

PROGRESS.

VOL. VI., NO. 264.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Dutch

FAIR.

visitors to the World's Fair will be used

DA

most easily prepared Cocoa for their home.

S. Agent.

RAILWAYS.

TERN COUNTIES RY.

inter Arrangement.

After Thursday, Jan. 5th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.15 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 10.15 a.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Saturday morning. With daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Bar Sheburne and Liverpool.

ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.35 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 2.35 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 3.30 a.m.

CTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with City of Montreal for St. John Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with City of Montreal for St. John Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with City of Montreal for St. John Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

Colonial Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT—1893.

After Monday, the 17th day of Oct., the Trains of this Railway will run Sunday excepted—as follows:

INS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
for Halifax..... 15.30
for Sussex..... 16.30
Express for Point du Chene, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago..... 16.55.

Car runs each way on Express trains St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock.

INS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

from Sussex..... 6.36
from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec, (Sunday excepted)..... 10.25
from Point du Chene and Moncton..... 10.25
from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 19.00
from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.30

Take The

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION CHICAGO.

tion tickets will be on sale commencing 15th, good for 30 days from date sold and over at points in Canada or at De- rate from St. John and all points on- Division

\$30.00 each.

Particulars, time tables &c., at Ticket Chubb's Corner or at Station.

STEAMERS.

STEAMER CLIFTON

to her wharf at Indiantown, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday

at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Moss Glen, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton points on the river. Will leave Hampton the same days at 5.30 a.m. for St. John and King points. R. G. EARLE, Captain.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Three Trips a Week, to Boston.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 17th, and until further notice, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.35 a.m.

Returning, will leave Boston same days, at 10 a.m. On Wednesday trip the steamer will not call at St. John.

Sections made at Eastport with steamer for St. John, Calais and St. Stephen. It received daily up to 5 p.m. C. E. LARCHELLE, Agent.

TEN FEET OUT OF PLACE.

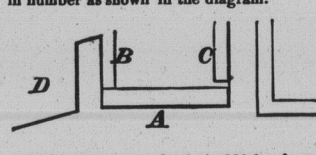
ANOTHER CURIOUS THING ABOUT THE SAND POINT WHARVES.

The First Section of the Northerly Wharf Has Been Sunk Too Far Inshore—More Pile Driving Proposed as a Remedy—The Mistake Continues to be Made.

The Connolly wharves are in trouble again, or rather their trouble seem to be multiplying. At the meeting of the common council Thursday, Ald. Baxter brought to the attention of the council the fact that the last wharf put in place had been sunk ten feet distant from the wharf it ought to join. He suggested that the board of works look into the matter at once.

The council had wrangled over smaller matters as usual during the afternoon, but when the charge of improper construction of works involving an expenditure of \$150,000 was made, and corroborated by Ald. Knox, who vouched that the statement was correct, the board treated the matter as of no consequence. Ald. Law took the point of order that there was no motion before the board, and that stopped the discussion. It was understood, however, that the board of works would make a visit to the wharf on Friday at low water to see what was going on.

To those who have not made themselves familiar with the subject, a little explanation is necessary. The wharves are three in number as shown in the diagram.



The harbor front wharf, A, 320 feet long, is 40 feet wide. It is close faced on the outer side and on the other side at a distance of 30 feet from the front. The other ten feet at the back is open work, which is supposed to take hold of the mud and ballast filling and make an anchor for the structure. This wharf, however, has already bulged out in the centre as much as two feet, it is believed, but the hope is, that it has moved as far as it can go. The space between it and the shore is to be wholly filled up in time with mud and ballast. Whether this will push the wharf out or not is what is not certain, but the southerly and northerly wharves, B and C are supposed to tie the structure firmly.

It was part of the specification that piles were to be driven to hold this as well as the other wharves, but when the time came for driving them it was found that the length named by the city engineer would not allow any hold on the bottom. That official, instead of admitting that he had made a mistake, told the contractors that the piling need not be driven at the wharf but could be put elsewhere. It is to be placed at the roadway, in the rear of the elevator.

The wharf, therefore, is not held by piles, and as before pointed out, the bottom tiers of timber are piled crosswise instead of longitudinally, so that there is still less hold than there might have been. Perhaps it is all right, and it would be unfair to predict that it will not be perfectly secure when completed.

The next mistake was made when a deep hole having been made at the junction of A and B, consequent on the extra dredging of the place in which A was to be placed, piles were driven for a distance of 25 feet or so with the idea that they would prevent the semi-fluid mud from running out into the harbor by way of the slip between B and D, the C. P. R. wharf. This dredging also undermined the corner of D, so that it has now a drop of probably eighteen inches. The piles had no hold in the mud, and it is claimed that the stuff still continues to run into the harbor.

The northerly wharf has been built in two sections and has a total length of 440 feet. One of these sections was grounded out of position as described last week. It was, however, sunk and ballasted on Wednesday night.

It is obvious to anybody that C, when in its proper position, should join the rear of A, but it has been put in position with a gap of ten feet between the two. The excuse made by Inspector Brown was that the tide ran up the slip so strong that the northerly wharf could not be placed any closer to the harbor front wharf, but the question naturally arises why was not an attempt made on the ebb tide, when the current outward would be as strong as when it had been inward on the flood tide?

There is a suspicion by some that soundings were not taken with sufficient care, and that C. brought up against the bottom ten feet away from A and was allowed to remain there. Then the ballast was put in.

The other section of C is lying afloat at the Island wharf. When it is placed in position at the western end of the section already in place, its shore end will over-run the 440 feet line by ten feet, and the distance left between the other end of C and the harbor front wharf. If it does, it will be that much on private property. That

RUFFLES ON THE BORDER

WHAT ST. STEPHEN FOLKS HAVE BEEN DISCUSSING OF LATE.

The Story of a Seizure in Which a Prospective Bridegroom Was Interested—How the Matter Was Settled—Some Other Affairs of Interest on the St. Croix.

An occasional visitor to the thriving town of St. Stephen, on the historic St. Croix, can hardly have the opportunity of coming in contact with the citizens in such a manner, as to get at their opinions on many interesting subjects outside their particular lines of business. During a rainy week, however, when business is quiet, the people both in hotels and places of business, are liable to unbuckle some of their thoughts on other than regular business topics. Some of these opinions if placed in the personal columns of PROGRESS, might have a stimulating effect on the morals, especially of some of the Civil Service employees, who seem to think they never should pay their bills, and probably never will while protected from arrest as they now are. It may be well for such to keep in touch with the times, as recent agitation in Ontario regarding this matter may result in a law that will put them on an equal footing with other "dead beats," who are liable to arrest.

STUTTS OF THE FORCE.

Three Men of the Police Force Who Practically Do Nothing.

While the chief of all the police is worrying himself out of joint by wondering how he is going to reduce his force without giving all the burglars and rascals in Canada the opportunity they have been waiting for, that stern and assiduous guardian of the public peace and his own welfare, John Ring, is walking the streets with the same sang froid and leisurely air as he did in the olden times. John has a fine time of it. When he pleases he strolls up to the police office and takes a look at the slate. If any of the small boys have been breaking windows or indulging in their passion for a bad cigar by climbing over back fences and crawling through an open window, Mr. Ring buttons up his citizen's coat and begins to look around the favorite sites for pitching cents or marbles. The boys seldom give him much trouble. They prefer the pleasure of the cents and marbles to hiding from the "cops" who give them some diversion by escorting them up to the police court where they get the usual reprimand, pay less attention to it than they did the week before and return to their marbles.

Occasionally there is bigger game for Ring to hunt, but in all seriousness when the force is being reduced in the interests of economy, there is no excuse in keeping a man who has no regular duties assigned to him.

Apart from Ring there are too many officials entirely. Perhaps it is necessary to have a man in charge of the North End division, and Hastings is as good an official as could have been selected, but the chief himself could take charge of the Southern division which now apparently is under a sub chief in the person of Capt. Jenkins. Then there is Covay who seems to have no settled beat but wanders from corner to corner. Then Sergeant Baxter also has some charge of the men. Following the chief there is Jenkins, Hastings, Covay, King, Baxter and other sergeants, and the whole force is between 30 and 40.

There is an attempt to put on too much style, there are too many officials about the city police force. The town can't afford the luxury of so many bosses, and when the chief makes up his mind to that effect and wakes up to the fact that there is no cash to pay the seven extra men he has on, the struts of the force may be put at something more useful than ornamental.

Must Limit the Number of Pages.

The special edition of PROGRESS announced two weeks ago, is meeting with such success that it is now doubtful whether it will be possible to confine the number of pages to the limit the publisher had set. Advertisers as a rule are not in love with such a mass of literature, for example as that issued by the New York World recently of 100 pages. PROGRESS does not propose to make the number of the pages in its special edition any greater than it can possibly get along with. In the first place the quality of the paper used is such that the addition of a few pages in a large issue adds to the cost in a wonderful way. More than that, the weight of the paper is such that it would seriously increase the cost of the postage to those who propose sending away a large number of copies. For these reasons the publisher wishes that the issue may not contain more than thirty-two pages.

"An Unsolicited Testimonial."

"You remember that advertisement of a house to let that I put in PROGRESS last week," remarked a gentleman to the writer a few days ago. "Yes." "Well, before Monday I had received eight answers from that one insertion, while the same advertisement in two of the city dailies had not brought me a reply. You can add that to your testimonials, and mention at the same time that the advertiser has more houses to let at Rothersey." For particulars, see condensed advertisements.

Will Be Investigated.

The statement made by "a resident of Lancaster," who writes to PROGRESS concerning the Sunday liquor traffic in this city, will be investigated, and if they are found correct will be published.

GOOD-BYE ART GALLERY.

MR. REED'S SYMPHONIES IN OIL WILL GO TO SACKVILLE.

Zion's Church Will Resume Business at the Old Stand, but Under New Management—How the Legislature Has Revoked the Will of John Owens.

The Owens Art Gallery is going to Sackville. The authorities of the Mount Allison institution will give, or have given \$1,300 for it, of which \$500 is to be devoted to restoring Zion church for the purpose of public worship. The authority for this transfer by Mr. Robert Reed, sole surviving trustee under the will of John Owens was granted at the last session of the legislature. From first to last the legislature has been very accommodating in arranging matters, as if John Owens had never made a will which he supposed would be carried out in the spirit in which he made it.

IF THE PICTURES, GOOD, BAD AND INDIFFERENT,

must leave St. John, there is probably no better place to which they can go than to the Sackville institutions. They will be well cared for and such of them as are of any value will be appreciated. They were not appreciated in St. John, a circumstance due as much to the principles on which the affair was run as to any lack of culture in the average citizen. The Owens Art institution has been conspicuous for its persistent ignoring of New Brunswick artists.

THE TRANSFER TO SACKVILLE IS LEGAL ENOUGH.

No doubt, for an Act of Assembly can make almost anything so. How far it would have met the approval of Mr. Owens, could he have dreamed of such a possibility, is another question.

Mr. Owens, as PROGRESS related last year was originally a quaker, but united with the Portland Methodist church. Becoming offended because such an innovation as an organ was introduced into the edifice, he withdrew and "started a church of his own," which he expressly stipulated later by his will no instrumental music was to be allowed. The trustees of his estate were to employ ministers of what he termed the "methodist, presbyterian, baptist, independent or episcopal persuasion." A portion of the estate was set aside "for the purpose of establishing a gallery or school of art for the instruction of young persons in drawing and other works of art."

Mr. Owens died in 1867, the church having been maintained by him for seven years or so, up to that time. It was not run with the same success after his death, and in 1882 the legislature began its work of improving on the idea which Mr. Owens had brought to embody in his will. They turned the church into an art gallery, and in doing so took occasion to affirm that this frustration of one part of the will would undoubtedly be in accordance with the wishes of the testator if he were living.

So the building which had been designed as a non-sectarian free church had a glass roof put on it, and Mr. Reed began to gather in the works of old masters at the bargain counters of Boston and other art centres.

The gallery, whether it was the kind of an affair the testator had ever dreamed of or not, thus crowded the church out of existence, but less than the succeeding ten years of experience showed that this diversion of the bequest was not destined to produce the results Mr. Reed had in view, whatever they were. Then Mr. Reed decided to take a summary way of solving the problem. He got more legislation, and this time it was to enable him to send the art gallery away from St. John. Whether this "would undoubtedly be in accordance with the wishes of the testator if he were living," is not stated.

The bargain with the Sackville institution provides for the changing back of the art gallery to a church, but this time it comes into the control of the Methodist denomination alone, as a mission in connection with the Exmouth street church, which has not only an organ, but a very good one within its walls. The gentlemen of the "presbyterian, baptist, independent, or episcopal persuasion," need no longer hope for a chance to occupy it with their ministers for all time to come.

It is not likely there will be any more legislation. There is no need of it so far as the turning upside down of the ideas of John Owens is concerned.

TOPICS OF THE TURF.

What the Provincial Horsemen are Doing and Saying.

Notwithstanding that it is within four days of the first holiday of the season, the 24th, Moosepath Park has not yet been opened to the trainers or the public. This is not the fault, however, of the officials of the course, but of the weather. The track is yet soft, wet and heavy, and it will take a few days of warm sun and dry wind to make it in first class condition for training upon. In spite of this fact the number of flyers that are moving around the back streets and on those parts of the road that are fit to travel on, is increasing every week. More Wilkes colts are coming to the front

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HARD LINES IN BOSTON.

MEN WHO ARE OUT OF WORK AND ANXIOUS TO FIND IT.

It is the Old Story, and Yet Hundreds Continue to Come and Get Their Experiences in the Massachusetts Legislature—Provincial Personalities.

BOSTON, May 16.—The summer days have come in earnest. Overcoats, fur capes and every sign of winter disappears periodically, for the hot weather is not continuous. The open cars are running, and the benches on the Common begin to look inviting; so much so that it is almost impossible to get a chance to sit on one. Seats are in greater demand than they ever were at a free show in the Institute, and the sight on the Common any day is enough to make the St. John opera house management green with envy.

Times are dull, and the great army of unemployed swarms the Common; there to swap stories and ruminate over the unequalness of things; until it would be little wonder if the great army of working men should rise up in their might and revolutionize the country.

For here are all kinds of men, ignorant and well schooled, dull and intelligent, mere machines and bright thinkers who have not yet found their places in life; men who are willing to work and others who would just as soon sit in the Common—all come to sit and rest after walking themselves footsore. The better class know that they will be stamped as loafers if they stay there; that ministers of the gospel, one of whom I heard not long ago, will class them with the idle fellows who are looking for work and praying with all their might that they will not find it—they know all this and shrink from passers by, but they have no place else to go. They have walked the not pavements in a hopeless hunt for work; they have gone from door to door in the great commercial district; they formed the crowd that pushed and shoved each other to get a look at the want columns of the morning paper stuck on the wall in front of the building; they were the men the merchant, who inserted a small ad in the paper, found on his doorstep that morning—two score of them to choose a servant from; the men whom the great newspaper referred to when it called attention to the effectiveness of an "ad" in its want columns—the great army of unemployed.

God knows how they put in the winter; what their little ones suffered; how their frail children and wives trudged through the snow to work to keep the breath of life in the family—for the women and children can get work here in Boston while the fathers and brothers have to sit on the Common.

Boston is a hard place for the working-man, yet boat after boat and train after train brings them from the provinces every spring. They come to swell the army on the Common; how long their term of service will be; how long it will be before they will get an opportunity to earn their board and lodging, is only a matter of chance.

It may come in one day—perhaps not for two months, three months, or a year.

The legislature voted last week to have a morning session. "Too expedite business," was the reason given, and there was a laugh all around. The base ball season opened in Boston this week, and the members of the legislature wanted to take in the games.

Last Sunday the Herald published an article on the introduction of base ball into Boston; of the efforts of the first enthusiasts to give the game a standing; and of a bill which was introduced in the legislature, for the incorporation of a company, to run a professional base ball team. The introduction of that bill created a laugh.

There is a different set of men in the legislature today from that of 20 years ago, but base ball seems to be as funny a subject at Beacon Hill now as it was then.

The old timers thought the bill presented to them was ridiculous, and its consideration beneath the dignity of such an august body. Now that august body shuts up shops to attend the games.

There seems to be a revival of base ball interest this year, although there are thousands of men in Massachusetts, who are trying to forget that there ever was such a game. They have had the same experience as some of the boys in St. John who spent money and neglected business to follow the fortunes of their favorite teams.

As a result of that enthusiasm in New Brunswick, St. John people who come up here, are apt to see some familiar faces on the ball fields of Massachusetts.

Billy Merritt, who taught Sexton, in those never-to-be-forgotten games between the "St. Johns" and the "Shamrocks" is now doing good work for the "Bostons." While at a New England league game, the other day, I thought I recognized a familiar phizog on third base for the "Portland" team. I bought a score card, and found I was right. It was Pete Burns—"Golden Gate Pete," I think they used to call him in St. John—and he has the same individuality today that he had then. A few days before I saw Abe Lezotte, who played with the Shamrocks, on the Lewiston team. Then there are a number of names which become familiar when the St. John and Shamrocks were looking for world beaters.

Talking about world beaters reminds me of John L. Sullivan. He was here last week, playing in "The man from Boston" at the Howard theatre, and the mob went

wild over him as usual. All the dead game sports took in the show to cheer and howl at everything the big man said, for he is still popular with the mob.

All the boot-blacks, newboys and bums in creation blockaded Howard street before and after the performance every evening, all anxious to get a glimpse of the big bully, who, a few days afterward, kicked a one-armed man in the stomach and got a powerful blow under the ear in return. R. C. LARSEN.

HOW PHOTOGRAPHS ARE MADE.

Plain Talk to New Beginners—Preliminary Remarks—The Dark Rooms.

As a commencement for these papers, which, by the way will continue from week to week, a few preliminary remarks may not be out of place.

Photography, and particularly amateur photography, has gone forward by leaps and bounds during the last few years.

This is due to some extent to the decreasing cost of apparatus and material; but more largely to the handy and compact little instruments of today as compared with the cumbersome apparatus of ten and twelve years ago.

In those days the wet collodion process, now a thing of the past, was the only one in use. Necessitating as it did the use of a portable dark room, and the immediate use of a number of complicated chemical solutions, it made photography for "amateurs" almost an impossibility. To-day a small hand satchel will carry everything necessary for a lengthy trip.

As a pastime, photography has advantages which nothing else can claim. For instance, a young man is confined to an office or some other form of business day after day and month after month. We can imagine how he looks forward to his ten day vacation, the only time in the whole year which he can really call his own. His holidays arrive at last and are spent in boating, fishing, or some of the other familiar forms of amusement, enjoyed no doubt at the time, but a week later forgotten until the fulness of time shall bring the same programme around again.

Now, just here is where the usefulness of "Amateur Photography" makes itself apparent. Had that young man a knowledge of photography, and been possessed of a little outfit, how often during the long winter evenings could he have lived his vacation over again in the views which he brought back with him.

As an exercise, both mental and physical it is also not without just claims. Physically, the tramps, perhaps of miles, to get some enticing bit of scenery. Mentally—the judgment necessary to get the desired effect of lighting and composition, give an occupation so entirely different from the office as to make him almost forget his connection with it, which is precisely what he wants to do. Throughout these papers some of the formulas may not be the very latest; but in every case they will be ones which have been thoroughly tested and found to be good.

The first thing necessary in order to make a successful start, will be to provide a suitable dark-room. By this we do not mean a dark corner or cupboard; but a room absolutely impervious to white light. A small pantry or spare bedroom can easily be made to answer the purpose. Narrow strips of felt doubled and tacked along the edges of the door will make it light tight, fill the keyhole with a piece of cork. If there is a window in the room, remove the glass, and insert in its place, a piece of glass of a deep ruby color. This is the only colored light which does not affect the sensitive plates. In the absence of a window in your improvised dark-room, you will have to procure a ruby lantern. This can be had from any dealer in photographic stock.

A supply of water is also necessary. A good plan for this is to procure a butter tub and after cleansing it thoroughly, place a common tap or faucet in it a couple of inches from the bottom. Another tub may be placed below this to catch the waste. If your outfit does not contain developing dishes, get a tinsmith to make you about four shallow tin pans about an inch larger than the size of plate that you purpose using. Coat these dishes thoroughly inside and out with brnswick black and they will answer the purpose very well.

My next article will deal with the selection of apparatus and the method of using it.

"That's the way I shoot."

An officer in attendance at a shooting competition noticed two men firing with anything but William-Tell-like accuracy.

Approaching them, he exclaimed angrily: "You fellows don't know the way to shoot; lend me a rifle, and let me show you."

"Bang!" and the target was missed. A broad grin overspread the features of the two privates, but the officer was quite equal to the occasion. Turning to the first with a frown, he remarked—

"That's the way you shoot, sir."

A second attempt had a like result.

Turning to the other, he said—

"And that's the way you shoot, sir."

A third shot, and he succeeded in making a "centre." With pardonable pride the worthy officer returned the rifle, triumphantly remarking—

"And that's the way I shoot."

The men ever since have held a very high opinion of him as a marksman.

Healthy Summer Drinks.

For a purely temperance Summer drink, pleasant and invigorating, nothing can excel, and few equal, The Wilmet Spa Ginger Ale, and The Havlock Mineral Spring Ginger Ale. The Aerated Mineral Waters for sale by us from both springs, also, for table use by J. S. ARMISTEAD & BRO. 32 Charlotte St.

MILLER THE PROPHET.

THE REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS DELUSION OF 'FORTY THREE.

How the Millerites Looked for the End of the World and Fixed Dates for the Catastrophic Events Which Older Readers of "Progress" May Remember.

The present year witnesses the semi-centennial of one of the most remarkable religious delusions this country has ever seen says a U. S. paper. The year 1843 is memorable for the great excitement awakened by the lectures of William Miller, who confidently predicted that the world was about to come to an end, so far as its present form was concerned, and that Christ would make his second personal appearance on earth to begin his millennial reign.

Mr. Miller was a native of Pittsfield, Mass., but in early manhood settled in Poultney, Vt., where he was deputy sheriff. He was a captain in the army during the second war with England and was in the engagement at Plattsburg. After the war he returned home and was for several years a justice of the peace. Mr. Miller was very highly esteemed by all who knew him. His education was limited, but he was possessed of unusual natural abilities. At the age of 31 he united with the Baptist church and immediately devoted himself, with great ardor, to the study of the scriptures, especially the prophetic portions and the Book of Revelation. Through these he became convinced that the fifth monarchy, predicted by Daniel to be given to the saints of the Most High for an everlasting possession, as expressed in the seventh chapter of that prophecy, was on the eve of fulfillment. When it became known that Mr. Miller entertained these views he was urged to give them publicity, and after some hesitation wrote a series of articles for a local paper which was followed the year after by a more elaborate synopsis in a pamphlet. He had no thought at that time of appearing on the platform in advocacy of his principles, but circumstances, which he regarded as clearly providential, opened his way, and so earnestly did he engage in it that in the course of 10 years he delivered no less than 3,200 lectures.

His views were substantially as follows: That Jesus Christ would appear a second time in 1843, in the clouds of heaven; that he would then raise the righteous dead and judge them together with the righteous living, who would be caught up to meet him in the air; that he would purify the earth with fire, causing the wicked and all their works to be consumed in the general conflagration, and would shut up their souls in the place prepared for the devil and his angels; that the saints would live and reign with Christ on the new earth 1,000 years; that then Satan and the wicked spirits would be let loose and the wicked dead would be raised, this being the second resurrection, and all judged according to their works. In 1840 a conference was held in Boston, and during the following year several such were held at various points in New England. In 1842 Messrs. Miller and Hines conducted a series of meetings in Apollo Hall, in New York city, which created much excitement. The subject was calculated, by its very nature, to awaken deep interest, and especially so, as the following year was the time set for these events to come to pass. The number of Mr. Miller's followers now comprehended not less than 50,000.

Of course these views met with opposition. Some were content to dismiss them with simple ridicule; but the solemn nature of the subject, the great number of believers and their evident sincerity and piety rendered such a weapon comparatively ineffectual. Others resorted to argument, maintaining that before the second coming of the world's monarch, must become righteous and the lion eat straw like the ox; that the Jews must be brought in and restored to Palestine, and that, far from being revealed, as claimed by Mr. Miller, the day of the Lord was to come "as a thief in the night." But the great argument, and which was relied upon to up to Mr. Miller's whole hypothesis, was that Daniel's prophecy had nothing to do with the coming of Christ, or the setting up of God's everlasting kingdom, but that the whole reference was to Antiochus Epiphanes, a Syrian King, and his desecration of the temple 100 years before the Christian era.

Several particular dates were fixed during 1843 for the great event. The first was February 10, 45 years from the time the French troops took Rome in 1798. Others selected February 15, the anniversary of the abolition of the papal government and the erection of the Roman republic. When these days passed, the season of the Passover was looked forward to, and then of the ascension. Sunday, April 23, there was a great expectation. At an early hour the "Boston Tabernacle" was crowded with men, women and children.

It is related that some of these actually appeared dressed in long "ascension robes" ready to take on angelic forms and attributes in the twinkling of an eye. But that day wore away in exhortation, prayer and praise and ended like the others in disappointment. Then Mr. Miller fixed upon October 22. Speaking of this on October 6 he said: "If Christ does not come within 20 or 25 days, I shall feel twice the disappointment I did in the spring."

Far from being disheartened by repeated disappointments Mr. Miller's followers looked forward to October with an unwavering confidence. That fall over New England, farmers neglected their crops, prisoners in prisons suffered to freeze in the ground, and corn and apples went unharvested while the husbandmen and their good wives were quietly waiting for the coming of their Lord. But the Lord did not come, and as a consequence of their negligence, many suffered greatly from privations during the following year.

Mr. Miller lived and died in the firm belief of the principles he had preached, for while acknowledging, as events proved, the inaccuracy of his chronological calculations, he still claimed, to the close of his days, that the end of all things was near at hand, and that the general principles of interpretation on which he based his conclusions

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MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The management of the Oratorio Society have invited Mr. Hayes to sing a duet with Mr. Clarence Hay at the coming concert.

I heard a good story the other day of a certain professional gentleman well known as an admirer of the fair sex and who also poses as rather a critic in music, art, etc.

There was an enjoyable concert at Coteney school room on Tuesday evening, the special attraction being Miss Tarbox, of Portland, Me.

The rest of the programme was made up of solos a trio, chorus, and some selections by the Treble Clef, some of which call for special mention.

Thanks! "Fair Play" the slip of a pen would have been corrected without your kindly intervention.

The Musical Club met at Miss Homer's on Wednesday evening last, but owing to the wretched weather, there was not a very large attendance.

The Hollis street theatre also wound up its affairs last week and will not be open for business again until a new season has begun.

The Grand opera house seems to be run now with Miss Annie Clarke as the stellar attraction. Last week "Romeo and Juliet" was given, with Miss Clarke as Romeo, and those who know the lady may imagine that the young Montague was certainly well supplied with adipose tissue.

Edwin Booth, who has been at death's door during the past few weeks is reported as on the road to recovery.

New Yorkers will have the privilege of witnessing "Shore Acres" next season, as Mr. Field has arranged for a long run in that city at a prominent Broadway Theatre.

The Hettie Bernard Chase Co., after playing in hard luck through Wisconsin, stranded at Racine, where it is reported they had to sell their trick animals to get money enough to get out of town.

Gilbert's English opera company, under the management of Mr. David J. Gilbert, open for a summer season May 29 and 30 at the Portland Theatre, Portland, Me.

The World's fair congresses begin this week and the women will lead off, discuss-

ing the subjects of most interest to their own sex. Here is the Programme for Wednesday evening:

"Woman's Place in the Legitimate Drama," Mme. Janina Zick, Poland. "The Endowed Theatre," Helena Modjeska.

No special price is to be charged for admission to this entertainment but it promises to rival any theatrical entertainment that has been put on the boards for a long time.

In all probability Mr. George Wilson, long of the Boston Museum Stock Company will not be seen again on the stage of that house as a regular member of the Company, after the close of his present engagement.

He was and is a master-hand at "make-ups." With all the characters he has played, and he has presented no less than 474 distinct types 6882 times during his career upon the stage, he has not shown the same face twice in different characters.

After stuff like this it is a genuine pleasure to drop into the Tremont and see Willard. He has given us the "Professor's love story," "Judah" and "John Needham's double" and next week he will be seen in "The Middleman."

James O'Neill has been seen this week in the romantic French drama "Fantine" at the Bowdoin Square and will remain there for two weeks longer.

The Bowdoin Square Theatre will have the Baker Opera Company in light opera for the summer season.

"April Weather" is the title of Sol Smith Russell's new play.

Joseph Haworth and Marie Jauch are to join the Grand Opera House forces and will be first seen in "Rosedale."

The Globe has also gone in for a revival, and has put on "Led Astray" in splendid shape, with a cast comprising many well known names, and beautifully mounted.

Over at the Park the twenty-fourth and last week of "A Temperance Town" has been played. At this house but two pieces have been produced for the entire season and either one of them, could have run through the whole time.

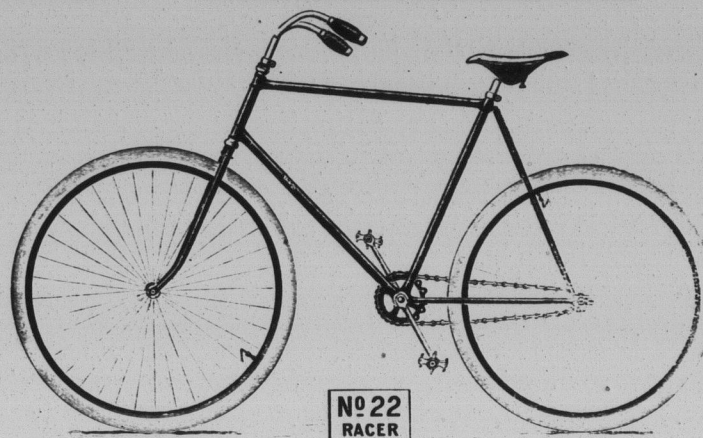
The Boston shows melo-drama of the most pronounced type in the shape of a play called "The Span of Life." The fetching scene of this play is where the heroine, in dire distress pursued by the villains, finds herself on the wrong side of a raging torrent from which the bridge has

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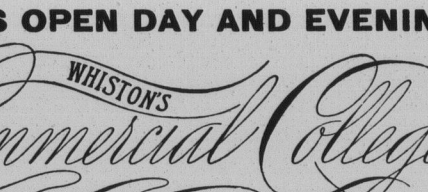
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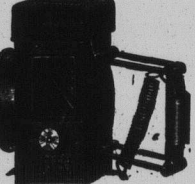
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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY MAY 20.

WRITERS, BUT NOT AUTHORS.

An English writer recently commented on the fact that no table waiter has ever written a book, so far as the world knows. There are men in other lines of work of which the same may be said, but the point in this instance that is in no other calling, perhaps are there so many opportunities to study mankind and their ways. The waiter, to be efficient, must be a person keen of observation, with a retentive memory, and he cannot fail to learn much which the mere professional writer either learns at second-hand or not at all. Yet waiters do not take to literature, though men of almost every other occupation now and then do so with greater or less success, according to the subject chosen and their personal knowledge of it. The waiter does not take to literature, though singular to say the barber often does, and with a fair degree of success. Why the waiter should be silent, nobody knows. That his occupation is not antagonistic to men of a literary turn is shown by the success with which poor students from Harvard and other institutions of learning have very often the opportunity to do amateur waiter work at summer resorts, on the White Mountains and other places, and have gained dollars if not distinction by their labors. Some of them, within the knowledge of Progress, afterwards made their mark as newspaper men on leading journals of Boston and New York. They were only amateur waiters, however. The professional has never attempted to retiate on them by doing newspaper work in the season when travel was dull.

Yet if the waiter did take to newspaper work, the chances of his becoming an author would be very little bettered. It is a remarkable fact that the number of editors who are known as authors of books is very small, and that the tendency is for it to become smaller of recent years. This may seem strange to those who are out of the ranks, but it is easily understood by those who are in the harness. The average editor has neither the time nor the inclination to write books, or rather to write matter with a view to its publication in book form. His work is in another line, and he realizes it.

The editor who has passed through the experience of a trained newspaper man ought to be in a position to write books on a good many subjects, and to make them as readable as he makes his journalistic work. He has a knowledge of many things in nature and human nature gained in the nature of his vocation, and he should be able to tell it in such a way that people would read it. Writing is his business, and every year of his life he sends forth to the world more than would suffice to fill many books, the greater portion of which is doomed to pass into oblivion a few hours after he has written it. The writer of even an inferior book has some chance of being remembered by the next generation, because his book will be in existence, but how few people keep files of papers, of those who do keep them how few read them, and of those who do read them how few know the names of the writers of the articles which attract the fancy. The newspaper man is thus devoting his energies to work which has no pre-eminence, and is daily exhausting his vitality to produce something which will be cast aside and often forgotten as soon as read. He writes much that ought to be preserved, and would be if it were in book form, but as the putting it in that form is something which he rarely attempts. Why is it?

The truth of the matter seems to be that the editor who takes an interest in his work has so much faith in the newspaper that he prefers it to any other medium for telling what he knows or thinks. He is conscious that in dealing with the issues of the day he is always exercising an influence greater than is ordinarily possible for a book writer to gain, and that he is continually moulding

thought and moving his fellows to do this or that in the affairs of daily life. He aims quickly and not without results. It is his daily work and he has no occasion to strive to reach the ear of the world in any other way. Usually his labors take as much time as it is right for him to give to mental toil. When he has leisure, he welcomes the rest, and does not seek to add to his burdens by going into work which necessitates protracted thought. His heart is with his paper, and his energies are devoted to making it approach his ideal of what such a paper should be. He does not want other distractions in the way of literary work, and he feels that he cannot serve two masters, without neglecting his duty, to one or the other of them.

There are journalists whose labors are limited to this or that, about a newspaper, to whom this theory may not apply, for they do not feel tied down to their work, and have abundance of opportunity to write books on anything else. With the active, zealous newspaper man, however, the case is very different. When he writes a book, he deserves to succeed with it, for he is an exceptional kind of an author.

EASTERN AND WESTERN.

A correspondent asks information on the following points: I would like you to explain to me just what it was, that caused the non-communication between the Roman Catholic and Greek churches, and also between the Greek and Anglican—and at what period in the history of the catholic church did these differences (or whatever they may be called) occur, and also do the Anglican and Greek churches differ much in the fundamental points of doctrine.

The division between the East and the West, the Roman and Greek churches, took place in the year 1054, up to which period the catholic church throughout the world had been one in faith and practice. A number of minor differences had led the way to a separation, but the particular point of difference was in regard to the wording of what is known as the "Procession of the Holy Ghost," in the Nicene creed. The creed originally contained the words "proceedeth from the FATHER," and the subsequent addition of the words "and the SON," was the ground of the controversy. In regard to this, the Anglican Dr. BLUNT says, "We may be allowed to believe that the dispute was, in reality, a question of mere words, and that the two branches of the one church did, and still do, hold the 'One Faith,' though differing in their mode of expressing it." The Patriarch of Jerusalem was excommunicated by Pope LEO IX, in 1053, and the Patriarch of Jerusalem excommunicated the Roman church in the following year. They have not since been in communion one with the other.

At the time of the separation of the Eastern and Western churches, the British church had not separated from the church of Rome, with which it had been in union from the time of the arrival of SAINT AUGUSTINE in 597. It was therefore included in the excommunication. Of recent years efforts have been made and are still making to re-establish the communion between the Eastern Church and the Anglican. The Anglican and Greek catholic church do not "differ much in the fundamental points of doctrine," though there are differences in usages and minor matters. It may be still further said that all branches of the catholic church, Greek, Anglican and Roman, agree in the great verities of the faith, or they could have no claim to be called catholic. The Anglican church has never excommunicated the church of Rome, and must therefore recognize its orders and sacraments as valid. A priest of the Roman communion, entering the church of England does not have to submit himself to conditional baptism and reordination, though an Anglican priest, entering the church of Rome would have to do so. The relations between the Eastern church and the church of England are friendly, and the establishment of a bishopric at Jerusalem by the latter church, a few years ago, was recognized as such an invasion of territory already occupied, as the mission was solely in the interests of the English residents in Palestine and other Eastern countries. The church of England does not attempt to interfere with the established Eastern church, or to act in antagonism to it.

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

If the increase or decrease of the number of the licensed taverns is any indication of a city's moral progress, St. John has improved to a considerable extent during the last third of a century or so. This year 84 retail and 22 wholesale licenses were issued, and some good people thought the number appallingly large. In 1857, however, according to a list recently shown to Progress, there were no less than 204 retail and 51 wholesale liquor stores in the city, to say nothing of numerous unlicensed vendors who were not followed up as they appear to be at the present time. The number of licenses was even larger some years later, and it cannot be claimed that the present showing is a bad one in comparison with the past. It may be that as much liquor is sold in the 84 shops to-day as was sold in the 204 in 1857, but it is hardly likely that such is the case. There has been a good deal of reform in the drinking habits of business and professional men within even the last twenty years, and the time has gone by when hard drinking and

nightly carousal in bar-rooms is consistent with respectability. Public sentiment has undergone a great change in recent times, even among those who are not total abstainers and are opposed to prohibition.

HONORING THE LOYALISTS.

Loyalist Day seems to have been observed with less enthusiasm than usual this year, and those who did not bear the sound of the nineteen guns fired Thursday morning had nothing to remind them of the city's great anniversary. There was a time when a good deal of energy was shown in the observance of the day, as second only to the QUEEN'S birthday on the following week. That there is so little enthusiasm now is not due to any want of respect for the founders of St. John, but that the young men who are now to the front as active promoters of events are not so largely of loyalist descent as they were even a score of years ago. They honor the Loyalists and admire their pluck, but they have not what may be called a family pride in the matter. Some of the lineal descendants of Loyalists now found among our citizens are, however, doing more practical work in collecting and preserving all that sheds light on the early history of the city and province. This was something which enthusiastic citizens of the past rather neglected, so that many valuable records are lost beyond recall. The men of to-day do no less honor to the Loyalists than did the men of a generation ago, but they go to work on a different basis.

SOME ERRORS CORRECTED.

The following letter is from an indignant correspondent, XAVIER, who wrote a funny story for Progress, but is evidently of the opinion that it did not receive justice at the hands of the proof-reader: Several misprints appear in my last communication rendered it ridiculous in the extreme. Instead of "Loke Pat" say Holy Pat, instead of "delects me wid tree older fellows" say "delects me" &c. (i. e. elects me); instead of "There dat Gladstone make de rool," say I here (hear) &c. There is no sense whatever in publishing misprints of this kind. Progress regrets that the errors occurred, but the publication of the corrections will enable the readers of the story in last week's issue to make the changes in their copies and read the revised version with pleasure. At the same time it may be said that a man who writes dialect stories in a handwriting which neither compositor nor proof-reader can read very plainly has no right to complain of occasional errors in it when published.

FIND SOME OTHER NAMES.

The Aldermen Have an Ambition to Do Something Foolish. The board of works reported to the council, Thursday, on some changes in the names of streets, but the report was sent back and is likely to be considerably amended. If it is not it ought to be. One of the changes proposed is that Dorchester street, from Hazen street to Paradise row be called Foundry street. There is neither poetry nor sense in this, for one of the nuisances to strangers now is in having different names for sections of one thoroughfare, such as Germain street and Wellington row.

Another proposition which is ridiculous upon its face is that the aldermen should immortalize themselves by giving their own names to streets. They recommend that the Strait Shore road be called Chesley street, while Marsh street, wherever that may be, is to be styled La street. It is to be hoped the board will see the absurdity of this idea, which is in the worst of bad taste. The fact that any man happens to have a majority in a ward election this year or that year is no reason why his name should be intruded upon public attention for all time. The aldermen whom it is thus proposed to distinguish ought to be wise enough to refuse any such "honor." Such a principle, if established, might lead to all sorts of charges in the nomenclature of highways to gratify the vanity of this man and that. Mill street, for instance, conveys no significance by its present name, and the council might very well call it McGoldrick avenue, while Moore street would be known as Kelly avenue. Then we should have a contest over the Barrack shore as to whether it should bear the title of Lewis or Bizard boulevard, while as there is a King street on each side of the harbor, Ald. Smith and Baxter would be in a race for it. Then, again, the name of Cliff street has no meaning now, but as Ald. O'Brien resides on that street he might claim the right to have it called after him. Nobody can predict what changes might be made if the aldermen once get possessed of an ambition to thus immortalize themselves. The idea should be killed at the outset.

In New Quarters.

The new quarters of the Church of England Institute and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, on Germain street, have been put in order during the last week, and will be found well adapted to the needs of the respective organizations. The shop in front will be used as a depository of the S. P. C. K., and a large and varied stock of the publications of the society will be kept on sale.

Society Note From Upper Keswick.

Dr. Campbell still keeps moving and paid a visit the other day and while he had his hair cut by the town barber. Butler's Journal.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Organ of the Gods. In this progressive age, when love, And hate, and all the passions, glow With fire that's not of gods above, With flame that's not from gods below. In this language of progress, when Unsummoned lie the lazy gods, Though yet they love to study men, And wish the ends of human odds. Now in this labor-saving age When tired out toil has had his day, The gods have learnt from modern sage To stily meet the easiest way. So now, when Saturn's day comes round— The Sabbath of the god of time— Swift messengers to earth are bound From darkness depths, and heights sublime. For Progress pleases godly eyes— Progress, delight of men and maid— Progress is carried to the skies, And brightens Pluto's gloomy shades. Jove, god of lightnings, Mighty One! With Telegrams now lines his robe; The smiling sun-god scorcs the Sun, Atlas no more supports the Globe. The goddesses all quickly turn To column-topped "Society," For toilettes they described they yearn, And never have satiety. The gods who cause a lost soul's throes, And those of love, and peace, and mirth, All long to learn the "joys and woes Of places" on this sad, glad earth. Bold, boozey Bacchus, blistering broods On Scott's great act, and like decrees, Mars muses on the martial moods Of our New Brunswick M. P.'s. On Progress odes the Muses muse So busily the whole day long That they all monthly refuse To help me with this drowsome song. But gentle gods have told me this— That he alone is counted who Who readeth Progress, seeking bliss, Or doth in Progress advertise. These the gods love—but this I've sung Tremble not; at allay all fears; 'Tis true, that whom gods love, die young, But young in spirit, not in years. But they who do not advertise, And do not for their Progress pay, From Tartarus shall never rise, But dwell in Pluto's realms for aye. Sackville, N. B. HAW!

Watching. I am watching alone by my smouldering fire, And thinking to-night, love, of thee; The shadow pictures its light dimly shows, Reflect but try image to me; While the winds sweep o'er the pine tree increasingly rave, While they sweep o'er the spot where the wild grasses wave, Those grasses that cover thy far-away grave— I'm thinking to-night, love, of thee. Each lily is bending its beautiful head, And they seem, in the stillness, to me, To be bowing in grief for my beautiful dead, And the bright hopes that vanished with thee. And watching the lilies their slender heads nod, They speak to my heart as they bloom from the sod, Of my lily that blooms in the garden of God: Thy whisper of heaven and thee. The stars sparkle bright on the mantle of night, Like lamps of a heavenly band; The moon wraps the earth in her cold, mystic light, And silence lies over the land. I see the bright stars in the dark azure sky, And they tell me I'll find thee again by and by, As they fade into morning when seeming to die— Are you thinking, in heaven, of me? PAUL VERE.

In a Garden. A tall white lily stood in the shade All cool though the sun, so fierce, delayed; And each sunflower nodded a golden head, The lily is queen, is queen, they said. So gay in the sun a scarlet vine grew Nor dreamed of the shelter the lily knew; Softly each sunflower nodded its head, Our lily's so white, so pure, they said. But dark in the night, a wild storm came, And low on the earth lay the vine of fame; While gravely each sunflower nodded its head, The lily, though tried, stands firm, they said. Then one came with a gentle touch, Who raised the vine and loved it much; But the sunflowers tossed each yellow head Our lily ne'er stooped was what they said. But the vine grew bravely near loving care And its gay sweet leaves were everywhere; While the sunflowers owned with a gentle sigh, How never a lily had climbed so high. Mar 15th, '93. MINOX.

Business on the Boom.

The orders that are pouring in to the Hawker Medicine Company prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that their remedies have secured a strong hold upon the people. This is a flattering tribute to the preparations as well as to the judicious and energetic management that has placed them so favorably before the public of the Maritime Provinces. The three active travelers of the company are now on the road, all in different sections. Mr. Percy Chestnut, who has for many years been very well known indeed among the druggists of the Maritime Provinces, is now in Carleton County pushing the preparations in that section. Mr. Frank Wheaton, who for a long time was a popular representative of a proprietary article, well known in this province, is also in the employ of the Hawker Medicine Company and moves throughout those portions of the country which are not easily accessible by rail or steamboat. Mr. Rankin, who returned a short time ago from a very successful trip to Newfoundland, is now on the southern shore of Nova Scotia introducing the preparations. The reports from all of these gentlemen from day to day are so satisfactory that the management and the directors are happy.

YOUR SUMMER READING.

HOW YOU CAN GET TEN OF THE BEST NOVELS.

For Less Than One-Third of Their Usual Price—Other Offers in this Direction—Read Them Carefully and Take Advantage of Them. Anyone who reads the list of books printed below will easily agree with Progress that many of the best novels written, are contained in it. By purchasing them in large quantities, this paper is able to make an exceptional offer to old and new subscribers. In brief these offers are as follows:— 1 Any reader who will send us one new subscriber at \$2 and \$1 additional may select any ten of the books in the list and they will be forwarded at once. 2 Any reader getting up a club of three new subscribers at \$6 will get any ten of the books, free.

- Mrs. Alconder.
A Crooked Path.
A Woman's Heart.
Blind Fate.
Life Interest.
Mona's Choice.
Grant Allen.
The Great Taboo.
Dumarsac's Daughter.
125 In All Shades.
Duchess of Fovryland.
Edwin Lester Arnold.
Phra the Phoenician.
Dr Samuel Baker.
80 Cast Up by the Sea.
Frank Everett.
123 Kid Wyndham.
J. M. Barrie.
101 Better Dead.
104 When a Man's Single.
106 Auld Licht Idylls.
Walter Besant.
47 Armored of Lyonsness.
72 The Demoniac.
88 St. Katherine's by the Tower.
William Black.
77 Stand Fast, Craig Royston!
104 Sabine's Quiln.
Clarence M. Bretzette.
143 The Man Outside.
Miss M. E. Braden.
91 The World, The Flesh, and The Devil.
79 Who was the Hand?
Charlotte Brooks.
125 Jane Eyr.
Rhoda Broughton.
88 Alan!
Robert Buchanan.
110 The Hair of Linnæ.
Mrs. H. Lovett-Cameron.
26 A Lost Wife.
Lady Colvin Campbell.
4 Dorell Blake.
Rosa Nouchette Carey.
19 The Search for Basil Lynchard.
26 Merle's Crusade.
63 Lover or Friend?
88 Mary St. John.
109 Not Like Other Girls.
134 Wood and Married.
185 Wee Wee.
160 Heroic's Choice.
167 A Veritable Scandal.
183 Our Bessie.
Bertha M. Clay (Charlotte M. Braune).
13 Dorra Thorne.
37 Walker than a Woman.
59 A Woman's War.
82 Wife in Name Only.
132 The Duke's Secret.
J. Macclairn Cobban.
34 Master of His Fate.
Wilkie Collins.
33 Blind Love.
83 Mrs. or Mrs.?
116 The Legacy of Cain.
138 The Evil Genius.
M. J. Colquhoun.
6 Every Inch a Soldier.
Hugh Conway.
124 Living or Dead?
Marie Corelli.
73 Wormwood.
Oswald Crawford.
30 Sylvia Arden.
B. M. Croker.
69 Two Masters.
A. Conan Doyle.
92 The White Company.
F. Du Boisjoly.
147 Fight for a Fortune.
161 A Mystery Skill.
"The Duchesses."
14 Under Currents.
22 A Troublesome Girl.
31 A Life's Remorse.
34 A Bona Conscience.
40 April's Lady.
81 Her Last Throe.
85 A Little Irish Girl.
90 A Little Rebel.
92 The Duchesse.
113 A Modern Circle.
127 The Hon. Mrs. Vereker.
Sara J. Duncan.
84 An American Girl in London.
Alex. Dumas, Jr.
10 Camille.
Mrs. Keene.
118 A Flat Iron for a Farthing.
B. L. Parfeson.
114 The Peril of Richard Pardon.
G. Renville, Penn.
101 The Mynn's Mystery,
Joseph Rothgylt.
37 A March in the Banks.
43 The First Violin.
81 Kith and Kin.
Mrs. Alexander Fraser.
4 Daughters of Belgravia.
Lady G. Fullerton.
103 Ellen Middleton.
Charles Gibbon.
A Dead Heart.
129 Was Ever Woman in this Humor Wood?
Marcell Gray.
82 In the Heart of the Storm.
Major Arthur Griffith.
189 The Wrong Road.
H. Rider Haggard.
18 Allan's Wife.
12 Colonel Quareitch.
17 Cleopatra.
37 Mr. Mason's Will.
38 Beatrice.
70 The World's Desire.
83 Eric Brighteyes.
130 Malina's Revenge.
142 She.
146 Dawn.
166 King Solomon's Mines.
Thomas Hardy.
108 The Mayor of Casterbridge.
Joseph Hatton.
46 By Order of the Carr.
145 The Abbey Murder.
Nathaniel Hawthorne.
159 Scarlet Letter.
W. Heinshury.
104 Her Only Brother.
F. W. Howse.
150 Mystery of a Hansom Cab.
188 Man that Vanished.
Jerome K. Jerome.
84 Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.
81 Three Men in a Boat.
E. K. Johnson.
163 Tangles Unravell'd.
Mrs. Edward Kemond.
6 Master or Maid.
Rudyard Kipling.
66 Plain Dishes from the Hills.
62 Soldiers Three.
66 Phantom 'Richtown.
19 The Light that Failed.

FRONTING ON TWO STREETS.

What the New Additional Premises of Messrs. Daniel & Robertson Does for Them.

To meet the demand for more room, required by their largely increasing trade, Messrs. Daniel & Robertson have found it necessary to add to their premises, and have, we understand, leased the building adjoining on Union street, and owned by the Jack estate. There is to be a large arched opening cut through the wall connecting the two stores. The improvement will be at once apparent on entering. Customers who dislike (and there are very many of them) stairs and elevators will no longer be asked to go to the second floor for dress goods or silks of any kind. There is another important point in this change. It is an acknowledged fact that stores with entrances on two streets always have an advantage over those that have not. Messrs. Daniel & Robertson will be the only firm in the retail dry goods business in the city having two entrances, and their address in future will be 1, 3, & 5 Charlotte street and 166 Union street. Persons who so wish may enter store on Union street and pass out on to Charlotte street, at the same time seeing what is shown in nice dress materials. Messrs. Daniel & Robertson are now in their 5th year of business, and everyone connected with the dry goods business of our city admit that they certainly have made a success of it. Running their business on business principles, they have gained the confidence not only of city shoppers, but hundreds of people outside of St. John who send here for dry goods. The London House retail has never been more favorably known than now, and a glance over the parcel books shows at once what an excellent connection it has. Both members of the firm are young men who are constantly on the look out for anything new relating to dry goods; fossilized ideas are relegated to where they belong. They are thorough believers in Printer's ink as the excellence of their advertising shows, and always back it up with reliable goods sold at a moderate profit. The new premises will be open to the public on Tuesday.

On the Queen's Birthday.

The ladies of Rothesay sewing society of St. Paul's church will hold their annual sale on the 24th of May in the Sunday school room. There will be lunch, afternoon tea and high tea at 5.30 o'clock. Doors will open on the arrival of the 11.30 train from St. John.

Whituesday at St. Mary's Church.

The choir of St. Mary's Church tomorrow (Whituesday), will be re-inforced by an orchestra of eight pieces Messrs. Morton Harrison, Stokes, Watson, J. McKay, Eddleton, E. McKay, Thornhill and Buchanan. The service will be of a character befitting the day.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for us in Halifax at the following places:
Knolly's Book Store, 34 George street
Morrison & Co., 111 Hollis street
Clayton & Co., 111 Hollis street
HAYES & HULL, 107 Gortimer street
CONNOLLY'S BOOK STORE, 111 Gortimer street
BUZZLEY'S MUSIC STORE, Spring Garden road
F. J. GIBBS, 107 Gortimer street
CANADA NEWS CO., 111 Gortimer street
KIMBLE & CO., Spring Garden road
R. J. HOSKINS, 111 Gortimer street
N. S. & SON, 111 Gortimer street
J. W. ALLAN, Dartmouth, N. S.

St. John and Miss Ross, Major Ferguson, Military Secretary, Mr. White, A. D. C., and the Misses (Niniche), will leave this week for England, via Rimouski. It is not yet definitely known when General Moore will arrive, nor whom he will bring with him. Sir John Ross has sold a private sale his good deal of his portable property; Colonel Leach, R. E. being, I hear, the purchaser of his carriage and various other things.

Mr. D. W. C. Cook gave a very large tea on Tuesday afternoon at Pine cottage, N. W. A. The day was a delightful one, and a great many people took advantage of it. Among Mrs. Cook's guests were a large sprinkling of navy men from the ships now in port. The tea was a very pretty and enjoyable one.

Tuesday evening afforded both a dance and a concert to the social world. The former was given by Captain and Mrs. J. Taylor Wood, and was for young people solely, being given as a farewell to Miss Ross, who has been staying with Miss Wood for the past few days. The dance was a particularly pleasant one, and some very pretty frocks adorned it. The floor was good, and there was no crowd, always a delightful thing in a private house.

The fifth concert of the Orpheus club came off on Tuesday evening, to the usual excellent house. The programme, (which unfortunately had to be shorn of a principal feature, Hoffman's "Song of the Horns,") was a distinctly popular one, comprising the overture to "Le Mariage de Figaro," the finale from the Doctor of Alcantara, a selection from "Tanhauser," Strauss' Thousand and One Nights, two of Brahms' Hungarian dances, and a quintette from the "Bohemian Girl."

Miss Homer sang two songs to the very great pleasure of her audience, who applauded her vigorously. Dr. W. Slayter, R. N., who seems to have inherited a very sweet voice from his father, gave a solo, "O Promise Me," by de Koven, and was encouraged. He responded by singing an old favorite, by a composer very popular and well known, the "Kerry Dance."

Herr Klingensfeld had chosen for his violin solo, Vieuxtemps Concerto in A, in which he was admirably accompanied by Mrs. Michael Wallace. He was encored and gave a second number. The orchestra did exceedingly well on Tuesday night; by the way the people who have been heard to grumble that "Orpheus concerts are above their heads," in the music chosen should have been thoroughly satisfied by the programme of this last one. All the music chosen was bright, popular and "catchy" to use a word more expressive than elegant. Mr. Klingensfeld's solo does not come under this heading, but it was admirably played and thoroughly appreciated by the majority of the audience.

On Wednesday evening the officers of the R. A. and R. E. gave a farewell dinner at their Mess, to General Sir John Ross, and his daughter, Miss Stella Ross. It is not often that ladies' dinners are given by a Mess, and such departures are given by the ordinary run of entertainments are consequently all the more amusing. The guests in addition to the two guests of honor, were the wives of the married portion of the hosts—Mrs. Leach, Mrs. Maycock, Mrs. Bor, Mrs. Acworth—Miss Beazley, the sister of Mrs. Leach, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kenny, Miss Slayter, and Miss Lola Wood. The table looked very pretty with its heavy silver and other decorations, and the whole affair went off admirably.

For society in general the event of the week was the dance given on Thursday evening by Mr. J. F. Stairs, M. P., and Miss Stairs, at their home in Kent street, an account of which I regret being obliged to defer till next week. Mr. and Mrs. Dalziel and Miss Jean West arrived last week from England, and are staying with Mr. and Mrs. West, Market street. Mr. and Mrs. John Miller left for New York this week, and will go to Chicago to the exhibition. Dr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick also left on Wednesday for New York, but will be absent only a short time. Dr. MacDowell, of the United States Marine Hospital service, left for Washington this week. He had made many friends in Halifax, where he was stationed by the U. S. government.

The marriage of Captain Farmer, R. A., to Miss Finch, took place in England last week. Captain Farmer has received an appointment in England, and will not return here.

I hear that Mr. Kuthoven R. E., will leave Halifax in July, greatly to the regret of his friends. Major Crookenden R. A., will also leave on his promotion. On Friday last Mr. and Mrs. John Albro gave a very pleasant little tea, as a farewell to their daughter, Miss Bella Albro, who leaves this week for Newark, N. J., where she will study for a hospital nurse.

The great excitement of next week for the juvenile part of the community will be the doll's carnival and bazaar which takes place on Wednesday and Thursday next. It is certainly being done on a colossal scale, as the whole of the first floor of the School for the Blind is to be devoted to the bazaar, and the charmingly arranged rooms for tea and ices. Fifty ladies have the tables in hand, and I hear that their costumes are quite novel, and of course equally pretty. It is not the ladies of Halifax alone, who are taking an interest in this affair; Lady Tilley has seat three exquisitely dressed dolls, and no less a personage than the Viscountess of Canterbury has been a contributor. The only thing left to ensure the success of the undertaking is the patronage which it surely ought to command.

The "masque of months" in aid of the Balfour's Home, has been abandoned, at least for the present. It was too difficult to arrange and carry out, failing as it did to march with the ideas of the ladies who were to take part in it. This leaves the field free for the grand Masque bazaar, but as that does not take place till August, surely there would be time for the friends of the S. P. C. to get up something for that society. It is certainly being done on a colossal scale. H. M. S. "Clopatria" left on Monday for Newfoundland. Mrs. Curzon-Howe, whose husband is commanding this ship, will remain in Halifax till his return.

Mrs. Peake of Charlottetown and Miss Haviland who have been spending the winter in Halifax left last week for Boston, where they will make a short stay before returning to Prince Edward Island.

Sir John Ross has been suffering from gout during the past week, and has been pretty well confined to the house. It is to be hoped that an Atlantic voyage will restore him to his usual health. It is with great regret that the people of Halifax whom he has entertained so often and so well, bid him good bye, and bon voyage.

HACKENMORE CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

SPRING 1893.

We respectfully invite you to our Spring Opening of PARIS AND LONDON PATTERNS

Bonnets & Hats Millinery Novelties, ON THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, March 23rd, 24th, 25th.

Le Bon Marche, HALIFAX, N. S. Buggies Are An Important Part of Our Business.

If one is needed, write us for Catalogues and Prices.

PRICE & SHAW, 222 to 228 Main St. St. John, N. B.

Illustration of a horse-drawn buggy.

DARTMOUTH.

MAY 16.—Mr. P. Bowser, of Dartmouth, and Miss Christina McFarlane, daughter of the late Mr. Murdoch McFarlane, of Victoria, Cape Breton, were very nicely married at H. M. Dockyard, the house of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. F. Puckham, on Thursday, 25th. The bride, who was given away by Mr. Puckham, wore a prettily gown of electric blue cloth, with trimmings of white. Her bridesmaid, Miss Mary Grey, also wore blue. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. J. Bond. Mr. and Mrs. Bowser will reside in Dartmouth.

The announcement of a concert at the club hall, Tuesday last, in aid of the Ladies' church (colored) drew a large and appreciative audience, if one might judge from the frequent encores, and the hearty applause which greeted every singer as he or she appeared. All the performers were colored, and they sang most sweetly and with great feeling and expression. James Tynes sang "Old Black Joe" very beautifully, and that and the well beloved "Way down upon the Swanee River," by Miss Leigh, were alone worth going to hear. Mr. James Dunstan deserves very hearty thanks for his kindness in adding to make it such a success, and I was glad to see that all classes and creeds turned out with hearty good will.

Mr. Vossack and family have removed from Halifax to Dartmouth, and will live in the house lately occupied by Mr. E. C. Hill. Mr. Wallace Anderson here, I hear, taken Mrs. Strong's cottage opposite Mr. J. P. Mott's. By the way, what is the parish of Christ church to do without Miss Annie Strong at Christmas and Easter, and all other occasions, when willing hands and tasteful work are so needed? Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hill of Ottawa, were in town last week, the guests of Mr. Hill's brother, Mr. T. C. Hill.

Miss Allison of Windsor, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Grant, is now visiting friends in London, Ontario.

Miss Dora Gow, is visiting her brother and sister, Dr. and Miss Margie Gow, in Halifax.

Miss Birdie Kerr, is staying with Mrs. Crane at Stonehouse.

Mr. Frederick Orman of Chicago, is expected shortly on a visit to his father, Mr. J. R. Orman.

Mr. Nelson Mitchell has returned from Mexico, where he has been very successfully engaged in mining.

Mr. D. C. Edwards is soon to be ordained. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hutchins, on the arrival of a little daughter. Mr. Nelson Mitchell has returned from Mexico, where he has been very successfully engaged in mining.

There are several weddings to come off early in the summer, which I shall notice in their turn and the air is full of rumors of something that may possibly develop into a revolution, but it is too soon even to surmise. "He who lives will see."

WINDSOR, N. S. [PROGRESS is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' Bookstore and by E. W. Dakin.] MAY 16.—The Josie Mills Dramatic Co. performed here on Friday and Saturday evenings, under the auspices of the 88th Batt. Band. Considering that this band declined a similar engagement only a few weeks ago with the well known and always welcome Price Webber, from whose former visit to Windsor, by the way they cleared a considerable sum of money, this engagement strikes me as being peculiar at least.

Miss A. Webster Halifax spent a few days in Windsor last week with Miss Mary Graham.

Miss A. Burgess, Wolfville, spent a week with Miss F. Forsyth.

Miss Bill Wolfville, was in Windsor a day last week, the guest of Miss H. Hill.

Mr. C. Rosier of the Halifax Banking Co., has gone home for a week or two.

Miss Smith who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Mober, Wolfville, is home.

ANTIGONISH.

MAY 17.—His Lordship Bishop Courtenay was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Gray while in town. His Lordship preached to a large congregation in St. Paul's church on Sunday morning and in the afternoon accompanied by Mr. Gray and Mr. C. E. Gregory, he drove to Bayfield where he held service in the evening. Bishop Courtenay returned to Halifax on Monday morning's express.

Mr. R. Hale of the Central house left on Tuesday last for Colorado springs, to see his brother who is dangerously ill.

Miss Bessie McNair left Thursday for Springfield, Vermont, to visit her sister Mrs. Chas. Jocelyn.

Mr. Will Carry spent last Thursday in New Glasgow.

Mr. E. A. Brown, Wolfville, is spending a few days in town.

Mr. D. W. Byers, who is spending a few days in town, will leave for Bayfield on Saturday.

Mr. A. C. Thompson and family, of Maple Grove, moved into town last week. They are now living Pleasant street, in the house formerly occupied by Mr. R. M. Gray.

GRANVILLE FERRY. MAY 16.—The sudden death of one of our young men, Joseph Holmes, is much regretted. He had been ill only a few days. His parents have sincere sympathy in their bereavement. Funeral takes place to-morrow.

The water work question was settled by the unanimous vote of our citizens last Wednesday, in favor of it. And this in connection with the almost certain completion of the bridge being built, has put the citizens both of Granville Ferry and Annapolis, in very high spirits.

Much regret is felt on account of the demise of Mr. John Woodworth, of Litchfield, a gentleman of eminent piety, and whose highest ambition all through life was to make his fellow man better, both mentally, morally, and spiritually. He was one who had made a host of friends, and his loss will be deeply felt in the community where he lived.

Preparations are being made by our Sunday school teachers and others, for the convention which is to be held at Lauricetown, 24th day of May, and should the weather prove fine, there will be such a gathering of children seldom witnessed in the maritime provinces. There are to be two thousand singers, several organs, and several bands of music.

PARROBEO. [PROGRESS is for sale at Parrobo's Bookstore.] MAY 16.—The May sitting of the county court, was held on last Tuesday and Wednesday, Judge Moore presiding. Messrs. J. M. Townsend, Q. C., W. T. Pipes, Q. C., O. R. Smith, Q. C., and Arthur Davidson, of Amherst, came to attend the court.

Mr. Townsend spent Sunday in town, and had with him his little son, Kenneth.

Mr. F. H. Rudderham, of North Sydney, has come here to reside, having purchased Dr. Atkinson's drug business.

Mrs. Townsend returned yesterday from Springfield, Mass. Mrs. Parsons and baby also came to remain for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lonson, of Montreal, were two days at the Grand Central, last week.

Mr. Douglas has returned from a trip to Ottawa. Mr. George McDougall is at home from McGill college.

Mrs. T. K. Holmes is about closing up her house and will, with her children, spend the summer in Picton.

Mr. Will Eaton came home from Boston last week, to spend the summer.

The Social Club which had not met for some time, enjoyed a dance at the Club rooms on Friday evening.

Mr. M. L. Tucker and his family are back from Seattle, Wash., where they have spent the winter, and have moved into the Dyas house, which Mr. Tucker has purchased.

Preparations are being made by the members of St. George's church, for a tea and sale of things made by the sewing guild, besides other attractions to take place on the Queen's birthday.

Rather a large party went around to West Bay, in a tug, on Thursday evening, and spent an hour or two very pleasantly, on board a ship there, by invitation of the captain, returning about ten o'clock.

Rev. Mr. Shaw has taken charge of the Baptist congregation for the summer.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Felt's, and at D. H. Smith & Co.'s.] MAY 17.—Mrs. Stevens and Miss Bent spent a few days in Halifax last week.

Mrs. Cox, who has for some time been residing with her mother, Mrs. George Reading, left on Tuesday last for Halifax, en route to Boston, where she will in future reside.

The sad news of Mrs. A. D. Taylor's death, in Amherst, was received here in Bradford, Ont., with sincere regret, by many friends who knew and esteemed her for her many amiable qualities.

Mr. Jas. K. Blair leaves on Saturday for his trip to the "old country."

Rev. E. R. Moore, who was here over Sunday's week, is a guest, during the stay, of Mrs. W. H. Donker, at "Stonerhill Cottage."

Miss Farnsworth spent a few days last week at Mount St. Vincent, Rockingham.

The news of the death of Dr. Thomas D. B. Dimock, at his residence, Madison avenue, New York, on Friday last, is heard with deep regret by his many friends. He was the third son of Rev. D. W. C. Dimock and had been very successful in his practice as a physician in New York, for a number of years.

Mr. Chas. Hyde's many friends are sincerely glad to hear of his very successful examination, resulting in his admission to the New York bar.

For The Boys.

Extra Quality Navy Blue Flannel Blouses for Boys of 6 to 12 Years.

White Shirt Waists for Boys of 7 to 9 Years. Colored Shirt Waists in Best Quality French Cambrics for Boys of 5 to 9 Years.

Boys' White Laundered Shirts. Boys' Fancy Regatta Shirts. Boys' Shaker Flannel Shirts.

Boys' Underwear, Light Merino and Natural Wool. Boys' Collars, Ties, Braces.

Boys' Black Rubber and Tweed Waterproof Coats.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

Health for the Baby. Pleasure for the Parents. New Life for the Old Folks.

HIRES' ROOT BEER, THE GREAT Temperance Drink.

It is a family affair—a requisite of the home. A 25-cent Package makes 5 Gallons of a delicious, strengthening, effervescent beverage.

Sold by Druggists and Grocers. By Mail, 35 Cents.

T. J. Cooke & Co., Agents, 10 St. Nicholas Street, Montreal.

MILLINERY, ETC., ETC., Received in S. S. "Labrador."

MILLINERY NOVELTIES IN CROWNS, SIDES, QUILLS, BANDEAUX, FRONTS, EMBROIDERIES, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, MOUNTS, VEILINGS, VEILS, LACES, (Black and Colored) RIBBONS, FANCY HAIR PINS, TARTAN SUIKAS (for Blouses), DRESS GOODS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, VELVET BINDINGS.

Also S. S. MEN'S SUMMER UNDERWEAR, 25¢ TO 50¢ TOP SHIRTS.

The entire overstock of a Mill at less than Mill prices.

SMITH BROTHERS, Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, Granville and Duke Streets, Halifax, N. S.

What Mr. Hardress Clarke Says:

"Your paragraph in PROGRESS last week noticing how valuable I had found my advertising in your paper was emphasized curiously that very day. Two gentlemen, one from Fredericton, the other from Moncton, came to my store with my PROGRESS advertisement cut out and ordered the entire list of goods contained in it."

This is simply another link in the strong chain of proof that "advertising in PROGRESS pays," and every patron of the paper who gives the same attention to his advertising announcements that he does to the other details of his business will bear out the statement.

"Are You In It?"

One of PROGRESS' new Borders called "Barta"—for the use of advertisers.

Suburban and Country Homes, CONTAINING Forty-Five Plates

Showing designs for houses of moderate cost, with descriptive letter-press, contributed by various architects, together with the following article: Suggestions on House Building.

Price \$3.50. For sale by J. & A. McMillan's, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Baby's Croup is Cured by Hackenmore.

CANOE & BOATS PADDLES, OARS AND FITTINGS largest stock in Canada

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO ST. LAWRENCE BOAT & CANOE CO. 1822 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES

COMFORTING OLD OR YOUNG. RESTORES FEELING & COOLS

ST. A.

May 17.—The street car...

There were Games of all kinds...

The next Grand Army...

Mr. and Mrs. W. F....

Mr. and Mrs. W. F....

Mr. and Mrs. W. F....

Mr. and Mrs. W. F....

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Mr. and Mrs. W. F....

Boys. Flannel Blouses. Years. French Cambrics for. Fancy Regatta Shirts. and Tweed Coats. MILLINERY, ETC., ETC. LINERY NOVELTIES IN SIDES, QUILLS, BANDEAUX, EMBROIDERIES, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, MOUNTS, VEILINGS, VELS, (Black and Colored) RIBBONS, HAIR PINS, TARTAN SURAH BUNDLES, DRESS GOODS, DRESS SKIRTS, VELVET BINDINGS. SUMMER UNDERWEAR, TOP SHIRTS. overstock of a Mill at less than. WITH BROTHERS, Sale Dry Goods and Millinery, and Duke Streets., Halifax, N. S. You'll Feel Better. run down and out of you take a few bottles of PEPTONIZED PORTER. a food. Beneficial alike to and old. It strengthens the creates an appetite, aids di-, invigorates the system. every doctor about it. It's every one. TRY IT. PEPTONIZED PORTER CO. LTD. RO, NOVA SCOTIA CANADA. MAIDS MADE PLUMP AND ROSY. Putner's MULSION. es vigorous growth, disease, and makes and alling children and healthy. you get clear of those Pimples? Pills will cure you. 5cts. At all Drug Stores.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master S. J. Truett and at the book store of G. S. Wall in Calais at G. F. Truett's.] MAY 17.—An exceedingly pleasant party was enjoyed on Wednesday evening last in the Marks street Catholic hall. It was planned and arranged by Miss Ellis Krating, Miss Cummins and Miss Nellie Hogan. Dancing began at nine o'clock and was continued until twelve, when supper was served, afterwards was resumed until an early hour on Thursday morning. There were about sixty guests present, who greatly enjoyed the evening, and the young ladies who arranged the party are to be congratulated upon the success of it.

Mrs. Walter W. Inches, on Monday afternoon gave a children's party at her residence, from three to seven o'clock in honor of her little daughter Hazel, it being the occasion of her sixth birthday. Games of all kinds made a very merry afternoon. Tea with a variety of dainties that very young ladies love was served at 6 o'clock. Directly afterwards came the hour for going home, all enjoyed a happy time.

Mr. Frank McKenzie left on Saturday evening for a short visit in Boston. The next dancing assembly will be given in the Grand Army hall on Tuesday evening of next week. Mrs. Ward has returned to her home in Kew-began, Maine.

Mr. Ernest T. Lee has returned to her home in Calais, having spent several weeks in Boston. Extensive preparations are being made to celebrate the Queen's birthday, and everyone is looking forward to a jolly day and a good time. Several excursions are expected to take place during the morning and afternoon, with a grand illumination of residences and public buildings, and fire works in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Duren have returned from Portland, Me. Mr. W. F. Todd spent a day or two in Fredericton during this week. Mrs. Willard King has been very ill during the past week, but is now fast recovering from her illness.

Mrs. Theodore Beckman, of Eastport, has been visiting friends in Calais during the past week. Miss Mattie Nichols, who has been visiting in Waterville, Me., has returned home. Mr. Harry Graham's friends are glad to see he has recovered, and able to be about town again.

Mr. W. P. Vroom's friends are pleased to hear he has been appointed instructor in wood carving in the teacher's college New York city and will take charge of that department of manual training at the beginning of the next college year. Mr. Vroom has been a pupil at the college during the past ten years and will graduate next month.

Mr. Stillman Smith of Fort Fairfield, accompanied by his daughter Miss Ella Smith, are visiting relatives in Calais. Mr. Percy Lord has recovered from his attack of grippe and is able to be about town and attend to business again. Judge Fraser of Fredericton accompanied by Mrs. Fraser, made a brief visit here during this week and was registered at the Windsor.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Barry Shaw and Mrs. John Lease & Co.] MAY 16.—A "rosebud garden" of girls costumed to represent a charming variety of flowers, with the addition of one small boy to represent "Bachelor's buttons" presented a local Cantata in the opera house on Thursday evening, to a full house. The piece was prettily put on and the parts well taken, Miss Mabel Jewett, and Miss Maggie Ross singing the solos very sweetly. The second part of the programme had several excellent numbers, a duet by Mrs. Kott and Mrs. Phillips was well rendered. Miss Maura sang a solo in her usual pleasing manner. The success of the entertainment was due to the untiring efforts of the young ladies of the methodist church.

The ladies of Woodstock are not going to fall behind the ladies of the maritime towns in charitable work. A meeting is to be held this evening at the residence of Mrs. Council to arrange for a "doll's carnival" in aid of the Halifax school for the blind. Miss Ruth of Fredericton is the guest of her sister Mrs. Wm. Dibble.

Mr. Hugh Peppers of Fredericton spent Sunday in town. Miss Louise Perley, Andover, is the guest of Mrs. Julius Garden. Hocknomore Cures Coughs and Colds.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Barry Shaw and Mrs. John Lease & Co.] MAY 16.—At present the two all absorbing topics in our town, seem to be fishing and house-cleaning, the former for the gentlemen, the latter of course falling to the other sex. I believe that a number were fortunate enough last week to return with quite a catch of the "speckled beauties." Among the lucky ones were: Messrs. E. J. Cochran, A. Webster, B. Aiken, E. White, J. G. A. Belyea, G. M. Harper, and Rev. D. Lodge.

Judge and Mrs. Landry of Dorchester, made a short visit with friends here last week. Messrs. Cook of Amherst and E. Cole of Moncton were among the strangers in town last week. Mr. J. S. Benedict of Moncton spent Sunday in town. Mr. A. McBeath of Moncton, was here last Friday.

Mr. J. D. Weldon made a short visit in St. John last week. Mrs. Wilson (nee Miss Louise Jackson) is spending some weeks in town with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jackson. Rev. Mr. MacIntosh of Shelburne, N. S., has been occupying the pulpit of Knox church, for the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kemp visited friends in Moncton last Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. H. Schaefer left for P. E. Island on Saturday, where Mrs. Schaefer intends visiting relatives in Charlottetown. Mr. Chipman, W. Smith, made a short visit to Moncton last week.

Mr. Percy Ayer of Moncton was in town on Wednesday of last week. Mr. Roy Aiken who has been filling the position of teller in the Peoples' Bank here for the past few months has been transferred to Halifax, and left on Saturday for that city, much to the regret of his many friends who made during his stay here. Mr. Aiken was a member of St. Andrew's church choir, from which church he will be very much missed.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Hancock Book Store, Main street, A. H. Jones, and J. E. McCay.] MAY 17.—The meeting of the Deacons of Sheddick and the Diocesan Sunday school teachers Conference, which are being held in Moncton at the same time, are drawing to a close. The week in town, bringing as they have, a large number of visitors to the city. Service was held in St. George's church last evening. Rev. Mr. Burn, the new rector of Sheddick, delivered the sermon. This evening the Teachers' Conference begins with full church service in the church at eight o'clock, at which 25 clergymen are expected to be present. Rev. V. E. Harris, rector of Amherst, will deliver the sermon. The meetings of the conference will be held in the Y. M. C. A. hall.

Miss Mabel Ayer returned on Wednesday from Boston, where she has been studying during the winter. The friends of Mr. Arthur Ford were sorry to learn that he had accepted a position in Truro. Captain Dixon of London, England, is in town, the guest of his brother, Mr. Bedford Dixon. Mrs. McDougall and children, left for a trip to Mrs. McDougall's home in Frieson on Wednesday. I believe they intend remaining there for quite a lengthy visit.

(FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.) MAY 14.—In the last issue of PROGRESS, May 13th last, there was a slight mistake in mentioning those who were present at an evening party, given by Mrs. David Allison. Those who were present were the following: Misses Palmer, McEwen, Spicer, Mellich, Crow, Taylor, Eastman, Simpson, Dicks, McMahon, Webb, Olive, Morehouse, Messrs. Archibald, Gray, Crowell, Jost, Outerhouse, Smith, Condit, Innes, Gray, Townsend. WHITE HOUSE.

MAY 17.—Mr. Andrew Dunn left this morning's express train for Boston. Mr. Henry Bower and family, took their departure this afternoon for Fairfield, Maine, where they purpose making their home. Mr. Elias W. Bailey, who has been in the United States for some time past, reached here yesterday. Mrs. Edwin Bower is at the Eureka hotel to day and purposes leaving to-morrow for Moncton, thence to proceed and join Conductor Bower of the Boston and Maine Railway at Boston.

Mr. W. C. Snow of Moncton, has been here in insurance business, with his headquarters at the Central. Mr. E. K. Fisher of St. John, was at the Eureka to-day, returning from Richibucto, and proceeded to St. John. Mr. Robert Morton and family, have removed to Acadville. Miss Lizzie McDougall left to-day for Boston.

Mr. Clarence Wray, has it is said, bought the McDougall block, and will soon remove from his farm to this thriving town. Rev. Mr. Stevens occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church on Sunday last. Dr. E. M. Brown, mechanical superintendent of the I. C. R. left town on Monday for a trip to Boston, he was accompanied by Mrs. Brown and daughter. Mrs. T. V. Cooke, who is always foremost in good works, has taken charge of the management of the doleis carnival and bazaar for the blind, which is to be given in Moncton on the 25th inst. It is characterized by Mrs. Cooke's energy, and real, that entertainment is falling into line with more important cities early in the day. The arrangements for the entertainment are already well advanced.

Mr. L. King of Fredericton was at the Central yesterday. Mr. George H. Morton has withdrawn from the general business, and is succeeded by Mr. David Clark. Rev. Mr. Laird of Nova Scotia is at the Central to-day. Mr. L. Blair, M. P. of Truro, N. S., spent Sunday at the Eureka. Mr. W. W. Fiske still continues in poor health. Mr. J. McLaughlin, representing the S. S. A., addressed the scholars and teachers in the Wesleyan Memorial church last Sunday afternoon. Mr. U. King of Fredericton was at the Central yesterday.

Miss Sarah McDonald is visiting at Chatham. Rev. J. H. Cameron of Bass River was here to-day on his return from Chatham. He will resign his charge at Bass River, and move to Manitoba in the near future. SCHOOL TEACHERS. The most precious thing in the world is knowledge, and that is our merchandise. It enriches all that buy or sell it. In a short time our students will have a capital of \$5,000 to \$80,000, and they will draw the income. Knowledge creates incredibly valuable. This may be new to many of you. We look to you for help—hundreds spend good part of a year learning some difficult system, would they not rather learn a better system in one third the time—one third the money too? Would not many others like to learn shorthand if they thought they could get a practical knowledge of shorthand in a few weeks or months? Simple shorthand can be written as fast as any, is more legible, because the vowels are written which other systems leave out, and can be learned in less than half the time of the difficult systems. There is something fascinating in being able to make note of a pleasing expression in a few quickly made strokes. Teaching is, almost everywhere, hard, tiresome, and affords but small returns: shorthand is interesting from the first lesson—a new scheme in teaching; interest is laid of success in teaching. Why? While typewriting is the fashionable accomplishment. People of means have their children taught typewriting as they learn to read, spell, punctuate and use capitals much sooner than by the old methods: they write letters, prepare regular school lessons etc. Lately a Fernin writer took a \$2,000 position after only six months study. They write fast enough for the most rapid court and verbatim reporting. Hundreds drop other systems, difficult systems and learn the Fernin—they do not drop the Fernin for others. Why? You can learn simple shorthand by mail—and review here free. Write for circulars free. Snell's Business College, - - Truro, N. S.

BARBOUR.

MAY 17.—Mr. R. M. Kates made St. Stephen a visit Saturday. Mr. Frank I. Birby spent Sunday in St. Stephen. Mr. Jesse Penitiss spent Sunday in Bangor. Mr. Jason Weller, of Pittsfield, was in town this week. Mr. A. Tupper, of Topsheld, spent Sunday here. Mr. Geo. W. Ross made Harvey a flying visit this week. Mr. J. Henderson, of St. John, spent Wednesday in town. Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Kingston were visiting St. Stephen last Saturday.

[Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriage and machinery.] Mr. Fraser, of Alberton, P. E. I., preached in the Presbyterian church on Sunday, and was the guest of the Rev. A. F. Carr, during his visit here. Rev. Father Crauley, of Dalhousie, spent Monday in town.

Mother St. John, Sister Doucet and Sister Riou, of Tracadis, were at the Hotel Dieu on Thursday last, on their way to Montreal. Rev. Father McDonald was at Bellevue, on Thursday, attending Mr. Paul Devereaux funeral. Dr. Brindamour, of Quebec, who has been expected for some time, arrived here on Saturday morning, and has opened an office in Mrs. James Wray's residence on Water street. Mr. D. C. Firth left on Friday night for Montreal, where Mr. Firth will join her, in a week or so and proceed to Chicago to attend the World's Fair.

Mr. W. Marriage, of Montreal, was in town several days last week. Mr. and Mrs. James Michael have taken a house on the hill, and intend spending the summer months in Campbellton. Mr. and Mrs. William McIntyre, of Dalhousie, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry McIntyre on Sunday. Rev. Mr. McConnell, pastor of the Methodist church visited St. John for a few days last week. I am sorry to hear that Mr. McConnell will soon leave St. John for a church in Kent county. It is rumored that Mr. McConnell and one of Nova Scotia's fairest will soon be united in the bonds of matrimony.

Mr. F. X. Toussaint, of Quebec, was in Campbellton on Friday. Mr. George Frenette spent a very pleasant day in Bathurst, last week. Mr. Jack Eagles, of St. John, was here on Thursday. Mr. Will Montgomery, of Dalhousie, drove up on Sunday. Judge Bailey, of New Carlisle, spent yesterday in town on his way to Quebec. Rev. Father Sorsom, vicar of Bathurst, was at the assembly on Wednesday. Mr. Edward De Hertel, of Newcastle, is visiting friends here yesterday. Miss McDonald, of Newcastle, is visiting friends here.

Thomas Conacher is confined to the house through illness. Mr. Bruce Caldwell of Moncton spent Sunday here. Mr. J. M. Johnson thoroughly enjoyed his trip to Bathurst on Thursday last. Miss Matilda Devereaux returned to her home at Bellevue last week. While in town she was the guest of her sister Miss Bell Devereaux. Mr. Strirling of Montreal was here several days. Mr. and Mrs. Sabin's many friends are glad to see them in town again. They will reside at "Lansdowne" during the summer. Mr. Alexander who has been in Concord, N. H. for several months returned home this morning. Mr. Harrison is expected here tonight to take a prominent part in a concert which the methodists intend holding in the Oddfellows hall to-morrow (Thursday evening). VIOLA.

[Progress is for sale in Backville at C. H. Moore's Bookstore.] MAY 17.—Principal and Mrs. Harrison gave a very enjoyable "At Home" at the Academy on Saturday evening. It was one of the most pleasant of the many "At Homes" given during the present term. A great many from the town accepted invitations, and those, together with the large number from the Ladies' College and the University, made a brilliant throng. The orchestra from the Sackville military band was present and played an excellent programme. Refreshments were served during the evening. Mrs. Harrison received her guests in a most becoming gown of pink, with pink silk trimmings. Some of the young ladies looked particularly charming. Among them I might mention: Miss Tweedie, black lace, crimson roses. Miss Nellie Palmer, black lace, pink silk trimmings. Miss Seely (St. John), pink cashmere, black velvet. Miss Wilson, pale blue silk. Miss Haley, cream cashmere. Miss Dicks, crimson and black costume.

A PRIZE REBUS! WAS A ... THE LADIES' COMPANION is a high class, 32 page illustrated Magazine, devoted to Literature, Home Life, Fashion, etc., most artistic in appearance and patronized by the best class of readers. The most exact good faith will be kept with every subscriber, both as regards the Magazine and premiums. We publish Ladies' Companion, \$1.00 a year; Ladies at Home, 50 cents a year; Our Boys and Girls, at 25 cents a year. Note our address, 166 King St. West, and do not confound our publications with any others of somewhat similar names. PREMIUM LIST. To the first person solving puzzle we will award an elegant Rosewood Piano, valued at \$200; the next will receive a Gold Watch; the third a Silk Dress Pattern; the fourth, a Berlin Music Box; the fifth, a Silver Watch; the sixth, a Bangor Luster; the seventh, a Gold Brooch; the eighth, a Silver Tea Set; to the next ten will be given each a beautiful Gold Brooch. To the middle sender will be awarded a Cashmere Dress; and to the ten following, each a Cotton Portrait of sender or any friend. The sender of letter bearing latest postmark, previous to August 15th next, will receive a Gold Watch. The sender next to last will receive a Silver Watch; ten preceding, each a beautiful Gold Brooch. Conditions:—Each contestant must cut advertisement out and forward to us with correct answer and Thirty Cents for three months' subscription to THE LADIES' COMPANION. Address plainly. "THE LADIES' COMPANION PUBL. CO., 166 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, CAN.

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Family Carriages.



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SELECT LOT OF Hair and Clothes Brushes AT THOS. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess St. - - - - Cor. Sydney. DR. CRAWFORD, L.R.C.P., LONDON, ENG. Oculist and Aurist To St. John General Public Hospital, may also be consulted in DISEASES OF THROAT AND NOSE. Letters of inquiry from the country promptly responded to. 63 OUBURG STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Give me Progress please

WAREROOMS.

Offer!

ICE.

Complete.

anner.

employed with one of the best Shoe Makers in St. John for the years, and later taken a thorough course in Modeling and Fitting in the States. I feel confident that I will be able to please all who favor me in order.

5.00

for your choice our whole stock ladies' and Children's ready made hats and Capes. There are some ten different garments in lot.

GEORGE H. McKAY, 61 King Street.

ved from Charlotte.

for Buttericks' Pat-

NADIAN PACIFIC RY.

en's Birthday

EXCURSION tickets

to all points on Line, Fort William May 23rd and 24th. Good for return 25th, 1900.

THE FIRST-CLASS FARE for the round trip.

with the train scheduled to leave St. John at 8.45 a. m. (Standard).

particulars inquire of Ticket Agents.

COLLIS, C. E. McPHERSON, Agent, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

NADIAN PACIFIC RY. SHIP SERVICE.

carrying the Royal Mails between CANADA and AUSTRALIA.

gent New Steamers will Leave: QUEENOV for HONOLULU, SYDNEY and SYDNEY.

RA, - - - - JUNE 14th. MOO, - - - - JULY 14th, and monthly thereafter.

of fare and other particulars enquire of Ticket Agents.

COLLIS, C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

NOTICE.

undersigned, having been appointed by the Lieutenant Governor in Council to the provisions of the Act passed by the Legislature entitled "An Act to amend the Act to provide for reporting in certain cases" examiners said Act, hereby give notice that they will meet Tuesday, the thirtieth day of May at 10 o'clock in the afternoon, at the Law Office of Messrs. C. E. McPHERSON, Agents, St. John, N. B., at the time and place for the trial of the cases.

CHARLES W. WELDON, FRED. E. BARKER, WILLIAM FUGHER.

FAIR WOMEN ON WHEELS.

THE ADVANTAGE OF CYCLING FOR THE GENTLE SEX.

Stage Through which the Lady Cyclist has to Pass Before she Achieves a Triumph—The Joy of Success When Practice Makes Perfect.

Cycling for women has much to recommend it, for a wheel saves three things—money, time and strength, says Grace E. Denison, in "Outing." The busy woman who has fretted and fumed at the waste of time consumed in the progress of the slow-going, dusty street car now mounts lightly her silent steed and spins away in a quarter of the time of the horse car, enjoying every yard of the road, and the careful mother of six is not afraid to take a wee girly in the hammock seat before her, where she sits a delighted passenger, as safe and as much better contented than in her perambulator. The motion, once the timid rider has mastered the feat of balancing herself gracefully, is rather restful than tiring, and the muscles it develops are mines of strength and comfort. An erect seat, gentle pedaling, a light hand on the bar, all come with a very little practice, and after the first four or five lessons the delight of cycling makes the rider forget all the weariness, the strained muscles and the sense of anxiety and impotency which overcame her on her first uncertain and unfortunate attempts.

It is a matter of wonder to us how the mistaken belief has gone abroad that a woman sits "astride a wheel." Nine out of ten critics firmly believe that and are only awakened to their mistake by a careful examination of a lady's wheel. Various changes have been proposed, but after having tried them and found them wanting, I have gone back gladly to the little uncomfortable-looking arrangement which, for all its looks, is the only shape that seems at once safe and comfortable. The merits of the two varieties of handles—the spade handle, which is stirrup shaped and held by the cross bar, and the straight bar, which one can hold in various ways (and which for that reason I prefer)—are merely a matter of taste and usage.

The best wheels of English or American make cost in the neighborhood of \$140. This includes the latest improvements in pedals, steering gear, bearings and tires. They are guaranteed generally for a year, and any trifling repairs are cheerfully attended to by the vendors free of charge. The oil can and a wrench are the only articles necessary to carry in the small leather case which hangs behind the saddle, and the neat luggage carrier which straps on before the handle bar carries comfortably quite a large outfit. A tiny silver-toned alarm bell is screwed on the handle close to the left hand, the brake occupying the place of honor on the right. It is rather a significant fact that the last three patents of improvements in bicycles have been taken out by women riders.

A woman cannot learn to ride alone, and should be content in the first lesson to simply learn to sit straight, to keep her pedals in motion, and to suppress the inclination to fall which will put her in lively sympathy with our much-maligned ancestors, Mother Eve, for "since the days of Eve," plaintively writes one of my fellow cyclists, "no woman has ever fallen so unmercifully as I."

The lady cyclist passes through three stages, the daring, the desponding and the doing; this latter arrives when in tears and mistrust she suddenly realizes that she is sitting firm, pedaling smoothly, steering soberly and going alone. Ah! the triumph of that moment. Who shall paint it? It is generally fleeting, and ends in a wild cry for help and a collision with whatever may be within one hundred yards of the independent and newly fledged rider.

Straight at it she charges, with an energy which makes her instructor weep or rage, and certainly perspire, as he follows her in her career; up over the curb into an unyielding telegraph pole, round a corner, against an amazed and slightly indignant policeman, who presents her sudden advent and her clashing arms as if she did it all on purpose. And then, a bicycle can fall, when it does conclude to stop lurching and wabbling, in a most uncomfortable and inconsiderate manner; every handle bar (and there seem to be a dozen) whacks you on the arm or face or shoulder; every contrary whirling pedal barks your ankles and dents your shins. Let us draw a veil over such a tragedy and remember that, like lightning, it rarely strikes the same victim twice. You rise with an unquenchable desire for vengeance on that fenshish wheel, and remount. You do not speak, you ache in silence, and nine times in ten ride home alone.

By the next day, though you are stiff and will go round the block to avoid the bare chance of meeting that insulted Bobby, you have forgiven the wheel and mourned over a wee dent in the mud guard as you never will over your own bruises. That blissful fact of having ridden home alone makes you amiable to the whole world, and from that day your career is onward and upward. You begin to enquire for streets

which are not asphalted; to climb little hills with tearful and fainting soul; to put your feet on the rests and coast with the brake very firm on. You are happy and healthy and make your amusement while it is called to-day, knowing that the winter days are coming when no woman, or man either, can wheel.

One important and difficult thing which the lady cyclist requires to learn is to mount surely, gracefully and discreetly, that her skirts may not catch her feet nor sag, but fall evenly on either side of the saddle. Some of our cyclists practiced mounting from the curb and afterward learned to mount from the pedal. In this I found that two bites were made of a cherry, and when my turn came I set out in the middle of a smooth road with a slight incline, stood as nearly as possible straight in front of the saddle, with the left foot on the left pedal, which was raised nearly as high as it would go. I took great care to clear that left foot of any skirt hem and to divide the fulness of my dress as evenly as I could, then with a push forward, as the left pedal sank I raised myself on it, landed in the saddle, caught the right pedal after a few bad shots, and lo! I was coursing



down the hill a comfortably seated and thoroughly concoited woman. Not every time since have I been so fortunate.

In dismounting, which I do also on the right side, it is only necessary to wait until the right pedal is at its lowest in the revolution, then put the brake on firm, which instantly arrests and holds the wheel, and spring lightly off on the right side. Dismounting, was the first accomplishment I devoted my energies to acquiring, as I saw a good many helpless flops and dangerous sprawls when a suddenly startled or overtired rider wished to part company with her wheel.

The beginner should have a wrap or jacket to slip on after each trial, for it is surprising what a fever one gets into, partly from nervousness and partly from the entirely unnecessary exertions one puts forth, clutching the handles with a vise-like grasp, pressing the pedals with an energy entirely mis-spent, and struggling for a balance harder than any bank teller who ever lived. And last, not least every lady rider should be taught at least four times by a practiced man cyclist. She should study to correct the faults he condemns, the tendency to let the instep instead of the ball of the foot rest upon the pedal, the involuntary leaning forward or sideways, the unconsidered sharp turn, the eyes glued to the wheel, those same weak points of every beginner. But when my lady has forgotten all these troublesome tricks, when she can mount quickly and expertly and do her ten miles unweariedly, where shall she ride? Ah, where? The smiling countryside holds out arms of welcome to her, the shaded grassy road, the smooth steep incline, the bumping corduroy by-ways, the canal tow-paths, the lakeside drives and the stubborn stiff hill to be climbed.

A Tip For Linguists. An American naval officer says that once when a great function took place in the harbour of Cherbourg, several vessels of the United States Atlantic squadron were present and were drawn up in line to salute the Empress's yacht, as it passed. The French sailors manned the yards of their ships and shouted: "Vive l'Impatrice!"

Knowing that he could not school his men to repeat those words in the brief time left to him, the Admiral ordered his crew to cry: "Beef, lemons and cheese!" The imperial yacht came sweeping on, and, as it reached the fleet, a mighty roar went up of "Beef, lemons and cheese!" that entirely drowned the voices of the Frenchmen.

And the Empress said she had never been so complimented.

Cheese Statistics. England uses more cheese than any other European country. The amount of cheese imported by the combined countries of Europe is about 480,000,000 pounds, and of this England takes over 360,000,000 pounds, or nearly 70 per cent. of the whole. France imports 68,000,000 pounds and Germany imports 40,000,000 pounds. England makes a large quantity of cheese, but eats it nearly all and only exports about 4,000,000 pounds. Germany exports over 40,000,000 pounds, and France between 16,000,000 and 18,000,000 pounds. Switzerland sends away 86,000,000 pounds, and Holland 112,000,000 pounds.

HUMBUGS OF PROPHETS.

IN THE EARTHQUAKE AND WEATHER-BUSINESS.

How They Foretell a Storm Correctly When It is Over—Our Own Wiggins and His Work—The Metaphysics of the Learned Professor Noall.

Humbug is an ancient invention upon which improvements have been made as the world evolves itself from the womb of time. Changes have been effected in the mode of operation and in the machinery employed by the impostor, to suit the requirements of every age, but the principle is the same now as when the first lady in the land was tempted to partake of that historical apple in Eden, in that far back epoch ere the blazer, the bell skirt, the empire robe and crinolone were live issues.

I want to put on record that, in my opinion, too much of the odium of that early and lamentable act of human disobedience is apportioned to my distant kinswoman, Madam Eve. It is cowardly to make such sweeping charges against her reputation as the average "lord of creation" usually makes, when he sneeringly reminds some of her fair descendants that the woman was the first to fall. Judging by the specimens of masculine humanity now to the fore, Adam was vastly the greater sinner of the two, for if he was constructed like the majority of his sex who are at large in this important colony—and there is no evidence to the contrary before us—he was abnormally lazy, and in all probability was enjoying a siesta when that arrant humbug, the serpent, was getting in its diabolical work.

This offers a plausible solution of the causes that led up to that memorable exercise of free will, for which the celebrated couple was forced to make a honeymoon trip among the bluffs of a new and an unexplored world, full of sorrow and sin. To my mind, Adam was guilty of conduct unbecoming the head of a great household, if the hypothesis that he was lazy and didn't keep one eye open when he slumbered is correct, for by so being and not so doing, he deprived his rib of the supervision she might reasonably expect from her natural protector; a conclusion that many heads of houses at present might take into consideration, digest and profit by.

After having been expelled from the garden Adam and Eve were not long in business on their own account until their progeny began to increase and to squabble. Each succeeding generation grew no better, and soon humbugs of different shades of wickedness had a good deal to say in the management of public affairs, as they have here under existing conditions. Among those humbugs the weather prophet ranked high as a master mechanic, and he has worked himself up the inclined plane of human credulity by superabounding knowledge in his special department of subterfuge, until his prognostications are considered as reliable as in the registration of the gas meter in the interests of the consumer.

I trust that I will not be called a traitor nor accused of running down the country, for stating that the climate in this fertile belt of the universe is twisted much out of shape generally, but especially so in the winter season which measures nine-twelfths of the zodiac; a state of affairs that doesn't conduce to longevity or comfort, and is fortunate for the coal dealer and philanthropists of his grade. If persons troubled with pulmonary disorders are not extremely careful during that period which ultra loyal scribes term cool and bracing, and don't skip out to Florida or somewhere else as suitable to the fullest development of the mule and the alligator, they, not the mule and the alligator, but the persons affected by pulmonary symptoms, stand chances of being invited to pay a long visit to a region whose climate has even a more uncertain temperature than ours, where the weather prophet and scientists of his ilk find their true levels.

To be sure an occasional gale sweeps across this meridian with force sufficient to topple over some of our private observatories, but we are not much troubled with cyclones, pampereos, or zephyrs of that sort, strong enough to lift the roofs off the unoccupied houses in our midst, nor to level the tall chimneys which stand about the precincts of our fair heritage, smokeless symbols of our great national fallacy. But if a variety of weather is the spice of life we are well seasoned, for here may be experienced eight or ten different kinds of it in a single afternoon, which is favorable to the cultivation of that deluding absurdity, the home-made meteorologist, who, if fame tells the truth, is a cross between a Queens county farmer and a cranky scribe in the treasury department at Ottawa.

We may be behind Brother Jonathan in some lines, but in the matter of weather wisecracks we can give our Yankee kinsfolk the backwash every time, because we own the immortal Wiggins who knows more of nature's forces and the movements of the heavenly bodies than the average tailor, in proof of which he has to his credit more unfulfilled predictions of derelict storms

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Ladies will please bear in mind that we are the only firm who sell "HEPTONETTE" GUARANTEED RAIN CLOAKS. We hold the sole control and sale of these garments for the Maritime Provinces.

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Why We Consider Heptonette Garments Best!

They are better cut and shaped than any other. They are much better sewn and finished. They are doubly proofed and fast colors. No rubber—and yet thoroughly rain-repellant. Free from odor. Porous, admitting of ventilation. They are unrivalled in DURABILITY, STYLE and RAIN-RESISTING PROPERTIES.

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TWO BIG STORES, OAK HALL.

A customer from Digby wrote us the other day for a good wholesome school suit for a boy. He got it. Good wholesome cloths made up into good wholesome suits—what better can you get than that? \$3.75. to \$7.00.

Scovil, Fraser & Co.,

King St., St. John, N. B.

than can be crowded into the ensuing quarter of a century, tho' it blows "great guns" continuously during that period. Nor does he pause at atmospheric disturbances. He rushes into the earthquake business with unhesitating vigor and volubility, and deals in cataclysm and tidal waves, with as great a show of ability as some of the board of aldermen display about the civic questions on which they deliberate and bungle. But he is merciful in his strength and loyal to his country, for he usually locates his storms and upheavals in remote districts, and at respectable distances from his own Canadian home.

When he first appeared in print he frightened some nervous men and nervous women who abided on the low levels along the water front. A few of them took measures for their safety by removing to higher locations and wasted their energies preparing for waves that refused to move for lack of wind or other force to set them in motion. It was not the prophet's fault it is this memorable gale failed to connect. He did his part all right, and the people were waiting and were disgusted at the tardiness of the elements to respond to the professor's call, but his reputation as a master of probabilities was then firmly established in the public mind and remains so up to date.

The name of Wiggins has made more noise in the world than his storms, and his earthquakes are the most resultless phenomena in nature. Every time he foretells an occurrence which has already taken place he hits the target; every time he aims at the future he misses the mark; and his predictions are considered as reliable as the evidence of a Scott Act informer as such obtains in counties in New Brunswick where said Act is supposed to be in force.

But the professor is great, judging by his failures, and the people of this colony ought to be grateful for his presence amongst them, which gives an impetus to their aspirations for national greatness; lends a moral support to the advocates of independence; strengthens the claims of the imperial federationists, and is a bar to the schemes of the crafty annexationist, who, because he cannot get us over in a body, desires to rob Canada of its best talent, piecemeal, for the enrichment of the republic of Uncle Sam. That Professor Wiggins is talented who can gain say? His mental reservoir is overflowing with knowledge and the public has as high an opinion of his genius as Mr. Dennis Delaney had of Professor Noall's metaphysics, which the following may serve to illustrate.

Once upon a time, the old chronicler says, a learned professor and fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, named Noall, had for a personal attendant a native of the Emerald Isle who figured, or ought to, on the voters list under that Celtic cognomen, Dennis Delaney.

Professor Noall's fad was the science of metaphysics, and he used to dilate on the subject for the edification but not to the amusement of Dennis, when no better audience offered to sacrifice itself to his whim, using the choicest language in his exhortation which instead of elucidating the

matter served only to confuse the mind of the attendant who had his own private opinion as to the professor's sanity.

One day a visitor called, and meeting Dennis inquired if his master was at home.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Delaney, "he is inside there talking metaphysics to old Brown."

"Metaphysics," said the surprised visitor "that is a very fine word, my good fellow: can you define it? do you know what the word really means?"

"Faith, sir," gravely returned Dennis, "if you had the misfortune of hearing as much of it as I did for the last ten years, your opinion might be different and you wouldn't think it so fine after all. As to defining it, I'd hold myself the greatest booby on earth if I couldn't do it to a charm, considering the experience I've had."

"Pray do so," said the gentleman, "I should be pleased to hear your definition of the word."

"Well, sir, I haven't the least objection in life to let you or the whole world hear me, so listen, if you please. The professor is trying to teach old Brown something old Brown knows nothing about and never will, and the master himself knows less about it than old Brown does and always will and by my word, that's what I call an elegant definition of metaphysics."

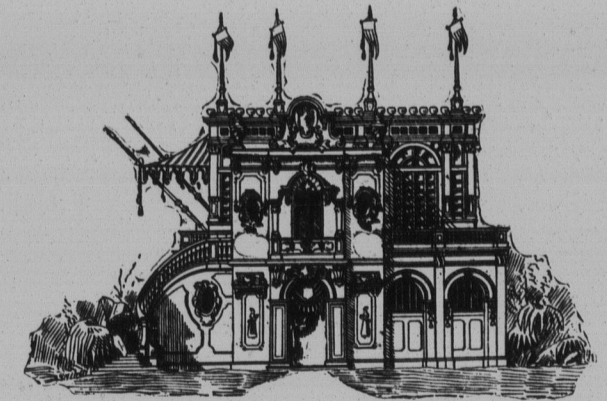
Moral: Mr. Dennis Delaney's definition

of metaphysics has a broader application than may appear on the surface, for there are more humbugs extant than most persons have any conception of. He slow to trust the weather-wise or otherwise philosopher, because a greater than man has distributed joys and woes, storms and calm, clouds and sunshine, and heat and cold on earth according to an inscrutable plan, and he has ordained that the colder the temperature grows the keener becomes the draft, and the brighter the fire in the stove burns and I beg further to say, that there are many things in nature that the weather prophet knows little about.

Yours weatheryly, MIKE.

What Famous Cyclists Eat. There seems to have been a great diversity of opinion as regards food between the two French bicyclists who competed in the 100-mile race in Paris. Terror, the winner, was given every three hours a cup of strong beef tea and a glass of cocoa wine. As he got on the cycle he took a small glassful of Chartreuse. At lunch and dinner he took a bowl of beef broth with an egg beaten up in it. When he could not shake off sleepiness, he was given caffeine. If his mouth was parched, the trainer let him have the quarter of a juicy orange or some grapes. Towards the end of the match he drank three glasses of dry Champagne. Corse took quite a different course and ate much more heavily than his opponent, taking during the match fifteen mutton-chops, many hard eggs, and thighs of fowls.

Walter Baker & Co's Pavilion.



Messrs. Walter Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass., who are not only the oldest but the most extensive Manufacturers of Cocoa and Chocolate on this continent, have just issued a charming little Pamphlet containing a collection of "Choice Receipts" specially prepared for them by Miss Parlos, the accomplished lecturer and writer on the culinary art.

They will be glad to send a copy free to any applicant.

It is an interesting fact that the cocoa and chocolate preparations manufactured by this firm are used exclusively at the World's Columbian Exposition in the New York Cooking School exhibit, under the direction of Miss Juliet Corson, and in the New England Kitchen, under the charge of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

SUNDAY READING

SHAME, FEAR AND CONSCIENCE.

Their Meanings and Their Influence on the Nature of Man.

In a recent sermon preached at All Saints, Margaret Street, London, by Rev. R. E. Sanderson, Canon of Chichester, on "The Fall of Man," the following passages occur:

Shame for a base deed done quickly, as we know, supersedes the glamour which sustains and diverts the spirit of man while he is active in the weaving of his evil preparations. The very bustle and stir needed for the plot blind his eyes. The prelude of his passion and his purpose, not the consequence, is present before his thoughts. He can think of nothing else but the means whereby to parry all his hindrances. They fear all his indignities. But no sooner has success crowned his devices than his eyes are opened, and he sees in all their instant nakedness the foul and unnatural features of his deed. It is the only thing he can see now. The glory is gone. The shame succeeds. He emerges from his darkness into the light of day. He wonders how it is that he never till then saw what he was doing. The shame is very terrible. He went on, step by step, with his eyes fixed upon his purpose, and never knew how it was tricked out with mockery and falsehood. Now the prize for which he so long laboured is worthless in his hands. The deed alone stands up before him to cover him with the torment of an unendurable shame.

Yet shame is better than fear. There is hope in shame. Shame is human. But "they were afraid and hid themselves." They were stricken, not so much with the fear of God, as with the presence of God, driving them in terror and dismay away from the sight of God. In such fear there is something Satanic. For it goes along with enmity. It suspects wrath; it tears it, and resents it. In all history there is recorded no such mother of merciless cruelty as panic-fear. Before the stronger, it assumes the form of desperate and sullen hatred. Before the weak and helpless, it knows no pity. Before a power that is holier and more noble, it cowers down into slavish abhorrence, which in the first paroxysm of its pain finds its only refuge in separation from the object of its dread. Yet fear with shame is less Satanic than fear without shame. Their terror, unabated, would have marked a greater ruin. Their shame betokened something left of the glory from which they had fallen. Fear without shame, in its workings and its cause is only evil.

There is physical fear, and there is fear to the domain of the spirit. To be afraid of God is spiritual fear. We know how much spiritual fear has to answer for in bringing about that abiding separation of man from God, which has been in history the consequence of the fall. Man first hides himself, and then he hides God from himself. The light of God he cannot bear; he bedims it of himself purposely that he may be able better to bear it. Through the long ages of Pagan declension from the truth, idolatry and moral corruption are due to deliberate unwillingness to know God. The language which St. Paul uses in the opening of his Epistle to the Romans gives forcible expression to this truth. "They did not like," he said, "to retain God in their knowledge." It is because He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity that men dare not look at Him. It was easier, therefore, to fashion out themselves a religion of their own, a worship of a lower type, gods made on a level with themselves. "They changed the glory of the uncorruptible God in an image like unto corruptible man, and to birds, and to four-footed beasts, and creeping things." Their very moral law they debased to suit the carnal lusts, "changing the truth of God into a lie."

And thus the very conscience of man, that inner witness to the truth, became a traitor to the truth. It was against conscience that Adam had sinned. Through the witness of conscience he had felt the shame and the fear, his conscience remained. Even after his fall, his conscience remained. That did not die. It lived, indeed, to rebuke him, but it was damaged by the Fall, and the end of its action blunted. For it is the law of the conscience that it must be weakened and corrupted by every act of the willful sin. If it wills the voice of conscience, the conscience is, so far, not what it was before. It is no longer an uncorrupted judge.

For what is the conscience? It is some times called "God's Voice" in the soul, "God's Light" in the soul. If it were really so, its utterance must always be true; it is not always heavenly. Yet we know that, not seldom, serious error in act and conduct justifies itself by the plea that it was conscientiously done, done according to the bidding of conscience. But many a line of action though carried out conscientiously, is by no means therefore right. A man's conscience may lead him quite honestly into very unrighteous acts. There is such a thing as a misguided conscience. Shall we not admit that religious persecution, heresy, denial of the truth, desecration of holy things, gross superstition, and the like are frequently the offspring of a quite conscientious belief that they are right? We know that it is so. Conscience, therefore, cannot be the immediate voice of God in the soul. It is, rather, a natural faculty, which, however, is conscious within the soul of a divine law without the soul. It is the mirror which reflects the law. It is the mirror which reflects the law, but the witness of the light; not the very voice of God, but the answering capacity in the soul, which hears and interprets that voice. It is a natural faculty, as natural as the faculty of hearing and seeing. What is visible is apprehended by the eye; what is audible by the ear, and what is right by the conscience. What ear and eye do for external sounds and sights, that the conscience does for moral truth. As we have

NEWS AND NOTABILLIA.

It is said that not an infidel book is published in the Welsh language.

The value of the chapels owned by the Primitive Methodists in England is estimated at not less than four millions sterling.

It is said that atheism in England is thoroughly organized throughout the country, and is most rampant, seductive and aggressive in its efforts.

Lucy Booth, the youngest daughter of General Booth, is now in India, at the head of the Salvation Army work among the women there. She goes about among the native women clad in garments like their own, and lives as they do.

The number of church bell-ringers in the diocese of Exeter is larger than is to be found in any of the other dioceses of England and Wales, with the exception of Oxford. The bell-ringers in Devon are said to number 2,121; those in the diocese of Oxford, 2,300.

The Methodist churches of various names, all over Australia, are conferring with a view to union. In Sydney the representatives of the various bodies have resolved, by practically unanimous votes, that union is desirable. The name of the united church is to be "The Methodist Church of Australia."

A meeting of "Darkest England" subscribers, held at Bradford, England, decided to start a national movement for guaranteeing £20,000 a year that Gen. Booth's scheme for. The local committee was recommended to employ an agent to stir up interest in other centres, it being stated that the scheme was at a life-and-death crisis.

Is it not true that we all live two lives, a life of our deepest thought and feeling which is but a-loom stirred, and a surface life among things and words? Into that deeper life but few ever come, for it is the Holy of Holies of the soul, where God and unconsciousness alone dwell. The surface life is known and read of men; the All-Seeing Eye alone looks into the secret springs of life and consciousness.

The number of clergymen of the church of England in the Dominion is 1,146; Presbyterian ministers, 911; Congregational, 100; Christian church, 33; Methodist, 2,014; Baptist, 316; Evangelical Lutheran, 45; Reformed, Episcopalian, 22; New Jerusalem, 8; Free Methodist, 39. The Roman Catholic church has one cardinal, 19 bishops, 3 prelates—apostolic, and 2,508 secular priests of all ranks.

Fire, says the Boston Congregationalist, seems to pursue Dr. Lorimer. In 1879, when he was pastor of Tremont Temple, it was burned to the ground. He removed to the Michigan Avenue Baptist Church in Chicago, and two years later, while he was its pastor, it was burned down. He became pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church in the same city, which was nearly destroyed by fire two years ago. Now, for the fourth time, he is left with only the ruins of a church edifice.

The Primitive Methodists of England are increasing. The returns bring up the net for 1892, 2,065, and as there are but forty more home stations to report, and the Colonies and Africa have for some years past reported an increase, there is no reason to hope that there will be a connection increase of between 2,000 and 3,000. Last year there was a decrease of 352. The African and London missions reported an increase of seventeen and fifteen per cent. respectively.

The Archbishop of Canterbury said at the annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel that he and his brother bishops had felt bound by duty to refuse the generous and courteous invitation, extended to them to attend the World's Religious Congress in Chicago. The reason had been that they felt Christianity could not be made a member of a parliament of religions without the tacit admission that other religions had equal claims with it upon the faith of mankind.

There is no more regular attendant at the sittings of the House of Lords than the Archbishop of Canterbury, who makes it a rule to be in his place punctually at four o'clock. His grace considers it a duty, as head of the church, to be always prepared to answer questions which may be put to him as primate. There is an unwritten rule that information on any matter relating to the church should be asked direct of the archbishop; but private notices is always given in advance, whenever it is possible.

It is reported from Rome that the Pope has just completed an examination of the questions of the study of the Scriptures, having devoted enquiry especially to the diverse opinions of savants on great biblical questions. It is said that he will indite a letter to bishops requesting them to join upon their flocks a more profound study of the Scriptures, and a larger place in the schools for the study and critical explanation of hermeneutics. He urges the necessity of keeping in the tracks of modern progress and discovery in order to adapt Catholicism to the needs of the day.

In Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London, the strife between the supporters of Dr. Pierson and those of Thomas Spurgeon ran very high. At the prayer-meeting some curious petitions have been put up, and not infrequently so-called "prayers" have been mere expressions of party spirit. An appeal that names should not be mentioned evoked pathetic pleading from one brother. "Dear Lord, haven't we the right to mention names to Thee? Why may we not pray for Thy dear servant, Thomas Spurgeon, when we believe thou hast chosen him for our pastor in spite of the opposition of those who profess loyalty to his dear father?"

Here is a summary of the engagements of Doctor Thorold, Bishop of Winchester, for 1892 down to the middle of December: Letters received, 9,000; letters written, over 5,000 (the other 4,000 may have been written by the chaplain or otherwise); sermons preached, sixty-seven; confirmations, seventy-seven; committees, thirty-one; public meetings, thirty; addresses, 111; churches consecrated, four; churchyards, five; church opening, one; ordinations, one; formal interments, 173. Nor is all this work done amidst the comparative repose of his house at Farnham. "Just before Christmas," the Bishop said during an interview, "I was away for seven weeks in the diocese, and during that time I slept in twenty-two different rooms. I always preach every Sunday if I can, often in the villages round about, and a good deal at Farnham."

Crypts of British Cathedrals.

The undercroft, or crypt, of Canterbury Cathedral is of greater extent and more lofty (owing to the choir being raised by numerous steps) than any other in England. The extreme internal length of this curious and most beautiful structure is 230ft. from the western to the eastern end, and its breadth at the transept is 130ft.; this also is cruciform in plan, and the principal part, 83ft. 6in. from wall to wall, is divided into a nave and aisles by lines of short, massive pillars supporting low arching upon the same plan as, and forming a support to, the choir above. From the western extremity to the distance of 150ft. eastward is the oldest part of the crypt. In 1561 it was given up by Elizabeth to a congregation of French and Flemish protestant refugees, and a French service is still held there. The crypt of Glasgow Cathedral for elaborate designing and richness of ornamentation on pillars, groining, and doors, stands unrivalled amongst similar structures in Britain. Properly speaking it is not a crypt, but a lower church, formed to take advantage of the ground sloping eastward. The picturesque crypt of Worcester Cathedral, remarkable for the multiplicity of small pillars supporting its radiating vaults, was described by Professor Willis as "a complex and beautiful temple." The crypt of St. Paul's is a large and magnificent church of the Decretion period, with a rich and intricate vault resting on a forest of clustered pillars, and served as the Church of St. Faith till the Great Fire. The crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster formerly served as the Speaker's State dining-room, but has been restored to its former sumptuousness of decoration, and is now one of the most beautiful architectural gems in England. The crypt of Hythe Church is remarkable for its large and gaily collection of human skulls and bones.

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Mary Schuber, Kansas City, Mo., writes: "I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried three other proprietary medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The result was a complete cure. Since then I have recommended this medicine to others, and always with success."

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you.

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WORLD'S FAIR FREE. You Business to look into it.

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A Committee of three well-known Druggists will act as Judges at the close of the Competition. Send Testimonials to

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are best in the Market.

Chemical Laboratory, 74 Gormain Street, St. John, N. B., March 20th, 1893. E. G. SCOVIL, Esq.

Agent for Pelee Island Wine Co. DEAR SIR,

This is to certify that I have made a Chemical Analysis of the following wines, put up by the Pelee Island Vineyard and Wine Co., viz: "St. AUGUSTINE," "DUBBY CATAPAW," and "CONCORD." I find these wines to be pure and unadulterated, and of such a composition that they may be used with safety and advantage by persons who require a mild tonic to assist digestion. As compared with other wines put up in Canada, the Pelee Island Wines are undoubtedly the best in the market. I remain, yours, etc., W. F. BEST, Government Analytical Chemist.

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Shoes on wash day. Soap does the single piece. The It's the quick-too—there's no

colored goods brighter; injure the tenderest

CRY

DEAR.

New dresses, you have made to look like new.

HE MAKES THE department is the best

Laundry and Dye Works, 68, Or Halifax, 90 to 70

UNCAR'S.

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in CONSTRUCTION.

LEARNED.

77 CHARACTERS.

Maritime Provinces.

St. John, N. B.

WIDELY PRINTED.

ACON

next three months among best class of Great chance for Hotel Men and

FOR

ENIER

ION LBS. MULLOU, MONTREAL.

Persons Whom Presents May Concern.

been commissioned by the Honorable Samuel Leonard Tilley, C. B. K. C. M., Lieutenant Governor of the Province of New Brunswick, under the Great Seal and by virtue of authorities vested in him under Assembly 4th Victoria, Chapter 4, in Act to authorize the issue of Comm. the Great Seal for certain purposes.

Commissioner to proceed to the Town of the County of Gloucester, and there to and thoroughly investigate all coming any infraction of the School Law of the Board of Education by or on Teachers or Trustees of any of either District No. 2, in the Town of Bathurst, School District No. 16, in the Parish of the County of Gloucester, or on the management of the schools or any of said Districts or either of them and also any matter of complaint touching the of any other school or schools in said Gloucester, which may be laid before me or under my hand all evidence that I receive thereupon, together with a of the facts which in my opinion shall be by the evidence so taken. And having as burden of the said trust and duties on me by virtue of the said Commission, give public notice that I have appointed, on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1893, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, County Court House in the said Town of Bathurst, as the time and place for holding a public hearing and enquiry, and that I will there enter upon and thereafter from day to day the termination thereof continue to sit and investigate all matters of complaint touching the management of the schools or any of them in the parish of the County of Gloucester, and to receive and order the necessary investigation, I do hereby require that any person who has any complaint or objection to be filed in the office of the Provincial Secretary, at Fredericton, on the same day, of which all persons are hereby notified, and that they themselves take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Fredericton this 25th day of May, A. D. 1893.

JNO. JAS. FRASER, Judge of the Supreme Court

GIVING FREE ADVICE.

A FORM OF GENEROSITY THAT FEW CAN APPRECIATE.

People Who Can Always Teach Other Folks How to Build Fires—Some Personal Experience in This and Other Eccentricities of Human Nature.

The love of giving gratuitous advice seems to have been implanted in the human breast from earliest infancy, and even though we have most of us heard, and probably ourselves asked "the time-honored conundrum, "What is it that everybody is anxious to give, and no one willing to take?" the answer to which was "Advice"—quite often enough to have impressed the wisdom of its teaching upon our minds; we still persist in trying to advise our friends upon matters about which they know a great deal more than we do; and the fact that the would-be adviser is systematically and consistently snubbed in return for his well meant efforts to adjust other people's concerns for them, never seems to have the effect of discouraging him: he returns to the charge with the buoyancy of a rubber ball or a hungry mosquito, and tries his blandishments upon a fresh victim in the hope that he will encounter a sensible man, or woman, at last.

Of course we have all had many instances of this peculiar form of generosity on the part of our friends, but I think perhaps the man who undertakes to either edit a newspaper, or poke a fire, has richer opportunities for observing it than most of his fellows. Fortunately not many of us get a chance to try our pretence hand at the editing of a paper and although most people have reasonable opportunity of perfecting themselves in the art of poking a fire it is perhaps equally fortunate that etiquette prescribes seven years as the requisite length of time for knowing a person before one may take the liberty of poking his fire; since it is so sacred a privilege, that one can scarcely endure seeing nearest and dearest relations touch the poker and simply never permits them to do it unassisted. Even if he manages to restrain his strong desire to take the poker out of the operator's hands he finds it beyond his strength to avoid telling him just how to do it.

I speak feelingly on the subject, and therefore perhaps a little strongly, because although I have just sense enough to know that I could not edit a paper half as well as most of the men who have been engaged in the work half their lives; I confess that I do share the common delusion about making a fire, and consider myself second to none, as a stoker. I have often noticed and regretted the extraordinary conceit displayed about the most elementary principles of fire making, and it grieves me to say that I have an almost daily example of it before me in the person of my other half. Poor Geoffrey is afflicted with an earnest conviction that he is "a champion fire builder you know," and only has to look at a fire to make it burn. Naturally we have occasional disagreements on the subject, with varying results. We had one the other day, and I really could not help being struck ashore by the conceit Geoffrey displayed, and the annoying propensity for giving perfectly superfluous advice.

It had been so warm during the middle of the day that the parlor fire had been allowed to go out, but the evening was chilly and as I had some old letters and waste paper to burn I thought I would utilize it as a foundation and make a fire. Geoffrey was sunk in the depths of his big chair, deep in a magazine and apparently oblivious to all that went on around him, so I proceeded cautiously in the faint hope that he would not find out what I was about until the task was accomplished, and I secured a card of matches quietly from the nearest safe, sat down on the rug and went to work. There were plenty of nice charred cinders of coal and wood, and some sticks of wood piled inside the fender as a sort of reserve fund, supplied kindlings for those who were sufficiently enterprising to pick them off and too lazy to go out to the woodshed for the proper supply, so there was nothing wanting but the necessary genius to use these materials, and as I possessed it in a remarkable degree, I was contentedly nursing a very promising little blaze when Geoffrey's voice broke in upon my musings with cruel distinctness. "I've been watching you Astra, for the last fifteen minutes, and wondering how it is that some people will work so hard to save themselves a little trouble! I suppose you cannot have less than three splinters in each finger, you have broken several of your nails because I saw you sucking the ends of your fingers affectionately, your dress is in a mess, and worst of all, the fire will never burn, just because you were too lazy to get some respectable kindlings. If you had asked me, now, you would have had a proper fire burning by this time because, if there is one thing above another that I really can do it is—Astra you don't mean to say you are going to poke that fire from the top, after all I have told you!"

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued from Eighth Page.)

SALISBURY.

MAY 17.—I missed getting my items of last week in which I had given an account of the concert in Petticoats, but will just now say that it was a very enjoyable entertainment. A party of about ten went from here. A few others that started to drive, grew faint hearted when the rain commenced and turned back.

Miss Bessie Holstead returned to her home in Moncton, the latter part of last week. Mr. Thompson Taylor of Moncton, was in town last week.

Miss Maude Burnett spent Sunday at her home. Mrs. John Trites numerous friends are glad to see her home again.

Mrs. H. C. Barnes is visiting her sister Mrs. Sherwood in Hillsboro.

Mr. Charles Hillson of Amherst was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Charles Herritt of Sackville, made a short visit with Mrs. Baird last week.

Miss Aggie Wilnot is spending a few weeks in Moncton, with friends.

Mr. W. Chapman, spent Sunday at Painesco. The citizens band played on the street last Friday evening. It seems to have made good progress during the winter, and the people of Salisbury are looking forward to hearing it many times this summer.

Miss Ida Smith and Miss Maggie Gaynor, were in Moncton on Saturday.

Mr. James McDonald, Coverdale, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. Edmund Moore, went to Moncton on Monday.

DORCHESTER.

MAY 15.—Mr. Willard Hutchinson died at his home in the Row, on Friday evening. He has been suffering for months, with cancer of the eye, and recovery in his case has been despaired of, some time ago. He bore with great firmness and resignation his affliction, till a merciful death released him from more than ordinary physical pain. Deceased was sixty years of age. He had been a division trackmaster of the I. C. R., but of late years occupied a position on the penitentiary staff, on Sunday, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, was very large. He was buried with Masonic honors, Sussex Lodge, No. 4, of this place, at 11 o'clock.

Mr. Henry J. McGinnis, returned on Saturday, after an absence of some time. He preached in the Methodist church here, on Sunday evening.

Mrs. Pascoe, of Pettaudiac, spent the week here, with her sister, Mrs. Kellor.

Mr. J. W. Y. Smith, went to St. John, on Monday. Mr. Fred J. Shreve is spending the week in the Bank, in Sackville.

Mr. C. J. Sayre, of Richibucto, spent a couple of days last week, in Dorchester.

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MAUGERVILLE.

MAY 17.—Mrs. Sterling, relict of the late Daniel Sterling, died suddenly at her residence here on Tuesday last, at the advanced age of 84 years. She leaves three sons and two daughters; one son, Rev. G. H. Sterling, resides in St. Louis, Mo., another, Walter, is in Viridan, Manitoba, and A. McL. on the homestead.

Rev. H. E. Dibblee is attending a Sunday school convention at Moncton this week.

Miss Agnes Wilnot spent last Friday with friends here.

Miss Bessie Clow is staying in Fredericton for a few weeks.

ST. GEORGE.

MAY 17.—Among those in town last week were, Sheriff Stewart, Dr. Maloney, St. Andrews; Mr. Will Theakins, St. Stephen; Mr. James Watson, Boston.

Mrs. Grierson and son, have removed to Northfield, Vermont, followed by the best wishes of their friends for their future welfare.

Rev. O. E. Steeves arrived from Wolfville on Tuesday.

GRAND MANAN.

MAY 15.—Mr. T. Redmond went to St. Stephen on Wednesday.

Mr. W. C. H. Grimmer, of St. Stephen, is here on legal business connected with the Dunbar case.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henderson gave a very pleasant party to a number of their friends on Tuesday evening.

The many friends of Mrs. Covert will be glad to hear that she is recovering from her recent illness.

Mr. B. McDonald returned from St. John on Tuesday.

Mrs. W. B. McLaughlin and his daughters, returned from Eastport, on Thursday.

There are rumors of an approaching wedding. The high contracting parties both reside at the southern part of the island.

Dr. Covert spent the latter part of the week with his parents, at the rectory.

Mr. J. Newton returned from St. John on Thursday.

SEA-WARD.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE, Disordered Liver, etc.

They Act Like Magic on the Vital Organs, Regulating the Secretions, restoring long lost Complexion, bringing back the Keen Edge of Appetite, and arousing with the ROBBERY OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These Facts are admitted by thousands in all classes of Society. Largest Sale in the World.

Covered with a Tasteful & Soluble Coating. Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd, Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

GREENWICH.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Prince and children, of St. John, spent Sunday with Mrs. Prince's parents, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod.

Mrs. Miss Whelpley, of Fredericton, is also visiting her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLeod, Jr., intend leaving soon to return to their home at Rat Portage. They will go to Toronto where they will visit Mrs. McLeod's former home, and from there will proceed to Rat Portage, Ontario.

Dr. J. B. Gilchrist, returned from a trip to St. John, last week.

SONS.

There are to be two more excursions tomorrow.

Mrs. Mary Robinson, who has been visiting Mrs. Osman, left for her home, Digby, N. S., to-day.

Mrs. James Scott is confined to the house with a severe cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gross of Amherst, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Gross.

Mrs. Beatty Steeves has gone to spend the summer in New Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sears of Montreal, are visiting friends here.

CARACQUET.

MAY 15.—Our Jersey friends, who very wisely chose the Canadian winter by repairing to the other side, have given us the first real signs of spring by appearing once more among us.

The first to arrive was Mr. Romeril, who was followed in a few days by Messrs. De Gruchy and Abler.

Mr. Abler leaves for Shipigan, this morning.

Mr. Flott, who spent the winter here as agent for Robin & Co., left on Friday for Gaspe. Mr. Flott will join him there later in the summer.

Before leaving Mr. Flott entertained the Caracquet Club of which he is a member.

Mrs. Rive gave a very pleasant little card party last evening, in honor of the new arrivals.

Messrs. Fred and Lee Young, spent a couple of days at Bathurst last week.

We have had a number of afternoon teas during the last two weeks, all of which were very bright and pleasant.

Those from Caracquet who attended the parlor concert given by Mrs. S. Bishop at Bathurst, speak of it as a most delightful entertainment.

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Takes the Palm

Great care should be exercised in choosing a soap for the Baby. Common soap is sure to chap and irritate their tender and delicate skin. Baby's Own Soap is absolutely pure, and can be relied on to possess no offensive qualities. It has many imitators, and nurses and mothers should see to it, that they are not imposed upon.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Would you Like to go Shopping in MONTREAL

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL. Special attention given to Mail Orders.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, China and Glassware Kitchen Utensils, Silverware, Lamps, Japanese Goods, Ladies, and Children's Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

MANTLES and MILLINERY. Full Stock in each Department. Trial Orders Solicited.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., Montreal.

ESTABLISHED 1855

Taylor's Cafes advertisement with logo and address: 145 & 147 FRONT ST. EAST TORONTO.

ALWAYS INSURE your property in the PHOENIX Insurance Company of HARTFORD, CONN.

WHY? Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAYING POWER, and record for FAIR and HONORABLE DEALING.

Table with financial data: Statement January 1st, 1891. Cash Capital, Reserve for Unadjusted Losses, Reserve for Re-insurance, NET SURPLUS.

W.M. ROBB'S, 204 Union Street.

The Yost Typewriter.

The New Yost the only Perfect writing machine. The ribbon, the shift key and other antiquated devices discarded.

NEW MACHINE, NEW MANAGEMENT, NEW PRINCIPLES, NEW PATENTS, NEW MEN, NEW LIFE, NEW BRAINS, NEW METHODS, NEW CAPITAL, The LATEST and BEST.

WHAT MUST GO: Bad alignment, Illegible work, Foul ink ribbons, Botherome 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.

The New Yost combines the life long experience of the inventor, G. W. N. Yost, who invented the "Remington" in 1873, the "Calligraph" in 1880 and the "Yost" in 1889; the latest and best improvements have been added during 1892, making the New Yost an ideal, perfect typewriter.

The alignment is absolutely perfect and permanent. The paper feed is an ideal success, the best ever applied to a typewriter. The line-spacing absolutely perfect.

Send for illustrated Catalogue to IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, 134 Prince William Street, St. John, or the following Agents:

Messrs. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton; N. B. J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred. Benson, Chatham; Chas. W. McLean and John S. Stevens, Moncton; S. M. Hoar, Knowledge Book Store, Halifax; J. B. Dittmar, Clements, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Chatham; P. E. L. C. Spooner, Truro, N. S.; Dr. W. F. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman "Advocate" office, Sydney, C. B.; J. Bryenton, Amherst.

Second-hand Remington, Calligraph and other machines for sale cheap.

wor

Now, girls, I think, for this week, I have not seen anything in the weekly writing about, so time to the inner man; but before subject of cook words to you or she is a good I which as you all in the pretty little worn this year.

I do not want self, or worse still harping on one little attention to wish to tell you those beautiful and to ask you self-respecting one. I quote porary, "Kit," whose information variously careful.

"The collector little egret is at in her fairest dress of peace for her she is a good I readily leave her. The collector her. Her tears and her wings gasping, torn, a little ones, and miserably. And call aggressives, women's bonnet full little mother that at a meeting held in London protested against the violation, work.

If it were in my institute a woman's protection of birds, pledge herself in kind in her hat it is because works acts of cruelty in dress that the heads for decoy we women! more refined as brothers. I be to do all they prevent every beast."

Do you know that gentle coming tortured, I for tears, partly shame for my and lead them. I could wish, ency which is friend, "Kit" same page with the birds, the bonnet the chi very beautiful.

Last Sunday old lady in the conversation birds and death. "My dear, I till next month in my life! father sent me a beautiful with which white ostrich lighted, and her; I shall never it was mine for me. "Is dear," she said, but not for me you thought.

"Why not, sent it to me?" "I should with you in would never if you were it."

"The bonnet sorrow, and I knew mother so he yielded the lesson, I hope girl so great an least, that I on my head, and I will have not one of it God gave us all to torture, his my vanity.

"league" Kit Perhaps a amateur cool wish to try a some dish and if so, he

The secret lies in having before putting. They should soaked in and then thoroughly fat and then sieve in a and cooled.

Almost now I think, because their less

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Now, girls, I am not writing fashions this week, for the simple reason that I have not seen anything sufficiently new or striking in the weekly fashion papers to be worth writing about, so I am going to devote my time to the inner instead of the outer woman; but before I launch forth upon the subject of cookery, I want to say a few words to you on the subject of sigrattes, which as you all know, are so fashionable in the pretty little bonnets and stylish hats worn this year.

I do not want to make a nuisance of myself, or worse still, to bore you by constant harping on one subject that you will pay little attention to anything I say; but I do wish to tell you something about the way those beautiful ornaments are obtained, and to ask you whether, knowing this, any self-respecting girl or woman should wear one. I quote from my clever contemporary, "Kit," of the "Toronto Mail," whose information on such subjects is invariably carefully weighed and correct.

"The collector waits until the beautiful little egret is sitting on her nest, then she is in her fairest dress, her little breast is full of peace for her young ones are just hatched, she is a good little mother, and will not readily leave her young, though alarmed. The collector knows this, and easily catches her. He tears off her crowning plumes, and her wings and then throws her down, gasping, torn, fluttering to die beside her little ones, who deprived of her care perish miserably. And the feathers which milliners call sigrattes, which are so much worn in women's bonnets are torn from the beautiful little mother egret. It was noticeable that at a meeting of anti-visitationists lately held in London, many of the women who protested strongly against the cruelty of visitation, wore sigrattes in their bonnets. If it were in my power, I should like to institute a woman's league for the protection of birds, and each member should pledge herself never to wear a bird of any kind in her hat or bonnet. I feel sure that it is because women do not know the awful acts of cruelty perpetrated to gratify their taste in dress that they wear birds, and animals heads for decorative purposes. . . . And we women! supposed to be gentler and more refined and tender hearted than our brothers. I beg of readers of these columns to do all they can to protect the birds and prevent every act of cruelty to dumb beasts."

Do you know girls that when I read of that gentle confiding little mother bird being tortured, I could scarcely see the lines for tears, partly of sorrow and partly of shame for my sex, who wantonly encourage and lend themselves to such cruelties. And I could wish, for the sake of that consistency which is such a jewel that my gifted friend, "Kit," had not published on the same page with this impassioned appeal for the birds, the picture of a charming little bonnet the chief ornament of which was a very beautiful sigratte.

Last Sunday I was talking to the dearest old lady in the world—I think—and our conversation turned upon the wearing of birds and feathers. This is what she said— "My dear, I will be eighty-seven if I live till next month, and I never wore a feather in my life! When I was seventeen my father sent me home a birthday present of a beautiful white Leghorn hat trimmed with thick white ribbon and a beautiful long white ostrich feather. Of course I was delighted, and rushed to mother to show it to her; I shall never forget her look as I told her it was mine. Father had sent it home for me. 'Isn't it lovely?' I said. 'My dear,' she answered, 'it is a beautiful bonnet, but not for you; do you mean to tell me you thought of wearing a feather?' 'Why not, mother?' I answered, 'father sent it to me.' 'No matter,' she responded. 'I should be sorry to go to church with you in that bonnet, and I certainly would never go up to communion with you if you wore it.'"

"The bonnet was sent back to my great sorrow, and I think to father's too, but he knew mother knew about dressing me, so he yielded at once, and I never forgot the lesson, or wore a feather all my life."

I hope girls, that if I should be spared to so great an age I will be able to say, at least, that I never wore a stuffed bird either on my head, or any other part of my attire, and I will have the comfort of knowing that not one of the beautiful timid muscivores God gave us to brighten the earth and not to torture, has ever been sacrificed to gratify my vanity. I only wish we could join the "league" Kit speaks of.

Perhaps some of the more enterprising amateur cooks who read this column may wish to try their hands at that most troublesome 'dish' saratoga potatoes, or 'chips,' and if so, here is the recipe:

Saratoga Chips.
The secret of frying saratoga potatoes lies in having them crisp, cold, and dry, before putting them in the boiling fat. They should be sliced as thin as possible, soaked in ice water, for at least an hour, and then each slice dried carefully and thoroughly upon a towel, dried in very hot fat and then drained for a moment on a sieve in a very hot oven, or over the stove, and cooled quickly in a draft.
Almost more trouble than they are worth, I think, because they are not nearly so nice as their less pretentious rivals.

Kentucky Potatoes.

Slice the raw potatoes as for frying, and soak in cold water half an hour. Parboil in a frying pan, pour the water off and let them stand on the fire uncovered till the steam is driven off; brown a teaspoonful of butter, and pour over them a moment later, then cover them with milk, and let them boil till done. Salt, and pepper, while cooking, and watch carefully lest they should burn, as the milk is liable to "catch." There should be just milk enough when done for a creamy gravy thickened by the starch from the potatoes, and they are delicious for tea.

The average American fried potato, and I believe it is a distinctly American dish, like fried chicken, is boiled first, and then sliced when cold for frying, and while really nice fried potatoes make a most appetizing dish, a careless cook can serve them in such a manner that it will almost destroy one's appetite to look at them.

They really require a good deal of care in the cooking to be in perfection, and need a large frying-pan or a griddle with sufficient surface to let each slice lie separate. Slice them a quarter of an inch thick so as not to break in turning, salt and pepper them, and when a large spoonful of fat is turning brown in the hot-pan, lay them in, brown quickly, and turn with a broad griddle-cake turner.

Potatoes of doubtful quality are beat parboiled and sliced raw for frying, as the heat of the boiling fat which is stronger than that of water, drives the moisture out of them. Small deep kettles can be purchased for frying, and the lard is kept in them and used many times over.

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Summer is almost here, so we must begin to think of ice creams, fruit ices, and frozen luxuries, in good time, and here are some excellent recipes for those whose principles are not too strictly temperance, to use a little wine for their stomach's sake just to take off the chill of the fruit ice.

A Fashionable Ice.
A fashionable ice this season, which is delicious and effective to serve either with a strawberry or orange ice cream, is a muscat water ice. This ice really has not one drop of the juice of the famous grape from which it takes its name. It is flavoured with a good sherry and is made as follows: Squeeze the juice of four lemons into a scant pint of sugar. Add the rind of one lemon, grating in only the yellow part. Beat the sugar and lemon juice together and add slowly a pint and a half of cold water, beating it in with the other ingredients. Now add a tablespoonful of gelatine, which has been soaking in half a cup of cold water for two hours. Turn a half a cup of boiling water over the gelatine and stir until it is thoroughly dissolved. Then mix it into the lemon juice and water. Add to this two wineglasses of very pale sherry and about two or three drops of spinach green. Add a drop at a time until the mixture takes on the pale water-green tint of the muscat-grape. Freeze the ice like an ice cream.

Sorbets.
Two delightful sorbets, those ices which are so refreshing served in the course of dinner after the roast, are made of fruit. For a banana sorbet, peel six ripe bananas rub the pulp through a sieve, add a pint of water, the juice of two lemons, or of two Mediterranean oranges, and a wineglass of marischino with a cup of sugar. Freeze this mixture for about 10 or 12 minutes and serve it in little punch glasses or sorbet glasses.

For a peach sorbet with champagne take a quart of the nicest canned peaches, rub them through a sieve, add a pint of water, a cup of sugar, and the strained juice of two Mediterranean oranges. Add finally a half pint of champagne. Freeze this preparation until it is frappe, and serve it with a little slice of preserved peach, which has been slightly soaked in the champagne, on the top of each glass. This sorbet is particularly nice made out of fresh peaches, strawberries, or grated pineapple. It should be remembered that a sorbet is not as firm as an ice-cream. It is never frozen more than 10 or 15 minutes, or until it is frappe.

A particular friend sends me the following recipe for home-made ice-cream. It is certainly a novel way of treating the preparation desired to be frozen. Place in a tin bucket or other receptacle which can be readily congealed by putting a pail containing a weak solution of sulphuric acid and water. Into this handful of common Glauber salt, resulting cold is so great that the wine immersed in a few minutes, and the solid in a few minutes, and the ice or ices may be quickly and easily prepared. This is a great improvement on the "trezzer" system, and I advise every keeper and cook to try it during the summer months. I would also like to know if it will prove successful.

Those will do for this week I think.
ASTRA.

The stout woman will wear either seed patterns or plain weave, hair stripes in half tones of colors, straight draperies and trimmings if at all, put on in vertical lines if she wants to look trim. Tight sleeves and gloves give the arms the outlines of a ham and the hands the appearance of abbreviated head cheeses.

A bulky woman should never wear white and in her will she should state a preference for dark grave clothes. She has no business with lace, passementerie, decollete bodices, high shoulders, curled leathers or a low style of hairdressing.

Let her wear her hair on the very top of her head to increase her altitude; let her wear a high comb or hair ornament, quills in her bonnet, high but broad heels, and a trained skirt for the same object.—New York World.

WOMEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Her Building Fitted With Infinite Conveniences for Guests.

Women have reason to congratulate themselves that their building was in a better state of readiness at the opening of the World's Fair than any of the others. And when Bertha Honoré Palmer drew from its jewelled receptacle the nail, the precious metals sent on by Western women for the last nail of the Woman's building, and with quick, vigorous blows drove it home in the appointed place, she shattered the old tradition that a woman cannot drive a nail. Mrs. Palmer said that she had not been coached for her new role, and rather feared the result, but like all the undertakings of women of the Fair, it was a success. It is a long stride that women have taken since that ancient Jewish woman drove the nail that made her famous, straight through the head of her enemy. Men have said it was impossible for women to do a great many other things, handle a hammer or sharpen a lead pencil, and when they were amusing themselves with the reiteration of their pet theories the women have gone on doing the very things that all the world was laughing to think they couldn't do. It has been estimated that half the work at the Fair has been done by women. Half the exhibits are managed by women or consist of women. The clerks are mostly filled by women, and they are something like 25,000 stenographers, typewriters, and press women. It is women who have put the finishing touch on the buildings in the way of ironwork and statuary, and it is women who suggested the comfortable seats, resting rooms, and nurseries for children and the other essentials for the comfort of the sightseers. There is one woman who has a mending booth where she sews on buttons and repairs rents and rips. Another woman has a collection of simple remedies for minor ills to relieve the suffering. Still another keeps an information booth, and she will tell you where to find the impossible—a cheap luncheon, or check your satchel while you eat it. And all along the line between the simple and the sublime, the woman's part in the cultivation of the beautiful and the encouragement of art. Why should it be accounted as less an art to minister unto the taste for the beautiful in the dress of women than in the elevation of the ideal in fine buildings or exquisite hangings and decorations, save only that the art of dress has no perpetuity, no fixed and unalterable standard of excellence?

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SOME POINTS ABOUT LACE.
Of course the Real Thing is Hand Made and Not to Be Mistaken.
It is well to be up on lace here this season, for with the revival of the gentled old-time decoration comes a demand for some idea of the characteristics of the different patterns for which one pays such fabulous prices.
In the first place all real lace is hand-made lace, and is easily detected by the machine-made imitation, because the meshes in the genuine are apt to be irregular, while the other is uniform in weave.
The net of the lace is called by lace-makers the reseau, the pattern is the fleur; and it is in the shape of these meshes that the lace distinguishes itself. If the outline or diamond shaped mesh is used in Valenciennes, the six-sided mesh in point d'Alencon, and Chantilly, and point de Paris laces have an odd mesh of four-sided big holes, with triangular between.
Now the chief difference between the pillow and needle laces, for real lace is made in but two ways, one with the pins and bobbins, the other with the needle, is in the way the fleur or pattern is worked on the net. Needle lace has a distinctiveness of outline in the fleur, because the pattern is outlined by running a thread in and out of the meshes of the reseau. If the outline or diamond shaped mesh is used in Valenciennes, the six-sided mesh in point d'Alencon, and Chantilly, and point de Paris laces have an odd mesh of four-sided big holes, with triangular between.
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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Nearly 1,000 children are born yearly in London workhouses. The Indian rhinoceros has the thickest skin of any quadruped. No one can breathe at a greater height than seven miles from the earth. Soldiers in the Italian army are allowed cigars as part of their daily rations. About twice as much power is required to stop an express train as to start one. Diamonds are found in every color and shade, from the purest white to jet-black. One pound of cork is amply sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water. More mushrooms are raised in the vicinity of Paris than in any other place in the world. The bones and muscles of the human body are capable of over 1,200 different movements. Out of a total of 513 known species of animals in Africa, 472 of them are to be found in no other country. Dr. Oppel, the great German geographer, says that 1,700,000 square miles of the earth are still uninhabited or ownerless. The seed of the common annual sunflower is largely used in some countries as food for fowl, and is found to be very nutritious. Mosaic is 96 per cent. of alcohol; 10; champagne, 12; sherry, 10; maraschino, 34; brandy, 53-4; whisky, 54.

On the banks of the Lahn, a river between Bingen and Koblenz, there is an echo capable of repeating a sentence seventeen different times. The reason pigs are proof against snake bite is that the poison rarely, if ever, reaches the circulatory system, owing to the fat carried by the pig. In the two years 1891-92, the paper used in the public departments of the government amounted to 768,680 reams, with a gross weight of 7,870 tons. Fifty millions sterling are supposed to be lying at this moment in the hands of banks and banking companies in Scotland in the shape of unclaimed deposits. There are over one hundred and fifty issues of periodicals published exclusively to electrical subjects published monthly in the English, French and German languages. It has been estimated that a bell of common size, whose sound would penetrate a distance of three to five miles on shore, could, if submerged in the sea, be heard over sixty miles. The flounder lays 7,000,000 eggs annually; several others from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000, while the turbot is credited with depositing from 11,000,000 to 12,000,000 during each breeding season. Without doubt the Australian aborigines are dying out. Last year the number in Victoria was under 500. In the twelve months there were 13 births, 29 deaths, and 1 marriage of aborigines in the Colony. If an imaginary circle be drawn around the kingdoms of Russia, Germany, Austria and the Republic of France, it will inclose in this relatively small space more armed men than there are in all the world besides.

The first day of spring is the day on which the sun enters the sign Aries, March 20, at the hour of nine in the morning. The so-called mid-summer day is not mid-summer, the maximum heat not being attained until six or seven weeks after. It is customary, in Japan, for children to be named after the first article on which the father's eye alights after the children are born. Some, therefore, bear the names of flowers, and others the names of furniture or kitchen utensils, as Lily, Chair, Frying Pan, etc. There are some very long-established houses of business in England, but nothing to be compared with one in Japan. A dancing-master there has just been celebrating the thousandth anniversary of the death of the member of his family who first started the business. The smallest holes pierced by modern machinery are one-thousandth of an inch in diameter. This drilling apparatus, which was the invention of one John Wennstrom, is designed to make 22,000 revolutions per minute and is used in boring sapphires, rubies, diamonds and other gems. One hundred million tons of water pour over Niagara Falls every hour. This is said to represent 16,000,000 horse-power. Some idea of this enormous amount of water may be had by understanding that all the coal produced in the world would not make enough of steam to pump a stream of equal size. Science has at length invaded the heretofore unexplored depths of the soap bubble and can give to a nicety the exact thickness of the walls of that peculiar structure. For its sake, a bubble showing a violet shade is one-fourth the thickness of a violet wave of light, or to be more explicit, 1-240,000 of an inch.

It is a fact not generally known, but maids of honor to the Queen, although their duties are wearisome and the salary a small one considering the inevitable cost of their costumes, have one golden chance. If a maid of honor marries during her term of duty, the monarch gives her the handsome little present of £1,000. "No living germ of disease can resist the antiseptic power of essence of cinnamon for more than a few hours," is the conclusion announced by M. Chamberland as the result of prolonged research and experiment in M. Pasteur's laboratory. It is said to destroy microbes as effectively, if not as rapidly, as corrosive sublimate. Quicksilver miners follow the most unhealthy trade in the world. Chloride of lime, the mercury produce constant salivation, and the system becomes permeated with the metal, the teeth of the unfortunate men drop out, they lose their appetite, become emaciated, and, as a rule, seldom live longer than two years. Chloride of lime, employed by bleachers, frequently destroys the enamel and dentine of the teeth. But phosphorus, used so largely in the manufacture of lucifer matches, affects a very large number of persons—women, girls and children greatly preponderating. People who work in soda factories are affected by the teeth becoming soft and translucent; they break off close to the gums.

Cottoleue A SHORTENING.

Down the street through the busy way A lady passed on marketing day. Who, pausing at a grocery store, Stepped quickly in at the open door. With bated breath and anxious mien She queried: "have you COTTOLENE?" The grocer, leaving off his work, Interrogated every clerk; But none up to that time had seen An article called "COTTOLENE." "What is it?" said he to the dame, "That answers to this curious name. What is it made of? What's its use? My ignorance you'll please excuse." "You're not the merchant for my dimes, I see you're quite behind the times. For COTTOLENE, I'd have you know, Is now the thing that's all the go, An article of high regard; A healthful substitute for lard, Its composition pure and clean; For cooking give me COTTOLENE." As from his store the lady fled, The grocer gently scratched his head— On his next order, first was seen, "One down cases COTTOLENE."

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"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

"How does your husband like your new hat?" "I can't say, he hasn't seen the bill yet." Miss Budd—Have you any sisters? Jack Hoodoo—No, but I have the refusal of several. Husband—I'll be back at eleven, my love. I give you my word. Wife—I'd rather you'd keep it, my dear. "Have you a good cook?" "She's very good; goes to church four times a week. She can't cook, though." "How was it that he managed to pull the wool over your eyes?" "Well, he had fleeced several fellows before I met him." Dashaway—I have fallen into the bad habit of talking to myself lately. Cleverton—I wondered why you were looking so bored. She—How was your speech at the club received the other night? He—When I sat down they said it was the best thing I ever did. Mrs. Spooner—Will you love me just as much, darling, when I am old? Mr. Soper—More, Lydia; you won't be so silly then! Miss Naive—It must be great fun writing a joke and sending it in to a paper. Spacer—Yes, it is. It is only when it is returned to you that you find out it is no joke. Young Man.—So Miss Ella is your oldest sister? Who comes after her? Small Brother.—Nobody ain't come as yet; but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her. Jorker.—I hear you've broken off your engagement with Miss Pettiface, Muny-seeker. M.—Yes; it was her father, a traitor. J.—How was that? M.—Why, the idiot failed. Maud—He asked me to marry him, but said he had only a broken heart to offer me. Marie—Did you accept him under those conditions? Maud—Yes; his bank account was intact. "So his mother intends to make a pianist of him?" "Yes." "Whom has she selected as his teacher?" "She hasn't got that far yet; at present she is simply letting his hair grow." Cecil.—No, Weggy; you must not tempt me—weally you must not. I promised her I would smoke but three cigaretttes a day. Reginald.—Oh, Cecil, dear boy! How you must love her! Teacher.—If one man can perform a piece of work in six days, how long would it take six men to do it? Willie.—About six weeks. Teacher.—How do you get that? Willie.—Six men would get up a strike. "John," said the minister's wife, "how many more times are you going to recite that sermon of yours?" "Don't bother me, my dear, if you please," he replied. "I am practising what I preach." Sally, they used to tell me, when I was a little girl, that if I did not leave coffee alone it would make me foolish," says Miss Bell, waringly. "Well, why didn't you?" says Sally, who owes her one. Fond Mother. (listening to baby's cries) What a sweet-tongued voice she has, dear! She'll be a splendid singer. We must send her to Italy and have her voice cultivated. Brutal Father. (trying to sleep) Send her now. Miss Fyssh—I'm not very prepossessing. I'm sure no one is attracted toward me on first sight. The Hopeless Blunderer (with a complaint in mind)—(Quite the contrary, Miss Fyssh; we all like you immensely before we know you. "No, she said, stating her case to a divorce lawyer. "I never did love him," married him because he kept a collection of my shoes, with ice, and he basely deceived me three months later by selling out and going into another business." "They're raked in a pretty tough looking lot this morning, haven't they?" said the stranger to the reporter in the police court. "You are looking at the wrong lot," answered the reporter. "These are not the prisoners; they are the lawyers."

Mr. Lazarus Slimpurs (indignantly)—"I know—I know but too well—the reason of your refusal. It's because I am poor. You would marry me if I were rich." Miss Bell Goughly—"Perhaps so; but you would have to be very, very rich."

Said a sharp attorney to a rambling witness:—"Now, you must give explicit and exact answers. You said you drove a milk wagon, did you not?" "No, sir, I didn't."

"Don't drive a milk wagon?" "No, sir." "Ah! What do you do sir?" "I drive a boss, sir."

How soon some women change their minds respecting their husbands. Mrs. Spinn was for ever telling her husband that he was not worth the salt that was put in his bread, but when he got killed in a railway collision she used the company for five thousand dollars.

A lawyer worried a witness with so many questions that the poor man declared he was so exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say another word. Upon this the judge remarked, "I think, sir, you had better let the witness go now, for you have pumped him dry."

Little Elvira went to visit at her grandmother's. The country was a revelation to the child. Among other things that excited her wonder was a lamb that came bleating at the door the evening of her arrival. "Oh, aunt Hattie," she cried, running down, "there's a sheep here that can talk as plain as anything; do come out and hear it say 'Ma'!"

Apreros of the lawyers pitching into experts on the witness stand in murder trials, the case is recalled where the lawyer looked quizzically at the doctor who was testifying and said: "Doctors sometimes make mistakes, don't they?" "The same as lawyers," was the reply. "But doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under ground," said the lawyer. "Yes," said the doctor, "and lawyers' mistakes sometimes swing six feet in the air."

An old lady missing two pounds of fresh butter accused her maid of having stolen it. The maid, however, not only denied the accusation, but fastened the theft upon the cat, averring moreover that she caught her in the act of finishing the last morsel. The old dame immediately put the kitten into the scales, and found it to weigh but a pound and a half. This mode of accurate reasoning being quite conclusive, the girl confessed her crime.

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MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Queen Victoria has taken 417 prizes at English cattle shows for products at her stock farm. Five court ladies in waiting to the Empress of China are on their way to Berlin, where they will study German and German court etiquette. James Tyson, the wealthiest of Australian squatters, notwithstanding that he is worth some five millions more or less, is said to dress like a casual dockster, and is proud of his ability to live on a shilling a day. The Duke of Westminster is the father of more children than any other individual whose name figures in the Peerage. There were eleven children born of the first Duchess, and there are six by the second. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel, "David Greive," has been translated into Swedish. It appeared as a serial in the leading Swedish Liberal paper last year, and is now being published in book form in Stockholm. At Sandringham Hall the Prince of Wales, has a completely equipped gas-works, the electric light not having yet been fitted. During the residence of the Royal Family the amount of gas consumed every day is 40,000 feet. The smallest conceit in France is Edouard Lomet, a dwarf two feet seven inches in height, who is now being exhibited in Paris. In spite of his diminutive size, Lomet has had to draw a number for military service. He will, of course, be rejected at the medical examination. Emile Zola, the novelist, was lately interviewed by an enterprising thief who represented himself as a journalist, and during the time that he had to wait in Zola's drawing-room perused various articles of value. He decamped with the booty after having actually seen Zola and questioned him about his forthcoming book. Sir John Millais became a pupil in an artist's studio at the early age of ten, and before he was of age had carried off all possible honours from the Royal Academy schools. Fame came as the result of painting the portrait of his wife (the "Portrait of a Lady"), exhibited in the same year as his marriage, which took place in 1855. Bismarck told an interviewer recently that all he now cares for is to remain at home with his family. He rarely visits Berlin, because he has no house there, and he dislikes unfamiliar beds and hotel accommodations. Moreover, he would not be able to take a single step in Berlin without being the object of popular demonstrations. Among Queen Victoria's most cherished possessions are three bracelets. In these are mounted thirty-three miniatures of her grand-children, taken in infancy or early youth. Each picture is set in a narrow frame of gold, and the settings are adorned with pearls and corals. One of the most interesting portraits is that of the Queen holding Prince Alexander of Battenberg. The Duke of Norfolk, who took so prominent a part in the recent celebrations of the Pope's Jubilee, is a small, saw-toothed man. He has, however, very beautiful eyes and possesses a kind heart. It would be difficult to enumerate all the good he does in the course of a year. The Duke is a widower. His only child, the Earl of Arundel, is thirteen years old, and an invalid. In addition to being a graceful writer upon philanthropic and other subjects, the youthful Duchess of Sutherland, who recently told an Eastern audience that the rich are not growing richer, is a remarkably fluent and self-possessed speaker. Not many years back, before marriage, her name—Lady Millicent St. Clair Erskine—frequently appeared as a prize and medal winner in literary competitions. Not so many people are aware that Lord Lyon Playfair is to be credited with having indirectly brought about the invention of paraffin. His discovery, when a young man, in a Derbyshire coal mine of an oil, which he produced after working and exhausting this oil, produced from candle-oil and soda-ash its equivalent, the famous "Young's Paraffin," and became a millionaire. Mr. Gladstone's treatment of the opposition organs differs altogether from the tactics pursued by Lord Salisbury when in office. The present Premier is accustomed not merely to withhold items of news from the editors who do not support his party, but has excluded their representatives from attending gatherings of an unquestionably public character. The Marquis of Salisbury adopted an exactly opposite policy. Lord Mountmorres, it has been observed, has turned journalist. Lord Fairfax has long been a doctor. The Marquis of Northampton takes pupils. Earl Russell is an electrician, and Lord Rayleigh a lecturer on electricity and physics. The Marquis of Donegall, the Earl of Stamford, Viscount Moleworth, Lord Hawke, Lord Spensdale, Lord Saye and Sele, Lord Plunket, and Lord Petre are all Anglican or Roman clergymen. Miss Jennie Young, the American girl who built a railroad to the extensive salt deposits she owns in Chihuahua, has received from the Mexican Government a valuable concession in the form of a privilege for the establishment of colonies in the States of Chihuahua and Coahuila. Miss Young has gone to England to make arrangements for bringing over several thousand English families to settle upon the lands she has secured from the Government. Sir John Millais was one of the few infant prodigies who have, after all, achieved something in their later life. As a child of five, his rough sketches of the French garrisons at Dinan were pronounced marvellous, and when he gained his first medal from the Society of Arts he was scarcely more than a boy. He became the youngest Associate of the Royal Academy at the age of twenty-four, and the youngest Academician on record at the age of twenty-six. Her Majesty's fondness for Pomeranian dogs has led to a considerable popularity for this breed, and the partiality of the Prince and Princess of Wales for rough-coated Basset Griffons has brought these hounds prominently into notice. For some years the Duchess of Newcastle, who will not be content with a second place, has been foremost in the introduction of the Czar's favourites, the Borzoi—the Russian wolf-hound, used also for coursing hares—of which her grace possesses many fine specimens.

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WORKERS WHO HAVE UNEXPECTEDLY STOPPED THEIR WORK.

Bakers Who Left a City in a Lurch and Servant Girls Who Dropped their Rooms—Labor Troubles in the Rank of Musicians and Other Professionals.

The inhabitants of Marseilles recently had an unpleasant experience. A strike in the bakers' shops throughout the city produced a faint copy of the famine scenes in Paris when the German siege ended. Master bakers and men were united in an alarming protest against the edict of a mayor who under an old law appointed an assize of bread. They banked-down ovens and shut shops rather than submit to the interference; and the average citizen, who only wanted his breakfast at the proper hour, saw himself with consternation minus the staff of life.

Great excitement prevailed when bread came in from military bakeries and from ovens seized by the mayor's orders. The quantity was wholly insufficient for a clamouring multitude, and hunger riots loomed on the horizon; but on the second night the municipal price was agreed to, and the peril passed away.

It is hard in these days of upheaval to say where strikes are unlikely. They sometimes occur in circumstances which inevitably bring a smile. Fun was mixed with the anxiety that obtained in the best quarters of West Hartlepool for a short time last spring. There was bustle and laughter in the streets and a general expectation.

"What are you looking for?" a stranger asked. "Don't you know? why, the girls are out. There's a strike procession of household servants."

"Not a lark?" said one corner man. "Here come the slaves," said another. There was trouble in many a kitchen. The maids had discussed their hardships and had the daring to demonstrate. They carried various emblems of their business.

In place of flags the spectators saw flatirons and poles used for stirring copper, coal-scuttles and scrubbing-brushes, props and brooms. The demand of housemaid and "odd girl" was for shorter hours and a weekly half-holiday.

"Define strikes," was a question recently set in a scholarship examination. A hopeful young candidate believed that he had an apt answer.

"Men trying to rule their masters," he wrote. Perhaps he would have thought a strike amongst schoolboys a fit illustration. At one time several of these took place in this country. Their memory has been revived by occurrences at a large school in New Zealand which have lately found publicity.

The boys prepared a manifesto in the name of justice, and then struck lessons. They objected to so much mathematics and caning, and like the Hartlepool servants, complained of a deficit of holidays.

But they had treated the ungenerous argument of force too lightly. The headmaster swooped upon the ringleaders, and instead of less caning, there was more, and the protest fitted out like a damp firework.

A few months ago there was a specially lugubrious strike at Paris, a specially grave-diggers and funeral mutes engaged by the city undertakers. They represented that they were insufficiently paid. Before much inconvenience was inflicted on mourners the matter was arranged.

A palace seems a novel place for one of these developments of the modern spirit. But China gives an instance. It was on rather an extensive scale. The Emperor was building the fine and commodious Heho Palace for his mother, the retiring Regent. An army of workmen were there, and three thousand or so were wood and other carvers, whose calling was much esteemed in the Celestial Empire by trade pride.

These men knew the date when all was to be in readiness, and, instead of going on to finish, they presented a demand for more "Pekin cash" in addition to their free meals a day.

As if the place were London or Liege, the authorities quaked at the portent, and summoned military aid. Ultimately a compromise was made and the Emperor's plans were saved. It was a warning that might mean much some day.

There was a strike of the Paris postmen lately for a reason that is laughable. Two pairs of trousers are given out at regular seasons to these useful servants of the State. In this case Red-tape made a slip, and nearly left all the post-men's gorges and correspondents at their wits' end for want of letters. The tickets written out for the night to deliver to the tailors only said one pair of nether garments instead of two.

"I don't see it; I shan't go on duty," said one letter-carrier to another. A league was soon formed to suspend work. Sailen faces were everywhere. But when the cause of the disturbance leaked out the trouble was quickly adjusted. It was a blunder. There was no intention to gnat the postmen less cloth than of old. Assured on this point they resumed duty.

It was in Paris again that on one occasion some ten thousand automatic clocks "struck." No man is meant. It was general to fulfill their functions. It was a general stoppage, and oddly brought about by a strike of men. Navies working in the bed of the road had excavated a great hole near to where the electric wires were conducted.

murours, swelling into a storm of protest. Explanations were demanded and had to be given before calm was restored. The male chorus singers had in vain asked an increase of salary, and had then taken a dramatic way of enforcing their claim.

Even through the habits of strict obedience implanted by military discipline the tendency to strikes will now and then appear. There has been a quaint example at Narbonne, in France. It was a strictly musical revolt. The offenders were nearly the whole of the bandmen belonging to the 100th Regiment of French Infantry. Stationed for a while in the town the band was instructed to enliven the public promenade with their martial strains.

But, though they were marched to the bandstand, only two were so weak-kneed as to begin. Like the men in the Opera Comique chorus, they had entered into a compact of silence. No financial grievance existed. The strike was directed at an excess of rehearsal practice which had become a weariness to the flesh. It was a strictly musical revolt. The offenders were nearly the whole of the bandmen belonging to the 100th Regiment of French Infantry. Stationed for a while in the town the band was instructed to enliven the public promenade with their martial strains.

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HOW WAGNER COMPOSED.

He First Made Skeleton Sketches and from These he Elaborated.

What use, then, did he make of the piano in composing? The correct answer to this is given in the following remarks by Praeger, who, during a visit to Zurich in 1856, had an opportunity to see the composer at work on "Siegfried": "He did not seek his ideas at the piano. He went to the piano with his idea already composed, and made the piano his sketch book, wherein he worked and reworked his subject, steadily modeling and remodeling his subject until it assumed the shape he had in his mind." In other words, while Schubert wrote as a fountain produces water, and Beethoven put the results of his persistent reflections on his themes on slips of paper, Wagner used the piano as a sculptor does his clay, to mould his themes into various plastic motives. But that was all: the delicate lace-work of the orchestral score was all pure mental work which no physical manipulation at the piano could assist.

Wagner thought out his operas in orchestral colors; his very ideas are often conceived in colors; and instrumental combinations which the piano can no more reproduce than it could have suggested them to the composer. There are in music emotional "themes" and in an opera the former are fully as important as the latter. The magic helmet, motive, in the "Nibelung's Ring" would lose half its charm if presented in a different orchestral coloring or played on the piano; but this is not the fault of the composer; it is a mark of his superlative genius.

After he had his musical motives satisfactorily arranged in his head, how did he proceed to put them on paper? First he made a sort of skeleton sketch—as painters make preliminary sketches—the ideas being roughly jotted down on a few lines of music paper; and from these the orchestral score was subsequently elaborated.—by Henry T. Finck.

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HIS DILEMMA.

Something in Jethro Starr's face attracted his housekeeper when he came home at the close of the second day of the case of "The State versus Thomas Masson."

It was a case which had attracted a good deal of interest, not only in Danvers, but throughout the surrounding country, and court-house had been packed with an interested crowd.

"The man was sharper than I imagined," said Jethro Starr aloud, as he went to the window and drawing the curtains aside, looked down into the main street upon some waggons loaded with quartz going to the mills.

"I am not sure that this man's testimony was broken, the prisoner at the bar could not escape the halter."

"I feared so," said the voice of the judge. "She could not conceal it, and she comes to me asking me to interfere from the bench in his behalf."

"I unlocked a desk that filled one corner of his bachelor abode, and after a little search took out a packet of papers, one of which he selected with a smile."

"I cannot give you the answer you evidently expect. Your offer has been considered from every standpoint, and I have to tell you that I cannot become your wife."

"I rather fancied, and to some extent sarcastic," muttered Jethro Starr. "Friends! Yes, that is the same old story; but it served her purpose well. No, I don't think she showed her preference to-day, for I watched her as carefully as I could."

At this juncture the tea came along, with the newspaper, and when both had been deposited at the judge's right hand, Mrs. Grimsby tripped out of the room, leaving him to his supper and meditations.

"The judge leaned forward to look at a paragraph which had caught his eye, and the last sentence was not completed. He had sent the remains of his light supper downstairs, and, clad in smoking gown and slippers, was about to take up the paper for a full perusal, when he heard a knock at the door."

"A lady wants to see you, sir," said the voice of Mrs. Grimsby, who was supposed by some people to have designs on the judge.

"A lady?" "Miss Sessions, I believe it is."

"Hester?" exclaimed Judge Starr, but he was not loud enough to be heard by the sharp ears at the door.

"Then he told Mrs. Grimsby to show his visitor up, and setting back in his chair he waited for her to come through the door."

"Hester Sessions went directly to the business which had called her to the judge's room. Taking the chair to which the judicial hand had waved her, she said in the soft, sweet voice which he had always admired—"

"Judge, do you believe Dick Nolan told the truth to-day?"

Jethro Starr fell back and looked at the woman in amazement. She did not seem to realize to whom she was talking. Such a question put to him under prevailing circumstances was startling, and affected his dignified position.

"I saw you watching the witness all the time, and the cross-examination seemed to be followed by you with a good deal of interest."

"Hester, I cannot discuss these things," he said, firmly but with gentleness. "You seem to forget my position. I am on the bench, and I cannot listen to you, however much I would like to under other circumstances."

"But you can give me some encouragement. You can say what you think of the testimony of the man who fought Batterys with the spirit of the Evil One. Will it have very great bearing on the jury as

against the prisoner? Will Dick Nolan send him to the gallows?"

Judge Starr arose and waved his hand in a manner which showed how keen was the torment to which he was subjected. All was out now. Hester Sessions had unbundled to him all the secrets of her heart.

Hester looked up at the man standing over her, but did not realize the situation. It never occurred to her that all that day Judge Starr had watched her while she listened to the trial, and that he had even wondered whether she would become his wife if the law choked to death the man charged with murdering his partner at the dead hour of that November night.

"Everything rests with you," said Hester, rising at last and facing him. "They tell me that everything depends on your charge to the jury. If you incline to the side of justice, if you think that the evidence given by Dick Nolan is unreliable, then Masson will be acquitted. If, on the other hand, you tell them that—"

"For Heaven's sake, Hester, don't proceed!" broke in Judge Starr, catching her hands. "I am not the only person occupying this house. Let me see the evidence in your door, and let us hope that all will come out well in the end."

"But you give me no hope."

"You don't realize what you are doing. I am the judge, and am sworn to do my duty. The jury is the deciding power, and if the testimony is favorable to acquittal he will be acquitted."

She stood before him a moment longer, looking him in the face as she saw it in the glow of his fire, then broke from his hands and fairly dashed from the room. He heard her on the stairs, and went to the window to catch a glimpse of her figure as it emerged from the house and lost itself on the street below.

For some time Jethro Starr seemed another person when he went back to his chair. He leaned forward, and with his elbows on his knees, covered his face with his hands.

"I feared so," said the voice of the judge. "She could not conceal it, and she comes to me asking me to interfere from the bench in his behalf."

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"But you can give me some encouragement. You can say what you think of the testimony of the man who fought Batterys with the spirit of the Evil One. Will it have very great bearing on the jury as

WILL YOU

kindly read the following letters, which I think will give you a fair idea of the way BENS DORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA stands in a competitive trial as to quality and price?

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION SOFT DRINK CO., Having exclusive privilege for Soda Water and all other Temperance Drinks on the World's Fair grounds.

WELLINGTON CATERING COMPANY. WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION. JACKSON PARK, Telephone 28, World's Fair.

S. L. Bartlett, Esq., Sole Importer Bensdorf's Royal Dutch Cocoa and Chocolates, Boston, Mass.

Henry A. Fleischmann, General Manager.

DIED.

Halifax, May 4, Michael Veale, 57. St. John, May 14, Thomas Bradley. Alma, May 4, William McKinley 62.

BORN.

Truro, May 9, to the wife of James Archibald, a son. Halifax, May 7, the wife of R. J. Sweet a daughter.

MARRIED.

St. John, May 16, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, James Love to Mary Hunt. Falmouth, May 1, by Rev. Jos. Murray, Robert Gray to Minnie Goss.

RAILWAYS.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R.Y. Winter Arrangement. On and after Thursday, Jan. 5th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1892-WINTER ARRANGEMENT-1893. On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run daily-Sunday excepted-as follows:

TAKE THE CANADIAN PACIFIC R.Y.

TO THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.

STEAMERS.

STEAMER CLIFTON will leave wharf at Indiantown, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Three Trips a Week. For Boston. ON AND AFTER APRIL 15th, and until further notice, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 12:30 noon.

On Wednesday the steamer will not sail for Eastport and St. John.

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Chatham and St. Stephen.

Connection received daily up to 8 p. m.

C. E. LAPOINTE, Agent.

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