

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GOOD FOR LAWYERS,

AS WELL AS FOR THE ST. JOHN PROBATE COURT.

That Tribunal Has No Jurisdiction Over Accounts of Trustees—Yet It Has Been Passing Them and Pocketing the Fees—The Nicholson Case.

E. H. McAlpine, Esq., referee in equity, is a walking encyclopedia of information in regard to certain matters of law and politics, but it must be confessed that his answers to the questions of Progress in regard to the Nicholson estate lacked the voluminous detail which characterized his replies to the rural electors in the last campaign. The accounts of the estate had been referred to Mr. McAlpine, but he did not seem to think there was anything unusual in that, or that the costs would amount to more than a mere trifle. A portion of the trustees accounts had been passed in a few hours, he said, and though there was now an adjournment of a month, because "Charley" Palmer was away, the thing would be rushed through on his return. The entire cost would not be more than \$500. There had been four meetings already and a number of adjournments. The four lawyers would not think of charging for the adjournments, and they would not claim full fees for actual attendance. They would probably "lump" the charge, so that the costs would amount to very little.

A traveller from New Zealand might have inferred from Mr. McAlpine's way of putting things, that the legal fraternity of St. John was a sort of a charitable guild, having for its object the saving of money to the estates of rich men, deceased. The traveller would also have been astonished at the celerity with which the business of the equity court is rushed through by these gentlemen who scorn the fees allowed by law, and persist in works of charity and mercy by "lumping" bills so as to reach the lowest living limit. He might believe that each lawyer who got more than \$50 out of the affair, would feel bound in conscience to give an excess of that sum to a benevolent institution.

Mr. McAlpine was asked if the accounts had not already been passed in the probate court. He replied that the executors' accounts had, and that the trustees were now passing their accounts before him. Then he was asked if the trustees had not also passed their accounts in the probate court, and he quietly replied that they probably had done so, as a matter of precaution. The rest of the conversation was in regard to politics, prohibition and theological doctrine.

A referee in equity is in a very different position from a referee in a boat race or a dog fight. In either of the latter cases he is supposed to know all the ins and outs of the affair. In the latter, apparently, he is not. There are some things that Mr. McAlpine failed to mention.

The legal history of the Nicholson estate consists of a number of interesting epochs, extending from 1884 to the present time, and likely to be continued for some years to come. The reference of the accounts is one of those epochs, and while Mr. McAlpine seems to look on it as the most natural thing in the world, the trustees are understood to be considerably surprised about it. They supposed they supposed they had been passed once and for all, until Judge Palmer told them to the contrary.

It has been and is still the custom for the trustees of estates to have their accounts passed by the probate court. So long as no question arises it is all right, and that is the end of it. When there is a question, the announcement is made that the probate court can deal only with the accounts of executors, but not of trustees. They have no more authority over the latter than they have over the public accounts at Ottawa. Judge Palmer says so, and it is admitted to be good law.

It is not new law. It was clearly affirmed in the Hallett case a quarter of a century ago. Some of the lawyers have been well acquainted with the fact. It is understood that the present judge of probate, R. C. Skinner, has been aware of it, as was his predecessor, C. N. Skinner, M. P. The public have known nothing about it. Thousands of trustee accounts have been passed by the probate court as though it was boss of the whole business. It was so in the case of the Nicholson estate.

Since the death of John W. Nicholson in 1884, the trustees have annually passed the accounts before the probate court, and that tribunal has accepted them and pocketed the fees. C. N. Skinner was judge for the first three years, and his brother, R. C. Skinner, was proctor for the estate. In 1887 Judge C. N. Skinner felt it his duty to go into political life so that he might denounce the conservative party as the greatest annexation power in Canada, and R. C. Skinner was appointed judge in his stead. Matters were evened up by the ex-judge taking the position of proctor from which the new judge had to

resign. In this relation they continued to pass the trustees' accounts until 1890, the one acting as proctor of the estate and the other as judge. They examined every voucher, declared annually the amount due the receipts, and received the fees. Nobody doubts that they did their work promptly and well. The only trouble was that the court had no jurisdiction. It would have been all right had there been no litigation, and that there would be litigation was not expected. They "did not know it was loaded."

And now at this day the trustees, after having paid out hundreds of dollars to the probate court, have again to swear to the vouchers for the last seven years, representing an expenditure of probably \$400,000. Some of the vouchers are likely to be for sums as low as ten cents. It is to be hoped the trustees have good memories. Various interests are represented and sundry lawyers employed. The referee thinks it will be a cheap and easy job. Perhaps it will.

There is just one good thing will come out of the affair, and that is, the trustees of estates will not rely on the probate court to pass their accounts in the future. But the court has the joke on the trustees up to date, for it has pocketed the fees.

WILL STIR UP THE MAGISTRATE.

The Long Pole of a Rule Nisi Brought to Bear on Him.

Another chapter is to be added to the story of Mr. Prince who was fined \$16 because he objected to having a helpless man mauled by the police, and had the temerity to express an opinion on the subject. John Kerr was Mr. Prince's attorney, and he feeling that his client had received anything but justice at Magistrate Ritchie's hands, decided to take an appeal. Some days ago, he was taken ill and J. B. M. Baxter appeared at the court in his stead, asking for a copy of the proceedings, to which he was entitled by law. The magistrate promised to have it by Wednesday. When that day arrived, Mr. Baxter went to get the copy, but could get neither it nor a civil answer. He was told that the copy was not ready, and if he wanted it in a hurry he could get a judge's order for it. If Mr. Kerr wanted the business of the court stopped for his convenience, he could get a judge's order. The magistrate appeared in a mood which is usually known as "cranky," and rung in the phrase, "judge's order," in reply to all the questions Mr. Baxter put. The latter wanted to know if Mr. Prince's fine would be allowed to stand until the case was decided, to which Mr. Ritchie replied that if Mr. Kerr wanted anything he could "get a judge's order for it." Then Mr. Baxter went away, determined to follow the magistrate's advice.

It is the duty of a magistrate to furnish a copy of proceedings upon proper demand, and Mr. Ritchie knows enough of his business to understand that, but as he is running the court to suit his own ideas of justice, he did not propose to hurry. His advice that a judge's order should be got was, doubtless, intended for a scintillation of wit, and he was probably both surprised and disgusted to find that Mr. Baxter acted upon it with great promptitude. An order nisi, carrying costs, was obtained, returnable before Judge Palmer on Monday next. Mr. Ritchie will then have to show cause why he refuses to furnish what the law says he must furnish, unless he comes down from his perch and supplies the copy in the meantime. And the order nisi carries costs.

They Won't go Back.

The nine hour men who have worked in the Harris foundry are having a hard fight for what they look upon as principle. They have been out of work all winter, and now the company asks them to work ten hours. A few have gone back, but the best men are still walking the streets. The company claim that they could not run the foundry at a profit, if the men worked only nine hours; but when it is considered that the men were willing to accept a reduction in wages, they cannot see the justice of the contention.

What Has Become of It?

Does anybody know what has become of the exhibition association? It had an annual meeting a while ago, but it has not been called together since and there has been no election of officers. In the meantime, the days are passing, and people are hustling to arrange for exhibitions in other places. Some people are of opinion that, if there is to be an exhibition in St. John next fall, it is time the association was making up.

Tell the Chief About It.

A correspondent complains that the mission workers of Exmouth street church are annoyed by a gang that disturbs the services held in the building near the Marsh bridge. The roughs gather on the sidewalk and amuse themselves by shouting and jumping. The policemen do not seem to exert themselves in the matter. The mission workers should demand of the chief that his men keep the loafers away.

HERE ARE MORE CRESTS.

THEIR MEANING EXPLAINED BY THE HERALD OF "PROGRESS."

Valiant Warriors who Wore Hardwore Clothes, and Invented Armorial Bearings—Some St. John Crests and the Useful Lessons Taught by Them.

In days of old, when knights were bold and barons held their sway, a young galoot in iron suit sang gleefully this lay:

I go to the fight like a valiant knight,
And I walk, with a martial tread,
In an iron suit from collar to boot
And a stew pot on my head.
My coat of mail has a rattling tail,
My gloves are cast-steel gaunt;
While, square by side, I view with pride
The set of my steeple pants.

The brave old knights of a few hundred years ago had a peculiar taste as to dress. When one of them wanted a suit of clothes made to order he went to the foundry and left his measure for a coat like a base-burner stove, fitted with elbow joints working with swivels. Then he bought a sort of iron pot for a hat, with a lot of sheet iron around it to keep his nose and ears from getting sunburned, and he completed his rig out by putting on trousers of Russia iron pipe with boots to match. After that he hunted up a big sword, stuck a butcher's cleaver in his belt, took a big pot cover for a shield, stole a horse and went prowling around in search of his creditors, whom he killed and plundered, unless they get the drop on him first. On state occasions he carried a clothes-pole with a carving knife on the end of it, and when he travelled, his boot-jack and the tin dipper he used for a smoking cap, and a wastral cup combined were slung to the ox-chain which he wore as a baldric. He did not have any pockets in his clothes. He did not need them, for he never carried any money. When he saw anything he wanted, he took it, if he was strong enough, or waited until he had a better chance. He did not carry any spare clothes, for he never changed his shirt on a pilgrimage, nor did he burden himself with as much as a dressing case, because he dispensed with brush and comb, and his sword was always sharp enough to be used as a razor.

No doubt, in the intervals when he was not fighting with his neighbors or proving his piety by murdering the Jews, Turks, and infidels, there was much that was interesting in the domestic life of the knight of old. He had his weak points and was only human. Doubtless, he would fly into a passion when his wife neglected to darn his trousers because a neighbour had borrowed the riveting machine. So, too, he would get annoyed when he returned from a pilgrimage and found that, in the hurry of putting up the hall stove, a part of his best Sunday suit had got mixed up with the piping. But he was a genial fellow for all that, his history is to be believed. He quaffed ale, roasted oxen whole and invented crests which are quite in the fashion at the present time. Some of those who very little improvement on "those of the middle ages."

A crest was originally used as a sort of trade mark. The old time warriors made their marks because they did not know how to write. Each took a device which would distinguish him, and had it put on the castle gate as a door-plate. He had his clothes stamped with it, so that when they were sent to the tinker for repairs they would not get mixed up with those of his neighbors. He used it also to brand stolen cattle so that he could prove they were his own property. He would, of course, have had it in the rubber-stamp form if he had been in habit of sending his linen to a laundry, as he was not. He did not have much linen, and was quite above the use of anything as common as a pocket handkerchief.

The iron-clad, boiler-plated, patent-outside warrior has gone never to return. He is not wanted. If he appeared in St. John he would scare the citizens worse than Director Smith's street-roller did and be quite as useless. The fire department would be called out to lift him up if he slipped on the ice and fell. Besides, the damp climate would rust his clothes. Let him go.

But though the doughty knight lies mouldering in his grave, his crests go marching on. Progress gave some specimens of them last week. Some additional ones are shown herewith:

The first shown explains itself, in the light of what has already been written. It is an old style stove-pipe elbow with a taper joint on one end, a thing frequently

seen where the hole in the back of the stove is one size and the pipe another size. It is made by riveting on a bias. The antiquity of this elbow is proven by its being angular instead of in the rounded corrugated style so much in use in recent years. A hand is seen reaching out of the upper end of it, grasping what appears to be the handle of the damper. Everybody who has put up stoves knows that the damper in a pipe will become unshipped at times, and the owner of the hand has evidently put his arm in to find it. Why the man did not turn the pipe down and let the loose damper drop out is something for antiquaries to puzzle over. Probably he was afraid of letting the soot fall on the carpet. Whatever the legend may be, the crest is genuine and so is the motto, "Post nubila col," which may be interpreted—"After the house-cleaning clouds have passed, use the Rising Sun stove polish." It sounds like a Boston advertisement, but it is not. The motto might be changed to "Eureka," referring to the finding of the damper.

The next crest is that of the famous Jolli-grosser, and is a very elaborate affair. A sugar loaf occupies the honor point and a Sussex cheese the fess point. The dexter chief is a codfish, alluding to the aristocratic claims of the family, while the sinister point is a bottle of Day and Martin's blacking, alluding to the polish of the Jolli-grosser. The dexter and sinister bases, respectively, are a scrub-brush and a package of tea. The student of heraldry can decipher many other "objects of virtue" in it. The motto, "Try our 25c Tea," may be interpreted to mean that economy is the road to wealth.

Next in order, in the illustrations, is what appears to be a greatly exasperated rooster holding a bell in his mouth. The motto, "Toujours le mème," means "chestnut," or something that is always the same old joke. It does not follow from this that the bell is a chestnut bell. It is not. It is more like a cowbell pendent with a bottom dancette, as a herald would describe it. Some may assert that it is a flower which has plus-ked off, for it is well known that the hen tribe is very destructive to vegetation. The rooster looks highly incensed at something. See what an eye he has and how his hackles curl. His comb lies down flat, which is a sign of anger, just as when a horse puts back its ears. Perhaps he is waving the bell as a signal of defiance to the rooster in the next yard. Whatever it is, he seems as mad as a hatter, and children accompanied by parents or guardians would do well to give him a wide berth.

The concluding crest reflects credit alike on the proprietor and the artist. It is an elaborate affair, copyright, used with the special permission of J. Hande-Sode Calff, its inventor. It has been constantly in use in the Hande-Sode Calff family for the last two years, and is therefore considerably more ancient than some of the crests used by the other landed gentry of St. John. It represents what a lot of jolly souls the Hande-Sode Calffs are. The honor point is a piece of offensive armor known as a boot, with which an ancestor kicked an unfortunate book agent out of his shop. The motto is "Ad Finem," which may be freely translated, "let the shoemaker stick to his last, and the citizen to his crest—when he owns one."

This motto will be a good text for the public to reflect upon for the next seven days.

He Will Still Serve the Public.

Mr. W. S. Hooper has assumed the management of the Barker House at Fredericton, and hereafter will welcome his hosts of friends from his new quarters in the celestial city. The Dominion express service loses, with much regret, an active, courteous and very popular agent. Few men are better adapted than Mr. Hooper to serve and at the same time to satisfy the public. The Dominion express people have been fortunate in the two men who have had charge of their business here—Mr. Vickers and Mr. Hooper. Their business has increased remarkably, a fact for which their agents are largely responsible.

They Arrived on Time.

There were a number of angry officials on Erin street one day this week. A young fellow in Scott, Lawton & Love's met with an accident, and when his friends went to the telephone, all the medical men in town seemed to be anywhere but in their offices. So a message was sent to the police station. It was not a very startling message, but chief Clark, Capt. Rawlings and Sergt. Covay responded, and a few minutes later Coroner Berryman put in an appearance very much out of breath. But he was not needed in his official capacity. Erin street is quite a distance from the police station, hence the wrath of the officers.

THEIR BIG DAY

Boys and Girls Fill the Opera House.

ALL WERE DELIGHTED

With "Progress" Phonographic Concert.

WHAT THE LITTLE ONES HAVE TO SAY ABOUT IT.

Accounts of the Entertainment by Bright Boys and Girls—What they Know About The Phonograph—The Prize Winners—The Scene at the Opera House Saturday Afternoon.

Twelve hundred children! Pretty little rosebuds smothered in furs; chattering little school girls, fussy as you please; larger maidens blushing and flurried; and noisy rollicking small boys with heavy-soled boots.

Over twelve hundred of them thronged the Opera house Saturday afternoon and listened to the phonograph.

They came from all directions and were on hand bright and early. Long before the doors were opened Union street resembled a great public play ground. Before the main entrance the girls and little tots with papa, mamma and auntie, or little parties with big sister in charge, waited patiently for the doors to open, while small hands held crumpled coupons and rosebud lips asked countless questions.

But the boys were not so patient. Noisy and restless, they made the treet ring with their shouts and calls, while they snow-balled and chased each other all around the block. Then some of them made a discovery. The Union alley door was open. A hundred boys seemed to have made this discovery at one and the same time, and several hundred more a few seconds later. They took the tickets takers by storm, and nearly carried them up into the galleries. A hundred hands with a hundred crumpled coupons were raised above a hundred heads, and a crowd of bustling youngsters could not get into the hall quick enough. They were on all sides of the ticket takers before they knew it, squirming in all directions. There was a rush for the stairs—for the galleries were set apart for the boys—and up they went two steps at a time, pushing and shoving and making as much noise as they possibly could without exerting themselves.

The boys all in, the front doors were opened, and a different kind of young folk flocked up the stairs; the little tots, the little girls, the larger girls, and mothers and fathers who brought the children to hear the phonograph. All these were ushered to the orchestra chairs. And soon the house was filled.

Down stairs the scene was a pretty one. The bright colored hats and bonnets of hundreds of little girls bobbed up from the backs of the orchestra chairs, and chubby little fingers pointed of the people on the curtain; and innumerable little faces appeared where hats and bonnets should have been, and looked curiously up over the backs of the chairs at the restless boys in the galleries.

For the boys were restless; there is no doubt about it; but not more so than could be expected of the same number of youngsters, all more or less acquainted with each other, and with no regard to distance when they wanted to converse. But they were all bright, manners little fellows, with just enough of the restless qualities and mischievous proclivities, that make the genuine boy stand out prominently from the rest of humanity.

The moment Mr. Ewing appeared with the phonograph they were interested. Even the most restless of the boys in the top gallery leaned over and watched him fixing up the machine as eagerly as if they were all determined to make one just like it whenever they ran head home.

The little girls in the orchestra were all attention. The majority of them were so interested that they forgot to ask questions.

But when Mr. Ewing announced that the phonograph would sing "Sweet Katie Connor," there was a buzz of excitement that subsided when the first note from the phonograph was heard, and the proverbial pin could have dropped on one of the plush orchestra chairs and yet been heard. Katie Connor found a host of new admirers, and judging by the essays the New York military band selection was her only formidable competitor in the minds of the little ones.

With the last note came a hundred questions from the puzzled little ones, especially the tots perched on the knees of

mamas and papas. They couldn't understand it. A short explanation from Mr. Ewing set hundreds of puzzled little minds at rest; and the duet played into the phonograph by the Messrs. Williams, and afterwards reproduced made things clearer. But when Rev. Mr. Bruce took the stage and told all about the phonograph in a simple, conversational way, all understood how the sounds were reproduced. A glance at the descriptions of the concert printed today shows that numbers of bright boys and girls have gained a knowledge of the phonograph that leaves little to be learned, until another step forward has been taken by its inventor.

At the close of the entertainment it was announced that Progress would give three prizes of \$3, \$2 and \$1 to the boys or girls sending in the best accounts of the concert. The result has been a number of bright and readable accounts from between 20 and 30 boys and girls.

In awarding the prizes the judges gave all the contributions a careful reading. The task was difficult on account of the many different ways in which the competitors told their stories, and from the fact that the judges had no way of learning the age of the writer except by his style and penmanship.

Wm. J. Edwards, 80 Mecklenburg street, gave the best condensed newspaper account of the concert, and receives the first prize, \$3.

Ethel H. Jarvis, 7 Elliot row, receives second prize, \$2. Her contribution, although one of a number of almost equal merit, gives the best description of the concert, although from a newspaper standpoint it would be in more danger of the blue pencil than that of Master Edwards.

Winnie Fairweather, 243 Charlotte street, receives the third prize, \$1. While, perhaps, not so good from many points of view, as many of the accounts published, the composition of this little girl of seven had many things to recommend it, chiefly her keen observation and the ability to put into readable form what she had seen.

THE WORK OF BRIGHT CHILDREN.

Compositions of the Boys and Girls Who Attended the Concert.

All the compositions received by Progress are printed. Apart from the fact that they are readable, they show how children look upon and appreciate anything that approaches the wonderful and is new to them.

First Prize Composition.

The phonographic concert given by Progress in the Opera house, on Saturday afternoon, was very largely attended. The programme consisted of some very fine songs and band music, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Prof. Williams played some very fine cornet solos, and Mr. Ewing reproduced them on the phonograph. Rev. Mr. Bruce delivered a very instructive address. He explained the workings of the phonograph to the boys and girls. By means of the concert horn the selections could be heard very plainly in all parts of the hall. The boys and girls were delighted with the concert, as could be seen by the hearty applause after each selection. It was not only a first-class concert, but a very instructive lesson to the boys and girls. The phonograph is a wonderful machine, and is one of Edison's latest inventions.

WM. J. EDWARDS.

80 Mecklenburg Street.

Second Prize Composition.

When Progress announced in Friday evening's *Blade* that a phonographic concert would be given especially for the boys and girls of this city in the Opera house on Saturday afternoon, and that upon presenting a coupon printed purposely in the paper, free admittance would be gained, great was the excitement that prevailed among our small folk. Never before had the newsboys so little trouble in selling this paper as on Saturday morning.

At half-past two the house was crowded with a sea of expectant faces, and many were the conjectures as to what the entertainment would be like. All that could be seen on the platform was a varnished table surrounded by a box filled with queer looking wheels and machinery. A big horn resembling, although larger, the sleighing party horns, seemed to be attached, and on the floor stood another box which was connected to the former by a chord of almost a yard and a half in length.

Precisely on time Mr. Ewing stepped forward and announced the first piece on the programme. And now the wonderful machine was set in motion, and many of the children heard for the first time in their lives an exact representation of the human voice produced in a phonograph. So distinct was it, that there was not a child in the building who could not clearly hear the tones as they proceeded from this apparently supernatural instrument. After one or two more selections were given, Mr. Williams appeared on the platform and played an air on his cornet. This done he stepped back and beheld! to the astonishment of the audience they again heard exactly the same air.

They looked for Mr. Williams but he was not to be seen; it was clear then, that the wonderful instrument was imitating the cornet with the utmost exactness. At Mr. Carter's request the Rev. Mr. Bruce mounted the platform and explained in a few words to the children the principle on which this was worked. He told them that sound was merely the vibration of the air moving like the waves of the sea, and striking the ear, and that inside our ears were the most minute drums upon which the vibration rested and by this means we are enabled to

JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 DUNDAS ST. W. M. ST. FISHER, JOHN, N. B. LOCK, S. N. B. WHISKEY, LABORATORY, 1880. MACKIE, C. F. C. S., J. B.

MUSICAL

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Very little is stirring in musical circles just now owing to the general prevalence of a gripe. The musical club, whose meeting was to have taken place on Tuesday, was obliged to postpone it until the 28th do. "The old song has it; and several other musical bodies have been in the same predicament. I noticed that the ranks of some of the church choirs on Sunday were thinned from the same cause, several prominent members being absent. At the mission church on Monday morning I heard solos taken respectively by Miss Swann and Master Horvath; both were in good voice, and I don't think I ever heard Miss Swann sing better. The entertainment was very successful. At the St. George's, in the evening, a very taking session by J. C. Brown, "O God, look upon me," was sung. It appeared to me that Mrs. Carter has recovered from her illness and was able to take her place in the choir once more.

As an eye witness over the following account of the St. John's Amateur minstrel performance at Calais last week. "The audience of fair ladies, observed nearly two hours after the advertised time for commencing; but their spirits were refreshed by a well-timed speech from Mrs. Carter, who assured them the company was almost there. When they were eventually introduced, they were most enthusiastically received. The performance which the audience voted to be well worth waiting for, being the best part of the whole thing was the parading, which was most excellent. The music was very sweet, but perhaps rather too loud. The Minstrel was well, but the "burlesque" was a little too hurried. The accompaniment and orchestra will play by Harrison's who conducted. If the minstrel visit Calais again they will probably do so when there are no more banks on the Shore Line."

The entertainment now being organized by the officers of the club, promises to be full of novelty and amusement. The great attraction will be the singing of several comedies of fair ladies, observed by the gallant St. John. This will be followed, I believe, by vocal and instrumental music, and I hear rumors that the whole will conclude with a farce or comedy to be played by some of our best amateur ladies and gentlemen. The entertainment will take place some time after Easter.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Farce comedy with ridiculous situations and specialties has been drawing good houses, but the Institute this week. A New England Home does not claim to have a plot, but it has a number of features from the County Fair. It is supposed to be a picture of New England life, and now and again one gets a glimpse of what the down east Yankee is usually supposed to be like in his own home and the homes of other people. Harry La Marr furnished considerable fun, but his interpretation of the part of Mrs. Puffy cannot be said to have been artistic. It was loud and rollicking, so much so, that the fun was not always discernible. Aside from a vulgarity that was repeated unnecessarily, Harry Vickers as Nathan Comstock proved himself the best delineator of New England life, in the company, although there was some good work in the same done by Harry S. Sargent as Josiah Dobbins. The specialties were good especially the whistling solos of Mr. Clark. The ladies in the company had nothing in particular to do in the farce, but they made their presence agreeable to the audience in many ways.

The City Cornet band will celebrate Rossini's birthday on the Opera House, Monday evening, the 29th, with dramatic entertainment in which a new departure will be made. The cast of "The Irish Patriot," the drama that will be put on, will include a number of ladies who have shown considerable dramatic ability, but will make their first public appearance Monday evening. The company have been rehearsing for some time, and a good performance is promised. During the evening the band will confine its music to the works of Rossini.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Proposers for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Fial or and at the book store of G. F. Wall in Calais at G. F. Treat's.]
Feb. 17.—Mrs. J. A. Boyd gave a delightful party at her residence on Wednesday evening, to a large number of young people, on the occasion of Master Oscar Boyd's birthday.

The St. John's Amateur Minstrel club at St. Croix hall on Friday evening were greeted by a large audience, and the numerous local hits were received with perfect good nature. The music by the orchestra and humorous acting of Mr. Plum Jones deserve special mention.
Mr. Charles O'Neill, of St. Andrews, was in town last night.
Miss Annie M. Gregory is the guest of Mrs. Lewis Dexter.
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Eaton are the guests of Mr. James Murdoch.
Mr. Charles Vase, of Portland, Me., is visiting at the home of his parents.
Hon. James Mitchell left for Fredericton on Saturday.
Mr. J. Edwin Ganong has returned from St. John.

Although the hospitality of Mrs. C. H. Clarke, several ladies enjoyed a jolly ride and a supper at "Rockaway Cottage" on Wednesday.
Mr. F. A. Brown left for Fredericton on Monday.
Some of our young people enjoyed the first snow of the season on Saturday.
About 30 of the members of the Howard division took advantage of the fine sleighing on Wednesday and drove to St. Andrews, where they were pleasantly entertained by their friends at the shore town.
Notwithstanding the quietness in society affairs this week, the town is quite lively, the "Widow Jones" being the most recent with the St. John's choir and members of the Grand Orange Lodge. On Wednesday evening, after witnessing the polo match at the rink, the visiting club were entertained by an impromptu hop at the "Widow Jones."
Mr. Abbie Gilmour is visiting her friend, Mrs. J. M. Smith, of St. John, in the guest of her friends, the Misses Lavinia and Mary.
Mr. A. A. McManley is in St. John.
Mr. H. H. Ross, who left by train this morning, will be the guest of Lady Thilly during her stay in Fredericton.
Mr. James E. Osborne is in St. John.

ST. GEORGE.

[Proposers for sale in St. George at T. O'Brien's store.]
Feb. 18.—Mr. W. B. Morris of St. Andrews, was here recently on business.
Mr. Will Clark, St. Stephen, made a brief visit here last week.
Mr. E. H. Davis arrived here from Boston last week to spend a short vacation with his family.
The many friends of Miss F. Smith will be sorry to learn of her illness at her home "the rectory."
Mr. T. H. Frawley, Boston, spent a few days here last week.
Mr. C. C. Langston spent Tuesday here returning to St. John Wednesday.
Mr. J. S. Clark went to St. John on Monday. He returned on Tuesday evening accompanied by Mrs. J. S. Clark and son, who has been making a lengthy visit with Mrs. J. S. Clark, St. John.
Mr. A. B. McLean, of St. John, made a brief visit here last week.
Mr. George Marshall, Fairville, paid a short visit here on Thursday last.
Mr. J. H. Hughes made a short stay in town last week.
Mr. Robert Belyea, of St. John, is here this week.
Mr. Harry C. Rankine, of St. John, is with us this week.
Mr. Ben. Wyatt, of Boston is here this week.
Mr. H. Price Webster, with the Boston Comedy Co., opened here last evening for a season of four nights.

For La Grippe.

They say that there is nothing better than plenty of Bees Honey and Lemons with Leibig's Extract of Beef to keep up the strength and flesh, all with Jellies, Preserves, Fruit, Biscuits, etc., for sale by J. S. Armstrong & Bro. 32 Charlotte St.

Cuticura Soap

For ACHING BACK, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BURNS, AND ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS.

GRAND MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

ROSSINI'S BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 29th.

THE CITY CORNET BAND WILL HOLD AN ENTERTAINMENT IN THE

Opera House,

ON THE ABOVE DATE, TO CELEBRATE THE EVENT.

Assisted by a number of well known amateurs they will produce the very pleasing Three Act Drama

"The Irish Patriot."

Abounding in Pathos and Humor. In addition to the drama the Band will perform some of the choicest selections of the famous Rossini, including "Barber of Seville."

Admission 25 cents; Reserved Seats, 55 cents.
Plan at A. C. Smith & Co.'s.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each per insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

STAMPS

PACKET C. contains 100 varieties of U.S. and N.B. stamps in every packet, 10¢. Also pay highest prices in exchange for each for N. B., N. S. and P. E. I. stamps. HARRISON & SAUNDERS, P.O. Box 305, St. John, N.B. 8-20-21

TWO SEPARATE SELF CONTAINED

flats to let in Terrace, Richmond Hill, respectable, compact, comfortable, containing six rooms each, also bath, electric, gas, water, etc. Moderate rent. Please inquire at 17 Richmond street or at LEWIS & CO., Brokers, 83 Prince Wm. street. 2-24-21

NEW GOODS

Fine Victorian Baskets, Wicker, and Trussings from the best houses in London. A. GILMOUR, Tailor.

TO CATERERS

A RARE CHANCE—of lease of established Saloon and resort business known as "Duck Cove," including Bathing Houses, Kitchen and other buildings, swings, Marquee, Tent, Small House, Tables, Bathing Dresses, Towels, Furniture, Utensils, Table ware, Crockery, Glass and everything complete and necessary for conducting business without further outlay. Two miles from City. Train, Bus and Boat connection. Satisfaction given for selling. Investigate now. Maps. E. M. TREB, Steward, Union Club, St. John, N.B. Jan. 30, 21.

EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION

on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 35¢. Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a complete compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of every one, and a good deal of information about advertising matters pertaining to the business of advertising.—Address ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce street, N. Y.

ADVERTISING

IF YOU WANT TO ADVERTISE, at any time, in any of our papers, call on us. For 10 Spruce street, New York.

FOR SALE

HALLETT, DAVIS & CO. round corner, Cost \$500.00, only short time in use; must be sold; price, \$250.00.—C. FLOOD & SONS, 21 and 23 King street, aug 1.

BOARDING

A FEW PERMANENT or transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in every centrally located house, 78 Sidney street.—Mrs. McINNIS.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS

who know of bright honest boys who would not object to making money for themselves, or keeping their parents, by two or three hours work every Saturday, in this town and villages in the Maritime provinces, where Progress is not for sale at present, can learn Progress of their advantage by writing to Progress "Circulation Department," St. John, N.B.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOUCHE

Northam, Harvey, Yareboro, Upper Woodstock, Frezno, Carleton, Fort Pair, Seld, Way month and scores of other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling Progress. Splendid profit. Department Progress, St. John, N.B.

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men or women, wanted to work in this city of making money easily. For further particulars, apply to O. K. Drawer 21, St. John, N.B. Oct. 10-21

5 PACKS OF CARDS, FREE

One Pack, May 1, C. U. Home; One Pack, Everett; One Pack, Pillsbury; One Pack, Hold in the Hand; One Pack, Our Boys just hold true. One sample silver, for postage. W. A. KINNEY, T. H., YARMOUTH, N. S.

COLONIAL HOUSE,

PHILLIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL.

THE GREAT Canadian Emporium

FOR DRY GOODS, CARPETS, CURTAINS, FURNITURE.

CHINA and GLASSWARE, BOOKS and STATIONERY, READY-MADE CLOTHING.

LADIES' BOOTS and SHOES, SILVERWARE and KITCHEN UTENSILS.

ORDERED TAKEN FOR "CRESCENT BRAND" CEMENT.

N. B.—We invite correspondence, and give prompt and careful attention to mail orders.

HENRY MORGAN & Co.,

COLONIAL HOUSE, MONTREAL.

Kensington Art Squares.

I am now showing a very extensive variety in all the various makes and styles.

THE PRICES ARE VERY LOW.

HAROLD GILBERT'S CARPET AND FURNITURE WAREHOUSES,

45 KING STREET.

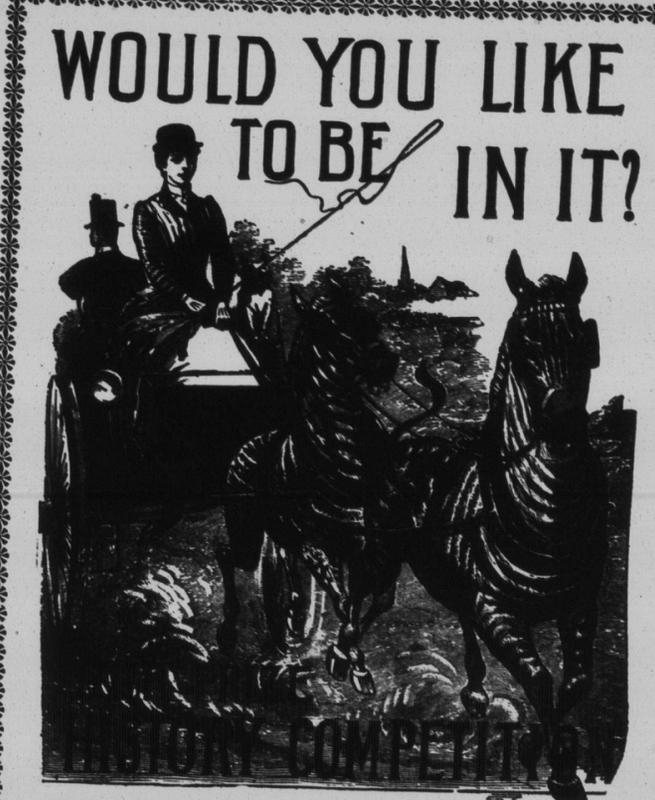
LACE CURTAINS.

Are out of season, but I have on hand a large stock, and will allow 20 per cent. discount on all Curtains purchased this month.

CARPET SWEEPERS.

SUPERIOR PERFECTION

are two of the best sweepers made. Saves labor, saves your Carpets, saves your Furniture. Order one to-day.



WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE IN IT?

THE BATTLE OF (?)

One of the most remarkable and terrible ever fought. The army of the general whose previous successes had terrified Europe was posted along the coast with Hougomont, and the general himself had taken up his stand in a farm house called the "Belle Alliance." The opposing forces were extended over an elevation in the manner was thus able to command a view of the whole field. The first general with better equipped and better drilled troops and unable to see the reserve force of the other was over confident. The second commander, supported by the brave old Prussian marshal, divided his troops into two lines and awaited the beginning of the battle. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock on Sunday the 18th of June, 1815, that the actual engagement began. The action opened with a brisk cannonade on the house and wood of Hougomont which were held by the troops of Nassau. The contest continued here all day with terrible fury, but without being able to expel the full slaughter and great loss ensued. Terrific and resolute attacks were made by the cavalry on the centre, and at six in the evening the allied army had lost ten thousand men. Their opponents had suffered still more severely losing fifteen thousand soldiers. Then the great general on seeing the "All is lost for the present," and rode from the field. The battle was over.

QUESTIONS—1st. Name the battle referred to in above description. 2nd. What two nations were principally interested? 3rd. Give names of two principal commanders. 4th. Did defeated commander ever regain his position? 5th. Where did he die?

Toronto, February 2nd, 1892.

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY to ship for them two of the "Heintzman & Co.'s Upright Pianos, Style D," valued at \$350.00 each, to the two successful contestants in their Prize History Competition, and have received their order for the same.

(Signed) HEINTZMAN & CO.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at \$350.00, will be given for the FIRST correct answers to the above questions and a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the next TEN correct answers received.

All correct answers are numbered and entered on our books as received.

\$100.00 in Cash will be given for the correct answers to the above questions which is the MIDDLE one received after the Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received next FOLLOWING the middle one. DUPLICATE prizes will be given for the ten correct answers received next FOLLOWING the middle one.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at \$350.00, will be given for the LAST correct answers received after the close of this Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received PRECEDING the last one.

Over \$100 Given Away each Day in Special Prizes.

And the names of winners announced each day in the leading daily newspapers of Canada.

A solid gold watch will be given each day during this competition for the first correct answers received and opened at the Ladies Pictorial Weekly office upon that day. A handsome rich glass Berry Bowl mounted on an elegant silver stand of the best quadruple plate valued \$15.00 will be given to EACH province and state daily for the first correct answers received and opened upon that day.

EXPLANATION—As the Publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY do not consider it advisable that the names of the winners of either of the prizes should be announced until the close of this contest, no daily prize will be awarded for the first correct answer received on THE FIRST DAY. The sender of such necessarily being the winner of the first prize. In awarding the daily prizes the second correct answers received from the province or state, which have carried off the solid gold state from securing both the watch and berry bowl on that day.

AWARD OF PRIZES—A committee consisting of a representative from each of the six Toronto daily newspapers will be invited to act in the award of the prizes at the close of this competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid for proof of any unfairness or partiality in the award of the prizes.

CONDITIONS—Answers must be accompanied by one dollar for six months TRIAL subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY which will be sent to any address in Canada or United States that constant desire, decision will be based on the correctness of the answers rather than on the language used in answering. Answers may be mailed any time before May 1st, 1892, as the prizes are leading prizes. No corrections can be made after answers are mailed unless another six months trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY is enclosed with corrections. The Ladies Pictorial Co. is an established and financially responsible publishing concern who offer the above prizes purely as a legitimate manner of attracting attention to their elegant and financially responsible publishing. The purpose is to introduce it (on trial) into every possible home in Canada and the United States. It is intended to make each prize winner a permanent advertiser for the merits of the Weekly. Each daily prize winner is expected to secure for himself a permanent subscription for an entire year. By this plan we shall introduce the Weekly into at least ten thousand new homes, it is simply a business plan of increasing our circulation. If you have never seen the Ladies Weekly send three two cent stamps for sample copy. There is no other like it in Canada. Address.

LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY,

Building 192 King St. West, TORONTO, CAN.

Out this announcement out it may not appear again.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 250 Gormans street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum in advance.

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

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

The Circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; it double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. It is former is preferred, and should be made payable to every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher, Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION FOR JANUARY, INCLUDING TWO SPECIAL ISSUES 13,250

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE:

KNOWLES' BUILDING, GEORGE STREETS.

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

WHAT THE ELECTORS WANT.

What would you expect the mayor to say if he did call a meeting? was the question asked Progress a day or two ago. The reply was that nothing more is expected of his worship than a plain statement of how the affairs of the city stand, whether we are going backward or forward, whether our taxes are to grow greater or less, and whether we are getting fair value for what we annually pay into the city treasury.

The reports published annually do not convey to the ordinary reader any idea of whether things are in a good or bad state. The figures are all there, probably, but it is another thing to make an application of them. Besides, the figures for 1891 have not yet been published. The mayor, however, knows or should know all about them by this time. He is able, no doubt, to make a summary of facts which everybody would understand and which would throw light in what are now dark places to the public.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat that there is a general impression that every department is run on a scale much too expensive. People think there are too many officials and too big a salary list. They fail to see why three engineers are necessary, and they do not understand why several other officials, whom they name, are essential to the completeness of the civic organization.

Then, too, they do not know whether the expenditure on public works has been wisely or unwisely made, but they do know that the highway to Indian town has cost, so far, about \$40,000 more than the original estimate, and that a good deal of money has literally gone into holes in the ground. They do not know what there is to show for it, or whether all the expenditure has been justifiable. It may be that the public has a wholly mistaken idea in these and many other respects, but that is because of its ignorance. The people know what they are getting, but they do not know what they are getting.

Progress has tendered the mayor the institute as well as the use of its columns to explain what the people want to know. It has not heard from him up to the hour of going to press. In the meantime the electors are beginning to talk more than ever of civic affairs. So are some of the newspapers.

Progress reviewed the harbor improvement question, a week or so ago, and gave the public an intelligent idea of what was proposed and what was wanted. Since then, the Globe and Telegraph have fallen into line, and adopted the ideas of Progress as being in the best interests of the citizens. The mayor may fall into line, in time, in regard to the suggestions made to him as to civic affairs generally. He is possibly considering the matter now.

He should not wait too long. Time is passing, and the people are getting anxious.

THE FAITH PREVAILS.

A St. John man whose creed is far from positive recently asserted that agnosticism was greatly on the increase in this city. Progress did not accept his statement, but believed that he heard more of the free-thinker than he did in the old days when he was content with the simple faith of christianity. There always have been doubters and there always will be. Whether they are increasing in greater proportion than the believers is another question. The evidence, the world over, negatives such an assumption.

A great many good people are troubled in heart because, every now and then, some theological fight reveals heresy in those who have been looked to as champions of the faith. It seems to an on-looker, at a distance, when eminent divines deny this or that dogma and drift out into liberalism, that religion is in a very unsettled state. Admirers and imitators of such men proclaim with a trumpet blast

MARKED BY SOUND PRINCIPLES.

The Honorable Life Record of the Late Robert Turner. The announcement of the death of Mr. Robert Turner at the Victoria hotel, Tuesday morning, was heard by his many friends and acquaintances with much greater regret than surprise. His illness has extended over a long period and has been borne with that fortitude so characteristic of the man.

For many years Mr. Turner was a leading figure in the mercantile community. Starting at the foot of the ladder as a lad in the dry goods business, by patient industry, perseverance, and marked ability, he made his way to the uppermost round, a position he continued to hold with ease so long as his health permitted his constant attendance to business.

Quite early in his career he became connected with the house of Vassie, and, in a short time, so won the confidence of the firm, that he was entrusted with the important position of buyer in the old country markets. Year after year he crossed the ocean twice with unflinching regularity. In this way he became widely known among the leading English and Scotch manufacturers and formed acquaintanceships many of which proved friendships of a lifetime.

When Mr. Turner severed his connection with Mr. Vassie he entered into a partnership with Mr. E. D. Watts and the firm of Watts & Turner soon came to the front as a most progressive and successful dry goods house. The disaster which overtook the business—fire—lost him his partner as well as his business, for Mr. Watts was accidentally killed in the building while it was burning. Nothing daunted, Mr. Turner bought a fresh stock which was scarcely on the shelves of his new store before the fire of 1877 swept everything away again.

Some idea of the business courage and undaunted will of the man may be gained when it is stated that in a short time he was found in business again. Then his real success as a merchant began. His dry goods establishment easily took an enviable position in the community. His business methods were straightforward, methodical, and honorable from every standpoint, and the name of Robert Turner became synonymous with uprightness and integrity. His success from every point of view, and his long and honorable career, brought on him a severe illness, brought on by overwork, while selecting goods in the old country. He sailed for home when barely convalescent, and the steamer in which he came was partially wrecked. For many hours Mr. Turner was about clinging to a plank in the sea that rushed with the vessel, and with nothing but the steamer railing between him and the open ocean. His escape from death was marvellous and his iron constitution was his greatest help through the long, tedious and severe illness that followed his exposure. From that time his health was miserable. From that time he was able to be about his business in his physical condition. But if his body was weak his mind was as active and his will as strong as ever.

Desiring to be relieved of a portion of the responsibility of the business he took his partner, his brother-in-law, Mr. Andrew Finlay and the firm name became Turner & Finlay. This partnership was dissolved about a year ago and Mr. Turner's rapidly failing health induced him to transfer his business to trustees to wind up as quickly and as profitably as was possible.

Those who understood Mr. Turner valued his friendship highly. He was a man of very decided views on many subjects and he never failed to give expression to them when the occasion demanded it. "I believe in saying no," he has said to the writer, "when I think no." And yet there were times when no was a rare word with him. The newly and the suffering never appealed to him in vain. He was a generous giver, and, but few knew that he gave at all. Even in his later days—during the past year—when he was less able to be generous than formerly, he was apt to forget himself in his eagerness to help those who appeared to be in need. When his own troubles were forgotten, he had many to forget—there could not be a more entertaining companion. An intent observer, he possessed a keen memory for what was worth remembering and his admirable powers of discernment. His wife and children returned to Glasgow more than a year ago, but he could not have had more loving attention in his illness had they been with him. He possessed the affection of his employees of every uncomprehending degree, and they were only too eager to do all in their power for him. The sympathy and unremitting attention and kindness not only of the host and hostess of the Victoria, but of every employe as well, assured him of every possible comfort in his illness.

The funeral took place Thursday from the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. George Robertson, and the representative gathering of citizens present showed plainest words can express the general esteem in which the deceased was held.

More Frank Than Kind.

The Sun folks had a sleigh ride, the other day, and this is what the Telegraph said about it: The day was a splendid one for the purpose, and the members of the party were, in consequence, in high spirits, enjoying themselves in a measure and in a manner which may be looked upon as features peculiar to the outings of the newspaper crew.

Supposing they were in "high spirits" and found enjoyment "in a measure," large or small, whose business was it? Saturday was an off day and the paper came out as usual on Monday. Besides, isn't it saying too much to assert that this kind of hilarity is peculiar to the newspaper crew? The Telegraph is unkind, and from what Progress knows of the Sun staff, conveys an impression just in accordance with the facts.

THEY ADVERTISE THEMSELVES.

New Some "Well-known Canadian Journalists" Acquire Fame.

A few weeks ago, Progress had an editorial review of an article by W. B. Harte, in the New England Magazine, on Canadian journalism. It appears to have commended itself to a good many readers, who are beginning to get a little tired of having small bore writers pushed to the front as representative lights in the literature of this country. A letter recently received voices the opinion of a good many readers. The writer says:

I have been in a position to know and hear a good deal of the methods and doings of a certain class of small literary folk who, by means of such mouthpieces as Mr. Harte, are constantly proclaiming themselves to each other mostly—in American and English literary periodicals. They travel mainly on the friendly criticism of each other in periodicals to which they may have access, either as contributors or "associates." For the most part their work, especially their verse, has no market value and has generally been published in high quarters like Century and Harper's only through a personal "pull."

I know of one who has in his time done good work, and who, though occasionally published there limited in high quarters, was unable recently to get the more prominent publishers in New York to take his new volume of poems, though all expense was offered to be paid in hard cash. The Harpers themselves declined to put their imprint on a book which, they stated, was not up to the standard. Yet this person is looked upon as a representative Canadian literary man and is loudly proclaimed as such. Another has been dozens of times referred to as the "well known Canadian poet" and so with whom everyone is acquainted, who has never (until recently) published except "for private circulation only" at his own expense, and circulated among his friends and acquaintances who are the only ones who ever have or do read him and outside of whom he is entirely unknown. These are the men that received the greatest share of attention from Mr. Harte. Mr. Harte, as you rightly guessed, wrote a request to every Canadian poet or writer he knew, and requested each one to write out a short account of his life and work. Such a one was sent to one Canadian who was at the time editor of The Epoch and whose work in Canadian literature and history is well known and consequently easy to have been estimated by anyone. He, of course, ignored Mr. Harte's request and was thereupon omitted. Goldwin Smith was dismissed with a word, on the ground that his ideas were foreign to the Canadian spirit. Sam Slick, if I recollect, was not mentioned at all, nor was Dr. Daniel Brinton, the author of Pre-historic Man, etc., whose books are an authority in England, in Russia, and in the acknowledged text books of the universities of Germany.

Such articles as these are disgraceful and probably you are more aware even than I am of the extent to which fictitious reputations are being built up out of nothing. I have seen the inside workings of the clique and I am personally acquainted with a number whom I am sorry to say belong to it, and I could tell you much more. I have long been wishing that some one would undertake a crusade for the sake of simple justice to men who really have earned reputations which are the back of no one. It is a shame when a man goes to New York from a city like Toronto and cannot make his salt, and has to be sent home by his friends, that he should be mentioned as a writer of any merit at all, let alone raised high above his betters. It might be interesting, also, if you could learn whether a certain "Dr." did not get his L.L.D. in exchange for a F. R. S. C., because he belongs to the same clique.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Mr. Staples Does Some Fine Work at Mr. A. Everitt's Residence.

Mr. A. G. Staples was in New York not long ago, and combining business with pleasure, took advantage of every opportunity to get new ideas in the way of decorative painting. He saw some of the best work of New York painters in house decorating; and a room just finished in Mr. Arthur Everitt's residence of Wentworth street shows that his customers are going to profit by the trip. A description of the room would be almost impossible, and could not leave the impression that a view of the handsome walls and ceiling has made on all who have seen them. The wall paper, though quiet and unpretentious in colors, is very pretty, the ground being of a light shade of buff with modest flowers. All the decorating is in colors to harmonize with the paper, and in no particular is there a tendency to undue contrast or gaudiness.

The dado of anaglypta has a rich buff ground with flowers of different colored bronzes. The frieze lines the wall with a band of steel blue below a shade, of the same color as the ground of the paper, and a bar of gold leaf, broken at intervals to relieve the monotony, heightens the effect.

Good work has been done on the ceiling, both in designing and coloring. The large centre panel is oval shaped and of a rich buff color, while steel blue is worked harmoniously in the corner pieces, and is brightened by gold leaf. The lighter shades in the panels are relieved by crimson and brown, and the effect of the whole is very pretty. Since the room has been finished it has been seen by quite a number who have been struck with the fine work of the painter and never fail to express their admiration.

A New and Popular Idea.

The new show rooms opened by Messrs Emerson & Fisher in the mantle and grate department will be popular with customers, from the fact that they are arranged so that the colors can be seen to a good advantage by night as by day. There are now two rooms, one for wood and the other for slate mantels, and the department is attracting considerable attention.

THEIR BIG DAY.

(Continued from second page.)

tion, and soon the sweet strains of "Katie Connor" filled the house. Several selections were rendered with a splendid execution, particularly the band selection, and Mr. Williams. During the entertainment Rev. Geo. Bruce explained this wonderful modern invention. The phonograph was invented by Edison. It consists of a galvanic battery, a small drum, a steel roller, and several wax cylinders. These cylinders are round, smooth and highly polished. When any noise strikes the drum it moves and causes the roller (one end of which is sharp) to strike the wax, making an indentation. When the sound ceases, if you look at the wax, you will find it covered with minute grains of wax which has been displaced by the strokes of the roller. Now replace the cylinder, turn on the current and the sound is reproduced. During the sound the cylinder turns rapidly. After the entertainment Mr. Carter spoke to the children, then all filed out, expressing in the warmest terms their satisfaction for being present at so useful as well as an amusing entertainment. STEPHEN P. GEROW.

46 Garden street.

Dear Mr. Progress: I am a little girl nine years old. I was at the phonograph concert you gave. I had a nice seat in the third row from the front. I liked Katie Connor better than any of the songs. I forgot what came after Katie Connor but I think it was the Military Band. I liked it too, but not so well as Katie Connor. I heard the Military Band very plainly. I am very sorry, but I have forgotten what comes after the Military Band, but I think it was the piece played on the cornet by Mr. Williams and his son. And then when the man took it in and made the phonograph repeat it, it was splendid. It was so like it when it was played on the cornet. I have forgotten, but I think there was a song came in between Katie Connor and the Military Band, or after it, called A Letter to my Love. It was a very pretty song and I heard it very plainly too. Then when the Rev. Mr. Bruce explained how the phonograph repeated it, he did it in such a few minutes and explained so much in such a short time and such a few words, I don't see how he did it. Anyway he did it so lovely. He showed us how the force of the air made the little drum go and then how the drum hit a little stick, and the little stick had a sharp point on it like Mr. Bruce's ice stick, and made scratches on the cylinder; it made long scratches when the person took long breathes and made little scratches when they took short breathes. He said that he had no intention of being on the stage. He said that his little girl thought there was a hole in the curtain, and there was people who sang and we could not see them; but there was not. Then there was a piccolo and piano played together; it was very pretty.

88 Orange street.

I have taken the opportunity to give a little description of the concert on Saturday afternoon. It was very nice and I enjoyed it. It is wonderful how anyone could invent such a thing as that phonograph, and how a man in New York could sing the song of "Sweet Katie Connor" through the phonograph so well as it was done. The two men who played the cornet did very nicely. And I thought the band was the nicest thing in the concert. I would not think that the phonograph could take in the music that was played on the cornets.

At first I thought that there was someone behind the curtain singing.

Edison must have had a wonderful thought in his head when he invented the phonograph and he must have tried quite a while before he got it to work. I do not expect to get a prize as I am not accustomed to writing anything like this. This is a very short description of the concert but I do not know any more. LIZZIE BUCHANAN.

45 St. David's street.

The exhibition of the powers of the phonograph, at the Opera house Saturday, was very interesting. The phonograph first played a song sung by a singer in New York. Then it played a piece by a military band. Two gentlemen very kindly played a duet on cornets, which the phonograph repeated as soon as they had finished. The Rev. Mr. Bruce then explained the working of the phonograph. He told us that when you speak it is just like throwing a stone into water, it makes the air go off in little waves. There is a drum in the phonograph, which moves when the waves strike it; attached to the drum at one end is a small instrument finely balanced; the other end of the instrument touches a cylinder, on which wax is put, and then it (the cylinder) is highly polished. When the drum moves, the instrument moves, and makes dots and dashes on the cylinder, which is kept going round by an electric battery.

When the phonograph gives out music or words, the revolving cylinder moves the little instrument, which moves the drum and produces the same waves of air, that went in at first.

After this explanation by Mr. Bruce, several other pieces were played by the phonograph.

HOMER D. FORBES, Aged 11.

47 Duke street.

Dear Progress: I received Progress as usual Saturday, and seeing the coupon in it for the entertainment in the Opera house, I took advantage of your kind offer and went.

The concert was very interesting indeed, and it is wonderful how the selections played by Prof. Williams on the cornets were reproduced so plainly on the phonograph. The explanation of the working of the instrument given by Rev. Mr. Bruce, was very interesting and instructive, and I learned from it what I never knew before, relative to the working of the phonograph; and I think as he said that it is one of the

most wonderful inventions of the age.

It was very kind of Mr. Bruce to take the trouble to explain it to us; and I am sure all who heard his explanation wish to thank him. The gentlemen who had the instrument, was very patient with us boys, and seemed to enjoy it as much as any of us. Thanking you for the pleasant and instructive afternoon spent, and wishing for many happy returns of the same, I am gratefully yours. FRANK FIDGON.

North End.

I was pleased to be present at the entertainment in the Opera house, Saturday afternoon. Mr. Williams and his son played very nicely on the cornet which was played exactly the same way by a wonderful instrument, which I shall now attempt to describe. Rev. Mr. Bruce gave us a simple but very interesting sketch of it. It seemed almost like a sewing machine to me, but with a battery on the table of it. Inside this battery is a tiny drum attached to a rod, and at the opposite end of the rod is a black cylinder. When the person plays the music the sound impresses a scratch or dot, it played loud the impression on the cylinder will be a scratch, if played gently it will leave a dot on the cylinder. This cylinder and drum are continually moving. If the music is played loud the drum will strike with a force and so produce a louder sound and will also strike the cylinder and produce a louder sound. The waves of the air just like the waves of the sea will play the music, carry it through these organs and thence into the ears of the audience. EMILY BARDLEY.

55 Exmouth street.

On Saturday afternoon, Feb. 13, 1892, I accepted the kind invitation of Progress, who is ever mindful of the little folks, to attend a concert in the new Opera House, and hear the wonderful musical performance from the phonograph. It represented a New York band playing Annie Laurie. There was also some nice singing by Mr. Gaskin. Prof. Williams and son played on instruments. Mr. Gaskin also sang a piece called "A Letter to his Dad." More music by Prof. Williams, piano and cornet played together. Rev. Mr. Bruce explained about the phonograph. The building is lovely. I sat on the first floor. There were two galleries, and in the front of the stage hangs a great large curtain representing a view of Naples. Oh, it is lovely. I do not know what the editor will do next to please the little folks. But maybe he will give us all a picnic when summer comes. I do not think I will take one of the prizes; but I do hope the editor of Progress will accept my thanks for the pleasure I enjoyed at the concert. Yours truly, ARABELLA GARFIELD WILSON.

Strait Shore.

I attended the Progress concert which was held in the Opera on Saturday, Feb. 13, 1892. My dear friend there was a great success. The building was crowded from top to bottom with boys, little boys, big girls, little girls, big ladies and gentlemen. My dear friend the first on the stage was a song by a New York gentleman on the machine. The next the machine played like the Artillery band, and it played some lovely music; it played Annie Laurie just like the band would play. The next, Mr. Williams and his son came on the stage and played the cornet, and then Rev. Mr. Bruce came out and gave a speech about the machine. It was very nice. There and then the Williams came out and played himself. The boys clapped so hard that you would think that the house was falling down. I think that is all I can say about it. I enjoyed it splendidly, and wish there were but one every Saturday. ANNIE EVILYN PETERSEN, (aged 9).

123 Sydney street.

DEAR PROGRESS: I had the pleasure of attending the "phonographic concert" held under your management this afternoon, and enjoyed it very much. Although not the first time I listened to the phonograph, yet I found myself deeply interested in this afternoon's performance. The instrumental selections were excellent, those of the piccolo and band especially so. The Rev. Mr. Bruce's explanation was very helpful as well as interesting. The boys and girls who attended the concert are indebted to Progress for the musical treat. I for one thank you heartily. Respectfully yours, WALTER N. GOLDING.

177 Leinster street.

I am one of the little girls that was at the concert Saturday afternoon and enjoyed it very much indeed. I hope you will give us more of them, and that I may be able to go again. Thanking you, I am yours truly, ETELIE FALLAS.

60 Sydney street.

A Successful Canadian Magazine.

A long list of the best Canadian writers make Canada for February one of the magazines that people will look for and read with enjoyment. When a New Brunswick magazine attains the success that has been won by Canada there is no doubt as to its merit. It started in small form and is now a dollar monthly with a fund of good reading of special interest to Canadians. Its stories and articles are by the best writers, many of them Canadians who have access to the leading magazines in the United States. The selected matter is mostly the work of Canadians now residing in the states who occasionally take an opportunity to write about their native land for the American papers, and in some of these articles is found their best work. The departments are in charge of experienced and conscientious literary men, who evidently try to make their special columns better every month and are succeeding wonderfully. The editor, Matthew Ritchie Knight, will be remembered as one of Progress's first contributors; but all his best efforts are now found in Canada.

To Correspondents.

Owing to a press of matter this week correspondence from a number of places had to be omitted, and many interesting letters "cut."

Advertisements—Commercial white—Amber—Solders, easily and sent by "Progress Print."

Advertisement for 'THEIR BIG DAY' and other local notices, including 'The CE...', 'SE...', '38 Kir...', 'THE...', 'ME...', 'TYPEWR...', '\$15.00', '\$15.00', '\$15.00', 'This is the best Doctors, The...', 'The "Call"', 'NEW', 'Five quire Note for brother; Box pa', 'DO Bookse CHEAP', 'We made a great line of Canned Goods low prices, complete British Columbia meeting station', 'REMEMBER HENRY EGG', 'BONN HOT E', 'Ker', 'INDIGES', 'FEL', 'Dysp', 'Fellows D are highly Biliousness, indigestion, Heartburn, Stomach, Liver any disease digestion. PRICE

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following places: Knowles' Book Store, 24 George street; Morrison & Co., 111 Hollis street; Andrew Reid, 111 Hollis street; G. J. Kline, 107 Gortchance street; W. Dolan, 211 Brunswick street; F. J. Messervey, 145 Pleasant street; G. A. New Co., Railway depot; Lambert & Co., Grandville street.

There is to be a carnival at the following places: Knowles' Book Store, Morrison & Co., Andrew Reid, G. J. Kline, W. Dolan, F. J. Messervey, G. A. New Co., Lambert & Co.

The decorations were nothing when compared with those of previous years. There was plenty of hanging and various colored lights, but the gallery rail had been left almost untouched, which was a great omission.

Among the ladies such costumes were the rule. Mrs. Hoyle had a particularly pretty costume as winter, and one of the most thorough in every detail.

Miss Lawton, as a Welsh peasant woman, was most realistic; and her high beaver hat, her little three-cornered shawl were very becoming.

Miss Slater, in a very pretty red and yellow gown, opening over a white petticoat, looked lovely. Her powdered hair showing her delicate coloring out to perfection.

Miss Nagle wore a charming blue and white costume, very well made, and with that air of fashion about it which is so effective in a fancy dress.

A Red Riding Hood was a morsel one would certainly begrudge to a hungry wolf. Miss Doolittle wore a very pretty peasant dress, a description of costume which, while it is easily got up and becoming to almost any fresh young face, is not anything to be proud of.

More than there were plenty of peasant dresses; all more or less alike except in small details; and among the men enough French coats to have supplied all the hotels in Halifax with new coats.

There were several. The American soldiers attracted great attention, as did Captain Duffin in his Irish air. While returning to the ladies, Miss Binney of Yarmouth was really a most idyllic girl.

Miss Stacey, who attended, looked especially pretty. Miss Story, who attended, was a very good dress; while Mrs. Frier was a truly charming portrait.

Miss Ethel Blair had a pretty dress of old chamois over a pale yellow petticoat; and a Japanese lady, whom one could not recognize, looked exceedingly well.

Below half past nine the ice was cleared for the carnival, which probably was a little like Juliet's row, and by any other name would have been a success.

The Japanese figures which followed were not as good as they should have been. There were perhaps not enough people desiring to make a sufficient display of paravols, though looking down from the gallery the procession was infinitely prettier than when seen from its own level.

NOVA SCOTIA FURNISHING CO., LTD. A. STEPHEN & SON, The Leading House in the Maritime Provinces. FURNITURE AND CARPETS. FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, LINOLEUMS, CURTAINS. COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS. The Latest Styles in every Department. Values that cannot be exceeded. Write for our House Furnishing Guide, with prices.

GIVE me a GRIP of your hand old fellow. You advised me through PROGRESS to use your preparation when I was suffering from the GRIP and here I am as well as ever. I tell you PEPTONIZED ALE AND BEEF is the greatest Tonic and Strengthen I ever heard of or used. This is the experience of many. It can be yours.

DOMESTIC STAPLES AND Fancy Cotton Goods. Now Opening for Spring Trade. Grey Cottons. Bleached Shirtings. Tickings. Denims. Ducks. Drills. Cottonades. Flannelettes. Skirtings. Jean Shirtings. Angola Suitings. Prints, etc., etc.

SMITH BROS. Wholesale Dry Goods, HALIFAX, N. S. "WE BLOOM AMID THE SNOW." Nova Scotia Nursery. LOCKMAN STREET, HALIFAX, N. S. HEADQUARTERS FOR CUT FLOWERS, BOUQUETS AND FLORAL DESIGNS. JAMES H. HARRIS, Manager.

HERBERT HARRIS, Cor. Robt and North Sts., HALIFAX. HALIFAX Business College. 119 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S. BUSINESS EDUCATION. BOOK-KEEPING, ARITHMETIC, PENMANSHIP, Banking, Spelling, Correspondence, Stenography, Typewriting, Business Practice.

AMHERST Boot and Shoe Manufacturing Co. WHOLESALE. The latest and most improved writing machine, is in daily use and giving perfect satisfaction in the following public offices: Department of Railways and Canals, Privy Council, Department of Marine, P. O. Department, Department of Fisheries, Finance Department, Department of Agriculture, Department of the Interior, Senate, Public Works Department, Department of Militia and Defence, Island Revenue Department, Post Office Inspector's Office, Central Experimental Farm, City Hall, Public School Trustees. A number of business houses and law offices.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. AMHERST, N. S. The leading Rubber House of the Province. Established 1867.

THE LAST MEETING OF THE FORTNIGHTLY took place at Mr. Lewis's parlors and a very pleasant evening was spent. There was a smaller number than usual present especially of gentlemen; as it was a leap year party perhaps the eligibles were afraid that more than the pleasure of a dance would be asked of them.

At a recent meeting of the vestry of Christ Church, the Rev. Mr. Cutler has gone to Winnipeg on a business trip in the interests of the sugar refinery. Mr. James Foster left last week for Toronto, and he will be back in a few weeks.

Mr. Perry Strong was last week thrown from a sleigh, but he was not injured, and he is now in bed. Mr. Daves left on Friday for a visit to Pictou, and he will be back in a few days.

Mr. W. L. Harris, who has been at home in Dartmouth for some months, has now taken charge of the parish at La Have. Mr. Harris was twice recalled, the first time responding to the call of the church, and the second time to an appearance, and prevented some from attending.

Mr. H. P. Perry, of Halifax, spent a few days in town last week. Mr. C. Abbot and Mr. Howcroft spent Sunday in Wolfville. Mr. H. P. Perry, of Halifax, spent a few days in town last week.

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WARREN. NONE GENUINE UNLESS "WARREN" Is Stamped on the Collar. The WARREN FASTENER has a Round Rib around the part which holds the Stocking, thus making it impossible to cut or injure the finest and most delicate fabric.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON. SOLE AGENTS FOR THE "WARREN" FASTENERS. IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER.

BENS DORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA. It requires NO Boiling. It is easy of Digestion. It is a great Invigorator. It is a delicious Drink. It is guaranteed Absolutely PURE. It is very economical (1 lb. makes 150 cups).

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THE Celebrated CHOCOLAT MEINER. Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs. For Samples sent Free write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLON, MONTREAL.

THE Remington, Smith Premier and Caligraph. The World, are used at WHITSON'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE. S. E. WHITSON, Principal, 95 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

QUEEN HOTEL, HALIFAX, N. S. WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourists to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest bedrooms, and for the table and attention of any hotel in the Maritime Provinces, if not in all Canada.

MILLER BROS. PIANOS, ORGANS, AND SEWING MACHINES. Manufacturers' Agents for the Best PIANOS, ORGANS, AND SEWING MACHINES. Pianos and Organs Tuned and Repaired. Sewing Machines Repaired. 116 & 118 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Feb. 10-Mr. S. E. Has also Mr. A. J. Walker of Truro, and Mrs. Ralph Easton were for a few days. The deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Minnie H. Smith, who died on Saturday last, and was buried for a few days.

Feb. 11-The funeral of Mrs. L. Vickers was held at 11 o'clock, and was attended by a large number of friends. The interment was in the cemetery.

Feb. 12-The funeral of Mrs. M. J. Smith was held at 11 o'clock, and was attended by a large number of friends. The interment was in the cemetery.

Feb. 13-The funeral of Mrs. J. H. Brown was held at 11 o'clock, and was attended by a large number of friends. The interment was in the cemetery.

Feb. 14-The funeral of Mrs. K. L. Green was held at 11 o'clock, and was attended by a large number of friends. The interment was in the cemetery.

Feb. 15-The funeral of Mrs. N. O. White was held at 11 o'clock, and was attended by a large number of friends. The interment was in the cemetery.

Feb. 16-The funeral of Mrs. P. Q. Black was held at 11 o'clock, and was attended by a large number of friends. The interment was in the cemetery.

Feb. 17-The funeral of Mrs. R. S. Grey was held at 11 o'clock, and was attended by a large number of friends. The interment was in the cemetery.

Feb. 18-The funeral of Mrs. T. U. Blue was held at 11 o'clock, and was attended by a large number of friends. The interment was in the cemetery.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

YARMOUTH.

Their nephew, the Rev. Arthur Westworth Eaton, whose affection and attention have been so lavishly given to the poor, was unable to get here from New York, but sent a long telegram expressing his own grief and deep sympathy.

WOLFFVILLE.

Feb. 16.—Mr. and Mrs. William Borden have returned from their wedding trip and taken up their residence in Canaan.

DIGBY, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Digby at the bookstore of Mrs. Belle Morse.]

GREENWICH.

Feb. 16.—The choir of St. James' church are practicing for a musical entertainment to be held on Tuesday, 16th.

DALHOUSIE.

[Progress is for sale at H. A. Johnson's.]

FREDERICTON.

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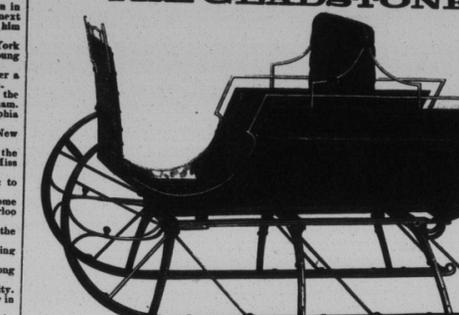
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THE GLADSTONE.



Handsome as a Picture! Stylish as the best of them! Comfortable as is Made!

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Manufacturers of Fine Carriages, Sleighs, and Horses, FREDERICTON.

Atomizers, Bed Pans, Air Pillows, Air Rings, Overshoes, Rubbers, Rubber Boots, etc., selling very cheap.

FRANK S. ALLWOOD, 179 UNION STREET, HEADQUARTERS FOR RUBBER GOODS.

CHOICE CORNED BEEF; Lamb, Mutton, Veal, Beef and Poultry.

CHOICE PICKLED PORK.

Lard in Cakes and Pails for Family use.

JOHN HOPKINS, 186 UNION ST. 133 Telephone.

Madame Dean's Spinal Supporting Corsets for Ladies and Children.

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

WOONSOCKET Rubber Boots.

Men's D. F. Short Rubber Boots, Men's Pebble Leg Short Rubber Boots, Men's Pebble Leg Knee Rubber Boots, Men's D. F. Hip Rubber Boots, Men's D. F. Storm King Rubber Boots, Men's D. F. Rubber Boots, Boy's Pebble Leg Rubber Boots, Women's Pebble Leg Rubber Boots, Misses' Pebble Leg Rubber Boots, Children's Pebble Leg Rubber Boots.

Also a full line of Duff Plaid and Plaid Linen, Boys of the Blue Island Brand. Orders by mail or through our travellers will receive prompt attention.

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

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92!
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TFORD, CONN.
POWER, and
RALLING.
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President.
Secretary.
AB, 2nd Vice-President.
AD OFFICE, MONTREAL.
ART, General Manager.
Union Government.
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STEARNS,
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Street, Halifax, N. S.
URT.
Mrs. S. J. Livingston's
Lellan, of Newcastle,
T. Glenn's for some
ass River, was at the
of Richbucto was here
Benj. McLeod, at Kent
Monday at Kent
unction, is here visiting
from Ractocoe last
days among her re-
yesterday.
Kingston, in the
erly of St. John, was
left for Bathurst this
Raz.
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00 according to quality.
CTO.
ilan, of Colburn, Ont.
ntainances. He is the
week in Memram-
is home after an ab-
ing to ill health, de-
Mr. and Mrs. Crozier
who will regret their
arranged a driving
the home of Miss
musical circles. An
a party was chaperon-
ate James Hillson, of
her son-in-law, Mr.
Friday evening last, at
Mr. and Mrs. Hillson
to go, to spend the
epidemic and influenza
Roxton.
ham at Edward John-
P. of Sackville, made
Wednesday.
ned from her visit to
to her home in Oak
up with an attack
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is teaching, for Miss
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is the guest of the
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Fair.
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the roaring
RING HOUSE"
& Co.'s Drug

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

THE BANK'S NEW POSTS.

THEY WERE VERY USEFUL, BUT HAD TO BE DUG UP.

And the Monton Officials Think it a Good Joke—They Were Hitting Posts for Restless Horses—Chatham Will Probably Appreciate Them.

There is rather a good joke being told in Monton just now which the street commissioners and one member of the city council consider is at the expense of manager of the Bank of Montreal, but which the intelligent public consider is very much at the expense of the civic rulers who guide the destinies and curtail the freedom of the inhabitants of the Railway Hub.

The customers of the Bank of Montreal, especially those who come from out of town, have suffered from a very serious inconvenience in connection with that popular institution ever since it has been moved into its new and sumptuous quarters in the Y. M. C. A. building. And this was the utter absence of any place to hitch horses while they were transacting their business in the bank. If the horse was spirited he objected to standing, and if he was quiet he was not so spirited, and he quietly walked home, and left his owner to do likewise. Sometimes he did not walk lest peradventure his proprietor should overtake him. He ran, and then shouldered him, and got frightened himself in turn, so that he smashed things up generally, endangered the public safety, and perhaps ended by climbing through a plate glass window and trying to sit down on the counter of some shop, to the great inconvenience of both clerks and customers who had not included gymnastics in their curriculum of their education, or if they had were too much out of practice to be able to profit by their lessons at such very short notice.

Still, nobody seemed to think that a hitching post or two would remedy the evil till the other day, when an irate client walked into the bank and remarked crisply, while he nearly ruined his sight by trying to keep one eye on his fiery charger out of doors and the other on his cheque book: "I don't see why the hypes and stars, and double-lined asterisks, you don't have a few hitching posts scattered around this shop of yours! I should think you in and hitch you to the teller's window, you brute?" The latter remark was addressed to the horse and not the manager.

Now the manager, of the B. of M., is not only one of the most courteous and obliging men, but he is also one of those who are always anxious to be in the very van of civilization and to adopt the latest improvements. He was answered at once, "Hitching posts? Why I wonder no one mentioned them before. I will send and have some made at once. I am glad you spoke of it. Very inconvenient indeed, I have no doubt! I'll attend to it at once!" And he was as good as his word. He had three of the very best posts, with the most modern improvements made at once, and he had horny handed sons of toil to dig extra deep holes in which to plant them, and when they were in position they were like the rock of Gibraltar for solidity. So the manager surveyed the result of his zeal with satisfaction, little recking of the storm that was even then brewing.

Now, the posts had no sooner been in place than one of the aldermen started out on a sort of tour of inspection, with Street Commissioner Scott and his myriads—myriads in the right term I believe—and the very first thing that burst upon their startled vision was a most flagrant obstruction of traffic in the shape of the bran new hitching posts of the Bank of Montreal, which was encroaching upon the queen's highway in a manner not to be tolerated for a moment. So they waited upon the manager and demanded the instant removal of the offending posts, and after a heated argument they convinced him that they had the law—Monton, by law—on their side with the result that the horny handed ones returned again next day, and like Penelope, undid all the work of the day before, only this time under the eye of the street commissioner who as soon as the posts were reported, inquired politely, what the manager intended to do with them. "Keep them!" was the gentlemanly reply, "and send them to some civilized place where we have a branch."

So the dear young clerks filed solemnly out one after the other, adjusted their monocles, gazed thoughtfully down into the chasm that had formerly contained the posts, and finding the language at their command utterly inadequate to the occasion, they simply ejaculated "by chove!" and went in again. One more entering than the rest was heard to remark "It reminds one of Massa's in the cold, cold ground." Grave subject though it was, "how haw!" I have never heard that the posts have been shipped to Chatham, and the Chathamite who reads this or true tale will understand what a compliment has been paid to his town.

MONTON'S BURNING QUESTION.

The Tumult Stirred up by the Recent Scheme for Taxation.

Monton folks, some of them, find this a far from weary world a good deal of the time, because they find plenty of things to make life exciting, by stirring their souls to virtuous indignation. The proposed assessment scheme is still a live topic. Gentlemen of leisure occupy the arm chairs in the hotels and discuss the measure (no pun meant) in all its bearings. Others of less leisure snatch stray half hours from their avocations to perch on barrels in the groceries and argue. Others still have time only to pause in their journeys along Main street, exchange greetings with neighbors and give their sentiments as to the rateable importance of real estate and income. The great and absorbing theme is taxation. Before it, even the topic of the remarkable weather and the great amount of sickness becomes a weak and measly staple of conversation. Even dear old "Veritas" has begun to write to the papers about it, while such other time honored writers as "Civis," "Constant Reader," "Old Subscriber," "Truth" and "Justice," are understood to be stepping their pens in gall preparatory to fulminating letters of a column each upon the subject.

The assessment committee is still at work, but has executed a retrograde movement by pulling in its horns, so that only half of their original length is visible. The proposition to multiply income by ten to get its assessable value has been reconsidered and it is now proposed to multiply it by five only. It happened this way: Capt. and Ald. Ned Masters is a son-in-law of Assessor Ezekiel Taylor, and the latter gentleman is the adviser-general of the assessment committee. Mr. Taylor has been posting himself on the subject, and he recently told the committee that by the Halifax law income was capitalized at six per cent.—that a man with a salary of \$1,000 would have \$400 exempt and the balance of \$600 would be assessed at \$10,000. The committee did not figure the matter out, and accepted Mr. Taylor's statement.

One evening three young men of Monton went into a store to talk taxation. They found Mayor Sumner there. One of the young men remarked that if the bill passed he would leave the city. The mayor inquired what they were talking about. If they lived in Halifax they would have to pay sixteen times. One of the party questioned the mayor and was informed by his Worship (with a big W) that, "We have studied this matter. You simply don't know what you are talking about." The "doubting Thomas" of the party wrote to a relative in Halifax and asked what rate income was paid, and this relative wrote the city collector and enclosed the following reply: "There is no such thing as income tax here. The present rate is \$1.45 per \$100, and all persons who have \$200 worth of either real or personal property shall pay a poll tax of \$2.00. The assessment act in the Nova Scotia laws of 1883, chap. 28."

The mayor says that he does not know whether the Halifax collector is an authority on the subject. This was rather a knock down blow, and appeared to convert Ald. Ayer instantly and in the Times he asked the assessor to give an explanation. A letter signed "Veritas" was the answer. In this he evades the question nicely, and produces as authority a statute so old that pounds are used to express the valuation, and he quotes such a small part of it that it might refer to anything else. While he gives a verbatim assessment, to qualification of value and section he does not give the year.

All of which says a good deal for the wise men of Monton. A correspondent has some plain remarks on the situation. He says: "Assessor Taylor has a lot of old ramshackle houses at the lower end of the town. He used to get good rents for them but now they are in such a condition that the rent has to be made up to suit the house and so his dutiful son-in-law is trying to help him out. "It seems strange to me that a law like this can go to the legislature to be passed without the citizens having a chance to see it. They have exempted the Y. M. C. A. for ten years and the sugar refinery from all but school tax for ten years and give a chance to say yes or no."

"We are going to hold a meeting of the income men and if necessary will send some one to Fredericton to oppose it." All of which implies that the average citizen proposes to wake up snakes and fight to a finish.

Talent and Genius. A reader wishes to know the difference between talent and genius, it there is any. There is a great deal of difference, and its manifestations are in a very marked contrast. Talent is a development of the natural understanding. It may be inherited or it may be an original gift. At any rate, it is a special natural inclination in any certain direction, as for language, for music, painting or what not else. Cultivation perfects it mechanically and develops it to its fullest extent. Genius is the action of reason and the imagination. It is thoughtful and creative where talent is merely mechanical and imitative. Talent treats of what it sees. Genius creates something to treat about. Talent reflects ideas and objects. Genius produces ideas and subjects in order to inspire them with life. In the way of familiar illustrations, it may be said that Charles Dickens was a genius, and Charles Reade a man of talent. Anthony Trollope was a talented man, and Thackeray a genius. With this hint the reader can go ahead and make up a contrasted list of what he considers the geniuses and the talents of the universe for himself. —Farm and Fireside.

A TALK ABOUT NAMES.

THINGS TO BE THOUGHT OF IN NAMING THE BABY.

Daisies and Pansies that Grew—Names that are Fatal, Such as Hedley Vickers and Wilberforce—The Mournful Fate of Moses, Solomon, and David.

That which we name a name, my friends, by any other name would name as much. Some of us, my friends, are born with names; others have names that cannot be borne. In the game of life, my friends, some of us are blessed with a pat hand; the rest of us go skinning for a straight and never fill. There is reason in all things, it is said, but what is the reason in a name? If you happen to know, just whisper it tenderly; speak to me low.

Can you tell me why we see so many big men in the world clothed in a mere duster of a name, while so many small men go strutting about with a name a million sizes too big for them? If you happen to know, please whisper it tenderly; speak to me low.

Would you, for instance, be good enough to state what Jim Blaine has ever done that his shadow should overcast a continent of clever men? Would you be so agreeable as to mention what Miss M. E. Braden has ever written that I should be led to tell what J. C. Abbott has said or done that he should guide the destinies of Canada? Also, would you mind informing me in strictest confidence of a line that any of our magazine poets has penned within the past ten years that has vitally enough to live? If so, please whisper it tenderly; speak to me low.

But you could speak, I think, all of you, of noble deeds that have been done by nameless men and women; of noble thoughts that have been penned, and of graceful songs that have been sung, by those to you and to the world alike unknown. I suppose that about half of the children of the present age are named after flowers and virtues and great men. Nothing will satisfy some mothers but to bestow upon their helpless infant some name of this description. But did you ever contemplate the child of a poor little boy first wakes from the sleep of babyhood to find himself called Plato or Darius? I have, for I came with an ace of being named Ulysses. What did I ever do that I should be stigmatized as Ulysses? If you happen to know, whisper it tenderly; speak to me low.

Now, I don't say that Daisy or Pansy isn't a sweet name for a baby—but I have seen such pansies grow, and grow, and grow till they were six feet high and three feet wide—a regular sunflower so to speak. Lily or Rose is all right, my friends; but I have seen a Lily develop into a fragile thing of 160 pounds, with a freckled face and a number 7 shoe. I have known, too, a Faith that was faithless; a Hope that was hopeless, and a Charity that failed to cover a multitude of sins.

I believe myself that there is a fatality in names. I have never known a boy with the name of Hedley Vickers who fully recovered, and Wilberforce is usually fatal. I think a Ruby Francis or a Penelope would exceed with the hired man quicker than would plain Mand or Mary. I would be willing to bet, if my circumstances were flush instead of strait, that Kate or Clara would darn her brother's socks with less acrimony than would Stella, Pearl or Lillian. I admit that the only girl that ever threatened to elope with me was named Kate, but her mother was named Mehetable. She whispered it tenderly and spoke to me low.

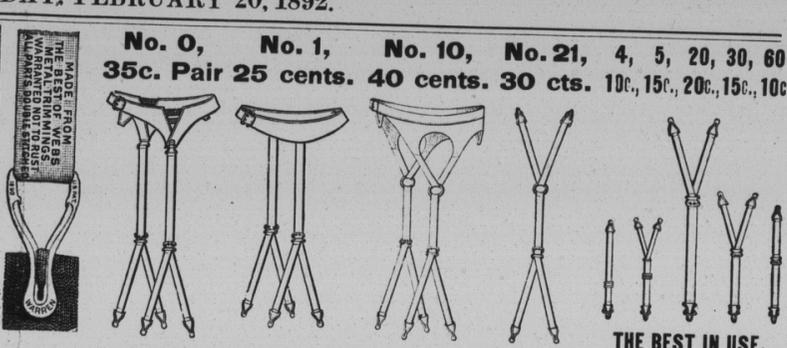
It used to be thought unhealthy for a child in this world and the next unless he was named Ezekiel, Absalom, Zachariah, Adonijah, Jacob or Joshua, his chance for wearing wings was slim. The next farm to ours was occupied by a man who had three sons. Moses was continually getting drunk; Solomon was a fool on both sides of the family, and David was tried and convicted of bigamy, just as the original David would have been, I suppose, had he lived in these degenerate days. Rather rough on the aforesaid, don't you think? If it isn't so, just whisper it tenderly; speak to me low.

I can call to mind, too, among my early associations, a Wellington who would run from the smallest boy in town; a Warren Hastings whose highest ambition when he came of age was to be made a hog-reeve; a Nelson who couldn't be coaxed into a row-boat, and a Morley Punsheon who did not believe in any personal devil—except himself. As for my girl friends, it has pained me in after years to see a Lily lugging coal; a Violet wielding a rolling pin; a Patience nailing down a carpet, and a Fanny endeavoring to induce a seven-inch joint of pipe to coincide with a six-inch elbow in all its locous of points. Whenever they saw that I saw, they whispered it tenderly and spoke to me low.

And I think, my friends, if there is anything more dangerous than naming a child after a dead man it is naming him after a live one. I wouldn't name a child after a minister for the latter might disgrace his cloth; after a politician for his name might be linked with scandal and with boodle; after a judge for he might express regret that I couldn't be hanged; nor after any man of brains, whether living or dead, for the boy, unlike his father, might never know beans. But if what I know don't strike you so, just whisper it tenderly; speak to me low.

A Sentiment. (Written in a fly-leaf of a book.) Sweetest thing in all things human Sprouts up from the heart of Woman. Jew! like roses bloom they? Yes! Where the soil's moist.—Jos. Whitcomb Riley.

No. 0, No. 1, No. 10, No. 21, 4, 5, 20, 30, 60
35c. Pair 25 cents. 40 cents. 30 cts. 10c., 15c., 20c., 15c., 10c



THE BEST IN USE.
Ask for them at the Stores, and be sure you get "Warren."
See Adv. on Page Six.

OLD TIME PLAYERS.

St. John Boys as Minstrels in Days Gone By—A Criticism From the "Freeman."

I send you the following programme of a former very popular St. John organization, which had a great deal of talent in it, and was always greeted with crowded houses.

The jokes, "rags," etc., were given us by Mr. Joseph Knowles, the present publisher of *Gripac*, and whose happy faculty of being able to hit off the funny side of local matters is beyond dispute. We were originally organized in the fall of 1868, and averaged about two entertainments a month through the winter, and on the second year, 1869, there was so much call for our performances from the outside towns that a tour of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was decided on, and it is the programme played on that occasion that follows:

SECOND ANNUAL TOUR OF SCRIBNER BROTHERS' MINSTREL TROUPE! AND BRASS BAND!
S. & J. R. Scribner, Proprietors
H. Price Webber, Stage Manager
W. H. Whittecutt, Musical Director
The above Popular Company, having re-organized for the Spring and Summer of 1890, beg to announce that they will give ONE ONLY CONCERT!
At Court House, Dorchester, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 7th and 8th.

More Real Solid Amusement than has ever been given in this Town before.
A Splendid Display!
To please, our Aim! Talent, our Maxim! Success, our Reward!

This Company has been patronized for the past two seasons in St. John, by thousands of the citizens, many of whom could never be induced to enter the Halls of Minstrelsy before, but all have expressed themselves highly pleased with the strictly moral character of their performances. They have aimed to elevate this profession, and have removed all the objectionable features, that can offend the most fastidious; and they have received the unanimous approbation of the highest classes of St. John.

A Collection of New and Original Puns, Jokes, Couplet, Burlesques, Dances, &c., &c.
Sill. Scribner, in his favorite impersonation of the Young Minstrel, King & Moore.
In their wonderful elog exercises!
And the whole Company in a variety of Sentimental and Comic Songs, Funny Sketches, &c., &c.

PROGRAMME!
Part First.
Overture.....Orchestra
Opening chorus—"Stars of Night,".....Company
"That Josie Said,".....H. Campbell
"Tommy Dool,".....Johnny Donnelly
"Little Maggie May,".....Sill. Scribner
"Beside the Grave of Jenny,".....Price Webber
Final.....Company

Part Second.
Ballad—"Has Father been Here?".....Little Jerry
"Double Clove,".....King & Moore
Prima Donna—"Sweet Spirit hear my Prayer,".....Sill. Scribner
Song & Dance—"The Merry Old English Boy,".....Johnny Donnelly
The New and Original Burlesque entitled the KOW-BELLOW-NIANS!
John Leitch, Joe Quigley and Webber.
One More Change!
Sill. Scribner, H. King, G. Moore, J. Donnelly, Joe Quigley.
Duet—"Larboard Watch,".....Scribner & Webber
The whole to conclude with
DIFFICULTIES OF THE NORTH SHORE ROUTE!
By the Entire Company.

Tickets 25 cents.....Children accompanied by their parents, 15 cents.
Door open at 7 o'clock; Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.
Piano-forte Tuning done by Professor Leitch. All orders left with the Agent will be attended to on the arrival of the Company.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
Geo. W. Day, Printer, 4 Market Street, St. John, N.B.

the Colquhoun Mountain between Truro and Amherst, in one of the worst storms, accompanied by bitter cold weather, that laid the foundation of disease that hurried a number of the troupe to an early grave. The remembrance of it is something terrible to me even now.
H. PRICE WEBBER.

Old St. John Dramatic Club.
TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In your issue of 30th January, you published a programme of St. John Dramatic Club, played in Feb., 1866, at the Mechanics' Hall. I remember the performance, and among the prominent people present were T. W. Anglin, his wife, and Miss McTavish, now deceased. Mr. Anglin, it will be remembered, was a good dramatic critic and authority on all matters pertaining to the drama, and a great friend and admirer of the late J. W. Lanergan. The morning after the performance Mr. Anglin published in his paper, the *Freeman*, the following criticism of the performance.
THOS. MCGOVERN.
Boston, Feb. 12.

The audience at the Institute on Tuesday evening was large, and the acting of the Dramatic Club was on the whole remarkably good. It required no small share of moral courage to produce the last act of Richard III, but the effort was as successful as could have been reasonably anticipated, and take for all in all few amateur companies could have done better. In the after-piece, the "Spectre Bridegroom," the acting was such as would do no discredit to any stage.

Audwinke (W. J. McGovern) was precisely the right, supercilious old gentleman he ought to be, Nicodemus (Wm. Nannery) grave and solemn as a man, and Mr. Williams most ludicrous when Mr. J. J. McCallery a strange sort of compound character. They understood the characters thoroughly, and sustained them well, and to the entire satisfaction of the audience, who appeared to be very much amused.

Mr. Oswald's band played some fine selections from the operas, etc. The club give another entertainment this evening.

RATS IN THE COAL MINES.

How They Helped the Operators in Ending a Strike.

The mine rat is an institution in the coal regions, and there is nothing the miner respect more when everything is running right. As long as work is going on in a mine on any kind of decent time the rats have no quarrel with any one, and everybody is lovely. They insist upon certain rights which the miners recognize and submit to without a murmur. It is only when a mine becomes idle and remains so for a long time that the rats and the men antagonize each other. Even the miner's respect for the mine rat will permit him to take measures against it only so far as it is necessary to preserve himself, his family, and his property.

Miners' strikes have been brought to a settlement most often by the mine rats. This strike was particularly stubborn one. Both miners and operators refused to budge one particle from the stand each had taken. The bosses declared that the mine should grow about the entrance to the mine before they would consent to the demands of the men, and the men swore they would cut and eat that grass if they had nothing else to eat.

Another wagon load was forwarded by sympathizing little miners, and a guard set upon the goods. Hundreds of the big, fierce, hungry mine rats charged the guard at night, drove him away, and the second supply of provisions disappeared before them. Four times were the striking miners revictualled in this way, and four times the mine rats captured the stores. This combination of the mine rats with the operators was more than the strikers could stand against, and they finally went to work on the best terms they could obtain, and were beaten by the determined horde of mine rats.

The mine rat is ordinarily as big as one of the common house rat, and is possessed of amazing intelligence. To be called a fierce, hungry mine rat, and the second supply of provisions disappeared before them. Four times were the striking miners revictualled in this way, and four times the mine rats captured the stores. This combination of the mine rats with the operators was more than the strikers could stand against, and they finally went to work on the best terms they could obtain, and were beaten by the determined horde of mine rats.

THE USE OF PILLOWS.

They are Very Necessary to Sleep—Their Use Through the Ages.
The use of a pillow is not a matter of mere blind usage. It has a physiological basis. We sleep for the most part, on the side, and without a pillow the head would be unconfortably and harmfully lower than the body. It will be remembered that Jacob, when fleeing from Esau, took a stone for a pillow. He needed something for the purpose, and nothing better than a stone presented itself. Such practices are common in Africa at the present day. Some people rest the neck instead of the head on hard pillows. In Africa extraordinary headgear makes this practice necessary, and many a civilized woman has been compelled by a somewhat similar coiffure to forego both the pillow and the recumbent posture. A consideration of the physiological reasons for pillows will suggest their proper thickness. They should merely bring the head to the natural level. Some pillows are much too thick. By bending the neck unduly, they interfere with the outflow of the venous blood from the head. The pillow that just fills up the space above the shoulder best suits its end. Again, pillows of leathers are objectionable. While they furnish the needed support for the head, they are too heating, as they have a remarkable capacity for holding and accumulating heat. It should be remembered that more blood, and hence more heat, goes to the head than to any other part of the body. Head-heating pillows are against the wholesome maxim, "Keep the feet warm, but the head cool." There is nothing better for the head, not for the shoulders. To rest the shoulder on the pillow defeats the very end for which it is used. Finally, special care should be taken of infants in this matter. We have seen their heads sunken deep in the softest and thickest of pillows, and their faces, as a natural consequence, covered with great beads of perspiration. It is no wonder that children so treated die.

Uncomfortable Wedding Ring.

The Bayanzi, who live along the Upper Congo, have a strange custom which makes life a burden to the married women. Brass rods are welded into great rings around the necks of the wives. Many of these rings worn by the women, whose husbands are well to do, weigh as much as thirty pounds, and this burden must be carried by the poor creatures as long as they live. Frequently one sees a poor woman whose neck is galled by the heavy weight and in places the skin is rubbed off by the ring. This is a sure sign that the ring has been recently welded around the neck. After a short time the skin becomes calloused and then the strange ornament produces no abrasion. The weight is a perpetual tax upon the energies. In every crowd of women may be seen a number who are supporting the ring with their hands, and thus for a time are relieving their weary shoulders of the burden. A ring is never put around a woman's neck until she is believed to have attained her full physical development. Once on it is no easy matter to get it off. The natives have no files, and although they can hammer a lot of brass rods into one it is very difficult for them to cut the thick mass of metal. Women who increase largely in flesh after the rings have been fastened on their necks are in danger of strangling to death, and instances of this sort have occurred. The women, however, regard the curious ornament with pride, imagine it enhances their importance and beauty and wear their burdens with light hearts. Brass is the money of the country and in putting it around their wives' necks the men are certain will not be stolen or foolishly expended.—Boston Courier.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B.

NO. 16.

Howe and Tilley on "a Lark." Shortly after the Civil War had broken out in the United States, in 1861, there was a great deal of hard feeling expressed by the Northerners against Canada and England particularly, under the impression that they were in sympathy with the South, even affording it "aid and comfort." No doubt there were everywhere outside the United States warm feelings and wishes for the success of what is now called "the lost cause," not for the upholding of slavery, but on account of the political and economic grievances which the South complained of, and had been complaining ever since the days of Calhoun, and the "nullification" outbreak. Although this feeling in favor of the South was only shared in by a minority, it was somewhat excusable, on the ground that human nature is always on the side of the weak when in resistance to the strong; and in no country in the world is this manifestation more pronounced than it is in the United States, as, for example, during the Canadian rebellion in 1837 and the Irish escapade in 1847, when public meetings were called in all parts of the country and resolutions passed, supported by some of the leading public men, against England and for the encouragement of the malcontents. All this was quite natural, if not justifiable. Therefore it should be considered in such cases, that what is sauce for the goose should be allowed to be the right sort of sauce for the gander.

At about this time (1861 or 2) Mr. Howe and Mr. Tilley (our present excellent lieutenant-governor) happened to be in London on some special business in connection with their respective Provinces, when one evening at a late hour they were walking through the Strand on their way home. Now, there is situated in the Strand an institution called "The Free Discussion Forum," its membership consists of any one who chooses to enter and take part in the debate of the evening. This club has been in existence for many years, and has proved to be a nursery for eminent statesmen and lawyers who have resorted hither to try their pretence hand at public speaking, and it has always been attended by the first people in the land—its proceedings are conducted with the strictest parliamentary decorum, and here some of the finest and most brilliant speaking is to be heard, and yet the speakers may be unknown as the name is given under a pseudonym when the chairman's eye is caught. When our Colonial friends entered the hall of this intellectual gathering, over a thousand persons being present, the subject of the evening's discussion was the President's Message just delivered to Congress—an important topic at the time as England secured a considerable share of attention in said message growing out of the civil war, although the message was of a pacific character. When our friends entered there was a tall, lank Georgian upon his feet declaiming bitterly against the South, (probably he was then a resident in the North) and he was immediately followed by a Connecticut Editor who was death upon the slave-holder and the effete citizen of the South whose lives were spent in idleness and debauchery, a wretched lot of the whole of them, residing South of Dixon's line. No doubt our Editor was under the impression that he was pouring out his talents on a sympathetic audience, since "slavery" was the principal plank he used in his platform. As soon as the last gentleman finished, Howe sprang to his feet, caught the Chairman's eye and went ahead on the side of the South—not that his sympathies were in that direction, but rather Northwards—as it was a sort of free lance, however, a man was at liberty to argue against his own convictions, ad capitulum, and so our hero improved the occasion in his own off-hand, nonchalant way, to the delight of his audience. Everybody was amazed at the speaker's powers, his minute knowledge of the subject under discussion, his mastery of language, his oratory—in short all felt that England's greatest man had the floor, but who that man could be was the great puzzle to them all. The arguments of the poor Georgian and Editor were turned inside out and they themselves mercilessly held up to the ridicule of the vast assemblage who enjoyed the "circus" heartily.

It was now after ten o'clock, the hour for closing, an hour rigidly adhered to, no matter who the speaker having the floor at the time; but the audience was boisterous for Howe to go on—time with them on this occasion did not count for much, and so the more he talked and attempted to sit down the more they insisted upon his going on. It was after 12 o'clock when Howe finished, when suddenly a wisacre in the audience sprang to his feet, none other than the irrepressible Citizen George Francis Train. Howe knew that he was caught, his individuality discovered, although he felt sure up to this moment there was not a soul in that vast assembly who could have possibly known him. Train's rising was to announce to the Chairman that he wished to reply next evening to the gentleman from Nova Scotia. Of course as Howe and Tilley were only bent on a "lark," for "that night only," in going into the club, they had no idea of repeating the operation another night.

[On speaking with Mr. Tilley—since this story was told me two years ago—about its correctness, that gentleman informed me that it was substantially correct, and he further stated that that speech of Howe's was the most powerful he had ever heard him deliver, and he also remarked that the audience were so carried away by his eloquence and good humor that they would have remained half the night had he kept on.]

A few years after the above episode (I get my information from a gentleman who was present) a public meeting was held at Birmingham—it was during the time of the cotton famine, when thousands of workmen were out of employment and the object of the meeting was for the encouragement of emigration to the Colonies. It had been previously announced that several Colonial statesmen would be in attendance and address the meeting. The hall was an immense one in size, but not half large enough to hold all who wished to gain admittance. The chairman announced that each speaker would be allowed twenty minutes to address the meeting. After several talented able gentlemen had spoken, "Mr. Howe from Nova Scotia" was introduced to the assemblage. He created such a powerful impression that the time allotted—twenty minutes in his case—all the watches in the world brought down upon the desk, would not have been heard by the vast assemblage—counted for nothing. Chairman and all, in fact, took no heed of time, but allowed, nay compelled, the speaker to keep on. Instead of speaking for twenty minutes he held the floor for whole hour, and even then had some difficulty in being allowed to stop. After the meeting was over, several persons who soon became a little crowd, went up to Howe, with delight beseeching on their countenances, to get further information about this Eldorado, Nova Scotia, whose charms and attractions Howe had so vividly portrayed—for its great agricultural capabilities, its mineral and mining resources, its magnificent climate, its fauna and flora, and in fact for being a land "flowing with milk and honey"—and so impressed were they by the description that they had made up their minds, "there and then" to emigrate forthwith, as there was nothing at home for them any longer but starvation, the cotton famine, and the "down" of my informant says he never in all his life saw an audience so awayed and carried away as that Birmingham gathering under Howe's magical wand—his oratory, rhetorical and descriptive powers of persuasion.

Mr. Howe Twelve Feet High. A bucolic gentleman (having heard a great deal about "Joe Howe" and being a great admirer of his, was very anxious to see him. He accordingly called one day at the Secretary's office. He saw Mr. Howe when he entered, standing at his desk engaged in writing. Our friend from the country soon felt at ease in the presence of the Nova Scotia Giant; on stating his errand, Mr. Howe was glad to see him, and talked with him as freely as though they had been life-long companions—so that our friend felt all over as if "Joe Howe" was not only the greatest man in the world, but the most agreeable of all who ever lived since Adam. Had Mr. Howe invited him to dine which was no uncommon thing for Howe to do, even with comparative strangers, our friend would have gone off in a blaze of excitement and perhaps never have got over it. At all events in due time the gentleman backed himself out of the office, and was soon afterwards on his way home rejoicing in an acquaintance with the man who had been in ill-health and debauchery, a wretched lot of the whole of them, residing South of Dixon's line. No doubt our Editor was under the impression that he was pouring out his talents on a sympathetic audience, since "slavery" was the principal plank he used in his platform. As soon as the last gentleman finished, Howe sprang to his feet, caught the Chairman's eye and went ahead on the side of the South—not that his sympathies were in that direction, but rather Northwards—as it was a sort of free lance, however, a man was at liberty to argue against his own convictions, ad capitulum, and so our hero improved the occasion in his own off-hand, nonchalant way, to the delight of his audience. Everybody was amazed at the speaker's powers, his minute knowledge of the subject under discussion, his mastery of language, his oratory—in short all felt that England's greatest man had the floor, but who that man could be was the great puzzle to them all. The arguments of the poor Georgian and Editor were turned inside out and they themselves mercilessly held up to the ridicule of the vast assemblage who enjoyed the "circus" heartily.

George T. Phillips the Auctioneer. Another great admirer of "Joe Howe" was George T. Phillips, auctioneer, whose business establishment was on Water street, a short distance south of the "Ordinance." He was one of the wits (after Doyle) of the time. Persons of leisure from all parts of the town would make it a point to pass along when an auction was underway, in order to be regaled with Phillips' stories while selling goods. "Here's a fine box of dip cans for you, warranted to burn faster than any other dips in the show—by lighting them at both ends, you may have the protection policy (at this time the talk was English free trade and protection, both parties for or against at bitter variance) illustrated—you see, in this way, you save money by encouraging the domestic workman, and the faster you burn the candles the more light you have for yourselves, and the more money you save to the country." Again, "Here is a leather bed made upon a new pattern—[bed somewhat ancient]—here in the middle of it is the Map of Europe, of which you may make a study before getting up in the morning—here you have the Mediterranean, with Africa on the one side and Europe on the other, beautifully traced out. Why, gentlemen, this Map is sent to the British Museum when you are done in gold—going, going—are you at home—gone. Some of you will feel sorry when you come to reflect that a feather bed Map of Europe should pass out of your hands, on account of two pounds ten"—[no cents then.] "Next, gentlemen, I have to offer you a lot of India Rubber over coats, warranted to keep the rain from penetrating the skin. These holes, gentlemen, [referring to several worn holes], are intended to let the water out, when it rains too heavy for it to run off, made after a

new pattern, and of great historic value, as they were used by the antediluvians when coming out of the ark." Then, again, "here is a lot of old iron, the remnants of a Bankrupt Estate, the iron of fate had a good deal to do with the articles getting into my hands. Here you have long, shovels, old scraps, nick-nacks, and here is the remains of a big grid-iron of great historic value, as it was used in the Masonic lodge for a great number of years, and is capable of broiling anything, from a Free Mason to a tough beef steak."

WHY ANIMALS ARE DUMB. A Curious Tradition of the Indians Offers an Explanation. The American Indians, especially those of the lake regions of Southern Canada, relate a curious tradition to account for the fact that all lower animals are dumb. In very, very early times, they say, the father of all tribes lived in a beautiful country over against the rising sun. His form was perfect and his face handsome in the extreme, his descendants being all superb specimens of humanity. Knowing of their accomplishments and being much given to flattering each other, they became very haughty and arrogant. As a punishment for their bigotry, the Great Father warned the father of the tribes in a dream that a deluge would be sent to drown them from off the face of the earth. In the dream which forewarned the father of the tribes of the great calamity impending, there was presented to his visionary mind the outlines of a great rat, which was to be used in saving in remnant of the bigoted people. In those days all animals talked as men do; and, when the father of the tribes informed the beasts of the field of his dream, and of his intention concerning the building of the great ark, they protested and declared their willingness to accompany him on any such expedition.

But the man's superior intelligence prevailed. He built the ark, and lo! had he finished when the great flood came. The man's family and pairs of every beast took passage and floated for many months on the surface of the deluge. The clouds cleared away on the second day after the embarkation, and for seventeen successive moons the man used the sun as a guide, continually steering towards his place of setting. The animals, however, every one of them (who, it will be remembered, had the power of speech), protested against sailing to the west, declaring in one voice that they preferred steering towards the sun's rising-place. These murmurs had been going on for some days when, to the infinite joy of the man, who had been holding the fort against this horde of creatures who had the voices of men and reason of beasts, a great spot of dry land began to appear. Finally the ratly-constructed ark grounded, and the man and his family and the beasts were again permitted to press the face of the earth with their feet.

But a great and lasting calamity had overtaken the animals. For their murmurs against the man while on the water they were deprived of their speech, and have remained dumb from that day.

The Origin of Leap Year. Spinners who long for a gude man at your ain angle-cheek, your chance has come again! Leap year has dawned and the great privilege of *la femme proposee* is once more yours. In every period, as every maiden knows, occurs every four years, and in it the gentler sex can assert their woman's right to propose for the hand of the hesitating lover, and it their suit is rejected, can claim a silk dress. (For the prices of the latter, even the now, ladies are referred to our advertising columns.) The origin of this quaint privilege of the ladies goes back to the days of the patron saint of the Emerald Isle. Tradition tells us that St. Patrick, having "driven the frogs out of the bogs," was walking along the shores of Lough Neagh, when St. Bridget came forward, and with tears streaming down her sweet face, told him that a mutiny had broken out in the nursery of which she was Superior, the ladies claiming the right to "pop the question." St. Patrick, smothered the gentle sister by telling her that she would concede the ladies the right on condition that it be only exercised every seventh year. At this announcement St. Bridget threw her arms around his neck and exclaimed, "Arrah, Patrick, jewel, I daurna' go back to the bog with such a proposal!" St. Patrick replied, "I'll acquiesce, squeeze me that way again in 'I' give ye leap year, the longest o' the lot." St. Bridget took him at his word, "squeezed," and popped the question to St. Patrick, who, of course, could not marry. So he solved the difficulty as best he could, by giving St. Bridget a kiss and a silk gown.

Something About Siberia. Siberia is not the semi-arctic, barren province which it has usually appeared to the popular imagination, nor is its population composed of only exiles, soldiers, officials, and some half-wild shermans. It is really a continent in itself, with many diversities of climate, scenery, and vegetation. It is a continent stretching over thirty-seven degrees, or two thousand five hundred miles of latitude, and one hundred and thirty degrees or five thousand miles of longitude. It could take in the whole area of the United States from Maine to California, and from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, and still have room for the part of Europe besides. Of course a land of such extent must have great diversity of climate as well as of scenery and physical characteristics. There is, for instance, the great northern belt of tundras, or frozen steppes, extending along the Arctic sea-coast from Novaya Zemlya to Behring's Straits. Then there is the forest region, a belt which stretches across the middle of the continent from the Ural Mountains to the Sea of Okhotsk. Lastly, there is the fertile region, which extends from Ekaterinburg, which is Pacific along the frontiers of the Central Asian khanates and of Mongolia.

Mark Twain Says: You cannot tell by the size of a frog how far he will jump. Neither can you tell by the appearance of the Rigby cloth that it is waterproof. But, oh! what a difference in a rain storm, if you happen to have your spring or fall overcoat Rigby-proofed.

THE FIRST WATCH.

When and by Whom it was Made Seems a Historical Puzzle. Watches are believed by historians to have been used as early as 1470. The word watch is derived from the Saxon waccan—to wage; the Swedish wacht, to watch, and the Danish wagt; the English watch has the same meaning, taken, probably, from the watch of the night. The actual name in its earliest days was pocket-clock. It was the perfected invention of the horological science of many centuries, and included the sun-dial, the clepsydra or water-clock, the hour or sand-glass, and wheel clock, by actual gradations of experiments and skill.

The ancient German city of Nuremberg claims the invention of the pocket-clock, and it is a fact that these first clumsy watches were from their oval shape called Nuremberg eggs, and that the town was famous for their production. A noble Milanese poet alludes to watches in a sonnet written by him in 1494, so that watches had then reached Italy. And that country has endeavored to fasten the triumph of their invention upon a Florentine astronomer, but without success. The Emperor Charles V., of Spain, possessed a watch of, as it was then called, a small table-clock. He amused himself with several of these in his retirement in the monastery of St. Juste. It is said that he could not make them record the time, and one day he broke out in this impatient moral reflection on his past conduct: "What an egregious fool I must have been to have squandered so much blood and treasure in an absurd attempt to make all men think alike when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together."

Watches were introduced into England during the reign of Henry VIII., who possessed a watch that went for a week. A watch belonging to this monarch was on exhibition in London at the world's fair in 1861. The manufacture of tiny watches, so minute that they could be worn in a ring, is mentioned as early as 1590. A musical watch, now exhibited in the St. Petersburg Academy of Science performs a religious chant with scenic accompaniment. It is about the size of an egg. Within it is a representation of Christ with a Roman peasant on watch. On pressing a spring the stone rolls from the tomb, the sentinels fall down, the angels appear, the holy women enter the sepulcher, and the same chant which is sung in the Greek church on Easter Eve is actually performed. This watch was invented by an ingenious Russian peasant during the reign of Catherine of Russia.

The early watches had but one hand, showing the hours. They usually required winding twice a day. Originally the main-spring was a straight piece of steel. This invention of the balance spring is credited to Robert Hooke of London. An inscription on a watch presented to Charles II. would seem to establish this. It reads: "Robert Hooke inv. 1658." Repeating watches were invented by Barlow in 1676. There are many modern curiosities in the shape of watches, and antique ones appear at frequent intervals which have been heirlooms and kept from the public gaze. Occasionally a clever impostor introduces to the world an antique chronometer with a spurious history. Such was the watch to Robert Hooke of London. An inscription on a watch presented to Charles II. would seem to establish this. It reads: "Robert Hooke inv. 1658."

THINGS OF VALUE.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature.—Carlyle. For Cholera Fellows' Speedy Relief stands ahead of all other preparations. Who gives a trifle meanly is meaner than the trifle.—Lavater. Follows Dyspepsia Bitters is not a new remedy. It has been known in this country over fifty years. The heel of progress bears the spur of the moment. Other Cough Medicines have had their day, but Putner's Emulsion has come to stay, because it is so nice and so good. Remember that the tongue is a weapon of offense as well as of defense. I would not think of making Soup from Raw Vegetables, is the verdict of all ladies who have used Kerr Evaporated Soup Vegetables. Backing has probably ruined as many young men as the want of it has. For restoring the color, thickening the growth, and beautifying the hair, and for preventing baldness, Hall's Hair Renewer is unassailable. Usage has more to do with making English grammar than anything else. Extract from statement by John Collett Esq., Director of Contracts for the British Navy—"your Evaporated Vegetables are superior to any other preserved vegetables. We find them by Analysis to contain more nutriment than the French." When all the people go out together to hunt an excuse they are sure to find one. In 1872 I was poisoned by Ivy and hearing of the beneficial effects of the Spa Spring water of Wilmot in skin troubles I applied them with result of perfect cure, although numerous medicines failed. W. A. SPOULLE. Clementsport, Anna. Co. N. S. Fire and swords are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbling.—Steele. Mothers, are your daughters pale or sallow? Remember that the period when they are budding into womanhood is most critical; fortify their system for the change with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills unsurpassed for the speedy cure of all troubles peculiar to females. A trial of a single box will convince you. Beware of imitations and take no substitute. "In weakness is strength," and in strength is weakness. Nothing is more thoroughly mixed in this world than strength and weakness. They are sometimes the same thing. K. D. C. Co.—DEAR SIRS,—Being troubled for a number of years with dyspepsia and having tried every medicine heard of to cure said disease, I now wish you if you will, to make the following statement public in any way you may desire. I used four packages of your K. D. C. according to direction and can say now that I am entirely cured and never felt better in my life. Yours truly, J. P. QUINN, Commercial Traveller, St. John, N. B.

Surprise Soap

does the wash without boiling or scalding a single piece.

To Our Patrons!

We take pleasure in announcing to you that we have opened, in connection with our Laundry Business, a Dyeing and Cleaning Department, and have secured the services of an expert English Dyer, who has had an experience of a great many years in LONDON and PARIS; all work will be done at Lowest Possible Prices.

Table with two columns: CLEANING and DYEING. Lists various items and their prices.

Ungar's Steam Laundry and Dye Works, 28 to 34 WATERLOO STREET, 62 & 64 GRANVILLE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

BE SURE and send your laundry to Ungar's Steam Laundry, St. John (Waterloo street); Telephone 55. Or Halifax 62 and 64 Granville street. It'll be done right, it done at

FREE GERMAN ELECTRIC BELT AGENCY. Comparing our prices with other ELECTRIC BELTS. THE GERMAN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES WILL CURE FEMALE COMPLAINTS, RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK, KIDNEY DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, LUMBAGO, &c. We claim that our Belt is far superior to any other Electric Appliance Manufactured.

BUY Model Grand Ranges! and all kinds of Kitchen Furnishings from COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.

Cheapest BOYS' SLEDS in the city at EVERETT & MILLER, 13 WATERLOO ST. Includes images of sleds and a horse.

Surprise Soap advertisement with text: does the wash without boiling or scalding a single piece.

To Our Patrons! advertisement for Dyeing and Cleaning Department.

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A LAND OF SUNSHINE.

PICTURESQUE PALMA, A CITY OF THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.

Its Massive Walls, and Quaint Old Houses, its Sunshine and its Scenery, where the Loveliest Home is Charming in its Court.

(Progress Special Correspondence.) In these days of strong and swift steamers plying between England and all Mediterranean ports, it is but a voyage of two nights and a day from Gibraltar to the city of Palma, the capital of the Spanish dependency and province of Balearica, comprising the Balearic Islands; or, if you are wintering in southwestern Spain, you may journey in a night from Valencia or Barcelona to this least visited and most beautiful of all Mediterranean regions.

Your steamer is seldom out of sight of some huge or tiny Mediterranean craft, and there is always consciousness of companionship upon this great land-locked sea, although it is longer than the Atlantic is broad between Newfoundland and Ireland. I have never known or felt on other waters. However treacherous the Mediterranean has been to others, I have never seen its face save in its blindest, sweetest mood; when its skies were fair, the sunshine above it mild and loving, its airs zephyrus and dreamful, and its face as blue and smiling as a rift of June-day heaven.

The city of Palma is built upon the ruins of the old Roman town founded by Quintus Cecilius Metellus who conquered the island with galleys "plated with oxhides and skins as a protection against the fatal strokes of the Balearic slingers."

Ruled in turn by Vandals and Goths, the islands eventually fell into the hands of the Moors, shortly after southern Spain became prey to the hordes of Giebral-Tark. Curiously the people of the islands reached their highest prosperity under their African rulers, who taught them all the arts and crafts of piracy, until the Balcans became masters of and spread terror over the entire Mediterranean. The isles were thus merged into a clear yet terrible commonwealth, whose power was often courted and employed by neighboring sovereigns.

The accumulation of treasure was enormous; so great as to invite cupidities of invasion and even to "holy" crusades; until Don Jayme I, King of Aragon and Count of Barcelona, in September 1229, sailed for Palma with a fleet of 150 galleys and 18,000 men, principally Catalanian peasant warriors. Palma fell. The males of the mixed race of pirate Moors and Balcans were butchered, sold as slaves, or banished to the African coast. The women became the slaves and wives of the Catalanian peasant warriors. The islands were partitioned off among the followers of Don Jayme I., founding a titled landholding aristocracy, existing to this day, as proud, rich and noble blooded as Europe ever knew. The then independent kingdom of Balearica, under eventual vassalage to Pedro IV., of Aragon, was finally merged with Aragon into the Spanish dominion. With mothers of pure Balearic and Moorish blood and fathers from the sturdy, sluggish and over-contented Catalanian stock, tinged and tempered by a matchless climate and fruitful soil, the 700 intervening years have moulded a race fine in physique, supple of limb, cheery temper and heart, melodic of speech and tongue, fair to look upon and truly good to find and know.

Having left the beautiful, sleepy, sunlit bay for Palma's streets, you have entered a city of nearly 70,000 souls, where Italy, Spain and Algeria seem to have formed a charming composite in architecture and people. The hugeness of walls is every where remarkable. Everything is constructed as if for eternal lasting. No street is beautiful, but not one fails of picturesque quality that is often weird and grotesque. Every structure possesses in some portion, and frequently in the most unexpected position, some wonderful and ornate ornamentation. Thin squares with winnowing turrets are set in all sorts of odd corners. A huge church may tower on the one side of each of these. At a corner may stand, or project from a curious and seemingly unnecessary wall, a massive carved arcade or gargoyle from which the water is endlessly flowing. At another side a mass of vines and verdure, capped to the sight by far domes or spires, is only visible. Outjutting at another spot, the angle of some huge building seems to have pushed its way half across the plaza and with its galling roof is ready to pitch headlong into the open space beneath. While another sunny side shows only a roof of red tiles sloping like a tent cover, unperceived by a single aperture, from an interminable height, wholly to the edge of a stone cloister-like porch beneath.

In all open spaces are palm-trees. And these, rising from courts, lifting their spreading fronds high above roofs from darkened thoroughfares, often leaning like the tower of Pisa, out of quaint old courts, and here and there being preserved by an entire building constructed around them, lend a dreamful, mystic, almost lonesome and pathetic coloring to every massing of structures upon which the eye may rest.

To me, the palm, whether I have seen it in southern Spain, in Sicily, in Morocco, in Algeria, in Cuba, or here in Palma, whose name had its origin in the former extraordinary number of palm-trees upon the island, has always been an emblem of dolorous isolation and inexplicable loneliness. It hints of the camel, the Bedouin, the desert. In art, in story, in fact, it ever suggests the endless hopelessness and impassibility of the barriers between the races that subsist upon and rest beneath it, and those who know and love the maple, beech and oak.

It is a city of steep ascents and ill-paved streets, but of witching old bits of curious architecture, and perhaps as lovely and splendid interiors as any Moorish or semi-Moorish city can show. All the houses retain features of Moorish taste and evidences of medieval forms of habitations and living. They are higher than three or four stories at best. More have but the ground floor with an upper one, and an attic called a *porcho*. Invariably the entrance to the interior are studies in carved arabesques and fanciful Moorish designs. Balconies are as universal and as huge or as lace-like and fragile as in

Granada or Seville. A marked peculiarity of all structures is their huge projecting roofs, spread out into pent-houses and frequently most fascinatingly worked out and decorated. And the lowliest home in all Palma is charming in its patio or court—that loveliest of interior arrangements around which Moslem or Christian home can be built.

Every one of these courts is a place of beauty, sunshine and song. In every one there is the melodic sound of water from running jetty or fountain. In every one, whether glittering with splendor marble columns and daintily wrought arches of softened in tones with mossy stone and crumbling tiles, there are waving ferns and flowers. Vines clamor wantonly over entablature, arch and balustrade. The alcobas of all living in these courts are within the sound of friendly calling voice. And not one is without birds of gay plumage and birds with endless songs.

Only when the feast and processional days come is Palma a gay and brilliant city. At all other times it is sunny, restful, slumberous and almost silent. Its street folk are the same as of any other southern Spanish city. There is greater content here. No one is in a hurry. Among the lowly folk there is less excitement, greater good nature, and the latter is of a gentle, unobtrusive sort. Here, as in Madrid, is your lechero or milkman who drives his cows in from the country and milks for you before your door. The dulcero or seller of sweets, with his songful call by day and his tinkling bells by night, is here. The cocher, or cabman with comfortable landaulet and pretty diligence will serve you faithfully without guile. The mercantile or notion peddler, the apudador, or water-seller, the regatero or bucketeer who has the sociable habit of entering shop or home with his donkeys and paniers, the zapatero or arbay shoe-maker and the latonero or tinner whom I have found to be Spanish Gipsy, are all here in their lazy, pleasant picturesque ways.

By day Palma seems to the stranger to be continuously experiencing something like a soft dreamful buzz of activity in all human affairs. Perhaps it is the reaction after some great business tension, you ruminate. But no; each day is as the day before it. Everything is gently done. No one is astir before ten in the morning. Then the pretty market attracts bevy of beautiful women and maids. This is followed by the noonday siesta. The shops are bright and brilliant until evening; but everything is quiet and restful with the evening the cafes are ablaze with light; the parks and paseos are thronged with gay caballeros and lovely señoritas. Still there is a hush and tranquillity in all sounds and seemings. As the night advances, in every quarter of the olden city is heard the mandolin and guitar, from a lonesome, pathetic, sweet; like the echo of real tones rather than the vibrant notes themselves. Zephyrus breezes pulse from the Afric's shores. The shipping rocks gently upon the stately, founding a tiled landholding aristocracy, existing to this day, as proud, rich and noble blooded as Europe ever knew.

Then the independent kingdom of Balearica, under eventual vassalage to Pedro IV., of Aragon, was finally merged with Aragon into the Spanish dominion. With mothers of pure Balearic and Moorish blood and fathers from the sturdy, sluggish and over-contented Catalanian stock, tinged and tempered by a matchless climate and fruitful soil, the 700 intervening years have moulded a race fine in physique, supple of limb, cheery temper and heart, melodic of speech and tongue, fair to look upon and truly good to find and know.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

"IF I WERE A MAN."

A Woman Recites Some of the Noble Things She Might Then Do.

Now, if I were a man, and I am grateful that I am a woman, except when it rains, and I have a muff, a couple of books, an umbrella, and a skirt to take care of, and books will slide at my feet, and you have to let your skirt down into the mud, straighten things out, then I think that to be a woman is "midding well as far as it goes," but I would like to be a man and wear—tickets.

But if I were a man I would get rich, or no, not so very mercenary, but fully appreciate the value of money.

Then I would not talk about woman's wagging tongue, and then tell the latest piece of gossip.

Then, just because I was trying to get rich, I would not be mean and stingy.

Then if I were married, I would have a home; not at the newest and most fashionable apartment house, not at a boarding-house, not with my mother or my mother-in-law, but a real home, which I would try to make brighter every day for the little woman who took care of the house.

I would tell my wife I would not wear darned stockings before she wasted a whole morning darning them.

I would take her to the theatre every week and buy her flowers and candy for Sunday.

I would not call her extravagant just because she wanted a new hat and gown every season when she had plenty that looked just as good as new to you.

I would not be the kind of a man known as a "dude," who spends his time standing on corners, ogling and making disrespectful remarks about woman, a miserable individual who has no faith in woman or belief in goodness.—Music and Drama.

Reporters are Gentlemen. Don't tell a newspaper reporter, when he calls on you on business, things which you do not wish him to print. He does not call for information for the fun of it. He is there on business. When you meet a reporter socially, don't say to him every time you open your mouth, "This is not for publication."

If you really have information to give, either give it cheerfully and frankly or refuse with firmness, but don't try to be clever and attempt any "funny business." If you give the information frankly you will in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred be accurately reported and respectfully treated. If you refuse firmly and politely your reticence will be respected. If you try to outwit the reporter by an effort to mislead him or by direct misrepresentation, you are sure to make a mess of it, and wish that you had been better advised.

Disabuse your mind of any foolish impression that the newspaper reporters are malignant persons, trying to stir up trouble in the world. They are, as a rule, the opposite of this and have as high an idea of other men of the relative advantages of contentment and strife.—The Oregonian.

THEN AND NOW.

How Conditions Have Changed Within Sixty Years on the Sixty Years on the

How funny the rising generation of young men would feel if they should be dropped back into the early thirties and do what their fellows of that day did. In 1830 there were only two kinds of coal in practical use. That is, charcoal and sea coal, the latter imported; very little of the common fuel. Getting in the writer's time in the fall was no small matter. Logs four feet long, sawed once and piled into sizable stacks wheeled in. Wood fires were the order, and with their backlogs, fore-sticks and brands, blazing up finely, made the sitting very cheerful. All the stores in that day had stoves of various patterns and kinds. I remember a few years before 1830, when a little boy, my uncle took me with him down by Light-street to see them burn what he called stones. It was a pot of anthracite coal; it was burning briskly not far from where the old pump was situated. I can see it now in my mind's eye, and the crowd of lookers on to witness the experiment. Why supposed then it would ever come into general use—hundreds of millions of tons produced annually—and completely take the place of wood as fuel?

In 1830 friction matches were unknown or just coming into notice; at the homes and in the stores the fires were all lighted by sparks in a tinder box, which were common everywhere. It was a small round tin box, three or four inches in diameter; that box with a smotherer plate on top of it; a flint and a small bar of steel were kept in the box; when a light was wanted the flint was struck against the steel and then a match was ignited by it. Not the friction matches of today; they were round bundles of small sticks, each bundle about four inches long and one and one half inches in diameter, with each end dipped into some great business tension, you ruminate. But no; each day is as the day before it. Everything is gently done. No one is astir before ten in the morning. Then the pretty market attracts bevy of beautiful women and maids. This is followed by the noonday siesta. The shops are bright and brilliant until evening; but everything is quiet and restful with the evening the cafes are ablaze with light; the parks and paseos are thronged with gay caballeros and lovely señoritas. Still there is a hush and tranquillity in all sounds and seemings. As the night advances, in every quarter of the olden city is heard the mandolin and guitar, from a lonesome, pathetic, sweet; like the echo of real tones rather than the vibrant notes themselves. Zephyrus breezes pulse from the Afric's shores. The shipping rocks gently upon the stately, founding a tiled landholding aristocracy, existing to this day, as proud, rich and noble blooded as Europe ever knew.

Oil lamps of various patterns and sizes were used for lights. Gas and kerosene were unknown; whale oil was generally used, and strained and summer-strained. The filling and cleaning of those in the stores was the work of every morning of the youngest apprentice. The boy in the retail store opened the store early every morning, made his wood fire in the stove, as mentioned above, and then swept out the store and dusted everywhere, and many an old retired merchant now living at his ease will remember when he began his mercantile life in this way. There were no railroads then; travelling was done by stages. About 1830 old times began to pass away, railroads began to be constructed, gas began to be used, and many a man came into general use. The post office was a small affair.—Exchange.

THE MAN DRESS MAKER

Worth an Englishman; But has not Had an Order From the Queen.

Charles Frederick Worth began life as a printer, but an instinctive dislike to soiling his fingers as well as his inborn gifts led him to exchange for an apprenticeship for a position in the great and glorious house of Swan & Edgar in London. There he developed and perfected his appreciation of the production of the French milliners and dressmakers, superintending the unpacking of and especially becoming an authority in all matters connected with stylishness, cut and tastefulness of trimming. But Paris alone afforded a field for his exercise of his talent, and to Paris he accordingly went. He became a member of the firm of Gage & Co., in that city, and imparted to the productions of that house a stamp of style and elegance exceeding anything ever before known in the annals of Parisian fashion. At that time the second empire was in the height of its prosperity. The Empress Eugenie, then in the prime of her youth and the full perfection of her incomparable beauty, was delighted with the dresses invented for her by the brilliant young Englishman who knew so well how to combine perfect taste with artistic originality. Worth speedily became the dressmaker and par excellence to the imperial court, the reigning belles, the Princesse de Metternich, the Princesse Anne de Murat, the Comtesse de Brigode, and countless others, became his clients, and sought not only his creations in the way of gowns and wraps, but his counsel as well in all matters connected with the toilette. It was at one time the custom for the great ladies of the day to drive to his establishment dressed for a dinner party or a ball, and to submit to a final revision of his customs to him for a final revision of it. A singular fact that the most celebrated of all the Parisian dressmakers should have been born in England, the reputed land of his origin, it is curious who had never ordered a toilette from him is the lady in whose dominions he was born, namely Queen Victoria.

"La Grippe."

Since reports from various parts of the country show that "La Grippe" is not only among us, but everywhere prevalent, and hence we would recommend very serious, highly endorsed yet simple and efficient remedies known, Humphreys' Specifics number One and Seven. Hundreds of symptoms of what is now termed "La Grippe" have been speedily and permanently cured by them. Number One allays the Fever, Pain and Inflammation, while No. Seven cures the Cough, Hoarseness, and sore throat. Hundreds of publishers, having found the Specifics of priceless value in their families, never hesitate to recommend them to their many readers. Hear the unsolicited testimony of a few: Chicago, Ill., Western Broker—I find severe cases of La Grippe in my family have been cured by a few days' treatment. Hamamont, N. J., Atlantic Broker—I have used Humphreys' Specific No. seven, with marked benefit, and am always glad to recommend it use. Waverly, Ohio, Watchmaker—For fevers and colds, Humphreys' Specifics are invaluable.

Typewriter's Stub Finger.

"Typewriter's stub finger" is the name of the newest affliction on the books of the doctors. The first to realize this terrible result were the pretty young typewriters of the fairer sex, who beheld with horror the loss of their long, tapering fingers, upon whose charm they had so prided themselves. Instead of their sweetly moulded fingers tapering gracefully to the tips and aristocratically curling, what was their consternation and chagrin to be struck with the fact that they had effectually flattened out their finger tips and given each particular digit, above the top joint, a grotesque and vulgarly stubby appearance.—Phila. Record.

Do You See THE POINT?



ALTHOUGH Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment could not have survived for over eighty years unless it possesses extraordinary merit.

UNLIKE ANY OTHER

FOR INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL USE. It is soothing, Healing, Penetrating. Once used always wanted, and desired. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, and other painful affections. It is a great relief to the sufferer, and a great boon to the physician. It is a household necessity, and a valuable addition to every medicine chest.

A Talk About Printing.

Job Printing is a comparatively new department with PROGRESS. We have always had a certain amount of job printing plant and used it in making our newspaper as handsome and attractive as possible, but a complete outfit was not ours until recently. We have a new and complete plant now, suitable for all kinds of printing, and are open for orders. We believe in doing work as well as it can be done and our aim will be: First, to turn out good printing—nothing that we will have cause to be ashamed of so far as the mechanical work is concerned. The reputation won by PROGRESS as a handsome, well-printed newspaper will also be the reputation of "PROGRESS Print," for that will be the name of the job department.

If you are in business, it goes without saying that you must have printing—little or much of it. We would like to do some of it for you. If you want it well done we will give you satisfaction. We don't ask for it on the plea of cheapness—our prices will be reasonable, but we are not in the business to cut rates. Quotations will be given cheerfully, but don't expect that they will always be lower than those of other printers.

Our Stock is new, varied and good—bought at the lowest figures and all suitable for the times. Our Type is new, the latest style of letter and the handsomest assortment we could select. Our Presses are new and the best. Our Workmen are acknowledged the equal of any in the Province—and that is saying a good deal. We cannot fail then to do good printing. Have you any to do? Write to us, or call. We will be glad to hear from you or see you.

PROGRESS PRINT.

You are making A wrong impression Wherever you go.

If this is not the Pattern



THE BEST OF THE GRANBY RUBBER.

IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE. - POTATO PHOSPHATE.

THE PRIZE CROPS. 1st Prize for Potatoes, \$200.00, taken by C. Pickard, Sackville. This is to certify that the undersigned, assisted by Mr. Lund to measure one acre of Potato 1 and, and assisted by Mr. Hovey in checking and weighing the Potatoes taken from said acre, on which we used 2 barrels of your Special Potato Phosphate only, and find the crop four hundred and thirty one bushels, 27 1/2 lbs. (431, 27 1/2). About three quarters of the Potatoes were Heavy and the remainder Black Montona. The Hebrons grew at the rate of about 400 bushels to the acre, and Montanas fully 600 bushels to the acre. (Signed) C. PICKARD. Affirmed before me this 17th day of Nov. 1891, at Sackville. (Signed) CHARLES E. LUND, J.P. This is to certify that I have this day parted off one acre from Mr. Charles Pickard's potato field, and marked the bonus of the same for the purpose of a prize competition. (Signed) C. E. LUND, D. L. Surveyor. Dated at Sackville, 20th Sept., 1891. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co., 89 Water St., St. John, N. B.

The Travelers Insurance Company, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Is a leading Life Insurance Company, and issues Life and Endowment Policies, best in the market, World-wide and non-forfeitable. Is also the original accident company of America, is the largest in the World, and only large one in America. The claim payments of this company for a SINGLE MONTH usually exceed the EXTRACTS STRIPES of all other accident companies. Please note the fact when offered "cheap insurance," that The Travelers pays claims, as cheerfully as it accepts premiums, without discount, immediately on receipt of satisfactory proofs. The Best is the Cheapest! Moral: Insure in the Travelers. T. B. & H. B. ROBINSON, Agents, 103 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors!

A CHARMING SET OF BOOKS, EMBRACING Ten of the Greatest Novels Ever Written

GREATEST AUTHORS WHO EVER LIVED!

If you will study the biographies of the great authors of our day, you will observe that in most instances their reputations were made by the production of a single book. Let but one work like



is really great—one masterpiece—emanate from an author's pen, and though his future efforts may be trivial in comparison, his name will live and his works be read long after the author has passed away. A well-known New York publishing house has issued in uniform and handsome style ten of the greatest and most famous novels in the English language, and we have perfected arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer this handsome and valuable set of books as a premium to our subscribers upon terms which make them almost a free gift. Each one of these famous novels was the author's greatest work—his masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame. The works comprised in this valuable set of books, which are published under the general title of Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors, are as follows:

- EAST LYNN, By Mrs. Henry Wood. JANE EYRE, By Charlotte Bronte. JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN, By Miss Mulock. ADAM EDE, By George Elliot. THE WOMAN IN WHITE, By Wilkie Collins. LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET, By Miss M. E. Braddon. VANITY FAIR, By W. M. Thackeray. THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. THE THREE GUARDSMEN, By Alexander Dumas. PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE, By Charles Reade.

Each of these great and powerful works is known the world over and read in every civilized land. Each is intensely interesting, yet pure and elevating in moral tone. They are published in uniform, thus making a charming set of books which will be an ornament to the home. It is a delightful set of books, and we are most happy to be enabled to afford our subscribers an opportunity of obtaining such splendid books upon such terms as we can give.

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SEASONABLE

Specialty Prepared For the Laid Readers

"Good living is due to the way by which the things which turned to all others."—Gest

Further Instructions Keep

Skilful economy is without things, but the out of little and has even cost. One of the first making tasty little dishes, rissoles, patties, etc., a letter, is how to make sauce of butter, flour, carry the seasoning, flour the trifles of meat or f. patty or shell.

To Make But

Place a cupful of butter in a small saucepan, stir them about until the bubble, then add a cupful a little at a time, stirring Season with salt if a butter and strain into a is used for binding, etc., as well as for m. oyster sauce, etc., and vegetables such as asparagus and onions.

Cold White Sauce 1 level cupful of powdered 4 cupful of butter. 2 whites of eggs. 2 tablespoonfuls of brandy, use to taste.

Soften the butter and the sugar. Have the cold that they may whip froth, and stir into the sugar. Mix this and the together lightly, without favoring and keep on ice.

Tapscup Jelly with 1 1/2 pints of water—2 large 2 ounces of Tapioca—4 ounces of sugar—a teaspoonful of lemon.

Steep the tapioca in water for two hours. To cold when added, but in a warm place. Then cupfuls of water with the lemon rind, or part and throw it in and add the steeped tapioca, and side of the range till twenty minutes. If liked with burnt sugar or fruit watted cups or a mold, sweetened cream or the preceding. This is very common.

Cooking Without While it is true that things to make good things in the year with. With are not good things and along without using any ev

Good White Cake With 1 small cup of sugar. 4 cup of butter. 2 small cups of milk. 2 heaping spoonfuls of baking 4 cups of flour.

Warm the butter and sugar together until well milk and a little flavoring extract of lemon or vanilla powder in the flour, stir makes a stiff batter. The with the spoon—a wooden the better. The cake, should be sour, or a mold spoonful of cream of tartar top of the cake with milk smooth and glaze it.

Cake Icing Without Powdered sugar, melted water, makes a good semi-dry and white. To have and firm, take a little gelatin in hot water, and add a spoonful of cream of tartar to the top of the cake with milk smooth and glaze it.

Good Griddle Cakes With Flour. Carded milk. Sifted salt.

Take a little sifted flour, the sour milk until it can be proper consistency to take then add a little salt and a no measure to give, only the way a teaspoonful of soda a quart of sour milk. Serve syrup.

The Best of Rice Puddings 1 cupful of rice. 1 cupful of sugar. 4 cupfuls of milk. Cinnamon or nutmeg to taste. A pinch of salt.

Wash the rice in three or four times, and put it into a tin pudding. Sifted milk, salt and pieces of mon with it, all cold, and oven for three or four hours a sheet of greased paper scorching.

Steamed Fruit Pudding With 1 heaping cup of flour. 1 small tea spoonful of baking cup of water and a little salt.

Mix the powder in the flour pinch of salt; then mix up Be careful not to get too mixed in, as a very soft dough is much lighter than up hard. Grease the bottom of the dish that will go steamer, cover it with a thin paste, spread over that a cr served cherries or other fruit another sheet of paste, larger of fruit and a cover of top. Steam it an hour and a Serve with the following p sauce or the richer white above.

Plain Pudding Sau 1 cup hot water. 1 cup brown sugar. 1 table spoonful of flour. Little butter.

Stir the sugar and flour to pour the water to them, add keep stirring over the fire till

On Roasting. The principle of boiling an the same—to endeavor as qu able to surround the joint with of meat, in order to keep it Consequently the fire must be c

The

REASONABLE RECIPES.

Specialty Prepared from Fractional Tons for the Ladies Readers of "Progress."

"Good living is due to that action of the judgment by which the things which please our taste are preferred to all others."—Gastronomy as a Fine Art.

Further Instructions for Young Housekeepers.

Skilful economy is not that which goes without things, but that which makes much out of little and has everything without much cost.

To Make Butter Sauce. Place a cupful of butter and the same of flour in a small saucepan over the fire and stir them about until the mixture begins to bubble.

1 level cupful of powdered sugar. 1/2 cupful of butter. 2 whites of eggs.

Soften the butter and mix it with half of the sugar. Have the whites of egg quite cold that they may whip easily; whip to a froth, and stir into them the remaining sugar.

Tapoca Jelly with Cream. 1/2 pint of water—2 large cupfuls. 2 ounces of Pearl Tapioca—1/2 a teaspoonful. 4 ounces of sugar—1 teaspoonful. 1/2 a lemon.

Steep the tapioca in one cupful of the water for two hours. The water is to be cold when added, but the bowl may be set in a warm place.

While it is true that "it takes good things to make good things," there are times in the year as Whitehead says, when eggs are not good things and we must often get along without using any even in cakes.

Good White Cake Without Eggs. 1 small cup of sugar. 1/2 cup of milk. 2 small cups of milk. 2 heaping teaspoons of baking powder. 1 cup of flour.

Warm the butter and stir it and the sugar together until well mixed, add the milk and a little flavoring of nutmeg or extract of lemon or vanilla. Mix the powder in the flour, stir all together. It makes a stiff batter. The more it is beaten with the spoon—a wooden spoon is best—the better the cake.

Cake Icing Without Eggs. Powdered sugar merely wetted with water, makes a good semi-transparent icing and dries white. To have it beat up white and firm, take a little gelatine and dissolve it in hot water—it should be as thick as mucilage—use this instead of whites of eggs.

Good Griddle Cakes Without Eggs. Flour. Carded milk. Soda and salt.

Take a little sifted flour in a pan, add the sour milk until it can be stirred to the proper consistency to take on a griddle, then add a little salt and soda. There is no measure to give, only that in a general way a teaspoonful of soda is required for a quart of sour milk. Serve with maple syrup.

Steamed Fruit Pudding Without Eggs. 1 heaping cup of flour. 1 small 1/2 spoonful of baking powder. 1/2 cup of water and a little salt.

Mix the powder in the flour dry, add a pinch of salt; then mix up with a spoon. Be careful not to get too much flour mixed in, as a very soft dough will prove to be much lighter than that worked up hard.

Seasonable Food. Fish.—Haddock, cod, halibut, smelts, herring, lobsters, oysters, clams.

Meats.—Beef, mutton, veal, pork, rabbit, liver, kidneys, sausages, black puddings, turkeys, guinea, ducks, fowls.

Vegetables.—Artichokes, beets, cabbage, turnips, onions, parsnips, squash.

Fruit.—Oranges, figs, bananas.

About the Wedding Ring. How many women who fondly love the golden symbol of their wedding vow know why they wear it on the third finger of the left hand?

That particular digit was chosen because it was believed by the Egyptians to be directly connected by a slender nerve to the heart itself.

And these ancient worshippers of Isis held this finger sacred to Appollo and the sun, and therefore gold was the metal chosen for the ring.

and fierce to start with. The next important thing is basting. A joint can scarcely be basted too often.

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"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

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LADIES' FINE EVENING SLIPPERS!

For Latest New York Styles our assortment consists of Ladies' Red Morocco Duchess Tie Slippers.

Ladies' Grey Suade Theo Tie Slippers. Ladies' Grey Suade Adonis Bkle. Slippers.

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Ladies' Black Kid low cut Opera Slippers.

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complete. By the way, I must remark in this connection that in spite of your pleasant frankness you are rather a flip-tongued dandy, and just a little bit slangy.

NEAR, Fredericton.—My dear boy, I beg ever so many pardons! I don't quite know what I did, but I plainly see that I am a little bit slangy.

DAVID AND JONATHAN, Fredericton.—Are you boys or girls, I wonder? The writing is essentially that of a business man, and yet I have a lady friend in your city who writes almost exactly the same.

NEAR, Fredericton.—My dear boy, I beg ever so many pardons! I don't quite know what I did, but I plainly see that I am a little bit slangy.

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HUMPHREYS' HARD COAL!

This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine.

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION.

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

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

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MONTREAL. Offer For Sale all Grades of Refined Sugars & Syrups

Of the Well-known Brand of Redbath

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To the Canada Sugar Refining Company. GENTLEMEN,—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.50 per cent of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.

Yours truly, G. F. GIRDWOOD.

PLAYED AND ENDORSED BY The World's Most Eminent Musicians and Pronounced by Them 'THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE.'

W. H. HOBBS & SONS, St. John, N. B. Agents for the Maritime Provinces.

go on your Rubbers and Over-shoes

OSPHATE.

John, N. B.

Surveyor.

John, N. B.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

In Japan there is no proper translation of the word "God."

Of the 607 existing kinds of reptiles 400 species are harmless.

Lead pencils should be soaked in lincseed oil to make them write easily.

Camels are found in the coldest as well as the hottest parts of Asia and Africa.

It is curious that butterflies and bees have tastes akin to those of the human family.

Wasps, bees and ants have social and political organizations quite as complex as those of men.

Tokio, Japan, boasts of having 800 public baths, in which people can be steamed and washed for a cent.

The theory that diamonds were their origin to volcanic eruptions receives support from eminent scientists.

People with very pale nails are subject to much infirmity of the flesh and persecution by neighbors and friends.

To keep your feet warm place a piece of blotting paper in your shoe. It is quite as efficient as a cork sole and not so bulky.

The greatest depth of the sea is reported to be at a point twenty-three miles north of Guiana. Where soundings showed a depth of 26,850 feet.

In the southwest islands of Japan the women are the laborers. Their hands are rough and tanned with heavy work, while the men's are delicate and white.

The Japanese some time ago adopted burial of the dead, but they have reverted to their old custom of burning the dead on account of its sanitary recommendations.

Cigar ashes are used for medical purposes as a cure for ringworm, epidemic scarlatina, etc. They are useful on account of the lime and alcoholic properties they contain.

There are only 70,000 people in Iceland, but they print eight newspapers on the island. As a result, about the whole population is educated, in the sense that the number of illiterates is very small.

A bar of iron worth \$5 worked into horse shoes is worth \$10; made into needles is worth \$350; made into penknife blades it is worth \$3,283; made into balance springs of watches it is worth \$200,000.

For several hundred years, and down to comparatively recent date, money was coined at from twenty-five to thirty different cities in France that had inherited the privilege. Now all French money is coined at the Paris mint.

The paper tree of the South Seas is a species of the mulberry. Its inner bark is so delicate that a soft and pleasant feeling cloth is made from it which the natives use in making their "best suits." It is also used in the manufacture of a very fine grade of paper.

The most striking characteristic of the Mexican flowers is their deep, rich color. The prevailing hues are always glowing and intense. The tropical forests of the country afford a rich field for the botanists, for in their shades bloom the most exquisitely tinted flowers and orchids.

The largest driving belt in the world, 120 feet long, 7 feet wide and nearly an inch thick, the weight being a ton and a half, to put a fly wheel 22 1/2 feet in diameter in communication with a pulley over 8 feet in diameter, to run with a speed of 67 feet per second, has been made in Paris for a factory in Amiens.

A snake moves by means of the ribs and the scales on the abdomen, to which each rib is attached by a set of short muscles. These scales take hold of the surface over which the serpent may be passing, and in that manner aid the creature to glide, often very rapidly, around the trunks of trees and along the smaller branches.

The Jirikisha, the admirable vehicle of Japan, was invented or adapted by one Goble, a marine of Commodore Perry's flagship, when he had afterwards returned to Japan as a missionary. Its use dates from 1867 or 1871, as different Japanese authorities assert, but it has quickly spread to China, the Straits, and even India.

The quince-tree is believed to have been one of the numerous fruit-trees brought to England by the monks in the eleventh century. Its native habitat has been much disputed, some writers assigning it to Austria, others to Northern Persia and Anatolia, others at least, as well as near the Caspian Sea and in the Caucasus, it is found in abundance growing wild.

A lamp may be lit with a piece of ice. A small piece of metallic potassium is laid on the wick and touched with the ice, when the water immediately produces a flame. This is due to the property of this metal to oxidize with exceeding rapidity on contact with water. This curious experiment is to be made with great caution, as it too much of the potassium is used an explosion will take place.

Forest vegetation is much richer in North America than in Europe, and comprises 412 species, of which 176 are native to the Atlantic region, 106 to the Pacific, 10 are common to both, 46 to the Rocky Mountain region, and 74 are tropical species near the coasts of Florida, as against 158 species in Europe. Six North American species of forest trees—the Judas tree, persimmon, hackberry, plane tree, hop hornbeam and chestnut—are also indigenous in Europe, all new growing there naturally south of the Alps.

The emerald was a well-known gem when Moses wrote the Book of Exodus, and was used as an ornament by the

ancient Egyptians, as is proved by finding it occasionally among the old mummies. Herodotus mentions an emerald column in the Temple of Hercules at Tyre which emitted a light at night, and Pliny in his writings several times alludes to this charming stone. Egypt contains a vast store of emeralds; and South America used to be rich in emeralds. When Pizarro discovered Peru, he found the natives worshipping an emerald as large as an ostrich-egg, and the temple containing it was so adorned with emeralds that several chests were sent to Spain, each containing one hundred-weight.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

I mailed her such a valentine I'm sure she will resent it; But still this consolation has, She doesn't know who sent it.

Nell—"Did you enjoy your sleigh ride?" Belle—"Not very much, Charlie can drive single handed."—Philadelphia Record.

Chicago Youth—Pardon me, sir, but may I have the hand of your daughter? Chicago Father—No-sir-ee! Take the whole hog or none.

Housekeeper—Why don't you go to work and earn money? Dirty tramp—"They'd be apt to pay me in bank bills, an' I'm afraid of bacteria."

"Waiter, have you seen my hat? A new one." "You are too late, sir; the best ones have been gone for more than an hour."—Chicago Ledger.

"You must not make fun of your grandfather, Tommy; you should always respect gray hairs." "Yes; but, mamma, how can I when he's bald?"

Partial Approval—Ebel (showing her engagement ring)—"Don't you admire his taste?" Maud—"Yes, as far as jewelry is concerned."—New York Sun.

Armless Wonder—Will you come out ridin' next Sunday wid me? Circassian Beauty (scornfully)—"Naw; wot's de good—even if yer can drive wid yer feet."

Little Tot—Mamma, let us do out and spend our money. Mamma—No, dear; it's raining. Little Tot—But didn't you say we should save up for a rainy day.

He—"This pudding is something fearful; it tastes absolutely horrible." She—"It is not possible, for the cook-book says it tastes delicious."—Texas Siftings.

Quackenbush—Congratulate me, old fellow! I have obtained control of a patent medicine. Friend—What is it good for? Quackenbush—Any prevailing epidemic.

Bingo—Wasn't the servant girl unusually pleasant this morning? Mrs. Bingo—Yes. Her beau called last night. Bingo—See if you can't get him to come here and live.

A bird, A man, A leafy gun; No bird, Dead man, "Dy will be done!"

Teacher—Supposing you had two ones and I should give you three threes, how many would you then have? Dick Hicks—"That would depend on the size of the pot."

Mr. Richfield—"I understand that Miss Beautiful intends to give a masked ball." "Rival Belle—"No wonder, poor child—with such a complexion."—New York Weekly.

"Do you know that Mrs. Coldwater actually asked me today what a jag was?" "She did?" "Fact. The idea of a woman having a husband and not knowing what a jag is!"

Florence Nightingale was a slender woman of graceful figure and great dignity of deportment. She exhibited remarkable fortitude at all times, and especially when present at surgical operations. Once when the agonies of a patient in the hands of the surgeons put to flight his attendants and Miss Nightingale turned and rebuked them, saying: "Come back! Shame on you as women!"

Tennyson was only 8 years old when he covered both sides of his mother's slate with a poem on "Flowers," done in unimpeachable meter. His brother had said to him, "See if you can write poetry," and when he read the verse on the slate he merely said: "You've done it." Between the ages of 11 and 12 the young poet wrote an epic in three cantos, and his school-syllabics mingled with heroics. These were the only finished poems of Tennyson's boyhood, but when about 14 or 15 years he commenced a drama in iambic meter which still survives. Thus he practiced himself in three different meters before he began seriously to write or publish. There is no man, however, who is so careful of his poetical reputation as Lord Tennyson, and it is not likely that he will permit this early drama ever to see the light of day. The number of his own poems which Tennyson has suppressed during his lifetime would fill a bulky volume.

Mr Spurgeon used frequently to visit Monaco, but he kept away from the gardens of the gambling hell. Those gardens are the most beautiful in the world. When asked why he kept away from them he said: "Not because I think there is any danger of my passing through the gardens to the gambling tables. No! But a friend of mine once related the following incident: One day M. Blanc met me and asked me how it was I never entered his grounds. 'Well, you see,' said I, 'I never play, and as I make no returns whatever to you, I hardly feel justified in availing myself of the advantages of your grounds.' 'You make a great mistake,' said M. Blanc. 'If it were not for you and other respectable persons like yourself who come to my grounds I should lose very many of my customers who attend my gambling saloons. Numbers of persons who would not have thought of entering my establishment feel quite safe in following you into my garden, and from thence to the gambling table the transition is very easy.' After I heard that," continued Mr Spurgeon, "I never went near the gardens. And," he added, "the same argument applies to the theatre."

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The income of the Emperor of Russia, derived from lands owned by the nation, is named at twelve millions of dollars. A portion is expended on hospitals and other benevolences.

One of the crowned heads—a woman, by the way—has presented the Emperor of Persia with the costliest pipe in existence. The pipe is richly studded with precious stones, and its value is said to be \$400,000.

An item is current to the effect that Dickens was a shorthand writer. He was, as a matter of fact, and he said once that the accomplishment was as hard to acquire as half a dozen modern languages, and much less valuable.

The son recently born to Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, is the twenty-fifth living prince of the royal and imperial house of Hohenzollern. There is little danger that Prussia or Germany will ever be in want of an heir.

Louis Kossuth has lately suffered so much from asthma and weak eyes that he has had to abandon his favorite studies in botany, of which he has collected 4,000 specimens. The venerable "Liberator" will be 90 years old if he survives till September next.

Bret Hart's manuscript of a story was once released by the publisher, James Fields of Boston. A few years later Fields paid \$10,000 to Hart for all the stories the latter should write during the year Hart furnished the *Atlantic* a few stories and made \$9,500 out of the deal.

Pang Yun, credited with being the richest Chinaman east of San Francisco, has become the husband of Miss Ada Norton, a recent graduate of the high school at Indianapolis, where Yun is also in business, and described as the handsome and accomplished daughter of a wealthy citizen of Indiana's capital.

It was an odd coincidence that Cardinals Manning and Simeoni were elevated to their highest rank in the church the same day and died on the same day. What, more, the last official letter penned by the English cardinal was by chance addressed to his Vatican confrere, the late prefect of the propaganda.

Prince Victor Emanuel, heir to the Italian crown is one of the handsomest and most accomplished men of his station in life. Although near 30 years of age and widely traveled, he is yet unmarried. He is liberal in his political views, versed in several languages, amiable and intellectual and generally and justly loved.

The Emperor William of Germany, before he came to the throne, was much given to skating, and was frequently seen on the ice with his wife. He would put one hand on her shoulder and she one on his, and then they would skate forward and backward. Their skill excited wide admiration, and the fashion they set was taken up by many other people.

Abbas Bey, the new Khedive of Egypt, will not come of age until July, when he will be eighteen years old. He has been thoroughly educated, and speaks English, French and German. The last three years he has passed at the Imperial Academy in Vienna, but during the earlier part of his boyhood he went to Egyptian schools, where he mixed in a democratic way with boys of lower social rank.

Capt. George Callaghan, an Englishman, who died a few days ago in Valencia, at the age of 100 years, was at one time a guard of Napoleon Bonaparte on the Island of St. Helena. Callaghan entered the English navy in 1811. In 1819 he was sent to St. Helena to watch over the great emperor. Callaghan loved to relate his reminiscences of Napoleon, and always said that the fallen ruler had a great liking for him.

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"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Children always Enjoy It.
SCOTT'S EMULSION
of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. A MARVELOUS FLESH PRODUCER. It is indicated in all cases of weakness and debility, and is especially useful in all cases of consumption, and in all cases of disease of the lungs, and in all cases of disease of the throat, and in all cases of disease of the chest, and in all cases of disease of the stomach, and in all cases of disease of the bowels, and in all cases of disease of the bladder, and in all cases of disease of the kidneys, and in all cases of disease of the liver, and in all cases of disease of the spleen, and in all cases of disease of the pancreas, and in all cases of disease of the gall bladder, and in all cases of disease of the biliary system, and in all cases of disease of the urinary system, and in all cases of disease of the reproductive system, and in all cases of disease of the nervous system, and in all cases of disease of the circulatory system, and in all cases of disease of the respiratory system, and in all cases of disease of the digestive system, and in all cases of disease of the 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PHOS-
PHO-
LEINE.

PHOSPHOLEINE.

Five Thousand Dollars

WILL BE GIVEN TO ANYONE IF THE

PHOS-
PHO-
LEINE.

Following Testimonials are not Genuine!

With such a Record we may safely say that
PHOSPHOLEINE IS THE ONLY PERFECT EMULSION FOR THE CURE OF
Consumption, Paralysis, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin
and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children,
Nervous Prostration.

WYMOUTH, N. S.

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

HENRY D. RUGGLES, M. D.

HEALTH INSTITUTE, 272 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find P. O. order for amount due for last gross of your (Phospholeine); it was not received for a month after being shipped by you. I find it all and EVEN MORE THAN YOU RECOMMEND IT TO BE.

E. A. TEFFT, M. D.

Dear Sir,—Nearly out of your Phospholeine. Please send another gross as soon as possible.

E. A. TEFFT, M. D.

YARMOUTH, N. S., July 30th, 1882.

Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to state that I have been prescribing your "Phospholeine" or "Cod Liver Cream" during the last two years, and the longer I use it the more gratified I am with the results.

H. L. KELLY, M. D.

TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL.

Established, 1819.

(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

Dear Sir,—I am very highly pleased with the action of your Phospholeine. It has been used in this Hospital in Pulmonary and other wasting Diseases with success, and, being so palatable, is a splendid substitute for the Crude Cod Liver Oil. Will you kindly let me know the lowest wholesale rate for a quantity for Hospital use?

C. O'REILLY, M. D., C. M., Superintendent.

Toronto, Nov. 30, 1880.

I have often prescribed Eggar's Phospholeine, and as it has been invariably beneficial in the cases under my own observation, I have great pleasure in recording my testimony in its favor. Being a perfect emulsion it is easy of digestion, without producing nausea, which is of the very greatest importance in the class of Wasting Diseases it is especially designed to benefit. I have frequently seen it retained by the stomach when almost every other similar preparation has been tried and rejected.

R. ADLINGTON, M. D. (Edin.), M. R. C. S., England.

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario, &c.
Bedford, N. S., May 15, 1880.

PRICE 50 cts. per Bottle
CONTAINING 60 DOSES.

Medical Electro Therapeutic Institute,
Corner Jarvis and Gerrard Streets,
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure that I can recommend your Phospholeine. In every case it has met my expectations, and is the **FINEST PREPARATION OF THE KIND THAT I HAVE EVER USED.** Some of my patients come to like the taste, and none call it unpleasant, which is very greatly in its favor. Enclosed, please find Post Office Order for \$36.05, to balance my account to date, and oblige me by sending another gross.

E. A. TEFFT, M. D.

SECOND CERTIFICATE FROM DR. SLAYTER.

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

W. B. SLAYTER, M. D., &c., &c., &c.

Halifax, January, 1881.

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

G. M. DUNCAN, M. D.

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

FROM REV. DR. HILL.

HALIFAX, N. S., June 25, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I feel it is duty to you that I should say publicly what I have said privately very many times, namely, that I firmly believe your PHOSPHOLEINE was the means of restoring a near relative of mine to ordinary health. The patient was apparently in the last stages of Consumption, but with the concurrence of skilled physicians your PHOSPHOLEINE was tried, and I am happy to say, with results that I certainly did not anticipate. My friend is today in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Believe me, yours very truly,
GEORGE W. HILL, D. C. L., Rector St. Paul's.



EMBLEMATIC OF HOW PHOSPHOLEINE OUTSHINES ALL OTHER EMULSIONS.

PLYMOUTH, PENOBSCOT, MAINE, C., Nov. 26, 1883.

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

Please accept this as a grateful testimonial from one who has received great benefit from your valuable medicine.

Very truly yours,
PARKER HOLT.

FROM REV. H. J. WINTERBOURNE.

HALIFAX, September 11, 1882.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellency of your "Phospholeine." It has been most beneficial to me at different times when suffering from debility, etc. I may add that it is pleasant to the taste, which, of course, is a great advantage. I can confidently recommend it as a really good preparation for building up the system.

Yours very truly,
H. J. WINTERBOURNE,
Rector of St. Mark's and St. John's Parish.

TUBERCULOUS DEGENERATION OF THE LUNG.

Dear Sir,—Last summer I was troubled with a cough, and my physician says unmistakable symptoms of consumption, including debility and loss of flesh. I lost 30 pounds in weight in a few weeks. My physician, who examined me, advised me to use your Phospholeine, and I am happy to inform you that it has produced a complete cure, and I have regained from 124 to 134 pounds in weight, and am now enjoying good health. I drove 65 miles at night across Cape Breton during a snow storm in December without suffering from it in the least.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
E. R. HARRINGTON.



THE FRIEND OF DISEASE VANISHES AT THE SIGHT OF PHOSPHOLEINE.

TRAIN DESPATCHER AT VANCEBORO'.

M. F. Eggar, Esq.

Dear Sir,—My wife, Laura A. Finson, was taken ill early this year and suffered severely with a bad cough, accompanied by expectoration of mucus containing blood and great weakness of the chest, general prostration and clammy night sweats, and continued to grow worse until I was recommended to procure for her some bottles of your Phospholeine, and Wine of Rennet. This I did, and after using about five bottles of the Phospholeine, taking a teaspoonful at a time in a wine glass of milk, increased afterwards to a tablespoonful, and shortly after each dose a teaspoonful of your Wine of Rennet, she became thoroughly well, her improvement commencing after the first half bottle had been taken. She can now superintend her household duties without any inconvenience, eats and sleeps well, and every symptom of consumption has vanished. I have to thank your medicine for her restoration to health.

WALTER R. FINSON,
Vanceboro', Maine, U. S.

The statement of facts contained in the above certificate is in all respects accurate. I feel assured that I owe my cure to your medicines.

September, 1882.
ASHDALE, HANTS CO., Nov. 13, 1880.

RIGHT LUNG CONSOLIDATED, ONLY SIX YEARS OLD.

Dear Sir,—Last winter my son, aged six years, caught the whooping cough. The disease settled on his lungs, and for some time we almost despaired of his life. Our doctor advised me to give him your Phospholeine, and under its use he completely recovered.

Yours truly,
LEWIS DIMOCK.

PLYMOUTH, MAINE, Nov. 26, 1883.

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

Very truly yours,
CLARENDON BUTMAN.

OLDHAM GOLD MINES.

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

I am, dear sir, yours truly,
W. C. MORRISON, Practical Engineer.

PRICE 50 cts. per Bottle
CONTAINING 60 DOSES.

SCROFULA AND SALT RHEUM.

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

I remain, yours &c.,
E. C. NEWBERRY.

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.

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

I remain, yours respectfully,
S. H. SUGATT

Halifax, June 20, 1879.

NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL PROSTRATION

Eggar's Cod Liver Oil Cream, with Hypophosphites Phospholeine.—Mr. Blum, who lives on the Rosebank Farm, says: "You can publish the fact that Eggar's Phospholeine has effected a complete cure of my wife. Her cough is gone, distress in the chest removed, and health, strength and flesh is regained, and she has not yet finished the fourth bottle." He says it is the best medicine that he has ever seen.

COLD IN THE CHEST.

Dear Sir,—Having been attacked by a bad cold, which settled on my chest as no other cold had ever done with me before, I was induced from the many favorable reports I had heard of it, to try Eggar's Phospholeine, and am glad to say that it has completely cured me. I may say that it is a remarkably pleasant medicine to take.

Yours truly,
ALEX. S. BAYER.

For Sale by the following Wholesale Druggists:

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| Campbellton, N. B., A. McG. McDONALD. | Harland, N. B., W. E. THIBTLE. | T. B. BARKER & SONS, St. John; | BROWN & WEBB, SIMSON BROS & CO., | FORSYTH, SUTCLIFF & CO., Halifax. |
| Moncton, " CHAS. T. NEVENS. | Sackville, " H. FAWCET. | Berwick, N. S., J. M. PATTERSON. | Halifax, N. S., BUCKLEY BROS. | New Glasgow, N. S., G. B. SUTHERLAND. |
| St. Stephen, " W. H. CLARK. | Amherst, N. S., R. C. FULLER. | Aylesford, " T. R. HARRIS. | " " BROWN BROS. & CO. | " " R. D. STILES. |
| Woodstock, " H. FAYTON BAIRD. | " " E. M. LOCKWOOD. | Chatham, " WALTER LAWRENCE. | " " HATHIE & MYLINS. | Pictou, " DR. J. W. COVE. |
| St. John, " A. CHIP. SMITH. | " " G. E. THOMPSON & Co | Dartmouth, " W. H. STEVENS. | " " C. HUGGAR. | Stellarton, " GRANT BROS. |
| " " C. P. CLARK. | Annapolis, " A. B. CUNNINGHAM. | " " W. A. DIAMOND. | " " IRWIN & SON. | Waterville, " J. E. BATTON. |
| " " C. McCREGOR. | Brigewater, " C. T. G. TAYLOR. | Middleton, " DR. MILLER. | " " McFATRIDGE. | Windsor, " R. B. DAKIN. |
| Fredericton, " GEO. C. HUNT. | " " And all Druggists. | Halifax, " APOTH. HALL. | " " S. MANNIS. | And all Druggists. |
| | | " " A. H. BUCKLEY. | " " T. M. POWER. | Wolfville, " G. V. RANT. |

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

The Non-Attendance of Mr. Wynn

Much to the disappointment of the ladies and much to the satisfaction of the gentlemen, one of whom possessed his elegance of person and for that reason perhaps was a little envious of him when in the presence of the fair sex, Mr. Wynn failed to attend the afternoon At Home of the Honorable Mrs. Airy. Of course he had received the customary pastebord inviting his respected self to join the festive gathering, and known to be fond of such affairs, it was difficult for the feminine hearts to understand his absence. However, it is not of the disappointed ladies, nor of the satisfied gentlemen, but of the non-attendance of Mr. Wynn upon which hangs my tale.

To begin with, then, it was the afternoon of a cloudy Saturday in autumn. In the city everything looked gray and cheerless, from the clouds rolling one after another overhead to the streets below. Men hurried along with hands in their overcoat pockets and shoulders shrugged in vain endeavor to keep out the chill which crept into their bones and made their teeth chatter in spite of them. Yes, it was a bleak day, both indoors and outdoors. At five o'clock Mr. Wynn was seated before the grate fire in his bachelor apartments. But just such a day to make a good horseback ride delightful, he thought, a ride into the country along sequestered roads where nature was bewitching autumnal garb.

"Egad, I'll do it!" he exclaimed, clapping his hand upon his knee. Now Mr. Wynn was a victim of whims. Everything he did was done instantaneously too, many things without thought or consideration—on the spur of the moment, to use a hackneyed expression. As he often said, he detested people who required an eternity to make up their minds, who weighed a question first on one hand, then on the other, and back again to the first, only to be as far from a conclusion as when they began. No, Mr. Wynn was not of that species. He would rather toss a copper, to be governed by the way it fell than go into a long "thinking" of the subject. Not only in matters trivial was this characteristic dominant, but in the most important. For instance, Mr. Wynn was a lawyer, and a clever one it is said, but the selection of a profession was the outcome of a whim, just as was almost everything else he did. "I'll be a lawyer," said young Wynn in a whimsical mood at the age of nineteen, and in the next breath, "I'll be a doctor." Then there was a clash, but to be a sure copper soon decided the matter, tails—lawyer, heads—doctor, and so he became a rising member of the bar. Gerard Wynn, Esquire, of Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

A member of a club downtown and of a club uptown, keeping a stylish cob and natty dog-cart at Hobson's, Mr. Wynn cut quite a figure in society. He had, too, the faculty of making friends, which is always advantageous to one, and as a result his circle of acquaintances was large. A jolly, free-and-easy fellow, with the young men he was of course popular; a good-looking, well-dressed, agreeable and above all eligible, made him a favorite of the ladies, all of which qualities, in addition to his being a clever young lawyer and brilliant talker, gave him an enviable position in the estimation of the older people. Still Mr. Wynn at twenty-seven was as restless and erratic as Mr. Wynn at nineteen. In little everyday affairs one could depend upon him no more than a frail canoe could be relied upon to safely cross the broad Atlantic. If one made an appointment with him and he kept it, well and good; if he failed to do so, well and good, too, one would say, for was he not a victim of whims? Such was Mr. Wynn.

Perhaps some would call him unprincipled—a very bad trait indeed—and maybe be so, in trilling things, but that a despicable action ever emanated from him, that he ever slandered a friend or abused confidence reposed in him, no one could truthfully assert. The only fault to be laid at his door was that of being restless, unsettled, whimsical. Whimsical! Why, the very moment he decided to go riding was there not an artistic gem in the form of a square card, with the faintest odor of violets about it, on his table, which politely requested his presence that afternoon at the "At Home" of the Honorable Mrs. Airy, in every respect a most desirable acquaintance to cultivate, for bless you, was she not the leader of Toronto's most select? But while the invitation of this estimable lady certainly had priority over the whim which had seized Mr. Wynn, the latter must, as usual, be satisfied no matter if all the Honorable Mrs. Airy's in Canada stretched forth their hands to welcome him.

Therefore Mr. Wynn no sooner thought of a horseback ride than he jumped to the telephone. "Hello Bobon! I have my horse saddled and sent up immediately. Immediately, do you hear, or egad, I'll break every bone in your man's body when he comes."

Then lighting a brain-stealing cigarette as he called them, yet in which he inconsistently indulged, he flew about the room like a madman as he changed his clothes for a riding suit. In what appeared to him an interminable time the man appeared with the horse, but instead of breaking every bone in the follow's body—and upon my honor it was a poor lean one that stood holding the prancing beast—Mr. Wynn slipped something into his hand which made him smile expansively as he stood gazing at that "ansome gem'm" gaily centering off, and then the smile on his lips yes, and in his eyes, too, slowly faded away to re-appear whenever he thought of the shining piece which lay snugly in his waistcoat pocket. Poor fellow! What pleasure a little generosity wrought in him. If the heavy presses would but think—well, to follow Mr. Wynn.

Handsome, well-dressed and well mounted the young man attracted considerable attention as he rode through the streets, and much to the disappointment of mischievous boys vain to ridicule his very elegant white riding breeches, and to the chagrin of the lively young women who cast fond eyes at him, Mr. Wynn rode merrily on, utterly unconscious of his surroundings, perfectly satisfied with himself if not with all mankind. Where would he go, he mused, east, west or north? Ah! Good idea, he would follow the sun as all civilization did and go west. Then he smiled and a passing dame blushed because she thought it was meant for her,

whereas Mr. Wynn was thinking what a funny thing it would be to race with old Sol, to ride on, on, and overtake him where? So at the idea he laughed.

The favorite rendezvous of Toronto's devotees of the saddle is away out Bloor street beyond Slattery's. Slattery's with shadows of the past hanging about it, recalling a world of pleasure, for who does not know Slattery's and go forget? The good old days when the antiquated place rang o' nights with youthful joy and merriment, where time after time gay spirited young men and women tripped the light fantastic to their heart's content? Ah, me! young men and women who have grown faded and worn just as the once familiar haunts has, just as we all are taking on old age, rheumatics and gout. Past Slattery's then, about High Park and beyond, there are sandy paths and shady roads along which one can gallop as much as one pleases, where, if desired, quiet nooks can be picked out in which to dream away the live-long day, hob-nob with nature, moralise and philosophize without interruption and be as much alone as was ever Robinson Crusoe on his isolated isle, for indeed it is a quiet and lovely spot.

So Mr. Wynn cantered on, leaving behind him the noisy city. Passing Slattery's he drew rein, and having at all times an eye for the beautiful picturesque scenery about did not escape his admiration. Truly, he thought, the soul would be dead that could not see the loveliness of those hills and valleys, those tinted leaves that seemed flushed by a fever killing them.

"How like am I to those very leaves," he mused, "for have I not bloomed to wither only to fade away in old age, and those crushed ones lying there on the ground are unnoticed in the presence of the living loveliness, just as I shall be forgotten when I take the inevitable drop from the tree of life. But there is a glorious hereafter for me! Yes, that is the reward for struggling on through this tumultuous stretch of time. Then if those leaves look so beautiful with nothing but destruction awaiting them, how grandly magnificent man should strive to be in the light of what is to come. A restless feeling overcomes me when I think of the broad expanse of this world which I have never seen—the work of an infinite Master given all to enjoy, but which I have only a small part to engage. I feel as poor Don Quixote of old might have felt, for I could wander on and on like this for ever, seeking new fields, admiring God's handiwork, as I jogged along, living as a child of nature in green fields and sylvan dells. Polly, old horse, you would be my Kozinante, common sense my Sancho Panza, the beautiful about me my lady Dulcinea, the world, the flesh, and the devil the monsters I would fight against. Pshaw! The world's prosaic. I would I had lived centuries ago when men swore by their heads and the cross of their swords." But unfortunately for Mr. Wynn, he lived in an age of stern reality, no matter which way he looked at it. Above him a telegraph wire stretched along the road, from which came a mournful hum like a song full of weidness. It annoyed him and clashed with his dreaming, so he drew his horse off the main road to a quiet path running from it. Here he stopped, dismounted, threw himself upon the ground, drew a brain-stealer from a neat little case, and smoked. "I wonder," he mused, "if it is not better for a man to be a little insane than wise; not that I am a sage, in fact I sometimes think I lean towards the crazy side. Crazy, forsooth! I would rather have a lively imagination, approaching insanity even, than would make—er—well, giants of windmills as Don Quixote did, than have none at all and everything in its hideous reality unaltered of the idealism which might be put into it."

"Ha! ha! ha! That is good, Mr. Wynn. I am pleased to hear a member of that stern profession—the law, you know—admit, even to himself, that there is still left in him a little of the sentimental."

"Springs to his feet at sight of a young lady before him, who continued laughing at what she had overheard.

"Yes, Mr. Wynn, Miss Gwynn, out for a little exercise on that dearest of beasts, Zip. Miserable day in town, nothing to do, no place to go—"

"The Honorable Mrs. Airy's?" interrupted Mr. Wynn.

The Honorable Mrs. Airy's! No, no. Of all places spare me from such as that. Too oppressively stately for me anyway, Mr. Wynn. So not wishing to succumb to *ennui*, I broke the bonds of propriety and hid me here alone, hoping to shake off the depression in a jolly gallop, when, behold, sauntering gaily on I espied a riderless horse grazing on the highway, which I found to be Mr. Wynn's Polly.

"What an adventure," I exclaimed, and with wild thoughts of brigandage, old breaking out afresh in this peaceful country I grew alarmed for your safety when happening to look down this quiet path I found Mr. Wynn sitting against a tree calmly smoking a cigarette just as if it were a sultry day in summer. Concluding that Polly, not caring to be a party to her owner's dreaming, had wandered away unnoticed in search of something more interesting. I brought her back. Ha! ha! What an adventure indeed."

The merry speaker, who had dismounted and stood before Mr. Wynn in her well-fitting riding habit, was young and beautiful. What more is necessary to say? Whether she had the golden tresses of a blonde or the raven locks of a brunette, whether her nose was turned up or turned down, her eyes blue, black, or green for that matter, is no consequence at all. That she is young and beautiful is quite sufficient. Beautiful indeed that to look at her was like some of us beholding a masterpiece of art which we know is beautiful but to save our lives could not tell just wherein the beauty lay.

Mr. Wynn leaned against his horse, slowly puffing his cigarette and watching the smoke as it rose in the air and died away. Miss Gwynn, suddenly springing into the saddle, turned her horse towards the road.

"Well, Mr. Philosopher, as you seem inclined to silence I shall proceed upon my lonely way and leave you with your meditative thoughts. I would not for the world have disturbed your profound reverie had I known you were given to such spells. Ah,

but the fact that Mr. Wynn—perhaps you will not believe it, but nevertheless his frame—overcome no doubt by the long ride and fresh air, went to sleep in the presence of the beauty, has a great deal to do with this tale. No disguising it, no use attempting to shield him from the contempt he well merits. Mr. Wynn dozed in the presence of the beauty and in the hour of his betrothal—the hour which should be the happiest in a man's life. Still, contemptible as it seems, Mr. Wynn slept on comfortably until awakened by a shrill voice yelling into the room:

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THINGS OF VALUE.

Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day, live till tomorrow, will have passed away.—Copper.

Printer's ink fails to tell the wonderful merits of K. D. C. Try it! Dyspepsia can be cured! See testimonials.

It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy, that makes happiness.—Spurgeon.

FOUND.—The Dyspepsia's Best Friend! K. D. C. is the best medicine for dyspepsia ever offered to the public. Try it!

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—Irving.

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There are a few defects in our nature so daring as not to be veiled from observation by politeness and good breeding.—Stanislaus.

A Free Sample Package of the wonder-working K. D. C. mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

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Feeling in the Bones.

People usually imagine that their bones are of solid mineral construction, without any feeling in them. No one who has ever had a leg or an arm cut off is likely to indulge in such a mistaken notion. Comparatively speaking, little pain is felt when the flesh is being cut through, but when the bone is attacked by the saw, Oh, my! You see, as a matter of fact, there are blood-vessels and nerves inside the bones just as there are outside. Anyone who has purchased a beefsteak at the market knows about the marrow in the bone. It is the same with other animals than the bullock, including human beings. Through the marrow run the nerves and blood-vessels, entering the bones from the flesh without by little holes, which you can see for yourself any time by examining a skeleton or part of one. When the disease called rheumatism, which no physician understands, affects the nerves within the bones, no way has been discovered for treating it successfully. It does not do to smile when a person says that he feels a thing in his bones.—Pearson's Weekly.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Popular One Way Parties TO THE PACIFIC COAST!

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS leave MONTREAL (Windsor Street Station) at 8.15 p. m.,

Mar. 2, 16 and 30, April 18 and 27, 1892.

For further particulars enquire of Railway Ticket Agents.

D. MCNICOLL, Gen'l Pass. Agent, MONTREAL. C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't, MONTREAL. ST. JOHN, N.S.

Intercolonial Railway.

After Oct. 19, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00; for Point du Chêne, 10:30; for Halifax, 14:00; for St. John, 18:30; for Quebec and Montreal, 18:55.

Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8:30; from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 9:25; from Point du Chêne, 12:25; from Halifax, 19:30; from Halifax, 22:30.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING Nov. 2, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 7:25, standard. Returning will leave Boston same days, at 9:20 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAKELLER, Agent.

WINTER SAILINGS. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO'Y. (Limited).

S. S. "City of Monticello."

ROBERT FARMING, Commander.

WILL, on and after MONDAY, the 2nd day of November, sail from the Company's pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7:30 local time for Digby, and Annapolis, returning same days sailing from Annapolis, upon arrival of the morning Express from Halifax, calling at Digby.

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