A French traveller's tale of British calmness is told in the following terms:—A Frenchman was seated in a smoking-carriage, and had for his companion a "mildred Anglaise." Enter a British miss of course with a plaid, and protruding teeth and a sky-terrier. She sat opposite the mildred. He politely informed her that she had got into a smoking-carriage. She made not the slightest answer, but sat grimly on. The mildred threw away his cigar, much to the astonishment of the Frenchman, who according to the story, sat watching what would happen. When they reached the next station, the mildred said, with the cold dignity of his race and caste—"Madam can now change into a non-smoking carriage. If she does not, I shall assume that she does not mind smoke, and shall light another cigar." Madam said never a word but stared in front of her.

The train went on again, and the mildred lighted up. When the cigar was well lighted and the train in motion, the lady bent forward, took the cigar out of the mildred's mouth, and threw it out of the window. The mildred not only did not make any remark, but he did not even feel disturbed. All he did was to wait a minute, and then to bend over the lady, seize the sky-terrier, which was lying in her lap, and fling it out of the window. Of this act the lady, to the complete astonishment of the French spectator, took no notice whatever.

At the next station both the lady and the mildred got out, but without exchanging a word in regard to the cigar-and-dog incident, while the Frenchman turned over in his hand an article on the subject of "Les Anglaises Taciturnes."

THINGS OF VALUE.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstance.

I was cured of rheumatic gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT. ANDREW KING, Halifax.

I was cured of acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. LT.-COL. CHEREB READ, Sussex.

I was cured of acute rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Markham, Ont. C. S. BILLING.

Who does the best his circumstances allow does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more.

Hale and hearty. The Englishman says he "drinks hail and it makes him all." The Canadian drinks Putner's Emulsion and it makes him hearty.

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth.

Know It by the Sound.

"George," said a loving wife, "I wish you would sing two or three lines of a song for me."

"What on earth do you want me to do that for?"

"There is something I want you to bring home, and I've forgotten what it is, but I think I'll remember it if you'll sing."

The good-natured husband complied, and the charming wife said:—"I remember now. It's a file I want."

Brownjugg—"Your wife is such a talented woman that I should think you would be jealous lest some man fall in love with her." Smithers—"Oh, dear, no. You see, she never is tete-a-tete with a man three minutes before she begins to recite some of her verses to him."

"I've seen that same gentleman with Mrs. Sweetly every time he be some one she cares for?" "Oh, no; that's her husband."



IN A RUSH

TO stop the hard work of wash day—to stop the rub, rub, rub and tug, tug, tug, to make the clothes clean? Of course you are. Then send for "SURPRISE SOAP" and use the "SURPRISE WAY" without boiling or scalding the clothes, and save half the hard work. Have

comfort and ease, with clothes neater and cleaner than the ordinary way. STOP now a moment to consider if it is any advantage to use a pure Soap like Surprise, and save yourself, your hands, your clothes.

—READ the Directions on the Wrapper.

HOW SHE DID IT.

She wanted to buy one of those fashionable three collared capes, but times were hard, and Mr. Sensible told her he could not afford to buy her one. "But why don't you rip your old coat apart and have it made over?" "What, that old, dark colored thing? Why it's all worn and shabby." "Never mind how old it is," replied Mr. S. "Take it to UNGAR'S when you have it ripped and he will make it look like new." And the end of it was, she did. And although counted a truthful woman, Mrs. S. tells her friends, without moving a muscle, that she bought her new cape on King Street for \$12.50.

Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works, 28-34 WATERLOO ST.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street), Telephone 65. Or Halifax: 90 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at UNGAR'S.

Advertisement for CRANBY RUBBERS. People in this 19th century are bound to have the best that can be had for the money. That is why Everybody wears CRANBY RUBBERS. They give perfect satisfaction in fit, style and finish, and it has become a by-word that "CRANBY RUBBERS wear like iron."

Advertisement for Nixey's Black Lead. Quick, Lasting Polish for Stoves & Grates. Easy to apply. Always bright and beautiful. W. G. NIXEY, LONDON, ENG., is the oldest and largest manufacturer of Black Lead in the world. An article which has been popular everywhere for NEARLY A CENTURY, must of necessity, be the BEST OF ITS KIND. CHAS. GYDE, Agent, Montreal. Sold by Grocers and Hardware dealers.

Have You Seen the New Yost Typewriter?



If you purchase a typewriter without seeing the New Yost you will make a very great mistake. If you buy after having seen it there is no danger of your making a mistake, you will have nothing else. It is the latest and best machine, has all the good points of its predecessors, none of their defects, and it is full of new ideas and improvements peculiar to it alone. Stenographers and experienced operators are unanimous in praising it.

No antiquated Log Cabin with lean-to attachments. The same old ink ribbon, double scales and rickety print will not pass in this electric age. Something all modern architecture, with electric bell and all the new conveniences, is what the people want at the present day.

WHAT MUST GO: BAD ALIGNMENT. ILLEGIBLE WORK. FOUL INK RIBBONS. BOTHERSOME SHIFT KEYS. DOUBLE SCALES, ETC., are no longer to be tolerated or pardoned. THE NEW YOST has abolished them and no other machine can retain them and live.

Second hand ribbon and shift key machines for sale cheap. IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents: Messrs. R. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; John L. Stevens, Moncton; Clifford W. Robinson, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; A. M. Hoare, Knowles' Book Store Halifax; J. B. Dittmar, Clementsport, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. P. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, Advocate's office of Sydney, C. B.; J. Bryenton, Amherst; W. P. Clement, Yarmouth, N. S.; Chas. Burrell & Co., Weymouth, N. B.; T. Carleton, Ketchum, Woodstock; Clarence E. Caser, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.

Sunday Reading.

RED CROSS RELIEF.

What the Society is Doing Among the Sea Island Sufferers.

So great has been the loss of life, the suffering and the destitution caused by the recent cyclone and floods in the Sea Island district between Charleston and Savannah, that the section is now little better than a wilderness. Fully 30,000 people for the next eight months will have to be provided with all the necessaries of life.

As the recent calamity is one that appeals to the sympathies of the entire country, the American National Red Cross has undertaken to conduct the work of relief, and Miss Clara Barton, together with her Committee, has established a relief headquarters at Beaufort, S. C.

The sanitary work of the Red Cross has placed the responsibility of receiving and distributing supplies in the hands of the Red Cross and the relief work will now be prosecuted with systematic vigor. President Clara Barton thus describes the situation in the destitute districts: "There are two means of earning a livelihood among the inhabitants of these Sea Islands—farming and mining in the phosphate fields. The farm interests have been almost completely destroyed and there is nothing to be done on the farms till spring. The storm swept away the machinery and boats of the phosphate mines and it will be six months before they can resume work. The other source of revenue are meagre and will not supply the demands of the thousands in need of food and shelter. The sanitary condition, never the best, is now naturally as much worse as could be imagined. With but little clothing, less food, decaying vegetation, stagnant water, exposure to the weather, medical assistance miles away, few medical supplies, what but sickness can be expected, without prompt attention and immediate relief? One bright spot is the superb work of the marine hospital service under Dr. Magruder's control through the direction of Dr. Wyman. As far as this service has reached, it is directing the clearing of wells, the burial of carcasses, and the drainage of the soil wherever practicable.

"There will not be work for the people for months. The fishing boats of the people were swept to sea, their poultry, in the main, drowned, and on many islands cows and goats were destroyed. The entire southeast belt of islands, extending south from James Island to Hilton Head Island, with 30,000 population, has been devastated. Crops were ruined, houses swept away, clothing destroyed, sickness is breeding and perhaps half of these poor people will be dependent upon public charity for support, if they are not already so. There is a severe winter ahead. The men, so far as I have been able to see and hear, are willing to work where there is anything to do, but there is little if anything, and there will be less when winter comes. If they leave the islands, their families, generally laboring ones will be left behind entirely destitute and practically helpless. "The appeals for help have been generously responded to up to this time, and have doubtless saved many lives. The fund has been almost entirely expended in the purchase of grit, bacon and flour, and the principal staples of food, and these supplies have been judiciously and honestly distributed. But the work has just begun. Months and months of bread have to be supplied. Governor Tillman, Miss Barton and a party made a tour of investigation among the afflicted islands and found the reports of suffering fully confirmed. The entire forces of the Red Cross are now actively at work and all aid sent to the head quarters at Beaufort will be distributed to the best advantage among the needy part of the population.

W. C. A. HOME.

Magnificent building erected for Association work at Philadelphia.

Last week the Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia had the pleasure of moving into its new home. For more than two years, the officers and members have suffered the sickness of deferred hope. Their former home, endeared to them as the scene of many happy meetings and the centre of useful work, was wrested from them by one of the railroad monopolies which are the curse of our land. Only after long and expensive litigation could the Association obtain such compensation as would enable them to secure a new site and part of the cost of a new building. Work was commenced on the structure more than a year ago, but trade disputes and other troubles caused delay, and it is only now that the Association is once more under its own roof. There is, however, some consolation for the ladies who have labored so strenuously for the cause, in the beauty and convenience of the new building. It was worth while waiting to have so magnificent a home. We sincerely hope that the wealthy citizens of Philadelphia, who know how valuable is the work the Association is doing, will munificently subscribe to relieve it of the incubus of debt which burdens it, and will, until it is removed, curtail its usefulness. It is expected that fully \$100,000 will be needed to cover the entire cost, in addition to the amount received for the old building from the railroad. The site, the building and the furnishing have cost \$135,000.

The building is an ornament to the city. It is practically nine stories high. It stands on the corner of Eighteenth and Arch streets and occupies an area of 132 by 120 feet. The material is buff brick with granite facings. There are accommodations for 250 boarders and about fifty transient guests. Beside these rooms there are all the rooms necessary for the business of the Association and for the common use of its members. These include a large auditorium with a seating capacity of one thousand, an amusement hall, a restaurant where 250 can dine at the same time, a large library, fifteen class-rooms, parlors,

sewing and reading rooms and all the rooms needed for that valuable department of the Association's work, the School for Training Domestic Servants. Over all is the model roof-garden which in the summer months will be a refuge for those members who cannot afford the luxury of the sea-side. The value of living in the building is restricted to self-supporting women and an idea of the that board, lodging and washing will be afforded for three dollars a week. For a small extra sum the inmates can have tuition in book-keeping, stenography, type writing, dressmaking and many other studies. The association was organized twenty-three years ago and its life has been a continuous growth in usefulness. Mrs. Francis, the president, Miss Sarah Cadbury, the secretary, and other officers of the association have made it their life study to find out the needs of their sisters and the best way of supplying them.

AT COLOSSE.

Paul's Letter Describing the Circumstances of the Church.

The circumstances of the church at Colosse had much to do with the character of the letter Paul wrote to it. The city was one of three, standing near together on the banks of the River Lycus in Asia Minor. The other two were Hierapolis and Laodicea. Paul had never visited Colosse during his missionary journeys, although it was but a short distance from Ephesus, where he stayed three years. Doubtless, he was indirectly its founder; it must have been organized by men who had been won by his preaching. While the apostle was a prisoner in Rome, he was visited by Epaphras, who came from that church and was perhaps a hidden convert from him. Paul learned that affairs at Colosse were not in a healthy condition. Some teacher was there whom Paul refers to, but does not mention by name, who was beguiling, deluding, or spoiling the members of the church. We get an idea, from Paul's remarks, of the character of this man's teaching. It was a curious compound of mysticism and asceticism, very much like some of the teaching popular in our day. A humorous divine likens it to a lady whose head is in the clouds and her feet in the mud. Speculation and as to abstruse doctrines occupied the mind and close observance of form and ceremonies and a dependence on the natural results of these doctrines, if not checked, would be an impractical, lifeless religion. And so it proved. The message of Christ (Rev. 3; 24-22) to the sister church at Laodicea shows this result was in similar evil case. Paul writes this letter to contradict this false teaching. He begins by showing in a very adroit way, how the disposition to discover hidden heavenly mysteries was satisfied by Christianity. Instead of forbidding them to indulge the disposition, he turns it into a new channel. The mystery of Christ's previous existence was a better subject for their thoughts, and he treats it as it is more fully revealed in the Gospel according to John. Then he deals in detail with the errors which, as Epaphras has told him, were being preached at Colosse. Finally he brushes contemptuously aside all the talk about the importance of meats and drinks and holy days and shows them that religion consists in none of these things, but in a pure, humble and beneficent life. In every relation and in every sphere, no matter how lowly, the Christ life may be lived; not by the observance of days, diets, or rites or ceremonies, but by becoming more gentle, more tender and more dutiful.

Where Two Seas Meet.

"Off Cape Horn," says Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, "we witnessed a singular sight. For some miles there was a narrow strip of water, where the great waves flew in broken spray and dashed high over the ship. On either side the sea was comparatively calm, whilst this boiled with fury, rolling and surging. Yet there was no rock about which the sea surged, nor was there any such fierce wind as to account for it. Overhead the air was thick with sea-foam. Thousands of the birds dived into the troubled water. The smaller fish were, I suppose, flung up by the toss, and then a prey to the birds. I asked, naturally, what was the reason of this strange sight, and found it was the point at which the tide met the strong current of the sea, and here they ragged together. Within the tide only ran and it was calm. Without, the current prevailed, and there, too, was calm. On this troubled bit they met and neither prevailed. It is the picture of those who are at once too religious to belong to the world—too worldly to belong to religion; torn by both and satisfied by neither."

Their Natural Tongue.

A personage almost as widely known in the ecclesiastical world as his most revered master was the late Archbishop of Canterbury's coachman. He served Dr. Tait also before his elevation to the archiepiscopate, while as yet he occupied the see of London. Scores of stories have been told of the peculiarities of this individual, and the following, amongst others, was often related with the keenest relish by his grace. One day when, as Bishop of London, his lordship was returning from some meeting in the city, the carriage became blocked among some cabs, and the coachman freely indulged an old habit by swearing lustily at the various drivers. The Bishop heard him, thrust his head out of the window, and sternly remonstrated. "Beg your pardon, my lord," was the smart reply of the unabashed Jehu, "but I heard you tell them 'ere gents as was ordained last Sunday that if you don't speak to people in their own natural tongue, you will never get 'em to understand you."

WITH THE CHINESE.

Mission Work Among the Blind in the Flowery Empire.

Every reader having the spiritual welfare of the uncivilized millions of China at heart will be interested in the following extracts from a letter written by an American lady missionary concerning her work among the blind children of the canton. Mary W. Niles, writes:

"Ten years ago, when I first had occasion to pass through the streets of Canton by night, I was surprised to meet blind girls of the age of fourteen years or more, over-dressed in gay shams or jackets with their cheeks painted and flower-bedecked. A woman carrying a musical instrument led them there. These girls were the property of cruel mistresses who sent them out to spend their nights in low places of amusement or upon the streets. I pitied them but passed on, not thinking that I had any duty in respect to this practice. Later, Sin Lan, a bright slave girl of seventeen years of age, was brought to the hospital as a patient for healing. Mrs. Kerr has a little school in connection with the hospital, and this girl memorized rapidly the first and second primers and the Gospel by Mark in Chinese. At length she applied for admission to the church and passed an examination which astonished the elders, and yet they dared not admit her to membership. Was she not owned by a man and soul by those who would not permit her to live a Christian life? When, at length, she became hopelessly ill, her mistress deserted her. Then again she was examined for church membership. I was quite overcome, with the beautiful testimony of her faith. Christ. She desired a new baptismal name, Ko-Chan, meaning transformed to the truth. In a few months she went from us, rejoicing, to her heavenly home.

"I soon learned to long for a school for blind girls. In 1888 a blind baby was brought to me who had been picked up on the street, and I was told that if I would promise to cure her eyes the family who had found her would support her, 'if not' I asked. 'Then,' said they, 'there is nothing but to give her to the owner of blind slaves.' The thought flashed upon me, 'Who has more responsibility in this case than yourself?' Then I said to the woman, 'You may leave her with me. Afterward, I wondered if this might not be the beginning of a school for blind girls. But who was to open one?"

"In 1889 a little school was opened for four little blind girls who had already memorized one of the Gospels in Mrs. Kerr's hospital school. A blind teacher who had been educated in the Berlin Foundling House, was employed, and the experience of teaching Cantonese by the Braille system began. A new pupil was soon received from the hospital in Hong-Kong. Our teacher proved to be thorough, neat, orderly and systematic. She can teach reading, writing, knitting, music, and the performance of household duties. Her pupils are learning very nicely, and all can read. The teacher writes out with care all the lessons that the children can write and knit. One is making very satisfactory progress in music. Two new pupils have come, and four little ones in the family will soon be old enough to go to school. We are crowded for room, so that the teacher and one of the pupils sleep in the contracted school room.

"When recently a Chinese gentleman, becoming interested in this school, of his own accord proposed to take my subscription book to the Chinese officials so as to enable me to build a house, to my surprise, in a few weeks the subscription book was returned, accompanied by more than a thousand dollars. It will go towards the purchase of a suitable home for these blind girls.

"Miss Nyrup, a Danish lady and a devout Christian, has agreed to assist me for the next two years. We expect to rent a comfortable house for the present. I ask the prayers of Christians for my little flock. I have reason to hope that each one may be used greatly to advance the Kingdom of Christ in China. They are very obedient, affectionate and prayerful children, already well grounded in Christian truth and untrammelled with superstitious notions. Lin-shan, the teacher, takes a volume of her German Bible in raised letters and goes to the hospital wards for an hour each day, translating the precious truths of the Gospel into Cantonese, and explaining their meaning. An interesting group of women is always gathered around her. Her success as a Bible reader inspires me with great hope for the future usefulness of her pupils."

Messages of Help for the Weak.

"I was in the spirit on the Lord's day, and heard a great voice, saying, I am the first and the last. And I turned to see the voice that spake with me, and I saw one like unto the Son of Man." Rev. 1, 10-13. "Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still." Psalm, 4, 4. "Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them up-

on the table of thine heart. So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the height of God and in man." Proverbs 3, 3-4. "Then spake Jesus saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." John, 8, 12. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light." Romans, 13, 12. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." 1 Cor., 13, 3. "And the next Sabbath day came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God." Acts, 13, 44.

HEATHEN ATROCITIES.

The Dean of Rochester Says They Are No More.

In a recent address in England the Dean of Rochester said: "Seventy years ago the fires of Suttie were publicly blazing in the Presidency towns of Madras, Bombay and Calcutta, and all over India—the fires of Suttie, in which the screaming and struggling widow, in many cases herself a mere child, was bound to the dead body of her husband, and with him burned to ashes. Seventy years ago infants were publicly thrown into the Ganges, as sacrifices to the goddess of the river. Seventy years ago young men and maidens, decked with flowers, were slain in Hindu temples before the hideous idol of the goddess Kali, or hacked to pieces in the Meras, that their quivering flesh might be given to propitiate the god of the soil. Seventy years ago the cars of juggernaut were rolling over India, crushing hundreds of human victims annually beneath their wheels. Seventy years ago lepers were burned alive, devotees publicly starved themselves to death, children brought their parents to the banks of the Ganges and hastened their deaths by filling their mouths with the sand and water of the sacred river. For these scenes, which disgraced India seventy years ago, we may look in vain. And need I remind you that every one of these changes for the better is due directly or indirectly to Missionary enterprise and the spirit of Christianity? It was Christian missionaries, and those tremendous evils, branded as fanatics, and satirised as they ceased not until one by one these hideous hallucinations were suppressed."

G.B. CHOCOLATES AND FINE CREAMS. You can afford to buy G. B. Chocolates. They don't come high in price. In quality they are the finest in the land. See that G.B. MARK. Stamped on every G. B. Chocolate.

HERE'S A PRETTY GOOD LETTER. Hartland, N. B., Oct. 31, 1893. Gentlemen: Groder's Syrup still leads. I sold two half dozen lots on Friday last and one half dozen lot yesterday--- yesterday I sold ten bottles, six at one sale, and two at one, and two sales of one each. I have heard good reports from former sales, and I have faith in it myself as a cure for Dyspepsia, if taken as directed. Yours Respectfully, WM. E. THISTLE, Druggist. To the Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Ltd.

Come in and look over our splendid stock and you will "know where to buy something," and buy it right. The store is filled with new styles and elegant qualities. sterling merit goes with these goods, newest cloth, good linings, strong seams, cut with shape, fitted to the figure, comfort, good looks and wear in every one of them. This is our stock. You can't help but like it. Our prices are low—very low, remember that. Quality can't be sold cheaper than our prices anywhere.

City Market 51 Clothing Hall, Charlotte Street. T. YOUNGCLAUS. THE ONLY CUSTOM-MADE \$3.00 PANT IN CANADA IS COVER YOUR LEGS! THE PILGRIM. Full line of samples, with directions to measure mailed upon receipt of 6 cents. If you want a pair of these Pants, and cannot wait for samples, send us your WAIST, HIP and INSIDE LEG measures, together with \$3. and 30 cts. to pay expressage, and we will take all risk of pleasing you. Fit and workmanship guaranteed first-class or money refunded. PILGRIM PANT CO. 38 Mill St., St. John, N. B., or P. O. Box 250.

TOMORROW IS SUNDAY, And if your home is chilly come to our store on Monday and see our heating stoves. New Silver Moon, Vendome, Peri, Horicon, Tropic, Faultless, are only a few of the heating stoves we have. Come and see us. COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.

ESTABLISHED 1855 Taylor's Safes 145 & 147 FRONTS EAST TORONTO B. B. BLIZARD, St. John, N. B., Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces

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

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

A RUSH TO stop the hard work of wash day—to stop the rub, rub, rub and tug, tug, tug, to make the clothes clean? Of course you are. Then send for SURPRISE SOAP. Use the "SURPRISE SOAP" without boiling or mangle. It cleans the clothes, and saves the hard work. Have it cleaner than the ordinary soap. It is an advantage to use your hands, your clothes.

Those fashionable three dollar, and Mr. Sensible her one. "But why not have it made over?" "Why? Why it's all so old it is," replied AR'S when you look like new." did. And although S. tells her friends, bought her new cape

Dye Works, 60 ST. UNGAR'S.

Have the best that BERS. and finish, and it iron."

ing Polish for res. Easy to apply, and beautiful. Lead largest manufacturer which has been must of necessity, Agent, Montreal.

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The Progress Piano

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I want to say a few words this week to those anxious souls of my own sex who are like Martha of old, "cumbered about much serving." There are so many of them, poor things; women whose lives are one long slavery to their house, and their household matters; whose days are spent in working and worrying about the juggernaut which is crushing the beauty, the youth, almost the life itself out of their bodies, and all the freshness and sweetness out of their souls! I do not refer to the women who must work or starve, and who have no choice but to strain every nerve in order to keep themselves or those dear to them from want, I mean the "notable" housewives, who would be shocked if you told them they placed their house before their religion, but yet who do something so very like it, that the difference is not material. Who has not known women whose time seemed to be only divided into washing day, ironing day, baking, silver cleaning, sweeping and scrubbing day? I have known several, so I suppose others have too, and these good souls are so full of thought for the things of the body, that if the sermon should happen to be five minutes longer than usual on a Sunday morning, they begin to suffer misery of the soul, and you can see "dinner" written all over their faces just as plainly as if they had used a typewriter to inscribe it there; to them the affairs of the household are of paramount importance and not to clean the silver once a week is a much more deadly sin of omission than the forgetting of his sunset prayers would be to the Turk. They spend their lives in such a continual effort to maintain order and suppress chaos, that the only wonder is how they retain their senses. Nervous prostration and general debility claim them as helpless victims, they become fretful, discontented, irritable and then wonder why they are always getting "run down" and what can be the matter with their health, just as if one could deliberately light a candle, burn it at both ends, and then make it last as long as one which was only doing the ordinary amount of work.

I have always felt the deepest sympathy for the Martha of scripture; it seems to me that Mary did much less than her fair share of the house work and got credit for all the religion, while poor Martha, who may have been just as good, had no opportunity of giving expression to any of her piety, because she had to look after the house and do all the work, while Mary was surrounded by a sort of halo of glory. I suppose it must have been right since the great Master himself commended Mary and reproved Martha, but evidently the one who "served alone" felt herself badly used, since she spoke of her sister's disinclination to assist in the house work and the multiplicity of cares which were thrown on her shoulders in consequence. But poor Martha does not seem to have sacrificed herself to household cares of her own free will, and therefore she differs very materially from her sisters of today who are willing to sacrifice not only their own lives but the real happiness of their families to the one domestic god of good housekeeping. The woman who wears herself out with the cares of the house is rarely a pleasant companion, she is too tired to be agreeable for one thing and too wrapped up in domestic concerns to be interesting. She never has time to keep herself informed of what is going on around her and now she has lost her grasp of things so completely that she has ceased to take much interest in anything but the affairs of her own home circle and just a very few people outside of it. She is too tired in the evening to care to go out much and as for reading—well, there are always so many other things to do, mending and making, and she is so tired she would prefer going to bed early and getting rested.

Now I will know that there is nothing more absurd than telling the mother of a family, to "let things go, and not bother" as I have heard so many husbands do. Every wife and mother has her hands sufficiently full to keep her very busy, and letting things go, would scarcely make her work any easier, but there are many ways in which she might ease herself work, if she only would; there are so many things that can be left undone in a house, and none of the inmates be one whit the worse off. Once I thought the silver must be cleaned once a week, no matter how pressed I was for time; I thought all the points in the parlor, the hall and dining room must be washed every Friday, and the rest of the work done with a corresponding precision, and care; but I don't think so now, I have learned better, I know that I can do many things in the time it would take to clean the silver, and that if I keep it covered with chemist leather I need clean it only once a month or so; while no one but myself would ever be the wiser whether the paint was washed once a week or only well dusted; so I make a good deal more time than I used to, without being half so tired. I don't believe home comfort depends entirely on the state of the silver or the paint, so long as both are reasonably clean; and I know it does depend largely on the health and good temper of the wife and mother. No one can look fresh and young if she works too hard, and

keeps herself in a state of perpetual anxiety lest everything is not just as it should be, and no matter how hard we work, you know we can never do everything. Longfellow knew that well, when he said— "Labor with what zeal we will, Something yet remains undone, Somethink unremembered still, Waits the rising of the sun." A short time ago a dear friend of mine, who lay dying, after a well spent life, said to me: "How I wish I could have the strength given to me to tell every woman in the world my experience, to warn them so they might avoid the mistakes I have made. I would tell them how unprofitable it is in the end, to wear oneself out uselessly. I see now just how I have shortened my life by working and worrying so needlessly, when I might have taken things so much easier and been so much happier by doing so. No woman does herself or her family justice when she works herself into her grave for nothing."

And so I thought I would carry out her wish in a small way and tell some other women not to be cumbered about much serving and worn down by the burdens of life any more than they could help, but to stop by the wayside when it is possible and pluck the flowers, remembering that He who sent brightness and beauty into the world, meant His creatures to enjoy them to the full.

The path of the fashion writer almost rivals that of the transgressor for hardness in these days, since there is so little change in the modes that there seems nothing to talk about. The prevailing fashion could almost be summed up in one word—ripples because if thought, mind, heat and cold, move in waves certainly fashion has progressed in ripples to a given point, and there stopped to take breath, because the word ripple occurs so often in the fashion journals that one grows tired of it. There are ripple collars, ripple shirts, ripple caps, ripple basques, skirts, and I am certain that if the brims of the hats are not called ripple brims they should be. Whether the name originated with Miss Loie Fuller, as did the materials which bear her name, and the term ripple is meant to suggest the wonderful serpentine dances which have made that young lady famous, I know not, but she seems to have imparted her name to so many things in fashion's realm that we may be justified in holding her responsible for anything which even remotely suggests waves.

In materials the Loie Fuller effects are seen everywhere from the lovely tulle and glass silks which come in shot effects of two tones either gold and pink heliotrope and scarlet or violet and pale maize, with wonderful dots and circles of deeper color appearing and disappearing as the light falls upon them, to the heavy bundle of cloths which show a wonderful variety of two toned effects, and the handsome dragonman cloths which seem to be woven of pure silk with a slight superstructure of wool thrown upon the surface. Of course these goods require a long purse, but the same tints are to be found in substantial double width goods at very reasonable prices; these come in heather serges, Scotch and English serges, and are very handsome and serviceable. Bordered goods have once more made their appearance in some of the most enterprising shops, and while they are still almost new in Canada, to be at all generally adopted, they are very pretty and striking, and may have more favor for themselves by the time their position is more firmly established. Just now they seem to be a sort of advance guard of a coming fashion, and like all pioneers, have difficulties to encounter.

The polonaise is once more an established fact, and I regret to say that the over-skirt is too. I suppose we shall grow used to it in time, and even think it graceful and beautiful but after the trim close fitting skirts we have been accustomed to for so long, it is impossible to regard an over-skirt as a sort of work of supererogation, since the tailor-made skirt could scarcely be improved upon. In the wake of the over-skirt, paniers are approaching and very pretty they are too, serving the double purpose of concealing angularity of figure, and disguising a superabundance of flesh. Skirts seem to remain stationary, so far as the width goes, four yards being the outside limit, while three and a half is the usual width for a skirt.

The new accordion pleated crepons for evening wear are very pretty, and come in all the daintiest colors, maize, pale pink and blue, heliotrope, cream and black; they are in costumes, of one dress length each, with enough of the plain crepon for the bodice and sleeves. The pleats in the skirt are about half an inch in width. The materials for evening dresses are lovely, this winter, embossed chiffons, softest crepes and delicate French gauzes in all imaginable tints, white, cream, pale green, ecru in lace effects and combined with blue, pink, heliotrope, canary and black; and bengalines are shown in a bewildering variety of color, all the palest shades of heliotrope, amber, pink and blue. Dainty tie jackets are worn at five

o'clock teas, made of white crepon, and trimmed with tulle, black or white lace. Marie Antoinette fichus are also much worn; made of white or tinted gauze they brighten up an ordinary dress wonderfully, and transform it into a dinner or theatre costume with very little trouble.

In millinery, the head-dresses range from hats the exact size and shape of the top of a barrel, except for the crown, trimmed with gigantic standing loops of ribbon, some of which wobble about in the most undecided and ungraceful manner, to the tiny butterfly bonnets which show not the least suspicion of a crown, and are more like tiny saucers slightly curved or pointed in front and decorated on each side with "butterfly wings" in the shape of bows of jet; which are becoming to only a few and trying to the great majority.

Chanelle spotted veils are again the height of fashion and white black net spotted and bordered with white, is the newest, blue and brown, as well as black, spotted with the same shade in close small spots, is also much worn.

For little girls are shown pretty Empire bonnets made of bengaline and trimmed with fur and ruchings of lace. Brocades are very fashionable again, and are especially popular in neckties, both in light and dark colors. I wonder when someone will invent a glove lace which will not wear out long before the glove itself is half worn, or when some enterprising merchant will think of ordering a supply of laces from the manufacturer, at the same time he orders the gloves, so we can at least buy new ones and not be compelled either to look unbecomingly or throw aside a good pair of gloves? I also wonder when some genius will invent a dress facing to take the place of canvas, which will not shrink at the very first exposure to moisture and leave the bottom of the dress in a series of unsightly puckers, and two inches shorter than it should be! I believe there is a small fortune awaiting the person who "brings out" an unshrinkable dress lining.

How Women Increase Care. O, Woman, if you will have carpets, somebody must propel the sweeper; if you must have stuffy curtains and hangings some one must fight the invading moth; if you will make your house an art gallery, a museum of modern curios, furniture, wardrobe, china emporium, a toy shop and a World's fair in the responsible party, you do make it a dimple of love-liness; but know this, my daughter, and hear it for thy good she that increases bric-a-brac increases care, and much bijouterie is a weariness of the flesh, writes Robert J. Burdette in his own inimitable way on "The Taskmistress of a woman" in the November Ladies Home Journal. But all this is your own doing. Wherefore, do not come under the den of the man, waiting that woman's work is never done; that you are tired to death, and that you have no time to read or improve yourself. Go to your mirror and make faces at the responsible party. Of course, the monster enjoys all these things; the exquisite taste and the art and the loveliness in his house. He enjoys the toothsome breakfast and the dainty china, the elaborate luncheon and the great dinner. But he doesn't really need so much, and I doubt very much if it is good for him, he is always apt to get more than is good for him.

An elderly parlor maid, moving daintily and silently as a reincarnated cat, was disturbed by the well intentioned but blundering manner of the new, young serving man. "Oh, Dennis! I wish you were not so green!" With a significant look he replied: "This better to be green than withered."

Rev. F. J. H. Axford, Rector, St. John's Episcopal Church, Cornwallis, N.S. says: Mr. Borden is a neighbor of mine and I know that his statement is true.

Rheumatism & Paralysis CAN BE CURED. Mr. Borden says: Have had Rheumatism for 15 years. In the autumn of 1890 I had a severe attack. I could not sleep, my feet and legs swelled and life was almost unbearable. Physicians, patent medicines and electric batteries gave me no relief.

Skoda's Cures. I was treated four months in the Hospital, but after being at home one week was as bad as ever. Have taken 6 bottles of Skoda's Discovery and feel like a new man. Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia. 35 cts. MEDICAL ADVICE FREE. SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N.S.

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McMillan's Bookstore, 98 AND 100 PRINCE WIL STREET.

OUR \$2.00 LINES.

- Ladies' Dongola Button Boots, Heel Plates, \$2.00
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All these lines are suitable for Winter Wear, having heavy double soles.

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FREE from knots and imperfections.



Silk and Twist is made from the finest quality of Raw Silk the world produces upon the most improved machinery. For dressmaking and domestic purposes it has no equal. Try it once and you will use no other.

KILTIE SCOTCH WHISKEY. 20 Years OLD. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT. THE THORN'S WHISKY. Sole Agents MONTREAL.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Winter Arrangement. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING November 13th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Montreal and Boston every Monday and Thursday morning at 7:30. Returning will leave Boston same days at 8:30 a.m., and Portland at 6 p.m., for Eastport and St. John. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Colis and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p.m. C. E. LARCHELIER, Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. TOURIST SLEEPING CARS. Are now running WEST from Windsor St. Station, Montreal, as follows: To Minneapolis & St. Paul, via Sault Ste. Marie, at 9:10 p.m., every Tuesday. To New Whatcom, Wash., and points on the Pacific Coast, at 9:10 p.m., every Wednesday.

EQUITY SALE. THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corer (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, ON SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to the direction of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the 26th day of September, A. D. 1893, in a cause there pending wherein Anna M. Jordan, Administratrix of all and singular the goods, chattels and credits which were of Thomas Jordan deceased, at the time of his death and Anna M. Jordan, are Plaintiffs, and Elizabeth Sharp and Thomas M. Sharp, I. Arthur Sharp, Annie T. Sharp, Alonzo J. Sharp, Minnie H. Beisey, William Sharp and Grace P. Sharp are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, duly appointed in and for the said City and County of Saint John, the mortgaged premises described in the said Decreeal Order as:

SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES, OPERA GLASSES, CLOCKS AND BRONZES, SILVER GOODS, JEWELLRY, WATCHES AND DIAMONDS, AT 43 KING ST., FERGUSON & PAGE.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:00 o'clock. Express for Moncton (daily) at 7:30. Express for Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8:00. Express for Point du Lac, Quebec, and Montreal, every Wednesday at 8:30. WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7:00 o'clock and Halifax at 7:00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 10:40 o'clock. A Freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every Saturday night at 12:30 o'clock. Express from Sussex, 8:25. Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Monday excepted) at 10:30. Express from Moncton (daily) at 10:30. Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11:15 a.m. Express from Halifax and Sydney, 12:30. The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FOTTINGHAM, General Manager. Railway Office, Montreal N.B., 8th Sept., 1893.

The Sunday Sun. The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA, Editor. The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever!

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

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y. FALL ARRANGEMENT. On and after Monday, 2nd Oct., 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH: Express daily at 8:10 a.m. 12:10 p.m. Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:45 p.m. arrive at Annapolis at 4:45 p.m. Express daily (Sunday excepted) at 4:45 p.m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS: Express daily at 12:45 p.m. 4:45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:50 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11:15 a.m. LEAVE WEYMOUTH: Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:10 a.m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11:15 a.m. CONNECTIONS: At Annapolis with trains of way. At Digby with City of Montreal for St. John Yarmouth, Thursday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamer of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evening; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Harrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 125 Hollis St., and Annapolis Railway. J. BARRAZZA, General Superintendent.

ICE! Wholesale and Retail. Telephone 414. Office 25 Leinster Street. Mrs. R. Whetsel.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

The rice crop of Japan is 5,000,000 tons. A good-sized whale yields about one ton of whalebone.

San Marino, the smallest republic in the world, has a population of only 8,500.

The carpets annually manufactured in Philadelphia are worth over £10,000,000.

The United States has a lower percentage of blind people than any other country in the world.

Eight thousand tons of gold have been mined throughout the world during the present century.

In London alone 3,000,000 letters are posted every day, and on an average 2,500,000 are delivered.

A Hungarian inventor claims to be able to make from wood pulp a fabric suitable for durable clothing.

Twelve million pounds worth of leather is required every year to provide boots and shoes for the inhabitants of Great Britain.

Single eye-glasses are prohibited in the German Army. Even if a soldier has one good eye, yet needs glasses he must procure cover both eyes with them.

Duelling in Russia has become so common that the Government has been compelled to decree a severe code of punishment. Killing an antagonist will involve six years in prison.

The Bishop of Marlborough, while traveling from the City to Finchley, was robbed of his watch and purse, as well as the notes of the sermon he was taking the journey to deliver.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg says the annual conscription added 262,592 men to the army. Of this number 70,948 are married. Only one-fourth of the whole number of conscripts can read or write.

Such a thing as a British soldier signing his accounts with a cross, so much in vogue years ago, is unknown. Every man is compelled to go to school until he passes an examination and obtains a certificate.

The stomach of an ostrich that died lately at the Clifton Zoological Gardens contained several miscellaneous trifles, such as pencil-cases and pocket-handkerchiefs. It also attempted to digest a prayer-book.

A German physiologist has found that a small amount of alcohol is contained in the milk of drunken mothers, so that the children of such women may be imbued of spirits from earliest infancy. Possibly this may have something to do with hereditary tastes for stimulants.

When a Chinese girl is married her attendants are always the oldest and ugliest women to be found in the neighborhood, who are paid to act as foils to her beauty. Some exceptionally ugly old women make their living by acting as professional attendants at weddings.

The War Office has been compelled to resort to a strange method in order to obtain recruits. It has directed all sergeant-instructors of Volunteers to attend cricket and football matches and sporting assemblies generally, and, by the circulation of leaflets and conversation, to inspire a desire for a military life.

American women are yearly growing more independent. The statistics show that over 3,000,000 women are earning independent incomes in that country. There are some 2,500 practising medicine, 6,000 managing post-offices, 275 preaching the Gospel, and in New York City alone 27,000 of them are supporting their husbands.

Bessie Bonchill, the music-hall singer, has a few days ago, and the two-year-old son has a bank account of £125. In one of her most popular songs she makes up as a ragged newsboy, and enthusiasts in the audience often toss coins on to the stage for her. These she has carefully banked for the boy, and hence the £125.

A gentleman of Denver and a young lady of West Virginia met on a railroad train one day lately, and by the time they reached Chicago they had been made man and wife. But even that speed record has been broken. A lady was granted a divorce in Tacoma (Wash.) last month within three minutes after she filed her petition.

In Ashantee parricides are tied hand and foot to stakes driven in the ground near a large ant-hill. The ants then irritate by sticks thrust into the entrance of their dwellings, a guard is set at a respectful distance to prevent rescue, and the prisoner is left to be eaten alive. In forty-eight hours nothing is left of the criminal but a neatly-cleaned skeleton.

During the performance the other evening at Hootle of Wombwell's menagerie, Mr. John Singleton, manager of the Salisbury Hotel, entered the lion's cage for a wager. While in the cage he opened a bottle of champagne and smoked a cigar. He was loudly cheered, and on emerging from the cage he handed the amount of the stakes (£50) by Mr. Lewis, manager of the menagerie.

The city of Cork still observes the ancient custom of "throwing the dart." It is performed once in three years by the mayor, to show the mayor's jurisdiction over the harbor as admiral of the port. The mayor, in his robes, after making a short speech, advances to the prow of the vessel and casts into the sea the dart, which is made of mahogany, tipped and feathered with bronze.

On the African shore, near the Gulf of Aden and connecting the Lake of Assal with the main ocean, may be found one of the most wonderful rivers in the world. This natural curiosity in the shape of a river does not flow to but from the ocean toward the inland. The surface of Lake Assal is nearly seven hundred feet below the sea level, and it is led altogether by this paradoxical river, the latter being about twenty-two miles in length.

A street was literally set on fire at Buda-Pesth, Hungary, a short time ago. A glass carboy filled with benzene accidentally fell from the car in which it was being hauled and broke, the benzene running over the street and through the slot into the conduit of the electric railroad. An electric car passed just at the time, and it appears that there was some sparking between the trolley and the conductor in the conduit. This lighted the benzene, which burned with an almost explosive violence. The car was stopped and the frightened passengers dismounted through a sea of flame.

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WORKED BY A RUSE.

A Sailor's Plan to Recover His Former Position. The Russian Admiral Avlane, according to report, is of French extraction. When a midshipman he was serving in a ship which cruised during the summer in the Baltic...

Avlane felt the utmost pity for the sailor, and did everything in his power to render his lot less intolerable. One day he told the ex-officer of his intention to throw himself into the sea when the next storm arose.

"That does not matter," Avlane said. "Plunge in all the same. I shall look after you, and every one will think you rescued me."

The programme was carried out. Avlane threw himself overboard in a terrific storm; the sailor followed, and was kept afloat by the officer whom he was supposed to be saving.

"This officer is now one of the senior admirals in service," Avlane said. "I have been promoted to the rank of which he had been deprived."

"I want some concentrated lye," he slowly announced as he entered the chemist's shop. "You mean concentrated lye?" suggested the proprietor, as he repressed a smile.

"Well, that's not bad, either," laughed the customer, with a sly, mischievous glance. "I am a novice at the business, though I've soda good many puns that other punsters get the credit of."

"I never cinnamon who thought himself so witty as you do," said the chemist in a sly, mischievous way. "I am a novice at the business, though I've soda good many puns that other punsters get the credit of."

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"Shorter" Pastry and "Shorter" Bills. We are talking about a "shortening" which will not cause indigestion. Those who "know a thing or two" about Cooking (Marion Harland among a host of others) are using COTTOLENE.

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

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg had all her children taught knitting when they were very young, declaring that she wished them always to be able to do something useful.

The last decree of the Emperor William is to the effect that when he goes to church all seats of which he can see the occupants, or from which he can be seen, shall be filled by soldiers, so that he may not be distracted or disturbed in his prayers.

Her Majesty keeps all the Christmas, birthday and New Year cards sent to her by relatives, and has them bound in handsome scrap-books. The cards are so arranged as to show any inscriptions, such as "To my dear grandmamma."

Although the French President travels free on the railways during his official tour in France, his secretary calculates what it would have cost him paid for regular rates, and this sum is handed over to be distributed among the poorest-paid of the railway men, and comes in helpful.

Sir Edwin Arnold has a high opinion of his profession. "A successful newspaper man," he once said, "must have the constitution and hide of a rhinoceros, and a hair-trigger intellect. I am prouder of being a journalist than I should be if I were an Archbishop or the Lord Chancellor."

The latest Patti story is to the effect that the diva was taking a morning stroll in Wales, and calling on a cottage, the inmate, with the naive of a Welsh rustic, begged for a song. Whereupon the prima donna said "Shut the door," and then proceeded to sing, as only Patti can, "Home Sweet Home."

Lord Charles Beresford has won the Royal Humane Society's medal on three successive occasions for the saving of life. In one case, he sprang overboard of a ship as he was in a weighty shooting attire, with his pockets loaded with cartridges, and rescued a sailor who had fallen overboard off the Falkland Isles.

Dr. Bridge, the organist at Westminster Abbey, who is jocularly called "ly his friends" "Estimator Bridge," is much given to spending a holiday in Scotland. Dr. Bridge's residence at the Abbey, known as Lutlington Tower, is of great antiquity, having been built in the fourteenth century.

Lord Burton writes to the Birmingham Post: "The report of my daughter's engagement is quite untrue; whilst the fact that in 1884 my father's will was published in all the papers as proved a little over £1,700,000 (of which I inherit a little over £1,000,000) should, I think, dispose of the absurd canard which attributes to me a fortune of £8,000,000."

Miss May Yobe, the talented prima donna, possesses among her treasures an electric piano, which can be played either in the customary manner or by automatic action. It is, perhaps, not generally known that Miss Yobe has a considerable amount of Indian blood in her veins, her mother being a pure American Indian. On her father's side she is of Dutch extraction.

The Emperor of China's proper name is never mentioned; to pronounce it is a criminal offence. On ascending the throne, the ruler of the "Middle Kingdom" takes a name by which he becomes known to his people and to history. The present Emperor's real or personal name is Trai-tien; but, on being placed on the throne in 1875, he was given the style of Kwangsu, which means "illustrious succession."

The new Lord Mayor of London has had the electric light fitted to his State carriage. The ruling authorities in the City of London are not fond of innovations, but in this matter the Lord Mayor is at liberty to satisfy his own wishes. He is only following a custom generally adopted in Paris by the more wealthy owners of carriages. The Prince of Wales also avails himself of this light of the future in his brougham.

The German Emperor's butler is a model of orderliness. His wine-cellar is a model of orderly arrangement. Each precious vintage—and some are almost priceless—has a separate enclosure railed in iron, and labelled with the name, age, price and number of bottles of the wine. No decanters are used on the Imperial tables; the wine is poured out by footmen from the original bottles, the utmost care being taken in the process.

The late M. Gounod stands exonerated from the reproach of vanity, which, like affection, belongs to the weak and the young. Age and talent restore equilibrium, and vanity is superseded by legitimate pride. He one day compared the progress of modesty in his soul with the simultaneous whitening of his hair. "When I was very young, I used to say, 'I; later on I said 'I and Mozart'; then, 'Mozart and I.' Now I say 'Mozart.'"

"Bill Nye," the American humorist, is easily recognizable as a Yankee, apart from his marked nasal twang. Tall and lean, but broad-shouldered, he looks the keen, alert "Brother Jonathan." At first a lawyer, Mr. Edgar William Nye soon discovered that his natural bent was for journalism and a year or so from his opening an attorney's office found him editor of a local paper. That humor does pay sometimes is made evident by Mr. Nye's success, his books and lectures still securing him a substantial income.

Mr. Paul Blouet ("Max O'Rell"), who has recently returned from his wanderings, is well primed with a new supply of anecdotes. One which he let fall a day or two ago is one of his gleanings "out West." An intense jealousy, it seems, exists between the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul respectively, and is forcibly illustrated by an incident at a church in the former city. The preacher began his sermon with the announcement, "Brethren, I shall take my text this morning from St. Paul." Immediately the congregation rose and left the building.

The Queen has now fifty-seven descendants, of whom four are or have been Sovereigns: the Empress Frederick, the Emperor William, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Grand Duke of Hesse. Nine others are heirs-apparent or co-heirs of heirs-apparent; the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the German Crown Prince, Prince Albert of Edinburgh, Prince George of Greece, the newborn Prince of Romania, the Princess Ferdinand, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Duchess of Sparta. With these the late Grand Duchess of Hesse may be remembered.

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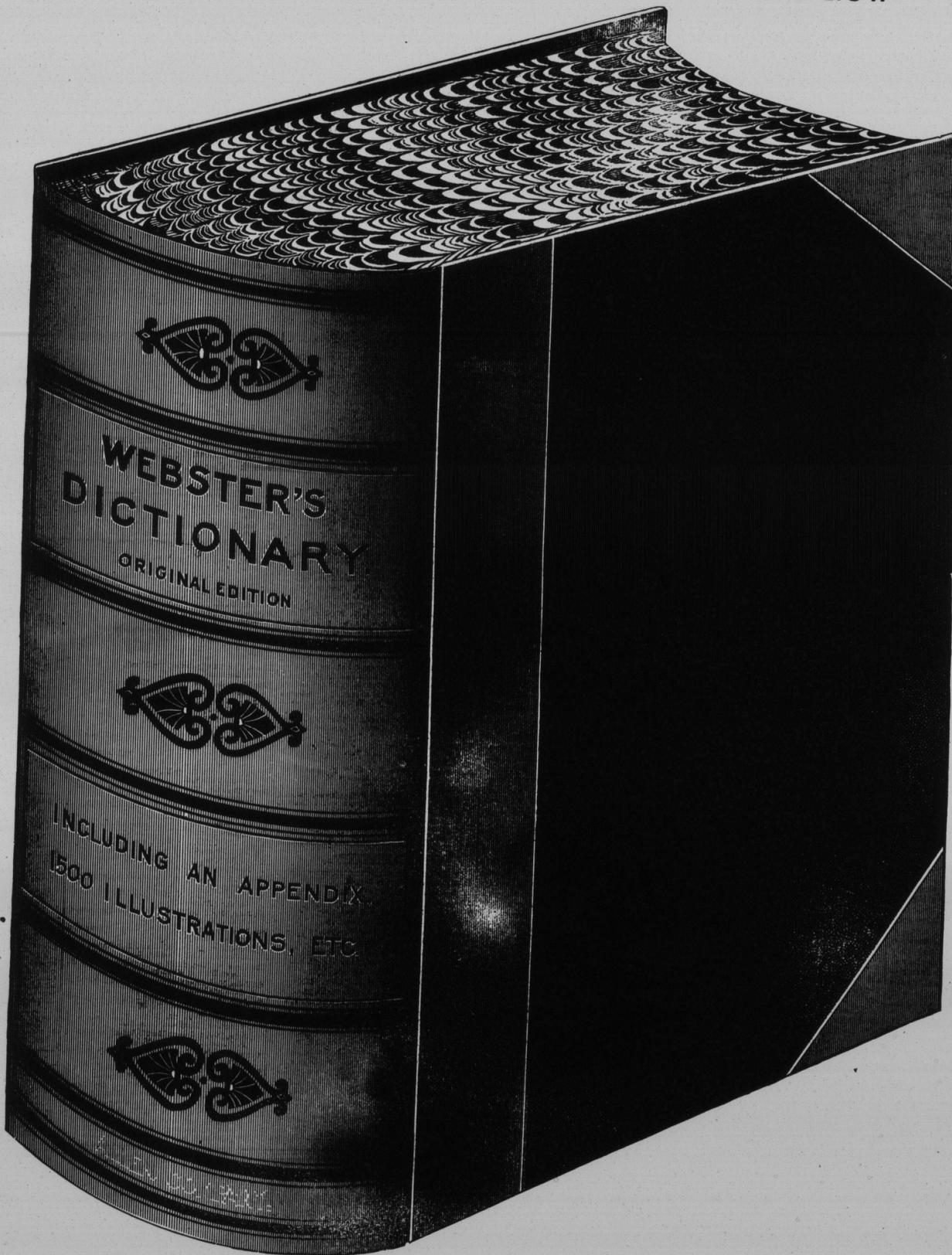
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restores a lost appetite, lost flesh, check wasting diseases, especially children, with wonderful rapidity, coughs and colds are easily killed by a dose of this remarkable remedy.
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With other wines put up in Canada Wines are undoubtedly the best.

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you security from FIRE at current rates.
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CONNELL,
Stabling Stables, Sydney St.
on reasonable terms.
Bertrages on hire. The Finest

HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"My dear Rose," Mrs. Buchanan had said to her son's bride-elect, when the young people were in the first flush of their happiness as an engaged couple, "I wish you were sure you will not mind my continuing to reside with William after your marriage."

What could the girl say but "yes"? She was only twenty, and the great question of the mother-in-law had never entered her head. As an orphan, living with an old bachelor uncle, she was not likely to know much about the possible trials in store for her.

To be sure, her uncle lifted his eyebrows and looked very wise when he heard about it; but he did not say anything; the matter had been settled. Rose would gain little by disagreeing with her beloved's mother before such disagreement became unavoidable.

Still, young Buchanan looked a little shy when he heard of the contract so subtly gained by his mamma. "Are you sure it will be for the best, sweetheart?" he enquired of Rose.

It was scarcely a time for judicious thought or action. "She is your mother, dear William," was the admirable reply. "That is enough for me. I will be as good a daughter to her as you have been a son."

William said "I am" to this; but the fond caress with which he acknowledged the confiding girl's avowal of her entire affection for him, and eagerness to devote herself to his and his mother's interests, gave no chance to any scruples about her conduct to take root in Rose's innocent young mind.

And so the marriage duly took place, and Mrs. Buchanan raised her voice in loud lamentation as the carriage drove away to the railway station. No one knew why she made such a fuss about it.

Mr. Cartree, the old bachelor uncle, shrugged his shoulders, and, on pretence of his health, withdrew, as did the other guests, leaving the curious lady alone with her pocket-handkerchief on the doorstep. She speedily re-entered after them, and showed signs of fainting, which were with difficulty checked by three glasses of sherry in quick succession.

With characteristic wisdom she had arranged the pecuniary terms of her residence with her son and his wife before their marriage. "I have the poorest appetite in the world, child," she had said to Rose, "Would it seem to you enough if I paid one pound weekly for my board with you? I suppose I shall eat a third of the value in reality."

GEN. ROSSER'S ROMANCE.

How a Rival in Love and War Outwitted the Gallant Hero. Gen. Thos. L. Rosser, who made such a gallant fight against Col. O'Ferrall, was one of the bravest and most dashing cavalry officers in the Confederate service, as handsome as he was brave, and as adept in the art of flirtation as he was skilled in the tactics of war.

In the wee sma' hours of a certain night in January, 1862, a party of Union officers were indulging in the pleasures of a ball in the little town of Beverly, W. Va., when Rosser with his cavalry was riding fast upon them. As they entered the town they made straight for the hall, which was the only lighted building at that time of night, and they went, too, with the din of exploding firearms and the blood-curdling yells of the Confederates.

At the close of the war he went to Baltimore, where he was made Superintendent of the Water Works. One night at the hotel a friend introduced him to a Captain Brown, who on hearing his name laughed and said, "General Rosser is the name of a gentleman, and I don't think you are entitled to that name."

"Well, sir, may I ask you what there is in my appearance to cause your laughter?" Mrs. Buchanan complained to him about her sufferings, but he bravely confessed that he could find no fault with his wife for her plucky wrestle with the problems of domestic existence.

"I cannot," she exclaimed one day, after trying in vain to enjoy a very tough fowl, still rose tinted as to its flesh; "I cannot bear this longer." Her favorite cat mewed piteously in responsive agreement with her mistress's sentiments.

It was wonderful how well William carried himself during this crisis. Of course, Mrs. Buchanan complained to him about her sufferings, but he bravely confessed that he could find no fault with his wife for her plucky wrestle with the problems of domestic existence.

But at dinner time a red leg of aged mutton appeared. It was pitiable to see Mrs. Buchanan's agonized face as she tackled it. "Have you quite finished, dear?" asked Rose at length.

Silence gave consent; and the horror was removed, to be succeeded by a pretty-looking pudding of rice, or something of the kind, very nicely browned. "I don't know, darling, how you and Anna Maria will manage it; but she sent two of our maids away in brick succession last year for spoiling the day's dinner."

It was less sure, however, when, upon their return from the honeymoon, they found Mrs. Buchanan's own arm-chair in the place of honor in their little drawing-room, and were greeted in the hall by the querulous moanings of her favorite cat, which had submitted to a change of residence with a very ill grace.

MARRIED.

Nov. 21, by Rev. H. A. Gilpin, A. L. West to Lina Nickerson. Nov. 29, by Rev. C. E. Pisco, Albert Morley to Mary J. Best.

Nov. 29, by Rev. C. Munroe, George Brownell to Jennie Dunbar. Nov. 17, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Arthur Crowell to Ida E. Best.

Nov. 29, by Rev. Dr. Farquhar, O. T. Daniels to Mary Muir. Nov. 29, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, Thomas Baln to Josephine Ouy.

Nov. 29, by Rev. Father Daly, John F. Walsh to Maggie James. Nov. 27, by Rev. Father L'Abbe, Mac Boudreau to Celia Allen.

Nov. 22, by Rev. I. E. Ingram, Robert Ebers to Margaret Haley. Nov. 10, by Rev. D. S. Fraser, David Cameron to Esther Shaver.

Nov. 29, by Rev. E. E. England, Angus Fraser to Clara Moss. Nov. 27, by Rev. Dr. Hearze, Frederick A. Casson to Fannie Parsons.

Nov. 29, by Rev. A. M. Hubley, W. H. McFarland to Della Dale. Nov. 23, by Rev. Thomas Todd, Walter Woodstock to Abeta Jamison.

Nov. 29, by Rev. F. A. McEwen, Philip Knowles to Amy Redden. Halifax, Nov. 30, by Rev. John McMillan, Isaiah Mosher to Mary J. Miller.

Nov. 29, by Rev. J. K. West, Norman Sweeney to Mabel Lorrey. Moncton, Nov. 28, by Rev. I. B. Colwell, Arthur Elliott to Lavonia Steves.

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Taylor's Perfumes advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman in a long dress and a decorative border.

LET US WHISPER, not because we are ashamed of it, but to avoid hurting anybody's feelings. There is really only one soap for the nursery and that is BABY'S OWN.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, featuring an illustration of a hand holding a pill bottle and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

For Sale by all Druggists & Dealers. PRICE 25 CENTS. THE UNITED MEDICINE CO., LTD. MANUFACTURED BY.

For Neuralgia Use Minard's Liniment. For Rheumatism Use Minard's Liniment. For Coughs and Colds Use Minard's Liniment.

Prepared by C. C. Richards & Co., Warrmouth, N. S. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

BORN.

Sackville, Nov. 19, to the wife of John H. Carter, a son. Halifax, Nov. 27, to the wife of Frederick O'Neil, a son.

Parsons, Nov. 17, to the wife of Henry Morse, a son. Fredericton, Nov. 29, to the wife of P. C. Manzer, a son.

Rockport, Nov. 29, to the wife of Luther King, a son. Paradise, Nov. 24, to the wife of John Salsarian, a son.

Halifax, Nov. 24, to the wife of [Nicholas] Rueter, a son. Sackville, Nov. 29, to the wife of Pacifico Cormier, a son.

Sackville, Nov. 25, to the wife of William Wry, a daughter. DeBert, Nov. 21, to the wife of W. B. Johnson, a daughter.

Sussex, Nov. 23, to the wife of Robert Morrison, a daughter. Halifax, Nov. 20, to the wife of Owen P. Hill, a daughter.

Truro, Nov. 19, to the wife of C. W. Kelly, a daughter. Halifax, Nov. 26, to the wife of Thomas R. Hyland, a daughter.

Bees Hill, Nov. 21, to the wife of Robert Henry Ogden, a daughter. West Bay, N. S., Nov. 18, to the wife of William Russell, a daughter.

Paradise West, Nov. 25, to the wife of Robert Moore, a daughter. Moose River, N. S., Nov. 23, to the wife of Ben. St. Peter's Bay, P. E. I., Nov. 12, to the wife of Dr. McLachlan, a daughter.

How Plants Travel.

The manner in which some plants travel is peculiar. A certain weed was found on an Antarctic island in the mound clinging to a spade, and soon became common.

Birds carry seeds in the clay which sticks to their feet; sheep and other animals in their hair; and things are more common than the dispersion of edible plants by birds and beasts.

The struggle for existence between the native and the alien flora is, on a small scale, as remarkable as the same process in the case of man.

In the end the struggling tends to right itself, for the prolific growth of the alien species on favorable ground leads to severe internal competition, and after the earth is drained of the substances which they specially require, they die a natural death.

While the native plants, which were temporarily banished, recover their position. Many instances are quoted of heavy crops of foreign weeds one year, being followed by total disappearance the next.

Such a Nice Game.

A young physician of this city is engaged to a very estimable young lady and is permitted to visit her three times a week.

The mother of the young lady is possessed of a very strongly developed sense of propriety and does not believe in familiarity, particularly kissing before marriage.

She therefore arranged to have her little nephew with her on these visiting days to keep guard over the decorum of the young people in the drawing room while she attended to her household duties.

Now, it happened during one of these visits that mamma desired to speak to her daughter and entered the room abruptly. She was amazed to see her seated on the physician's lap, with both arms twined about his neck, while her nephew was groping about the room with his eyes tightly bandaged with the young man's handkerchief.