

# PROGRESS.

VOL. VII., NO. 346

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## TREMAINE'S FUNNY PLEA

### HE DID NOT WANT PERCY LEAR COMMITTED

Because it would give "Progress" a chance to crow over him and perhaps return to writing him up—the position of the cases—Lear abandoned one action.

Lawyer Fred J. Tremaine made what might well be called a special plea in the Halifax police court one day this week when he asked Magistrate Fielding that Percy J. A. Lear be not committed for trial because if he was it would give "Progress" an opportunity to "crow" over him.

Whatever can be said about Mr. Tremaine this somewhat curious bit of pleading must be noted as quite original. He even went further than this and indulged in some strong remarks respecting this paper. He did no hesitate to criticize it in an unmistakable fashion and to comment upon its course in terms that might be considered unparalled for.

Mr. Tremaine could not have forgotten the fact that this paper has the opportunity to reply and defend itself, and that if he is allowed to criticize it and feels called upon to do so, that "Progress" might in turn review his position in cases that attracted much attention.

Turn about is fair play. Without pausing to say what might well be said about his remarks, which were such as any barrister of standing might well hesitate to make, let us for a moment consider in what light Mr. Tremaine himself appears. He is the solicitor for Mr. Lear, who stands committed for trial on the serious charge of perjury. He was the lawyer Mr. Lear consulted when he made up his mind to begin divorce proceedings, and presumably it was by his advice and with his consent that the correspondence began with a number of gentlemen that resulted in their rushing forward to make a settlement, and to keep their names out of print and from the public at any cost.

The fact that these letters were written to men whose names were furnished and the financial arrangements that resulted must furnish food for reflection to all of those who in the past regarded this lawyer in a favorable light. The information of "Progress" upon this point is not of an indefinite character and the fact that any respectable lawyer would lend himself to such a course upon the part of his client and assist him in carrying it out must be a matter of surprise and regret to his friends and acquaintances. Whatever Mr. Tremaine's opinion of "Progress" may be at present this paper is in a position to know that his sentiments have undergone a material change. But his opinion does not matter. Enough of him for the present.

Those who have followed the events of the week as chronicled in the Halifax newspapers must have noted that so far the fight between the newdealers and Mr. Spike and the suit against Mr. Lear seems to have gone in favor of the newdealers and of the paper.

The answer of the newdealers to the complaint of Mr. Spike has been filed, and the attempt of the solicitors of the latter to strike out an important part of that defence has failed. The judge refused, the costs of both parties to be costs in the cause.

It also appears that in the case of this newdealer the defence was not filed and judgment entered, the order was cancelled the following day and the defence filed. In the case of Spike and Golding the defence has also been filed. It is different from that of the newdealers, who, as "Progress" has pointed out again and again, sold the paper in the ordinary course of their business without knowledge of its contents. But in the case of Mr. Golding, an employee of "Progress" who was arrested at the instance of Spike upon a writ of habeas corpus, non-resident, Messrs. Harrington & Chisholm appearing for "Progress" employe have filed a defence that is remarkable for the facts it sets forth. Talk about the story in "Progress"! It was nothing compared to the answer to the bill of complaint filed by the attorney of Mr. Spike. If "Progress" had the space this week both the complaint and the defence would be printed. Unfortunately it has not, but there will be plenty of time for that before the case comes to trial.

Paragraph after paragraph has appeared in the city and provincial press concerning the intentions of Messrs. Lear and Spike regarding the editor and publisher of "Progress". They are, according to these reports, to lose no time in beginning their suits for criminal libel against "Progress". About a fortnight ago the information furnished to the Halifax press was to the effect that Mr. Charles A. Stockton, of St. John, was expected in Halifax by a certain train to get such information as would enable him to bring the suit for Mr. Lear. Mr. Stockton did not appear in Halifax upon schedule time, but a few days later he went. Before he boarded

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Such, however, it has undoubtedly become—and solely because it possesses one of the worst sounding "sirens" that ever pierced the ambient ether. Not only has the Canadian beaver—"he of the tail like a file," as Indian legends say—dived out of sight at the noise, but the American spread-eagle has waded a good many fathoms downward in flying from the shores whence came an awful sound.

Now that the people of Maine have lately been terrified by the Springhill's revolving whistle, a short history of the excitement caused by the siren during the past thirteen months will be in order.

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Another awful shriek came through the gloom spread by the first sickening terror seized upon the fluttering hearts of all. Many thought it was the devil. Many more thought it was the devil. The latter included many who had made friends with that individual, and yet seemed a little disconcerted at this announcement of his coming.

A man who was digging clams on the shore dropped his rake and made deep tracks for the shore. He tripped over something and fell on his hands and knees in the mud. He was in too great a hurry to attempt to rise, and so crawled awfully. So say some of the magistrates who were on the boat when the whistle sounded.

One of the great family of Paul, who had just returned from a moose-quelling expedition, upon which the Indian deity Glooscap did not smile propitiously as he did upon the hunting of another famous Micmac brava, thought, when he heard the terrible noise, that Glooscap had come back to earth once more, as he promised the Indians that he would do when he sailed away from the Partridge Island that is near Parrsboro for the Island of the Blessed. The Indians of the Parrsboro shore long since got tired of waiting for the return of the being who made man out of the ash-tree, and so called him Glooscap, which being interpreted, means the Liar. Hence Mr. Paul, who had himself had a share in proclaiming that the Hiawatha of the Micmacs and Maliseets was a prevaricator, did not feel any more comfortable than the beaver at whom Glooscap flung a big rock from the Parrsboro shore, which fell in the water just below the Grand Falls on the St. John river.

A prominent citizen who was in the woods about six miles from town with his two little girls, thought, it was reported, that the noise was that of a wildcat. It was also rumored that he handed his gun to one of the girls, saying, "When it is devouring me, you shoot." And the little girl is said to have cried out that there was the train coming in, and that they would never, never see it come in any more.

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An old woman afterwards told Captain Cook (not the of Sandwich Island fame, but the genial commander of the Springhill) that she thought it was a dog in her cellar, indulging in a most thorough and satisfactory fit.

Those who did not think it was Gabriel, on the other side of the world blowing his trumpet in the mornin', or the devil playing the tune that awoke the echoes of Alloway's auld haunted kirk—or Glooscap, coming up the river in his stone canoe, or a wildcat, or a dog in a fit, or Captain Kidd's nigger that he left at Parrsboro to guard his treasure—thought, yes, declared; that it was the Screacher. This was an unfeeling creature that had haunted an old mill in the Parrsboro river about thirty years ago, and screeched and yelled, and screeched, and screeched, and bellowed and yelled—and to tell the truth that was what the siren of the Springhill was doing.

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## WAS IT A BISHOP'S ORDER

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The troubles which, during the last few years, have been disturbing the peace and quietness of the church of the Good Shepherd in Fairville are not all a thing of history yet. The disagreement that arose when Rev. Mr. Titcombe was there were due to the fact that rector and people did not have the same views respecting ceremonial in the church. The reverend gentleman was too pronouncedly high-church to suit them.

When they secured Rev. Mr. McKiel they thought they had some one whose views were their views and that they would get along in perfect peace and harmony. And the fact is that their relations have been cordial and he is very well liked.

Yet there is a disagreement over certain of the ceremonials. When Rev. Mr. Titcombe was there the candlesticks and candles were very much in evidence. There was the full quota that designates the highest of high churches. When the new rector came the candles were banished completely and only half a dozen of the candlesticks were allowed to remain.

But recently the bishop held a confirmation at the church and coincident with that event there was a change in the candlesticks. Some of them were removed, but two remained and in these were placed candles! Now, a low church man would sooner see countless candlesticks than one candle and so he would consider this a step in the wrong direction. To various members of the church the sight of the candles at the services is a great offence and is most disquieting.

The question arises as to who put them there. Did Rev. Mr. McKiel do this of his own accord or was it by order of the bishop. The church of Good Shepherds is peculiar among all the churches in the province. It is the only one over which the bishop has absolute control. There are no corporate proprietors in the church and the property is held by the bishop. Whether he exercised the authority which is his right and introduced the candles is the point at issue.

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## CHRISTMAS AT ROCKHEAD.

### It Has Been Decided That the Prisoners Shall Have Plum Pudding.

HALIFAX, Dec. 13—The city council debated a weighty matter on Tuesday night. The question was whether or not the prisoners at Rockhead should have a Christmas dinner on December 25th, or whether they should be treated only to the ordinary diet. Of the eighteen aldermen there were two who desired that no plum pudding should be eaten by the collection of wite-beaters and petty thieves who have been gathered in behind the prison walls. Aldermen Eden and O'Donnell, "Noddy," was against the "good things of this life" being doled out, and the philosopher from Ward 5 was of the same mind. And these two men strongly persisted in their views, even after Alderman Derry asked them if they had ever read the 26th chapter of Matthew. The Rockhead dinner will be all right on Christmas day.

John Bull wastes nothing if he can help it. The admiralty authorities claim that the city water is so injurious to the boilers of the warships on this station that they have been compelled to obtain their supplies from Dartmouth, on the other side of the harbor. Dartmouth has just completed the introduction of its water service. The admiralty is charged a fixed sum of \$500 per year for the water used in the dockyard and in any other way they like, and because the ships go across the harbor for water they asked that the \$500 be reduced. Engineer Doane, who was asked for his opinion, turned the tables on the naval authorities, reporting that instead of a reduction in the charge there should be an increase, because, since the arrangement was entered into, so many taps have been added by the navy people that the amount of water consumed is greater than ever, and Lawyer J. T. Butner threatens to make a lively lawsuit against the city on behalf of the heirs of Rufus Keating, who died from injuries received at the Stairs, Son and Morrow fire. He will endeavor, in claiming \$1,000 damages, to show that Keating would have been yet alive had there not been the grossest kind of mismanagement on the part of somebody at that fire. The evidence for the plaintiff promises to be rather sensational if the matter reaches the courts.

The Demand has Tried us

The extraordinary sale of "Progress" in Halifax of late has made it almost impossible for all the papers to be sent off by the first train on Friday. Sometimes all of the newdealers get their bunches and sometimes a few of them are missed but in the main a large portion of the papers are sent off by the first fast train. This week's "Progress" aims not only to get the bundles off but the single subscriptions as well. As a rule the larger bundles are done up first but in the future agents and subscribers will have equal chances of getting their papers on time.

They Are Desirable Premises

Now that "Progress" has moved, the stores in the masonic building that were occupied by the paper for the past five years are to let. It is not necessary to say that they are central, nor that they are on a good street for almost any kind of business. They are spacious and light in the front and rear and are really very desirable. They will be rented reasonably from now until the first day of May next. Apply to the publisher of "Progress."

Rev. Mr. Little's Case

The case of Rev. Mr. Little has been referred to in "Progress" so often that it is not necessary to go over the ground now. The charges against him have been commented upon again and again and while his trial is going on before a church committee it would not be fair to say anything further. Mr. Little is defended by Mr. Macintyre and the parishioners are represented by Mr. C. N. Skinner.

Watches as Christmas Presents

Anyone who wishes to give an especially valuable Christmas present could not do better than get a watch at Messrs. A. & J. Hay's. He would there get surprisingly good value for his money. But there are many other presents, both useful and ornamental, that cost very much less, which the Christmas buyer can also get at A. & J. Hay's.

Get Your Picture Taken

There could scarcely be a more acceptable present to give a friend than a photograph of oneself. Mr. Isaac Erbe is known as an especially good photographer. So Mr. Erbe will undoubtedly have the contract for supplying many a Christmas present this year.

St. John's Funeral at Halifax

The fact that Sir John Thompson's funeral will take place in state at Halifax, will give many Maritime province men an opportunity to attend. The warship Blenheim will sail from England with the body for Halifax.

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Atlantic Ry. ROUTE. LINE RR. October 3rd, 1894. Arrive Halifax, Yarmouth, Antigonish, Kentville, ...

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THE DEAD COUNCILLOR.  
IN THE MOMENT OF HIS GLORY HE  
IS STRICKEN.

The Death of Sir John Thompson at Windsor Last Wednesday—The Incredulity With Which the News Was Received—Laurier's Tribute.

A strong link of sympathy bound two lands together when, on Wednesday last, the world learned of the death of Canada's chief in the hour of his greatest glory.

A more sad death could scarcely be imagined. Shortly after the oath taken by the privy councillors of the United Kingdom had been administered to him by the queen in person, the end came.

It is an imposing ceremony, that of swearing in a privy councillor before the queen and the court and many of the great men of the empire. The queen gave Canada's premier a most gracious reception, referring to him as a successor to the late Sir John A. Macdonald, not only in office, but in the "loyal and courageous policy" of finding the Dominion nearer to the other portions of the British empire.

When Sir John left London for her majesty's residence in Windsor on the morning

Lady Aberdeen offered to go to Ottawa and personally express to the bereaved widow her excellency's sympathy. As Lady Thompson has intimated to the Countess of Aberdeen that such a visit should be much appreciated, her excellency at once left for Ottawa. Their excellencies met Sir John on the occasion of their first visit to Canada in a private capacity in 1890 and a very close and intimate friendship subsisted between them. The following cablegram was received by the governor-general from Lord Rosebery: "Please express to your government my deepest regret at the grievous calamity which has deprived the Dominion of its eminent premier."

Ottawa was naturally the place to which all Canada looked for confirmation or denial of the report of the premier's death. And yet Ottawa got its first information from precisely the same sources as St. John. Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, the acting premier, first heard the sad news from his messenger. "It cannot be true," he said. "It is a mere rumor." But authoritative messages soon began to pour in, and when Sir Charles Tupper's despatch, beginning "You will all be shocked to learn that our

question and the strong pressure recently brought to bear on the imperial government against the Canadian act had undoubtedly led to many hours of anxiety for Sir John when in London.

It was announced that the Canadian premier would sail for home on the 13th instant to reach if possible Ottawa for Christmas.

An intimate friend of the deceased premier says that Sir John, while in possession of the faculty of the suppression of emotions, was an intensely nervous disposition and was doubtless affected by the events of Wednesday, as few men in like circumstances could hardly fail to be. Sir John will be buried in the Holy Cross cemetery at Halifax, where lie the bodies of two or three of the dead premier's children.

The 11th of December, 1844, was a day of rejoicing to John Sparrow Thompson and wife, for on that day John Sparrow David Thompson, the future premier of Canada and member of the privy council of Great Britain, was born in the city of Halifax. His father was a native of Ireland, and his mother, once Miss Charlotte Pottinger, was born in Scotland. Many speakers and writers have pointed out the benefits of being Scotch-Irish extraction, but the future Sir John was especially to be congratulated, as he was of Scotch-Irish parentage. His early education was received in the Halifax common schools and the Free Presbyterian Church Academy. He was called to the bar in 1865, and was appointed a Q. C. in 1879. He served as alderman in Halifax for six years, and for five years he was a member of the board of school commissioners in that city. For some time he was chairman of the degree conferring college, the University of Halifax, a member of its senate. In all these minor positions, as in the greater ones to which he was afterwards called, he exhibited the same wisdom and discretion which made him a power in the land.

Sir Charles Tupper was evidently right when he said, in proposing Mr. Thompson as judge of the supreme court, that he was undoubtedly the ablest lawyer in Nova Scotia. He was for a long time honorary lecturer in Dalhousie law school on evidence and the construction of statutes.

Mr. Thompson entered political life in 1877, at the age of thirty three, entering the house by being chosen in a by-election as a member for Antigonish. The Hill government was then in power, and Mr. Thompson was on an opposition bench. When the general election was held in the following year a new government came into power, of which Mr. Holmes was premier and Mr. Thompson was attorney-general. This is known in Nova Scotia history as the "Holmes-Thompson government." Before this conservative government's defeat in 1882, Mr. Thompson had become premier upon the retirement of Mr. Holmes. Soon after the defeat of the government, Mr. Thompson was appointed a judge of the supreme court.

In 1885, Sir John was elected to represent Antigonish in the house of commons, and became minister of justice in the cabinet of Sir John A. Macdonald. He was re-elected for the same country in 1887 and 1891. On the death of Sir John Macdonald he refused the premiership, but became leader of the house. In 1888 he was knighted for his services on behalf of the British government before the fisheries commission at Washington in 1887. On the resignation of Sir John Caldwell Abbott in 1892, Sir John became premier. A position in which he won the respect of all parties. His recent services in the Behring sea arbitration are still fresh in the minds of the public.

Sir John was married to Miss Annie E. Affleck of Halifax. He leaves five children, one of them being a student in the law office of Dalton McCCarthy.

"Reclaimed."

The theatre-goers of St. John, who remember with much pleasure the appearance of the Waller Hopper Co. here some two years ago, in the powerful comedy-drama "Reclaimed," will be pleased to learn that this company opens in Mechanic's Institute for a short season commencing Monday, 17th inst., playing Reclaimed, with Mr. Hopper and Miss Robinson in the title roles. Mr. Hopper is a Canadian comedian, and one of whom Canada has no reason to be ashamed, and Miss Robinson is a old favorite here. This feature of the performance will undoubtedly prove a drawing card.

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In The Style.

Since "Kit's" letter in the Toronto Mail referring to a St. John girl's hat, the young ladies of this city, indignant at Kit's citing one instance out of many different ones, have taken particular care to wear

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XMAS, 1894.



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Not Today.

An English lady, travelling in New Zealand, waxed enthusiastic over the beauties of the country, especially in its mountainous parts. She tells a funny little story about the sharp-witted driver of the public coach in which she made some of her expeditions. At the one point, where the steep road overhangs the river, Davis, the driver, always took the opportunity to lighten the road for the horses.

"Gentlemen," he would say, in an insinuating tone, "the Prince of Wales always gets out and walks here." It is to be presumed that he had usually found his faces quite ready to follow in the footsteps of so distinguished a professor. But one day a man, who had already heard the speech more than once, stole a march upon the wily Davis. The ground was wet, and the passenger was not in a mood for climbing, so as they approached the spot, he anticipated the driver's bit by remarking:—

"Davis, the Prince of Wales isn't going to walk today."

Send This No.

and your name on a post card for a lesson in shorthand. In a week I will draw one card from the lot (well shaken) the person whose name appears on this card will have a full \$10 course in shorthand by mail entirely free.

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SIR JOHN S. D. THOMPSON.

of the fatal day, he had complained of feeling unwell, saying that he had very little sleep during the night. After leaving the royal presence for the lunch-room in the castle it was evident that the excitement of the ceremony had told upon him, and he renewed his complaint of the morning that he was not feeling well. After talking his place at the table, he could not eat, but asked to be excused from the table. He was led by one of the attendants to the writing room, which is next to the lunch-room. There the premier sat down on a couch and leaned forward upon his hands. He seemed to be in intense pain, and was greatly agitated. Suddenly he partly rose from his couch, appearing to grope in darkness, then he utterly collapsed, and fell back in a swoon from which he never rose.

The attendant gave the alarm, and the room was filled with the excited ministers. A physician was hastily summoned but before he reached the premier's side, life had fled. A few minutes later, and not only Windsor, but all England, and later, all the world, was shocked by the intelligence that Canada's premier was dead.

To those who had heard him make an eloquent appeal at the Colonial Institute the night before, the news was a great surprise. It is true, however, that the premier did not seem altogether well and curtailed his speech, saying that he was unable to do justice to the theme of the Ottawa conference. Many probably took this as a figure of oratory.

Before the meeting the premier had dined at the institute and appeared at that time to be in the best of health and spirits. He greeted Lord Rosebery and other friends with the utmost cordiality, and joined the company in a chat over a friendly cup of coffee in the evening.

The news was kept from the queen as long as possible, as she has been unwell lately. Her majesty was greatly shocked at the death of one of her empire's leading statesmen, and sent a sympathetic cablegram to Lady Thompson.

In the usually staid quarters of diplomatic Downing street there was great excitement, as there was through all the city of London. Only the day before Sir John had had a conference at the foreign office with the Marquis of Ripon, colonial secretary, upon the question of Canadian copyright. He was known and respected through the metropolis for his recent services in the Behring Sea arbitration, and he had roused much interest by his remarks of the evening before at the Colonial Institute.

At Montreal there has never been such intense excitement as at Sir John Thompson's demise since the tragic death of D'Avoy McGeo. At the vice-regal residence the flag was hoisted at half-mast, and Lord and Lady Aberdeen hastened to send messages of sympathy to Lady Thompson.

dear friend, Sir John Thompson, died at Windsor castle today," arrived, Mr. Bowell laid the despatch on the desk and burst into tears. His two colleagues, Hon. Messrs. Costigan and Foster, who were with him, were also very much affected.

Shortly after Sir Charles's despatch came, Douglas Stewart, the dead premier's private secretary, entered the room. He had just left Lady Thompson, and was asked to return with Mr. Bowell and Mr. Foster to break the sad news. But the news had already been harshly broken by some thoughtless idiot. Having heard the news up town, called up the premier's late residence by telephone and asked if any news had been received of Sir John's death. It was a trying hour for the stricken widow until the final intelligence came. The grief of Lady Thompson and her family as the terrible truth finally dawned on them is far too sacred a thing to parade before the world. Whatever Sir John Thompson was to his country he was infinitely more to his wife and children.

Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, who was seen by a press representative at Montreal soon after the news came, seemed much affected at the loss of one who was his friend, although his leading opponent. Mr. Laurier said: "To me as well as to everyone else the sudden death of Sir John Thompson has been even more than a shock. Ever since he entered parliament and especially since he took the leadership of the conservative party after the death of Sir John Macdonald, my relations with him, though purely official, have always been of a most agreeable character. In the transaction of business on the floor of the house of commons, I always had every reason to be satisfied with the manner he treated his friends and opponents. Of course I gave no views to express as to the position he occupied in the ranks of his party, but I am sure his loss will be mourned by every one of his followers. Everyone is familiar with the great qualities he displayed as a public man and our political history offers no example of such a rapid rise as that which marked the career of Sir John Thompson."

Sir John left New York for London by the steamship Majestic on October 31st, reaching London November 7th, in good health. His death at that time seemed a remote contingency. Sir John's trip to Rome was said to be one of a sight-seeing character. Altogether Sir John was on the continent some three weeks, returning to London again on November 29th. Since then he has been more or less busily engaged in business with the colonial office and other cares of a semi-official nature.

Some people may have thought that the premier has been away simply on a holiday trip, but in London he had to put in some hard work. No man has fought so energetically as he on behalf of the Canadian publishing interests on the copyright

WEDDING PRESENTS.

—We have an immense stock of—  
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We are now showing a line of  
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in a great variety of Designs, with and without Spirit Lamps (cut shows one with Spirit Lamp under Kettle).

These Kettles are cheap in design and very highly finished and well suited for a  
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Try one run from 90c. up.

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# Musical and Dramatic.

## IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The musical event of the week was the giving of "Samson," the great work of the Master Handel, by the St. John Oratorio society in the Brussels street baptist church last Tuesday evening. Assuming, and not without sufficient foundation for so doing, that many readers of PROGRESS will be desirous of learning what this department of the paper may have to say on the subject, a more lengthened notice than originally intended has been decided upon.

The production of the oratorio on the whole was a pronounced success when one considers that there were no professional ensembles excepting, perhaps, the organist, and that the merits or demerits of such productions should, as a measure of justice, be regarded from the standpoint from which they are given. Of course, no such thing as perfect work can be claimed for the production referred to, but all things considered, it was such as to be clearly a matter of congratulation.

There was a difficulty attending the work during the evening, which perhaps few of the patrons observed and that was the very imperfect lighting of the platform, in view of which, it was a matter of no little surprise to me that the voices in the chorus did their work at all satisfactorily. In fact I was forced to the belief that numbers of the chorus must have literally memorized their scores. In order to a just estimate it should also be borne in mind that both the young ladies who sang the soprano roles had never previously undertaken any such heavy responsibility, one of them—Miss Skinner—I believe then making her first important appearance as a soloist. The nervousness that always attends one at such a moment, was noticeably present in the earlier part of the evening, in respect to these young ladies, rendered their work in the third part their best. Everyone who knows "Samson" will admit its difficulty and the necessity of dramatic force in interpretation as a condition tending to perfection and therefore the work of these young ladies, Miss Skinner and Miss Pidgeon, fairly entitles them to complimentary reference for the creditable manner in which they acquitted themselves. Miss Hea sang the alto solos so as to delight her many friends, but she was obliged to encounter a rather loud organ along with the not easy score of her part, and to my mind, therefore, she did not appear at her best. The Rev. J. M. Davenport had an "extremely trying and difficult part, as "Samson" and, though suffering as I have learned from throat trouble, sang well such notes as were within easy compass of his voice, again demonstrating his familiarity with and his excellence in all respects as an interpreter of oratorio music. Some, in fact, all of the other soloists might advantageously follow the example set by this gentleman's method.

Mr. G. S. Mayer's powerful voice commended his work to general admiration and its robust quality was not ill adapted to some of his work especially in the music written for Harapha the challenger. It occurred to me that this gentleman took liberties with the score in respect of substituting a note for one the score supplied. All the excellence of solo work, however, would be comparatively to no purpose if there was not a good chorus.

The Chorus, as I have already intimated surprised me. They sang with a confidence and verve that was inspiring and saving a few instances when they escaped what could easily resolve itself into disaster, pleased every listener. They were well balanced the weakness, such as it was, being in the alto part. The society in future when producing such an Oratorio as "Samson" should see to it that an orchestra in point of numbers adequate for the purpose should be secured. While I do not desire to detract from the work of the orchestra last Tuesday evening, it was evidently light for the work placed upon it.

"Samson" therefore as the work of amateurs, I think may fairly be designated a success. There were, it is true, a number of rough spots noticeable, but on the whole the society has good cause for congratulation on the outcome of the undertaking and Mr. Fisher, the conductor, of the society, has every reason for satisfaction in the way the chorus responded to his baton and indicated that his labors with them since the work was taken up for rehearsal, were not in vain.

A word of commendation is also justly due to the painstaking secretary of the society—Mr. Pickett—upon who devolved a great deal of hard work which contributed so materially to the comfort of all the patrons of the society and make the occasion so pleasurable.

The operetta in St. Peter's Hall last Monday evening contributed very much to the enjoyment of a large audience assembled to hear it that evening.

The Schubert quartette, with the exception of Mr. Wignore, sang in German street baptist church last Sunday. Mr. Wignore's place was abundantly filled by Mr. G. W. Parker. The quartette will sing in the same church tomorrow.

Padre Verdi, at present leaving all his time to composing.

Donizetti, the Italian composer, was in-

same for a time and was shut up in a lunatic asylum.

Brain disease caused Mozart's death. He had morbid delusions, attacks of faintness and convulsions.

Della Fox is coming to the Hollis theatre Boston with "The Little Trooper" very soon. The opera is new to Boston.

Madame Calvé begins an engagement in Madrid this evening. She intends going to Russia before returning to America.

Eleanor Mayo as "Princess Bonnie" has become a great favorite with the lovers of that opera, because of her fine soprano voice and personal charms.

A new comic opera was tried at Springfield, Mass., last Wednesday evening. It is called "The Dusters." I have not yet heard of its success or failure.

DeKoven's latest, "Rob Roy," is occupying the boards at one of the New York theatres and the work of Juliet Cordon is very highly complimented in the press of that city.

Believing that the Bostonians as an organization had been weakened by the withdrawal of Tom Karl, Camille D'Arville and others from the singer's ranks, manager Hayman has quit.

The Handel and Haydn society of Boston will begin its 80th season on the evening of Sunday 23rd Dec. with "The Messiah." It will be repeated evening of 25th inst., with an entire change of soloists.

Every seat in Albert hall, London, Eng., was occupied when Patti appeared in concert there week before last. It will be her only appearance this season. The Diva was dressed in mourning and looked charming.

"Madeleine, or the Magic Kiss" the opera which was first produced and made such a remarkable hit in Boston with Camille D'Arville in the leading role, recently played to wretched business in Montreal.

"Mignon," was sung at the Metropolitan opera house, New York, Monday evening last with Mira Heller as the heroine. "Faust" with Melba as Marguerite, Scalchi and the de Reske brothers in the cast was sung on Wednesday evening.

The Boston symphony orchestra gave the following programme in Music hall last evening in memory of Rubenstein: Funeral march from Beethoven's heroic symphony. Rubenstein's ocean symphony, entire, and concerto in D minor; Mr. Ernst Lent of Washington, pianist.

The new violin concerto attributed to Haydn, which was performed for the first time in public at the Crystal Palace, by Herr Popper, recently was scored by himself last summer. The solo part was presented to him by a rich amateur while he was 'cellist in the Vienna Opera orchestra twenty-five years ago, but neither the score nor the parts could be discovered.

### TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Quite recently I took occasion to mention the fact that the management of the Opera House had neglected or failed to supply entertainment at their house for Thanksgiving day. While no one accuses or attempts to accuse this management of any neglect of their own interests yet it is not unreasonable to expect that the citizens and their wishes and their entertainment should receive some consideration. Particularly reasonable is this when one recalls the efforts made from time to time to interest the citizens as stockholders and, as a matter of fact, that it is due to investment by the people generally that this place of entertainment has an existence at all. I might have used the word "generosity" instead of investment because I do not think any individual who purchased stock ever for a moment expected to receive any dividend. Be that as it may; while contemplating this instance of indifference to the public as indicated in respect to Thanksgiving day, it is not a little amusing to read the almost childish whine that one sometimes reads in the daily press it an engagement of any star or company at that house fails to produce the extent of business anticipated by the management, and almost assert that the people are ungrateful in failing to support the enterprise of the directors in securing such and such attractions. The public understands pretty thoroughly by this time that companies come to this city as a matter of speculation, that they "are out for money," that if they did not consider there "was money in it" they would not come here and so effort of the directors could otherwise induce them to come. The directors, as such, are after money also, they therefore do not give guarantees, and it matters not particularly, what terms they accord—because in the absence of guarantee there is only a glaring contract—or what percentage they play a company on, there is little probability of loss to the house. It is therefore worse than useless to keep up this pretence of special enterprise longer. It is not due to any skill upon the part of the directors or anyone of them, that any dramatic or operatic company plays this city. Does any one who ever heard of Charles Frohman to suppose that he would bring "Charley's Aunt" down here, or any other play, just for the

purpose of enabling our people to spend a few pleasant evenings? Oh! no, indeed. There is no longer reason to say we brought Mr. or Madame here—the very best of their kind—and you did not patronize them. You are ungrateful to us. We secured them, you either do not want good productions or you do not understand them. The theatre-going public have rights which they themselves respect, one of these rights is the privilege of going to or staying away from the theatre. In this connection I hope we will not be told that the company playing at the opera house next week is the original company.

A favorite in the past and a favorite in the present, among lovers of the drama, is H. Price Webber, who comes to this city and who will give two performances at the opera house on Christmas and New Year's day. Miss Edwina Grey is the leading lady of the company this year as usual. This lady is quite as strong a favorite here even as Mr. Webber and that is a substantial tribute to her popularity. Manager Webber, or "Price," as his friends know him, is a veritable hustler. He always has a warm corner in his heart for this city in which he passed some years of his life, and during his visits to St. John he has won the confidence and respect of the public as a manager, because he gives the public just exactly what he advertises to give them. He will be greeted with crowded houses when he plays here again.

"In Old Kentucky" is now in its eighth week at the Boston theatre.

Lotta recently celebrated the 47th anniversary of her birth. She is in Europe.

Salvini the younger will attempt "Hamlet" at Louisville, Ky., on 16th February.

Ellen Terry is under treatment for congestion of the vocal chords and is off the stage.

The death is announced of Victoria Vokes, the last of the celebrated Vokes family.

Marie Barres has been obliged to resign from James O'Neill's (Monte Cristo) company through illness.

The 100th performance of "The New Woman" took place at the London comedy theatre week before last.

The amount realized from the performance of Sardou's play "Madame Sans Gene" up to date is \$400,000.

"The District Attorney," will be produced at the American theatre, New York, on Dec. 21, by T. Henry French.

Upwards of 200 people will be employed in the forthcoming production of the melodrama "Humanity" in Boston.

The run of "Captain Paul" at the new Castle Square theatre, Boston, will terminate, for the present, on the 22nd inst.

Miss Marie Burroughs of "The Profligate" company, is a great social favorite in Boston. She says she "hates the stage."

Roland Reed in "The Politician" is filling the Boston museum theatre nightly. The play is "a dashing four act comedy farce, full of fun."

Vernona Jarbeau and Fay Templeton have decided to star jointly next season. They will be at the head of a large burlesque company.

Kate Claxton's new play "My Lady Reckless" is an adaptation of "Aurora Floyd" by Arthur Forrest. The plot of the story is followed closely.

Mr. P. A. Nannery has returned to San Francisco after spending seven enjoyable weeks at Hawaii, the Paradise of the Pacific. His many friends in St. John will be pleased to know that he is again enjoying robust health.

Miss Grace Palotta who plays the role of the French maid in "A Gaiety Girl," is an equestrian of great ability, and has distinguished herself by riding one or two of the bucking ponies that are features of Buffalo Bill's "Wild West."

C. W. Coudock and Miss Bebe Vining, two favorites in this city, are in the cast of the new play "Humanity" which is now in active rehearsal for early production at the Bowdoin square theatre Boston. The author of the play is Sutton Vane.

"Leah, The Forsaken," will shortly be played in Boston under the direction of Miss Rachel Noah, who, with Miss Miriam O'Leary Collins, will be in the cast. Miss Noah was one of the special St. John favorites during the days of Lanergan's lyceum.

A writer in a Boston paper dealing with "A Gaiety Girl" the play (?) recently produced in that city to the delight of "the very old and the very young" says: "It is a flimsy and tenuous farce into the territorial emptiness of which a comic opera chorus has emigrated and taken up a nomadic existence."

"The Profligate" by Pinero was first played in Boston last week. It is said to be of patriarchal dignity and importance" because it marks an epoch as having opened the ball at which "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Sowing the Wind" and other low necked and out spoken pieces have since been so generally adm red."

Miss Isadora Rush, who plays the role of a "20th century woman" in "The Politician," dresses in a mannish manner and affects a stannish swagger in walk and action which is delightful in that it is not overdone or developed to the total obli-

tion of the graceful femininity which is so charming in her. She doesn't wear trousers. Mrs. Langtry (Jenny Lily) has been playing at the Park theatre, Boston, in "Ester Sandrak," a new play by Sidney Grundy. Of her work a Boston critic says: "She has not improved as an actress since last seen here." Few go to see the woman. She never arouses any emotion in the audience. "Ore is inclined to laugh at her most passionate moments and smile when she attempts pathos."

### FAME TRAVELS.

The Merits of a Popular Canadian Remedy Become Known After 08—An Important Admission About Austrian and German Doctors.

The following excerpt is from the Toronto Empire of November 20:—Dr. L. A. Smith & Co., showed the Empire yesterday a letter from a dealer in Wietznio, Austria, ordering a quantity of Dodd's Kidney Pills. As these pills are not advertised outside of Canada and the United States, the demand in foreign countries must be due certainly to the merits of the preparation. The communication also stated that the medical profession in Austria and Germany were prescribing Dodd's Kidney Pills for all kidney disorders, including Bright's disease and diabetes, with remarkable success. Canada has a right to feel proud of furnishing a remedy that has not only a reputation over this continent, but sets all Europe talking. The address given for shipment of the above order was: Josh Hingston, Wietznio, Post Route, bei Dukia Galizien, Austria.

### Bound by Habit.

Mrs. Cawker—Don't you think it is very strange that Mrs. Sivvets hasn't returned my call yet?

Mr. Cawker—Not at all. It is merely the result of force of habit.

Mrs. Cawker—How is that?

Mr. Cawker—She was a telephone girl before her marriage.

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

I was cured of acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. SUSSEX. LT.-COL. C. CREWE READ.

I was cured of acute rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MARKHAM. ONT. C. S. BILLING.

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PROGRESS.

WARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 15.

IN HIS PROUDEST HOUR.

A grand imperial federation of sympathy was that called forth by the death of Canada's premier in his proudest hour. It was his proudest hour not because he did not, as a Canadian, believe it to be a greater honor to be in the highest position in his own land than a Canadian can obtain, but because his efforts to bring Canada into closer connection with the rest of the British empire were being fittingly recognized and honored by the heads of the empire.

The Queen had spoken in the highest terms of the services rendered by Sir JOHN in his "loyal and courageous mission." She had given him many other evidences of her admiration for his services to Great Britain. VICTORIA, while honoring Sir JOHN THOMPSON, was honoring this country. He must have been keenly conscious of the grandeur of the occasion. He no doubt also felt that her majesty was doing honor to the land of his mother—Scotland—and to Ireland, the land of his father. The appointment of Sir JOHN THOMPSON as one of her majesty's privy councillors was a great and national event.

Sir JOHN THOMPSON'S career has been one rapid rise. It was not the rise whose every increase makes more potent preparation for a tremendous fall. It was a rapid rise, but it was a steady one. He had not, like many who rise but to fall, and many who rise until they can rise no higher, reached the highest point of all his greatness. His useful career was not just begun, but it would not have been by any means ended, had he lived longer to enjoy the special distinction which England honored him and his country.

He was a unique politician, according to the popular idea, inasmuch as the breath of scandal never touched him. He gave himself to his country and the empire, and was not in politics for what there was in it, either in money or fame. He was one of the most modest of men, as many incidents in his career will show.

He was a lawyer—in a profession as much maligned as that of politician, but he showed, as many other lawyers have, that law is not a vast mendacious fallacy. "He is," said Sir CHARLES TUPPER in his recommendation of THOMPSON for the supreme court, "the ablest lawyer in Nova Scotia." He soon proved himself the ablest lawyer in the Dominion of Canada.

Canadians realize that we are all fighting a common battle, even if we do have what may seem to be an unbiased mind—it such a mind can be found—inexplicable differences of opinion.

Sir JOHN MACDONALD considered it unnecessary to eulogize Sir JOHN THOMPSON at the beginning of his prime; and it surely is unnecessary to indulge in eulogy now. When the old premier introduced THOMPSON to the house of commons on his appointment to the cabinet he said that he would not praise the minister of justice, as the members, of the house would so soon see for themselves what kind of a man the new minister was. And now that his character has become thoroughly known to those members and to Canada, and to the wide world—words of praise are surely vain and unprofitable.

In several leading United States papers, a celebrated dermatological institution is publishing a portrait of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON as he really looked, and another portrait of ANDERSON as he would look after the dermatological institute had got in its work on his face. Despite the fact that in the second picture the old fairy-tale writer has a better collar and tie, than in the first, his proposed face would not seem to a careful student of physiognomy to be a great improvement on the one he wore when on earth. It was a kindly and hence beautiful face, that of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON. The rugged strength of his character was charmingly depicted upon his rugged face. His love for all mankind, especially for the children whose hearts he won, are written in every line on his manly countenance. The second picture lacks character as to the forehead. The chin and mouth are altered so as to take all the humor out of the face. The first picture is that of a genial, whole-souled man; the second is that of an avaricious, selfish person. It surely seems like throwing a sickening perfume on the violet to alter the genial countenance of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

It is instructive, as showing that the editor of the Moncton Transcript does not think it necessary to read the sermons he publishes, to observe the scare headings of Dr. TALMAGE'S sermon in last Sunday's issue, which reads as follows: "On Revelations. Dr. TALMAGE objects to these Demonstrations. He Gives Some Reasons Why They Don't Help. The Real Beginning of AARON BURN'S Downward Career." The fact is that the sermon is strongly in favor of revivals, and that the only reasons given in connection with revivals are calculated to show that they do help. From the fourth division of the Transcript's heading in connection with the other division it might be inferred that revivals were the real beginning of the downfall of that prince of cultured backguards and traitors, AARON BURN. Yet the point that Dr. TALMAGE wishes to bring out is that if a minister had not warned BURN against a revival which he wished to attend, he would have made a very different use of his wonderful endowments.

There seems to be a difference of opinion among the liberal-conservative press of Nova Scotia as to the manner in which the Truro Times has been conducted lately. The Truro Sun says that Mr. PUTNAM has conducted the Times with far more ability than that which has characterized any liberal paper printed in Colchester county. On the other hand, the Halifax Herald remarks: "It is understood that efforts are being made to induce A. C. MILLS to return to Truro and become editor of the Truro Times. For some years he was editor and manager of the Guardian, and made it one of the spiciest and newest pit papers in the province. Since then Mr. MILLS has had valuable experience on some New York papers, and he is well qualified to galvanize the Times into life."

In another column will be found the story of MARY PAYZANT, (who, it is said, was the sister of General MONTCALM) of her adventures in Nova Scotia, of her meeting with MONTCALM, who was supposed to be responsible for the death of her husband, and of her being with the general in his dying hour after the battle of the Plains of Abraham. The story is copied from Our Home, a Montreal paper, but it is substantially the same as appeared in another upper province paper some years ago. Leading historians fail to find any trace of MONTCALM'S having had a sister, but the PAYZANTS of Nova Scotia insist that the story is true, and furnish proofs that, if not very numerous, are at least as convincing as those of the other historians.

It is not pleasing to minds that are unsatisfied with anything that detracts from the eternal fitness of things to know that JIM ROOT, the engineer who ran his train through a Michigan forest fire, saving many lives by the daring deed, is now making a public exhibition of himself in a play on the Bowery. But his glorious action will still be honored by believers in the fitness of things.

The Telegraph criticises three poems which appeared in the last issue of the University Monthly. It is only fair to the Monthly to state that the last poem criticised originally appeared in the Toronto Saturday Night.

THE SABLE ISLAND LIFEBOAT.

A RECLAMATION.

The Sable Island lifeboat crew, Their watch fire light and sound; Each one told of a wreck he knew, And they heard the breakers round. They sang a song, those sea dogs eight, Deep as the sad sea's flow; "Dark rol' the sea, the night is late, Haik! how the wild winds blow."

The storm howled black along the sand, The songs of the men are still; A ship sailed by from other lands, And the wide sea roared at will. But hark! the lone guard's distant call, From the dark mist floats afar, "A wreck! a wreck! up boatmen all!" "A wreck on the north east bar!"

"Brave lifeboat men, now stand ye true!" The trumpet hoarsely rang; "Men to the oars, your utmost do!" The trumpet almost sang. They leaped away across the night, And the white and angry foam; Mounting the billows' swelling height, And they prayed for those at home.

The mountain seas along the sand, Boke of the helpless wrecks; And in the mist the long-for land, Was hid to those on deck. But to the boat from out the air, Dawns on their eager eyes; "Lifeboat ahoy!" went up their cheer, At this most glad surprise.

Though wildly swells the heaving sea, The crowd into the lifeboat flee, Fear on their faces pale; The wind may howl the sky along; Brave hands the shores know well; They pull with steady stroke and strong, Safe o'er the ocean's swell.

Now on the beach give God the praise, That rescued are they all; Give Him the glory whose own way, Are where the billows fall. But hark! again the trumpet's lip, Calls louder than before; "The captain's babe is in the ship! Who brings it safe ashore?"

Then up spoke one, a seaman brave, "I've found the mother's grave; Shoot clear the line across the wave, It may fall safely there. Across the rigging should it hold, Then I the surf will try; Though winds be wild and waters cold, The sweet babe shall not die!"

THE SPRING-BLINDNESS OF THE LORD.

THEY SHALL UNDERSTAND THE LORING-KINDNESS OF THE LORD.—Ps. 107, 6.

The power of God is seen and marked By all who love His name; And seek in every phase of it A mid peace, content, or worldly strife, His goodness to proclaim. 'Tis seen in every trivial round, In nature's wondrous range; In foliage green, in spreading sky, In every sea's change.

The snow-topped mountain's lofty peak, And Africa's burning sands, The ice-bound shores of polar seas, The bright and cheerful strands, Are all within His watchful care To guard and guide, to bless and spare The peoples of these lands.

We who in peaceful homes rejoice Would heartfelt homage bring, And offer earnest prayer and praise A song of loud and joyful praise To thee our God and King.

The Chrysanthemum Show. Like to the woad'er in a spectral night, Where gray and blue and purple are the hues, Who—facing through the weary hours' quest—Chances upon a vision of delight, I seem to see the colors of the rainbow, Color and form, in beautifulness expressed, And linger for a while to call it blessed, His heavy heart thro' the air and light.

So, in the dim hours of the dying year, When retrospective thoughts may well recur, And Winter rearseth, so vile and austere, Then modestly, in unobtrusive cheer, Luxuriant Chrysanthemums, sans peer Thy beauties gain my eare, thy hopes renew— Toronto Saturday Night.

"FLOOPY AND POLLY." By Jay Bee. "Christmas came but once a year!" And with many it causes fear, Because its many anticipations Are not quite up to expectations.

Second childhood should not be despised, as it is proof conclusive of a successful voyage over the first, and it may be your experience next. Encouragement to the ambitious is as oil to the ordinary machinery and while not so expensive, is equally effective. A lie is elongated truth. Because a man paints the town red, he need not make the air blue. Even as dreams are to our natural life, so are expectations to our realization.

Honesty by force of circumstance is dishonesty. The very effort some people make to appear above suspicion is the strongest evidence against them. No man may be above suspicion and still be entirely innocent of wrong doing. Flattery is unacceptable except to the weak minded. If pride was a preventative of poverty it would be pardonable. Poverty often remains so through a misconception of pride. When an anti-tobaccoist generalizes his antipathies he will no longer be a specialist. Specialists may not be so tarted "good" on other subjects. Cranks are made to turn, but you may not turn all cranks. If temperance politicians carried out in their political careers what they profess in their private lives, the aims of prohibitionists would be more quickly materialized. In the political arena the lions lose their fierceness when the show's ended. That is when the election is over. If man's inhumanity to man" did not extend to women it would be more excusable, and less disastrous. The "laugh of a child" does not cost so much as the "smile" of a man.

NEW XMAS Are being daily Opened at C. FLOOD & SONS, and in variety and choiceness have never been excelled in Canada. Xmas Present. Solid Silver Brush, Comb and Mirrors, Onyx Tablets, Striker's Sets, Ladies' Dressing Cases in silver and leather, Princess and Banquet Lamp, a very choice assortment. Also our assortment of choice China cannot be equalled, and we have to day opened a large assortment of Royal Harp, Vienna Ware, which are all new and choice. We have a large assortment of Choice Gift Books, also all the new Juvenile Books including The Boys and Girl's Annual, 'Leisure Hours,' 'Sunday at Home.' In addition to our assortment of atractive goods we have lots of inexpensive goods including Dolls and Games. All last season's goods at much reduced prices. C. FLOOD & SONS.

spurious information about the Dominion that has been circulated would fill libraries. The United States press gets its Canadian news, no one knows how, and the British press gets it through the United States. Besides this, various English and American travellers visit us for a day or two and write six hundred pages of impressions.

The latest contributors to this library of curiosities of knowledge are Max O'Rell and W. T. Stead. They have given utterance to the most astounding piece of news about Canada that has been published yet. How men of their standing could be so misinformed it is hard to conjecture. Any one who had been in the Dominion half an hour should know better than to write such nonsense.

In his newest book, John Bull & Co., Max O'Rell says that Canadian parties are divided on the question of the future destiny of Canada. There are the Imperial Federationists, the annexationists and those who believe in the present condition of colonial dependence. Then Stead, in his Review of Reviews, endorses the statement.

In the eyes of Canada Mr. Stead will lose considerable of his dignity. I would like these gentlemen to show wherein the question of Canada's destiny enters the platform of any of the parties, and I would like them to produce a voter who casts his ballot on the destiny issue.

In one of his books Barrie tells about a man who contracted cancer in the hand through carrying a cane with a round knob for a head. I met a stranger phenomenon than that the other day. I was sitting in the window of a King street hotel when a bright young newboy came along and endeavored to sell me a paper. I didn't want any, so like other bustling business men he made me a premium offer. "I'll play you a tone on my chin if you buy a paper," he said. I did not understand, but out of curiosity accepted the offer. Well, of all the strange ways of producing music from the beginning of the world down this was the strangest.

good word to use, for newboys have fads as much as more highly favored people) and appeared to be quite general among the profession and helped them considerably with their sales. "You ought to have heard Jimmie play though," he said when he had gotten through. "He was a daisy at it, but his chin got sore and the doctor says he has cancer. It may get better though."

Afterwards I made enquiries about Jimmie and found that the originator of a new form of disease was getting better. St. John bears some echoes of the great social discussions that are going on elsewhere but we don't feel the heat of the battle. The new woman is to be seen here and she is asserting herself. Industrial problems are being considered more and more and some of the churches are approaching in some respects the nature of the institutional churches of American cities. These churches are considered to be more practical than the ordinary churches. On Sundays industrial and sociological subjects are considered in the pulpit and on week days they try to improve the social and temporal condition of the people. Among these churches in Boston are the Shawmut Universalist church, the Berkeley Temple, and the Parker Memorial, the People's church, the Shawmut Congregational and the Ruggles street Baptist. There are none in St. John, but some of the St. John clergymen take up the industrial and social question in their pulpits Sundays and accomplish much practical good in this way. Notably among these are Rev. Mr. MacNeill, Rev. Mr. McKinnon and Rev. Dr. Bruce. Here there is no need for the institutional church. The X. M. C. can do all this institutional work required and can do it at a less cost of time and money than the individual churches.

PEN AND PENCIL "Cyprus Galde," a poetical contributor to PROGRESS concerning whose identity many inquiries have been made, has published a song, "Beautiful Lady May," which appeared in a slightly different form in PROGRESS some time ago. The music is by "Margherita," a young lady of much musical talent. The air is simple and pleasing. Persons wishing a copy of this song can obtain it by sending 25 cents and their address to Music, P. O. Box 54, New Glasgow, N. S. "Beautiful Lady May" will probably have a large sale. "Cyprus Galde" informs us that his poem, "A Declaration on the Bell of Blanford Bay," which appeared in PROGRESS, has been the star piece of an elocutionist in Boston who bought PROGRESS in this city. The declamation published in today's PROGRESS, "The Sable Island Life-boat," was written for the same elocutionist.

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**A USEFUL XMAS PRESENT**

**"The Little Helpmate,"**  
 by E. M. Trub, steward of the Union Club, St. John N. B.; late of St. James' Club, Montreal. It contains a great deal of home-hold information **NOT GENERALLY KNOWN**, also the whole method of the wonderful **GENIUS CLEANING AGENT** known as "Carpenter's Shampoon."  
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**Christmas, 1894.**

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**Social and Personal.**

**St. John—South End.**  
 A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. John McDonah called on them at their home, 70 William street, Boston, to bring the eighth anniversary of their wedding day. The guests brought with them a number of suitable gifts as mementoes of the occasion, among them a handsome dinner set. Dancing was the order of the evening.  
 Mr. Bennett Swaine and bride, formerly Miss Nyles, of the north end, have returned from their wedding tour. They received their friends on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of this week.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Stevens spent part of this week at Turro N. S.  
 Mr. Alexander Rae Garrie, of New Glasgow, N. S., is visiting Mrs. William C. Whitaker, Queen square.  
 Miss Nicholson has returned from Halifax, where she has been spending some weeks with friends.  
 Mrs. A. L. Bonnell, who has been living during the summer at Sutton station, has returned to the city for the winter.  
 Miss Lillian Teasdale, who has been spending some months at Kingston, Ont., has returned home.  
 Mrs. Walter Brown, of Ottawa, is in the city, the guest of her mother, Mrs. Paley.  
 Rev. Ernest Daley and Mrs. Daley, of Cornwall, N. S., arrived in the city on Friday last, and are staying at the Lansdowne. Mr. Daley will take charge of the Leinster street baptist church for a few weeks.  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Golding, Jr., are receiving congratulations—the arrival is a little daughter.  
 Mr. Thomas R. Black, of Amherst, is visiting his brother, Rev. S. McCully Black, Leinster street.  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. King gave a small party on Thursday evening, in honor of the birthday of their little daughter, Miss Minnette, at their residence, Pitt street.  
 Miss Lily Manin, who has been on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Laughton, New Hampshire, returned home on Saturday.  
 Miss May Stinson, of St. Andrews, who has been spending a few weeks with friends in this city, returned home today.  
 The many friends of Mrs. William Vassie will be sorry to learn that she is confined to her home on Mecklenburg street, through illness.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cole, of Elliott Row, entertained a number of their friends at a picnic evening at Whit, on Thursday.  
 Miss Gerlie Porter left on Thursday morning for Boston, to spend the holiday season with friends there.  
 Mr. R. Williams, of Vancouver, B. C., who had been spending the summer at his old home in Glasgow, has returned to Vancouver.  
 The Fells Wall's Quadrille club was entertained on Wednesday evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James McAvity, High street. Dancing was the chief amusement, and a pleasant evening was spent by all. The assembly broke up at midnight.  
 Mr. C. L. Jordan, who has been spending a few weeks with friends in this city, left on Thursday for his home at Toronto.  
 On Tuesday evening Miss Sadie Golding gave a pleasant party to a number of her friends. Music was furnished by Mr. Archie Cook. Among those present were Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Donald, Mrs. Trueman, the Misses Longley, the Misses Seely, Miss E. Yanwart, Miss B. Dimes, Miss G. McFarlane, Miss N. Golding, Miss M. Golding, Miss Branscombe, Miss Flewelling, Miss M. Fowler, Miss J. Fowler, Miss Francis, Miss Carpenter, Miss Ritchie, Miss Bill, Miss Sinclair, Miss L. Olive, Messrs. James McFate, George Dole, Fred Folkins, Willie Golding, W. G. Barbour, George Peters, Will Farrell, V. Waite, Smith, O. Branscombe, A. Branscombe, Will Sinclair, McLean, M. Olive, Dr. Gorman and others.  
 Mrs. Charles E. Day and little daughter, who have been spending the past week at Pleasant Point, the guest of Mrs. William Rivers, has returned to her home in Parrish.  
 Mrs. Scott left on Thursday afternoon for Ottawa, where she will reside in future with her daughter, Miss Hattie Scott.  
 Mrs. Daniel Trites, of Pettoodias, is making a visit to friend in this city.  
 Miss Edith Hazelhurst, who has been spending some months with her grandmother, at Antigonish, N. S., returned home this week.  
 There was a large attendance at the picnic social held in the school house at Goldbrook on Monday evening last. An interesting programme of songs, recitations dialogues, etc. by the school children (under the direction of the teacher, Miss M. Donovan) afforded much pleasure. Mr. Emery acted as auctioneer, and as the proceeds of the sale were for school purposes handsome prizes were paid for most of the pies. After the good things were disposed of, a local orchestra supplied excellent music and dancing was kept up for a couple of hours. Messrs. T. Robinson, A. Bean, D. Walsh, T. O'Brien and a number of others drove out from the city to attend the affair.  
 Mr. H. S. Miles, Inspector of Fisheries, and Mrs. Miles spent last week in St. John, the guests of A. J. and Mrs. Lockhart.  
 Miss Genevieve Landry, who has been spending some weeks with friends in Boston, has returned home.  
 Miss Carrie B. Jordan, of the north end, was entertained at tea on Wednesday afternoon by the members of the Women's Missionary society, of Portland Methodist church. As a token of the esteem in which Miss Jordan is held by her friends, she was presented with a handsome silver sash, accompanied by a suitable address. Miss Jordan is  
 My photos are so truthful,  
 So pretty and so telling,  
 My pocket-book quite empty is  
 By calls for them bewildering.  
 Large photos for Christmas should be sat for now.  
 Climo & Son, 54 Princess St.

shortly to be married to Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Mt. Allison.  
 On Thursday evening Mr. E. Perkins, who has for some time been leader of the Y. M. C. A. orchestra, was entertained at supper at Lana's cafe in anticipation of his approaching departure for Bridgewater, where he will reside. During the evening Mr. J. Fraser Gregory, on behalf of those present, presented Mr. Perkins with a pair of gold cuff links on the face of which was a monogram "E. P." and "J. F." Mr. Perkins acknowledged the gift in a pleasing manner. Other addresses were made by Messrs. Cook, Wood, Wain, Warwick, Mitchell, Peterson, and William. Music was furnished by the orchestra. **NOTE.**  
**St. John—North End.**  
 Rev. Mr. William Tibbitt, of Fredericton, spent Sunday and part of this week with Mr. and Mrs. Will Young, Main street.  
 Miss Mary Shaw returned last Friday from New York, where she has been spending the past two months.  
 On Tuesday last, Miss Sadie Golding entertained about forty of her friends at a very enjoyable dance, at her home on Princess street.  
 Miss Lillian and Miss Blanche Markham returned last week from a pleasant visit to Boston.  
 Miss Maude Ritchie and Miss Jennie Carpenter have invited a number of friends to a surprise party at Miss Florrie Brown's on Thursday evening. A very pleasant evening is expected.  
 Mrs. Cunard and her daughter have been spending a few weeks in Boston and returned home on Monday.  
 Miss Lizzie Smith is spending a short time in Amherst, N. S.  
 Dr. Goodwin has returned from a pleasant trip up north.  
 Thursday evening was the event of a pleasant surprise at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown, Main street, north end, for their daughter, Miss Florence Brown. The committee in charge were Miss Maude Ritchie and Miss Jennie Carpenter, who did much for the enjoyment of the party. Dancing was the chief amusement and delightful music was furnished by Harrison's orchestra. Fees were served during the evening and at midnight the party partook of a bountiful supper. Dancing was kept up until an early hour this morning, when the party broke up after having said adieu to each other that it was one of the most pleasant evenings they ever had. Among those invited were: Misses Ida Rootes, B. Warren, Mamie Hayford, Nellie Hayworth, Ida Thompson, Nettie Thompson, Minnie Nash, Mrs. Hargrave, Misses Bertha Courtney, Annie Farmer, Lou Seely, Minnie Branscombe, Bird Trites, Jennie Fowler, Alice DeLooze, Fos Seely, Ber Seely, Misses Campbell, Bessie Sinclair, Nita Golding, Sadie Golding, Miss M. Farlan, Lizzie Flewelling, Annie Fowler, Jessie Massie, Ella Oulton, Ethel Golding, Messrs. McColgan, Mand Truett, J. Hamilton, Josephine Horwood, Jennie Buckman, Ella Vanart, Ada Cowan, Blanche Wisely, Annie Purdy, Alice Lachur, Nellie Godwin, Misses Langan, Misses Patton, Mrs. Leslie Mrs. White, F. Fowler, Misses Helen Ervine, Mabel Dunham, Misses Carpenter, Lea Murray, Lizzie Bond, Nellie Bond, Minnie Beverly, Misses Evey, Misses A. Pedron and Nettie Pedron, Messrs. O. Branscombe, A. V. Branscombe, Boyd, Barnes, Banks, Cowan, Charlton, Cochran, Chesley, Dickson, Dole, Doherty, E. G. Eaton, Ester, Farmer, Farrell, Fraser, Fleming, Golding, Henderson, Johnson, Keith, Lacey, Farmer, McLean, McPeak, McKay, McMillan, Mills, Noble, J. Noble, Oate, Purdy, Pedron, Farasan, Peters, Prince, Purdy, Sutherland, S. N. Clair, Sime, Stinson, Trites, Thompson, Ritchie, Tiber, Taylor, Watson, Waite, Robinson, Duffell, Fowler, Baras and others.

**FREDERICTON.**  
 [PROGRAMME is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fency and J. H. Hawthorne.]  
 Dec 2.—Mrs. Manswell gave a very enjoyable At Home today, from 4 to 6 at The Bazaar.  
 Governor and Mrs. Fraser have returned from their visit to St. John.  
 Mrs. Wesley Vanwart and Mrs. Fred Richards have been spending a few days in St. John, the guests of Mr. Hobson.  
 After a visit of over two months spent in New York, Mrs. A. G. Beckwith is at home again.  
 Miss Harriet Rainsford is expected home from Boston to spend the Christmas holidays here.  
 The whist club will meet with Miss Ida Allen on Friday evening.  
 Mr. A. Allison Bartlett, of Charlottetown, is in the city this week. Mr. Bartlett is an antiquarian of some note and has a rare collection of coins and his opinion on the value of coins is recognized by a great many of his friends in the city.  
 Lary Tuley has returned to her home in St. John after spending some days with Mrs. A. F. Street, who has been quite ill but is now some better.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wheeler, of St. John, visit the city last week.  
 Mrs. Walter Fisher is going to Woodstock, to spend Christmas with relatives.  
 The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Little, of Sussex, are in the city.  
 Miss Minnie Everett is visiting friends in St. John.  
 Miss Florrie Powys is coming home for Christmas.

**ST. ANDREWS.**  
 [PROGRAMME is for sale in St. Andrews by T. R. Wren.]  
 Dec 11.—On Monday about twenty of the young folks spent a very pleasant evening with Mr. Vernon Lamb.  
 Judge Cockburn was in St. John on the first of the week.  
 Mrs. Johnson, of Chamcook, spent a few days with Mrs. James Stoop.  
 Mr. William Gibson, of Benton, N. P., was in town on Friday last.  
 Capt. William Clarke arrived home on Thursday.  
 The marriage of Miss Gertrude Stickney to Mr. James McKee is announced to take place Wednesday morning, Dec. 19th, at nine o'clock in All saints church.  
 Rev. Archibald Gunn arrived here on Monday last.  
 Miss Maud Hart, of Tallahassee, Florida, is visiting Mrs. T. R. Wren.  
 The ladies of All Saints church will have their tea and fancy sale Saturday, 15th, inst., instead of Thursday. The postponement is caused by the marriage which takes place on Thursday, Dec. 13, of Miss Florence Clarke, to Mr. Albert Thompson. Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Magee went to St. Stephen on Friday.  
**SALISBURY.**  
 Dec 12.—Judge Wells and Mr. J. T. Hawke, of Moncton, were in Salisbury last Friday.  
 Miss Mary Steeves, of St. John, is home to spend a few months with her mother.  
 Mrs. G. A. Dodge and children, of Moncton, spent Sunday with Mrs. E. Kay. Mr. Dodge was in the village on Monday.  
 Mr. Charles Bulmer spent Sunday in Amherst.  
 Mr. Sangster, of Moncton, was in the village on Monday.  
 The members of the baptist church club, assisted by others, are to give an entertainment in Examination hall this evening.  
 Mrs. Wallace Taylor and Miss Taylor were in Moncton on Tuesday.  
 Master Edward Baird spent last Sunday in Sackville.  
 Miss Margie McLarrin and Miss Susie Thompson, who have been visiting Mrs. L. A. Wright, have returned to their home in Moncton.

**CARLE'S HANDY FIRE LIGHTER**  
 Must be once used to be fully appreciated.  
 Telephone your Harwar man to send you one on trial. If you think it is a new and sure method of lighting your fire send it back.  
**John R. Carle**  
 169 Main Street, St. John.  
 Agents wanted everywhere.

**HEADQUARTERS for SANTA CLAUS.**

At **The BAZAAR,** 91 Charlotte Street.  
 (Nearly Opposite Dufferin Hotel)  
 Call and inspect our stock of TOYS, DOLLS, GAMES, CHRISTMAS CARDS and ILLUSTRATED CALENDARS to select from. We have a large stock and it must be disposed of by January 1st. We have decided to sell at a small advance over cost.  
 Come and secure BARGAINS at once and avoid the rush.  
**50c.** Will go as far at the Bazaar as \$1.00 in other stores.

**THE BEST Christmas Up to**  
 Are you coming in for your share?  
 Whatever your wants may be, we can meet them with beautiful and appropriate selections.  
**A & J. HAY'S, King St.**

**Holman & Duffell's**  
 and see their choice line of...  
**FANCY GOODS FOR XMAS.**  
 Picture Framing to Order.  
 48 King St.

**PERFUMES.**  
 Hand Mirrors, Brushes and Combs, Hair Pin Boxes, Solid Silver and Shell Hair Pins, Cut Glass and Fancy Bottles, various other Toilet Articles.  
**American Hair Store,**  
 87 Charlotte Street, 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

**VISIT**  
**J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio**  
 when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.  
 Don't Forget the Address, 75 Charlotte Street, over Warlock's

Not a trashy thing in the whole of our display of **JAPANESE FANCY GOODS**  
**FOR XMAS.**  
 Especially selected with a view to usefulness and appearance. We will have additional help the next 10 days and assure prompt attention to wants of customers.  
**Daniel & Robertson, Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.**

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(FOR ADDITIONAL NEWS SEE THE PAGES AND SUPPLEMENT)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Christmas is for sale in Halifax at the following... Mrs. J. W. Allen...

On Saturday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. John Duffus gave a large reception at their residence...

Mrs. W. H. Martell is making a short visit to Boston, Mass. Mrs. J. H. Weston, of this city, is the guest of her sister...

The concert given by Miss Florence Muir and her pupils on Thursday evening was a great success. There was a large audience...

The confirmation service was held in St. Paul's church on Sunday morning when some six or seven candidates were confirmed...

The tableaux in aid of the C. W. M. A. which were to have been held this week at the Orpheum hall, have been postponed until after the New Year...

On Monday evening there was a very pleasant dance at Mrs. Bedwin's. Among those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. R. H. Bridge, Mrs. Cliff Robertson...

On Tuesday Miss Ganthony, the brilliant and versatile sleight-of-hand artist, was in town for a visit, with friends in Boston...

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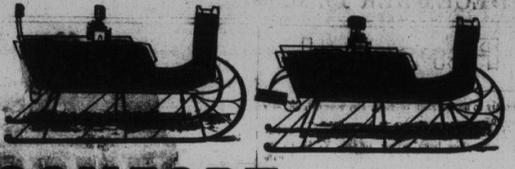
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COMFORT. STYLE.

BOTH ARE SECURED IN THE Gladstone Sleigh, SHOWN ABOVE. Silver Mountings, Cloth Trimmings. Seats easily changed from one position to the other.

PRICE & SHAW,

222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

Mr. E. M. Macdonald was attending court in Halifax. He returned home on Thursday. The Happy Worker's of the Prince street church held their annual sale and entertainment on Tuesday evening...

NORTH SYDNEY.

On Wednesday evening a very pleasant dance was given at the residence of Mrs. G. O. Corbett. The guests were Misses H. Rigby, Purves, A. McKenzie, Copeland, M. Brown, L. Brown, Fairbridge, Moore, Peppett, T. Barrington, F. Barrington, Bedwin, Mrs. C. J. Hoyt, and the Messrs. Book, Gossip, J. Purves, A. Purves, F. Robertson, L. Robertson, Creelman, C. J. Hoyt, Boreham, H. Ross, Davison and Dr. MacKaye...

On Monday evening there was a very pleasant dance at Mrs. Bedwin's. Among those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. R. H. Bridge, Mrs. Cliff Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Christie, the Messrs. Copeland, Yocobi, Patridge, Thompson, Peppett, McKenzie, Jennie Peters, McLaughlin, Monaghan, and Messrs. Boreham, Stanley Earle, Book, Davison, L. Robertson, F. Robertson, H. W. Christie, Thompson, McDonald, Creelman, Gossip, A. Purves, and H. Ross...

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FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

Advertisement for Gentlemen's Dressing Gowns and Smoking Jackets.

Advertisement for Japanese Smoking Jackets.

Advertisement for Manchester Robertson & Allison.

Advertisement for SMITH BROS., Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery.

Advertisement for WHAT SHALL WE EAT? In order to have something light, nutritious, easily digested, delicious and attractive to the taste by all means try...

Advertisement for EGAR'S WINE OF RENNET. This old established and reliable preparation will enable your cook to serve you with eight or ten delicious dessert dishes...

Advertisement for MURPHY'S GOLD CURE INSTITUTE FOR THE TREATMENT OF ALCOHOLISM.

Advertisement for MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS.

Advertisement for HARRY WEBB'S CHRISTMAS CAKES.

Advertisement for BACHELOR CIGAR.

Advertisement for TOC HAVANA CIGAR.

Advertisement for A. ISAACS, 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Advertisement for MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS.

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CERTAIN CURE FOR CATARRH FOUND AT LAST!

For sale at all druggists. Anti-Catarrhal Balm in metallic tubes, 25c each...

SOLE PROPRIETOR: J. Gustave Laviolette, M. D., 232 & 234 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL.

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These will be opened on Thursday evening. Society generally will regret the loss of the genial manager of the bridge company...

CHATHAM. [Programme is for sale in Chatham by Edward Johnson.]

Dec. 12.—The much talked of rainbow tea came on Tuesday evening in Masonic hall, and was one of the most charming affairs ever held in Chatham. The ladies of St. Mary's congregation are to be congratulated on the brilliant success of their novel entertainment...

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Programme is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the book stores of G. S. Wall and J. F. Froom & Co. in Calais at G. F. Trevelyan's.]

Dec. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. George J. Clarke entertained a party of friends most pleasantly at their pretty home on Monday evening.

Mrs. A. I. Teed gave another of her pleasant parties on Friday evening. Cards were the chief amusement. Supper was served at eleven o'clock, afterwards singing and conversation finished a most enjoyable evening.

The Kit-Kat club met at the residence of Judge Gardner last evening. The situation of China and Japan was the subject discussed. It was a most spirited discussion, and was greatly enjoyed by those who were there.

Mrs. Charles King entertained at tea on Monday afternoon, all the ladies of the "Six of One" and "Half dozen of the other" club. The ladies took an electric car ride, visited the stores in St. Stephen and then returned to Calais, to Mrs. King's residence, where tea was served, and the evening passed with reading and conversation.

Mrs. J. M. Marble has returned from a most delightful visit in New Bedford, Mass., with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Tucker.

Mrs. John Murdoch, on visiting Philadelphia, Penn., on a business trip.

Mr. C. W. Young has been visiting Nova Scotia, on business intent.

Miss Bessie Jack has returned to Fredericton after a pleasant visit of three weeks here.

Mrs. C. W. Goss, of St. Andrews, spent several days here during this week, and was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Helen Grimmer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Harding, of St. John, spent several days in town during the past week.

Mr. Simpson Daggott, of Grand Manan, made a brief visit here this week.

Mrs. James D. Bates has been spending a day or two in St. John.

Mrs. A. H. Thompson has returned from a pleasant visit in St. George.

Mrs. C. H. Clark has returned from a week's visit in St. John. Her friends most gladly welcome her home again.

Persons joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne" assisted by the audience and which brought to a close an enjoyable entertainment beyond all ordinary. The proceeds of the evening were largely in aid of a good sum was realized notwithstanding the admission fee was the small sum of ten cents.

MONCTON. [Programme is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore, by J. E. McCreary and B. Jones.]

Dec. 12.—Dr. E. B. Chandler's many friends will regret to hear that he has been seriously ill. Mrs. P. S. Archibald left on Monday afternoon for Bangor, where she will spend some weeks with friends.

Mr. E. G. Evans, of Hampton, was in Truro for a few days last week. Miss Ellen Wright has gone to Boston where she will remain for the winter.

The concert given in the basement of St. Bernard's church last evening by the society of the children of Mary, in aid of the poor of the city, was largely attended and very much enjoyed. An excellent programme was prepared and fully carried out.

Mr. H. C. Barnes, of Salisbury, was in the city yesterday. Mr. W. C. Piffard, of St. John, was in Moncton, on Tuesday.

Mr. A. B. Copp, of Beauséjour, is in the city. Mr. C. S. Hickman, of Dorchester, spent Tuesday in town.

Mr. A. McQuarrie, who has been in Moncton for some time visiting his daughter, Mrs. McNab, returned home last Thursday.

Mr. R. S. Chestnut, Bouchette and Moncton station master at St. Anthony, was in town for a few days last week.

Mr. W. R. Reacy, inspector of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, was in the city on Friday last.

Mr. S. A. Watson, of Halifax, was in town last week on a business trip.

Rev. W. W. Weeks has gone to Sydney, C. B., where he preaches the dedicatory sermon at the opening of the Baptist church there. Mr. Weeks was accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Mr. Peter McCreaney went to Halifax on Monday having heard that his brother, Mr. W. B. McCreaney, barrister-at-law, is seriously ill.

Mr. T. V. Cook, general store-keeper of the I. C. B., left on Saturday night for Montreal.

Mr. Jas. O. Fish, of Newcastle, was in town last week. Dr. E. A. Smith, of Shediac, was in town on Monday.

Judge Lantry was in the city on Monday. Miss Ida Ferguson, who has been in Halifax for the past three months, returned home on Thursday evening.

Hon. H. R. Emmerson, of Dorchester, was in the city on Friday.

Mr. W. H. Fry, engineer, was in town last Thursday. Judge W. H. Monaghan will join them at Gibraltar as he cannot leave for a week or two. Mr. Hill intends returning in three months, but the others will remain away six months, spending a month in Spain, a month in Italy, a month in Egypt, a month in Turkey, Hungary, and Servia, a month in Germany and Switzerland, and a month in France and Great Britain.

The friends of Mr. A. S. Wood, of the Canada Life Insurance Company, are glad to hear he is able to be out again after a tedious illness of several weeks.

Photography. SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP, REFINED FINISH

and moderate prices, combine to make these PHOTOS the most satisfactory in St. John today.

HAROLD GLINO, 85 Germain Street.

MARYVILLE. Dec. 5.—Mrs. Dr. Fisher has returned home after a very pleasant visit to St. John.

Mr. Parlee, of Sussex, spent Sunday with friends here. Mr. Goulding, of Sussex, is the guest of Dr. Sharpe.

Miss Mercy Murray, of St. Stephen, who is attending Normal School, spent Sunday with her cousin, Miss Rita Murray.

The Y. P. Club are looking forward to a pleasant drive on Friday evening.

The Misses Murray gave a large party on Tuesday evening at the residence of their sister, Mrs. Hugh Alexander. Among the invited guests were: The Misses A. Gibson, M. Foster, B. A. Dowling, Calais, M. Tuffs, B. Lively, Stella Lively, M. Lively, M. Fisher, B. Lodge, M. Alexander, E. Hanson, B. Sampson, M. Cadwallader, G. Libby, J. Robinson, J. McDonagh, The Misses Marshall, Milken, Ramsey, and Harris, Messrs. French, Gibson, Lodge, Tuffs, C. Lively, McPherson, W. Cadwallader, Marshall, Robinson, G. Mann, Boyce, Rowley, Rodgers, Murray, Woodbridge, Milken and Bourke.

Supper was served at 10 o'clock. The guests dined at 11 a. m., all reporting having a good time. Mr. Alex. Gibson Jr., gave a party in honor of his little daughter, Mamie, last Thursday, which was much enjoyed by the little ones.

I am sorry to hear Miss Alice Milken is confined to the house through sickness.

Mrs. C. H. Hat went to St. John on Tuesday. Her friends are pleased to see Mrs. J. W. Read again after her recent illness.

MURQUAHE. Dec. 12.—The funeral of Miss Eliza Carman took place Sunday afternoon from her late residence the "Wallows," and was largely attended. A service was held at St. Ann's church, conducted by Rev. N. M. Spinks. The choir rendered three favorite hymns, "Thy Will Be Done," "A Few More Years Shall Roll" and "Now The Laborer's Task is Done."

The hall here was a war: Messrs. G. Carman, L. Carman, G. Bedell and J. A. Balcom. Mr. Carman and Mr. Bedell, of St. John, visited here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Woodford, Mr. John Anderson and Mrs. Charles Hason spent Sunday here, the guests of Mrs. Anderson.

Mr. W. M. Smith, of St. John, was here last week. The hall here was a war: Messrs. G. Carman, L. Carman, G. Bedell and J. A. Balcom. Mr. Carman and Mr. Bedell, of St. John, visited here last week.

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MAGNET SOAP.

This SOAP contains no adulteration or excesses of alkali to irritate the most delicate of skins.

For this reason it is also best for Clothes, Linens, Fine Lawns, Cambrics, Laces and Embroideries.

For sale by grocers everywhere.

J. T. Logan, MANUFACTURER, 20 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

OLD SILVER WARE. Do you want it Plated? Do you want it Whittened and Cleared? If you do, take it to HILLMAN, the PLATER.

who has removed from Union to Germain Street, where he has every facility for Replating and Re-polishing Silverware of all kinds. Every article should shine at this season of the year.

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Gift Packages of Perfumery, MANICURE SETS, JEWEL CASES, DRESSING CASES, and other useful presents at W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S, 35 KING STREET.

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THE COMPANY WILL DISTRIBUTE AMONG ITS SUBSCRIBERS ON THE 18th Day of Dec., 1894, 3425 Works of Art, aggregating in value \$65,115.

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Send money for subscriptions by registered letter, money order, bank cheque or draft to THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, L.T.A., ST. JOHN, N. B. Circulars and full information mailed free. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

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Dr. Schacht, president of the "Apotheker Verein," in a paper read before that scientific body at Berlin, in 1873, referred to LORRIMER'S SAUCE in term of highest praise, and recommended it in preference to any other form of Pepsin either in wines, essences or other forms.

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Mr. Martha Beant's elixir of the "Tree of Life" of British India is a perfect cure for Nervous Debility and Nervous Prostration in both sexes. For thirty years it has proved its great power in quickly restoring the functions to their full vigor and even where an advanced age has been reached a new life is begun, with a constitution in perfect working order. Pains in the joints, neuralgia, headache, tremor, etc.—by The Martha Beant Co., Yorkville, Canada.

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INDISPENSIBLE. REV. GEORGE J. LOWE.

The Rectory, Almonte, Ont., writes: I must ask you to send me another bottle of your invaluable medicine. I think your last bottle has cured me entirely, but some members of my family, whose cases are worse than mine, insist on my getting some more. Indeed we all think it an indispensable article in the household.

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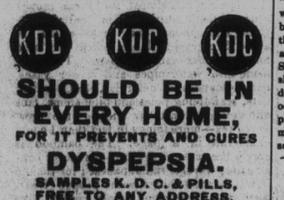
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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

CHURCHES OF HALIFAX.

WHERE HALIFAXIANS WORSHIP IN LETTER AND IN SPIRIT.

There are thirty-nine places of worship altogether—The Fashionable Churches, and the Ones Which Make no Pretensions to Style.

HALIFAX, Dec. 13.—Halifax is a city of churches, if one church to every thousand of population constitutes it such. There is in this city a population of 38,000, and there are, all told, thirty-nine places of public worship. Though that number would not afford seating accommodation at once for every man, woman and child in Halifax, they would hold nearly everybody who could manage to leave home at the same hour, for there are invariably many who are compelled to remain at home and who are engaged in "works of necessity" on Sunday. Practically, therefore, there is not a Sunday in the year when everybody, if they so desired, could not find a sitting in church at eleven or seven o'clock. Probably nearly half of the people of Halifax do not attend church. Seven leading denominations are represented by churches in this city. The church of England is most largely favored (14) churches in point of numbers, there being no less than eleven places of worship. Then comes the presbyterian with nine churches; the methodist with seven; the baptist with six; the Roman catholic with four; the disciples with one, the jews with one. Though there are only four catholic churches at least two-fifths of our population is included in that communion, and probably, as a body, they attend service more generally and more regularly than the adherents of any other denomination.

Fashion is an element which wherever it may find an excuse for existence, should be found in our churches last of all. The house of God should have equal importance no matter where found or who the worshippers may be. But it is not so in the eyes of the world. There are churches, though not in Halifax, which are almost as exclusive as "society" houses. We have fashionable churches in this city, and we have churches which make no pretensions to style. The people who worship in the latter, however, are doubtless just as happy as those who bow the knee in the religious resorts of the wealthy or the "swell" in the community.

It may be interesting to take a glance around at our Halifax churches, with an eye to the personnel of the worshippers. If a stranger comes to the city and wants to know which is the fashionable denomination he will be safe in selecting the English communion, and going to St. Luke's cathedral. St. Luke's is not the wealthiest church but it is the most swell. More "society" people go there than to any other one church. There, too, the stranger will find the "highest" type of ritual in this city. St. Luke's has long been "high," and under the rectorship of Rev. E. P. Crawford there is no chance of it becoming "lower," or approaching any nearer what Rev. F. H. Almon, of Trinity, not long ago, called "true" churchmanship.

The garrison chapel is attended by the general and military, but it is not "fashionable" in any other sense. One of the wealthiest churches in Halifax is St. Paul's episcopal. It is "low" and evangelical, and the congregation forms the very backbone and support of the church of England in this city. The congregation is so strong that it does not need to take time to consider whether or not it is fashionable. Rev. Dyson Hague, son of Mr. Hague, manager of a large Montreal banking concern, is the pastor. Hon. A. G. Jones is one of the wardens, and very many of the best people in the city are members. St. Paul's is the historic church of Halifax, and dates back to 1750. St. George's and Trinity church, rather than being wealthy, are the episcopal churches of the workingmen. St. Stephen's is a rather fashionable church, and Rev. Mr. Webster personally is one of the best liked ministers in the denomination.

The admiral usually attends St. Mark's, as it is in the neighborhood of Admiralty house. The other church of England places of worship are St. Matthias, St. John's, St. James, and St. Alban's, all with but small congregations. The presbyterians of Halifax are perhaps the most wealthy class in the community, and Fort Massey is the richest, most liberal and most fashionable presbyterian church. It is the church, too, which has as many active christian workers as any other, and under the pastorate of Rev. A. G. Gandier, has within a few months so filled up that pews are "are at a premium." You need to be there early on Sunday nights to get a good sitting. The singing under the leadership of George E. Boak, is excellent.

St. Andrew's, about 40 years old is a close neighbor of Fort Massey, has a liberal congregation and has an endowment of at least \$8,000.

St. Matthew's church is one of the historical presbyterian places of worship. Originally it was congregational, and presi-

dent Cleveland's grandfather was minister there. It is fashionable and wealthy but is not so largely attended as Fort Massey in proportion to its size, nor is it as liberal in its contributions. The church boasts the most artistic choir or quartette singing in the city, and the music is indeed a strange factor in drawing congregations. Rev. Thomas Flower is pastor and C. H. Porter, conductor of the Orpheus club, presides at the organ.

Park street church is the leading north end presbyterian place of worship and a fine congregation gathers there. St. John's is not far away, and it with Grove, Chalmer and the Northwest Arm church, furnishes ample accommodation for Halifax presbyterianism.

The great methodist church is the Brunswick street place of worship. The church has the largest seating accommodation of any in the city, making a close race in this respect with St. Matthew's. It is the wealthiest methodist church, has a good choir and the organ is in many respects the best in Halifax.

Grafton street church, in the south end, is the next largest methodist church and it ranks next to Brunswick street in denominational importance. Kaye street church is in the extreme north end; Beech street and Charles street in the west and north-west; and Robie street in the south-west. There is also the methodist episcopal church (colored).

The first baptist church is the leading congregation of that body, and one of the most influential churches in Halifax, in wealth, members, liberality, and in its active christian workers. Rev. A. C. Chute is the indefatigable pastor. Before occupying its present fine brick building the congregation was known as the Granville street baptist church, worshipping in what is now Orpheus hall, a building they sold to the club.

The north baptist church is the leading north end congregation of that body, Rev. J. W. Manning being pastor before going to St. John. Further north still, is the Tabernacle baptist church. Then there is the baptist mission in the western suburbs and the colored baptist church.

The disciples of Christ (christian church) meet in a pretty building on North street. The Jewish synagogue is on Star street, the old free baptist congregation which worshipped in the same building having become extinct not long ago.

The universalist church is on Brunswick street, almost directly opposite the methodist church.

St. Mary's cathedral, on Spring Garden road, is of course, the leading church of the Roman catholic communion. It is by far the most imposing church edifice in the city. The minarets and steeple of the massive front are beautiful indeed, and something of which many a city of more pretensions than Halifax might well be proud. A greater congregation can assemble within the spacious walls of St. Mary's than anywhere else in the city. Services are held at the usual hours from early morning till eleven o'clock. The choir is under the leadership of William F. Compton, and the singing is magnificent at eleven o'clock mass and at vespers. Solo work plays an important part in the musical service.

Brunswick street is the ecclesiastical street of Halifax. On it is found St. Patrick's for the convenience of North end catholics. Here not much more than a stone's throw from each other are St. Patrick's, St. John's presbyterian, St. George's episcopal, Brunswick street methodist, the universalist and the garrison churches. St. Agnes is the West end catholic church and St. Joseph's, the far north catholic church. There is no doubt about it that there is plenty of church accommodation in Halifax. If the people were religiously disposed in proportion, and were as good as their creed, Halifax would be all right, and she is not too bad as it is, compared with other places.

What He Would Take. A gentleman walking along a pier in one of the big Scotch ports saw three men of different nationalities—namely, English, Scotch and Irish—talking together, and, wanting to see the difference in their natures, he thought he would ask them all the same question. So walking up to the Englishman he asked him what he would take to stand on the pier all night, and the Englishman said he would do it for a pound; and then turning to the Scotchman the gentleman asked the same question. "What'll ye gie me?" replied the canny Scot. "And now, my friend," said he, turning to the Irishman, "what would you take to stand on the pier all night?" "Bedad!" was the reply. "I would take a bad cow!"

A Fraternal Renegade. Homeless Harry (feelingly)—"Lady, you has let an' clothed me dis mornin' willingly. I derefore leaves a little aboard on yer fence dat is de greatest' return in me power fer yer kindness."

Mrs Goodoul—"What do the marks signify?" Homeless Harry—"It signifies dat dere is two men in de house, 'tree savigde dorge in de yard, an' dat you'll have no visit from travellin' gents as long as dem hyperlogifios is readable. Mornin', lady."

A BURGLAR AT FOOTBALL

HE WAS CHOSEN BECAUSE HE WAS A GOOD TACKLER.

He Breaks into the House of the Football Captain and Tackles Him—The Captain Finally Gets on Top, and Makes the Burglar Fly in a Game.

"As I started across the room," the retired burglar said, describing his adventures in a town, "I stepped on a creaky board. The man in the bed threw back the bedclothes with a snap and sat up. There was light enough in the room from a turned-down gas jet by the bureau for him to see me, and he tossed the clothes away and jumped out of bed. He was a big fellow, broad shoulders and powerful, and he wasn't any more afraid of me than I'd be a baby. There wasn't any use for me to run. I couldn't have got to the head of the stairs before he'd have had his hand on my collar, and I knew it. There wasn't anything to do but to lace him and fight him. He had made a jump for me as he swung out of the bed and I made a run for him, lowering my head and throwing myself at him with my shoulders against his legs just above his knees. I had won the first round, for I knocked him over just by sheer weight and force, and as he went down I fell on him, and actually I thought then that I was going to best him.

"But, though he was down, he wasn't discouraged; far from it. I had fallen on him kind o' sideways, over more on the right side of his body. I had his right arm under me, and his left hand and forearm; but he pulled that left arm from under me easily and flung it over and grabbed my left arm with a grip that was like the sudden contraction of a big steel claw; but what got me most about it was its absolute confidence. He was quick, quicker'n lightning, but was cool as cool could be. It was the grip of a man who felt in his heart that he could pull a house down if he wanted to.

"He tried to pull me over on my back, where I would have been as helpless as a bug turned over; and as I felt that grip I almost laughed as I thought that half a minute before I was thinking that possibly I might best him. What I was doing now was hanging on to him for all I knew how to keep him from turning me over. All of a sudden he shifted that left hand to my throat and choked the breath out of me; and the next thing I knew I was sitting in a chair with my arms tied to me, and him looking at me.

"Which do you druther do," says he; "go to jail or play football?"

"Well," I said, "I think I'd a little rather play football."

"Ever play?" said the man.

"Never," says I.

"Well, when you come in," says the man, "you made one of the prettiest tackles me that I ever saw. Then he went on to tell me that he was the captain of the football team in that town, that the left tackle was sick, and that a week from the next Thursday they were going to play the team from another town near by, and what he wanted was to have me take the left tackle's place.

"This was on Tuesday, so, you see, there was about eight or nine days left. I went right into training with the team, the captain introducing me as a friend from New York. I'd been so accustomed every day that it came pretty hard on me at first to get used to the day work, but I got into it in two or three days and worked along all right. They taught me all they could in eight days, and I remembered all I could of it. I suppose you know a great deal more about football than I do, but if you don't, I might say that in tackling you can do almost anything; you can throw yourself at a man the way I had at the captain at his house, or you can throw your arms around him and restle with him and throw him if you can, but, of course, no slugging; but you can only tackle the man that has the ball; you can't tackle the men that haven't got it. You can put your arm up to them to block 'em when they try to get by you, and you can fall against 'em if you want to, but you must not lay hands on 'em.

Revolution in the Velveteen Trade.

"Millerain" VELVETEEN

Rainproof, Repels Dampness, Showerproof, Porous, Durable.

Each Piece is Stamped "M. J. C. MILLERAIN," every half yard.

Velveteen, which has hitherto been a fabric most susceptible to damp or rain, is not only rendered impervious to both, but is actually rainproof by this process.

Real Japanese Silk, latest colors, for fancy and art work. Furs, Capes and Jackets. Special values in Astrachan Capes. Greenland Seal Capes and Astrachan Jackets.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

THE CZAR'S ARMY. One Regiment is Composed of Members with Turned-up Noses.

The Russian army is full of funny things. Thus, the biggest men are detailed for duty in the bodyguard regiment, "Preobrazhenski," founded by Peter the Great, and originally composed of that monarch's personal friends, all giants in their way. The Czar's family take great pride in this regiment, and on the name day of its patron saint attend the festivities in a body, usually reinforced by foreign ambassadors and ministers.

Then there is the Ismailowski Regiment, where only blondes are tolerated, and the well-known Pawlow Guards, all of whom must have turned-up noses.

The regulations of the Guard Chasseurs, on the other hand, admit only dark-haired men. The Guard officers, being privileged by birth as well as rank in their chosen professions, treat their colleagues in the line almost as badly as the latter treat their subalterns. Up to a few years ago the distinction between them was such that a Guard lieutenant had precedence over a captain of the line.

The late Czar's father changed the state of things somewhat, but not much. A major of the Guards would even today rank higher than a line colonel, if there were such a person. But the advancement of the regular army officer seldom surpasses the rank of battalion chief. Men having reached that distinction are generally while engaged Guard officers or general staff officers obtain the colonelship or lieutenant-colonelship of the regiment to which they devoted their lives.

Only very rarely does a line officer succeed in obtaining a commission in the War Academy, and eventually in the general staff. It should be mentioned, however, that the majority are unfitted for such advancement.

The requirements of the officer's examination in the line are considerably less stringent than those upon which the admission to the Guards' officers' corps are based; the aspirant's social standing is not at all considered, and to complete the wretchedness of the line officer, his pay is ridiculously small and inadequate, especially that of the infantry officer, the lieutenant receiving not more than £40 per year all told. The captain has a little over £50, the major £90. The most abject poverty prevails among them, and only that of the younger officers own more than one uniform, which must do service both on and off parade. The infantry of the line receives in money 15s. per year, including the Czar's and others' presents.

Courting by telephone is obviously a risky operation. However well the lady and gentleman may understand one another, talking over the wire lends itself to many mishaps. But a proposal of marriage by the same method of communication, while possessing the manifest advantage of economizing time, is infinitely more dangerous. It may, indeed, lead to untold complications. There is at the present moment a youth in the city who cannot be persuaded under any circumstances whatever to speak through this most useful of modern inventions. The truth is he had a bitter disappointment, and although no legal proceedings are pending, and he is under no necessity to unburden the secrets of his heart in a court of law, life has ceased to have any attractions for him. One day last week he was transmitting a business message from the head office of his employer to a branch establishment. The answer came in the richest and most dulcet of female voices. The youth was enraptured, and found abundant excuse for "ringing up" the distant depot repeatedly for several days after. His messages were long and elegantly phrased, and when ultimately he was sent on a personal mission to the place where the object of his admiration was employed he felt conscious that he must have made a pleasing and permanent impression. Hardly had he entered the counting-house when the mellifluous accents he had so often heard caught once more his willing ear. Eager for an introduction, he explained to the chief clerk that he must see the telephonist on urgent business. The supreme moment had come at last. Then he was introduced, not to a fair-haired damsel with a mezzo-soprano voice, but to a choir boy of the parish church, who had been placed on special telephone duty on account of his clear articulation.

THE CHANCES ARE THAT A FIRST CLASS ELOPEMENT SENSATION WAS SPOILED BY A LEWISTON, ME., POLICEMAN SUNDAY NIGHT. He was patrolling one of the back streets when he noticed a white string swinging in the breeze from a second story window. The window was open a crack which created a suspicion in his mind. He pulled the string gently and in a moment a head was stuck out of the window.

"Hi!" is the policeman's exclamation, smiling a rat very plainly.

"Wait a few minutes now" she called back in a whisper. While he waited a young man drove up with a team and asked what the officer was holding that string for.

"I don't know. Do you?" asked the officer.

Without replying the fellow drove off and at the same minute the girl above slammed down the window.

The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219.

ONLY A SPOT

But it spoils that delicate fabric. Washing won't take it out; dry cleansing will. UNGAR'S process will not injure the most delicate shade or texture.

LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS

St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S. WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

FORTIFY YOUR SYSTEM

PNEUMONIA and LA GRIPPE

ROYAL EMULSION

For Chest, Lung and Bronchial Troubles it has never been equaled.

A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN PHYSICIAN STATES: I cheerfully recommend the Royal Emulsion; I have suffered from a yearly attack of Bronchitis but this year, for the first time, I have escaped and I attribute it to the use of ROYAL EMULSION.

Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00. Wallace Dawson, CHEMIST, Montreal.

Nerves

REGULATE and CONTROL

the Brain the Stomach the Heart the Lungs the Muscles the Intestines the Liver and Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES ARE MADE STRONG

HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC.

It gives new strength and vigor to Nerves, Brain, Stomach, and Blood, and all weakened organs. All Druggists sell it. 50c. a Bottle. Six for \$2.50. Mfd. only by Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd. St. John, N. B.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music

AND ELOCUTION. 150 Prince Wm. St. FALL TERM opens Sept. 1st.

TEACHING STAFF: M. A. Whitman, Piano and Harmony; Mrs. R. A. Fisher, Elocution; Miss Alice Biting, Vocal Music; Mr. Carl Walker, Violin.

M. S. WHELAN, Director.

MONTCALM'S N. S. SISTER.

MARIE PAYZANT AND HER MISFORTUNES IN ACADIE.

Is it History or Legend?—The Killing of Payzant—The Journey to Port Pisiquid With the Indians—The Scene After the Great Battle at Quebec.

In France, in 1712, Louis, the eldest son of the Marquis of Montcalm, was born, and three years later a little sister, Marie, entered the household. Afterwards there were other brothers and sisters, but this sketch has to do only with Louis and Marie.

In childhood's days they were constantly together at play in the ground surrounding the noble old house, and though, like other children, they had their quarrels, they were very fond of each other. One great trial to Marie as she grew older was her brother's contempt for dolls; neither did she take as much interest in military play as he desired. But Louis grew to be a large lad, and was sent away to school, while Marie, robbed of her playmate, devoted more time to her studies and less to play, that Louis might not surpass her altogether.

The Montcalms were catholics; and when John Payzant, a man of integrity and some wealth, but a huguenot, fell in love with Marie, she knew that she could never marry him with her parents' consent. To do so without their consent meant to leave the old home so dear to her never to return; but she concluded that life without him would be miserable even though surrounded by all that before had made her so happy. So they fled together, dwelt for some time on the Isle of Jersey and finally sailed across to sea to make a home for themselves in the great western world where catholic and huguenot might worship as his conscience dictated.

They settled on an island in Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, where they lived very happy. Four children were born to them, John, Louis, Philip and a little girl. The parents instructed the children in the usual branches of learning, nor did they neglect religious training.

They felt more secure in their island home than though the water about them had been the great walls of a fort, and the trees soldiers on guard. In the spring of 1756, soldiers from the fort at Lunenburg helped Mr. Payzant break up the soil. On Saturday afternoon they returned to the fort to spend Sunday. In the evening, when all was still, the family heard the report of a musket, followed by a scream of terror, and soon they saw a band of Indians approaching the house.

The scream was from a man captured by the Indians, who led them thither, hoping that the plunder they would find would induce them to release him. As soon as they reached the island the Indians shot him. Poor wretch! he little thought they were directed by a higher mind than his. As he saw the Indians coming, John Payzant fastened the heavy oak door and stood behind it. Finding that the door would not yield, the Indians fired their muskets at it in different directions and fired. A bullet entered the father's breast, and he fell backwards into his wife's arms, simply saying, "My heart is growing cold, Mary," and his life on this earth was ended.

Heretofore their life and home was peace and sunshine they had enjoyed together; now his heart had grown cold, and she was left in the gathering gloom with her terrified children at her side. Impossible it would be to protect the little ones she loved from the savages now breaking down the door. In agony she awaited her fate. The screams of a servant's child annoyed the Indians and they seized the innocent babe and dashed out its brains against a rock. Then, because the distressed mother gave vent to her grief she was put to death by the tomahawk.

Mary Payzant and her family were led to the canoes, and after the Indians had plundered the house they fired it and paddled away. Silently, and mournfully, the mother left her home where, but last evening, they had been so happy as they heard the children recite their lessons. As she looked back she shuddered to think of her dead husband lying in the midst of the flames; his ashes mingling with the ashes of their home.

And these, her children, what tortures were they to endure? Must she stand dumb and silent and see them put to death in some cruel manner, as was the servant and her child? Horrible thought! Leaving the bay, they passed through a river and several lakes, the Indians bearing the canoes on their shoulders as they tramped across the portages.

Long years afterwards, Mary Payzant told her grandchildren how, passing down the Avon river, Hants county, in the silent moonlight, they came in sight of Fort Pisiquid, now the town of Windsor. The Indians, fearing their captives would be seen by the men at the fort, forced them to lie in the bottom of the canoes.

Many days passed and still they were on the march, sometimes tramping through gloomy forests, and often moving over lake or stream in the canoes. Wearisome it was, but as the days went by and they suffered no violence from the Indians, the great terror that at first seized the children wore away. The redskins became friendly and taught the boys the use of the bow and arrow.

The mother thought it was better for the children not to be alarmed, but deep in her heart was a nameless dread—a horror of the fate awaiting them at their journey's end; for oft had she heard of the treachery of the Indians. On, on they went. At last, leaving the forest, they paddled up a large river until they came to a city, built partly on low ground and partly on a high bluff. They landed and were led through the lower to the upper town. And here a surprise awaited the weary anxious woman. Lo, she was met by her brother Louis, General Montcalm, commander of the French forces at Quebec.

Then, like a great flood, surged back the recollection of a fond husband, now dead; a happy home, now laid in ruins; the long weary journey and the sickening anxiety that had filled her heart; and here is the author of her misery, her brother.

Bitterly, scornfully, she accused him of destroying her home and of murdering her husband. She would hear no explanation—she could never forgive him. Montcalm placed John and Louis in the Jesuit college, where they were educated by catholic priests, and he made his sister

as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances. Ample time had she then to brood over her wrongs, and as time passed her heart did not soften towards her brother, who would fain have beheld in his sister the loving comrade of his early days. Weeks, months, years went by, until in 1759 the city was besieged. For months Wolfe lingered before the city seeking some feasible point of attack and still the French felt secure in their high fortresses. But when the sun rose beautifully on Sept. 13th, Wolfe and his men were revealed drawn up in line of battle on the Plains of Abraham.

Montcalm heard as in a dream that the British had gained the heights, but resolved not to surrender without a struggle, and at once made an impetuous attack; the result you know. Borne from the battle-field mortally wounded, being told he could live but a few hours he sent at once for his sister. As she entered the apartment he said, "Marie, I am dying. For the sake of the old days in France hear me. I heard of your arrival in Nova Scotia, and wished to shield you from the perils of this war and the attacks of Indians. I sent some friendly Indians with an order to bring you here unharmed, that I might see you here again and act the part of a brother. But unfortunately, your husband was killed and you hate me. In this my dying hour, I ask you to forgive me for the misery I have brought to you, though, indeed, I meant but kindness. Will you forgive me, Marie?"

"Louis," she said, and her face became less stern, "you are dying—far, far away from the dear old home in France, and you ask my forgiveness. I can forgive the loss of my quiet, happy home; the anxiety for the safety of my children; the long, weary march and the trials that may come ere I again have a home—I can forgive all these; I cannot forgive the death of my husband." So Montcalm died without his sister's pardon.

After the death of her brother, Mary Payzant and her children wandered back to Nova Scotia, where in Falmouth, Hants county, she took up a grant of land. There she spent the remainder of her life, and there some of her descendants live at the present time. The two boys educated by priests became protestant preachers, one preaching for many years in Liverpool, Queen's county.

Many were the adventures they told to their grandchildren (often with tears in their eyes) of that dreadful journey with the Indians.

HE INVESTED ONLY 7s. 6d.

THERE is a man who has spent the past twenty-five years of his life exploring for gold and other minerals in Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, and New Zealand. He has no doubt picked up some money, yet he says that the investment of 7s. 6d. brought him in bigger returns than any other he ever made.

Yet, hold on a minute. Don't let us jump to the conclusion that we can all get rich out of the proceeds of 7s. 6d. till we hear farther from this financier. He has a humorous way of putting a serious thing, for which we should like him all the more. Some folks have no idea that sound sense and genuine fun are twin brothers, but they are all the same.

Our friend's name is William Bromfield Peck, and he lives at Russell, New Zealand, a long way off. He says it is a lovely country and intends to stay in it the balance of his days. As he landed in Australia, from England, in 1866, he has been there long enough to know what he is talking about. He advises against the investment of 7s. 6d. like persons of limited means who would like to become landholders to emigrate to New Zealand.

Still, he reminds us that in the end we must pay for what we get. "The calling of a prospector, for instance," said Mr. Peck, "is full of hard work. Besides, it entails rough living, such as salt junk, soddened damper, with tea in bucketfuls. One must have the digestive capacity of an ostrich or an anaconda to stand that diet for long. It must therefore be taken as proof of the good machinery inside of my system, when I mention that I actually stood it for nearly twenty-five years.

"My punishment was delayed, you see, but it didn't fail. At last the climax came and I was prostrated with agonising pain in the stomach and all the other symptoms of a profound derangement of all the digestive organs. I had to knock off work and cease all exertion. I was imbued with disgust with all things mundane. I believe that dyspepsia is responsible for a large portion of the world's suicides."

Mr. Peck's conjecture is exactly parallel with the fact as set forth in the official statistics of all civilized countries. No other disease so demoralizes and depresses human nature. It attacks the secret strongholds of the reason and drives people insane; it stupefies the sensibilities; it turns men and women into selfish, useless, nuisances; it impels them to commit crime. All this in addition to their own desolation and suffering. Yes, Mr. Peck is quite right.

But to get back to what he says himself. "At the advice of a friend—Mr. W. Williams of this place—I began to take the far-famed Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. What result did it have? I'll tell you: It has transformed me from a prematurely old man into one quite regenerated."

"I am a rapid eater and can't break myself of the bad habit. Hence I make it a point to keep a bottle by me always and an occasional dose when necessary to set me right. I can safely assert that the investment of 7s. 6d. in Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup was the best I ever made in all my chequered career. You may depend that I prescribe this medicine to all and sundry people I come in contact with. Prior to using it I spent pounds at different times, but only got partial relief. The Syrup not only got me straight for the seat of the trouble, I pen these lines just to show other sufferers the way out. There are any number of respectable persons here who can attest to the truth of what I have written.—Respectfully (Signed) Wm. Bromfield Peck, Russell, Bay of Islands, New Zealand, July 2nd, 1894."

We don't call for witnesses. Mr. Peck's tale is frankness and truth itself. We hold out our hand in greeting across the sea. Dyspepsia is a living death, and Mother Seigel gives new life. Millions are suffering from it. He had better sit slow. Write again and tell us you are doing so. Friend Peck.

WILD BILL AT ABILENE.

An Incident That Explains Why He Was a Terror to Bad Men.

"There were two terminal towns of peculiar cussedness in the history of the extension of the two great railroads westward across the Kansas prairies," said E. D. Burham of a big Leavenworth commission house. "Before Newton, on the Atchison road, was started, Abilene on the Kansas Pacific, had its day, and it was there that Wild Bill made his famous record as City Marshal. It was the nearest shipping point for western Texas and New Mexico cattle, and the cattlemen, when they came in with their great herds in the fall and spring, felt like turning themselves loose and running the town. Wild Bill, however, kept pretty good order in Abilene, for there was no just ahead of us. We were glad to find him in town, because the cattle droves were just in from Texas, and Abilene, that night, unless the authorities held control, was likely to be an uncomfortable city to people of quiet tastes. We had got nearly to the hotel when there came to our ears a great shouting and pounding of horses' hoofs, and we rode a crowd of cowboys, yelling, firing their revolvers, and shouting out insults and defiance to Wild Bill.

"Wild Bill turned neither to right nor left, but kept straight on down the middle of the street. All of our party, seeing that there was going to be trouble right at hand, jumped for the first shelter that appeared, which happened to be a pile of dry goods boxes piled on the sidewalk in front of a store. We hadn't more than crunched under cover when shooting began. For a few seconds there was lively firing, and after that the sound of horses scattering in all directions.

"The fight was over, and just as we were about to venture out to see what had been going on Wild Bill stepped behind the pile of boxes where we were and began to throw the cartridge shells out of his emptied revolver. Up the road and side streets horses with riders and riderless horses were galloping away, and there in the street the men were lying dead. The cowboys who had ridden into town to kill Wild Bill had found him.

"The next day in the hotel I talked with some of the cattlemen, owners of the droves that had been driven from Texas. 'We have got as tough a crowd of cowboys as has ever moved westward,' said one of the men, 'but if you took fifty of the bravest and armed them to ride into Winchester you couldn't get them to ride into town to-day and undertake to tackle Wild Bill.'"

MUNICIPAL PAWNSHOPS.

The First French Mont de Piete was Started at Avignon. There are records of a pawnshop regulated in the interest of the borrowers in Bavaria, in 1198, and one in the Franco Comte 1350, before the first Italian monte di pieti was established by a priest at Perugia in 1430. The movement for State-regulated pawnshops received its great impetus from the action of the statesman monk and Social Democrat, Savonarola, who liberated the Florentines from oppression and gave them popular institutions. In no other direction were his services to the people more successful than in founding monte di pieti. The law for creating his monte di pieti was passed in 1495, and in many years they were established in all the principal towns in Italy and had spread throughout Europe.

The first monte de pieti in France was started at Avignon in 1577, and still exists. Their establishment in the Netherlands dates from the sixteenth century. A Spaniard priest, Don Francisco Figuer, founded the monte de pieti of Madrid in 1705, starting with the modest capital of 5 pence, which he found in the offertory box he had placed in the church to receive contributions for the institution. By the end of the seventeenth century there were monte de pieti, formed more or less after the Italian model, in most countries of Europe.

The characteristics of the original institutions remain with those of today, although they have long since ceased to be managed by the priests, or to be under the influence of the churches. The main object which Savonarola and other early founders had in view—the protection of the poor from usurers and their rebel in periods of distress—is still maintained, and the monte de pieti in all Latin countries are associated with charitable institutions and hospitals.

Business Competition.

Billboard competition runs pretty high nowadays in the metropolis. An owner of some down-town property was awakened one night by the loud ringing of his door bell recently in Harlem.

"What on earth is that?" he exclaimed, "Is the house on fire?" "Somebody's dead," said his wife. In the mean time a servant was returning from answering the bell.

"Please sir, there's two gents down stairs as wishes to see you," said the girl. "See me? Why, it's three o'clock in the morning."

"Important business, they says, sir." "Well, I should think it would be waking a man up this time of night. I'll have to go down, I'm on some clothing and in the hall."

"I beg your pardon, sir, for knocking you up at this hour, but I want to make you a proposition for billboards around the

corner of your place on Blank street while you are rebuilding. Name your figures, including two theatre tickets every night of the season."

"And, sir," began the other "gent," "my company would like to make you a proposition for the use of the walls that may remain standing after the fire."

"Fire! Fire! What are you talking about?" The old man was completely nonplussed.

"Why, your place caught fire about two hours ago," said the second "gent."

"And is gutted by this time," added the first "gent."

"Of course you'll give me the refusal for billboards—remember the two theatre tickets!" yelled the first "gent" as the old man bolted for the stairs.

IT WAS A WEDDING.

Barclay's Mission, of Atlanta, is known everywhere as the original "Sunday School on Wheels." The interest manifested in this famous mission by Mr. J. F. Barclay has led some persons to believe that Mr. Barclay is a minister. Now Mr. Barclay is in the undertaking business, and thereby hangs a tale.

The other day a very serious young man entered his establishment. "I would like to speak with Mr. Barclay," he said. That gentleman stepped forward. The young man looked more serious than ever, but he said: "—I want you to come around to my house this afternoon at three o'clock."

"Very well," said Mr. Barclay. The young man hesitated, coughed, and added: "It's such a serious matter, that—"

"All funerals are," observed Mr. Barclay. "But this isn't exactly a funeral," explained the young man, "it's a marriage, and I want you to tie the knot for us."

"But, my dear friend," said the astonished Mr. Barclay, "I am not a minister." "Not a minister?" "Certainly not!" "Then," cried the young man, in a hopeless voice, "I'm done for! Eternally done for! My girl told me that she would never marry me unless you performed the ceremony, and if you don't get a license to preach rich away, I'll be a bachelor forever!"

A Pattern-Map.

"This," said the enterprising contributor, "is a map illustrating certain phases of the Chinese-Japanese war."

"We never touch upon such matters," said the editor. "This is a fashion paper."

"Good!" cried the enterprising contributor. "That being so, you can use this same map for a pattern. Cutting up here along the Korean boundary, and running down here, and ending up at Peking will give you the finest pattern for a winter dolman, suited to a woman of forty, you ever saw."

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES. HIGHEST AWARDS Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any COCOA. It is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Includes illustration of a man and woman and text: 'D Shrink when washed with SURPRISE SOAP. Flannels have a tendency to shrink in the wash. Everyone knows that. A little care with the use of Surprise Soap (Follow the directions on the wrapper) will prevent it. You can easily test Surprise and prove its worth in doing away with shrunken flannels. Nearly every grocer sells it. Buy it and try it.'

Advertisement for Norway Pine Syrup. Includes illustration of a globe and text: 'ALL OVER THE WORLD NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURES COUGHS & COLDS PRICE 25c 50c'. Below the globe is a list of agents and a testimonial from E. G. Scovill.

Advertisement for Engraving. Text: 'Use Only Pease Island Wine Co's Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. ENGRAVING. "/>

Large advertisement for 'THE NEW YOST' typewriter. Includes illustration of the typewriter and extensive testimonials from users. Text: 'THE NEW YOST NOW TAKES THE LEAD. THE No. 4 Machine is acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "/>

Sunday Reading.

MR. MOODY OF THE BIBLE.

He insists on a Thorough Belief in the Inspiration of Both Testaments.

"Study the bible, the message of God to man, inspired from cover to cover."

So said Mr. Dwight L. Moody in St. James Methodist church, Montreal, last week, preaching on the subject of 'The Bible.'

The church was filled with people of all denominations. In the body of the church were chiefly students and business men; in the galleries ladies predominated.

The platform was occupied by well known clergymen. His Excellency the Governor-General sat beside the evangelist. The meeting was opened with hymns and prayer.

The evangelist began with the statement that he had no new theory to offer his hearers—only the old bible, the old theology. He believed the bible to be the coming book.

It had become the fashion nowadays for one to say he believed in certain parts of the bible but not in others, to believe in the new but not in the inspiration of the old.

This idea was all wrong, said the preacher. He believed that the writers of the bible were inspired, but some of the deeds described in the Old Testament equally with the New. He was confronted by persons who doubted such stories as that of Jonah and the whale.

Such people forget that Christ was supernatural and that to God nothing is impossible. "This life would be dreadful without the belief in the resurrection."

The great fault of the evangelist found in skeptics was that they would not read the bible and yet professed to be able to judge its merits. Such people say, "We must have a new bible to fit the present age, the old one is out of date."

During the last eight years more bibles have been issued than during all the eighteen hundred years before.

Students came to ask him about certain passages in the bible—what he did about them. He did nothing, could not explain their meaning or understand. He simply accepted them. If he could understand all the bible the book would lose its charm.

The preacher spoke of men who would cut out from the bible all that disagreed with their own ideas. It they went on that principle they would only have the cover left.

"I want the supernatural. The supernatural must be accepted. If you eliminated the supernatural from the bible, you would do away with the entire book. When Christ said 'the scriptures will stand,' the New Testament was not written."

Some profess to believe in the new but refuse to accept the old. The New Testament is replete with quotations from the Old Testament.

"I don't believe a man can do God's work who will not accept the whole bible." All through the address ran epigrammatic sentences and anecdotes, touching the hearts of his hearers with many emotions.

"I tell you that today humanity craves for the bible—purely and simply. They do not want clergymen to preach their own theories from the pulpit; they want God's word simply." The preacher who taught the bible could always be sure of a large congregation.

They were too many preachers airing their own particular notions and neglecting to preach the bible.

Christ had no shorthand reporter following him about, but here, after all these centuries, was his word and it will stand for ever. People must learn how to use the bible, it is the sword of Christianity.

these people will have homes of their own some day, and Lord and Lady Aberdeen, in encouraging them to broaden their views, are forming material for good citizenship which shall benefit the country.

Why should not the servant who opens the door for you be able to appreciate the last number of the Century? As a matter of fact, the magazines are read by the men in their leisure moments as eagerly as by the regular students of literature.

The home life of the illustrious pair is beautiful in its simplicity. Lord and Lady Aberdeen preside over the state or social functions with a grace which has not been surpassed by any of their predecessors in the high office, but in their home they will play and romp with their young children as the humblest parents in the land might do to show love to those who look up to them to make their lives bright.

If serious duties are done, and the official representatives of majesty are lost in the parents, one may hear merry laughter as he enters the door, and be assured that the parents have had the principal share in making it. Lord and Lady Aberdeen have a model home and household.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

An Unmarried Girl of Nineteen Years Gives the Advice.

I am 19 years old and not married, but though I can claim no experience on the subject of which I am about to write, still I feel as though I would like to say a few words to those who do claim experience.

The subject which I think most interesting and worthy of the most attention is a mother's care towards her children.

How many young mothers there are who when their first babe is born think of nothing else save to dress it well and feed it well. They indulge the child in everything, and when it is about two years old, and first begins to list the name, they proud they are. If the child says anything that is bold or forward they think the child remarkably bright, and seldom ever check the words on the lips of one's lips.

But, my dear mothers, this is where you make your most fatal mistake. If you had a very valuable and tender seed which you had planted, and were anxious that it should develop into a beautiful blossom, would you wait a couple of years before you began to nourish that seed? No, you would water it every day and watch anxiously for the first tiny shrub that would show you your efforts were successful.

So it is with children; if you would guide them aright, start from their infancy. Never speak crossly to a child, no matter how young it is; you never know when reason dawns in that little brain. Let all your words before your children be loving and gentle, and if a child does do wrong (you can't expect them to be angels), do not chastise it by whipping it. If you have reared it rightly, a reproachful glance and tender word of remonstrance will go a deal farther than the hardest whipping would.

If a child cries over a broken doll or toy, do not chide it for doing so; poor little tots, they have their troubles same as we, only on a much smaller scale.

How we mourn when we lose a very dear friend, so it is with them when they lose a doll or break a toy, and if you scorn these childish tears and meet the child with an angry word or blow, you are killing some of the best emotions of that child's heart.

As your children grow up teach them to make a confidant of you, and make yourself their companion as well as their guardian. If you are poor, try and teach your children that they may fill any station in life, such as becomes a gentleman or lady. By this I do not mean to educate them beyond your means. You can give them an ordinary public school education, but it is the home influence that tells on their dispositions. Speak only the choicest language in their presence.

It, on the other hand, you are wealthy, do not bring your children up with the idea that they will always be rich. Be generous oft-times come when we least expect them, and if you rear them well, when your children are thrown on their own resources they will do credit to your noble teachings.

Do not chide your children because their ideas are different from your own; rather seek to cultivate and broaden their views. How often we meet with mothers who think their children should not do such and such a thing, just because they did not do it when they were young. But mothers who reason thus are away behind the times.

The only trouble with some of the mothers of today is their standard of thought and truth is not lofty enough. They seem to forget this is an age of advancement, and they are content to rear their children the same way they were reared.

engraved in marble panels; in others, they are letters of wood, gilded to the background suitable to their colors. The Russian portion of this wonderful collection of inscriptions is said to be in letters of pure gold, each capital stem being six and a fourth inches long and one-fifth of an inch in width. Among the languages which one would hardly expect to find represented are the Hebrew, the Chinese, the Coptic, the Tartarian, and the Japanese. The Arabian, as it had been a task to relinquish Mohammedism, ends with 'Great is Christ.'

CHURCHES AS PRIVATE PROPERTY.

English Churches that Belong to Landed Patrons.

The great majority of the churches of England are private property. When a large estate is purchased, the parish church or churches go with the rest of the property. The landlord—or the patron of the living, as he is called with reference to his relations to his church property—chooses the clergyman for every parish on his property and sees to it that the revenue attaching thereto goes to him.

He can sell this church-living or let it to whom he will; and, though each incumbent is put over the parish for life, at his death the patron may again bestow it upon some one else. So secure was this tenure of the parson in his parish that it is only recently that an act of parliament permitted his dismissal even for drunkenness or debt.

The people of a parish have well-defined rights to the services of the parson, to sittings in the church, to burial in the churchyard, and to sacraments, but to little more.

George William Thomas Brudenell Bruce, fourth marquis of Ailesbury, who was an English peer, owned a parish of nine such livings. He married a girl of unexceptional immorality from the variety stage, was part owner of several music halls, and acquired notoriety as having been ruled off every race track in England as a cheat and a blackguard.

There is always a large number—probably two thousand out of the thirteen thousand—of these livings for sale, which are advertised just as other investments are. A wealthy man's daughter marries a clergyman, and the father—he be of the right sort—purchases one of these livings and presents it as a wedding gift.

A clergyman with capital at his disposal invests some of it in a parish, and enjoys the income thereof and an agreeable way of exercising his professional energies at the same time. The clergyman's social position is greatly improved in the last hundred years, and he no longer sits below the salt at his patron's table or contents himself with marrying the lady's maid.

THE SIN OF FRETTING.

What Helen Hunt Jackson Had to Say on the Subject.

There is one sin, said Helen Hunt, which seems to me to be everywhere, and by every one underestimated and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character—it is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech—so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone we do not even observe it.

Watch an ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets, that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry, somebody has broken an appointment, ill cooked meal, stupidity or bad faith has resulted in discomfiture.

There are plenty of things to fret about. It is astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are borne to trouble as sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upwards, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue gray above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.

Messages of Help for the Week. "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. . . . Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." Psalm 122: 1-4.

"He trusted in the Lord God of Israel, and departed not from following him, and the Lord was with him, and he prospered whithersoever he went." 2 Kings 18: 5-7. "It is good for me to draw near to God." Psalm 73: 28.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Psalm 90: 12. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls; who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it." Matthew 13: 45-46.

"Go to men, ye that say, today or tomorrow we will go into such a city and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. Ye ought to say, if the Lord will, we shall live and do this, or that." James 4: 13-15.

"This commandment is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldst say, who shall go up for us to heaven and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldst say, who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us. But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart. See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil. Choose life that thou and thy seed may live, love the Lord, obey his voice, cleave unto him; for he is thy life." Deut. 30: 11-20.

winter just for the sake of being able to send little bouquets to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets, and you will always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He really seems to have a genius for helping folk in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day just to meet him on the streets."

Blessed from the Ham's Horn. Beware of the man who apologizes for sin of any kind. Wherever love writes its name, it does it in its own blood. The first step toward heaven is generally taken on the knees.

We cannot do any man a greater wrong than to misjudge him. The minister who is not more than a preacher is a poor one. God's forgiveness is never bestowed upon those who will not forgive.

The devil is always throwing darts at the man who shapes his conduct by the golden rule. Some preachers are trying by every means to fill the church except by preaching the gospel. There are kings who reign and rule for the good of men, whose crowns and scepters are unseemly.

If none of your neighbors seem to have much religion, it may be that it means that you have too little. To be meek in spirit is to be like Christ, and to have a hold on God that neither the world, the flesh or the devil can break.

The only rules by any man is not a Christian because he loves the devil better than he loves God, though there are none who admit the fact. Wherever there is a sin it is sure to be followed by a sorrow, unless at that very moment when its presence becomes known we take it to Christ and give it up.

A Step from Insanity.

Nervous System Completely Broken Down. NO SLEEP! NO APPETITE! Reduced to a Skeleton.

Paine's Celery Compound Saves the Life of a Postmaster.

Postmaster P. J. Kilbride, of Inverness, P. E. I., owes his life and present good health to the life-giving powers of Paine's Celery Compound.

Some months ago disease had so preyed upon Mr. Kilbride's body that insanity was feared. His nervous system was shattered and broken, he was a stranger to sleep and rest, and his appetite was lost. Suffering had reduced him to a mere skeleton, and those around him, knowing that medical skill had failed, were expecting him to die.

Friends, who had used Paine's Celery Compound, urged Mr. Kilbride to give it a trial. The suggestion was a happy one for the afflicted man. The wonderful medicine soon proved able to cope with the disease. Five bottles of Paine's Celery Compound raised Mr. Kilbride to such a condition of health that enabled him to say, "I feel myself a new man."

We give Mr. Kilbride's letter in full. In it is graphically set forth his struggles with, and his triumph over disease and death—"I now write you about Paine's Celery Compound, having just finished the fifth bottle. It is impossible for me to say sufficient, or find words strong enough to praise Paine's Celery Compound as I ought."

"To-day I feel myself a new man. Six months ago I was on the brink of insanity; my nervous system was completely broken down; I could not sleep more than one or two hours at night, and often did not sleep for four nights in succession. Oh! I never can describe the agony I suffered. I was almost reduced to a skeleton; could only work an hour, when I was so fatigued I would be obliged to lie down and rest before I could resume work."

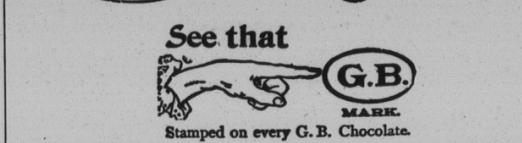
"The use of your compound has given me rest and sweet sleep, and I can now work all day. To tell the honest, candid truth I have not felt so well for fourteen years. When I commenced taking Paine's Celery Compound my weight was 144 lbs.; now I weigh 168 lbs. I am gaining in flesh every day; my friends are all surprised at my wonderful cure and changed appearance. Oh! if I had only known of this life-saving remedy years ago, I would have escaped many days and nights of terrible pain and agony. Thank God the terrible times have passed, I hope never to return. How I wish I could reach the ear of every man in Canada—those who are suffering as I once suffered—how I would plead with them—yes, on my knees I would ask them to give Paine's Celery Compound a fair trial and I feel confident they would bless me afterwards for my recommendation."

"Young men, take my truthful and candid advice; if you are suffering from a broken-down nervous system, use Paine's Celery Compound; it will thoroughly restore you physically and otherwise. "I am now in perfect health through no other agency than Paine's Celery Compound. You may use these statements as you choose."

The pay of a newly commissioned U. S. Army chaplain is \$1,300 a year, and 10 per cent. is added for each five years of service. In France there are 781 protestant houses of worship. There are five bible societies and 19 protestant societies for home missions, besides 118 protestant periodicals.

The Irish Presbyterian church reports 104,678 members in 1894, a gain of 1,868 over the past year. The total income is \$640,000, which is a little over \$5 a head of the membership.

BUY CHOCOLATES



See that G.B. Stamped on every G. B. Chocolate. Genuine Jenkins' Valves, Common Globe Valves. GUARANTEED TIGHT. Wrought Iron Pipe and Fittings. Packings of all kinds; Waste and Oils. GET MY PRICES.

J. S. CURRIE, Mill, Steamboat and Railway Supplies. ST. JOHN, N. B.

BONNELL'S GROCERY. Have just received 50 BBLs. NO. GRAVENSTEIN APPLES. For Sale at Bonnell's Grocery, McLean's Block, 200 Union St., St. John, N. B.

A POPULAR LIBERAL SPEAKS

Unqualified Testimony from Mr. Reuben E. Truax, M. P. P. —Ten Years a Victim of Aggravated Indigestion—Physicians Failed to Bring Relief—Three Bottles of South American Nervine Entirely Cured Mr. Truax—This Remedy Will Positively Cure Every Case of Indigestion and Nervousness.

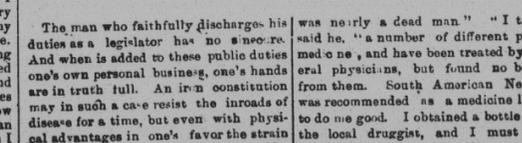
The man who faithfully discharges his duties as a legislator has no sneer. And when it added to these public duties his own personal business, one's hands are in truth full. An iron constitution may in such a case resist the inroads of disease for a time, but even with physical advantages in one's favor the strain will eventually tell. The case of Mr. Reuben E. Truax, ex-M. P., of Walkerton, Ont., and the present member-elect in the Local Legislature for Bruce, is an illustration in point.

The popularity of this gentleman has been such that public honors have been crowded upon him. At the recent election of members for the House of Assembly in Ontario Mr. Truax was the choice of his fellow-Liberals for Parliamentary honors and, as has ever been his wont, he came out successfully. But these honors on behalf of his country have been at serious cost to the health of Mr. Truax. He became a victim of indigestion in some of its most aggravated forms. "For ten years," he says, "I was much troubled with indigestion."

In conversation with friends, he has put the case much stronger, saying "I was nearly a dead man." "I tried," said he, "a number of different patent medicines, and have been treated by several physicians, but found no benefit from them. South American Nervine was recommended as a medicine likely to do me good. I obtained a bottle from the local druggist, and I must say I found quick relief. The first bottle I followed up by taking two more bottles, with the result that I am entirely free from indigestion, of which I had been a victim for fully a decade. Freely and indeed with pleasure, I strongly recommend to all sufferers from indigestion this medicine which has worked so wonderful a cure in my case."

This great discovery. South American Nervine, is efficacious in its application to many of the worst forms of disease, but perhaps with no complaint is it so certain and undoubted in its cure as with indigestion and nervousness. Mr. Truax's case of ten years' standing, was a desperate one, but the fact is no case is so severe as to withstand the wonderful remedial effects of South American Nervine.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Hazen J. Dick, 148 Charlotte St.; Clinton Brown & Co., Cor. Sidney and Union; H. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.



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DARING AND DEVILISH.

HOW A BRAVE MESSENGER WAS FAITHFUL TO HIS TRUST

And Had His Skull Split Open by Brutal Train-Robbers—How a Drummer's Head was Cut Open—A Large Haul of Money and Diamonds.

"Does train robbing pay?" I asked this question of Mr. Grover B. Simpson, superintendent of the Wells-Fargo express company at St. Louis. I had no serious intention of going into the business, but we had been down in the Indian territory, hunting for the Bill Cook band of outlaws, and on our way home, having the smoking compartment of the sleeper practically to ourselves, Mr. Simpson had been entertaining me with stories of train robbery.

He has been with the Wells-Fargo company for 18 years, most of the time on the frontier, and he has personally directed the pursuit of many of the most desperate outlaws who are professionally engaged in plundering the treasure boxes of the express company.

In his capacity as superintendent of the St. Louis district Mr. Simpson has charge of the company's business in Missouri, Arkansas, Indian territory, that many of the most daring train robberies of recent years have been perpetrated.

"When a train robbery takes place he doesn't wait for his special officers to come down the robbers, but gets out himself, personally organizes pursuing parties and sometimes spends days and nights in the saddle with a Winchester slung across his shoulder. He is a crack shot, and many a fleeing bandit has felt the sting of the bullet that came from his gun."

"No, train robbing is not a profitable business," said Mr. Simpson. "During a period of 18 years the Wells-Fargo company had 313 stage robberies, 34 attempted stage robberies, 23 burglaries, 4 train robberies and 4 attempted train robberies. The total amount of money stolen was \$450,000, and the company expended \$550,000 in prosecutions and rewards. Sixteen robbers were killed while engaged in holding up our trains and coaches or while resisting arrest and 330 were captured, of whom 328 were convicted and sent to the penitentiary, some for life and nearly all for terms of from 15 to 30 years."

"In my immediate territory there have been a great many robberies, and yet our losses, so far as the amount of plunder taken by the robbers is concerned, amount to practically almost nothing. Take this Cook gang, for instance, one of the most desperate and reckless that we have ever had to deal with, and yet the total amount of money they have got from us would scarcely pay a month's board for Bill Cook alone at any first-class hotel."

Mr. Simpson, during the long hours we were on the train coming to St. Louis, told me some very entertaining stories of train robberies, and I will endeavor to repeat them as nearly as I can remember.

The most scientific train robber I have ever known, and also the most successful one was a Texas outlaw named Brack Cornett. I am glad to say he is now dead, for he was the most heartless and inhuman robber of them all, a perfect devil, rough, brutal and cruel. Human life was no more to him than the life of a yellow dog, and he had no more compunction in smashing a man's skull than he would have in kicking a dog that had got in his way. His career as a freebooter was of short duration, but it was full of excitement while it lasted. I know little of his antecedents, or early history, except that some eight or ten years ago he was convicted of some crime in Texas, and sent to the penitentiary. Texas convicts are leased out in gangs, and Cornett in some manner escaped.

The impudent nerve the fellow possessed you will readily understand when I tell you that not long after he made his escape he disguised himself and returned to the chain gang from which he had escaped and got employment as a guard over the other prisoners. It was probably nothing but a spirit of dare-devilism that prompted him to do this, for he must have known that he could not long remain in that position, among so many who knew him, without being recognized.

In fact it was not more than two weeks before his identity was discovered. They tried to take him out, but he stood away off with his rifle and got away.

About the middle of May, in 1887, a short time after he made his second escape from the chain gang, he came to the front as a leader of an outlaw band and was known as Capt. Dick. His associates were nearly all escaped criminals, injured to all kinds of devilry, ready at all times to plunder and murder, defying the law and hating who attempted to enforce it. Bill Whitley, a noted desperado and famous for the number of men he had killed, was Cornett's chief lieutenant, and others being John Barber, Ed. Reeves and Bud Powell. Their first train robbery was at McNeil, Tex., where they rode into town one evening, robbed the depot agent and all of the passengers, who were waiting to take the train, came along they detained it long enough to plunder the express car and the rest of the passengers.

A month later, on June 18, 1887, they held up and robbed the engine from the opposite side. He was Bill Whitley. The plan had been for the two robbers to board the engine at the same time, but Whitley had been unable to make it. They ordered the engineer to put down the track until he would come to a blazing bonfire and then stop. The order was obeyed and the other three outlaws boarded the train.

A little way beyond was a high trestle, and the engineer, with a couple of rifles pressed uncomfortably close to his head, was told to stop the train on the trestle, so that only the locomotive and the express car, which was immediately behind, should be just across the trestle. The reason

for this was to enable the robbers to pilage the express car without hindrance, they knowing that in the inky darkness neither passengers or train crew would venture to cross the trestle, even should they get up sufficient spunk to face a band of desperadoes who were armed with Winchester.

When the train came to a standstill Cornett ordered the engineer and fireman to climb down, go back on the trestle and get into one of the passenger coaches. The fireman quickly obeyed and the engineer was a big, fleshy fellow, who couldn't move very fast, and in trying to get back he got tangled up with a cattle guard that was made of wire fencing.

Cornett didn't give him much chance to extricate himself, but got behind him and prodded him with the barrel of his rifle, and in the struggle the fence fortunately gave way and let him through.

Cornett and his companions then turned their attention to the express car. Hammering on the door with the butts of their guns they loudly commanded the messenger to open and let them in. The messenger kept them waiting outside long enough to enable him to open the safe and thrust the money packages under the stove. By this time the robbers were firing bullets through the door and threatening to dump the car down the embankment if the door was not opened. When Folger, the messenger, at last unlatched the door Cornett strode into the car at the head of his band, and his first move was to smash the messenger over the head with the butt of his revolver.

"The next time I tell you to open up you open, and be quick about it," were the words that accompanied the blowing. Then the messenger, with blood running from the wound on his head and blinding his eyes, was compelled to open the safe. Cornett uttered a cry of rage when he found it empty, and pressing his revolver against the messenger's head threatened to blow out his brains unless he told what he had done with the treasure.

Folger was a nervous fellow and stood there off, but the money was finally discovered beneath the stove because of his fidelity to his trust. Folger was dealt another blow on the head, which split open his skull and knocked him senseless. The robbers got \$5100 in money and about \$2000 worth of diamonds.

They went back to the passenger coaches. Three of the gang remained outside firing their guns in quick succession, while Cornett and Bill Whitley entered the smoking car, leveled their weapons and ordered the passengers to hold up their hands. Every hand quickly went up.

The peanut boy was the first to catch it. They took his money and filled their pockets with cigars and candy. The negro porter was in the train, and he is likely to remain such, although it has closed its doors. It began life with a neighborhood quarrel. The man who built it did so against the protestations of the entire street. A committee waited on him to represent the neighbors, and he received them with the famous "underhill motto," only instead of "the public" he substituted "neighbors."

The stable was built, and for the succeeding six months every woman on the street avoided passing that stable as it were haunted.

"It's so dangerous, you know," was the common remark, "but she is so beautiful and in and out and strange and standing round. Oh! it's perfectly horrid."

The stable kept on the even tenor of its way, and those who had horses wanted to keep them there, and ladies who hired rigs got them there, and there came a time when neighbors calling on each other after dark said:

"I'm not a bit afraid to go home alone. You know the stable is always open, and I get frightened I would run in there, and it makes the street, so light too?"

Last week the stable was closed, on the building was the horses being taken to another part of the town. Now the ladies about that place, while to use another word, "I shall never dare move out at night, the street is so dreary since the stable shut up. It's as dark as Egypt in that block now."

Time reconciles all differences. Bats as Flycatchers. A gentleman who went into the woods region on a hunting excursion and "put up" at a farm-house in a remote clearing was annoyed during the daytime with the abundance of flies that found access to the house. But when twilight or evening came he was treated to an exhibit of the catching that more than repaid him for his vexation. The windows were opened as the darkness settled down, and the hostess's tallow dip only partially dispelled the gloom in the old-fashioned kitchen when he suddenly became aware of odd creatures darting to and fro in the room, often coming close to his face, and uttering a little noise of "snip, snip, snip," seemed to follow their velvety fluttering motions. For an instant he was startled, not knowing what to make of such intruders. "It's only the bats," said the landlady quietly, as she pursued her work. They're catching flies. Don't you hear 'em snip off their wings? There'll be hundreds of fly wings on the floor here in the morning."

The gentleman arose early and looked for the wings, and sure enough the floor and tables were littered with them.

It's Men that Droops Boats. The Rev. Dr. James MacGregor, in some notes of his travels in Brittany, records a very good story of Donald, the servant of Rev. Dr. Macleod, the high priest of Morven. Donald was reputed to be the best boatman in the West Highlands; the doctor himself coming in an easy second length broken by the doctor—"Donald, that was well done." Donald, silent for a while, at last replied—"Ay, Doctor, it's no' boats that droops men; it's men that droops boats."

On One Condition. He—Would you never consent to my filling your husband's place? Fatalist Widow—Yes, if that could bring back him back to me.

daughter of a wealthy stock raiser. He was brought back to Texas in 1892, and is now in the penitentiary. Reeves was also captured and sent to the penitentiary.

LANDSCAPES WHILE YOU WAIT. A Lightning Artist Who Keeps Up with the Auctioneer.

The great American desideratum of speed is strikingly illustrated by a painter who has opened a studio and auction room on one of the principal business streets, apparently to demonstrate that Longfellow was entirely in error when he wrote "art is long," says the Boston Transcript.

Mr. Judge retired to his rooms over the pier about one o'clock this morning, when several friends thought they would test his remark about meeting animals. Sturdevant went to an animal show and borrowed one of the performing bears. The party quietly took the animal up to Mr. Judge's room and turned it loose.

The room was dark, but the bear walked over to the bed where Judge was sleeping and began to paw at the clothes. Sturdevant was horrified to see the big beast in his room. He rushed down to the pier, wearing only his pajamas.

After parading the long pier for more than a hour trying to keep warm, Sturdevant and the party of jokers appeared. Judge was somewhat indignant at first, but when he saw the bear, he joined in the fun. The party went upstairs, and after a hard tussle managed to get the bear out of Judge's bed, where he was sleeping soundly.

A JAP WOMAN TOOK COREA. Empress Jingu Conquered the Country and Won Everlasting Renown.

It is to a woman that Japan owes her claim to Corea and to the naval supremacy of the eastern world. The first naval expedition which made Japan's arms to shine beyond the sea, as the chroniclers of the day so proudly wrote, was planned and conducted by a woman, Empress Jingu, and it was directed against Corea. Empress Jingu, according to the Japanese chronicles, was young and beautiful and as pious and obedient to the gods as beautiful. As a reward for her fidelity Heaven inspired her with determination to conquer Corea. So Jingu, ordering a fleet to be collected, set out in 201 A. D. upon Japan's first naval expedition. The empress won a rich reward for her courage and energy, and Corea became tributary to Japan, immediately on her return a child was born to the empress, who, when he grew up, became a great warrior, and is now worshipped under the name of Hachiman, god of war. In later times it became the fashion to attribute the Corea victory to the influence of the unborn child. All over Japan there are temples erected in honor of both Hachiman and Jingu, and as late as 1784, when the Japanese troops left for Formosa, many of them prayed for the special protection of Hachiman, god of soldiers.

Scared Them Off. Friend—How is this! I thought you were to be called as a witness in that trial. Sharp—I got out of it. "Eh? Why, I heard that both sides were after you." "I scared them both off." "Cracky! How?" "Told 'em that if I was called I would tell the truth."

Uncertainty. "She is determined to be a musician, but can't decide whether to make a specialty of the violin or the piano."

"Has she no positive predilection for either?" "Oh, yes, but some of her friends think she looks better standing, and others that sitting is more becoming to her."

A Big Cable. The new cable which has recently been laid across the Atlantic weighs 650 pounds to the mile. This is the biggest of all the cables. Although this latest one is larger than the others, the fashion of making cables has not changed since 1851. More than £12,000,000 are now invested in Atlantic cables.

Their Miscalculation. Citizen—I suppose you will agree with me that education is a necessity for our people? The Defeated Candidate—You're dead right it is. If the blokes got was my party's judges at the polls, I'd know the least 'ting about arithmetic I'd been elected by a safe majority.

An Empress on Servants. The Empress of Germany thinks that the root of the servant trouble lies in the fact that the servants are too little concerned about their comforts. They ought, she says, to do everything they can to make the leisure hours of their servants as agreeable as possible.

In a certain northern parish a vicar was waded on by a deputation from the to the club, who pointed out the serious grievance they had against him as follows: "You have got a new curate; we wanted an Association chap; this man is a Rugby chap; we shall have to put him in goal, as he is no good anywhere else."

Wasps rank next to the higher classes of ants in point of insect intelligence.

"77" DR. HUMPHREY'S SPECIFIC FOR GRIP 77 will "break up" a stubborn Cold that "hangs on."

A small bottle of pleasant pellets—fits your pocket. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25c. to Dr. J. C. HUMPHREY'S MEDICINE CO., corner William and John sts., New York.

Consumption. Valuable treatment and two bottles of medicine sent Free on receipt of 50c. to Dr. J. C. HUMPHREY'S MEDICINE CO., 276 Broadway, New York.

ASHEARIN HIS BED.

How Mr. Judge was More Startled Than he Thought he Would be.

A. S. Judge, brother-in-law of Pierre Lorillard, and general superintendent of the old Iron Pier at West Brighton, made a bet some time ago with Harry Sturdevant of the bathing pavilion that he would not be frightened at meeting any kind of animal at any hour of the night on the dark pier.

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SUNLIGHT SOAP Has proved by its enormous sale that it is the value for consumer of any soap in the market.

Millions of women throughout the world, can vouch for this, as it is they who have proved its value. It brings them less labor, greater comfort.

SMITH & TILTON, Agents, St. John, N. B.



DO THE FAIRIES HELP TO MAKE BABY'S OWN SOAP? IT'S SO NICE.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MFRS. MONTREAL.

COLONIAL HOUSE MONTREAL. CHRISTMAS CATALOGUES.

OUR Annual catalogue of goods suitable for Holiday Gifts is now ready and will be mailed to any address on application. It is a neatly got-up book of 140 pages, profusely illustrated, and contains items of interest from every department of our large and varied stock.

Prices and descriptions are given in almost every instance, and everything is done to make this an invaluable guide to Christmas shopping. N. B.—We have every facility for executing mail orders, and endeavor to give customers at a distance as thorough satisfaction as if they bought at the counter.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., - Montreal.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lunenburg and Boston, every Monday and Thursday morning, at 7:00 (standard). Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m., and Portland 4:30 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE AND SALMON RIVER.

The reliable steamer "MAJ. QUEEN" C. W. BRANDES, Master, having recently rebuilt, is now under Dominion inspection, will, until further notice, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Lunenburg, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 7 o'clock, local time. Returning will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Grand Bay Wharf every way. FARE—St. John to Salmon River or Range.....\$1.25 Or return tickets good for 30 days, continuous passage.....\$2.00 25c Fare to intermediate points as low as by any other steamer. This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week. All Up Fare must be prepaid, unless when accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board. All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer. Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays. SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips only, at one fare, good to return free Monday following. No return tickets less than 50 cents.

THE Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED). The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time! Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours. FOUR TRIPS A WEEK from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in consultation. One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon. Steamer "City of St. John's" will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 7 a. m., for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear), Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m. for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. B. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday. Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth. L. E. BAKER, Managing Director.

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# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I don't suppose many of us are devoting a great deal of thought to the fashions just now! In the first place we have nearly all got our winter dresses and coats, our bonnets and caps and furs; therefore our interest in the latest modes is naturally

without looking any the worse. Their rough surface catches all the dust and holds it tenaciously, and anyone who has ever tried brushing a boucle cloth dress or jacket will not forget the experience, or try the experiment again. The surface is

and how well they look almost to the last. A very fashionable cloth which combines the popular two color effect with the lasting qualities of the serge, is a diagonal cheviot woven in two colors, and provided with a border of black Astrakhan wool, for trimming. The newest Scotch chevots are also both serviceable, stylish and warm, for winter costumes, coming in broken plaids, checks, mixed grounds with flecks of bright color and block effects. Another most attractive fabric is the English camel's hair homespun, which comes only in solid colors and has the loose soft weave which gives it a rough appearance, and at the same time keeps the texture as soft as camel's hair. Whipcord in two tones, shows wider wales than formerly, and it is so fashionable as to almost divide popularity with the more expensive boucle, and knotted cloths. Amid such a variety of materials it surely ought not to be difficult for anyone to make a choice, and secure both a pretty and useful dress at a very moderate cost.

One of the popular colors for the coming season is said to be pink, and I am sure there are many who will rejoice at its restoration to favor. It is I think one of the loveliest and most universally becoming color that can be worn and though one



NEW DESIGNS IN CORSADES. The five figures show several new designs in corsages. The conspicuous peculiarity to be noted is the new blouse front, which is very pronounced.

flagging, and besides that we have something else to think about, now that Christmas is so near and fancy work instead of dressmaking claims our attention. But still we must give a little thought to ornament, and some of the thrifty folk who have not purchased their dresses when the first gloss—and the first price—was on the autumn goods, but waited for the usual Christmas reductions, may be thinking about a new dress for the holiday season, and be glad of a few suggestions.

Perhaps it is just as well to give intending purchasers an idea of what not to select at first, and then the task of choosing will be multiplied a good deal. The woman with a modest purse, who can only afford one dress for the winter, will be wise to avoid the fashionable and attractive material which shows a stylishly rough surface of curled and knotted wool, repeating upon a veiled groundwork of some harmonizing or contrasting shade.

ruffled up into an unsightly fuzz, and the goods seem to lose their freshness at once. The least rain will cause these fleecy materials to look shabby and no matter how carefully they are worn, they are sure to get dragged round the foot of the skirt from contact with the icy sidewalks, and present a decidedly shaggy appearance long before they are half worn out. Nothing can be prettier, or more suitable for the winter months than these soft fleecy fabrics, so thick and heavy, and so warm looking, and it one can afford a stout serge for every day wear, or a serviceable suit of dark covert cloth, besides the more expensive material. I would advise every girl who wants a handsome winter costume to invest in a boucle cloth, or a curled camel's hair. But her humbler sister who has but one new dress, had better be content with a good broadcloth or serge, made in the best style, and provided if possible with a removable vest, collar and



EVENING ATTIRE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

The gown at the right is of pale halotrope glass silk, trimmed with purple ribbon lace and chiffon. The center figure shows a dress of white lace, with under-corsage and bows. The third figure shows an emerald green velvet gown, trimmed with gold colored satin elaborately beaded and with a large bow at the back of the neck.

The boucle cloth, the camel's hair, and the goat's hair crepons which look so alluring in the shop windows, are very lovely, and make up into charming costumes, but their beauty will not last, they cannot stand the wear, and fear that the ordinary serge, or the cover, cloth, ladies' cloth or the lustrous broadcloth will bear

outs. Mole skin is very popular this season for vests and cuffs, and those who are aware of the fact that mole skin washes like a piece of linen, need not hesitate about getting a light shade from a fear that it will soil too soon. It is really surprising how much wear one can get out of a broadcloth or serge,

wears a great deal about its "trying" qualities. I have seldom seen anyone who did not look the better for a touch of pink about their costumes, provided it has judiciously used and the wearer had neither a complexion of sifron yellow nor cheeks which vied with a damask rose in depth and brilliancy of color. Of an evening there is no color that lights up like pink, and when used to brighten a black, or gray silk dress, or in combination with primrose yellow, or mauve, it is simply a dream, always provided that the proper shades of the last two colors are chosen, and the pink is neither too pale, nor too bright.

Speaking of the revival of pink reminds me that I wanted to say a few words on the subject of dress to those of my own sex who are verging on the unpleasant neutral ground between youth and age, known as "middle age." I think it was about this time last year that I ventured to offer the result of my studies in the direction of dress, and its suitability, to the elderly ladies, the grandmothers who were old and did not mind everybody knowing it. So now I am going to devote my attention to the other women who are not by any means old, and yet who are so sensitive to the opinion of the world and so afraid of being suspected of trying to look juvenile and conceal their age, that they fall into the other extreme and deliberately add years to their apparent age by injudicious dressing. They imagine that only plain dark colors are suitable for them, and are in such nervous dread of making a mistake as to the proper colors to choose that they fall back upon black as a sort of bulwark of safety, under the impression that it is becoming to all middle aged people, and therefore they cannot err in adopting it.

Black is the most merciless pigment in the scheme of color; nothing is so trying. Nothing else brings out every blemish, accentuates every harsh line and shows every hollow in cheek or brow, every haggard line under the eyes, or about the mouth, into highest relief! In fact it is a color, abhorred by nature herself, and never seen in vegetation unless as the result of careful cultivation.

The very berry we call black is not black at all, but darkest crimson, as its juice

We are **Continually** talking about shoes in our stores, **61 King and 212** Union Street. **Talking** This time of year the **Talking** is largely about Overshoes, Rubbers, Felt Slippers, (of which we have a great variety), Warm Lined Button Boots, Skating Balmorals, Moccasins and Snowshoes. Our stock is **About** complete in all of these lines, and it will be a pleasure to show them or any other lines of **Shoes** we have.

## WATERBURY & RISING.

shows, and the black pany was considered a triumph of art, when it just made its appearance. Who ever saw really black eyes, or really black hair—dead dull black, I mean—and what dog, horse, or bird was ever black without a gloss thrown over the black foundation, which lightened the whole structure like a halo, or the glaze which an artist throws over a picture in



WINTER GARMENTS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The costume on the lower right is of covert cloth, for a boy of ten. That next to it is a brown flannel and plaid silk suit. The figure at the left shows a dress of light blue flannel, with dark blue cloth reefer. The little one wears a knit of dark blue serge and a light gray cheviot jacket. The large girl wears a garnet cheviot suit heavily trimmed with braid. The upper left figure shows a baby blue embroidered coat and a picture hat. The one beside it has a cloak of chinchilla cloth with black fur.

order to bring out its beauties the more distinctly. Therefore if we follow the suggestions of nature we will only wear black when qualified and softened with some other color, especially when the first freshness and softness of the complexion are past. There

**Ladies Costumes**  
Ladies have a great deal of trouble in selecting dress goods. The variety is great. The quality is various and the merit claimed is sometimes more than the possession. When ladies are desirous of obtaining the finest grade of Black Dress Goods, they should ask to see Priestley's dress fabrics. These, as is well known, are the *me plus* ultra of durability, beauty and delicacy. They have long been the favorite dress goods of Englishwomen. The Americans, French goods, Canadian ladies can rely on the reliability of Priestley's Dress Goods. Ladies should always ask for Priestley's Dress Goods.

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adding to their years; soft stone colors, dark reds, olive greens, and navy blues, besides almost every shade of brown, and of all pale delicate colors pink is the passe woman's friend if she only knows how to use it, and does make the mistake of choosing a deep, almost magenta pink. In fact she should avoid all harsh bright colors and wear only soft subdued tones which will not prove too great a contrast to her faded skin. For the evening dark gray and crimson will be charming. Black and a delicate shade of yellow, a soft old rose, or a clear amber will all be suitable, and I have seen quite an elderly woman with white hair look positively lovely in a black silk gown with trimmings of deep cardinal satin. I believe it is every woman's bound-

**"77"**  
DR. HUMPHREYS' NEW SPECIFIC FOR **COLDS**  
DR. HUMPHREYS has prepared a new SPECIFIC for Colds, Grippe, Influenza, Catarrh, Pain and Soreness in the Head and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever. Taken early, it cuts off shortly prompt. Taken during its prevalence, it prostrates the system and prevents its invasion; taken while suffering, a relief is speedily realized, which is continued to an entire cure. "77" will "break up" an obstinate cold that "hangs on" and does not yield to treatment; relieves in a few hours; cures in a few days. A cold taken in the Fall is most dangerous; if not prevented or cured a miserable Winter follows. Neglected Colds lead to Grippe, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and sometimes to Pneumonia and Consumption. Solomon with his wisdom could not have given better advice, than to protect oneself against Colds with "77". If you would be "weather proof" carry and use HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC NO. "77". Carry it in the world's most reliable, and most convenient form, and can be carried by the business man in his vest pocket; by the lady calling or shopping in her card case, or patent medicine; or by the schoolchild in his pocket or pencil box. It is such a comfort and relief to know that if you leave your wife suffering with a cold, when your husband goes down to not feeling well, and afterwards, when your child tries to go to school, that each carries a real protector in "77". With a vial of these pleasant pellets, you need not fear the cold, damp weather, or sudden change in temperature such as we are now having. A few doses of "77" will check the first symptoms of Fever or Cold, and is continued use will complete the cure. Be sure to get **H-U-M-P-H-R-E-Y-S'**. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 25c., or 5 for \$1. HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE, O'BANON, Corner William & Franklin Streets, New York.



**TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.**  
At the bottom are samples of the newest gloves for outdoor and evening wear. The fan is of black gauze. Near these are two sets of ribbon garniture for any kind of gown and a new tin of embroidered Swiss muslin. Above, at the left, is a smart serge lace-pin and a woven belt with finished silver slides. At the top is a fancy collar to slip on with evening gowns. It is made of lace and striped silk muslin. In the center are two set fronts, one of moire and one with chiffon details. are lovely colors eminently suitable for middle aged people which the barest critics could scarcely pronounce too youthful, and yet which takes from instead of

**Worth A Trial.**  
Hundreds of business men in the city read Progress who do not advertise in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it. Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to Progress. We will give you a handsome, well written copy, a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods there should be no doubt about the result. Try it.

A TWIN BORN IN A COAL MINE.

The Other, Very Strange to Say, was Born Above Ground.

Mrs. Katharina Schmidt is the mother of a pair of twins. There is nothing remarkable in that, but when it is mentioned that one of the new arrivals was born down in a coal mine, 100 feet beneath the ground, and that the other was born on terra firma at the mouth of the coal shaft a few minutes later, the double birth becomes unique.

John Schmidt is a miner, and delves for dusky diamonds in the Lenox coal mine near Belleville, Ill. The mining company is behind in its supply, and extra work is necessary to fill order. For this reason the men are allowed to work overtime if they desire. The begrimed miners have reached a coal vein 100 feet below the surface, and there they were digging and shovelling yesterday when the noon hour arrived for changing the "shift." John Schmidt concluded to work extra time. He sent word to his wife, with a request that she send him luncheon.

Mrs. Schmidt prepared the edibles and herself, as she had done many times before. For Mrs. Schmidt is young and Mrs. Schmidt is living, and her robust young husband is a hero in her eyes whom she cannot see too often. Arriving at the mine, she thought to surprise him by taking the lunch down the shaft and delivering it in person. She entered the iron cage used for hoisting purposes, and was lowered safely into the bowels of the earth. She alighted and soon found her rugged head, besmeared with the inky marks of hoarse toil.

"John," said she, "I have brought the lunch."  
"Why, Katharina," said John, surprise and pleasure mingling in his tones, "is it you?"

There was no doubt of it—Katharina was there. Before another word was uttered the glad light in Katharina's eyes gave place to a troubled look, and with a little shriek she fell upon the beaten floor of that coal mine.

The husband rushed to her, as did his companions. They lifted her tenderly, and was about to place her in the cage again when she struggled to be free. They laid her down, and several rushed to the cage to go for medical assistance, but before the cage had started on its upward journey to the earth and fresh air above, the event chronicled in the beginning had happened.

There, in the cavernous depths of the coal mine, in the twilight shadows of the flickering lamps on the miners' caps; there, with the miners standing around like sturdy phantoms in silhouette, upon a pile of coarse straw, was born an heir to the house of Schmidt—a bouncing baby boy.

As soon as possible the helpless ones were placed in the cold iron cage and hoisted from the gloomy depths to the bright sunshine above. Messengers were conveyed to take the young natural-born coal miner and his mother home.

Then there was another surprise. Before either doctor or vehicle arrived Mrs. Schmidt gave birth to another chubby boy to divide honors with the brother who had been ushered into the world in the night blackness of a coal mine. The second birth took place within a few feet of the edge of the shaft.

Near Cultured Boston.

In one of Boston's suburban cities the church organist was called before the music committee for reprimand.

"We don't doubt," said the spokesman, "that you know your business, and can handle an organ; but, to tell you the truth, we think—have thought for some time along back—that your pieces are too much like the opery (with the accent on the second syllable), and seems to us the house of the Lord ain't exactly the place for opery music."

"Do you mean that my selections are too operatic?" asked the amazed organist.  
"Well, yes, that's about it. Now for example, that solo Miss—sang last night and Sunday morning—way up then way down that's the kind of music we object to in the house of the Lord."

"Last Sunday Miss—'s solo!" answered the organist, thinking back. "But, my dear sirs, that was 'I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.'"

"Well, we don't know anything about that; but what we'd like is some good hymn tunes. A good rousing opening piece like 'Hold the Fort' we don't object to; but the opery music, as we said before, we don't feel satisfied with it."

And this within five miles of cultured, musical Boston!

Souvenir Seekers

Occasionally it is possible to satisfy the souvenir seeker without doing any damage in particular. This is the case at the tomb of George Washington in Mt. Vernon. A lady had just picked up a pebble from the walk in front of the venerated spot, to carry home with her, when a workman came up with a wheel-barrow load of gravel which he dumped on the spot.

"Have you—have you fixed up the place that way recently?" the lady asked in a slight apprehension.  
"Hesse you, Miss," was the reply; "we have to do this about every two weeks so the tourists can have something to carry away for mementos."

Bouillon Capsules.

The English papers state that the Japanese government has 1,000,000 "bouillon capsules," each of which is said to be equal in solid nutriment to a pound of beef. It is claimed for this form of solidified soup that a soldier can carry in his knapsack a sufficient number of capsules for several months' rations.

While some workmen were digging recently among the ruined temples of Upper Egypt, they unearthed an iron box containing a metal plate, which two scientists declare to be a camera and lens.

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"THE YANKEES' GAME."

As it was in the Beginning So it is Now and Ever shall Be.

Mr. Laurence Hutton's contribution to the football literature of the hour is an accomplishment of historical notes showing the reputation of the joyous game in England, 800 years ago. Sir Thomas Elyot, in "The Governour," 1557, speaks of "Foot-balle, wherein is nothyng but beastlye fury and extreme violence, whereof proceedeth hurte, and consequently rancour and malice doo rehatyne with them that be wounded; whereof it is to be put in perpetual silence." In 1683 Master Philip Tubbes in his "Anatomie of Abuse" said: "For as concerning football playing I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kind of a fight than a play or recreation; a bloody and murdering practice than a felowly sports or pastime. For dooth not every one lye in wait for his Adversarie, seeking to overthrow him and to pickle him on his nose, though it be upon hard stones?" So that by this means, sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms; sometimes one part thrust out of joint, and sometimes another: sometimes the noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out."

"The Doctor's Orders." How the Man from the Tamaracks was Carrying them Out. The man from the tamaracks had been standing around the Brush street station so long that the policeman on duty concluded he would tackle him on suspicion, so he crossed the street and preached the man standing on the sidewalk.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the officer.  
"Nuthin'," was the quiet response.  
"What are you going to do?"  
"Nuthin'."  
"What are you after?"  
"Nuthin'."  
The officer getting tired.  
"Well," he said sarcastically, "why don't you take it and go?"  
"I am, as soon 's that train gets ready to start."

The officer looked at his victim curiously. "That's all right," the vicar. "I ain't going to steal the street car track, nor a house and lot, nor a church steeple, I ain't got no use fer 'em up my way. I live a piece up here onto a farm. I've been working for five years trying to lift a mortgage on my place. It's the heaviest littin' I ever undertook. Got it hested at last, though, an' felt good, but the doctor said I ought to get some. Told me I'd better come down to Detroit and do nothin' for awhile. That's what I'm doin' now. You've seen me at it. You'll do for witness in case I need one. I've been doin' it since the train came in this mornin'. It's the hardest work I ever done, I'd rather lift mortgages. In the story goes, an' there it is. That doctor says anything to me I'll give him a lickin' that'll make him think rest and a change of scene restored me to strength and health in a surprisin' manner. Now, you g'long about your business, and I'll lend to mine, but the officer talked with him till the train left, and was invited to come up and spend a week with him.

The Lightening of the Eyes. Mario Procco, the famous artist, who is now in prison in Rome, charged with murder, is too dangerous a man to be at large, if the Italian papers are to be believed. And now the Roman authorities are wondering how they shall punish this monster. The prisoner, while painting Anna's portrait, was captivated by her beauty and fell in love with her. The lady pretended to return his affection, but proved to be an unmitigated coquette. Procco became suspicious and one day found his sweetheart baring in the suit with his rival. The artist had studied hypnosis, and had even practiced in upon the fair Anna. So, when he saw her kissing her lover he directed at her a concentrated and powerful gaze. He threw his whole strength into that glance, and at the same time he willed that the woman should be drowned. In a few seconds she fell over into the water and expired. This is a most astonishing narrative, but Procco himself admits that it is true. And now the Roman authorities are wondering how they shall punish this monster. Possibly his deadly glance will dispose of judge, jury and executioner. Evidently he is not a man to be trifled with, and it may be that extraordinary methods will have to be resorted to in order to get rid of him. Of course nobody doubts his story.

Lady Randolph Churchill's Frank. "There are certain women of the world who capture public attention to that degree that everything they do is promptly chronicled. Lady Randolph Churchill is one of them. When returning home from India with Lord Randolph she noticed a British soldier tattooing a deck hand. It dispelled the ennu that had seized upon her as an incident of ship life, and from watching the operation from her deck chair she concluded to try it herself. She had the artist brought before her and asked for some designs. He suggested the Talmudic symbol of eternity—a snake holding its tail in its mouth—Lady Randolph was charmed and bared her arm for the operation. Lord Randolph swore and protested. But the tattooing was done—so it is said at least—and is described as a beautifully executed snake, dark blue in color, with green eyes and red jaws. As a general thing it is hidden from the vulgar gaze by a broad gold bracelet, but her personal friends are privileged to see it and hear the story of the tattooing.

The Ainu women in Japan tattoo their faces to give them the appearance of men with whiskers.

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CHINESE PUNISHMENT.

The Terrible Cruelty With Which Prisoners are Often Treated.

The evidences in China have a hard time of it if he is caught, for the punishments inflicted are very cruel and would not be tolerated in more civilized countries. Perhaps it is because there is so little moral force to keep the people in right ways that physical force is so excessively employed. However that may be, the low Chinese newspapers frequently contain details of tortures imposed upon offenders that are equal to any inflicted by Indian or African savages. The most common instrument of torture in the Chinese jail is the bamboo. No attention is paid to the law which provides how many strokes of the bamboo rod may be inflicted for certain offences. Often the executioner of the sentence inflicts ten or twenty times as many blows upon the naked victim as the law designates. The Shanghai newspapers a while ago reported that between 2,000 and 3,000 strokes of the bamboo had been laid upon the backs of two old persons who had been found guilty of levying blackmail, and that in addition to this awful punishment, their ankles had been broken with an iron hammer.

An educated Chinese who is prating law in this country, made a remarkable excuse for the brutality of his countrymen. He spoke of the "absence of nerves" in the Chinese, said his people were apparently not so susceptible to pain as most other human beings, and on this account, he argued, Chinese punishments are not especially cruel. This testimony has been directly contradicted by some of the missionaries in China.

The fact is that in some parts of the country punishments are inflicted which are not authorized by law, and the Government has tried in vain to put an end to these cruel and illegal practices. The Perkin Gazette reported some years ago that in some of the country districts of Yunnan the people were in the habit of burning to death any man who was caught stealing from the fields grain or other agricultural products. They were liable to punishment themselves for such atrocities, but they took pains to see that there was no danger of a complaint being lodged against them. They threatened the relatives of the culprit with death if they made complaint, and ostensibly made them parties to the crime by compelling them to take wages and light the fire themselves. This terrible custom began to be practiced at the time of the Yunnan rebellion, and the people were in danger of starvation, and no efforts of the Government have since availed to extirpate it.

Books on China abound with instances of unusual and almost unheard-of cruelty to prisoners. Father Hue, in his "Tartaria," says that on one occasion he saw a number of prisoners whose hands were nailed to the carts in which they were being taken to jail. He learned that the constables had forgotten to bring their shackles with them, and so employed this method of preventing their prisoners from escaping.

The Cannibal Serpent. Among the remarkable incidents which have recently taken place in the reptile house of the Zoological Society's Gardens in London, was that of the swallowing by his companion by the South American boa constrictor, and exhibiting no symptom afterwards either of the pangs of remorse or those of indigestion. The two serpents, according to the London Illustrated News, had lived amicably together nearly a twelve month. They were of the same species, but one was nine feet long and the other eleven. It is not supposed that the larger one intended to eat the other, and they are still less likely to have quarrelled; snakes are, indeed, between themselves, peaceable and gentle animals. Both were usually fed with pigeons. One afternoon their keeper had placed two birds—one for each serpent—in the glazed apartment fifteen feet by six feet which was the boa constrictor's dwelling. The bigger serpent having quickly swallowed his own appointed meal, observed the second pigeon visibly sticking in the jaws of his messmate. He, perhaps, only thought of taking a playful bite out of it, even as a greedy or wanton little boy might be seen biting at an apple in another child's mouth. The keeper had left them, and it is conjectured that both the serpent's having got their teeth fastened in the pigeon's bones, neither could withdraw. An explanation had been found in the peculiar structure and action of the joints of the serpent's jawbones. We are told this gorging boa constrictor, though his body is swollen to threefold bulk, having a brother reptile inside, down to within twenty-four inches of his tail, will not die of a surfeit; but he will have to eat nothing more for the next four or five months. Let the simple creature be acquitted, however, of the dire crime of serpentine cannibalism, if his original purpose was only to devour a second pigeon.

A Few More Campaigns. A delicate compliment is a work of far higher art than the most biting sarcasm. Every one knows the story of the poor creature who found himself seated between Mme Ricamier and Mme. de Stael, and managed to offend them both by saying that he sat between wit and beauty, and was crushed by the retort of Mme. de Stael that he possessed neither. The court of Louis XIV. was the school where this art was brought to perfection. The flattery offered the king by the men of genius was at once coarse and exquisite. Witness that inimitable reply of Mignard, who was painting the king's portrait for a tenth time when Louis asked him: "Do I look older?" "I see a few more campaigns on the brow of your Majesty."

Saved. "Stay!" cried Pocahontas. The obedient father paused.

"Do you realize," said she, "that if you undertake the job of killing off all the John Smiths you won't even have time to eat?"

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Seated by Queensland placently on land before picture of Frank owned and he was "the old conings were on the ranchmen." "Well, J your hurry, your track?" "No, sir, attempt at that luck. Mark's at an instant, a Frank! Wh quick?" "Well, a Grundy's an Then Jim pi his horse's e it's all up w be true. E bay mare sa brooc. Fran ole circum Nobody in heart to hur "It was a the wust of of the boy caught it'll on his soul at Fink's." "Then I Mark, eage weed and pulled up at the town." Just there, and Mark leaped off at full g woomba. "I in the room bending over "What a "my merry, wretch who by my hand, customer as help me." He gently man, and st of men wer tails of the good quality. In reply barkeeper, had been t when in a ward by his hane: nam ordered a drink with drinks with must be a s out a rova missed. B Then, the y just as Mist paper, stop he'd been Mark tel every word at his close, and the ne showed, m have done, During th were chiefl the funeral. Only three the coroner told the sto Martin Fin the morning for food ar out shooing and he seen plenty of m in Brisbane. A verdict Darning w wards, hav affairs in th Mark Melv fil his misel Although city, he en hotel, but office of M who had fo shipment of Mr. Crawl ally. Ma visit, and deeply gri said: "It's an but do no Frank's de the law pu "I'll thi "Do, d you'll stop "No th chance of a "Well, b glad to go Mark a went off to mained for with the of Henry Dur dress and him if any ing he call received I family, a daughters. Lemox an friends of o larly sweet which indi gately and Bonally a Melville, a great sorr He thou lovely a w in tender ballans, he could hard Mr. Len was much position at hospitable unusual as noted by A at a dig The Len houses and on one



ON HIS WEDDING-DAY.

It was a quiet wedding—no show, no fuss, no party, but just unostentatious and decorous as best becomes the ceremony. No carriage even. Only a step accompanied Ben Varley's cottage from the church, an old Ben, with his daughter, the bride, and her cousin, Kate Fletcher, had walked the distance. Dick Ford and his "best man," Reuben Grime, in like manner reached the ancient, lichened edifice. The little building was well-nigh full of interested fisher-folk, a state of repletion which the rector's most learned sermons failed to bring about on Sundays. Various ejaculations uttered in would-be undertone—"Doesn't her look bonnie?" "She's paler nor I like to see;" "Gray suits her, as do," from the women, with sundry suggestions and rib-digging on the part of the men, marked the passage of the "happy pair" as, leaving the church, they trod the least-strewn path of the churchyard.

unanimously voted a real chef-d'œuvre of the confectioners' art. Hardly had Kate taken up the knife wherewith to cut the cake, when the landlord of the Fowler's Inn hastily entered the room. His usually placid visage was pale with agitation; he plied his short legs rapidly as he hurried across the floor to utter a few breathless words into the ears of Ralph Thwaites, the bride's groom.

claman; but it was not necessary to hear—she had seen. Yet no cry escaped her lips. She simply stood there, as before, pale with a death-like pallor, motionless. She was still starting with stony gaze in the direction of the overturned boat, when her father touched her gently on the shoulder.

Van Twiller dismissed the Dutch Colonial Assembly invariably as the last puff of his third pipe of tobacco. A Montagu Indian or Canada will set up a stick in the snow when traveling ahead of friends who are to follow. Her mark with his foot the line of shadow cast, and by the change in the angle of the shadow the on-coming party can tell, on arrival at the spot, about how far ahead the leader is.

BARBOUR'S LINEN THREADS. The former teacher of the present Czarina says that she was brought up almost entirely as an English girl despite her German birth. The family spoke English exclusively, their plays were English, and the governess of the Princess was English. Her German is consequently spoken with a foreign accent. The teacher thinks the Princess will make an excellent wife for the Czar, and one that will never bother herself about politics.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX. TRAINS DAILY. Express Trains Daily: Leave Yarmouth, 5:10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6:25 p. m. Leave Halifax, 6:40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4:50 p. m. Leave Yarmouth, 5:30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6:45 p. m. Leave Halifax, 5:10 p. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6:15 p. m.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX. TRAINS DAILY. Express Trains Daily: Leave Yarmouth, 5:10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6:25 p. m. Leave Halifax, 6:40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4:50 p. m. Leave Yarmouth, 5:30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6:45 p. m. Leave Halifax, 5:10 p. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6:15 p. m.

intermittent, and she was now, as it were, in a state of suspended animation. The wind, too, had come, at first in short, fitful gusts, gradually prolonged until, before the inn was reached, the full force of its strength was put forth. Heavy drops of rain fell spattering on the gray shales of the roofs.

meanwhile, the whole population of the village had gathered on the shore. Overhead the murky clouds sped rapidly by, so low that they appeared to touch the rugged headlands to north and south of the little bay. The air was darkened, as it were dusk. Vast mountains, water-curtained and broke over the beach with thunderic peals, hissing and spinning up to the very level of the watchers. The chill cutting rain beat in their faces so fiercely that they could scarcely discern the quivering ship that was beating out her heels upon the rocks. Heavy seas swept her decks, on which the stump of the mizzens was the only spar left standing; fore and main masts had both gone by the board. She was fast upon the Forks, every succeeding wave just lifting her clear to dash her down again upon the jagged mass.

How a Disabled Athlete may Mend his Injured Leg. In these days of autumn sports, football particularly, there is an injury common to athletic girls and boys which without being dangerous, is exceedingly painful. This is the dislocation of the kneecap, or patella, as the doctors call it.

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