



MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Although there has been a little more than usual going on this week, still I fear that it will not have a very good chance of saying very much as the principal and mightiest event, (the oratorio concert) came off so late in the week, and I have not had a chance, so far, to take in the opera, although from what I hear, I fancy the company is doing very good business.

The time has arrived for our choir, etc., to this out, and music will, I am afraid, be a dead letter for the next two months. Mrs. J. R. Armstrong, Mr. G. L. Robinson, both members of St. John's choir, are summering in the country. Miss Winnie Calhoun, organist of Leinster street Baptist church, has returned from Nova Scotia. Mr. A. H. Lindsay, who has been in St. Stephens, is among us once more.

Mr. George Wilson took the service in the Mission church last Sunday for the first time. I had not the pleasure of hearing him sing, but am looking forward to a visit to that church in the near future.

Last Thursday at the meeting of the board in the Centennial school, for the purpose of forming some society, some musical selections were given to make the time pass more pleasantly.

Among the performers were Mrs. W. S. Carter, Miss Melanin, Miss Florence Bowden, Miss Nettie Pligdon and others. I believe there is a project in view of strengthening the choir of the Mission church with ladies voices. This was talked of in the view of the choir, but they will probably have reason to regret that the new members will be just outside of the road screen. At least this is what rumor tells me.

We have had two musical acquisitions (?) in town this week, one of which is a fairly good street piano, and I must confess to a weaker one of the combination of harp, cymbal and no one knows what else, but I should say that it was calculated to send any ordinary person insane in about half an hour, or less.

There was trouble at the St. Andrews rink on Monday evening. After the first act of the Princesse, one of the orchestra put up his instrument and left the building. After he had been away long enough to have seen half the men in his peculiar compensation was not forthcoming.

After some little time the men were arranged satisfactorily to all parties, and the opera proceeded to its close without any more trouble.

I fancy the following list of songs may be of service to some of our singers: "Sing, ho! for the life of a sailor," by S. W. Lingard; "A day to be," by W. A. C. Crutchfield; "No love like mine," by A. J. Caldwell; "A song of love," by Anton Strakoski; "My love is a rivulet," by C. Stewart.

The following paragraph will interest Mrs. D'Angela's many friends who were here at her last annual recital in Association hall last Thursday evening. A large assemblage expressed cordial commendation of the vocal work of the following young ladies: Lucie Tucker, Lillian Rose, Lillian Marshall, Lillian Waterman, Maria Waterman, Helen Simonds, Lucy Hayes, Miss Rose, Lillian Marshall, Lillian Waterman, Maria Waterman, Helen Simonds, Stella Simonds, Gladys Plummer, Edie Josselyn, Addie Wildes, C. S. Giesse, violinist; Heinrich Schaefer, harpist; and Mr. Alfred de Seve, violinist.—Boston Sunday Globe.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

When this letter was written last week the holiday performances had not come on. They proved disappointing in point of audience and merit. I speak more especially of the Institute where *Queen* was billed as the attraction. There is nothing wrong with it as a society play—but almost any other in the company's repertoire would have been more appropriate for the holiday.

The opera company has met with fair success—much better than their friends expected. This city is not large enough to give paying houses to two theatres, and I fancy both managements have discovered this fact before this.

The *Princess of Trebizonde* was a very agreeable surprise. There is even more dialogue in it than in the former opera, and there are no particularly pretty or catchy airs, but the grouping is effective and the choruses are capital. There are greater opportunities for individual work, and the important part taken by the star, Miss Randall, as well as that bright comedian, Leonard, makes the opera "go."

Miss Randall has not only a splendid voice, but she is also a clever actress. She has excellent support in this direction from the leading members of the troupe. There was a good house Monday evening, a better one Tuesday and one of the best houses of the season Wednesday. I understand the company goes to Halifax after their season in this city. If they put on the *Princess of Trebizonde*, Halifax readers of *PROGRESS* will miss a musical and laughable treat if they fail to go.

Mr. Harkins was in the city Sunday from Halifax, and before he left tried to make arrangements for a return tour to this city and appear in St. Andrews rink. I believe he would do well to try popular prices and new local management.

The Museum is the only first class theatre open in Boston, and manager Field is to be congratulated upon his choice of a summer piece. *Niobe* has scored a success, and increasing business makes glad the hearts of all concerned. It certainly is a tummy piece, and in the hands of the company of players gathered together to interpret its quaint conceits, it is a great and glowing success. Our old time favorite, W. F. Owen, has a part well fitted to his powers, and he is supported by a splendid company. Mr. Owen told me he was engaged with the Jefferson-Florence combination for next season, and will be a valuable acquisition to that company.

The great attraction now is the *Fall of Pompeii*, and it is a magnificent production. One sees the ancient city in all the pomp and glory of a festival day, the sports and pleasures of a pleasure-seeking people are shown in their brilliance and magnificence, until the awful shock comes, the great volcano belches out the death-dealing clouds of lava, and you see the city crumble to its ruin. The spectacle is magnificent and no expense has been spared to make it perfect in every detail. Hundreds of people are employed in its production, and the resources of Pain's great pyrotechnic works have been called upon to their utmost to furnish the necessary effects. It is well worth a journey from St. John, and I am sure every one who comes to Boston

Chapter 1: Weak, tired, no appetite. Chapter 2: Nervous, headache, rheumatism. Chapter 3: Strong, cheerful, hungry.

will not consider his visit thoroughly rounded out unless he has seen this spectacle.

I regret that this is the last week of the promenade concerts at Music Hall. They have been well patronized and greatly appreciated; so much so that I think the management regret that they have to come to an end; but many of the musicians have engagements, and a lessening of the orchestra would of course make the concerts very much less enjoyable. I for one shall quite miss the occasional dropping in to Music Hall.

You appear to be suffering an *embarras de richesses* in the way of amusements lately. Opera, drama, and variety, and all apparently doing well. It will be a good thing when the Opera House is finished, so that a company can be furnished with something like a decent place to play in.

Our next season here will, I fancy, be a very good one. We are promised all the notables, among them Denham Thompson in the *Old Homestead*, and Neil Burgess in the *County Fair*, both of which pieces are down for long runs.

The weather so far has been beautifully cool and pleasant, but we can hardly hope to escape through July as we have through June.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

Although both the athletic grounds present a lively appearance these days, there is very little going on in the way of sport, as the public know it. The boys are apparently in for exercise, and all appear to be popular resorts. Then again the celebrations in different parts of the province have engaged the attention of the St. John boys to such an extent that it was almost impossible for them to think of anything else, and this week they will talk of nothing but the good times they have been having out of town. Windsor, Annapolis and St. Stephen have all been visited, and at every place the boys seem to have had enough experience to keep them in good humor for some time to come.

At St. Stephen, however, there was a little "misunderstanding" that made things somewhat unpleasant for the St. John ball teams. And it was all about cab hire. This is not a new difficulty in baseball. We have all heard of it before, but it certainly has its amusing side at all times, and is a trifling thing to have any trouble about. When the agreement was being drawn up between the St. John clubs and the St. Stephen representative, the matter of cab hire was brought up, but it was considered so trifling a matter, especially by the St. Stephen man, who said that he would look after it and pay the expenses, that it was not put in the written agreement.

There were a number of little things left out of the agreement that might have been in it, and although some of the omissions placed the St. John club in a worse position than they might have been in, had everything been thought of and put down in black and white; still nothing was said when the time came to settle up. The cab hire, however, was a different thing. It had been specially referred to, for the St. John ball players were to be driven around the town in uniform as an advertisement to the Institute where they were. They made the possible use of the "hacks" at their disposal, being driven from the train, around the town, and to the grounds. In the afternoon the hack turned up in front of the hotel again, and the boys got into it, and when arriving at the hotel after the game, the hackman was told what time to be around to take them to the train. When the time came the hackman was on hand, but he had a bill for cab hire, which in the eyes of the ball managers, looked very much larger than the hack. He was told that the St. Stephen managers would settle with him, but he had refused to pay for the afternoon's drive. This was a surprise. The St. John would not pay the bill, and the train unless they did. So the ball players decided to walk, and they did walk to the station in a rain storm that increased their weight to a remarkable degree. In the meantime the hackman had not been idle. He wanted his money, and started out to look for a constable to help him get it, but I understand that the officer refused to have a misunderstanding about the matter, and the action of the St. Stephen management seems strange, to say the least, but the boys tell me that had he been paid, they exorbitant it might have been paid. They recognize the fact, however, that somebody should pay the hackman, and will probably take steps to see that the matter is settled. It was a very unsatisfactory termination to a very pleasant visit.

The Shamrocks could not do anything with the Y. M. C. A.'s at St. Stephen, and the favorable impression Morris had made as a pitcher during the few innings he was in the box on dominion day, all over the field. Y. M. C. A.'s batted him all over the field. Dan Connolly made his re-appearance on the ball field at the St. Stephen grounds, and sent the first ball pitched, out into centre field for two bases. Dan was a favorite with the crowd for the rest of the day. I understand that he will play on the team from this out, and is getting in some hard practice at the grounds, in order to reduce his avoirdupois.

Before this appears the amateur league will be in full swing, and this afternoon the first schedule game will be played on the Shamrocks' grounds. With a well organized league the boys should awaken the tired league, and if they play many such games as I saw on the afternoon of dominion day, I have no doubt as to the

success of the league. The Lansdownes are doing some hunting, I believe, and they have an idea that they will be "in it." Stewart and Nash of the old Lansdownes are the leading spirits, and both of them have enough "go" in them to pull the club through, if they receive proper encouragement.

The game this afternoon will be between the Shamrocks and Y. M. C. A.'s. When the schedule was made out by the committee, Tuesday June 7 was named for the opening game, but the excursion to St. Stephen, and some other matters, made a game on that day impossible. I print the schedule as presented at the meeting of the league Thursday evening:

Tuesday, July 7—Thistles vs. Lansdownes. Saturday, July 11—Y. M. C. A. vs. Shamrocks. Tuesday, July 14—Shamrocks vs. Thistles. Friday, July 17—Lansdownes vs. Y. M. C. A. Saturday, July 20—Y. M. C. A. vs. Shamrocks. Tuesday, July 23—Lansdownes vs. Shamrocks. Saturday, July 26—Lansdownes vs. Y. M. C. A. Tuesday, Aug. 4—Thistles vs. Shamrocks. Saturday, Aug. 7—Y. M. C. A. vs. Shamrocks. Tuesday, Aug. 11—Thistles vs. Y. M. C. A. Saturday, Aug. 14—Shamrocks vs. Lansdownes. Tuesday, Aug. 18—Lansdownes vs. Shamrocks. Friday, Aug. 21—Y. M. C. A. vs. Shamrocks. Saturday, Aug. 24—Lansdownes vs. Y. M. C. A. Tuesday, Sept. 1—Y. M. C. A. vs. Thistles. Saturday, Sept. 4—Lansdownes vs. Shamrocks.

This schedule provides two games a week, and it will be noticed that no club will have to play more than once in one week, which will make it as convenient as possible for players who find it hard to get away from business.

I hear some talk of the Y. M. C. A.'s and Shamrocks arranging an excursion to Halifax to take place some time in the fall, and it is said that the Shamrocks and Halifax Mutuals have been having some correspondence. It is all very well for the boys to be travelling around the country, and there is plenty of fun in it for them, but once the league is started they should settle down and do their utmost to make it a success.

The Unions and Wanderers are likely to have another series of games, when the St. John club hopes to regain its laurels. A game in Halifax, held in St. John, and one on neutral ground are spoken of, but I have not heard whether arrangements have been completed.

The bicycle club begins its tour on July 20th, starting from Grand Falls. It is proposed to ride 25 miles a day, and by this arrangement the poorest riders will have no difficulty in keeping up with the procession. The wheelmen intend having a good time, and will take advantage of every good thing in the way of fun and sport on the trip. It is estimated that the expenses of each member will be between \$1.25 and \$1.75 a day, so now, if you are interested in travelling, and would like to join the crowd, you know all about it.

A subscriber sends the following account of the celebration and ball game at Joggins Mines:

Dominion day was observed at the Joggins Mines, heading from Grand Falls, by a grand ball game and a celebration. The ball game was held at the Joggins Mines, and was a very interesting game on the grounds, the evening the club gave a ball in Hennessy's hall, which was a grand success.

There are not many readers of this paragraph who have not at some time or other hunted for an effective tonic. There is no doubt of its scarcity. Recognizing this fact the Canada Ale & Beef Co. (Ltd.) of Halifax procured the right from the American proprietors of the Ale and Beef preparations to manufacture and sell in Canada. The success of the preparation in the United States is a matter of record. Their sales the first year amounted to over \$12,000, and it is rapidly going ahead in popular favor. The preparation is a combination of beef, ale and pepsin. The great difficulty has always been to get a mixture that will keep. Success in this means that the beer must be thoroughly peptonized before the malt is added. It is claimed to be an excellent tonic for convalescents, and the fact that Chicago physicians prescribed it liberally during the scourge of the grippe in that city, will bear out the statement. It sells for a popular price, and has already come into extensive use in Halifax and other parts of Nova Scotia.

The Excursion to St. Martins. The orangemen go to St. Martins Monday to celebrate the twelfth, and the excursion will be a large one. The Baptist seminary will be open for the inspection of the excursionists.

Curcuro Soap. The Keeper of the Lighthouse is a story of French Canadian life of today, and is well told by Maud Ogilvy. The story opens in a little Canadian summer resort, in which the heroine lives and is continued with increasing interest to the end. Published by E. M. Renouf, Montreal; for sale at McMillan's.

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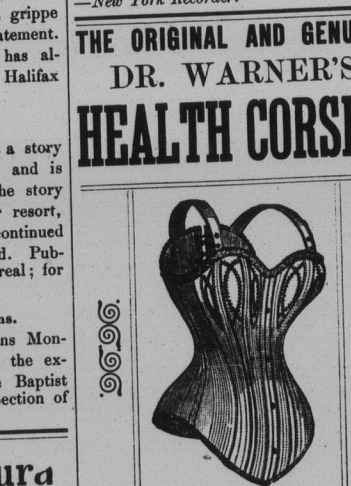
A Useful Book. One of the handsomest, and by all odds the most useful volume published this summer comes from the press of Messrs D. Appleton & Co. The Canadian Guide Book will not only be welcomed eagerly by tourists, who have long wanted correct information on the summer haunts of Canada, but will be eagerly bought and scanned by Canadians themselves. The name of Chas. G. D. Roberts upon the title page makes it unnecessary to state that the book is admirably written. No better authority could possibly have been selected to speak of the maritime provinces. Roberts has tramped and paddled all over this province, and Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are equally familiar to him, while a long residence in Upper Canada permits him to speak of those provinces also. Handsome illustrations adorn many pages of the book, which is an excellent specimen of good book making. For sale by J. & A. McMillan. Price, \$1.25.

Notes For Excursionists. The Bay of Fundy S. S. Company is issuing Saturday excursion tickets across the bay at reduced rates. Mr. William Pitt requests PROGRESS to announce that there will be a carriage at the latest Saturday night train when it arrives at Rothesay to take excursionists to Gondolo Point, The Willows, Kingston and all places along the route.

Why Men Cross Their Legs. Men generally cross their legs when there is least pressure on their mind. You will not very often find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed. The limbs at those times are straighter than at any other, because the mind and body work together. A man engaged in auditing accounts will seldom cross his legs; neither will a man who is writing an article or who is employed in any manner where his brain is actively engaged. When at work in a sitting posture the limbs naturally extend to the floor in a perfectly straight line. A man may cross his legs if he is sitting in an office chair discussing some proposition with another man, but the instant he becomes really in earnest and perceives something to be gained, his limbs uncross, he bends forward toward his neighbor and begins to use his hands.

But these observations are made of man-kind in general. There are particular cases that are otherwise. There are certain men of distinguished talents who, when engaged in literary work, twist their legs into intricate positions. One of the most eminent dramatists of this country never abandons his limbs, which are long and slender, into a kind of angular scroll-work under the table. Another man, whose poems appear most frequently in the magazines, seems actually to wring his emotions out of his legs, as if they were sponges soaked in the aethers. However, these are exceptional cases of mannerisms by which particular men of brains are insensibly affected. Some men twist their heads when they are in deep thought, others scratch their heads abstractedly, while others, again, chew their finger nails. To this absent-minded genus belongs now and then a man who cannot portray severely without making his legs express all the emotions of thought. —New York Recorder.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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CIRCULATION, - - 9,480

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 11.

THE STRIKE.

The millmen's strike continues. The men are strongly united, and the outlook is that the millowners will soon have to make terms with them.

The millmen's meeting on Wednesday night was probably the greatest indoor labor demonstration ever held in this city.

A full report of the speeches appears in another part of to-day's paper. It will be observed that Progress came in for a good share of attention, and that many kind things were said and expressed regarding our independent support of the men in the present strike.

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A CHIEF OF SINNERS.

H. R. H. ALBERT EDWARD must be fully persuaded by this time that "the dignity" which SHAKESPEARE averred "doth hedge about a king," does not attach to the position of Prince of Wales.

The prince gets his full share of criticism and somewhat more than his share of abuse. He is a target for all arrows. His misdeeds are magnified and dilated upon all over the English speaking world, and often in pure malice.

For instance—we all know that "the two of a fourth may convert the crowd into company again. If a fifth should join the party, he would probably understand what solitude meant.

Out on the surface of the broad Atlantic rises a rocky isle, so small that vessels might sail that part of the ocean for years and not approach its abrupt shores.

With the advent of the female novelist has come an era in literature which is not cleanly. ALBERT ROSS, himself an offender against decency, defends the indecent novel.

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year, may one of these days insist that the whole social fabric be reformed. English public opinion is not readily aroused, but once awakened it does not slumber again until it has accomplished its purpose.

MEN AND THINGS.

LORD SALISBURY has said that the great danger to the peace of Europe lies in the fact that there is a Mohammedan power yet in that continent. Not that Turkey will itself make trouble, but that in the course of events the Turks will be driven out of Europe, and in the contest for the territory he will abandon, all Europe will take a hand.

You can write the history of Europe on a very small piece of paper. The rise of the Roman empire and its downfall, all to be told in a dozen lines, begun with the beginning of reliable history, and extends up to and covers the first centuries of the christian era.

When you come to think of it, history does not extend over a very long period. Progress knows more than one person who is upwards of ninety years old.

There is reason in all things, it is said, but there is not a particle of sense in that action of the council which reduced the salary of a police officer \$75 and refused to interfere with the huge salary list that is weighing the city down.

The interperate denial of the local historian, Mr. HANNAY, that he has written editorials for the Gleaner, is somewhat startling in the light of the facts.

The new chairman of safety, BOSS CHESLEY, seems to be at his old tricks again. He has been buying horses without proper authority from the council.

Is it not about time that the city settled for CHRISTIE case. The plaintiff has won it four times, and we think the best city can do now is to settle.

We come out with eight pages this issue in honor of dominion day and the advent of our new volume. Whether we shall continue at this size will depend altogether upon the encouragement given us by our advertisers.

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start naked and standing in a pool so that a male acquaintance of less than a week's standing might sketch her as a nymph. The acquaintance so appreciates the purity of the maiden's soul that he sees nothing startling in the performance, though he does not expect it to occur, and proceeds calmly to sketch her.

The man with a progressive boil may not feel overly religious, but he may well speculate "What a gathering that will be." The small parts of our natures assume a conspicuous unattainable by the greater.

When "building castles in the air," one is generally his own architect, which may account for their frequent falls.

When you grocer offers twenty-one pounds of sugar for a dollar, insist on getting 21 lbs.: not twenty-one lbs. See?

Scotland's capital furnishes an appropriate significant name for a Scot act town—Glas-go (w).

A gentleman wishing to go out on the suburban train, on being told that there were a number of suburbanites on board refused to go, saying he would not travel with a lot of suburbanites.

The "weaker goes to the wall" is the reason Mr. Henpeck sleeps at the back of the bed.

The well known song, "My Own Canadian Home," was well used during the elections, and PROGRESS' comment upon this fact at that time, and that the crowd had but little chance to come in upon the sounding line, "My Own Canadian Home," gave the author, Mr. E. G. Nelson of this city an idea. The line occurred but twice in the song, and after some considerable thinking he altered the reading of the last part to read thus:

And he who joys in nature's charms Exulting, here may roam 'Mid scenes of grandeur, which adorn My own Canadian Home.

The original version read as follows: And he who joys in nature's charms Exulting, here may roam Scenes of enchantment strangely fair Sublime in form and hue.

The greatest newspaper success that has been attained in the maritime provinces during this generation is PROGRESS. No newspaper ever met with a reception so spontaneous at the hands of the public, and none has ever had the great circulation that PROGRESS now enjoys.

At things 'at kind o' starts the tap, An' lets the big tears drop, kow-kow! On his ole heart 'at rust it out? Why can't his eyes raise 'um the black An' see the gold about?

Was bright 'at cheerful, an' the birds Was rattin' 'um 'um thurill' tune 'At seemed to almost tell in words 'At they was glad the winds o' June Hed kind o' loosened out their throats, An' made the jay-birds strut at noon In her blame' tennis coats.

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INSTANTANETTES.

By Myself. Eavesdropping aids deafness. Killing by kindness is a slow death. A girl in the city is not worth two in the bush.

Snug quarters—silver ones. A North End baker calls his bread "sun" because it rises in the (y) east. Reverses are frequently caused by advances.

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POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

In Memoriam—K. F. ORT, JUNE 28, 1891. Weeping she kissed him, her beloved son! (So sound asleep, his pale lips never stir, In wondrous tenderness, to answer her.) "Good night," she whispered; when the day was done.

The day of happy dreams; all ended quiet; Of hopes deferred,—of golden promises,—past; Of all a mother clings to in the last! The day was done: Its shadows fall—Good night!

Good night to earthly days, of tears and rain; God's hand, whose touch, her quivering heart-strings crushed, Its anguish throbbing hath forever hushed! Forever stilled—its bitter grief and pain.

Weeping, she kissed him, where he sleeping lay; To bid him, for the last, last time, "Good night!" For her,—the night was over,—and the light Of dawn was breaking,—of Eternal Day!

We are so blind, we cannot understand, Why those we cling to most, are called to go; Are taken from us, when we need them so! And shuddering shrink, from touch of God's kind hand.

Some day—some day—our eyes no longer blind, Shall see and know, how loving was that touch! How dear to Him, the life we prized so much! Who only wounds in love, most wise and kind.

Mother of Christ! Thou didst obtain for her, Grace to be faithful, to thy Son, and thee. She also followed you to Calvary! And on its summit found,—her sepulchre.

So faint to bear in other's woes a part! To every duty, always faithful found. So up in Heaven, shall he be proudly crowned: A "CHILD OF MARY," of the "SACRED HEART!"

Such did she look, beneath her veils soft folds; With purple passions on her quiet breast; Our Lady's chaplet in her hands,—at rest, Her longings satisfied,—in peace untold!

For the voyage was long, and the land in sight, Where our years of exile ceased; But O, we shall miss the kind smile of yore, And the dear sweet face we shall see no more.

Though her years summed up three score and ten, (By the "world" all undefined) Yet nothing of guile or deceit she knew But simple and loving, tender and true, Her heart was the heart of a child.

Just such a spirit, our dear Lord loves; To His chosen children given; That carry his sunshine wherever they go, And make the world better their lives to know; "O' such, is the kingdom of Heaven!"

Say! wot's the reason 'at a chap Lies got to keep a-lookin' back At things 'at kind o' starts the tap, An' lets the big tears drop, kow-kow!

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A SUMMER OUTING.

Perhaps there is nothing that can bring rest and balm to the weary brain and tired body of man or woman who may happen to be tied up in the city all the year through than a spin out in the country and a few days among the glorious woods, or on the margin of some shore or lake, there take in all the peaceful surroundings free from all care and worry for the time, content to know that the world will continue to move on in the even tenor of its way, even if we are not in the swim for a few days.

By the way it is funny, just here let me say, to know that many people who do pretend to take a day's outing do so with the utmost apprehension that the city which they have left on the business with which they are connected is sure to go wrong. They rush through the form of a summer's outing, and carry their worries and business with them. To such as those I cannot offer much consolation, and can only offer them my sympathy, hoping that they may, ere it is too late, discover the error of their ways and sooner or later enjoy all the charms of a summer outing in its fullest sense.

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are year by year attracting the attention of tourists, and slowly but surely all the choice and picturesque portions of our provinces are being captured by our wealthy American friends, and we of our Canadian cities will soon be asking in vain for a spot which we can call our own whereon to pass away the glorious summer days at a moderate expense.

But I am wandering away from my subject. Many persons are anxious to enjoy a summer holiday, and would willingly embrace the opportunity if they knew where to go. Well, let me give them an idea of one spot where they can enjoy a summer outing at a merely nominal expense, and one they will enjoy. Take the Intercolonial train to St. John's, come to the Depot house, and there drop into either the Depot house or the Intercolonial, where good accommodation can be had. Then, with but little trouble, you arrange for a good team to drive you out to some of the lakes in the near vicinity, and there you can pitch your tent amid the wooded solitudes and enjoy outdoor life in all its varied forms, fishing, boating and killing time in various ways.

Lately a number of lakes some little distance from Sussex have been leased by syndicates who have put up snug and commodious quarters, built boats and barges, where the sportsmen and families many pleasant days are spent.

Sussex has long been known as one of the most charming and interesting points in New Brunswick, and the beautiful hills and valleys, when clothed in their verdant dress, are indeed lovely spots, so called to drive or ramble.

A drive to the Bay shore, so called, brings one within reach of scenery which is truly picturesque and pleasing, and those fond of being on the sea shore cannot do better than make their arrangements for a few days outing on the bay shore of Sussex, where boating, fishing, shooting may be had, and many interesting mineralogical specimens may be found.

All this is attainable with not much loss of time and the drive from here to the shore through the woods and over the hills, cannot fail to please, while the attractions at the end of the journey will amply repay the time and money spent.

Those who can spare the time and who can afford it, will find the trip an enjoyable one. There need be no fear of exorbitant charges, as the hotel accommodations provided, are all kept within reasonable bounds, and you will find among the residents along the route and on the Bay Shore, that hospitable and kindly welcome that always makes the summer tourist feel at home.

The correct thing to do is for a party to club together, and bring with them their own tents, a small oil stove or two, some bedding, and a few dishes, with a fair supply of groceries, and the rest can be had at the terminal point, or on the way. A day's notice to the Depot House, or Geo. Roach, or J. G. Smith's, will find teams ready for the conveyance of the party. The roads are all kept within reasonable bounds, and you will find among the residents along the route and on the Bay Shore, that hospitable and kindly welcome that always makes the summer tourist feel at home.

The foregoing is written hurriedly for the purpose of informing readers of Progress of one place where they can go, and having gone, be sure to enjoy themselves. Dick.

Postponed the Eclipse. One day Dean Swift observed a crowd assembled in a large square before the deanery door, and on inquiring the cause of this, was told that "it was to see the eclipse." He immediately sent for the beadle, and gave him his lesson what he should do. Away went Davy for his bell, and after ringing it for some time among the crowd, he bawled out, "O' yes! O' yes! All manner of persons concerned are desired to take notice, that it is the Dean of St. Patrick's will and pleasure that the eclipse be put off until this hour tomorrow. So God save the king and his reverence the dean!" The mob, upon this notice, almost immediately dispersed; only some more cunning than the rest aware that they could not lose another afternoon, for the Dean, who was a very comical man, might take it into his head to put off the eclipse again and so make fools of them a second time.

An Impossibility. Several ladies were sitting together the other day when one of them began to rail at the unequal distribution of the favors of nature. "There," she said, "is Mrs. —, with no end of money and a beautiful voice that would be a fortune to a poor girl. She never sings and does not even keep up her practice. Why cannot her larynx be transferred to my maid?"

"That would be impossible," said one of the others present, who evidently knew something about sewing machines; "you can never make a Singer out of a Domestic."

Skeddadle. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In PROGRESS of June 8, '91, appears the following item: The word "skeddadle," meaning to run away, was introduced during the American civil war.

It will be interesting to numbers of the intelligent readers of the paper, who have not been previously made acquainted with the fact, to learn that the word "introduced," as stated, "during the American civil war," is a new word only in its Anglo-Saxon dress, it being a derivation from the ancient Greek "skeddanamul," which like the English skeddadle signifies to skatter, to disperse.

Whether this is a coincidence merely, or was the work of some officer or soldier in the Northern or Southern army, who knew something of Greek, may be uncertain, but the similarity is sufficiently striking to account for it in the principles of derivation. Should we give the word a classical origin we would add dignity to it and place it on a plane above that of vulgar and slang language. Wolfville, N. S. C. L. R.

Will Be Found on Princess Street. About the first of August, Dr. F. W. Barbour will be located in the office on Princess street now occupied by Dr. F. S. Wilson.

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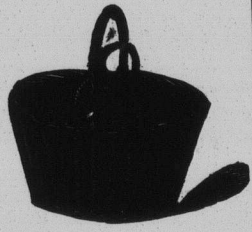
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CONTINUED SUCCESS! THE MARKED SUCCESS OF IDEAL SOAP CONTINUES.

It is growing in popular favor day by day, as is shown by increased and increasing sales. The women of Canada appreciate an article of real merit, and a trial of IDEAL SOAP convinces them of its many superior qualities.

WM. LOGAN, MANUFACTURER, ST. JOHN, N. B. BASKETS OF ALL KINDS.

Willow Hampers, Soiled Linen Baskets, Clothes Baskets, Open and Covered Market Baskets, Butter Baskets, Sachel Baskets.



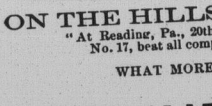
THE "DAISY" CHURN, In Four Sizes.

BRUSHES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, And a consignment of English Goods, including many new novelties.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, KING STREET, OPPOSITE ROYAL HOTEL. THE "QUADRANT" BICYCLE.



This is how they advertise "QUADRANTS" in the United States: ON THE ROAD: "The 'Quadrant' has been the first safety in every one of the six Road Races held in Philadelphia this year."



ON THE HILLS: "At Reading, Pa., 20th September, 1890, in the Hill-Climbing Contest, the 'Quadrant' No. 17, beat all competitors, including the finest American riders, by 7 minutes."

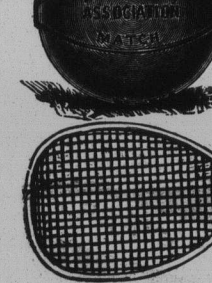
ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO. AGENTS, ST. JOHN, N. B. RUBBER GOODS!



Fine Assortment of Ladies' and Gents' Tweed Waterproof Clothing, including the "Cravenets" Shower proof goods, Driving Aprons, Camp Blankets, Fishing Boots, Air Pillows, Air Beds, Bed and Crib Sheet, Sanitary and Druggists' Goods, Belting, Packing, Hose, Valves; in fact everything made in Rubber.

ESTEY & CO. Standard Rubber Goods. 58 PRINCE WM. STREET ST. JOHN, N. B.

C. FLOOD & SONS, ST. JOHN. Base Balls, Lawn Tennis, Cricket, Croquet, Footballs, Archery, Etc. Sporting Goods of every description. Hammocks; Tennis, Cricket, and Running Shoes.



Send for Catalogue, wholesale and retail.

INDIGESTION CURED! FELLOWS' DYSPEPSIA BITTERS. Several lines are sitting together the other day when one of them began to rail at the unequal distribution of the favors of nature.

Summer Complaints SPEEDY RELIEF. -FELLOWS'- SPEEDY RELIEF. -THE GREAT CURE FOR- Summer Complaints, Cholera, Cramp in Stomach, Diarrhoea, Dysentery. ONE DOSE IS USUALLY SUFFICIENT.



St. John-South End. This has been a very quiet week in society circles. With the exception of an "at home" and a small card party, I do not hear of any entertainments that have been given except some small gatherings.

The "at home" was a most pleasant affair, and was given by Mrs. Wm. Hazen, at her residence, Chipman Place, on Thursday afternoon, and was attended by young people only, the friends of Miss Johanna Hazen, who is very soon, (under happy circumstances) to bid farewell to St. John.

The Misses Hazen were assisted in entertaining their guests by Miss May Bear and Miss Florence Snider, who dispensed tea, coffee and other light refreshments. The reception lasted from 4 until 7 o'clock, and was much enjoyed.

Last week I heard of a small card party given by Mrs. J. C. Allison, on Friday evening, at her residence, Coburg street, in honor of her niece, Miss Edith Ring, of Boston, who is her guest.

Miss Eva Drury, after an absence of some months in the Southern States, has returned home. Mr. G. Lyde, of the Halifax Banking Co., is in St. John for a week or two.

Miss Andrews, who has been visiting Mrs. E. T. Sturdee, has returned to her home at Montreal. Mrs. Carr Allan and Miss Laura Weimore, Fredericton, were this week the guests of their sisters, Mrs. Charles Holden.

Major Tucker went on a fishing excursion this week. Miss Annie Kaye with her niece, Miss Ethel Allison, have gone to Digby to spend a few weeks. Mrs. Wm. Smith, of Ottawa, arrived in St. John the first of the week and is the guest of Mrs. Bayard, German street.

Miss Alice Tuck, Miss Annie Scammell and Miss Carrie Seely spent the week together at Fredericton. Miss Murray left on Monday last for the south, to spend the summer with her sister who resides there.

Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley have gone to their summer residence at St. Andrews. Miss Lillian Hazen, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. G. G. Coster, left this week for Bathurst, to spend some weeks.

The Misses MacLaren have returned home from Gagetown. Mr. Fred Jones and Mr. Gillis Keator left this week on a fishing excursion. Another old resident of St. John passed away this week, Mr. George Hutchinson who died of pleurisy at his residence, Peters street, on Tuesday last. Mr. Hutchinson will be missed by a large circle of friends who deeply sympathize with his family in their bereavement. He was very well known in musical circles in which he took a deep interest.

An engagement on the taps this week is between a young Fredericton widow and a well known barrister of this city who deeply sympathize with her. Miss Cullinan, of St. Stephen, is the guest of Mrs. James Dever, Chipman's Hill.

Mr. W. F. Harrison and Mr. J. DeWolf Spurr left this week on a fishing excursion. Mr. Stephen DeWolf, accompanied by a number of friends, is also away on a fishing trip. On Wednesday evening a small but very pleasant card party was given by the Misses MacLaren to a few friends at their father's residence, Charlotte street.

Sunday school picnics are the order of the day. This week those of St. John's, St. Mary's, St. David's, St. Andrews and Leinster street church have taken place. Miss Mary Gore of St. Andrews spent a day or two in St. John this week, the guest of Mrs. James Dever, German street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Glazebrook, Montreal, are visiting St. John. They are staying at Mr. Beard's, Orange street. Several picnics at the Bay Shore are arranged for this afternoon. The Misses Parks have invited a number of their friends to have tea on the beach. Miss Mollie Robinson leaves today for Gagetown, to spend a week or two.

Miss Clarke and Miss Mabel Clarke, of St. Stephen, arrived in the city on Monday. Miss Clarke left on Tuesday morning for Nova Scotia, where she will spend the summer. Miss Mabel will be the guest of Miss Skinner. Miss Maude Archibald, of Turco, is the guest of Mrs. G. R. Pugh, Bathurst.

Mrs. James H. Hamilton and children returned home on Thursday, after three months visit to New York and Boston. Mrs. H. F. Kerr and family, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. C. Hamilton, at Rockingham, N. S.

READERS OF PROGRESS who are going to the country for the summer, can have this paper sent to any address they may choose. Send stamps in payment and address, and the order will be promptly attended to.

St. John-West End. Mr. George Mackin was in town last week, for a few days, from McAdam. Mrs. E. J. Scammell has been confined to her home for a few weeks with sickness. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Harding, and Mr. and Mrs. William L. Harding spent Dominion day at Woodville Point, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wilnot. Rev. Walter O. Taylor has returned from Harvard.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 AND 68 KING STREET.

NEW SUNSHADES, PARASOLS, AND LADIES' RAIN UMBRELLAS.

THE FINEST LOT EVER SHOWN IN ST. JOHN. MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

UNAPPROACHABLE BARGAINS! AT 12 KING STREET.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF THE TURNER & FINLAY STOCK. A SALE WHICH ALL ST. JOHN SHOULD ATTEND.

BE SURE AND READ with strict care the items mentioned below, and then come in and see the Bargains which we offer at almost nothing, compared with their real values. Bear in mind that many of the lots advertised cannot possibly last many days; therefore we advise you to come early in the week. The Store must soon be closed for ever.

We have still a Full Line of Shakers, at 6, 6 1/2, 7 1/2, and 8; also, American Satines at only 9 and 12 1/2. Then we have Grand Value Prints, 12 1/2c. Napier and Anderson's Scotch Zephyr Gingham. Best in the world, for color, design, and wear. 3 Lots: worth 50c, now 30c; worth 40c, now 20c; worth 20c, now 15c.

Brides' Satin Dresses. White, \$2.40, now \$1.25; \$2.25, now \$1.20. Cream, \$2.50, now \$2.50 (slightly damaged); \$3.25, now \$2.25; \$2.30, now \$1.90. Elegant quality, choice shades. Black and White Silks. Worth \$3.25, now \$2.25; worth \$1.75, now \$1.20; worth \$1.25, now 75c.

Elegant Japan Ware. Must be sold, or sent to Montreal. Offered at very large reductions this week. REAL TURKISH NAPKIN, worth \$1.50 to \$1.10 each, now 50c.

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OUR ANNUAL JULY SALE

Fancy Dress Goods, PLAIDS, STRIPES, AND FIGURES, is now going on, and the quantity to be cleared out will be found on "marked-down" counter. Prices have been cut nearly in two; the patterns are new, and qualities all wool, only; at the following reductions they must quickly go. It will certainly pay you to see these goods.

90c. for 50c. 80c. " 45c. 75c. " 40c. 65c. " 35c. 60c. " 30c. 50c. " 25c. OUR SPECIAL LINE OF LARGE PLAIDS: 95c. for 75c.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Fenwick and by James H. Hawthorne.]

July 8.—The death of Mr. George W. Schleyer, the well-known photographer of this city, caused by a painful accident which occurred the day preceding his death, was a great shock to our citizens. Mr. Schleyer has been a familiar figure on the streets of Fredericton, having been born and brought up here and was engaged in the photographic business on Queen street for a number of years. He was a young man highly respected by all who knew him, and was an earnest worker in the Methodist church and Sunday school, where he will be very much missed, in fact there was no good work going on in the city in which he was not interested. He remains here in the Methodist cemetery above town, the funeral being one of the largest seen here for a long time. The sympathy of the city is extended to his sorrowing mother and sister.

Rev. Mr. Shenton will preach his farewell sermon in the Methodist church here on Sunday, the 13th inst. Mr. Shenton and his family will remove to their new home on Monday, the 14th inst. Mr. Shenton will be very much missed, not only in the Methodist church, where he has labored with great assistance, but in social circles as well.

Miss H. W. Weddall will be the new pastor here. Miss H. W. Weddall is visiting her mother here, Mrs. Jack, Waterloo Row, also Mrs. Jack.

Mr. Guy Manser, of Woodstock, has been here for the past week, visiting his friend, Mr. Charlie McNally. He came here on his bicycle, and intends taking a seven week trip through New Brunswick and parts of New Brunswick; he will leave for St. John tomorrow.

Mr. Ralph Gregory, of Bedford, Me., son of Mr. Brunwick Gregory, a former resident of this city, is here visiting his relatives; he is the guest of his uncle, Mr. Albert Gregory. This young gentleman also intends returning home on his bicycle.

Mrs. Charles Beckwith had a small canoeing party last Monday evening, four canoes, I believe, went out, and after the paddle the party returned to Mrs. Beckwith's residence, where they enjoyed strawberries and cream.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eddy of Boston, are visiting friends here. They are the guests of Mrs. John Spurdick.

Mrs. J. Z. Currie has returned from Boston. Mr. J. W. Bailey will leave to-morrow for his home in Boston.

Miss Ella Hunter, teacher in the blind institution in Halifax, is spending her vacation with her mother in this city.

Miss Pratt of Kentville, N. S., is here visiting Mrs. Roberts, at the rectory.

Mr. Goodridge Roberts is home from King's college, Windsor, spending his vacation.

Mrs. Burton, and Mrs. MacMichael, left Fredericton last Saturday evening, en route to St. John, where they will spend a week or two, then go to Digby to enjoy some delightful sea air.

The Misses Nellie and Myra F. Randolph have returned from their visit in Boston.

Master Charles F. Randolph left yesterday for Dartmouth to visit Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Harvey.

Miss Maimie Gregory is home from Burton for her vacation.

The Misses Harriet and Annie Phair have returned home from St. John, where they have been visiting friends for a few weeks.

The Misses Harvey are spending their vacation at Alma, Albert Co.

Mrs. Harrison has returned home from St. John. Miss Florence F. Randolph has returned home from Sheffield.

Mr. Teran left here last Thursday for his home in Halifax.

Mr. Hagerdy, of McAdam Junction, was in the city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dole, of Bangor, Me., are in Fredericton, visiting Mrs. Dole's father, Auditor-General Black.

Canon and Mrs. DeVeber, of St. John, have been visiting Mrs. DeVeber's sister here, Mrs. Robinson, Charlotte street.

Mr. and Mrs. Carr, of New York, are the guests of Mrs. Carr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. DeLancy Robinson.

The remains of Mr. and Mrs. Deacon's little baby daughter, who died on the 2nd inst., were buried here at Forest Hill cemetery, on Saturday.

Mr. Alec Gregory, of McAdam Junction, has been spending his vacation with his mother, Waterloo Row.

Mrs. T. C. Allen and family, and Miss Wetmore, are at the Bay Shore.

Rev. Robert Leung, director of the Halifax Ladies' college, preached in St. Paul's church on Sunday morning and evening.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

WINDSOR, N. S.

JULY 8.—The usual summer calm is settling over Windsor, the balls of learning are deserted and most of the visitors who came to be present at the excursions have departed. The worldly amusement of tennis remains, but the weather seems to conspire against that game, as it rains nearly every day. Those who are fortunate enough to possess a horse or two, can enjoy a canter or a drive between the showers so to speak, because we do have an hour or two of sunshine now and then, and occasionally nearly a whole day.

A small party went to Hantsport today to a rural treat known as a strawberry festival. But unfortunately the festival and strawberries did not come off until after the departure of homeward bound trains, so they were forced to improvise a small junketing of their own, but alas, minus the strawberries.

Mrs. Miss and Master Grant, of Halifax, who have been visiting the Hon. M. H. Goudge, went to Annapolis on Saturday.

Miss Primrose and Miss Rachael Primrose, after a flying trip to Annapolis, left for Halifax on Tuesday evening, en route to the West.

Mr. and Miss Masters, of Bermuda, are visiting Mrs. Wm. Curry.

Miss Fairbanks of the Halifax Critic, has been boarding at Mrs. Meant's.

Mrs. Wm. O'Brien gave a small euchre party last week.

The first of July was celebrated in a spirited manner. The school at Kentville, Hal- assembled between representatives of the various schools to see the various trials of strength and speed, many in carriages and many on foot. The 6th and 7th bands furnished music, and in the evening the track was illuminated with magic lanterns, rock- ets, Catherine wheels and Roman candles delighted the hearts of the small boys. Prolonged o-o-o's fol- lowed the flight of each rocket, and little oh-oh-oh's of delight followed the pop of the Roman candles. There was a goodly number of grown up spectators of the fireworks, but their admiration was, for the most part, silent. I am rather fond of rockets myself, but I always want them to go off all at once, and get the good of them, instead of waiting wearily for ten minutes or so for the next. Of course you can't eat your cake and have it, but I prefer to eat mine all at once and then do without altogether. With the exception of a few inebriated persons who celebrated the holiday too well, the 1st of July passed off very satisfactorily, and no foot of snow- lie holidays myself, but that little peculiarity does not appear to diminish the general appreciation of them. In the early morning the favored ones of the surrounding country began to file into town, with a new ribbon or a cotton flower in the hat if they happened to be of the frivolous sex, and if of the other, adorned in a necktie of many colors. Then what a time they had! how John recklessly spent his hard earned copper on ginger beer and long cakes for Mary Ann; and how Mary Ann re- tributed him by letting his manly right arm rest un- rebuked in the open light of day around her ample waist. But it is all over now, sit transi gloria di- minia day. And our neighbors will have to wait another year for such an opportunity again. I know dear Phoenicians that you would not want anyone to burn the midnight oil for your sake, so adieu till next week.

READERS OF PROGRESS who are going to the country for the summer, can have this paper sent to any address they may name. Send stamps in payment AND ADDRESS, and the order will be promptly at- tended to.

PARRSBOUR.

[Progress is for sale by A. C. Berryman, Parrs- boru bookstore.]

JULY 8.—The tug New City took quite a number of people across to Kingsport on Monday to see the ship Canada launched. It was very pleasant going over, the morning being unusually fine and the P. B. B. on board. Unfortunately a thunder storm came up in the afternoon and the return trip was rather disagreeable. The landing was especially disagreeable, having to be accomplished in small boats, as it was a little too late in the tide for the tug to come to the pier.

Miss Cogswell, of Sackville, is spending a short time in Parrsboro, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wood- worth.

Miss Aikman is home from Toronto spending her vacation.

Miss Nellie Vaughan, of St. John, is visiting at Mr. N. H. Upham's.

Miss May Campbell, of Boston, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Townsend. Master Cecil Townsend is home from Lennoxville for the vacation.

Miss Strickland and Miss Simmonds, of Amherst, came down on Tuesday to stay a while.

Mr. Edgar Eaton arrived from Boston on Mon- day to spend a couple of months. Miss Long, of St. John, Miss Gaudette, of St. Stephen, and Miss Sleep, of Amherst, are guests of Mrs. D. R. Eaton.

The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure blood. The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is hereditary and transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poison and germs of dis- ease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. There is nothing more conclusively proven than the positive power of Hood's Sarsaparilla over all dis- eases of the blood. This medicine, tried, does when fairly expelled every trace of scrofula or salt rheum, removes the taint which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vital- izes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. In its preparation, its medicinal merit, and the wonderful cures it accom- plishes Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself. Thousands testify to its success, and the best Sarsaparilla receives the hearty endorsement of its army of friends. Every testimonial we publish, and every statement we make on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla may be relied upon as strictly true in every respect. If you need a good blood purifier or building up medicine, be sure to take Hood's Sarsapa- rilla. Further information and statements of cures sent free to all who address us as below.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. H. HOOD & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Hotel and Farm For Sale.

THAT valuable property known as "MOR- MORE ARMS," one mile from Weldford Station, I. C. R. The house is one and one-half stories high, and contains 14 rooms. Large stable and convenient and ample outbuildings—all in good repair. A valuable vegetable garden on the premises. The farm contains 40 acres of land, nearly all cleared, and in high state of cultivation, and produced last year 30 tons of hay, besides grain and vegetable crops.

Adjoining the above is a lot of 48 acres, prim- arily wood land. As a country hotel site, with a good farm attached, the above presents a chance rarely met. Terms easy. For further particulars address: Mrs. WILLIAM GRABAM, Weldford, P. O., Kent Co., N. B.

Mr. Arthur Alloway, of Springhill, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Bowden and Mrs. Thomas, of St. John, are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Babbin.

Rev. Frs. Manning, St. Armand, Berthiaume, and Gaynor, of St. Joseph's college, Memramcook, and Dr. Cadzow, of Springhill, spent last week in Parrsboro with Father Egan.

READERS OF PROGRESS who are going to the country for the summer, can have this paper sent to any address they may name. Send stamps in payment AND ADDRESS and the order will be promptly at- tended to.

RUCTOUCHE.

JULY 8.—The annual picnic of the presbyterian Sabbath school was held at the Bay on Tuesday afternoon. All kinds of outdoor sports and boat sailing were indulged in.

We have had quite a number of small fishing ex- cursions and berry parties lately.

Mrs. Cooke and Miss Cooke went to Kingston on Saturday to spend a few days with Mrs. A. J. Gilman. Mrs. Rose, Miss Florence Ross and Miss Johnson also paid Mrs. Gilman a short visit this week.

Quite a number from here intended going to Kingston today to attend the races, but the rain prevented them from going. The band was going up, and our young men who wished to display their talents were disappointed. I heard a rumor that the races will come off tomorrow, weather being favor- able.

Mr. R. A. Irving spent a few days at home this week.

Mr. L. T. Joudry, wife and family, from Moncton, arrived here this week, and intend spending the remainder of the summer at the beach.

Mr. J. H. Abbott, from Kingston, passed through here today, on his way to Halifax, where he is going to remain a week with his friends.

Mrs. J. H. Ainsworth and family, from Fall River, Mass., are visiting their friends here.

Ladies' best linen note paper; twenty five cents per box; at McArthur, 80 King st.

MIDSUMMER SALE.

OUR ANNUAL MIDSUMMER SALE

On Tuesday next, 14th inst.

Our Customers will find

GENUINE BARGAINS

in a great variety, of Summer Dress Material and Fancy Goods; and also in Ladies' and Children's Summer Underwear and Hosiery.

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MRS. LANGTRY AS LADY MACBETH.

1690. — 1891. ORANGE EXCURSION TO ST. MARTINS.

The Orangemen of St. John will hold an Excursion to the beautiful village of St. Martins, on MONDAY, July 13th. The Artillery Band will accompany the excursion.

Tickets \$1.25, children 60c; from Sussex, \$1.25, children 60c; from Hampton, 75c, children 40c; from Uplam, 40c, children 20c, to be had from members of the order and at the stations on the morning of the excursion. Trains leave the I. C. R. Depot at 8.30 a. m., local time.

D. McARTHUR, RICHARD G. MAGEE, Chairmen to Com. Sec'y to Com.

ST. ANDREWS RINK. MATINEE AT 2.30, THIS AFTERNOON.

The Adelaide Randall Opera Co.

H.M.S. PINAFORE Or, The Lass that Loved a Sailor.

Opera for tonight will be announced in this evening's paper. Admission, 25 cents; Reserved Seats, 50 cents. On sale at Smith & Co.'s drug store.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

INDIAN LIFE ON THE AMAZON.

The Ordeal a Youth Passes Through on At- taining Manhood.

Mr. Clough found Indians living to a great age; their tranquil life in these regions does not wear them out rapidly. When young they are handsome, but with exercise spoils their outlines as they grow older. Extreme old age is not, how- ever, encouraged; one couple living in the woods had been turned out by their family at 70, as too old to live. But they set to work, cleared a bit of land, built a hut and cultivated corn, cane, and tobacco, and jogged on comfortably for another twenty years. They loved each other, there could be no mistake about it, and they were inseparable, the husband never stirring from the door without his wife or the wife without the hus- band. The man told Clough he trusted in the Mother of our Lord for salvation; he knew nothing of Christ, except that He was the Son of Maria Santissima. As amongst Indians of other re- gions, an appointed ordeal has to be passed through before a youth can claim the rights of manhood. "When the day ar- rives, amid the crash of drums, the young man steps boldly into a circle, and thrusts his arms beyond his elbows into a gourd filled with hornets, wasps, and tucandera ants (one sting of the last named insect being enough to make a strong man almost faint). How eagerly his face is scanned by the assembly! No cry of pain escapes between his clenched teeth, and blood might spurt from his pores before the gallant youth would show the white feather. The spectators do not delight in inflicting agony; they rejoice in seeing it bravely endured, and another worthy addition made to their band of warriors. When the arm is withdrawn at the medicine-man's signal,

a huge bowl of intoxicating liquor is hand- ed to him to drink, and partly to pour upon the ground as a libation, after which he is welcomed. Sometimes he falls and swoons with excruciating pain; the women then nurse him and bring him round, and his mother unites her voice with theirs in chanting over his senseless form—"His heart is brave, he knows not fear," and so forth." Mr. Clough tells us much more about the Amazonian Indians than we can possibly refer to here. He describes the mothers' intense love for their offspring, and yet of their readiness, out of genuine pity, to bury alive a deformed or sickly infant. Baby lies in a hammock which his mother swings while she chants a soft lul- laby, or smokes her long red pipe. Out of doors it is carried in a net at the mother's back, till it is old enough to cling with legs and arms. Young and old leave their hammocks at sunrise, and pour water over their bodies with coconuts at the brink of the nearest stream. To procure and prepare food, and to be constantly on the alert against mosquitoes, venomous reptiles, scorpions, centipedes, poisonous ants, and so forth, makes up the duties of an ordinary day, and at sunset the hammocks are once more tenanted, and the village is hushed in slumber.—Conquests of the Cross.

Hard to Find. "And so you are not married yet?" "No." "Engaged?" "No." "Expect to be?" "No." "What's the matter?" "Well, papa says that my husband must be a keen and experienced man, of good health and good habits. Mamma says that he must be frugal, industrious, attentive, and moral. And I say that he must be handsome, dashing, talented, and rich. We are still looking for him."

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15000 FROM JUNE TO JANUARY. PROGRESS has a circulation at present of between 9,000 and 10,000 copies—the exact figures will be found at the head of the editorial column—the largest by all odds of any paper in these maritime provinces. We want to make it larger than this, and have laid plans which, if only fairly successful, will, we think, increase it to FIFTEEN THOUSAND COPIES by the first day of the year 1892. We cannot do this without help—we do not expect to accomplish this without great aid from the people. We already have a little army of workers to whom we owe much. We have nearly one hundred and fifty newagents; we have more than one hundred news- papers, and we have thousands of subscribers—to say nothing of those directly connected with the office each of whom we hope has some interest in the paper. A circulation of 15,000 means much. It means nearly 6,000 more copies of Progress than we are circulating now; it means an INCREASE OF ABOUT 1000 COPIES EVERY MONTH for the remainder of this year, or about 250 copies every week. We do not expect to do that at the start, and our friends must not expect it. There may be weeks when we will do much more owing to some attractive and popular feature of the paper in those issues, and again we may fall short some weeks. That is the life of a newspaper. It is much the same as any other business. But we want more newsagents; we want more subscribers; we want more places where there are no papers of any kind sold; where they might be sold if we only had some good boy to handle Progress. There is money in it for the boys, and there is circulation in it for us. Every new boy we get will bring us closer to the family of 15,000 subscribers. WHO IS GOING TO HELP US? We will not speak of nature—we will not even think of it. The fact that we have always been successful in our undertakings is no reason why we should not fail this time. Nor is it any reason why we should not succeed. We have not made this announcement of our intentions without much plan- ning—without looking over the ground very care- fully—and all the chances are in our favor. Do not imagine that we expect 15,000 full yearly subscribers—that would indeed be a glorious result—but we will work for 15,000 steady subscribers—for yearly subscribers; for six months subscribers; for three months subscribers—they will all count in the grand total. In the meantime the paper will be kept up to the standard—that is the work of the editorial staff which, though scattered from one end of the pro- vince to the other, will help us in every effort. EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. June 17, 1891.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1891.

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REMAINE CARD PRACTICAL JEWELER.

RED?

INSURED? PURE INSURED? INSURED?

THE PHENIX, 132 Prince William Street



THEY COULD NOT AGREE

AS TO THE RIGHT KIND OF PRAYER FOR A PRAYER MEETING.

An Interesting Discussion in a City Church During Which Opinions Were Given Freely Without Regard to Surroundings or Anything Else.

At a prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, not long ago, the minister who was presiding called on one of the elders or deacons, I don't know which, to lead in prayer. Mr. Bland did so by repeating the Lord's prayer. There was a ripple of excitement as he sat down. The next who was called on declined, saying "he did not know that there was any need of further exercise. He thought the meeting should adjourn now." Mr. Boanerges then rose, and in a very high toned voice besought the Lord to grant to the meeting the spirit of prayer and supplication without formalism. That he would put it into the hearts of the congregation to ask for what they needed, etc. Mr. Bland immediately rose and said that he had asked for what he needed, and what the congregation, he thought, needed, and according to a highly authorized form, and he did not think he would be heard by God any better for "much speaking"—a vice for which Jesus had reproved the hypocrites. There were some other things which Jesus directed. He objected to persons who loved to pray in the synagogues—that is in modern times—prayer meetings—and directed His disciples to pray in their closets with the doors shut. He did not want to make any proclamation of his piety, or he would say that on prayer-meeting evening he would rather spend the hour in his own chamber than come here to offend the Master by word babbles. "I think sir," addressing the minister, "I heard you say that that was the true rendering of the word rendered 'vain repetitions.' He could not see that the prayers repeated in prayer-meetings were anything but 'Battalogier' memorized phrases or intellectual exertions. Indeed from the nature of the case they could not well be anything else. It is announced that prayer meeting will be held on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. An hour is to be spent in prayer—that is the usual time—or partly in prayer, and partly in addresses. Perhaps the pastor occupies the most of the hour in his exposition of some passage. That is perhaps the best use the time can be put to—but it is a misnomer to call it a prayer meeting. If the true idea of prayer meeting is carried out, then we have a series of prayers mixed with

addresses. These prayers are generally repetitions of pious phrases, or perhaps an ingenious application of scripture language to supposed circumstances of the church, or instructions to God as to how he should order his providence, or a rehearsal of what he had done for his people, but which he may have forgotten. The fact is that not a title of the constituent elements of the prayers that are offered can be considered as prayer at all, but rather impertinences in the face of the Almighty. I therefore use the Lord's own method of prayer. It may be displeasing to the church, but this only shows how far the church is from being possessed of the spirit of Christ. Mr. Bland sat down, when again rose Mr. Boanerges, who asked what the last speaker made of Christ's instruction, that men should always pray and not faint, with the illustrative parable of the unfortunate widow.

Mr. Bland said, I quite accord with the teaching of the Master here. If there is anything that appears very valuable or necessary to the worshipper, and that is within the province of faith, by all means let it be sought with persistent earnestness at a throne of grace. One great evil of our prayers is that they are not in earnest. We pray for light and we shut our eyes; for love and we cherish hate; for—we well don't want what we ask for—and our whole service becomes a hypocrisy, the sin for which Jesus had no mercy, no apology. The man who pretended to be pious, but was not, was most unmercifully scourged. Wee unto you who for a pretence make long prayers.

The pastor here interposing said he thought the meeting had been greatly blessed in bringing to light the duty of sincerity, and he trusted that Mr. Bland would continue to favor them with his presence and counsel. He had no objection to the lashing he had given the hypocrites—an agreeable variation of the usual exercises. Let us sing the doxology.

MARGARET ACH IFAN. The Remarkable All-Around Accomplishments of a Welsh Woman.

In Welsh lore we sometimes find things of doubtful authenticity; but the readers of this brief sketch may rest assured that it is no fiction. I find it in Pennant's *Tours in Wales*, first published in English something over 100 years ago, and lately brought out in the Welsh language by the well-known publisher, H. Humphreys of Camarvon. I take it from the Welsh edition. This phenomenal person was born about the year 1696, and brought up at Llanberis, North Wales. Nothing is said of any of her relatives. Mr. Pennant says:

"At the head of the lake there lives a very noted woman, Margaret Ach Ifan, and I was sadly disappointed on not finding her at home when I called. She is the last specimen of the strength and spirit of the daughters of the ancient Britons. At this writing (1776) she is about 90 years of age. In the line of hunting, shooting, and fishing, in her active days, she had no equal. She kept at least a dozen dogs of the best breed; bloodhounds, grayhounds, setters, and terriers. She would secure more foxes in one year than the other hunters combined would get in ten.

"In boating she was quite at home and the queen of the lakes. She played finely on the violin, and was well acquainted with the Welsh melodies of her day. She was also a musical composer, and some of her pieces are highly spoken of. She made two harps on which she skilfully played. She was a good carpenter, shoemaker, tailor, and blacksmith. She made her horse's shoes and shod them with her own hands. She built her own boats, in which, in harmony with an agreement, she conveyed the copper down the lakes from the foot of the Snowden. She composed poetry, and was a superior musical vocalist. She had more strength than any two men of her acquaintance. When 60 years of age she was more than a match for the best two wrestlers of the region, and she was never defeated. She received offers of marriage by the score, but for a long time she threw them all aside. At last, however, she smilingly accepted an offer from the feeblest of the lot."

In a Welsh volume in my possession—"Cymru Fu" (Wales of the past). I find the following, which abbreviated, I insert as an addition to Mr. Pennant's account: "One day her little dog Ianto stole the dinner of one of the miners. This so enraged the man that he instantly killed the dog. When Margaret heard of this she went to the miner's lodging place and found him standing with others outside of the house. She told him that she was willing to pay for the stolen dinner four times over, and that he in return must pay for the dog. The man, who was one of the largest and strongest in the neighborhood, laughed at her scornfully. In a threatening manner he approached her and commanded her to depart or she might share the fate of 'Ianto.' No sooner had he finished the sentence than a tremendous blow from Margaret's fist laid him senseless on the ground, where she left him and departed toward her home."

She died at the ripe age of 102, and it is said that she never, even for a day, was confined to her bed by sickness.

How to Make Good Lemonade.

Every housewife imagines she knows how to make lemonade, but the feeble, insipid concoction, so often offered is a convincing argument to the contrary. Good lemonade requires plenty of lemon and sugar, and is improved by the addition of other fruits. A good rule calls for three lemons to one orange, one scant cupful of sugar, and one third of a cupful of strawberry juice, add a pint of pounded ice, stir well, then add a quart of iced water.

"WHAT a boon it would be to the Medical Profession if some reliable Chemist would bring out an Extract of Malt in combination with a well-digested or Peptonized Beef, giving us the elements of Beef and the Stimulating and Nutritious portions of Ale."

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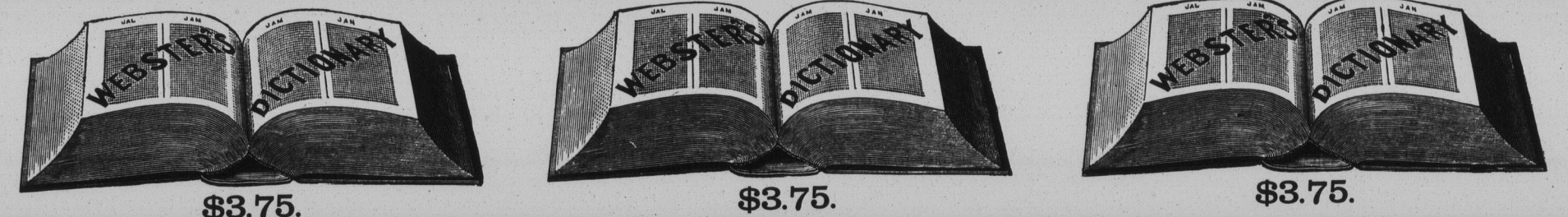
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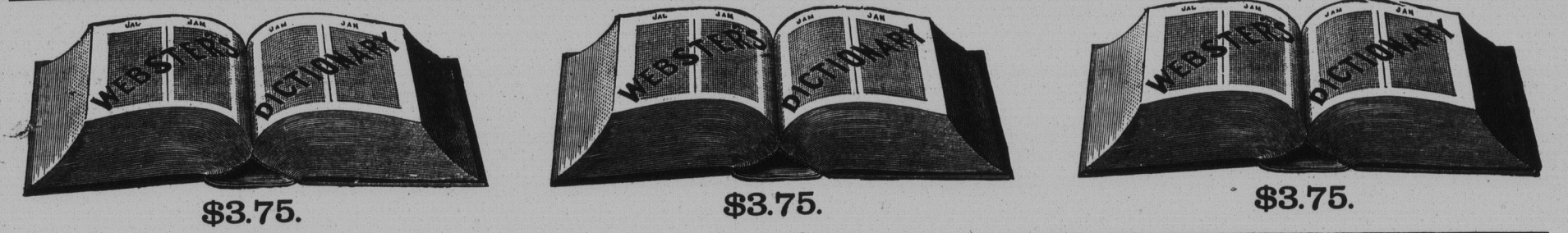
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SWEET IS REVENGE.

By J. Fitzgerald Molloy.

Author of "How Came He Dead?" "That Villain Romeo." "A Modern Magician," etc.

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

"And you are ready to believe the slanders of a wicked world," she cried out.

"I believe what my own experience has shown me to be true. You pretended to love me, that I might become the dupe of your accomplice, you lured me on and deceived me so long as I had money to lose at the gambling-table in your house; when my gold was gone an end came to your affection, and you threatened to acquaint your husband with my advances. I came to England to see you and Capt. Fothergill, and demand the sum which I lost to you both. Death has snatched him from me, but you remain, and from you I shall exact your share in that sum, four thousand pounds."

"This is preposterous; it is sheer madness," she cried, her face no longer beaming with smiles but frowning in defiance. "You played and lost your money; you have no right to reclaim it now."

"I lost it because I know now I was duped. Fothergill was a cheat, who had been turned out of every gambling hell in Germany before I met him. He and you robbed me as much as if you stole the money from out of my pocket," she said, raising and gesticulating violently.

"It is false; I have never cheated she answered.

"Never. Not even when you played with young Lord Herrick, whose uncle forced you to return your winnings under threat of exposure?"

"Mrs. Crayworth's face assumed a look of terror. "That is another slander," she replied, "a base slander on a helpless woman."

"You were not helpless then. Your husband and Fothergill your accomplices were living, why did you not call on them to defend you?"

"Have you come here to injure me," she said in a quiet tone.

"I have come to ask you for your share of the spoils—four thousand pounds. I am now poor, and I demand the money stolen of me by your hand. The world has taught me the value of gold."

"Even if this were true, I am unable to meet your demands."

"I don't believe it; if this house is not yours it is your aunt's, get the cash from her," he said.

"I cannot; she would not give me a penny."

"I have my own; it is mine, and I shall have my own."

"I cannot give it to you, even if you had a right to it, which I deny."

"Then there is but one thing left to me. I will tell the man who is about to marry you what character his future wife bears on the continent."

"Oh," she cried out, hearing the threat she had feared, "you cannot do this; he would not believe you."

"I have some letters of yours which will convince him."

"Baron," she said, in a pleading voice, "you would not ruin me. This man knows nothing of my past; in making me his wife he gives me a chance of beginning a new career, of becoming a better woman."

"I have no faith in your sudden conversion. You marry him to forward your interests, not in the hope of living a better life."

"You loved me once, have mercy," she said, imploringly.

"You deceived and flung me aside without pity. I have no compassion for you now. For years you have duped men, led them to ruin and disaster, aided a scoundrel because you profited by his cheating and leared his exposure. Pay me the money you owe me, your share, and we part forever; refuse and I will have my revenge," he said, his face flushed with anger.

"I cannot," she said, standing up and facing him. "Go, and do your worst, no one will believe you, a foreign adventurer."

He laughed bitterly, and then snapped the fingers of his right hand. "As to being an adventurer, I can refer employers to the ambassador of my emperor, and as to believing me, I have your letters as proof that what I say of you is true. For the last time, I ask you to give me back the money stolen from me in your house."

"The day had been when this man deemed it his greatest happiness to obey her commands; when a smile from her repaid him for his heaviest losses; when a sign upon her lips brought him on his knees. She wondered if he still retained any of his old affection; or if indeed worldly experience on one hand, and the passage of time on the other, had deprived her of her former power over him. She would not see.

"Baron," she said, gently, covering her face with her hands, "I cannot bear that you of all men, should use such words to me. I loved you once, I love you still, for I have never forgotten you; surely you will not injure me?"

"Madame," he answered, "I don't believe one word of what you say. You loved my money in the past; if you ever thought of me since, it was to hope you should never encounter me again, to pray that I was in my grave. Will you make restitution, and give me back the money of which you cheated me?"

"She was unable to give him what he demanded; for she had long since spent the money accumulated by her wits, and had for years lived up to the annuity inherited by her marriage settlement. Therefore she answered, "I haven't a penny saved, and I don't know one in the world whom I could beg or borrow. Be reasonable, Baron, who you will not be merciful; the day may come when I can perhaps help you. Give me time."

"Until you have married that young simpleton—no. You shall pay me at once, or take the consequences," he said, bowing, and moving towards the door.

"I am helpless," she said, extending her hands towards him beseechingly. For—sake, have pity on me."

"You showed no pity to others. As you have treated them so shall I treat you," he answered, bowing once more, and leaving the room without another word.

"She flung herself down on a sofa, feeling wretched in the fray. A dull feeling of despair crept over her; and the world for which

she had labored and schemed seemed crumbling beneath her feet. There was no friend to whom she could turn for help, protection, or sympathy. Worse of all, she dared not look into her own heart.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—REUNITED.

On arriving at Paddington station, Sir Danvers impatiently jumped into a hansom, and was driven to that quiet street near Hanover Square where his wife had taken refuge. He had scarcely rung at the door of Mrs. Simmons' house, than that lady who had watched him from behind the curtains of her dining-room, immediately rushed to answer his summons, guessing who her visitor was, and the purpose of his coming.

"Lady Fothergill within," he asked, nervously.

"Yes, sir, will you please to step inside," the landlady replied, leading the way upstairs and ushering him into the drawing-room.

He looked round the apartment quickly, and felt disappointed at finding it empty.

"She will be here presently, sir," Mrs. Simmons explained as she vanished.

In another minute the door opened and Ethel stood before her husband. He rushed forward and clasped her in his arms, his face beaming with happiness.

"My dearest," he said, "can you forgive me. It was my great love for you that made me jealous, that caused me such bitter pain as wrought me to madness, for I must have been mad when I spoke to you as I did, when I doubted your love and loyalty for one moment."

"It is I, Danvers, who have to ask forgiveness. My pride was hurt by your doubts of me, my anger was roused because you would not listen to me. Humiliated by your words I held my peace when I could readily have explained and my spirit, and I wickedly determined you should suffer only for a little while. But I have repented my stubbornness and my folly, dear; for in punishing you I have at the same time punished myself. Say you forgive me."

"The joy of meeting you again and being certain of your love recompenses me for my pain. You cannot tell, Ethel, how blank the world looked to me when I thought I had lost you," he said with a heavy sigh.

"You should never have thought it," she answered. "You should have known nothing but death could part us."

"I shall remember it in future. Am I quite forgiven?" he asked, striving to resume his old cheerful manner.

"You are—you were an hour after I had left your home."

"Then whilst I have you with me I shall be happy, no matter what else may happen," he said.

She looked at him questioning, and noted the grave expression of his face.

"Why, what can happen to rob us of happiness?" she asked.

"Nothing, dear," he replied, wishing to postpone all present reference to the captain's arrest. "And now tell me how is Hector—is he out of danger?"

"I hope so; his fever has been very slight, and the fracture promises to heal rapidly. There is every hope for his life. You know Edith is with him?"

"I didn't till this morning. She read of the attempted murder in Galignani, and started at once from her college. Think what a shock she must have received."

"It must have been terrible," he answered.

"Poor Hector!" she said presently. "What enemy had he who would attempt to murder him?"

"The police have made no discovery as yet," he replied, an expression of pain crossing his face. "Since the previous night when the captain stood convicted as a thief and charged as a murderer, Sir Danvers had grave suspicions, was his cousin's hand had dealt Lord Hector the blow that will now prove fatal. No doubt, he considered, Maynes had become acquainted with some incidents in the captain's life which the latter wished to have forgotten, and feared would be disclosed. His cousin stood revealed in a new light, the sight of which the baronet turned away with loathing."

"Hector's marriage can no longer be kept secret from his father," Ethel said, after a few minutes' consideration.

"No; why should it? When he recovers I shall offer him Maynes' post as agent. You know Maynes leaves at Christmas. Maynes will then be independent of the duke."

"How good and thoughtful you are, Danvers. I'm sure Hector will be delighted to accept it, and it will make me so happy to have Edith near."

"Our happiness, dear, shall be my first consideration in all things," he answered.

"I feel I cannot sufficiently atone for the pain I have caused you."

"We will refer to it no more, dear; and if we think of it the memory will merely serve as a shadow to heighten the brightness of our joy," she replied.

"And now, Danvers, I have something to say which has troubled me and will, I fear, pain you."

"About the captain?" he said interrogatively.

"Yes, perhaps I should have written, but I preferred waiting until I could see you. Since I came here I learned he has a wife. I know he was paying more attention to Meg than was proper for a married man, and perhaps leading her to believe he loved her."

"I knew that, and though I did not mention it to you, he had asked my permission to marry her. She had a narrow escape, poor child."

"O, Danvers, there surely must be some mistake," she said, shocked at the news.

"Not in the least, the man is a thorough scoundrel," he replied, his honest eyes flashing with indignation.

"Then you know it was he who—who stole the diamonds," she asked.

"I do," he replied, and he told her the

incident of Felton finding the stolen jewels. "But unfortunately that is not all," he added, "he stands at the present moment charged with murder."

Ethel gave a cry, a look of horror came into her face, and she threw her arms round her husband's neck. "Instinctively she knew what a blow this charge against a kinsman must be to one who was the soul of honor, how keenly his righteous pride must feel this foul slur cast upon his house, and immediately recognized it as her duty to comfort him in his affliction. I shall do it for you, dear," she said, gently.

"My dear Danvers," she said, gently, "I am grieved that this pain should have fallen on you; but every family has its black sheep; nothing can dim the brightness of your personal honor."

Understanding her desire to soothe him, he bent down and kissed her.

"The world's opinion will be indifferent to me so long as you are near me," he replied.

"And after all the charge may be false," she added.

"Yes, we must give him the benefit of the doubt as long as his affliction. I shall do it for you, dear, and must now see my solicitor to get his opinion."

"But you haven't had any lunch, dear."

"No, I had forgotten that—I have no appetite," he said.

"You must not leave until you have tasted my old nurse's hasty," she said, in consideration of his parting.

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were glimmering in the dusk. The roll of cab wheels fell upon her ears; her heart beat as they approached, and she sank as they sped into the distance. Perhaps he might walk the evening being fine. She listened for footsteps, opening the window a little the sooner to catch the sounds she expected, quite regardless of the invalid.

The clock struck eight; her aunt coughed, and moved uneasily. "Did you tell him we dined punctually at the hour?" she asked.

"Yes, but men are always late; he has much to do I dare say," Mrs. Crayworth answered, irritably.

"I am not used to be kept waiting, and I know the dinner will be quite spoiled," the old lady grumbled.

Mrs. Crayworth closed the window and returned to her seat. Her fears rose higher and higher, like a black tide threatening to lay waste her hopes. She clasped her hands in agony; her temples throbed with pain, induced by the tension of her nerves. Every second added to her misery.

"I know the worst at once would be relief. Suddenly a ring at the bell of the street door sounded through the house. She could not summon courage to leave the room and see if he had arrived, but until a footman came bearing on a silver waiter she hesitated to rise. She recognized Sympington's writing, and with trembling hands she took the envelope and tore it open. Then her eyes fell upon a brief note, which said:

"Baron Handstein has just called on me and made some revelations regarding your past life, which are supported by your letters. Having said this, I need scarcely add that all is over between us. I feel grateful this timely warning has been given me before I entered a life which must have ended in misery for you and for me. It will be best we should not meet again."

EXCELLENCE HALF-WORTH SYMPINGTON.

She crushed the note in her hand, and sat, dry-eyed, staring before her, mentally viewing the prospect of a better life slowly fading into nothingness. She had played her game and lost, feeling this loss meant far more for her in the future than she could mourn or perceive in the present; fearing this blow would be the first to send her drifting down the social stream past the peaceful shores of conventionality where she had hoped to dwell—beyond the reach of sheltering heavens where she had longed for rest—and out into perilous seas of reckless passion where so many women go smiling to their doom, to disappear beneath its waters, unregretted, nameless, and un-pitied.

"That does not matter; his presence was my greatest happiness," she replied, with a smile that brightened and beautified her face.

Ethel sighed. "Would you not like to come and live with me in the country, far removed from the noise and bustle of cities, surrounded only by friends who care for you?" she asked.

"Yes, if he were there. Wherever he is, there alone can I be happy."

"But supposing he was summoned away, and had to obey?"

"Then I should follow him."

Lady Fothergill saw she was not fitted to receive news of the suicide just then, and found it impossible to prepare her for the intelligence. She hoped that later on some suitable opportunity might arise for her to hear the news of the captain's death to her own widow.

Meanwhile, she postponed the task, and extracted a promise from Mrs. Fothergill that she would not leave the house that day. This was readily given, for it was away when he called, and she would never give myself for disappointing him; he is certain to come here," she said.

In the course of the afternoon Sir Danvers returned, looking jaded and dispirited. The news of his cousin's suicide had come upon him with a shock; the sight of the rigid form and bloodless face fixed in a cynical smile, haunted him. He shook his hands gravely with Mrs. Fothergill, and forewarned by Ethel, evaded her eager questions. Gradually she became calmer, being fortified by the belief that his return was now but a question of hours.

Next morning Sir Danvers attended the inquest, and the subsequent removal of the captain's body to his rooms, where it was to remain until arrangements for interment were completed. Ethel had again sought to break the tidings of the tragedy to the widow; but the slightest hint that her husband would not return caused Mrs. Fothergill such an excitement that she thought it best to wait until Sir Danvers was present to aid her in this painful duty.

All through the afternoon Mrs. Fothergill wandered restlessly from room to room, talking to herself, laughing softly, singing snatches of songs, and exhibiting a lightness of spirit she had not hitherto shown. Every knock at the street door, every ring at the bell, every footstep on the stair, made her start and tremble. She walked from window to window eagerly watching the passengers in the street, listening to the roll of every cab, trusting it might stop before the house, longing with all her heart and soul to see the man whose quick return she prayed for fervently.

The day wore slowly and painfully away, but still she waited with unwavering trust, for had he not promised to seek her. As evening advanced it suddenly occurred to her that he might not know she was at Mrs. Simmons'. He was aware she had been taken to the police-court, and maybe believed she was there still. This idea troubled her, and gradually her patience gave way to uneasiness. The atmosphere of the house seemed to suffocate her, its rooms became as prison walls to her sight; its inmates as warders. They should not prevent her from seeing and letting him know she was free, and willing to join and remain with him for evermore.

Keeping her intention a secret from those whom she feared would thwart her design, she awaited her opportunity, and stealing from the house as noiselessly as a shadow, glided swiftly down the street, scarcely knowing where to turn, yet involuntarily directing her steps to the quarter in which his rooms were situated. The thoroughfare was almost deserted as she entered it, and with hesitating steps approached the house she had passed and re-passed on many a weary day. At sound of the bell ringing in answer to her touch, she started; what if he did not wish her to call! She could scarcely suppress her excitement as she waited, thinking that within

the next few minutes she might see him and hear once more that voice which fell as music on her ears. The door was opened by Barlyl, who started at sight of her and gazed at her a second or two without speaking.

"Is he—Captain Fothergill—here?" she asked.

"He is," the valet answered, gravely. "They have just brought him."

"Then tell him I am here, he will be glad."

Barlyl gazed at her curiously.

"Have you not heard?" he asked.

"I have heard nothing. He would have come to me, but my impatience was so great I could not wait and I have sought him. Let him know that I am here."

"That would be now impossible," he answered.

"I don't understand you," she said, putting one hand to her head as if bewildered.

"Come in and I will explain," he said, leading the way to the room where she had first seen him. Arriving here he handed her a chair, and standing a little way apart, began: "Something has happened."

"I know; but he has explained it, and I am free," she interrupted.

"Something has happened to your husband; cannot you guess; he will never see you again."

"That is false, I have seen him, and nothing can separate us now."

"There is one thing which parts us all," he said, "but he has explained it, and I am free; that comes to every man, and oftentimes when least expected; do you not understand—Captain Fothergill can never see or hear you again—he is dead."

"Dead," she repeated, as if the word had no significance for her. "My husband dead! This is some trick by which you want to keep us apart—it cannot be, I'll not believe you."

"Then come with me, and you shall see for yourself," answered Barlyl, with pity in his eyes and gentleness in his tones. He opened the folding-doors, and there, in the dim light of the evening chamber, she saw her husband lying white and rigid in his coffin. She stood silent and trembling on the threshold, slow forward, softly, and gently, until she stood beside the lifeless form, and with one outstretched hand touched the marble forehead. Then, she drew a loud wailing and discordant laughter rang wildly through the room.

"That is not my husband," she cried out. "You mock me, my husband is not dead; he is waiting for me, but I cannot find him; he is seeking me, and I stay here. This is but a dream in which I see him lying there—white and rigid, and helpless; a horrid dream from which I shall awake presently. Let me go," she cried, as Barlyl, seeing her intention to leave, barred her way with outstretched arms.

Her eyes were bright with a light that told reason had lost its balance, her man was wild and mad, her voice loud and discordant. He feared that in the present state she might seek to end that life which had been so heavy a burden to her since she first encountered the man who a few hours previously ended his existence.

"Stay here a little while," he said, soothingly.

"I cannot, he expects me; he waits for me; listen, he calls me I come my love! I come!" she exclaimed, dashing past the horror-stricken valet, her arms outstretched, her head uplifted, as she rushed into the next room. Before reaching the door she suddenly paused, clasped her hands above her heart, swayed a moment as if striving to keep her balance, and then with a deep groan fell heavily forward. In a second Barlyl was kneeling beside her, raising the pale, sorrow-stricken face, clasping the thin worn form, gazing into those eyes fixed in a wild and ghastly stare on such nights as mortals might not see. No breath trembled on the white mouth; the heart throbbed no more; the tortured spirit had found release from further sorrow. Barlyl bent down his head and reverently kissed the lips of the dead.

[THE END.]

"I want to contest my wife's will," said a countryman, breaking into a lawyer's office early Monday morning. "Is she dead?" inquired the lawyer, for want of something better to say. "You bet," blurted out the visitor. "I wouldn't be contented if she wasn't. You never knowed that woman, I guess."—Detroit Free Press.

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Consult your physician. To any mother sending her address, and mentioning this paper, we will send samples and description of Nestlé's Food. Theo. Looming & Co., Sole Agts., Montreal.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—AH, NO MORE PAIN.

It was early in the afternoon of the day on which her husband committed suicide, that the necessary forms being completed, the Mariborough street police station. No mention was made to her of the fate which had befallen her husband, nor did she know he had been lodged within a few yards of her cell. The officials who were aware of her relationship to the deceased prisoner, did not consider themselves bound to enlighten her regarding his death, and therefore avoided incurring a scene concerning an act they regarded with short indifference. On what ground she was so speedily discharged she neither knew nor enquired, being quite satisfied the charge of robbery had been found a grievous mistake.

Once more free she glided through the streets scanning every face that approached her, as if fearful of being again arrested. Now and then she hesitated in her onward way, crossed to the opposite side of the thoroughfare, and occasionally looked sootily behind her. Her reason, which had never fully recovered the fright of seeing her husband stand red-handed above the body of his victim, had received a shock when she was arrested that well-nigh flung it from its balance once more. Her stay in the cells of the police station had forcibly reminded her of the long and terrible days and nights she had spent in the madhouse, and preyed upon her mind. It had occurred to her that this charge of theft might perhaps cause her to be deprived again of the light of heaven, freedom of will, and companionship of her kind.

By slow degrees she arrived at Mrs. Simmons' house, and after considerable hesitation rapped timidly at the door, which was immediately opened by the maid of all works, who cried out—"Law, ma'am, is it you?"

This exclamation brought the landlady into the hall, and before her, Mrs. Fothergill stood mute and motionless as if doubtful of her reception.

"Come in, my dear," said Mrs. Simmons compassionately, for news of the captain's suicide having at once been communicated by Felton to Sir Danvers had already reached the landlady's ears.

At sound of her kindly voice, she to whom the words were addressed glided swiftly forward, and putting her thin hands on Mrs. Simmons' ample arms, said in a wild hysterical voice, "It was all a mistake, I knew it would be, for he has been to see me here; I haven't seen him yet. Is he here?"

"Who?"

"My husband," she answered, not noting the pitiful expression that crossed her hearer's face.

"You haven't been told—" Mrs. Simmons began and then paused.

"Where he is—no, but I felt sure he would be here to wait for me, perhaps he will come later on," she added in a disappointed tone.

"Come and see my lady," Sir Danvers is staying here, but he has gone out. Just wait a moment until I tell you you have returned," she added, it occurring to her she had best warn Ethel of Mrs. Fothergill's ignorance of the captain's death.

She left the new made widow in the hall, but in a minute called over the banisters, "Come up, my dear," and Mrs. Fothergill obeying was met in the drawing-room doorway by Ethel, who kissed her and welcomed her back.

"My husband has been to the police station and explained the mistake, but he hasn't seen him; I fancied he would be here with you. Has he been?" Mrs. Fothergill asked.

"No, dear, I haven't seen him," replied Ethel, wondering if she had better break the intelligence of the captain's fate at

Nature cure is the best and simplest. Drink the Natural Spa water, Wilkes' Lemonade, Club Soda or Ginger Ale made from these waters and possibly cure your Kidneys, Bowels, Stomach and blood complaints.

"I believe your Kerr's Evaporated Vegetables for soup are going to come into common use," said a prominent Halifax merchant to a quite recently-

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.)

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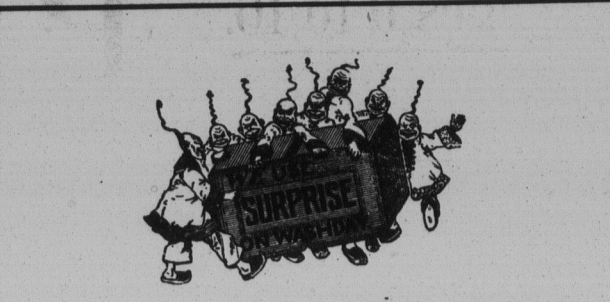
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DO YOU?

one. "Will you not take off your bonnet?"

"No, if he doesn't come here soon, I shall go to his rooms and seek him."

"You will not find him there."

"Are you sure—perhaps he is expecting me," she said.

"I am quite sure. He is not in town."

"But he must have been to the police station," she said eagerly.

"Yes, he has been there, but he has gone."

"Where?" she demanded in an excited voice.

"I cannot say."

"Are you keeping me from him? Surely you who have been so kind would not part with us after all this weary time; now that we shall be so happy together she said pleadingly.

"No," Ethel answered, "rest assured I shall do nothing to pain you."

Something in the expression of her eyes, in the tone of her voice, in the wildness of her manner, assured Lady Fothergill the unhappy woman's reason had suffered a shock since last they met, and fearful of the consequences, she resolved to postpone breaking the news of the captain's death.

"No, I am certain you would not pain me; but wait here till he comes—he cannot be very long away."

"You would be very unhappy if you never saw him again?"

Mrs. Fothergill's face became deadly white. "I should not care to live if we were separated; the world would be empty to me without him."

"But perhaps he was not always kind to you?"

"That does not matter; his presence was my greatest happiness," she replied, with a smile that brightened and beautified her face.

Ethel sighed. "Would you not like to come and live with me in the country, far removed from the noise and bustle of cities, surrounded only by friends who care for you?" she asked.

"Yes, if he were there. Wherever he is, there alone can I be happy."

"But supposing he was summoned away, and had to obey?"

"Then I should follow him."

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"Then tell him I am here, he will be glad."

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"I have heard nothing. He would have come to me, but my impatience was so great I could not wait and I have sought him. Let him know that I am here."

"That would be now impossible," he answered.</



Take the veil from our hearts, and join us in one communion with all Thy saints on earth and in heaven. Amen.

BIBLE QUESTION COMPETITION.

This competition is open to all the readers of PROGRESS, and is more especially intended to interest the young people—the boys and girls who are, or should be attending Sunday school. The following rules should be strictly observed:

- 1. A prize of one dollar will be awarded every week for the first correct answer that reaches the office. If there is no correct answer the person who sends the first best answer will receive the dollar. In case two correct answers reach the office at the same time the dating stamps of the post offices at which they are mailed will be taken into consideration.
2. Competitors must write on one side of the paper only, giving name and address in full with each answer. These need not be published except in the case of prize-winners and successful competitors.
3. The winner of a prize will not be eligible to compete for another for four weeks.
4. All replies must be received on or before Saturday one week after publication of the questions, thus allowing competitors a clear week for their efforts.
5. No post-cards can be received. All replies should be addressed to the "SUNDAY READING," EDITOR PROGRESS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Miss Annie Watson, Fredericton, is the successful competitor for "Prize Bible Questions No. 20." I am sorry that a misprint of "his" instead of "her" in the second question, has been misleading to some competitors, who gave Abraham as the person who saved his nephew from being murdered. Abraham rescued his nephew Lot from being carried away captive. I am very much surprised that no one answered the third question correctly. Don't you remember the Sunday school lesson for June 21, 2 Kings, 25, "The Siege of Jerusalem." When Nebuchadnezzar carried away captive the king, princes, and all the mighty men of valor, even ten thousand captives, and all the craftsmen and smiths, 2 Kings, xxiv 14, were carried into Babylon. "But the captain of the guard left of the poor of the land to be vinedressers and husbandmen."—2 Kings, xxv, 12. So from an earthly point of view the poor were blessed, and inherited the land, they became the possessors of vineyards and fields—Jeremiah, xxxix, 10. Scriptural character was answered correctly by all. Job, in answer to the third question, I consider very good, and I hope all will learn to say with him through the vicissitudes of life: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Answers to Prize Bible Questions No. 20. 1. Isaac was deceived in his falling years by his son, Jacob, when he tried to make his father believe that he was Esau; for description see Gen. xxvii. 2. Deborah the priest, with his wife, saved Josiah from being murdered by Athaliah his grandmother. 2nd Chron. xx: 1 to 12; also xxxii: 1 to 15. 3. Blessed are the poor in spirit for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Matt. v: 3. So could he literally apply to Job in a temporal sense. When God (Jehovah) him from the whirlwind and showed him (Job) His power, Job felt that he indeed was poor in spirit as well as in worldly goods, and he exclaims: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now my eyes have seen Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes. God calls Job his servant and blesses him and doubles his former possessions. See Job xxxviii, xxxix, xl, xli, xlii. Scripture Character No. 8.—Miriam, sister to Moses and Aaron, daughter of Amram and Jochebed, was born in Egypt, Exodus ii, 4. (2) She showed she was an obedient daughter and an affectionate sister by standing to see what would happen to her brother; 2nd, by suggesting her mother as a nurse, Exodus ii, 7. (3) And thus she saved Moses, her younger brother's life, Exodus ii, 7-10. (4) She was a prophetess and musician, Exodus xv, 20. (5) She was punished for murmuring against Moses with Egyptian leprosy, but was after forgiven and cleansed from it, Numbers xii, 1 and 3, also many chapters, 10:15. She died at Kadesh at the end of the wanderings of the Israelites, Numbers xx, 1. ANNIE WATSON.

MORNING SERVICE. It is a good thing to draw near to God. Draw nigh unto God, and He will draw nigh unto you. Acquaint yourselves with God, and be at peace. Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He shall lift you up. Thoughts of peace, faith the Lord, do I think towards you. Ye shall go and pray unto Me, and I will hearken to you; ye shall seek Me and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His will. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. Let Us Pray. Almighty Father, the God not of the dead but of the living, we have joy together in all who have faithfully lived and peacefully died, and in whose truth and beauty are ever now in our hearts. May we be assured that they who are absent from us have found a more perfect rest in Thee, and the crown of an unending life. No longer can we care for them, but Thou wilt care for them better than our love could do. By pastures green and by quiet waters, into higher life Thou wilt lead them, O Thou Eternal Lover of souls, Cherish and bless them, we pray Thee, and give unto us great peace and great hope as we think about them in this still hour.

The Foster Lace Fastening Kid Glove

Is undoubtedly the Glove of the future. Their comfort and convenience is at once perfect; whilst the appearance on the hand is neat and attractive—and for a lady with a full wrist and arm, they are of all gloves the most desirable. Our cash price at the counter for this Glove [1st choice] is only 87c.; or for postage stamps, in a letter, we will send them to any address without extra charge.

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Our Ready-made Clothes. A new and beautiful Stock, well-selected Children's Goods, Boys' Clothes, Men's Suits,—all that any heart could wish we have. Be kind enough to see them.

JAS. KELLY, 5 MARKET SQUARE.

THE WHOLE-HOG.

The origin of the expression "going the whole hog," is lost in mystery. Probably it was derived from the action of those Mahomedans who being told that there was but one portion of the hog they could not eat, discussed the subject with such earnestness, exemplifying the certainty of their correctness by their actions, that between them all the whole hog was eaten. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that the public in purchasing an article want to get it all. The fact that in purchasing Turkish Dyes they "go the whole hog" has had not a little to do in popularizing these most popular dyes ever placed on the market. The range of Turkish Dyes colors extends over the whole range of colors. There is hardly a color, or even a shade of color, that is not to be found on the TURKISH DYE sample cards which are to be found in the shops in Canada. These again each package of Turkish Dyes is enclosed in itself. It does not require a "hanging card." The dye does the whole work and does it perfectly. Send postal for "How to Dye Hair" and Sample Card, to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Sold in St. John by S. McDiARMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianstown.

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is to IMPRESS on YOUR mind the FACT that

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is the best medicine you can take, if you are troubled with a Cough or Cold. For Whooping Cough it is almost an infallible remedy. It is pleasant to take, and is especially adapted to the Throat Affections, Wasting Diseases, etc. It is far more efficacious than the plain Cod Liver Oil.

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ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts with their Customers for either the

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at Rates as low as it is possible to produce the same with satisfactory results.

We believe our System to be the best at present in the market, and we guarantee satisfaction.

GEO. F. CALKIN, Manager Room 2, Pugsley Building.

Equity Sale.

IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY

Between DAVID O'CONNELL, Plaintiff, and PETER P. BYRNE, Defendant

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so-called), in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province of New Brunswick, on TUESDAY, the 14th day of JULY next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, made in the above case, on the Thirteenth day of April last past, and with the approval of the undersigned a Referee in Equity, pursuant to the fourth chapter of the Act of the General Assembly of this Province, passed in the fifty-third year of the reign of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, the mortgaged lands and premises described in the Plaintiff's Bill, and in the said Decree of the Court, as follows:—

"All that certain lot piece and parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Musquash in the City and County of Saint John, and being lot number (2) two in the grant to Ebenezer Scott and others, and bounded as follows to wit, on the southerly end or front by the Musquash river, on the westerly side by the easterly side line of lot number (1) one in the same grant now called number (6) six, on the northerly or rear end by land owned now or lately by Thomas H. Jones and others and on the easterly side by other land owned by the said Peter P. Byrne, the land hereby conveyed containing one hundred acres more or less, the said lot number (2) two being the land on which the said Peter P. Byrne now lives, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the rights and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging or appertaining, and the reversions and reversion, remainder and remainders, rents, issues, and profits thereof, and all the estate, right, title, interest, power, claim, and demand whatsoever both at law and in Equity of him, the said Mortgagor, or of or in or out of or upon the said lands and premises and every part thereof. For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's solicitor or the undersigned Referee. Dated this 14th day of July, 1891. E. H. McALEPINE, Referee in Equity. C. N. SKINNER, Esq., Q. C., Plaintiff's Solicitor. W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

sustained them in the search, and even the search was unobscured; but they knew that they had not found.

In the fulness of time St. Paul was sent to the representatives of this eager and active-minded race, and he was found to announce to them that he had found what they were seeking—Jesus Christ. He said, "I have made unto wisdom." They had been inquiring what human life would be like, if it were absolutely fair and good; what were the lineaments and what the figure of manhood at its best. Ecce Homo, answered the apostle, holding up before their eyes the image of his Maker. He said, "I have made unto wisdom." They had been inquiring what human life would be like, if it were absolutely fair and good; what were the lineaments and what the figure of manhood at its best. Ecce Homo, answered the apostle, holding up before their eyes the image of his Maker. He said, "I have made unto wisdom." They had been inquiring what human life would be like, if it were absolutely fair and good; what were the lineaments and what the figure of manhood at its best. 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IN RAIN AND SUNSHINE.

WHAT THE SUMMER GIRL WEARS ON BOTH OCCASIONS.

Fashionable People at a Famous Summer Resort, and Gowns That Make Them Attractive—Some Pretty Bonnets That come With the Season.

Do you like a letter that begins with a proper name? I am not at all sure that I do; in fact I am reasonably sure I don't and yet it happens to be convenient to say that the possibilities of the new combination of colors, a dark olive green with a pale whitish green, are fully tested in the costumes of Miss Sallie Hargrove. This young woman who is to become Mrs. Dun- can Elliott in August, is one of the most picturesque of Newport figures. With the

Careless New Yorkers. A city where there is such a scramble one it is somewhat remarkable that New Yorkers run such risks with great little man with \$300,000 in the of his overcoat hurried through a on Nassau street on Friday hold- umbrella with one hand and a cigar on the fingers of the other. An or- expert pickpocket could have gotten with the money without detection. Friday a lad was sent to Brown Bros. house to deposit a certified check for \$5,000. He went along swing- in his hand. In front of the bank he to balance the check on end. He with the valuable paper as if it simply a worthless scrap.—New York Tisler.



A GROUP OF BONNETS.

thought," said the boy's mother, I told you that I wanted you to I could put my hand on you?" "I 't know," he whimpered, "that you me to get across yer knee an' stay"—Washington Post.

greater triumph in medicine or chemistry has corded than Hall's Hair Renewer to revive more gray hair to the color of youth.

is one of the things you want boys, and one of the things you can get if you will do a little work for PROGRESS every Saturday morning. We have told you and country, make money for them- in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, sold. We want boys in each of those over \$10 worth of Procrast every wn to \$1 worth, and even less than they sell, of course the more money at the start—the next week you week more. To show you just how tell you this story: A little boy in ld get home. We want them in entreville, Buctouche, Hillsborough, enburg, Wolfville, and a score of nd us a letter or a postal, and don't on to send his name as a reference. start. If you are the right kind of that will satisfy us.

exception of Miss Blanche Havemeyer, who will be married in the same week with her, she is at the moment the most interesting figure Newport is enjoying.

Miss Havemeyer, being quite a typical summer girl of the aristocratic order, here are two of her costumes which may be taken as representing the clothes of the month in shower and in sun. Miss Havemeyer is a tall girl, and as I saw her yesterday through a vista of trees and against the cushions of a hammock she appeared very tall indeed. She wore a chalice dress of wool and silk; that is, the ground was white wool and the flowers of a faint blue had a silky lustre. A deep border of the blossoms—I took them to be cornflowers—grew up from the hem and scattered buds covered the draperies. A blue ribbon sash was at her waist, and her bodice was open at the throat and folded across as shown in the illustration, broad guipure lace edging the folds. Lace sleeves showed white arms through their meshes, and the wide white crinoline hat was loaded with plumes.

I haven't meant any allegro and in pen- sive contrast between Miss Havemeyer in sun and Miss Havemeyer in storm, be- cause when it rained and blew the other day, and I chanced to pass her in a swirling gust, it seemed to me her cheeks were pinker and her plaid silk ulster more be- coming than the generalities of her cos- tumes. Every Newport girl seems to have a plaid silk ulster. She uses it as a dust cloak when she drives, and as a spray catcher when she goes yachting. Miss Havemeyer's ulster exhibited one of the fashionable combinations of color; it was shot red and blue, plaided with gold.

Do you feel the least curiosity about what goes on in the Casino? Casinos are much the same from year to year, but costumes change. Here a few points jotted down last evening. Nothing is gay enough yet to warrant the bringing out of the reputation making costumes, one or

leaf sprays trailing from them to the gar- lands below. The bodice was equally interesting. Clusters of full blown roses stood erect upon the shoulders and rose branches with buds were wreathed entirely about the top of the corsage. A trail of flowers fell to the waist and ended in a large wreath upon the left hip.

A flower costume almost as novel and quite as striking was worn by Mrs. William Astor. The fabric in her case also was a pale creamy yellow, checked with bold lines of pink and heliotrope. Full blown cream colored roses furnished the decoration, twisted about the bodice and caught with jeweled clasps against the lace flounces at the bottom. For it is a feature of the new scheme in covering frocks with flowers that a different blossom may be used, if desired, every time the dress is as- sumed. The leafy sprays are not in any way attached to the fabric, but are pinned with jewels in varying combination and with different arrangements for different occasions.

The oddest hat I have seen was made of butterflies. The girl who wore it was very slight and very dark and pale. Her dress was a pale green foulard printed in white with running vines. About the bottom of the new scheme in covering frocks with flowers that a different blossom may be used, if desired, every time the dress is as- sumed. The leafy sprays are not in any way attached to the fabric, but are pinned with jewels in varying combination and with different arrangements for different occasions.



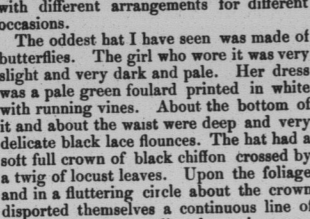
A BEAUTY'S "MAKE UP."

THE PART PLAYED BY POWDER, ROUGE AND THE MIRROR.

Mrs. Langtry's Dressing Room and What It Contained—Pretty Gowns Worn By Pretty Children—The Latest Fashions for the Little Ones.

The fashionable woman nowadays makes up her face as religiously as does her sister of the stage. It is generally so badly done that it deceives nobody. The red is usually smirched on the cheeks, and the white plastered unrelentingly over it, and in such a manner that it almost reminds one of the plaster-like face of Polichinelle, which gives one the impression that it will crack if the clown is daring enough to smile just one little merry smile.

It is related of the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, that being one of the spectators at a side-splitting farce, her countenance never once changed; this was because of the enamel with which her face and neck was covered, and which would have cracked had she shown her appreciation of the wit of the actors by even a rippling laugh.



Langtry is, next to Bernhardt, the most painstaking actress in regard to her make-up, and both of these mimic queens carry their stage complexions into private life.

A man endowed with an overpowering curiosity as to the methods which the Langtry adopted in her marvelous get-up, bribed her maid to admit him into the lady's dressing room, one night when she had gone to the theatre. He saw a long low dressing table littered with all the paraphernalia which beauty employs to enhance her charms, but what struck him most was a large oval magnifying mirror which was hung in the most searching light. The treacherous maid informed the pushing Paul Pry, that her mistress, after making up her face before an ordi- nary mirror, went all over it again in front of the unflattering magnifier, care- fully blending her powder and rouge, soft- ening the too trenchant lines of a pencilled eyebrow, and plucking out a vagrant silver hair which would assert itself too boldly.

Incipient crows' feet, almost imperceptible lines at the corner of the mouth and across the forehead, are the forerunners of age, were it by this means revealed in their horrible reality, and indicated to the mas- seuse on the next visit.

The magnifying mirror is more truthful than one's deadliest rival, but the woman who must perforce make up to do duty for nature, will find it her best and truest friend. If she will make up, let her do it scrutinizingly and leave nothing to bald chance.

Should a woman not possess the courage to make use of the magnifying mirror, let her always have by her the useful triplicate glass which can be hung in the light; to those who go to the watering places it be- comes a necessity, as the hotel mirrors are either placed in shadowy corners or they are of such bad quality that they distort the features and make one wonder if, after all, one could be such a fright.

Bernhardt's valet was in as constant at- tendance upon her as her maid; he came on a wall, or lays him down in some out- of the way corner where she was making her toilette, folded upon her dresses, smoothed out her gloves and laces, and, in fact, attended to all the little minor offices usually relegated to a woman attendant.

One cannot fail to notice the great num- ber of pretty children at the watering places; the piazzas are full of them, and in their airy summer gowns they look like great bunches of brilliant flowers: one dark-eyed little one wears a crimson silk Jacque rose; another in the palest blue re- minds one of a lovely hydrangea, while still another in glowing pink makes one think of an American beauty in all the loveliness of its pink petalled splendor.

Children's dresses are made in all sorts of fantastic fashions, although one notice- able feature is the abbreviation of the skirts, the long ones not being so much worn as formerly. The obvious absurdity of putting an infant in arms in long clothes seems finally to have dawned upon mothers. Last winter it was quite a com- mon thing to see three year old tots hold- ing up their petticoats with the utmost con- cern, lest they should become soiled by contact with the pavement. The shorter gowns are much more dainty, affording opportunity for displaying the openwork stockings and dainty slippers.

A rather striking toilette for a girl of six years is a gown of black India silk, the skirt trimmed with many rows of narrow white ribbon; one side of the waist is plain and crossed by diagonal lines of rib- bon; while the other is embroidered in

gold colored floss and crossed from right to left; beneath the V shaped bodice is a guipure of yellow silk, great rosettes of very narrow ribbon giving a high effect to the shoulders.

A seaside gown for a Miss of fourteen is of white India veiled with Valenciennes lace, while about the foot is a flounce of the lace caught at intervals with cute little butterfly bows of white ribbon; the bodice has a Fedora front and very full sleeves held by ribbon bows.

The tiny tots wear sweet little gingham dresses in stripes or plaids in pale blues and pinks; a very pretty way to make them is to have a full skirt gathered on to a narrow pointed girdle; the shirt waist is of white India linen and embroidery, and over this is a diminutive Figaro jacket and sleeve caps of the gingham.

The figured chailies make lovely little gowns; one with a cream ground strewn with pink arbutus is particularly artistic; the fulness of the waist is confined in two great puffs which stand up on each side of the neck, showing a pulled plastron of pink silk; the sleeves are full, under a rosetted ones of silk, and the flounce around the foot is shirred and trimmed with Tom Thumb ribbon run through white beading.

Little boys pique kids trimmed with English embroidery are made with a wide box pleat down the front, and on each side a row of small pearl buttons in ballet shape; the blouse is of linen in fine plaids with ruffles of embroidery at neck and waist; over this may be worn a little velvet bull-fighters jacket lined with scar- let satin.

Little boys and girls both wear blazers, in shape and coloring like those worn by grown-up people. Blazers of flannel in fine hair-line stripes of blue and white and white are most useful little gar- ments to throw over the pretty lawn or gingham frocks on cool days.

Girls hats of corded linen with full crowns and rather wide brims edged with a fall of Italian val lace are nice to wear with morning dresses, while for more cere- monious occasions are the picturesque hats of shirred mull or of satin straw trimmed with a profusion of flowers.

The gown in the cut is an imported one; it is of fine cream Henrietta made in redin- gotte fashion; the yoke is of black velvet and the full front of primrose colored crepon; the sleeves are extremely full with velvet cuffs; stockings of primrose silk and black patent leather slippers.

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

Don Alphonso.

The little king of Spain is very frank and unrestrained in his expression of opinions, and sometimes makes personal remarks about his subjects of a sort seldom indulged in by older and more diplomatic kings. He is very mischievous, but his attendants in keeping him out of scrapes, have to take great care not "to impair the dignity of his most catholic majesty."

A footman who put out his arms and caught the king one day when the little fellow tripped, and was about to fall head- long down stairs was dismissed from his post for having dared to touch with his plebeian hands the royal person. True, the queen rewarded the man with a large sum of money, and gave him another situ- ation, but even she could not retain him in the household.

On Good Friday, according to a custom which has prevailed in Spain since the six- teenth century, seven criminals received pardon. As soon as vespers were over in the chapel of the royal palace, the cardinal archbishop of Toledo stepped down from the high altar and approached a table on which were laid seven rolls of parchment. Each roll contained the full pardon of a prisoner lying under sentence of death, and had, a few hours previously, received the regent's signature. Placing his hand on these rolls, according to custom, the chap- lain asked the queen:

"Senora, does your majesty grant pardon to all these criminals?"

With a tender glance at the little boy whose hand she held she replied: "In the name of the king, my son, I pardon these persons as I look to God to grant His pardon and mercy on us. Amen."

The rolls were then placed on the high altar, and after a prayer and benediction, delivered to the minister of justice.—Har- per's Weekly.

TENNIS, SPORTING, AND VACATION

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has none, he sets himself to find one. Each community chooses its Starost, or elder, from its white haired men, else it would be like a swarm of bees without a queen. 'Our land is good, but we have nobody over us. Come and rule us.' Thus ran the message of the Russian Commons to Rurik, the Varangian. And so it is with the Russian soldier. Without his captain he would be in deadly perplexity. Who would think for him, lead him, or punish him. His captain may possibly de- fraud him of his due, or ill treat him in anger, but nevertheless he loves him better than he would a German officer whose punish- ments are just and well considered. If a European soldier were to see his non-com- missioned officer drunk, discipline would become impossible, but the Russian would him to bed, wipes him clean, and obeys him as faithfully as ever on the morrow when his fit is over.—Macmillan's Magazine.

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WHIPS! You can get your whips, at a small advance on cost, of a large and fine assortment, bought very low for cash, at W. ROBB'S, UNION STREET.

Russian Servility. Nothing impressed Molke, when in Russia, more strongly than the devoted subservience of the people, whether soldiers or civilians. "The Russian," he writes, "must positively have a master; if

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more of which is supposed to lie trembling with impatience in the trunk of each am- bitious young woman; but it is already evident that the point to which attention will be turned with most strenuousness is the display of light and bright colored flowers and flower wreaths and garlands upon toilets of elaboration. For example, Mrs. Ogden Mills wore last evening a broad- case which brought out in the best light possible the fancy for shot effects in which this summer every woman revels. A dozen delicate tints merged in one another so imperceptibly as to give a strange shimmering effect like a fading rainbow; while, as if to add some character of fixedness and permanence, the pattern was outlined with gold. This unique gown was made, as pictured, with a flounce of lace about the bottom, caught up here and there with wreaths of pink rosebuds made up with their own foliage. These wreaths, which were of good size and yet so loosely and gracefully woven as not to be heavy look- ing, were hung across the whole front of the skirt, and above them in the middle of the front breadth were three other rose wreaths, arranged in a trefoil and having

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A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

A Graphic Description of a National Pastime, Sixty Years Ago. The poetry of a bull-fight is much destroyed by the appearance of the cavaliers.

The knights advance, poised their spears, and for a moment trying graceful. The tauroadors walk behind them, two by two.

Another trumpet! A second and a third blast! The governor of the bull bounds in, the den opens and the bull is seen.

The bull now makes a rush at another horseman; the horse tauroadors are still on the ground; he dashes about the sand.

The matador plants himself before the bull, and shakes a red cloak suspended over a drawn sword.

I have seen eighteen horses killed in a bull-fight, and eight bulls; but the sport is not always in proportion to the slaughter.

They Like Fat Girls in Tunis. A Tunisian girl has no chance of marriage unless she tips the scale at 200 pounds, and to that she has commenced to fatten when she is 15 years old.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Edward Bellamy. It is stated, has received royalties of \$30,000 from his Looking Backward.

M. Eiffel, the civil engineer, lives up on the Jungfrau, in the Swiss Alps. He has just obtained permission to build a railroad up the mountain to his very dwelling.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's physician believes that she may live ten years yet, although she is 80.

James Whitcomb Riley and Ella Wheeler Wilcox were more than friends years ago, it is said.

The progress of Belle Bitton from a music hall singer to a countess has been traced in the newspapers time and time again.

Ever since her marriage Mrs. Gladstone has been her husband's companion at all times and on all occasions.

Prince George of Greece, who received the thanks of the czar for rescuing his cousin, the czarowitz, from the mad Japanese, is a young Hercules.

Sir John Macdonald's widow will hereafter be Countess or Lady Earncliffe. It is not yet made known whether her new rank will extend to her heirs.

The emperor of Austria has for years past found consolation for his troubles in the sympathetic companionship of a former well-known Viennese actress, Catharine Schraatt, whose counsels are to him in the highest degree of value.

It isn't every actress who can afford to enjoy \$4,000 drives, or is willing to have such an enjoyment, two hours in length, cost her that much.

THOSE REQUIRING SPECTACLES

Consult D. HARRIS, ENGLISH OPTICIAN, 53 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

DR. F. W. BARBOUR, SURGEON DENTIST, Will open an Office at 185 Princess Street, about August 1st.

DR. S. F. WILSON, Late Clinical Assistant, Solo Sq. Hospital for Diseases of Women, etc., London, Eng.

J. E. WETHERINGTON, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 72 Sydney Street, corner Princess Street, Telephone 481.

DR. H. P. TRAVERS, DENTIST, Corner Princess and Sydney Streets.

J. M. LEMONT, PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, Fredericton, N. B.

JOHN L. CARLETON, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Offices: 72 1/2 Prince Wm. Street (over D. C. Clutch, Banker), Saint John, N. B.

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Photography.

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PROGRESS PICKINGS.

He—"Why do you call that dog, Cinnamon?" She—"Because his bark is the most valuable part about him."

Briggs—What was the result of the fight between the furnishing man and the drummer? Griggs—"I understand that it ended in a tie."

Figgs—"You have an independent income, haven't you?" Diggs, independent? Well, I should say I had. It has utterly ignored me for years!"—Harper's Bazar.

She (fishing for a compliment)—Do you think my voice needs? (anxious to pay her a compliment)—Not at all, not at all. Cultivation couldn't improve a voice like yours.

The hour was late. For ten minutes neither said a word. Then she spoke: "We made molasses candy to-day."

Old Million—"What! Want to marry my daughter? Why, the child is hardly out of her school-dresses yet! She needs a mother's care as much as ever, sir."

Mrs. Longwedge—"Such a charming husband as Mrs. Von Pickle has! So tender after ten years of marriage!" Mr. Longwedge—"Quite natural. It would make a rhinoceros tender to be kept in hot water for ten years."

Mr. Figg—Laura tells me that you were serenading her last night. Mudge—Well? Mr. Figg—I just came around to apologize for throwing that hair brush at you. You see, it thought it was the dog.—Indiana Journal.

Florence at Home—Toots (standing in the shadow)—"Is Miss Florence at home this evening?" Bridget—"Come out where I can see you. (Sotto voce—Yes; where hair, no mustache, turn up nose)—Yes, come right in."—New York Herald.

Stranger (in Devil's Gulch, Wayout Territory)—"H'm! Have you made provisions for a cemetery here? Native—Why, yes, stranger. The doctor and the undertaker and the saloon are all in the same block, and every man in town carries a revolver.

He—"How prettily the moonlight falls upon the sea and on the beach." She—"Yes, but don't you think it is even more beautiful still among the boulders away from the hotel?" It had occurred to her that he, too, might be bolder over there.—Somerville Journal.

"I suppose you've studied accounts some?" said the old family acquaintance to the young man who had come home from school. "Yes, sir." "What do you consider the best method of keeping books?" "Don't let your friend know you have any," was the prompt response.

Miss Tablette—"The wretch I and so he has been proposing to both of us?" Miss Brenton—"It seems so." Miss Tablette—"I wish we could think of some horrible way to punish him." Miss Brenton—"I have it!" Miss Tablette—"What is it?" Miss Brenton—"You marry him, dear."

Little Fanny (to her twin sister)—"Mr. Smith kissed aunt Flora last night. I heard her say so." Mamma (overhearing)—"Come to me instantly, Fanny. What do you mean by telling such everything and I never get anything." Annie—"Oh, well, we are both going to get mustard poultices to night, and I will ask her to give you the biggest one."

Discouraged Father—I don't know what to do with the boy. He gets worse and worse all the time. Friend of the Family—Do you try to develop the moral and religious side of his nature? Discouraged Father—Do I? I've whipped that boy a thousand times for not committing to memory his regular twenty-five verses a day from the Psalms!—The Inter-Ocean.

"This morning," writes a Sunday school teacher, "I gave the children a little talk about their souls. When I had done I thought I would ask them a few questions, to see if they understood what I had told them. So I began: 'What did God give us besides our bodies?' 'Perhaps you can imagine what my emotions were when they instantly responded: 'Legs!'" Ensmellies will be found an indispensable addition to the toilet.

OPERA HOUSE Music Store. Mme. KANE Fashionable Millinery. GORBELL ART STORE. THE BEST COUGH CURE MADE IS HACKNOMORE 25 and 50c. a Bottle.

MRS. WATERBURY'S CELEBRATED DINNER PILLS. Are sold and recommended by the following druggists in this city, who are reliable.

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THEN THE BLUE STORE, PORTLAND, can show you an elegant stock of Ready-made and Gents' Furnishings. Very low prices, good values, quick sales, are our mottoes. Come and see us at THE BLUE STORE ON THE CORNER.

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LUTHER'S INHERITANCE.

The barnstead was the barest and dreariest of all the farmhouses in the region. Its plainness, too, was made more striking by the absolute neatness that characterized the premises. Its wide doorway was swept clean, its wood-pile, on the left, was primely square, and not a chip or broken shingle dared to stray from the neighborhood of the weather-beaten, battered chopping-block.

The butter-money just keeps us along. I don't doubt maybe Luther would make more some other way, but it's the getting into it that costs. I didn't tell him, but I had three-quarters enough to buy a milk-wagon saved out of the fleece-money and the pop-corn he laughed at, and half of it went to old Aunt Nancy when she broke her leg, and it took the other half to make up whole when Cynthia and her children came last summer. Poor, little peaked things, I declare I don't know which looked most helpless, she or the young ones. And he said as well as me, that we couldn't let 'em go back under a month. And four extra in your family does make a difference, if they are own folks and you don't have to make much difference. If I'd had a little to do with them, Cynthia'd have taken hold and helped me up here; but 'twasn't no use then. I couldn't spare a cent. And I believe it looks worse than it did then."

She tapped disconsolately, with the toe of her coarse, worn shoe, the unpainted floor, while the frequent scrubbing could make it, but worn and shabby as it was; but there were green paper curtains at the windows made necessary by the absence of blinds. An oilcloth cover was on one table, and the snowy table-cloth was still on the other. The stove was clean and shining, and there was no dust nor litter anywhere, but the dust on the table ornament and even of all attempts at beauty was the more striking in contrast with the loveliness outside.

On the other side of the narrow entry, a half open door revealed a room, only less bare. Here, the floor was painted, and there was a crimson table-cover on a square stand, and a patch-work cushion in the rocking-chair. It had a tidy on it, too, this chair which Mary Donaldson had given one Christmas. Mrs. Hathorn noticed as she passed the door on an errand into the entry that the tidy was sideways, and that there was a thin layer of dust on the album that lay on the table. Going in to right these matters she stopped a moment by the west window to adjust the curtains, and looked out in the same direction that her son's eyes had wandered.

"It's hard for Luther," she said all to herself. "He'd have brought her here five years ago if 'twas a home to bring her to. And Mary's a good, faithful girl. I haint got a mite o' fault to find with her. And I don't doubt, with the knack she has, and the things she's got ready, and what she's got saved, she'd make a very different place of it in a very little while. It's her way, and her mother's way. Their sitting-room's as homelike and pleasant as can be, without very much in it either. If one of my girls had lived, p'raps I'd have had more faculty as well's more courage about things," and a tear or two rose in the grey eyes and rolled down the wrinkled cheek. She wiped them hastily away, however, with one corner of her gingham apron, and went on with her soliloquy. "And I don't know, sometimes, but 'twould pay, if it was a venture. Maybe a man has better courage with a cheerful home-like place to come to when his day's work's done. Luther's trusty and steady at his task, but there it folks get on faster. Though, poor boy, if he had what belongs to him there wouldn't it be any need of his slavin' nor stintin'?"

That was the queerest mess! I think likely a lawsuit would have won it, but I wouldn't favor it, against his own brothers, too. Let 'em keep it if they've mind to. We can get along without it. And I wouldn't swap my conscience for Silas Hathorn's, for he's at the head and foot of it, being the oldest, and a good deal younger, willied than Ephraim. I haint seen either on 'em his own back since Enoch was buried. And I shan't ever be likely to. It they wouldn't take notice when Luther was little, and me a having a hard time to face things, why of course they won't now. But just a little money—a few hundreds where they've got thousands—would make a world such a different place to Luther. He'd have home then! I don't care so much for myself. I'm hardened to it, I guess, and the honest lips, which never could be unkindly, no matter how much sorrow or anxiety or disappointment they had shut into her patient heart, refusing to complain, —parted now in a broad, pitying smile. "But I don't see," she added, "how it can be helped, not just now!"

It was not ten minutes later that wheels sounded in the yard, and Mrs. Hathorn, opening the door, saw an old-fashioned, dusty wagon, with a robe for one of the seats, country fashion. In it sat a withered-looking old man, thin and brown, but with piercing dark eyes under his grey, shaggy lashes. The hands that held the reins looked weak and tremulous, too feeble, Mrs. Hathorn thought, to guide the strong, young horse.

"What can I do for you, sir?" she asked, stepping out on the door-stone. "Nothing, nothing—unless you give me a drink of water here. My colt is restless, and I don't like to leave him. I had my lunch down beside the spring here, and not being able to get out to get a drink with it, I'm rather thirsty."

"My son should hold him, and let you get out and rest," she said, "if he was round here this afternoon. You look beat out."

"A little tired, that's all," he answered, as he drank the milk she brought out with the asked-for water. "I've ridden quite a good bit today, more than I'm used to. And I'd forgotten these roads were so leggy."

"Somebody that knows the place," thought Mrs. Hathorn, as she took back her glasses. "But I can't place him anywhere. May have been before I came here; he looks old enough. But if 'twas my folks, I wouldn't let him ride round alone with that colt prancing and skittish, and them thin, tremblin' hands! It aint safe. And how sharp he does look at anybody. I'd be almost afraid if he didn't seem so old and feeble."

"Won't you sit and rest awhile," she asked, coming to the door again. "It's shady, this side of the house after dinner. May be your horse will stand."

"No, I thank ye," he answered, and she noticed that his quavering voice had a familiar ring to it. "No, thank ye, I guess I must go on. Good day, ma'am!" and he bowed courteously as he drove off.

Half an hour later she sat at her window with some mending in her lap, and started at the sound of a rattling cart, with feet at her door. Some one had been hurt, they were bringing him in. Of course it was Luther.

"No, it isn't Luther, Mrs. Hathorn. It's an old man got thrown out down the road here, and got hurt a little. I think he's broken his ankle, but he sticks to it, it's only a sprain. A stranger, ain't he? Anyway, he is to us, but he wouldn't let us carry him into Gratton's—it happened just a little way below there—but made us bring him up here. And where'll we put him?"

Of course Mrs. Hathorn's spare bedroom was opened, the curtains tied up hurriedly, and the blue and white spread turned down from the comfortable-looking bed.

"I don't know him," she said, "but she was willing to put five ten years on it, that I'll make your work harder, Luther, do you time o' year, too, but there's no help for it. He don't look to me like a poor man, and he'll not likely be able to pay for staying here, if not for the care. And if he was poor," she declared with vehemence and the energy of a man, "and couldn't pay a cent, why, I'd keep him all the while, and I'd feel a little worried, though," she added, "about the doctor's bill. That leg will have to be attended to, right along, for some time now, and I s'pose I will be responsible."

But her anxiety was lessened that very evening by seeing their visitor himself pay the physician for his services when the latter left him, a practice which he followed at every subsequent visit. The old leather wallet from which he took the money was singularly gay in its appearance. And, though payment was always forthcoming for the fee, medicines he needed, and whatever his condition rendered necessary, he never indulged in any luxuries, nor seemed to crave anything beyond the simple fare that Mrs. Hathorn provided for him.

He lay quite patiently on his bed while the house was knitting, yet seemed as pleased as a child when brought to the lounge, and a little later, occupy the great rocking-chair in the family room. Here, by the east window, that looked out over pleasant fields and pasture lands to the low hills of the sun rising, he would sit, strangely content, day after day.

Mrs. Hathorn used to beg him to sit in the cooler room, and fixed up to be a little more seemly," she would say. "You must be tired of this homely place. Now do let me move your chair in there."

"No, no," he would answer, "I like this best."

"I've meant this dozen years to have things different," she went on. "And maybe I shall get to it some time. I like the place because my husband brought me here when we were married. And some of his folks had lived here for I don't know how long before that. They moved away about that time, over east here, somewhere near where you came from, I shouldn't wonder. Hathorn, the name is, and they all descended from Jabez Hathorn; that was my husband's name, too."

But the old man did not seem inclined to talk about his neighbors, if, indeed, any of the Hathorns were among them, nor did he ask many questions, though he noticed curiously every detail of the family life. He was delighted when one afternoon Mary's cluster came over and brought him a cluster of small, pink tied-up with a bit of southernwood.

"There was a root of that, once," said Mrs. Hathorn, "yes, and of the south ernwood, too. But you know I'm no hand with flowers, and I believe they both died long ago. 'Twas just in that corner by the front door, with the pink roses, they were glad as the injured pink rose, daily pointing out where, indeed, the man's eyes seemed to have been turned before. "I'd like to go out a little while," she went on, "so if you don't mind, I'll get Mary to sit with you. Mr. Tullock."

"What did you say? Oh, certainly, certainly. I shouldn't mind being alone here," he answered.

And though he enjoyed the afternoon with his young guest, he seemed either anxious lest Mrs. Hathorn should stay in too closely, or a little disturbed by their careful surveillance, and both he and they were glad as the injured pink rose, daily pointing out where, indeed, the man's eyes seemed to have been turned before. "I'd like to go out a little while," she went on, "so if you don't mind, I'll get Mary to sit with you. Mr. Tullock."

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TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.40 a.m.; Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11.00 a.m.; Fast Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago, 12.00 p.m.; Night Express for Halifax, 12.30 p.m.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted) 11.10 p.m.; Quebec, 12.00 p.m.; Accommodation from Point du Chene, 12.30 p.m.; Day Express from Halifax, 12.45 p.m.; Fast Express from Halifax, 12.50 p.m.

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