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PROGRESS.

VOL. VII., NO. 317.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE DAYS GREAT RACING.

MOOSEPATH OPENS THE SEASON WITH A BIG CROWD.

Little Rocket Proves to be a very Speedy Rocket and Wins in Good Time—Peter Carroll in Luck He Drives a Winner and a Good Second—The Day's Successful Racing.

Of all the holiday events none was more successful than the races at Moosepath. The crowd was big and the races well contested. Such a day's sport so early in the season has not been seen for many a year. PROGRESS has always held that it was possible to hold successful local races and its prediction has been proved correct beyond doubt by the energetic gentlemen, Messrs. Dean and Pendleton, who took charge of the affair and made such a success of it.

The day could not have been improved upon. The track would have been better for rain but was as good as it was possible to have without sprinkling. Still it was slow, though in spite of that the pace and records exceeded the expectation of everybody.

There were fourteen entries in the gentleman's driving race, and it is to the credit of many of the owners whose horses were wretchedly out of shape that they started and made the day as successful as possible. Josie Mack was the favorite in the gentleman's driving race. She had shown a mile to a high sulky in training in 2.48, and they were few outside of the silent Peter Carroll who thought there was any horse in the race that could lead the chestnut mare. Yet the fact that Peter Carroll was driving Little Rocket, and that he was going nice, left so much room for speculation that but few wagers were had with the field against the favorite.

The field was a good horse as it proved, for Little Rocket showed a pace that paralyzed the crowd, and was too hot for Josie Mack.

Both were in good positions in the first heat, being in the first rank in second and fifth positions. Portland Prince, with Mr. Tower weighing 240 pounds, in a road cart, had the pole. The gallant little gray made a grand fight for a piece of the race, but with such odds what wonder was it that he did not succeed! Little Rocket did not get squared away in the first heat until he was in the back stretch. Then he had to overhaul Josie Mack and Lady Laurie, the latter at the pole with George Carvill reining her. He gained quite steadily and speeding around the upper turn swung into the stretch on even terms. Then for the rest of the heat he had no need to rush and when he jogged in under the wire in the slow time of 2.57 1/2 these who knew the horses were satisfied that Josie Mack could do so much better that the race was not won yet.

This proved to be true enough for the next heat was the speedy Josie Mack chasing the steady son of Olympus all the way. She hung to him like a leech though breaking occasionally from the pressure. Little Rocket came from the quarter pale home like a whirlwind but eased up within 50 yards of the wire and jogged in in 2.44 1/2. This was the time hung out by the judge though competent timers in the crowd agreed upon 2.43 1/2. It is certain that had the little horse been pushed right to the finish 2.40 would not have tied him up. Considering that it was his first race and that he was handled but eight days by Carroll, this was a grand performance for both horse and driver. The best gait he showed last year was 3.00 1/2. If he continues to improve he will be a speedy horse.

The third heat was a repetition of the second, and was won in the same manner at the same time. Of the other horses it is hard to place them. A snap shot with a camera at every quarter is about the only way positions could have been taken surely. Lady Laurie took third money easily. She jogged steadily and held her gait well. Every one considered the big mare's work was very respectable. Island Grey followed her in the first heat in the opinion of the judges, who gave it to him for square footing, though O'Dick finished ahead of him. Sans Puer, Jr., Portland Prince, Mazouk, Harry A. Dart, and Raymond, were all pretty evenly matched and bunched in the finish. Sans Puer, Jr., took fourth place in the last two heats. In the second heat some were drawn and others distanced so that there were only seven starters in the third heat.

There was considerable interest in the named race where Lady D. 2.52, Johnny Dick, Eagle, 2.53, Black Jack, 2.54, Teddy Goldleaf, 2.48 1/2, Nettie G. (a pacer) and Frank E. appeared. Lady D. was a winner in two events before and had an ice record of 2.48; Eagle won the fall race last year in 2.53 and Black Jack and Teddy Goldleaf are both good performers when right. Johnny Dick was a favorite because of his work on the ice at Hampton, where he is said to have trotted under 2.40 and there were many who expected the big doublet to give a good account of himself. Lady D. was in nice shape and Eagle never looked better. Nettie G. came to the score speedy and level. Frank E.

jogged out very sore and short in his usually trappy gait and acted very badly on the score. He had only been a few days in Peter Carroll's hands and it was impossible to work him much owing to a sore foot. But, considering how he was outclassed, he made a showing that was more than satisfactory to his driver and owner. Lady D. was speedy and, in the main, very steady. She was not headed save for a time by Mr. Gordon's pacer in the first mile and had the roan mare kept her gait she would have made a great race but a bad break on the home stretch gave Lady D. the lead. Behind, a few yards, Johnny Dick and Frank E. fought for second place, but the big brown horse got in ahead by half a length. Frank E. did not get to work until the last half and then he showed enough speed to come in as he did.

The second heat Lady D. had the pole with Johnny Dick, Frank E. and Black Jack fourth. They got a ragged send off Frank E. some yards in the rear and the pole horse also handicapped but on the back stretch the face of things changed. Johnny Dick and Lady D. while fighting for first position broke and Frank E. sped past them and entered the stretch on the finish of the half mile in the lead with Lady D. on his wheel. This position was maintained on the turn and on the back stretch Frank E. gained a little more, but the mare soon shoved her nose into its place again and on the turn they kept their positions swinging into the stretch for the finish with but a yard difference. For an instant as they passed the gate Frank E., faltered and the mare had him by a neck. Then he was at it again, and as they sped by the line of shouting spectators, no man could tell which was ahead. Ten yards from the wire Carroll dropped the whip on his game little horse, and Frank E., springing under the touch with a neck. Time 2.45. It was a great heat, so close that many not in line with the wire thought it a dead heat. Johnny Dick acted badly, and was distanced, while Teddy Goldleaf and Eagle shared the same fate.

Frank E. had the pole in the next heat and kept his place for the half mile when he faltered on the hard ground before the stand and broke. Lady D. had no trouble from him the rest of the heat as Carroll laid him up until Gordon coming very fast at the finish with Nellie G. he brushed again and once more just under the wire where the footing was too solid for a sore horse Frank E. broke again. This journey taking the whole mile into consideration gave him second place.

The fourth heat was a repetition of the third though Lady D. was pushed to the utmost and finished the mile in 2.44, a second better than the best time, with Frank E. second, Nettie G. third and Black Jack fourth. In this order the race was won. The match race between Helena and Deceiver was won by the former in two straight heats in 2.39 and 2.36 1/2. Helena is still a favorite with the crowd. The big black was driven by Mr. Dean who does not profess to be a professional and who has not had the time to give his speedy son of Rampart the fitting necessary for such a race. But it filled out the day's sport which all in all was such as the people never get before for 25 cents.

Starter Charles Ward gave entire satisfaction and with such a field of horses did splendid work. The Judges were A. W. Vanwart, Thomas Clark, Fred Young; the timers, Hugh Stevens and Geo. Murphy. The Corner Laffer to Go.

HALIFAX, May 24.—PROGRESS calls attention to the way the St. John police seem to coax idlers from standing at street corners in your city. A system of such coaxing was in vogue in Halifax up to about twelve months ago. If pointers are wanted on the best way to keep the corners clear your chief of police might do worse than look into chief O'Sullivan's method; he makes people pay for the privilege of street corner loafing. The police have strict orders from him to report all such offences against the city ordinances. These orders are vigorously carried out and the culprits are promptly fined. Some of those thus first reported and arrested contested their cases, but the decisions of the court were "again them" on every occasion, and now the approach of a policeman is sufficient to scatter a group. If a man wants to stand on a street corner, after one warning to move on, he must pay for the privilege.

Good News For St. John Men.

HALIFAX, May 24.—The full bench has set aside Judge Meagher's decision, and has re-instated A. B. Sheraton in control of the Queen hotel, as its tenant. Judge Meagher's state of mind upon must be just about the opposite of the successful hotel man's feeling of elation. The full bench had not a moment's hesitation in unanimously throwing out his judgment. Mr. Sheraton is now in the hotel, to remain at least till July 1st, in spite of the fact that the bondsmen who own the hotel, can do, and the chances are he will be there the entire summer. The bondsmen's lawyers made a mistake somewhere, and it doubtless was in their not seeing that Mr. Archibald, the mortgagee, served Sheraton with notice to leave when his year expired. Such notice was not given, and "Sberry" reigns at the Queen.

THE SORE SPOT OF A CITY.

A SPLENDID PART OF HALIFAX IN DISREPUTE.

Because Many of the Houses are Rented for Immoral Purposes—Some Particulars of an Evil that Should be Remedied, and Some Facts About the Rentals.

HALIFAX, May 24.—Every city has its poverty-stricken and vice-haunted district. Sometimes these are found side by side and sometimes in different localities. Even in new western cities, of but a few years age, there soon appears a district which is the abode particularly of the very poor and of the deformed. This fact is especially true of old sea-port towns. Halifax is not an exception. A portion of Lower Water street, known as "Irishtown" is mainly inhabited by very poor people, though there are no evil resorts there. The north end of Maynard street, formerly known as City street, and the locality adjacent, contains another large section of this city's poorest people. But it is in the central parts, in what are called the "upper streets", that poverty, vice and misery, seem to walk hand in hand. South Brunswick street, Albermarle street, and Grafton street, bounded by Duke and Sackville streets are inhabited by hundreds of people who today, perhaps, don't know where tomorrow's meals are to come from, or who can't speak with any degree of certainty this week how they shall be able to keep soul and body together next week.

The time was when those very streets among the oldest in Halifax, constituted the fashionable quarter; when the "best people" in the city lived there; but that day has long gone by. Albermarle and Grafton streets for four blocks are now lined mainly by wooden houses, old and weather beaten, squalid, standing there as if inviting a conflagration to sweep them away and thus improve the appearance of the city. This is the character of the locality as a whole, but here and there along those streets there are exceptions. At some of the corners and once in a while in the course of a block a better building appears. Till recently there has been no adequate sewerage in this district, and now this work has been about half done, largely through the exertions and influence of Rev. F. H. Alman and other philanthropists. South Brunswick street has been very much improved in the last ten years or so.

Not alone is this region the abode of the poorest people, and the location of the most unsightly buildings, but it is here that lawlessness so far as the police and the authorities are unable to cope with it, holds its carnival. Drinking-dens abound. On those three streets there are not more than half a dozen licensed shops, but it is safe to say that in fifty places liquor is sold with more or less stealthiness. The legend "temperate drinks" painted on the windows, in nine cases out of ten, means that liquor of a semi-poisonous kind is hidden away somewhere and is sold whenever the chance occurs. What generally are nothing less than the vilest concoctions are peddled off on the poor sailors or other drinkers who go there and think they are getting beer or spirits. About six of those drinking places are licensed and fifty unlicensed! That leaves a splendid field for the exertions of Inspector Banks and the police, and they are not idle. Banks makes almost nightly visits, and seldom returns to the police station empty-handed. But he hardly keeps up with the enemy, and the comparatively few violators he captures only serves to make them more cautious in guarding against another surprise, and to put others more on the alert to see that they, too, fall not into the hands of the Philistines.

It is here, too, that houses of ill repute mostly flourish. A sad fact is that they have increased in recent years, and that they carry on their business more openly than ever. The time was when such places were spoken of with bated breath, as it were, but now they are openly talked about on the streets and in some of our newspapers. Some of the best buildings on Grafton street, fitted with electric bells, lighted by electricity and handsomely painted and furnished, are houses which have got beyond the stage of being called merely "questionable resorts." And yet they are frequented by many, who are spoken of as among "the best young men in the city." Inspector Banks finds these men there from time to time, and yet they are considered all right in some classes of so-called high-toned society. The sailors' dive, the poor man's dwelling, the licensed and most likely the unlicensed drinking place, and the so-called "respectable" resort, are side by side within this area on the upper streets.

An interesting question comes up. "Who is it that owns those properties that have thus been allowed to go to ruin or are thus used for anything but good purposes?" Many of them are owned by comparatively poor estates or individuals, and are let out in single rooms. In every second house, almost, is a shop where either intoxicants

or small groceries are sold. Some of those dives bring in a good rent. Nearly all the properties are mortgaged, and it is out of them much of many a fat income is partly drawn. Good rents are taken from the shops where "temperate" drinks are sold, but two or three of the highest rents in Halifax come from houses in Grafton street where no sign adorns the window, which to all appearances are only comfortable well furnished dwellings. In some instances \$700 and even \$1,200 per year have been paid in rent on houses that ordinarily would not yield more than \$200 or \$300 at the most.

No 80 Grafton street is a building till recently owned by a Hollis street liquor seller, and he is said to have taken about \$100 per month out of it in rent, when he sold out to the occupant and lessee: No 117 Grafton street is another of the more pretentious dwellings on this street which is owned by one it not more wealthy men; it yields \$600 or \$700 per annum in rent. The owner of No. 33 on the same street, finds it a very profitable source of revenue. And so on to the end of the list. PROGRESS withholds the names of the owners of houses rented for these purposes for the present but under the recent criminal code they are liable to a heavy penalty for leasing their property to tenants of this kind.

Post office officials, customs and city officials have investments on those streets, and they prove profitable. Even some of our city churches till recently owned one or two out of the best buildings on Grafton street. A complete list of the owners of properties on South Brunswick street, Albermarle and Grafton streets would not be interesting reading especially if coupled with the amounts of rent drawn compared with the assessed valuation and the taxes paid. Enough has been stated to show what a sore spot this locality is in Halifax; how respectable some of the owners of the properties there; and what a lot of work there is yet ahead of Inspector Banks. He will have only got well into his task by the end of his year, and possibly as a result of his work some values will have fallen.

A large owner who has done much to improve the character of property on those streets, and refuses to rent a house for the sale of liquors, is Ald. E. W. O'Donnell.

A CORONER WHO TAKES THE RUN.

When Inquests are Seized He Knows How To Get a Case.

HALIFAX, May 24.—Some time ago PROGRESS had an article showing how some of the coroners of Halifax county prostitute their office merely into a race for the fee of \$10 which is paid them for every inquest they hold. Coroner A. C. Hawkins was mentioned particularly at that time. He was one of the worst corpse-chasers or fee-chasers—as you like. On Tuesday he made a horrible spectacle of his anxiety to hold an inquest, resorting finally to the device of breaking into undertaker Snow's dead house through a window and in the absence of the proprietor, stealing away with the body of W. H. Fullerton, of Amherst, who died on the train bound for this city. Snow had previously been given a certificate stating that Fullerton's death was due to "exhaustion," signed by Dr. G. M. Campbell, one of the most reputable physicians of the city. In virtue of that certificate he was preparing the body for return to Amherst, and refused to allow Hawkins to enter his premises to hold the inquest he demanded. Hawkins tried to force an entrance, attempting to strike Snow with a bar of iron. But he was beaten off. After dark he returned, failing to get the keys of the building he opened a window and accompanied by Grey, he searched round till he found the body. Then the two men quickly hustled it out through the window, into the team, and down to Grey's establishment. When Snow found out what had happened he snowed out a warrant for the arrest of coroner Hawkins and Grey, charging them with stealing a \$100 casket containing the body of W. H. Fullerton, formerly of Amherst.

Was there ever a more disgraceful act than that of this coroner body-snatcher, who persisted in going to such a length, all for a \$10 fee, under pretext of a desire to hold an inquest and despite the certificate of a brother physician of high standing. If there is another coroner in the maritime provinces like Dr. Hawkins let him speak up and take the prize.

Recitals of Mr. and Mrs. Durrward Lely. Arrangements have already been made for the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Durrward Lely, the reciters of Scottish song and story in the Maritime Provinces at the following places and dates.

St. John, N. B., June 4th and 5th.
Fredericton, N. B., June 6th.
Chatham, N. B., June 7th.
Bathurst, N. B., June 8th.
Campbellton, N. B., June 9th.
Moncton, N. B., June 11th.
Summerside, P. E. I., June 12th.
Charlottetown, P. E. I., June 13th.
Pictou, N. S., June 14th.

HIS PRISON THOUGHTS.

EDITOR MACDOUGALL INDULGES IN SOME REFLECTIONS.

The Sheriff Is After "Doc" Wilbur, the Mayor Is After the Sheriff and Somebody Is After the Mayor—Mr. MacDougall's Opinion of Christian People of Dorchester.

"Bill" Wilbur, the Moncton man who was referred to in last week's PROGRESS as being a fugitive from justice, will, it is said, be arrested as soon as the sheriff can succeed in locating him. He has been in Moncton for some time, but being a leading spirit in the political arena of that city, he was allowed to go at large, and probably would have lived and died there had the fact of his return not been chronicled in the columns of PROGRESS. It is said that the crown officers have notified Sheriff McQueen to arrest him at once. Wilbur is a bad character and should not be permitted to go unpunished. The Moncton newspapers must certainly have been aware of his return to Moncton, but it seems that the press and police of Moncton are favorable to him.

Mayor Sumner's Attack on the Sheriff.

MONCTON, May 21.—Mayor Sumner who has been receiving so much attention of late in connection with the case of Bruce MacDougall, has not treated Sheriff McQueen as one gentleman should treat another. At a meeting of the city council, Mayor Sumner went out of his way to attack the sheriff of Westmorland County by insinuating that he had entered into an agreement, with a certain party not to arrest Bruce MacDougall. This statement was published in the Halifax papers, and sent to the St. John and Moncton papers as well.

Sheriff McQueen, over his own signature, denied the statement made by Mr. Sumner, who was in duty bound to substantiate his charge or apologise to the sheriff for his libel, but as yet he has not done either. Mayor Sumner is prosecutor in the interest of christianity and morality, and persecutor and public lecturer to the people of Moncton, therefore is deeply interested in the case against Bruce MacDougall. If he was acting as a prosecutor, simply in the interest of morality and virtue, he would not be delivering orations at the council board after MacDougall had been arrested and locked up. He would not be attacking the prisoner when that person was behind the bars at Dorchester. But his attack on Sheriff McQueen is inexcusable. He made the statement that the Sheriff had lent himself to MacDougall's friends, and it true, such a statement was calculated to injure Mr. McQueen. If it was not true and if Mayor Sumner made the statement on hearsay, he should have been man enough to acknowledge his wrong, and apologise to Sheriff McQueen whose official record in this county is above reproach. But Mr. Sumner was attempting to prejudice the public mind, and he took advantage of his official position to attack the Sheriff.

WHAT MACDOUGALL SAYS.

He Indulges in Some Reflections in His Prison Cell.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—When John T. Hawke, of the Transcript, was hustled out of the York county jail, a few years ago, he proclaimed to the world that he was a martyr—that he came down from the Upper Provinces to accomplish many great returns, and to still further extend the liberty of the press in this province, and in his prison cell at Fredericton he wrote "Prison Thoughts," attempting no doubt, to convince the people who read his paper, that he was a second edition to the imprisoned apostles of old. But the cold, cruel world read his silly chatter over the caption of "Prison Thoughts" and laughed. Scarcely a man in the province took any stock in the pious columns of information which appeared in the Transcript from the pen of Mr. Hawke.

It is no good, and it is only wasting time, for a jail bird, even though he be an editor, to whistle his tale of woe to the world. That is why I am opposed to the publication of prison literature. Mr. Hawke is today the most unpopular man in the province—he went to jail for righteousness sake, and suffered, and still he is unpopular.

Then again take the case of H. T. Stevens, when he occupied, with his wife, the same cell where I am writing this letter, he wrote to the Times over his signature, that the county jail at Dorchester was "alive with bed bugs." The authorities held an immediate investigation, and came to the conclusion that it was June bugs which "H. T. S." had seen, and that he had either lied, or that he was suffering from the "D. T." Mr. Stevens shortly afterwards wrote an "open letter" to the Times, and since that time he has been a back number in the personal, political and social world. So he is "not in it," as far as the great struggle for political fame and honorable mention is concerned.

And now comes my turn. Like all other important characters I have so behaved

myself that I was arrested and taken to jail, and here I am. Now I want the outside world to take no stock in what I say, because the fact that I am in jail disqualifies me for the present time from being a member of society in good—or even bad standing. I am no martyr, however. I am in jail because I was arrested and put here. That's the way Hawke got in jail, and it is the way every other man gets in prison. I cannot help being here, if I could I would be out—for like McGreevy and Connolly, "imprisonment is not good for my health" but my jail physician won't swear to it, and Connolly's would. That's the difference between doctors—they never agree. But I find no fault with the authorities, because the authorities have nothing to do with my case.

"Why, how is that?" some one asks. Well, it is just this way. Mr. Sumner, the moralist, and Mr. Hawke, the advocate for the liberty of speech, and the freedom of the press are running the prosecution. Mr. Sumner is acting for certain outside parties, and Mr. Hawke is his own lawyer. That's the reason why I feel like putting Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, right in the matter. She has nothing to do with the one sided prosecution brought against me and it she knew her name is being used, I know that she would feel ashamed of it. But she will never know anything about it. I consider that it is an honor to be imprisoned, when the only complaint that is made against me by the Mayor of Moncton, is that I referred to certain lewd characters. It is quite different from attacking a supreme court judge, or a member of parliament.

I regret that the mayor has allowed himself to be made a cat's paw for certain parties in Moncton, whose tool he certainly is. My legal encounter with Sumner and others may be the means of wiping me out of the political and social world, but I have still a faint hope that everything will come out all O. K., and that about the time the summer resorts, the parks and green slopes of recuperation on Canadian soil will be in order, that I will be a free man once more.

In walking about the corridor of the jail I am confronted by a handsome motto on the wall, viz., "God is Love," but I regret that I have to report that having spent nearly five weeks in jail, that I have never been visited by a follower or teacher, man or woman, who professed to be blessed with the precious gift of His Love. Is it that the Dorchester christians are more interested in the heathen of the South Sea Isles, who scamper about dressed in a little brief authority and a fig leaf? Or did the religious zeal of the good people in this section all fritter away during the confinement here, of Buck and Jim? There is evidently a scarcity of the genuine article at the present time in the vicinity of the "devil's half acre." But as far as I am concerned, I will try and pull through without the assistance of any revivalist.

Christianity has been in the world for nearly nineteen centuries, and it is wonderful how scarce an article it is after all. The idea of sticking up a motto on the wall of a prison saying, "God is Love" and expect to reform a criminal by staring at it, is simply foolishness. The motto may be nice to look at, but all the comfort a poor soul, who is confined in a cell can extract from it is very little—but that is my spiritual food here—at a time when my hard heart would be susceptible to impressions.

J. T. Hawke had his prison thoughts; these are mine.

C. BRUCE MACDOUGALL,
Dorchester Jail, May 21.

BASE BALL SEASON OPENED.

The lovers of base ball in St. John had the pleasure of witnessing two nice games of ball on the 24th of May between the Orons, of Maine, and the Y. M. C. A. of St. John. Manager White, of the Y. M. C. A. club, is to be congratulated on the successful way in which things were carried out in both games besides having the playing honors of the day. The Orono team are a very pleasant lot of gentlemen and seemed to take their defeat in the afternoon with the same good grace as they did their victory in the morning game. The St. John team had a number of players that had not been on the diamond in a match game of this kind before and they made a fine showing. The man with the Bean Bouncer could hit a ball from a cannon, he is a slagger, and young Hayes makes a good basket in centre field. Such clever work from new comers was never seen on the athletic grounds before.

PROGRESS is glad to learn that the heavy expenses incurred by bringing the Orono's here has all been met, and the Y. M. C. A. have something to the good. This must be an encouraging to manager White, and it is to be hoped that we will be able to witness many games of this kind during the summer.

"Progress" is on sale in Station at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Saint John Oratorio society had an enthusiastic practice at the rooms of the society last Monday evening. The society has not yet decided upon the soloists, other than Miss Tarbox as previously announced, but negotiations are in active movement for the purpose of securing two of the best voices in Boston for the tenor and bass solos. There is no doubt every effort is being made to have the forthcoming concert of the society on 20th, and 21st, June equal at least to their best previous production.

Miss Sissieretta Jones, otherwise called the Black Patti, and her clever assistants, give entertainments on the 23rd and 24th instants. I regret that, owing to the holiday, justice can't be done them in this department this week.

The 14th public recital of the St. John Conservatory of Music will be given at the Mechanic's Institute on the 30th inst.

Tones and Undertones.

Johann Strauss was once a bank clerk. "Clarette" is the name of Della Fox's new opera.

Sir Arthur Sullivan can play nearly every instrument in a military band.

Myron W. Whitney's health has been much benefited by his recent southern trip.

Mascagni recently played selections from "Cavalleria Rusticana" before Queen Victoria.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's father was bandmaster of the Royal Military college, at Sandhurst.

The Duke of Coburg, has decorated Madame Albani with the order of arts and sciences.

A. H. Knoll, the cornet soloist has purchased the entire musical library of the late Walter Emerson.

Adamwocki, as usual, will spend his summer in Europe. He will sail immediately after the "Pops."

Plunket Greene, the eminent Irish basso, will sail for England on May 30, after the close of the Cincinnati festival.

Pauline Hall is giving a summer season of opera in Philadelphia. She opened it with "Princess of Trebizonde."

Paderewski says he is a martyr to nervousness, and goes through positive tortures when he contemplates playing.

The Cincinnati music festival cost \$45,000 each, and \$20,000 of this amount goes to Theodore Thomas and his orchestra.

Mr. Dordard Lely who was the tenor singer of Patti's concert company last season, will shortly be heard in this city.

Georgine von Janschowsky, well known in the United States, has been re-engaged for another year at the Imperial opera in Vienna.

"Princess Bonnie," Spenser's new opera was given its 50th performance on the 14th, inst., at the Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia.

At every performance of "Erminie" by the Francis Wilson company at the Tremont theatre, Boston, the entire house has been sold out.

At her second concert at Albert Hall, London, in June, Patti will produce Pizzetti's opera "Gabriella" in concert form, with Norman Salmond as the king.

Miss Ellen Russell has been engaged to sing at the London Handel festival, in place of Miss Emma Juch, who has decided not to go to London this June.

Verdi has composed a new "Ave Maria"—he has also been commissioned to write a mass for the centenary of St. Anthony to be performed in Padua in 1895.

This is the last week of "Utopia Limited," at the Boston Museum. Miss Isabel Reddick, the leading lady, who is the Princess Zara of the cast, is an Englishwoman.

Leonora Von Stosch, the violinist, has recently been married to Mr. L. M. Howland of New York, who is 20 years her senior, "a tall, gray-haired man, with a dark moustache."

On next Monday evening, "Patience" will be produced at the Tremont theatre by the Manola-Mason company. Great efforts are being made to have the revival a great success.

A Boston paper says "It seems to be settled that the fire in the Brooklyn Tabernacle originated in the organ, as was the case in the Tremont Temple, and none of the firemen were able to play on it."

Little Josef Hofmann, now 17 years of age, has re-appeared in public at St. James Hall, London. He has acquired the best points of Rubinstein's style together with numerous mannerisms that belong to the greatest of pianists.

It is more than probable that Emma Eames will not get an European engagement this year if Misses Melba and Calve, as they say they will do, refuse any engagement in any company that has Miss Eames for a member.

Sir Augustus Harris has engaged five conductors for his season of opera at the Covent Garden Royal Opera House. He has also 50 artists, viz., 16 sopranos, 5 contraltos, 13 tenors, nine baritones and seven basses, which embody the creme de

la creme of the opera companies in Paris, Brussels, Milan, Madrid and the United States.

Miss Laura Burham, of East Boston, and a pupil of Mme. Marchesi of Paris, has been offered an engagement in the Grand Opera House in that city. Her teacher says that Miss Burham's voice in quality, range and agility, equals that of Mme. Melba.

An Italian impresario deals with the "encore" fiend in a new manner. He forbids his singers to repeat any of their songs and put up a notice in the vestibule, reciting "Those persons who wish for a repetition of any numbers from the opera or of any part of the ballet dancing are begged to hand in their names at the box office. At the end of the performance they will enjoy the encores demanded on paying for seats over again."

A recent writer on Comic Operas says: "Comic opera now seems to be only a piece for a low comedian with a talent for horseplay. There must also be a bevy of girls in tights. For my own part I am weary of tights. They have lost their savor. Girls in tights are becoming monotonous. Why should we not be indulged with pretty comedy, with light music, refined mirthfulness? Why the low comedian who generally cannot sing or act must monopolize all the 'comic operas' is a mystery no fellow can find out."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Sol Smith Russell is an inveterate autograph hunter.

Nat Goodwin is said to have made \$40,000 this season.

Irving and Terry come to America next year for forty two weeks.

Stuart Robson is playing at the Baldwin theatre, San Francisco, this week.

Wilson Barrett has very little regard for what is known as the "traditions of the stage."

The long run of "Shore Acres" at Daly's (N. Y.) theatre will close this evening.

Beebohm Tree, the London actor comes to America in 1895 under Abbey's management.

It is not generally known that Sarah Bernhardt, the great actress, was a dressmaker's apprentice.

"Was the play bad?" "Well, I should say it was. Why, even the gas went out at the end of the second act."

The wife of Mounet-Sully, the great French tragedian, is said to adore comedy and farce, but cannot endure tragedy.

Marie Jansen it is said is to be married and that the "lucky fellow" is Ignacio Martiretti, the man with springs in his legs.

"The Streets of New York" is being played at the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston, this week, and upon an elaborate scale.

"The Private Secretary" is being revived at the Park Theatre, Boston, this week. Revivals are in order just at present.

The Kendalls will produce "Lady Clancarty" and two new plays in America next season. They are said to have cleared \$300,000.

"The Capitol" is the name of the new play written by Augustus Thomas for A. M. Palmer. It deals with life social and political at Washington.

Walter Jones, one of the authors of "The Scapegoat" is a London journalist of repute. Handsome Marie Burroughs will produce this play next season.

"Baroness" Blane, who was a complete failure in her career on the stage, has married Shirley Onderdonk, the young son of Andrew Onderdonk, a New York millionaire.

Maude Jeffries, leading lady with Wilson Barrett, has been the recipient of many social favors during her stay in Boston. Miss Jeffries is a native of the United States.

It is proposed that Mme. Janauscheck and Kate Claxton make a joint starring tour, alternating "Bleak House" and "The Two Orphans." Janauscheck has but little faith in managers.

Miss Mary Nannery (Mrs W. R. Daley) with her dramatic company is having a very successful season at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. They return to San Francisco in about two weeks.

Champion Corbett will appear next season in heroic roles, such as Spartacus, Jack Cade, Virginius, Sampson and Julius Caesar. He believes he is the legitimate successor of the late John McCullough.

Mrs. Sarah A. Baker, of Thomas W. Keene's company, is 77 years old and has been on the stage for 50 years. She competes with Mrs. John Drew for the distinction of being the oldest living actress.

"The Still Alarm" company, of which Mr. W. S. Harkins is the bright particular star, closed its season in this city last Saturday evening. The company played its almost phenomenal business while here.

Next season Bettina Gerrard will play Bessy in "A Texas Steer." Thomas A. Wise of W. S. Harkins present company,

has been engaged to take the role of Mavrick Brander in that play next season.

The play, "Sister Mary," which Leonard Boyne brought out at the American (N. Y.) theatre, on the 14th inst, was played through the English provinces six or seven years ago by Alice Lingard who starred in the title role.

It is said that Mounet-Sully, the great French tragedian, never smiles. He has a finely cut but not handsome face, wonderfully brilliant eyes, a small figure and a singularly graceful and modest bearing, and a voice of remarkable beauty and power.

Rose Coghlan revived "Peg Woffington" at the Madison square theatre, N. Y. A critic says, "I do not know of any actress now before the public who could so thoroughly vitalize and give artistic significance and individuality to this same Peg as Miss Coghlan."

Jay Hunt, who played a season in this city some years since, has just made a particularly great hit in "Rip Van Winkle" at Forepaugh's theatre, Philadelphia. His performance is pronounced "one of the finest pieces of dramatic work ever seen on the stage."

LIFE ON A RAILWAY.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A GRAND TRUNK EMPLOYEE.

Fell III From Exposure—Pronounced Incurable and Paid the Total Disability Insurance Allowed by the Company—Once More on the Road to Health—He Tells How It Came About.

From the Deseronto Tribune.

During the past few weeks, a fruitful subject of conversation among the people at Deseronto Junction has been the wonderful recovery of Mr. William Henry Wager, who has been looked upon as a hopeless invalid.

A representative of this paper was sent to interview Mr. Wager and gain all the information possible in order to satisfy the public concerning the truth of the wonderful cure. Making his way to Deseronto Junction the reporter informed Mr. Wager, the station master, of the object of his mission.

That courteous official having assured the reporter that he would find the case one of more than ordinary interest, kindly pointed out the nearest route to Mr. Wager's residence. The Wager family is one of the oldest in the Bay district, and Mr. Wager and his people are well known throughout a wide radius of country.

Arrived at the house the reporter knocked at the door and was quickly admitted by Mr. Wager himself, who it may be remarked, is in his thirty-fifth year, and was formerly employed as a section man on the Grand Trunk Railway, his section extending east and west of Deseronto Junction. He was a good workman and faithful servant of the company. On the 28th of April, 1893, he was compelled, on account of ill-health, to give up work completely.

The doctor pronounced him unable to be nervous palpitation of the heart. The district surgeon of the Grand Trunk Railway attended him and did all that medical skill could suggest in order to give him relief, but at the same time frankly told him that he could prescribe nothing that would effect a permanent cure. Mr. Wager was a member of the Grand Trunk Insurance and Provident Society, and during his illness received the usual pecuniary allowance given for a certain number of weeks to sick members.

The society also paid his way to Montreal that he might consult an eminent medical man who acts as referee in such cases. This specialist at once pronounced his case hopeless; cure was impossible. He returned home greatly dejected, and the Insurance Society paid him the whole amount granted to its members in cases of total disability. Mr. Wager has since that time resided at his home on the Gravel Road, unable to work, seldom going from home except to make an occasional trip to Deseronto and Napanee. About three months ago Mr. John Kitchen, the well known section master on the Grand Trunk, who resides at Deseronto Junction, told Mr. Wager of the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and recommended him to give them a trial. He accordingly procured a quantity of the famous pills in order to give them a trial. Now mark the result. He soon felt the good effects of this great medicine. His appetite improved. The fluttering sensations about his heart appeared to be less pronounced. He continued taking the pills and his health steadily improved.

The change became apparent to friends and neighbors and a matter of public interest. He gained in weight. As he remarked, last summer he was little more than a walking ghost; now, as the reporter could easily see, he was a substantial specimen of humanity. Mr. Wager informed the reporter that before he commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills his heart used to beat rapidly and continue palpitating violently for some time if he attempted to cut even one stick of wood; now he can cut the daily supply of wood for the house without any such disagreeable sensations. He feels himself a different man and his neighbors are all congratulating him upon the great change so plainly manifest. He expects as soon as navigation opens to commence work again. Mrs. Wager was present during the interview and corroborated her husband's narrative. They consider it a duty to publish abroad the virtues of this famous medicine which has brought such hope and comfort to their household. Mr. Wager also told of a leading farmer in the neighborhood who had been troubled with a chronic headache, who, at his suggestion, had also tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and had experienced relief in a very short time. Other cases in Deseronto and vicinity are known to the Tribune to which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been productive of much good. These pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, all nervous troubles, palpitation of the heart, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for troubles peculiar

to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or by mail from Dr. Williams, Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c a box, or six for \$2.50. See that the company's registered trade mark is on the wrapper of every box offered you, and positively refuse all imitations or substitutes alleged to be "just as good." Remember no other remedy has been discovered that can do the work of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Inspired by a Blacksmith.

On one occasion Handel was caught in a shower of rain, and being unprovided with an umbrella, was obliged to seek shelter in a blacksmith's forge.

Either Handel was in a silent mood or else the blacksmith showed no conversational symptoms; for, in a little while, the latter began hammering away at his anvil, accompanying his work with a song.

He little thought the use his visitor was making of him and his anvil; for it is said that Handel was listening all the time to the strokes of the hammer on the anvil, which, by producing two harmonic sounds, according to time and tune with the man sang, formed a base accompaniment.

Handel, on reaching home, remembers the air and the hammer accompaniment He wrote down both, and we owe to a shower of rain the composition known as "The Harmonious Blacksmith."

When a Japanese audience wish to express disapproval of a play they silently turn round and sit with their backs to the stage. If this be done by a considerable number the curtain promptly descends.



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F. H. TIPPET, General Agent, 81 Prince Wm. St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

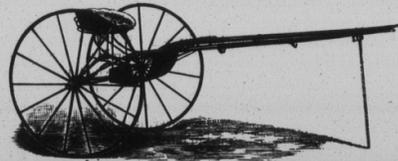
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Our stock of carriages of all kinds is very complete, and we are in a position to suit the wants of the public in this respect.



The Fredericton Road Wagon.

An illustration of which is shown above, is especially popular. It is the wagon of the business man; low, easy of entrance, very handy and comfortable. The price is right.



A Good Road Cart.

In the spring of the year especially, a road cart, such as that shown above, should be owned by every man who owns horses. It saves a carriage, is convenient for exercising and the preliminary training of a speedy horse. Well built, handsome and easy to ride in.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, FREDERICTON, N. B.



Modern!

Featherbone Corsets must not be confounded with those which were made five or six years ago. The Featherbone Corset of to-day is as far removed from the old style, as black is from white.

BUY A PAIR AND YOU WILL BE PLEASD.

BONNELL'S GROCERY.

We have 150 Bbls. Potatoes, ast. kinds, viz: Snow Flakes, Kidneys, Coppers, &c.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.



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Ask to see Madame Warren's Dress Form Corsets.



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HOTEL "CEDARS."

Opens June 1st, 1894.

THIS HOTEL is situated on the banks of the St. John River—18 miles from the city—where everything for the summer boarder can be had. Boating, bathing, driving, shady walks. Cuisine unexcelled. Terms on application.

W. M. B. CANONG,

Long Reach, N. B.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

St. John, N. B., Saturday, May 26.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

"The twenty-fourth of May is the Queen's birthday; if you don't give us a holiday we'll all run away," is the old schoolboy song, not less in this part of the world than on the other side of the ocean.

And in truth it was ever a reason why people should rejoice on the natal day of an earthly sovereign, it exists in the case of Victoria, the Good.

In the compass of a generation, beginning with the "Trent affair," there have been times when war must have been the issue of an international dispute.

So it is that in the reign of Victoria, the Good, Britain and its possessions have prospered. There has been a wonderful progress in science, it not in literature and art.

We in the maritime provinces have much to be grateful under the reign of Victoria. It is well that we keep the anniversary of her birth.

THE STREET LOAFER MUST GO.

A Halifax correspondent tells Progress that the police arrest corner loafers on sight in that city, and that a fine is the penalty for violating the law.

DOWN TO HIS BOOTS.

The face, the hand and the style of writing have all been made the base of idlers staring at the passers by, whether from the edge of the sidewalk or the middle of the street, should not be permitted.

It is not only those who have to escort ladies "through the lines," who have a right to the sidewalks for their evening relaxation, but they should be able to do so without running the gauntlet of a crowd of loafers.

police. There are more than enough to stamp out the nuisance in one night, even under a liberal construction of the existing statutes.

Would it not be a good idea for Chief Clark to see how far the present law will cover the case. He ought to understand that decent citizens want more than a technical enforcement of the law.

There ought to be law enough to permit of this being done. If there is not, the sooner proper legislation can be obtained the better.

A MESSAGE FROM JAIL.

On another page of Progress this week is a letter from Mr. C. BRUCE MACDOUGALL, at present a prisoner in Dorchester jail.

As stated in connection with the letter itself, Progress does not endorse his comments on Messrs. Hawke and Stevens, but permits him to give his opinions for whatever value the public may choose to attach to them.

It will be observed that Mr. MacDougall is philosophical under his trial, or rather under of trial. He frankly admits that he is not a martyr, and that he would be glad to get out of jail.

The motto on the wall of Dorchester jail tells a great truth, so great that if men were to comprehend it in its fullness there would be no need of jails.

According to a London letter, Miss Rye is running short of girls to bring to Canada and is advertising for recruits.

It is said that C. BRUCE MACDOUGALL'S lawyers will enter a protest against Judge Wells presiding in the case of their client.

[The letter of Mr. McDougall is published as he has written it, and represents his opinions rather than those of Progress especially in regard to Messrs. Hawke and Stevens.

Without knowing anything of the theories of this observing Frenchman, it is not difficult to understand that he has good premises on which to build, however fanciful may be the deductions.

been theorized to an absurdity from the old fashioned phrenology of Gall to the modern idea of graphology in which an autograph letter is made an involuntary confession by the writer to the expert who has never seen him.

The art of scatology, or the sizing up a man by his boots, is worthy of attention, though a tyro in it may very easily make mistakes.

Obviously, the deductions must be made from the way the person to be studied wears out his boots.

To read it right is another matter. Most men who have had to rub against the world with their wits have had to learn how to size up a man at sight by a variety of indices, of which the boots are usually only corroborative evidence.

The word comes that the carefully pressed crease in the legs of trousers is to become a thing of the past except, perhaps, in ready-made clothing where it always belonged and should have stayed.

The efforts of the Horticultural society to beautify the public squares are strangely hindered sometimes, by people whose position, education and environments would lead one to think that they were heartily in sympathy with the association and its aims.

LADIES WHO LOVE FLOWERS.

And Take Them Boldly from the Public Square. The efforts of the Horticultural society to beautify the public squares are strangely hindered sometimes, by people whose position, education and environments would lead one to think that they were heartily in sympathy with the association and its aims.

It is not necessary to mention names, but it is a fact that last Sunday morning two ladies went to one of the flower beds on Queen square and there despoiled it, taking tulips from it in plain view of a number of people on the square.

Why attempt to keep the dogs from the squares? Why endeavor to impress upon the children the fact that the flowers in the square are not to be touched?

Fully 1,000 colored men and women have been murdered by mobs in the Southern States during the last ten years.

Mr. Gingham—it must be a very dear friend, indeed, to make you want that much time. Who is it?

Tapar—I should like two weeks' absence to attend the wedding of a very dear friend.

and men in the cargo department. Goods have been stolen for the last two years, but it is pretty safe to assume that the stealing has come to an end with the discovery.

Persons who pretend to read character by the handwriting are humbugs says the New York Herald in answer to a correspondent.

Massachusetts is talking of adopting electricity in the place of hanging for the final disposition of criminals.

CAPT. WHITMAN ANGRY.

He Sends a Non-Com. to the Rear and There is Trouble.

HALIFAX, May 24.—The Kelly drum matter is not the only sensation in the 66th P.L.F. There was trouble at the parade on Tuesday night.

Said Horneman to Whitman: "If you wait a minute, and give me a chance, I'll have the company ready, but it's impossible to do anything while you interfere in this objectionable manner."

There was another scene between officer and sergeant a moment or two later, and then the order came from Whitman:

"Horneman, fall to the rear as a prisoner!"

The command was obeyed, and Horneman went to the rear. Then he started for home, took off his regimentals and returned to the field of drill and of strife with "blood in his eyes."

When officer meets man, "then comes the tug of war.

WHITSAUNDAY.

In fullness great did brightly shine, In divers tongues of Heavenly fire, So aid, support, direct, inspire.

THE SCRIBE AND THE SMOKE.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock on Saturday afternoon a Telegraph reporter observed smoke issuing from under the shingles on the roof of the large wooden building on Pitt street.

WANTED TO BE THERE.

Tapar—I should like two weeks' absence to attend the wedding of a very dear friend.

THE Scribe and the Smoke.

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WANTED TO BE THERE.

Tapar—I should like two weeks' absence to attend the wedding of a very dear friend.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The list of the Paper. The newspaper's come—I must read it though, I'll drop everything I have to do;

Well, here is a bit of biography.— This a very fine poet in Tennessee:

Turn, then, to a poem by Palmer Cox, Where pecky Brownies are going in socks.

But I'll try this sermon, by Talmage preached; Though, before ever the end is reached, I sing down the paper, all flaming mad.

A song is this—it is passing sweet— Of brooks, and birds, and lovers that meet;

The painted windows in Gothic fane, The mountain summits, the spreading plains.

So complain no more, since it is not wise; No man can escape the plague, if he tries;

For the sea and shore, the earth and skies, And God, and man—if he lives or dies—

And the things we love, and the things we despise, And the things we cherish and prize, Will still be employed to help the lies

Memory's Lane. I heard a voice in a dream last night, Like the cry of a mourning dove;

I wakened and summer laughed in my face, And gave me a kiss of love

And looked away to the purple rims, Of shadows of mountain towers;

Then all the world awoke and sang And decked the earth with flowers.

Arrayed in beautiful robes and gems With lilacs in her hand;

A white rose blown in her golden hair, And her brow by sea winds fanned,

Her eyes to my longing language turned, And down in her sweet warm heart;

She saw in the light of the poet's soul A glory beyond her art.

She whispered to us the living name Of one who is nameless here;

But you my love know how we went With her, in three, that year.

She held her mantle around us too Along her violet ways;

And all her beautiful roses grew, In the paradise of our days.

In memory's lane is the glory still, And there dear heart alone;

My weary self lies in the dream, Of shadows of mountain towers;

Oh laughing summer your kiss is life, To the green leaves where they lie;

You waken the voice of a rose of love, In a day that can never die.

Blow a breath in the silver reed, Of the poets days of old;

And sing to my longing language turned, In her bodice of yellow gold.

And come with me to a jewelled strand, O'er the storm washed harbor bar;

And sail on your beautiful sea of bloom Under love's crimson star.

In the Old Home Road. Hey there, pink and white arbutus,

Calling where your green leaves grow; Here's the boy who clasped about you,

Wee red fingers long ago. Ho ye merry romps of blue bells,

Lit your brighteyes up to mine; Spread your sweet laughs in mock branches,

Here must I awhile recline. Years have vanished; yes we know it,

We are old friends just the same; Throw your fragrance all around me,

More are you to me than fame. Here the pines and love's wild roses,

Strewed their balm in old times gone, Filling all those cup vase's.

Fall of colors drifting down. Now the buttercups and daisies,

See me from the meadow grass; Down the fern lined path of spruce trees

Looking in the river glass. Trailing buds and sprays of May time,

Blue bird's note and robin's tune; Honey bee and woodbine climbing,

Take me to the marge of June. On the pole fence sings the linnet,

Teaching more than any tract; God's own glory all about him

We're two poets; golden fate. With the perfume of the pick pine

On our coats, we have our song; His is to his sweetness only,

Mine is to a scattered throng. Oh ye boughs with balsam fragrant,

Talking still beside the lake; Wrap me in your dreams of glory,

Sing or else my heart will break.

As on this day, thy grace divine In fullness great did brightly shine,

In divers tongues of Heavenly fire, So aid, support, direct, inspire.

Thy chosen ones assembled there At Pentecost, in praise and prayer,

Heard the great sound in faith and fear, And knew the Holy spirit near.

And as the strength of that new life, Went forth to danger, hardship, strife,

Sustained to fearlessly proclaim, Salvation gained through Jesus' name.

That quickening power, will ever strive Within the heart and keep alive,

Deep love for God, His law, His day And guide upon the narrow way.

PAPER MADE FROM A TREE.

One of the Industries of China to Be Tried in the United States.

The rice paper tree, one of the most interesting of the entire flora of China, has recently been successfully experimented with in Florida, where it now flourishes with other sub-tropical and Oriental species of trees and shrubs.

It is a small tree, growing to a height of less than fifteen feet, and with a trunk or stem from three to five inches in diameter.

The celebrated rice-paper, the product of this queer tree, is formed of thin slices of the pith, which is taken from the body of the tree in beautiful cylinders several inches in length.

The Chinese workmen apply the blade of a sharp, straight knife to these cylinders, and turning them around they, by rude machinery or by hand (in which latter operation they display much skill and dexterity,) pare the pith from circumference to centre.

The average length of life of the clove tree in Zanzibar appears to be from 60 to 70 years. Such terrible devastation resulted from the hurricane of 1872, when nearly all the clove plantations on the island were destroyed, that the average age of the trees now growing may be put down as below 20 years.

Had Heard of that kind.

Old lady—I want a watch that won't tick so loud.

Jeweler—They all tick like this ma'am; there's no other kind.

Old lady—Sho! I know better. I've heard of them silent watches of the night since I kin remember.

A Pointer on Coffee.

A useful recipe for making good coffee was promised in an advertisement on receipt of 10 cents. A woman of Hamden, Ohio, sent a dime and received this important advice:

"You don't mean to say the cashier has gone?"

"Yes," replied the bank official.

"Dear me! He had such a pleasing appearance."

"Yes. And such a displeasing disappearance."

Suggesting a Remedy.

Dumley (who has been asked to carve and is meeting with poor success)—When Landlady—Isn't the knife sharp, Mr. Dumley? I had it ground to-day.

The knife is all right, madam. You ought to have had the fowl ground!

NEWCASTLE.

Progress is for sale in Newcastle by Max Alkin.

MAY 22.—We have been enjoying rather a few days here last week.

Rev. John Reed, of Moncton, is here the guest of the Rev. Mr. McLaughlin. He and Mr. McLaughlin expect to hold an educational meeting this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Irving spent a day in Richibucto last week.

Mrs. Roberts left on Monday morning for Boston. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Irving and Miss Gladys spent Sunday at Mrs. Irving's former home in Milltown.

Mr. Clarence Gross, of Moncton, and Mr. McLellan of St. John were at Bay View this week.

ANDOVER.

MAY 23.—Mrs. Allen Perley and Mrs. Charles Miles spent a few days in Woodstock last week.

Mr. T. Burke Inspector of Island Revenue, St. John accompanied by his daughter, Miss Burke were in town on Monday.

The Presbyterians have secured the services of Rev. Mr. Craye during the summer.

The Andover corn band will celebrate May 24th with a game of baseball in the afternoon, between the Fort Fairfield Me. and Andover clubs and a supper and ball in the evening.

Mr. Allan Perley and Miss Louise Perley drove to Woodstock yesterday.

Saturday Night Hair Cutting.

To the Editor of Progress.—I would like to call attention to a certain matter which is a great injustice to many fair minded men, that is those people who get their hair cut on Saturday night who have plenty of time all week, and also men who send their children to the barber shop on that evening.

Now, Mr. Editor, don't you think it an injustice to the young men of our city who are closed up in an office all week, to have to spend sometimes an hour on Saturday evening waiting their turn when the night is so pleasant outside?

I have often seen men walking about all week and on Saturday evening they pull themselves up for a hair cut just when you would think of stepping to the chair. Hoping you will refer to this in your next issue, I remain,

A CONSTANT READER.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(FOR ADDITIONAL NOTES SEE THE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following places: Knowles' Book Store, 34 George street; Morrison & Co., 111 Hollis street; Haver & Mylton, Morris street;...

NEW GLASGOW.

Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Fitchard and H. H. Henderson. May 22—Miss Adelle Bent, leaves town this week for an extended visit to Amherst, Sackville and other towns.

On Sunday morning confirmation service was held in the catholic church, his lordship, Bishop Cameron, officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Coody of Thornburn, and Rev. John Shaw. The formal decorations were beautiful. The side altars from the floor to the top were banked with palms, ivy and smilax, through which gleamed numbers of fairy lights in red shades; on the grand altar were roses, lilies and other lovely flowers.

Mr. A. E. Calkin left on Saturday for Lunenburg, to assist at the wedding of Mr. W. S. Calkin. Mr. W. S. Calkin, late of Pictou, was in town on Friday. Mr. Burpee Wallace sang in St. Paul's on Sunday evening.

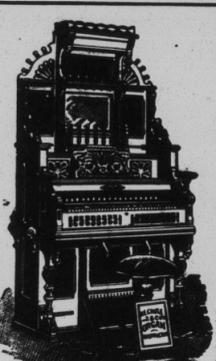
Mr. F. O. Jones, of St. John, is visiting in town. Mr. W. E. O. Jones, of St. John, is visiting in town. Mr. Wilbur Rice of Boston is here, and will remain the summer, occupying his beautiful cottage on Bear Island.

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STEINWAY, CHICKERING, NORDHEIMER PIANOS. LIBERAL TERMS, REASONABLE PRICES. A lot of second hand Pianos and Organs can be obtained at low prices and terms to suit purchasers. Agents wanted for every city in Canada. For particulars address A. PETERSEN, 68 King Street, - - - Sole Agent for Canada.



\$37.50 BUTS A GOOD ORGAN. This gives you an idea of our SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICES DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO FAMILY. Write to-day (For our Handsome Illustrated Catalogue) Free to All. (special terms of sale.) We ship ORGANS direct to the Home on TEN DAYS TEST TRIAL, and sell on easy terms of payment as well as for spot cash. Every Instrument Fully Warranted for Six Years. Address: H. E. CHUTE & CO., YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

Mr. A. E. Calkin left on Saturday for Lunenburg, to assist at the wedding of Mr. W. S. Calkin. Mr. W. S. Calkin, late of Pictou, was in town on Friday. Mr. Burpee Wallace sang in St. Paul's on Sunday evening.

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NORTH SYDNEY.

Progress is for sale in North Sydney at the store of Messrs. Copeland & Co. Mr. J. J. Johnston, who has been staying at Sydney House, returned to Sydney last Monday. Mrs. E. G. Johnston returned from Halifax last week. Mr. W. Goslop returned Thursday from a visit to Montreal.

SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.

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A very pleasant evening was spent last Friday at the residence of Mrs. Bowyer. It being the anniversary of her birthday, a number of her friends arranged a surprise party and brought with them some beautiful presents. Those unexpected, it was not the less enjoyable to Mrs. Bowyer and her daughter Annie. A most delightful evening was passed. Mr. Edward Bell is in town on a visit to her parents Mrs. George Crabbe. Rev. Mr. Scott Whittier returned to Nova Scotia last week. Mr. W. P. MacNally was here part of last week. Mr. Ernest Holland arrived home from Boston last Tuesday on a visit to his parents in St. Elizabeth. There was a very successful meeting of the W. C. T. U. here last Monday; among the delegates from Charlottetown were Mrs. Poole, Mrs. Colquhoun, Miss Colquhoun, Miss MacMillan and Miss LeGros. Mr. J. J. Wickham, Inspector of Customs, in New Brunswick is here on a visit to his people. Misses Wright of Bedouque were in town last week. Mr. Thomas Dickson was summoned to Kingston on Saturday, in consequence of the serious illness of his mother, who died a few hours after he reached there. Mr. H. H. Fairweather, of St. John, registered at the Europa Hotel. Messrs. Archibald, Rennell and McLean of the I. C. R., were here today on their tour of inspection. Mr. Jonathan Dickinson, at present residing in Washington, U. S., reached the Europa last evening and went to Kingston to attend his mother's funeral. Mr. Edward Walker of Bass River, was here on Saturday returning from P. E. Island. Mr. James Stewart who now resides in Lincoln New Hampshire, U. S., is spending a short vacation here, and at Millville. Mr. Harry Warren of the I. C. R., Campbellton, arrived at Wabunan cottage on Sunday morning, on a short visit to his relations. He purpose returning to Campbellton last night, but was unable to see out of illness. Mr. Spurgeon Powell, of Pictou, is on a business trip here today. Capt. Harry Andrews, master of the barque "Osanna" now in St. John, was here yesterday, returning to his home after a short visit to friends in Kings on. Miss Annie Black came from Richibucto today in company with her sister, Miss Blanche Keith. Miss Nellie Snarr of Kent Junction visited Harcourt on Friday last. Mr. Dr. Keith drove from Richibucto today in his private conveyance. Rev. A. A. Snipper left by train on Saturday for St. Mary's. Mr. and Mrs. Brown entertained a number of their friends to a high tea this afternoon, and an enjoyable time was spent by both young and old.

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Blouse Silks.

Printed Pongees, Shot Taffeta Glace, Loie Fuller Surahs, Shot and Broche Surahs, Wave Crepe, Shot Poplines, Surah Silks, Satin Merveilleux, Printed Shanghais, Broche Merveilleux, Shot and Broche Surahs, Wave Crepe, Pongee Silks, Japanese Silks, Tussore Silks. Black and Moire Colored Silks.

All Silk Faille Francais, recommended for durability. Fifty Colorings. Colored Surahs, Sixty Shades

Black Faille Francais Surah Silks, Satin Merveilleux and Duchesse Satins. Black and Colored Velutina and Velvets, in all qualities.

Manchester Robertsons & Allison

SILKS, Black Moire RIBBONS. SMITH BROS. Halifax, N. S.

HANINGTON'S QUININE WINE

THE GREAT TONIC. Purifies the Blood, Improves the Appetite, Prevents the attacks of Fever and Diphtheria, Removes Emples and gives Tone and Strength to the whole system. IMITATIONS of this popular medicine are in the market, but always insist on getting Hanington's—Wholesale Druggists in the Maritime Provinces and Montreal supply the trade. All Retail Druggists sell it. Price 50 cts. per bottle. Six bottles for \$2.50.

St. John, then they rambled on the Burton shore and up the coast hills, around down again gathering blossoms from the trees, returned home safely, feeling pleased with their holiday. Mrs. Charles L. Bennett left for Millville, St. John, last Friday morning, will return next week. Miss Bailey is slowly recovering from a severe attack of sciatica. Mr. Harvey Harrison, of St. John, passed through this place for Sheffield this morning. Mrs. F. J. Harrison has returned home, feeling very much better. Miss Lida Miles left for Gibeon last week, to visit her uncle Mr. John Miles. She will return in two weeks. Mrs. Charles F. Harding has returned from Anson Maine. She will leave in a few weeks for Anson again to make her home there. LITTLE LEAF. GRAND MANAN. May 21—Miss Isetta Bancroft left on the Monday boat for Digby, where she will visit friends for a few months. The Literary club met at Mrs. F. J. Martin's on Wednesday. Dr. and Mrs. Jack entertained a few friends, very pleasantly, on Thursday evening at their residence, Brookside. Miss Evelyn Scott returned on Thursday from Charlottetown, where she has been spending the last few months. Mr. J. J. Bancroft is visiting his brother captain Allen Guppillo. Mrs. Whittier leaves to day, to visit friends in Lunenburg and New York. Miss McLaughlin left last week for her old home in California. Mrs. Ghee of Machias has been visiting her sister Mrs. H. E. Fraser has returned home after spending the last few weeks in Fredericton. SNAWSON CAMPBELL. May 21—Mr. Chas Mitchell, who went to New York to see his captain in the yacht Evelyn, owned by Mr. J. H. Allen, has returned home on account of illness. Mrs. John Farmer, sr., of Boston, is on the island again. Messrs. Hanson and Marchie, of St. Stephen, are on the island at present. Senator E. Simpson made a short trip to St. Stephen on Saturday, via steamer Arbutus. Incoyent.

RECIPE FOR MAKING A DELICIOUS HEALTH DRINK AT SMALL COST. Adam's Root Beer Extract.....one bottle Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake Sugar.....two pounds Lukewarm Water.....two gallons Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious. The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

Murphy Gold Cure INSTITUTE For the treatment of Alcoholism, the Morphine and Tobacco habits. References to leading physicians and public men in St. John and all parts of the Dominion. Indorsed and substantiated by the Legislatures of Nova Scotia and Quebec. Correspondence confidential. MOUNT PLEASANT, ST. JOHN, N.B. CARROLL RYAN, Manager.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATE & COCOAS

BACHELOR CIGARS Seldom Equalled, Never Exceeded.

BEST 10 cent Havana CIGAR in the Dominion. Try them and be convinced. SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF THE GENUINE SMALL QUEEN, HAVANA FILLED

A. SAACS, 72 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including names and dates.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Prognosis is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph...

MAY 22.—The picnic season is again with us, and on Thursday afternoon the first one of the season was given at Fraser's picnic grounds...

One of the most charming parties that has been given here for some time, was that on Thursday evening last at the residence of Mrs. Jessie Moore...

Miss Ethel Waterbury looked very fair and pretty in a gown of white heretica, trimmed with pale blue mesh silk...

Miss Edna Hill, cream chaille, trimmed with green ribbons and flosses of cream lace...

Miss Helen Taylor, pretty dress of light blue plaid...

Miss Lennie McKenzie, dark green silk, trimmed with coral...

Miss Millie Rockwood, cream cashmere, trimmed with lace...

Miss Bessie Wetmore, blue and white dress, most becoming...

Miss Kitho Phelan, pale grey and blue dress...

The young gentlemen who were present, are Messrs. Alvin Short, Fred Cooke, Harry McPhail, Frank Leland, Clarence Whitler, Ned Nelson, Howard Tibbets, Frank Lane, Eugene Cole, Chas. Barker, Fred McCullough, George Rouns, Edward Straupe, Livingston Strango, James Shute, Charles Shaugnessy, Joe Sullivan, Tom Murdoch, Will Tibbets, George Heath, Walter Ullman, Frank Dustin, Willie Henry, Frank Jones, and Ed. Reane...

Miss Mabel Marchie, has gone to Princeton for a short visit to her aunt Mrs. C. F. Eaton...

Mr. Charles King, of St. Paul, Minn., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George O. King...

Mr. P. A. Kennedy, of Cambridge, Mass., and Mr. Frank Kenney are enjoying a fishing excursion at Grand Lake...

The Woodford Tennis club held a most pleasant and happy meeting last evening at the residence of Mr. D. Chapman...

Miss Cora Aggar, Miss Alice Graham and Miss Berta Smith, made a brief visit to Eastport on Friday...

Mrs. Frederic De Voeber, has returned from a trip to Montreal...

Mrs. Frank Potter has gone for a long visit to Liverpool, England...

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Mrs. John Prescott is in Bangor, the guest of her friend, Mrs. Frederic Bragg...

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MAGNET SOAP. It washes without much labor. It does not injure the finest fabric. It leaves no sediment when dissolved. It is entirely free from adulteration. It makes the hands soft and smooth.

Caligraph Superiority. The first successful typewriter and the best. Easily holds its place as the most practical and most durable typewriter of the age.

Baby Carriages. FROM \$7.00 UPWARDS. Also a full line of FURNITURE at prices very low FOR CASH.

John H. King, Smith's Creek, Kings Co., N. B. PRICE, 20 CENTS PER POUND; THREE POUNDS FOR 50 CENTS.

DEAN'S SAUSAGES. Ham, Bacon, Clear Pork and Lard. Celery, Squash and all Vegetables.

THE PELEE ISLAND WINES ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. Our mission is solely to supply Nature's own pure food. Our reason for offering this product to the public, to you, is that it is pure.

T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE. T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE. T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE.

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original and genuine. Kingston's Wholesale Agents sell H. Price

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one bottle half a cake two pounds two gallons in the water, add the warm place for cents, then place on a delusion, and ed in all drug and bottles to make two

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

HALIFAX NOTES.
May 24.—Miss Maud High has returned home after spending some months with friends in the upper provinces, and also in the United States.

The marriage of Rev. Lawrence E. Skyles, of Toronto, to Miss Mary Kellogg, daughter of the late Rev. S. Benson Kellogg, of Acadia college, was solemnized in St. Paul's church on Thursday afternoon of last week.

The news was received this week of the death of Mr. George Pendergast, which occurred at Boston, on the 17th instant.

The marriage is announced to take place shortly between Professor Keirstead, of Acadia college, Wolfville, and the daughter of a well known physician in this city.

Mr. George W. Cook, who has been in Boston for a short time, returned home this week.

Mr. James Baird, and his son, Mr. David Baird, of St. John's, Nfld., were in the city this week on a visit to their friends.

Rev. Dr. Pollock is making a trip to Scotland. He expects to remain but a few weeks.

Bishop McDonald, of Harbor Grace, Nfld., was in the city this week and on Sunday officiated at the 11 o'clock mass in St. Mary's cathedral.

Mr. H. T. Ross, of Bridgewater, N. S., made a trip to the city this week.

Dr. Robt. W. West, son of Mr. A. W. West, who has been in Edinburgh for the past two years, has returned home.

The marriage of Mr. H. Weil, news editor of the Halifax Mail, to Miss Florence Shattuck, took place at St. George's church at an early hour on Wednesday morning.

Dr. Finn has returned home after spending a short time with friends in the Annapolis valley.

It is expected that Mrs. Norman Lee and Miss Kenny will return shortly from England, where they have been spending the winter.

It is a matter of great regret to all that Miss Ayer does not come back, her place being filled by Mr. Chisholm.

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Dr. and Mrs. McKay, enjoyed a day's outing at "Pettibone Lake" on one of the boats of the "L. L. McKay" line.

Mr. Frost, formerly of J. & A. McMillan, of St. John, is a guest at the "L. L. McKay" line.

Mr. C. W. Harrison, has gone to St. John, where she will take a prominent part in a concert in that city.

Mr. M. E. Lane, is the guest of her mother Mrs. Estabrook, previous to her departure for New-Castle.

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FAMILY CARRIAGES. This one is a Standard Favorite. Front seat turns up against dasher. PRICE & SHAW, 222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

FOUND AT LAST. The Latest - The Best. No More Broken Collars at the American Steam Laundry, 98 to 102 Charlotte Street.

We have just placed in our new Building two machines that will POSITIVELY IRON COLLARS both standing and turn down, Without Cracking the Edges.

If you want your Collars to wear longer, send them to us we promise you the best of work and prompt delivery. GODSOE BROS. Telephone 214.

Columbia Mode 34. WEIGHT! 30 lbs. PRICE, \$135. The high character of all Columbia Wheels is well known. Samples and catalogue free.

IT POPS Effervescent, too. Exciting, appetizing. Just the thing to build up the constitution. Snider's ROOT BEER. Wholesale and strengthening, pure food, free from oils or carbonates.

SAINT JOHN CYCLE CO., St. John, N. B. Learners taught free when purchasing wheels.

"Montserrat," If you don't know what it is, ask your grocer to give you the best Lime Fruit Juice that is made and you are sure to find "Montserrat" on the bottle.

BERNHARD WALTHER'S Grand Concerts. MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, St. John. Friday, 1st June, '94. CITY HALL, Fredericton. Thursday, 31 May, '94.

ADAMS' LIQUID ROOT BEER! THIS BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS. 10c. ADAMS' LIQUID ROOT BEER! 10c. THIS BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS.

Canadian Specialty Co., 38 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT. BEAR IN MIND. Do you want a little photo? Well, define it! Then go to HAROLD CLIMO.

PILGRIM SUITS, \$11, \$12, \$13. We also make to order OVERCOATS from \$12.00 up. FINE TWEED SUITS from \$14. up.

Le Bon Marche. Late Ladies' Emporium, 191 CHARLOTTE ST. Ladies' and Misses' UNDERCLOTHING, WRAPPERS, HOSE, &c. Children's Dresses, &c. Mrs. R. D. Lewis.

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W. TREMAINE GARD, 81 King St., St. John, N. B.

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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1894.

MONTREAL IS RADIANT.

EVEN MORE CHARMING THAN IT WAS IN THE WINTER.

People of All Classes as They Appear in Vista of Street Life—Some Glimpses of Happy Homes—Intellectual Advancement as Shown in Recent Functions.

MONTREAL, May 21.—Montreal is at its prettiest just now. The bright spring sun is rubbing the mountain in varied tints of green, and rearing a monument of calm reposeful beauty in strange contrast to the noisy toiling city at its feet.

Although English conservatism prevails socially to a great extent the English custom of dark unconscious street dress does not obtain in this city of colors.

The poorly paid laboring female is often rivaled for the brilliancy of cheap ribbons and gaudy attire.

The beautiful art gallery was thrown open. The entire mansion was aglow with life and beauty.

The McGill convocation was a splendid event and one of unusual interest, as the law, art and science were graduated at the one session.

Several maritime province people were conspicuous as graduates, honor students and prize winners.

Miss Travis of Hampton took honors and a prize. Mr. Arthur Scott, son of Rev. E. Scott of the Presbyterian Record, formerly of New Glasgow, took first rank honors and carried off the botany prize.

Miss McGregor of New Glasgow won honors as a partial student. Mr. William Morris of Wallace was one of the graduates in electrical engineering and several others took positions of distinction in connection with their University work.

One of the events of which the Montreal public are looking forward with interest is the Dominion alliance to be held in July at which lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard have signified their intention of being present.

The Hon. Senator Drummond has recently donated a handsomely equipped building as a house for incurables which I hope to visit and describe in a subsequent issue as it is now ready for occupancy.

Oldest Newspaper in the World. The oldest newspaper in the world is the King-Pau, or "Capital Sheet," published in Peking, China.

Since the year 1851, however, it has been published about noon and selling for two kash, or something less than one cent.

This journal has always confined its contents to orders in council and court news until June, 1882, when it was reorganized by imperial order and issued in a new form and on a new plan.

The second edition, coming out during the forenoon, is also printed on yellow paper, and is devoted to official announcements, fashionable intelligence and general news.

This is called the Shuen-Pau, or "official sheet." The third edition appears late in the afternoon, is printed on red paper, and bears the name T'itani Pau (country sheet).

This consists of extracts from the earlier editions, and is largely subscribed for in the provinces. All these issues of the King-Pau—for each edition of the journal bears the original name in addition to its own special title—are edited by six members of the National Academy of Science, appointed and salaried by the Chinese Government.

The total number of copies printed daily varies between 13,000 and 14,000.

London's Tough District. The district of Whitechapel, London, is rapidly ceasing to be, as it is generally considered, a distinctly cockney-populated locality.

In 1891 one in every five inhabitants of the district was a foreigner, and since then there has been a great influx of foreigners, mostly Russians and Russian Poles.

More than two thousand of these foreigners settled in the district during last year, driving out almost as many Londoners.

The birth rate in Whitechapel is forty-one, as compared with twenty-five in the western districts of London and forty-seven in Russia.

Even if immigration should cease it is considered pretty certain that the Russians and Poles will soon predominate in Whitechapel.

The Woman's National Council is a mode just now. At a recent meeting of the work of that body at their first annual meeting in Ottawa was entertainingly reviewed by various delegates.

Mrs. Drummond (wife of Senator Drummond), president of the society, gave a very interesting address.

Lady Aberdeen is very popular in Montreal society. She is reducing philanthropy to practical purposes.

She visits the city quite often and displays such a gratifying interest in everything brought under her notice that she has endeared herself to the public at large.

Lord Aberdeen has purchased the old Abbott mansion, so a visit of several months a year may be anticipated from the vice regal party.

They have been brilliantly entertained during recent visits in the elegant homes of Senator Drummond and Sir Donald Smith.

The latter gave a most brilliant reception for Lord Aberdeen in honor of his L. L. D., degree from McGill University.

Experienced society people say that it was the finest social function ever given in Montreal. Nine hundred guests were invited.

Lady Aberdeen looked exceedingly well in black and diamonds and Lady Smith sustained the fatiguing role of hostess with ease.

The beautiful art gallery was thrown open. The entire mansion was aglow with life and beauty.

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Miss Travis of Hampton took honors and a prize. Mr. Arthur Scott, son of Rev. E. Scott of the Presbyterian Record, formerly of New Glasgow, took first rank honors and carried off the botany prize.

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LITERATURE AND LOVE.

THE QUESTION OF HOW FAR THE TWO ARE NOT HARMONIOUS.

Ada Deals with a Great Problem that Has Occurred to a Great Many People—The Literary Man as a Husband Compared with the Literary Woman as a Wife.

The question has been agitated lately, in some of the more advanced newspapers as to whether literary men and women make good husbands and wives, and I am sorry to say that the balance of opinion, if not exactly of evidence, seems so decidedly against the knights and ladies of the ink bottle and blotting pad that I wonder why of us have succeeded in getting husbands or wives at all, and feel devoutly thankful that a beneficent providence looked after my interests, and allowed me to meet one man who was not afraid to marry a literary woman.

It may have been that he thought my light was too feeble a glim, to entitle me to the distinction of avoidance as something dangerous, or it might even be that he had never heard I aspired to literary honors, and so rubbed blindly to his fate.

But I am not going to question the motive now, since it seems the fact itself is a subject for gratitude, and the whole guild of scribes are hastening to a future of unloved, unthought, and undesired single blessedness.

The popular idea seems to be that undesirable as literary men are for husbands, the literary woman as a wife is still worse, and our own common sense tells us that for the two to marry each other would be the greatest disaster of all.

But yet there seems to be a reasonable possibility that properly managed, either of these undesirable creatures might make a tolerable partner for the right man or woman.

One writer asserts that all literary women have an intuitive disinclination to marry literary men, and if this is true, the woman shows very good sense, because there is not much likelihood of there being any more sympathy between writers of the opposite sex, as between two artists, under similar conditions.

Curiously enough there is apt to be a good deal more professional jealousy between them than if they belonged to the same sex, and it is scarcely necessary to point out how fatal such a condition of things would be to love.

Why a male and female politician on opposite sides might just as well hope for wedded happiness!

Another curious thing is that while a literary life tends to broaden and enlarge woman's views, and take her out of herself, the literary man is apt to be too utterly self-centred to make a very pleasant companion.

He does not usually go about amongst his fellow-men and get the angles rubbed off as his more ordinary brethren do, and therefore he is inclined to be conceited and cranky, irritable as a teething baby, and morbidly sensitive about himself and his work; he lives to himself to a great extent, and that makes him very difficult for others to live with comfortably.

He lives on such an exalted plane that he finds it impossible to bring his mind down to any of the small matters which interest a woman, and so he is far from being a cheerful companion, he is so filled with his own importance, and the absolute insignificance of every one else, that he is sure to be exacting, if not tyrannical, and he is naturally too intent on giving the very best of himself to his work and his publishers, that his family have to be content with his second best, and be thankful if they get that instead of his worst.

I daresay he means well, but somehow intentions are very cold comfort, until they reach their final destination as paving stones for a warm climate.

So much for the literary man, as a husband, and if the literary woman can make a better showing as a wife why there are two excellent reasons why I cannot say much on the subject! The first is because my natural modesty seals my lips, and the second that nobody would believe me if I wrote volumes in her favor.

I am afraid the woman who writes, is very generally looked upon as a sort of Mrs. Jellyby who neglects her household, and scarcely knows her own children to see them, and that the idea is to deeply rooted for me to demolish, but at least the female scribe is not self-centred, and irritable, she dare not be, or her work would suffer; she goes out into the world more than her domestic sister, she sees more of life, that she is a devoted, and often doting mother Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has satisfactorily proved, and as for her ability as a housekeeper, I cannot do better towards supporting the argument than quote an anecdote I came across the other day and which was told about the celebrated writer and lecturer Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

Two clever young men who knew everything were once seated in a public hall waiting for the speaker of the evening, Mrs. Livermore, to take her place upon the lecture platform. They beguiled the time with conversation, which naturally turned upon the gifted woman they had come to hear.

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Prices from

90

Cents



ARROWWANNA. PALMER'S PATENT HAMMOCK. To \$3.25 EACH.

In Order to more fully enjoy the summer season the luxury of a comfortable HAMMOCK is indisputable.

We are now exhibiting Hammocks with all the latest improvements. Hammocks with Pillows; Hammocks without Pillows. Hammocks with Valances; Hammocks without Valances.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

"She is a magnificent speaker," said one, "but she can't keep house worth a cent."

Just then a hand was laid gently but firmly on that youth's shoulder from behind, and as he turned his startled gaze rested upon a handsome, portly gentleman, who said to him:

"Young man, do you know Mrs. Livermore personally?"

"No, sir, I do not," said the surprised young man.

"Have you had authentic assurance of the fact you stated so positively to your companion just now?"

"Well no sir—at least—that is—they say the lecturing women never have any knack at house-keeping, and I have heard that Mrs. Livermore is no exception to the rule."

"Well young man, thirty years ago, I married that woman, and I can assure you from experience that if possible she is a better house-keeper, and a better homemaker, than lecturer!"

And perhaps if the truth were known, there are more of the bleststocking sisterhood to whom that little story would apply, than the world supposes.

Work of a Coral Insect. One of the marine wonders of the world is the great barrier reef of Australia.

This stupendous rampart of coral, stretching in an almost unbroken line for 1,250 miles along the northeastern coast of Australia, presents features of interest which are not to be equalled in any other quarter of the globe.

Nowhere is the action of the little marine insect which builds up with uniring industry those mighty mountains with which the tropical seas are studded more impressive; nowhere are the wonderful constructive forces of nature more apparent.

By a simple process of accretion there has been reared in the course of countless centuries an adamantine wall against which the billows of the Pacific, sweeping along in an unintermitted course of several thousand miles, dash themselves in ineffectual fury.

Inclosed within the range of its projecting arms is a calm inland sea, 80,000 square miles in extent, dotted with a multitude of coral islands, and presenting at every turn objects of interest alike to the unlearned traveller and the man of science.

Here may be witnessed the singular process by which the waxy, gelatinous, living mass hardens into stone, then serves as a collecting ground for the fotsam and jetsam of the ocean, and ultimately develops into an island covered with a luxuriant mass of tropical growth.

Here again may be seen in the serene depths of placid pools, extraordinary forms of marine life, aglow with the most brilliant colors and producing in their infinite variety a bewildering sense of the vastness of the life of the ocean.

Dangers in Sea-Bathing. There are some dangers in sea-bathing which can be generally avoided by presence of mind. Here are a few hints respecting them: if the swimmer should be taken out by a current he should try to swim across it diagonally toward a spot on shore, and then swim to shore.

If carried out when floating he should never lose courage, but brace himself up for a long hard swim. Cramp is the dreaded pain of the swimmer, and for this cause a knowledge of scientific swimming will be useful, as he can then keep himself afloat by chafing the affected limb, or else float and try to strengthen it. The hearing is often affected by continued sea-bathing, either from concussion or else through water remaining in the ear and producing the disorder. The only remedy is the use of cotton-wool or other ear-plugs.

Told of a Portrait. A strange thing has happened to an oil portrait of Mr. Cleveland, painted during his first administration and hung in a New York clubhouse frequented by many of his admirers.

There has lately appeared just upon the breast of the portrait a large inverted ghostly head, with bald dome and well-defined eyes, nose and lips. Either the canvas was an old one or the artist made upon it and afterwards abandoned a bust study of his subject. The subsequent coats of paint for a time concealed the lines beneath, but something in the atmosphere of the room where the portrait hangs has gradually revealed the hidden picture.

Better Than Our System. In some of our German towns when a man is convicted of beating his wife he is allowed to go to his work as usual, but his wife gets his wages and he is locked up only on Saturday nights and remains in prison until the following Monday. The punishment usually lasts for ten weeks.

HE NEARLY CAPTURED THEM.

The Experience of a Man Whose Wife Thought She Heard Burglars.

He is a little man, and when his wife woke him and excitedly whispered to him that there was a man in the kitchen he told her to let him stay there.

"But he'll get into the dining-room and steal all the silver," she said in an undertone. "Are you a coward?"

Well, now, perhaps he was a coward when it came to tackling a burglar in the dark, but no man is going to admit that to his wife, so he jumped out of bed and said with the best show of courage possible:

"I'll go and see if I can hear him." He went out and he heard him. "He didn't expect to and didn't want to, but he did. There was some one in the house beyond any question, and he wasn't particularly anxious to meet him. He didn't think he had much of a chance with a good burly burglar, and he was in a quandary until he remembered the speaking-tube."

There was a mousiepiece in the passage and a whistle in the kitchen, and he blew down it three shrill blasts that would have scared a gang of burglars.

He went back into the bedroom and asked sharply: "Where are my trousers?"

"Perhaps you had better not go down, George," said his wife, as she handed him the trousers.

"Don't be a coward, Mary," he returned, as he hastily pulled them on. "I'll teach him. 'Perhaps there's more than one,' she suggested, anxiously.

"There are two or three, from what I can hear," he said in a business-like way as he reached for his coat to throw over his shoulders, "but I'm good for all, Mary. You never saw me when I got roused before."

"But George," she cried, throwing her arms round him as he tried to go out of the room. "I think they have called for help from friends outside. I heard three screeching whistles in the kitchen just after you went out into the passage the first time."

"Quite likely," he said, as he tore himself away and hurried out. "but I'll tackle them all; I'm not afraid of them."

He returned a few minutes later, and as he pulled off his trousers again, said reproachfully:

"Mary, they got warning and went away with some cold meat. If you hadn't made such a fuss I'd have captured the whole gang."

Hard to Realize. The variety of ways in which a given number of articles may be placed has often created much surprise.

A mathematician once set himself to the task of calculating the number of different ways in which the fifty-two cards of a pack could be distributed among four players, thirteen to each, taking every possible combination. It would be useless to present the answer here in a long row of figures, for no one can realize what such a numerical array really means, but the following illustration can be readily grasped: If the entire population of the earth—say one thousand millions of persons—were to deal the cards continuously, day and night, for one hundred millions of years, at the rate of a deal by each person a minute, they would not have exhausted the hundredth thousand part of the number of essentially different ways in which it is possible that the cards can be distributed.

The Only Danger. A lady was very solicitous about her health. Every trifle made her uneasy, and the doctor was called immediately. The doctor was a skillful man, and consequently had a large practice. It was very disagreeable to him to be so often called away from his other cases for nothing and he resolved to take an opportunity of letting the lady see this. One day the lady observed a red spot on her hand, and at once sent for the doctor. He came, looked at her hand, and said:

"You did well to send for me early."

The lady looked alarmed, and asked: "Is it dangerous then?"

"Certainly not," replied the doctor. "To-morrow the spot would have disappeared, and I should have lost my fee for this visit."

Why Shirts Are Cheap. It is found at a rural shirt factory that shirts of white muslin and 2200 linen may be produced at 73 cents per dozen, says a writer in the New York Sun.

Each shirt passes through the hands of seventeen operatives, and each woman employed averages about one dozen complete shirts per day. The greater part of the cost of production is the element of labor, and while the average pay is necessarily under 73 cents per day, some of the workwomen make a good deal more, while the superintendents' cutters, and the like, are well paid. Machinery in this instance has enormously increased the power of labor and

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my throat I could wet; The moon is a quarter with a quarter I bear; you can purchase five gallons of "

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POLITICAL NOTES.

A Glance at the Leading Measures Carried in the House of Assembly of New Brunswick, from the Year 1854.

By G. E. FENRY, Fredericton, N. B.

No. 21.

Discussion on the Removal of the Seat of Government Continued—The Intercolonial Railroad—Quite a Breeze, Almost a Gale—End of the Session.

Mr. C. Parley thought it was in the interest of the country to build up towns in the centre of the Province, and for that reason he differed from the Provincial Secretary. In Mainz the Legislature had been moved to Augusta to avoid popular pressure. He believed those who voted for this resolution did not deserve the confidence of the country.

The Postmaster General said he should give his vote without regard to his position in the Government, and whether it was well or ill for the Government. As to influence brought to bear, he thought it would be less in a large city than a small one; at all events Fredericton had the advantage of it in this discussion. As a financial question he made up his mind that to move to St. John would effect a saving equal at least to £2,000 a year. He repudiated the idea that the existence of Fredericton depended on the Legislature. Why, it was wilderness all round Fredericton, whereas higher up the river, where they were not dependent on the Legislature, the country was flourishing. Another reason why he wished the Seat of Government removed was that the Courts would be moved to where nine-tenths of the business was done, and the tax upon the people paid for attendance at the Courts would be saved. If members could satisfy him it would cause additional expense he would vote against the resolution if not, he should vote for it.

Mr. Hanington, (the late Hon. Daniel) said this question had not been mooted since 1848, when he voted in favor of the



HON. DANIEL HANINGTON.

removal. He thought the Province would be benefited by the removal. Even if it cost a considerable sum of money he should still vote for it on economical grounds.

Mr. Wilmot took a broader view of the question than other members; he believed the days of this Legislature were numbered that the Colonies would be united, and he did not care how soon he ceased to be a member of this Legislature, with which he had become disgusted.

The Attorney General could not support this question free from embarrassment. He was personally interested in the matter, and those who would follow him were interested. If this were a matter of great public concern and a locality were to be injured reparation should be made to the inhabitants of that locality. The position of the Seat of Government had been wisely chosen for the convenience of the Province. He referred to the cases of the United States and Canada as examples of the central situation of their Legislatures. The population of the Counties around Fredericton had increased in a greater ratio than any of the other Counties except St. John. If they were called upon to-morrow they would fix the Seat of Government here or a little further North. In Halifax members had been stoned in the excitement of the mob, and when the tariff was under discussion here, deputations arrived every day and controlled in different directions every item of the tariff. The state of the country around Fredericton was advancing as rapidly as any other part, and he could show the Postmaster General many finer settlements. He thought this a strange time to moot this question as communication was getting easier, and there came a telegraph as it were to every man's door.

Mr. Gilmor of Charlotte moved in amendment that a Commission be appointed to take the whole subject into consideration during the recess, ascertain cost, obtain plans, &c., &c., and report at the next Session, which was carried 50 to 19.

On the 31st a strong breeze sprang up in the House on the subject of the Intercolonial Railway. The Attorney General moved a resolution for an Address to Her Majesty on the subject of an Intercolonial Railway. This was the result of a consultation with delegates from Nova Scotia

and Canada, and it was believed that the time had arrived when something could be done. Mr. Wilmot said if his Government had been allowed to stand, some arrangement would have been entered into on this subject, and a subsidy would have been granted. He held in his hand papers to which he had referred on the hustings, but he could then only refer to them because they were communicated to him in confidence. Circumstances had changed since the Crimean war. He then went into a consideration of the merits of the present administration, calling them a Government of false pretenses. The Postmaster General defended the position of the present Government. Mr. Gray said the Government had certainly performed their promises, they promised nothing and they had done nothing. Mr. Mitchell cautioned the Attorney General to do justice to the North, giving to the different sections of the Province fair representation in the location of the line. The British Commissioner should select the site. The Provincial Secretary hoped they would decide on some line. If, as his predecessor thought, he could have got an Intercolonial Railway last winter, he supposed there could be no doubt there was a probability of getting it now. Mr. Steadman said that when Great Britain wanted to connect the Atlantic and Pacific, she would assist this Railway and not till then. However, this application would cost nothing, and he would support it. Mr. M'Phelim, Mr. Hanington, Mr. Gilmor, Mr. M'Intosh, Mr. M'Pherson and the Surveyor General said a few words. The Attorney General said the manner in which the late Government got into office was a blot on the history of the country. (Hear, hear.) They had trampled on the constitutional liberty of the country. (Hear, hear.) Mr. M'Phelim rose to make some observations, but he was obliged to sit down by the cries of order.

This breeze is indicative of the political feelings of the times when Responsible Government was yet in a transition state. The "Gray and Wilmot Government" as it was called, was composed of honorable, upright men, in whom the interests of any country might be confided, but politically speaking they did not keep pace or set up to what was then considered to be the requirements of the times, by those especially who saw nothing in Responsible Government but political health, wealth and prosperity. But history like this has been repeated over and over again, by successive parties in and out of office—nor had all the misdeeds on the one side, or all the virtues on the other, ceased until about twenty years ago, to be dallied about as terms of reproach or of admiration by contending Politicians. So long as the leading offices are open, as they should be, for the emulation and laudable ambition of the talents of the country, so long will one set of men keep watch over the actions of others, and strike at their misdeeds whether real or imaginary, whether founded upon justice, or in their conceptions of justice.

On the 6th of April the Legislature was prorogued after a two months' Session, said to be unusually short—the average time being three months. It had not been fruitful of important measures—nor was it a Session famous for undue excitement. Parties by this time understood pretty well their relative strength. The one in power was well consolidated; and the new system, by which real authority was recognized and the duties as well as the responsibilities of Ministers defined, divested individual members of much of their influence. If money grants were wanted the government were the parties to apply to, and could not be brought, as of yore, upon the floors of the House for lengthy discussion and disposal. Much time was saved, and much more work done in a given period. In short, the Government were now supposed to lead in all important matters—and the country thereon would hold them answerable for sound legislation and economical management of the finances. And, yet, on the whole, the system was far from being complete, for want of all the machinery requisite to carry it on, but which was gradually coming in—and for want of precedents and opportunities under certain contingencies, for putting it into practice where experience had not as yet pointed the way. Members, however, were disposed to learn, and willing to be guided by the light they had, in the ways of the Constitution. The opening of the next Session will exhibit one of the Constitutional lessons of which the Government had still something to learn—and that was in the election of a Speaker.

Dying on His Feet.

"That man is just dying on his feet." How often the phrase is used with regard to persons brought to death's door by overwork and consequent nervous prostration and debility. They cannot afford time to rest (so they will tell you) and gradually they will reach the stage where their friends speak of them in the words above quoted. For all who have reached the stage or are in broken health from any cause, there is a sure specific in Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, the great nerve and brain invigorator, blood and flesh builder, and a perfect stomach tonic and aid to digestion.

A Lame Back, or a kink in the neck, is quickly removed by a free application of Dr. Manning's German remedy, the universal pain cure. All drug-gists sell it.

CURIOUS KINDS OF MONEY.

All Kinds of Commodities Have Been Used by Nations of the Earth.

Probably the earliest money, properly so called, was made of the skins of animals killed in the chase: hunting was one of the earliest occupations of man, and the skins of animals thus formed one of the earliest possessions that were at all permanent in character. Among the oriental and northern nations skins were used to define value, and traces of this still linger where the words for money are derived from names for skin or fur. Leather money circulated in Russia so recently as the time of Peter the Great, and classic tradition tells that the earliest currency of Rome and Carthage was formed of leather; the change was, doubtless, gradual, from an entire skin to something—a skin coin—representing a skin. While in quite modern times the traffic of the Hudson's Bay company with the North Americans was carried on in skins; a gun, for instance, of the value of forty shillings being described as worth twenty "skins," and there was a sort of table, one skin equals two martins, one martin equals one shilling, and so on, mixing up in the queerest way the earliest and latest notions of currency.

Still more prevalent when men reached the pastoral life was the use of cattle as money: if a man who had some weapons or rude agricultural implements wanted to buy a house, he would not barter one for another, but sell his weapons for cattle, and in turn pay cattle for the house. The arms of Diomed are said by Homer to be worth nine oxen, and those of Glaucus worth 100. The tripod—a prize for wrestlers—was valued at twelve oxen, and a captive woman skilled in industry at four. The figure of an ox was the first sign impressed upon coins, and little do most of us think when we are "impecunious" that the word means literally "without cattle," from the Latin "pecus," cattle. Pec is from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning alike "money" and "cattle," and though a consulting physician would doubtless be much surprised at being offered an ox as his remuneration, yet in the "Zend Avesta," one of the sacred books of the East, the fees of physicians are defined in terms of cattle; and "scot," meaning tribute, as in "scot free," has a similar origin.

"Capital," which plays so important a part in modern enterprise, was originally that which was counted "by the head," namely a herd of cattle. Articles of ornament have frequently been used as currency. There has always been a passion for finery, and the wampum-peg of the North American Indians was nearly as readily converted into food as our own shilling or sovereign. It consisted of beads made of the ends of black and white shells rubbed down and polished, and then strung into belts and necklaces, which were valued according to length, colour and lustre. This was such a well-established currency that the Court of Massachusetts ordered in 1649 that it should be received in payment by settlers to the amount of forty shillings. Cowry shells have also been extensively used for small change; in India the rate used to be 5,000 shells for one rupee, and 200 for a penny. The Fijians used whale's teeth in the same way, exchanging twenty white teeth for one red, as we change shillings for a sovereign. Corn has served for currency in the remote parts of Europe from the time of the ancient Greeks to the present day. In Norway it is (or was till quite recently) deposited in banks and lent and borrowed. Olive oil, cocoa-nuts, and almonds have also been extensively used as money and not merely for barter.

The same may be said of eggs in Switzerland, and dried codfish in Newfoundland. In Virginia, in the seventeenth century, people who refused to take payment in tobacco at the rate of three shillings a pound were liable to three years' imprisonment; while the wives of settlers were valued in terms of tobacco, usually 100lb to 150lb. Straw mats, salt, cubes of beeswax, red feathers, and cubes of sugar are amongst the other forefathers of our coins; while there may be some who can remember hand-made nails passing as currency in the villages of Scotland and the coalfields of France—not, it is true, so very far removed from the little silver bars of definite size that have a recognized position in the coinage of the east.

Precious stones have in all ages been used as money, though more often for the purpose of storing a great deal of value in a small compass than for purposes of exchange, and the modern villain who converts his ill-gotten gains into diamonds only follows a custom of immemorial antiquity. Metals of almost every kind have, of course, long been used as money; originally in rough lumps, gradually tending to get more regular in shape and size; but payment in iron, for instance, is scarcely so convenient as by settle; for a penny would weigh three or four pounds, and a man who had £20 to collect would, if he got it all, have to carry home some six or seven tons.

Copper was actually used in Sweden during the last century as the chief medium of exchange, and merchants had to take a wheelbarrow with them when they went to receive payment in copper dalers. Oxen and sheep would at least walk off on their own legs. Coins, strictly so called, have not been made of metal, for porcelain coins were long used in Siam, and leather has sometimes been used as a means of holding a small piece of metal that by itself would have been inconveniently small.

The French at the time of the revolution made coins out of church bells, and an excellent metal it proved to be for the purpose. Money has frequently been made in other shapes than what we understand by coins; the Gots and Celts frequently formed gold into thick wires rolled into spiral rings, which they wore on their fingers and kept so till they were wanted for trading purposes, much as a good deal of property at the present day is by the aid of the pawnbroker alternately ornament and currency.

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A new arrangement for making Single, Double and Triple Spaces. A new and improved Paper Feed, which is admirable both for its simplicity and the impossibility of getting out of adjustment. A line can be written clear to the bottom of the paper. Still another feature is the new Space Key, which has a Perpendicular Drop, the same as the rest of the keys. Besides the improvements, this Machine contains all the good points of our No. 1 and No. 2 Machines.

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LANDOR, THE ODD POET.

FURTHER GLIMPSES OF HIS PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

His Return to England and Life in Bath—A Man of Fine Physical Development—His Love of the Fine Arts—How He Left England, Never to Return.

Forster, in his life of Landor, referring to a visit made by Dickens to Fiesole, incidentally describes this villa, after it was lost to its former owner: "My heart swelled as Landor's would have done when I looked down upon it, nesting among its olive trees and vines, and with its upper windows (there are five above the door) open to the sun. Over the centre of these there is another storey, set upon the house top like a tower; and all Italy, except its sea, is melted down into the glowing landscape it commands. I plucked a leaf of ivy from the convent garden as I looked; and here it is. For Landor, with my love." "So wrote Mr. Dickens to me from Florence," says Forster, "on the 2nd of April 1845; and when I turned over Landor's papers in the same month after an interval of exactly twenty years, the ivy leaf was found enclosed, with the letter in which I had sent it. Dickens had asked him before leaving what he would most wish to have in remembrance of Italy? "An Ivy leaf from Fiesole," said Landor.

Then came his return to England, and his residence at Bath; a city, he declared better worth living in than any beside Florence. There he was visited by one who has described the man and his surroundings: "Landor's physical development is correspondent to that of his mind. He is a tall, large man; broadly and muscularly built, yet with an air of great activity about him. His ample chest, the erect bearing of his head, the fire and quick motion of his eye, all impress you with the feeling of a powerful, ardent and decided man. The general character of his head is fine; manly, phrenologically amply developed, and set upon the breast with a bearing full of strength and character. His features are well formed, and full of the same character. In his youth, Landor must have been pronounced handsome; in his present age, with gray hair and considerable baldness, he presents a fine, manly and impressive presence. There is instantaneous evidence of the utter absence of disguise about him. You have no occasion to look deep, and ponder cautiously to discover his character. It is written broadly on his front. All is open, frank, and self-determined. The lower part of his face betrays much thought and firmness; there is a quick and hawk-like expression about the upper, which the somewhat retreating yet broad forehead increases. His eyebrows, arched singularly high on his forehead, diminish the apparent height of the head; but on looking at his profile, you soon perceive the great elevation of the skull above the line running from the ear to the eye. The structure of the whole man, his air, his action, voice, and mode of talking, all denote an extraordinary personage. His character is most unequivocally passionate, impulsive, yet intellectual and reflective; capable of excitement and of becoming impetuous, and perhaps headlong, for the fire and strength in him are of no common intensity. One can see that the quick instincts of his nature, the electric principle by which such natures leap to their conclusions, would render him excessively impatient of the slower processes or more sordid biases of more common minds. That he must be liable to great outbursts of indignation, and capable of becoming arbitrary and overbearing is perceived; yet you soon find, on conversing with him, that no man is so ready to be convinced of the right, or so free to rectify the errors of a hasty judgment. He has in short, an essentially fine, high, vigorous nature; one which speaks forth in every page of his writings, and yet is so different to the stereotype of the world as to incur its dictum of eccentric. . . .

In his modest house in St. James' square, [Bath,] he has surrounded himself with the most exquisite collection of miniature paintings in the world. Everything is select, from the highest masters, Raphael, Titian, Corregio, and older more quaint hands, and everything perfect of its kind. These, including some by our own Wilson, he collected in Italy. His larger collection he gave to his son, on leaving Italy, and brought these only as more adapted to the house he proposed to inhabit. Peace, meditation, and the gradual resumption of simple habits seem the leading objects of his present hale old age. "I have a pleasure," said he, "in renouncing one indulgence after another; in learning to live without so many wants. Why should I require so many more comforts than the bulk of my fellow-creatures can get? We should set an example against the selfish, self-indulgence of the age. We should discountenance its extravagant follies. The pride and pomp of funerals is monstrous. When I die, I will spend but six pounds on mine. I have left orders for the very commonest coffin that is made for the commonest man; and six of the stoutest and very poorest men to carry me to the grave, for which each shall receive one sovereign."

"But don't you pine for your beautiful Fiesole and its climate; don't you want your children; especially that daughter

whose bust there opposite reminds me so of Queen Victoria?"

"I could wish it, but it is better as it is. I cannot live there. They can, and are happy. I have their society in their letters; they are well off, and therefore—I am content."

Alas! that conjugal love, that mutual appreciation that makes home was lacking. But he did return to his "beautiful Fiesole." After that wretched result of the publication of his "Dry Sticks Fagoted," his prosecution for libel by a lady of Bath, upon whom he had written an epigram,—he left England forever. The draught upon his finances of £1000 had reduced him considerably, and his life in Italy was unlike what it had formerly been. "After months of wretchedness at Fiesole," one memoir has it recorded, "his friends came to his rescue. A plain but comfortable lodging was found for him at Florence, his surviving brothers undertook to supply an annuity of £200, which Robert Browning generously saw duly employed as long as he remained in Florence. And thus one more gleam of sunshine seemed to settle on the 'old man eloquent.' Though deaf and ailing, he continued to find a solace in his pen. He wrote and published occasional verses, and two or three more 'Imaginary Conversations' in which the old fire burned not dimly; collected some earlier scraps, which appeared as 'Heroic Idylls,' and was still working in his 90th year, at new 'Conversations' when, on the 17th of September, 1864, death ended his labors and sorrows." But his imperishable records remain. Making every allowance that justice or prudence may demand, we have still in our conception of him a man extraordinary, in personality, in experience, in the duration and wholeness of his life, and in the volume and quality of his writings. "From nineteen almost to ninety his intellectual and literary activity was indefatigably incessant; but, herein at least; like Charles Lamb, whose cordial admiration he so cordially returned, he could not write a note of three lines which did not bear the mark of his particular hand in its matchless and inimitable command of a style at once the most powerful and the purest of his age." So masculine an intellect, full of such lofty wisdom; so warm a heart, abounding in such manly tenderness; revealed in literary work of such clear style and with such exquisite finish; can hardly fail to secure a high place in the esteem of all thoughtful men in the present time, and in future generations.

PASTOR FELIX.

NOT ENOUGH TO GO AROUND.

Interesting Statistics in Regard to Marriage in the United States.

All the men in the United States could not marry if they so desired; there are not women enough to go round, says the Washington Post. The old and bewhiskered fallacy that there is a Jill for every Jack has been exploded, and the probable fulfilment of the millennial prophesy of a time when three women will be holding to each man's coat tail seems to be increasing according to the square of the distance in an inverse ratio. In other words, if every unmarried female in the United States were to play Eve to someat while disconsolate Adam there would still be 1,422,410, males who would have to view conjugal happiness through other eyes.

These and many other interesting facts are set forth in an extra census bulletin in which statistical data relating to the conjugal condition of the people of the United States are presented for the first time in an official or even approximately correct way. Of the entire population of the United States in June 1, 1890, nearly three-fifths were single. Of this number there were 19,945,576 males and 17,183,988 females who had never been married, or 2,761,588 more males than females belonging to this condition. But this condition is relieved somewhat by the excess of widows over divorcees, neither of which were included in the figures just given. At the time of the enumeration there were 815,437 widowers and 2,154,615 widows, or 1,339,178 more widows than widowers. Add this excess of widows to the other unmarried females, and there are yet 1,422,410 more unmarried men than women in the United States.

These figures do not include the divorced men and women, from the fact that a considerable percentage of them are disbarred from marrying again, owing to statutory enactments of several of the States which prohibit one or both parties divorced from remarrying except to the parties to whom they were formerly married. The divorced females constitute 59.42 per cent. of all the divorced persons, as against 40.58 per cent. of divorced males. Notwithstanding a belief to the contrary, the percentage of divorced people as compared with the population is very small, amounting to a fraction of 1 per cent. The number of divorced men is 49,101, while the number of divorced women is 71,895. The excess of divorced women reported is accounted for on the ground that a great many divorced men failed to so report themselves. This belief is strengthened when it is understood that the percentage of men whose conjugal relations were unknown was nearly three times as great as the percentage of women.

In a table setting forth the conjugal condition of the aggregate population, subdivided according to sex and age groups, it is shown that there were twenty-three males, under the age of fifteen, married, and 1,411 females. One male of younger age than fifteen had been separated from his erstwhile wife through the instrumentality of the divorce court, while twelve females of like tender age had been relieved from unhappy conjugal relations through the same channel. Of the percentages relating to the sex and age groups the bulletin says:

"Of the males under 15 years the proportion of married was inappreciable, while of the females under 15 about one in every 10,000 was married. Between the ages of 15 to 19 only 0.52 per cent. of the males were married, and 0.49 per cent. of

the females. Among those of 20 years of age and upward the proportion of the married increased with great rapidity with both sexes. Between the ages from 20 to 24 less than one-fifth of the males were found to be married, while on the females nearly one-half were married.

"Between the ages from 25 to 29, over one-half of the males and nearly three-fourths of the females were married. Between the ages from 30 to 34 nearly three-fourths of the males and four-fifths of the females were married. Up to this point the proportion of married females in each age group was considerably in excess of that of males.

"Between the ages of 35 to 44 the proportions were practically equal, the married comprising about four-fifths of the total number for this age group. At this age the proportion of females who were married reached a maximum. Above this age the proportion of married women diminished, owing to the increased proportion of widows. Between 45 and 54 years of age the married males comprised five-sixths of the whole number. In this age group the proportion of males who were married reached a maximum, and from this point diminished, owing to the increased proportion of widowers. For this age group the proportion of married females had declined to less than three-fourths of all females.

"Between the ages of 55 to 64 the proportion of married males had diminished to 82.34 per cent, and that of married females to 60.35 per cent. For the age group, representing persons 65 years and upward, seven-tenths of the males were found to be married, while the proportion of females was one-half as great, or 35.35 per cent of all females of the age stated.

The proportion of widows was greater than that of widowers at all ages. It became appreciable between the ages from 15 to 19, and increased rapidly. For females 65 and upward the proportion of widows exceeded the proportion of married women. The proportion of widowers was less than that of married men for each age group.

One of the most interesting features of the bulletin is the carefully compiled facts relating to the proportions of single, married, widowed and divorced, without regard to age, of the aggregate population. These facts do not deal with age distinctively:

"Considering aggregate population, it is seen that in the North Atlantic division, which constitutes the principal manufacturing section of the country, a section made up largely of urban population, the single are found in smaller proportion than in any other part of the country, and the married and widowed in larger proportion. Conversely, the South Atlantic and South Central divisions, which are almost purely agricultural and rural, contain the largest proportion of single persons and the smallest proportion of the married. These results are directly opposed to popular belief. It is assumed that the development of urban population diminishes the number of the married. The explanation which naturally suggests itself is that the larger proportion of marriages in the manufacturing sections of the country is due, not only to the fact that the native white population married young and in large proportions at all ages, but also to the fact that the foreign whites, who have settled in large numbers in the North Atlantic division, were either married, or of marriageable age at the time of their immigration.

"If an examination is made of that part of the table which shows the proportion of single among the natives, it is seen for the North Atlantic division that the proportion of single is even less than among the aggregate population, and the proportion of married and widowed greater. In other words, these figures appear to indicate that in the most densely settled part of the country—parts where the urban element is greatest—the native white of native parentage marry more freely than in the rural parts of the United States. Considering the conjugal condition of the native white of foreign parentage, the largest proportions of married and widowed are found in the South Atlantic and South Central divisions. In the three other divisions, where this element is much more numerous, the proportions of the married and widowed differ but slightly.

The facts set forth, which most directly antagonize popular belief, are those tending to show that the proportion of divorced persons in the cities is less than in the country at large. From time immemorial, to dwell on the social virtues and religious excellences of the country people has been a favorite theme of poet, orator, and novelist. It had perhaps never occurred to any writer on social morality to draw a comparison in favor of urban as against rural virtues. But the statistics of condition, as prepared by the Eleventh Census, leaves little room to doubt that two things opposite to general belief are true; first, the percentage of those who marry in the cities is greater than that of those in the country; and second, the per cent. of divorce is greater in the rural than in the urban population.

The bulletin closes with the following interesting statement in regard to the percentages of divorced people in the United States:

"For the United States as a whole, it is seen that divorced persons among the aggregate population represented 0.54 per cent. of the married people; that is, there was one divorced person to 185 married. This proportion, however, ranged in different parts of the country from 0.31 per cent. in the south Atlantic division and 0.38 per cent. in the north Atlantic division to 1.13 per cent. in the western division. The proportion in the north central division was decidedly greater than in the south central division.

No Profit for the Inventor.

A dingy shop in New York displays in its show window a terrestrial globe that turns on its axis and so indicates the time of day the world over. Within the shop sits the inventor of this globe clock, repairing other people's flocks and watches. The invention has been patented nearly twenty years; but there is nothing to indicate that the inventor has found it profitable.

The young fiancée, the Princess Alix, who is the destined Czarina of Russia, is said to have the same characteristics as her mother, Princess Alice, of England, the same usefulness and womanly sympathy, qualities which will probably have been of use in nursing a delicate husband.

THE CAPTAIN'S REMARKABLE STATEMENT
He Says: "Paine's Celery Compound Knocks Out
the Medical Practitioner."

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CAPTAIN DOUGLAS.

It would be a difficult matter to find or a hundred people in the progressive city of Winnipeg, who do not know popular Captain Douglas.

The genial and whole-souled Captain is the proprietor of the famous Leland House amongst the best appointed of Canada's modern hotels. The weary and dust-stained traveller, who has once experienced the comforts of the "Leland," and the kind attentions of its worthy proprietor, invariably goes back to the popular house when business or pleasure leads him again to the prairie city.

Capt. Douglas is an enthusiastic believer in the efficacy of Paine's Celery Compound. He daily recommends it to his citizens, when they complain of troubles such as rheumatism, weakness, nervousness, sleep-

lessness, dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles and impure blood. The Captain has thoroughly tested Paine's Celery Compound for his own troubles in the past, and says without hesitation that the great medicine "knocks out the medical practitioner." It was through the Captain's influence and strong recommendations that Mr. G. Swain, the well-known C. P. R. station-master, of Winnipeg, used Paine's Celery Compound, and found a cure, when the doctors and other medicines had failed to banish his rheumatism.

Captain Douglas, in order to encourage and benefit Canadians, writes as follows:—"It gives me very great pleasure to say a word in favor of your excellent preparation known as Paine's Celery Compound. I was troubled for some time with indigestion and dyspepsia, and a general feeling of lassitude, all of which have been

banished after using your Compound. I can recommend it with confidence to all who need such a valuable tonic."

In a later letter regarding his success with nature's health-restorer, the Captain says:—"You know well what I think of Paine's Celery Compound. It is a most valuable medicine, and I can truly bear testimony to its excellent restorative and invigorating qualities; in fact, it knocks out the medical practitioner. A person has only to use it to know its worth to the human family."

Through its use I now feel like a boy, and may Paine's Celery Compound long live to go on with its good work. I am pleased to lend my name to the grand work of extending a knowledge of this valuable Compound, and can never say too much in its favor, and you may be sure I shall never cease to sing its praises."

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

How do you carry your purse, girls? or rather where do you carry it? Have you a safe and secret pocket inside your coat as a man has, or a secure receptacle hidden away in the folds of your dress so carefully that the impossibility of finding it has

human nature which is not shared by her more practical partner man, or it may be that long practice has made her careless, and an accurate knowledge of the usual contents of her purse, and its utter lack of value "except to the owner" has given her



NEW SPRING COATS.

The figure in the center represents a snuff brown two-skirt jacket with all over pattern of green braid, except space for a vest front and cuffs. The figure at the right shows a tan covert suit, with brown braid and brown silk vest and revers. The coat on the left is light gray homespun, tailor finished and lapped in the back of the skirt under the buttons.

passed into a proverb, and served as a text for the newspaper paragrapher from time immemorial? You may have a little hand-bag with one of those fastenings that no one but the owner can open, and which frequently baffles her, and carry your purse in it, but I know you don't; all the same; you carry it just as the rest of us do—in your hand, clasped with a nervous force that tries the muscles, and simply ruins the glove.

Who cannot call up a vision at a moment's notice of the woman out on a shopping expedition? One hand holds her dress out of the dust, and the other grasps her purse, holding it straight out before her, as if she was handing it to some obliging pickpocket, and saying, "Here Mr. Thief, take my purse if you want it, it really is no further use to me!"

Women are naturally supposed to be so timid and nervous, that their very fear

a pleasant feeling of security and a certainty that the thief who has once stolen a woman's purse will not be likely to repeat the experiment unless it is simply for practice; since few thieves would care to risk their liberty for the sake of a number of bills, receipts, newspaper cuttings, dress samples, and a few postage stamps.

But I am afraid none of these reasons will apply, because on the rare occasions when a woman has something worth stealing in her purse, when she has just visited the bank and drawn out enough money to buy a new carpet for the drawing room, or to pay the plumber's or dressmaker's bill, she carries it in exactly the same manner, and leaves it on the counters of shops, or the seats of street cars, with just the same cheerful confidence that she will find it in the same spot, as soon as she discovers her loss and goes back to look for it. And so I am forced to the conclusion that we all follow



SPRING VISITING GOWNS.

The figure on the left shows an elegant taller costume of beige cloth with blue-gray panel and vest. The panel and vest are set with flat gold buttons. The central figure's of beige green falls over black and white brocade. The mantle is of black falls and Spanish lace. The girl's dress is of chardon taffetas, with ruby velvet belt and collar.

erves them instead of the hard headed caution of the stronger sex, but I would like to see the man who was brave enough, or reckless enough to go placidly through life, and especially through crowded shops, and busy thoroughfares, with his purse held openly in his hand. It may be that overly woman's possession a confidence in

a most inconvenient and tiresome custom, which robs us almost entirely of the use of one hand, simply because we don't know what else to do with it and as we lack the originality to invent a better plan, we continue to ramble helplessly along the highways of life, waiting for some woman more clever than the rest of us, to either

bring the long disused pocket back into favor, or else invent some simple, safe and convenient plan by which a woman may carry her purse without the necessity of feeling for it every five minutes, to make sure that it is there, and thus publishing the place of its concealment to everyone with whom she comes in contact.

I have read of several cases lately where ladies' purses have been boldly snatched from their hands in broad daylight, and as some of them contained more money than their owners could well afford to lose, it would seem that the sooner the above mentioned clever woman got her thinking powers to work, the better.

Here are a few recipes which will be handy to know:

Kidney Toast.

Boil the kidneys the day before they are to be used, and when quite cold separate all the skin, and wipe carefully, and grate the best part of the kidney. Season with pepper and a little Worcester sauce. Set it aside, and next morning put a lump of butter into the frying pan, shake the grated kidney in, and stir lightly until it is quite hot; then make a couple of slices of buttered toast, place on a hot dish, and cover with the heated kidney. For those who like kidneys, this is a really delicious breakfast.

Roasted Sardines.

Drain the sardines on blotting paper, for at least two hours, to remove all the oil. Butter two good sized slices of toast and put in the oven on a hot dish, then broil the sardines on a bright fire, only just allowing them to get hot through; and arrange on the toast and serve at once.

Corn Fritters.

Two eggs, well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a small quantity of salt and pepper and the contents of a can of corn. Drop large spoonfuls of the batter into very hot lard, and fry a light brown.

Potato Puffs.

Prepare the potatoes as you would for mashed potatoes. While hot shape into balls about the size of an egg. Have a tin sheet well buttered and place the potato balls on it. As soon as done brush over with beaten eggs, then place it in the oven and brown. When done slip a knife under them and slide them upon a hot dish. Garnish with parsley and serve immediately.

Here is a sauce that is almost invaluable for made up dinners, when yesterday's



SPRING GARMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

The figure on the left represents a snuff brown diagonal coat with seal velvet trimming. The slashed cape is adjustable. The next is an olive green croquet with black velvet trimming. The small child has a frock of pink mousseline de laine with embroidery worked on yoke and sleeves. The figure on the right shows a maize surah party dress with white guimpe and brown silk pommoms around the belt and neck.

cold joint appears in a new garb, and should be made as tempting as possible. I fancy that dried herbs would answer as well as the fresh ones:

Brown Sauce.

Melt and stir one ounce of butter over the fire until brown, thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and mix smooth, thin, with half a pint of boiling stock, add one finely chopped onion, a small carrot, a sprig each of parsley, thyme and sweet marjoram, a blade of mace, a little black pepper and salt. Simmer for ten minutes, then strain, and stir in a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce, a tablespoonful each of tomato, mushroom and walnut catsup, with the juice of one lemon. Stir until thoroughly mixed. Serve with beefsteak, mutton chops and warmed-over meats.

The following recipe for "lady fingers" will be found good, and anyone who detests sponge cake as cordially as I do, will appreciate the little story I have appended to the recipe.

Lady Fingers.

Mix eight tablespoonfuls of powdered white sugar, four eggs—the yolks and whites beaten separately—six tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt, and a teaspoonful of lemon, orange or vanilla; roll stiff paper into a tunnel, and pour the batter through it upon buttered pans in long, slender little cakes. Dust sugar over them and bake as quickly as possible without scorching.

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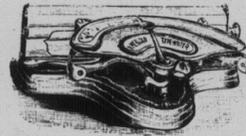
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Sponge Cake and Lady Fingers.

"There is one prejudice," says an English woman now residing in this country, "that I have had to overcome since coming to America, which was my antipathy to sponge cake and lady fingers, so often served over here with ice cream. My associations with them are of the gloomiest sort. Lady fingers are served

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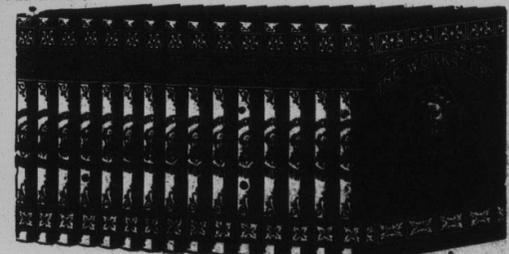
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"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

In New Zealand cats are used to destroy rabbits.

Tame turkeys can be trained to hunt wild ones.

Among flowers chrysanthemums live the longest after being cut.

China has 400,000,000 inhabitants and but forty miles of railroad.

The flattening of the poles of Jupiter can be seen through the telescope.

As long ago as 1821 Goethe advocated a ship canal across Nicaragua.

The apple contains a larger amount of phosphorus, or brain food than any other fruit.

In the days of Columbus only seven metals were known to exist. Now there are fifty-one.

The Greek Church employs two rings in the marriage ceremony—one of gold, and the other of silver.

Chilians never enter or leave a coach, street car, or public vehicle without bowing to all its occupants.

The scales used in the London Mint can show a difference in the weight of a card after a name has been written upon it.

The celebrated Treadneedle Street, London, was so called because in former times it was occupied chiefly by tailors.

It would take 12,000,000 years to pump the sea dry at the rate of 1,000 gallons per second, so says a man of figures has calculated.

Bricks from what is believed to be the remains of the old Tower of Babel are still found in great profusion at Birs Nimrud, Babylonia.

Bees are said to have an antipathy to dark-colored objects. Black chickens have been stung to death, while white ones of the same brood were left untouched.

The edible dogs of China are known by their bluish-black tongues. They never bark and are very taciturn. Four million and a half are slaughtered annually for the Celestials.

When a man is made a knight he has to pay certain fees. They are: Home Office fee, 27 13s. 6d.; Crown Office fee, £59 patent stamp, £30; warrant stamp, 10s.; docket stamp, 2s.—£97 12s. 6d.

All the gold in the world (not counting that still in a virgin state) would not make a block of more than 613 cubic yards. A cube of the above dimensions could be put in a room twenty-four feet each way.

One of the latest uses of electricity is tree felling. A platinum wire is stretched between two poles and made incandescent. It burns through the trunk in about an eighth of the time usually taken to saw through it.

Lemonade, say the doctors, is best when made with boiling water, covered up closely and allowed to cool. In this way it has more flavor and goodness, and best suited to an invalid, and one lemon will go as far as two.

The highest mountain in the world, Mount Hercules, in the Isle of Papua, or New Guinea, was discovered by Captain A. J. Lawson, of London, in 1881. It is 32,768 feet high, or 3,788 feet higher than Mount Everest.

Stale tea leaves are said to be excellent for cleaning bottles that have had milk in them. Put a few leaves in the bottle, pour in water, shake, then rinse out with clear water. It will make them clear as crystal and remove any particle of milk.

A strange custom is still observed in a Hungarian town on St. Joseph's Day. Two young women who have been married within the past twelve months assemble in the market-place and offer themselves to be kissed at so much money per kiss.

It is known that some trees have attained the following ages: Elm, 355 years; cypress, 359; ivy, 450; larch, 570; chestnut, 600; orange, 630; palm, 650; olive, 700; Oriental plane, 720; cedar, 800; lime, 1,100; oak, 1,500; yew, 2,800.

Salt is a useful dentifrice. It preserves the teeth, keeping them white the gums healthy, and the breath sweet. Put some salt in an iron shovel, place over the fire, and when quite hot, pour into a tin bag. Apply to any part affected with neuralgia or intense pain.

Chamois skins are not derived from the chamois, as many people suppose, but are the flesh side of a sheepskin. The skins are soaked in lime water and in a solution of sulphuric acid. Fish oil is poured over them, and they are carefully washed in a solution of potash.

The red coral, which is used in jewelry and which is known as precious coral, is mostly obtained in the Mediterranean, the Barbary coast furnishing the dark red, Sardinia the yellow or salmon color and the coast of Italy the rose pink. It is also found in the Red sea. None is found in American waters.

Lithography was discovered by a poor poet named Senefelder, who had written a drama and determined that it should see the light. The publishers would not print it. He determined to print it himself. He had no type. He resolved that engraving would answer, but had no copper, and was too poor to buy any. He concluded to use stone, and after many failures finally made a brilliant success and a large fortune through his invention.

The weight of different kinds of wood is exceedingly variable. White pine is the lightest of the common woods, a cubic foot of it weighing 34 pounds; willow wood weighs 36, red pine 37, yellow pine 38 and pitch pine 43. Poplar weighs 46 and hickory 58. Logwood weighs 57, mahogany 66, live oak 67 and lignum vite, the heaviest of all, weighs 83 pounds to the cubic foot. A block of lignum vite thrown into the water will sink like a stone.

Chatham Island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the South Pacific Ocean, is peculiarly situated as it is one of the few habitable points of the globe where the day habitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just on the line of the demarcation between dates. There at twelve noon on Sunday, Sunday ceases, and instantly Monday meridian begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side, and becomes Monday by the time it passes out of the western door. A man sits down to his noon-day dinner on Sunday and it is Monday noon before he finishes it.

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HORRIBLE RITES IN RUSSIA. The Ancient Practice of offering Human Sacrifices Still Exists. Very few persons are aware that human sacrifices are still offered up in a part of the Russian empire. The fact is, nevertheless, certain. Among the Tchukchis such sacrifices still take place, and seem likely to continue. At the same time no blame can be attached to the Russian Government or to the Orthodox Church, because all efforts to stop the practice have proved ineffectual. The sacrifices alluded to are those of old people and the sick, who, finding no longer any pleasure in life, resolve to have done with earthly life and to increase the number of happy spirits.

The Tchukchi who has made up his mind to die, immediately notifies his neighbors and near relations. His friends visit him and try to make him change his mind. Prayers, reproaches, complaints, have no effect on the frantic. Seeing him thus resolved his friends go away to make the customary preparations. At the end of from ten to fifteen days they return to the hut of the Tchukchi, with white mortuary garments and weapons, with which, in the other world, he will be able to hunt or hunt the reindeer. After making his toilet the Tchukchi withdraws into a corner of his hut. His nearest relative stands by his side, holding in his hand the instrument of sacrifice—a knife, a pike, or a rope. If the Tchukchi has chosen the knife, two of his relatives hold him under the arms and by the wrists, and, at a given signal the sacrificer thrusts his knife into his breast. If the pike has been chosen, two of his friends hold the weapon, and two others throw the victim's arms up in the air. For strangulation two of the sacrificers draw the rope tight until death ensues, then the breast is opened to let the blood flow out. The assistants go to the corpse, and bath their hands and face in the blood. The body is then placed on a sledge drawn by a reindeer and taken to the place of funeral. Arrived at their destination the Tchukchis cut the throat of the reindeer, take from the dead body its clothing which they tear to pieces, and place the corpse on a funeral pile. During the process of cremation, the assistants offer up prayers to the happy souls in the other world, but are silent as to those who are still in the land of the living. These practices, horrible as they are, are followed in exactly the same manner to-day as in the ancient times.—Gazette de Yakutsk (Siberia).

How Steel Chains are Made. Hitherto it has been found impossible to make steel chains without heating the metal, or to produce steel links with a stay or crosspiece. These difficulties are now reported to have been solved by a clever Birmingham inventor. The chain is made from a steel bar of cruciform section, and of the greatest length obtainable. This bar is put through a series of machines, in each of which pieces are punched out, so that after five operations the links are perfectly formed, but are still connected together at the point where the inner angle of the bow of one link crosses that of the other. In fact, the bar represents a rigid chain, but on being passed through another machine it comes out as a roughly formed but perfect chain, with separate links. The chain then undergoes three more operations, in which it is rectified, rounded and finished ready for use. The process is a cold one, so that there is no deterioration of the metal by heating, the only heat applied being near the end of the manufacture, when the chain is annealed in an oven for a short time. Owing to the limited length of the bars the chain has to be made in sections, and eventually coupled up by special links, which are made stronger than the chain itself. These chains, which are of a suitable size for general use, are produced in various sizes, from one-half inch down to three-thirty-seconds of an inch. Some of the one-half inch chains made from steel have a tensile strength of twenty-four tons per square inch.

Nitro Glycerine. Nitro Glycerine is a mixture of glycerine, nitric and sulphuric acids. The two acids may be mixed and cooled artificially; the glycerine is then dropped into the mixture and the result is washed in plenty of water. The nitro-glycerine separating as a heavy yellowish liquid. Dynamite is porous earth, soaked in nitro glycerine; the German intusorial earth called kieselguhr takes up three times its own weight of nitro-glycerine and makes the best dynamite. Nitro-glycerine unexcited is stronger than dynamite; it is also more dangerous to handle. Sugar, white magnesia powder, tripoli and alumina are used in making dynamite, as they take up and hold large quantities of the nitro-glycerine. Nitro-glycerine is from ten to six and a half times as powerful as gunpowder, and dynamite is rather less powerful.

To Honor Joan of Arc Efforts are making in France to substitute the birthday of Joan of Arc as the national fête day in place of the 14th of July, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. The Bastille episode anniversary no longer excites the same enthusiasm it did at the beginning of the present regime. And then it is being pointed out that the honor of having demolished the Bastille belongs to Germans and not Frenchmen. History is quoted to the effect that the siege and capture of the famous prison "was more especially the work of foreigners, of whom the majority were Germans," and thus the French have been annually celebrating the shedding of French blood by Germans.

He Wanted Information. Young Mother—Baby is somewhat cross to-day. He is teething. Bachelor (in great awe of the mite of humanity)—And when do you expect him to commence—er—hairing?

A noted health officer claims that a large number of cases of bronchitis, pneumonia and inflammation of the lungs during the winter are directly traceable to the exposure of the patient at football games in the fall.

Officials of the Smithsonian Institution have discovered evidences which lead them to believe that the mound builders were the progenitors of the modern Indians.

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MAN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT. Madame Carnot has not been photographed for fifteen years and says she never will be again.

A recent visitor to Count Tolstoi at his home says that he makes the impression of a figure out of the Bible.

Lord Wolseley is said to have written most of his memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough standing at a desk before breakfast.

Prince Bismarck is the possessor of 482 crosses and decorations. It would require a breast of 21 feet in width to wear them all at once.

Emperor William, of Germany is honorary Colonel-in-Chief of 27 regiments of soldiers, holding that rank in most of the European armies. His military wardrobe is of enormous size.

It is said that the khedive's mother has picked out as a bride for her son the princess Naime, daughter of the Sultan of Turkey, who was born in 1876, and is said to be beautiful and highly cultured.

Little King Alfonso, of Spain, is nine years old. His ninth birthday anniversary was celebrated at Madrid, on Thursday last by a reception at the palace, a military review and a state dinner all on a grand scale.

Another attempt is being made to secure the release of Mrs. Florence Maybrick. It is said that a feature of the petition will be the strength of the testimony as to the late Mr Maybrick being a confirmed opiate.

Lieutenant Waethe, of the German Army, who intends to found a vegetarian-anti-clothing colony on a South Pacific island, has not eaten meat in ten years. He neither drinks alcoholic liquor nor smokes.

The effort of a committee in Germany which was appointed to secure subscriptions to erect a monument to the memory of Post Heine is not meeting with much success, and the scheme will probably have to be abandoned.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador at Washington, heartily favors the project to raise a monument on the field of Braddock's defeat "because it was one of the few battles in which England and America were allies."

Sir Howell Salmon, of the British Navy, became a cadet when 12 years old; was made a commander at the age of 23, a post captain when 28, and has been on the admiral list for fifteen years. He is soon to become commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, England.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Czarowitz of Russia is not at all a Romanoff to look at. He resembles his Danish mother, and there is a strong likeness between the Czarowitz and the Duke of York. He has the scholar's temperament, amiable, modest and simple of manner.

John D. Rockefeller, the millionaire oil magnate, is one of the most difficult men to obtain access to New York. He takes a deep interest in religion and passes the plate at his church every Sunday. His days are spent at the Standard Oil Building at the lower end of Broadway, but no crank ever succeeds in getting into that structure.

When Mr. Gladstone first became Premier a gentleman called on his old tutor, the Rev. Mr. Rawson, of Seaford, Liverpool, to congratulate him on the high position gained by his pupil. The old gentleman replied: "I have two letters this morning from old pupils—one prime minister, the other gate keeper of a workhouse. Such is life!"

Lord Fairfax, or, as he calls himself, Dr. Fairfax, of Maryland, is the only English peer who is an American citizen, and who also brings up his children as such. He took the degree of M. D. before the Fairfax titles and estates fell to him. He has never taken his seat in the House of Lords, nor the oath of allegiance as a representative peer.

Chief Arthur, of the brotherhood of locomotive engineers is a very plain, unassuming man of 63. For many years he handled a throttle, and he is now almost constantly engaged in settling disputes that arise in railroad circles. The chief is a well built man of 5 feet 6, rather heavy, with a face bronzed by the weather, and with a short-cropped white beard and no mustache. His talk is quick and blunt and to the point.

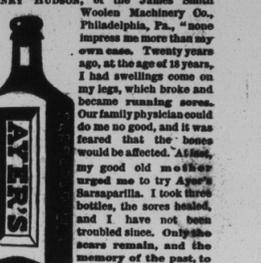
Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, has a firm conviction that he will reign for forty years, and this belief has banished all fear of disease and danger from his mind. He, however, dreads the cholera, because a denial one prophesied that he would die of cholera morbus. This has been a source of great benefit to his subjects, as every effort is made to prevent the spread of cholera, owing to the Sultan's desire to escape being attacked by it.

Charles de Lesseps has received an official notification from the grand chancellerie of the Legion of Honor to the effect that he had been expelled from the order in which he held the rank of officer. No such notification has been addressed to his father, Ferdinand de Lesseps, and it is probable that the authorities are delaying the despatch of a communication of this character in the expectation that his death may relieve them of the necessity of sending it.

Mrs. Cleveland never wears a glove on her right hand at receptions, as her experience during her first occupancy of the executive mansion taught her that by so doing she avoided the intense pain that invariably followed a great amount of hand-shaking when the glove was kept on. Mrs. Harrison was compelled to altogether omit handshaking on account of the condition of her hands, which were at times so swollen with rheumatism as to make the slightest pressure a matter of positive agony.

Miss Hallam, better known as "Sister Victoria," who nursed the Duke of Clarence in his fatal illness, is said to be one of the best nurses connected with the big London hospitals. She is a native of South Wales, where her father was a tin-plate manufacturer. She became a probationer in St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, some sixteen years ago, and was first brought into contact with the Royal Family during Prince George's illness. When the Duke of Clarence became ill, the Princess of Wales begged that she might be sent for. She has remained intimate with the family ever since.

Only the Scars Remain. "Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "scars impress me more than any own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. A friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."



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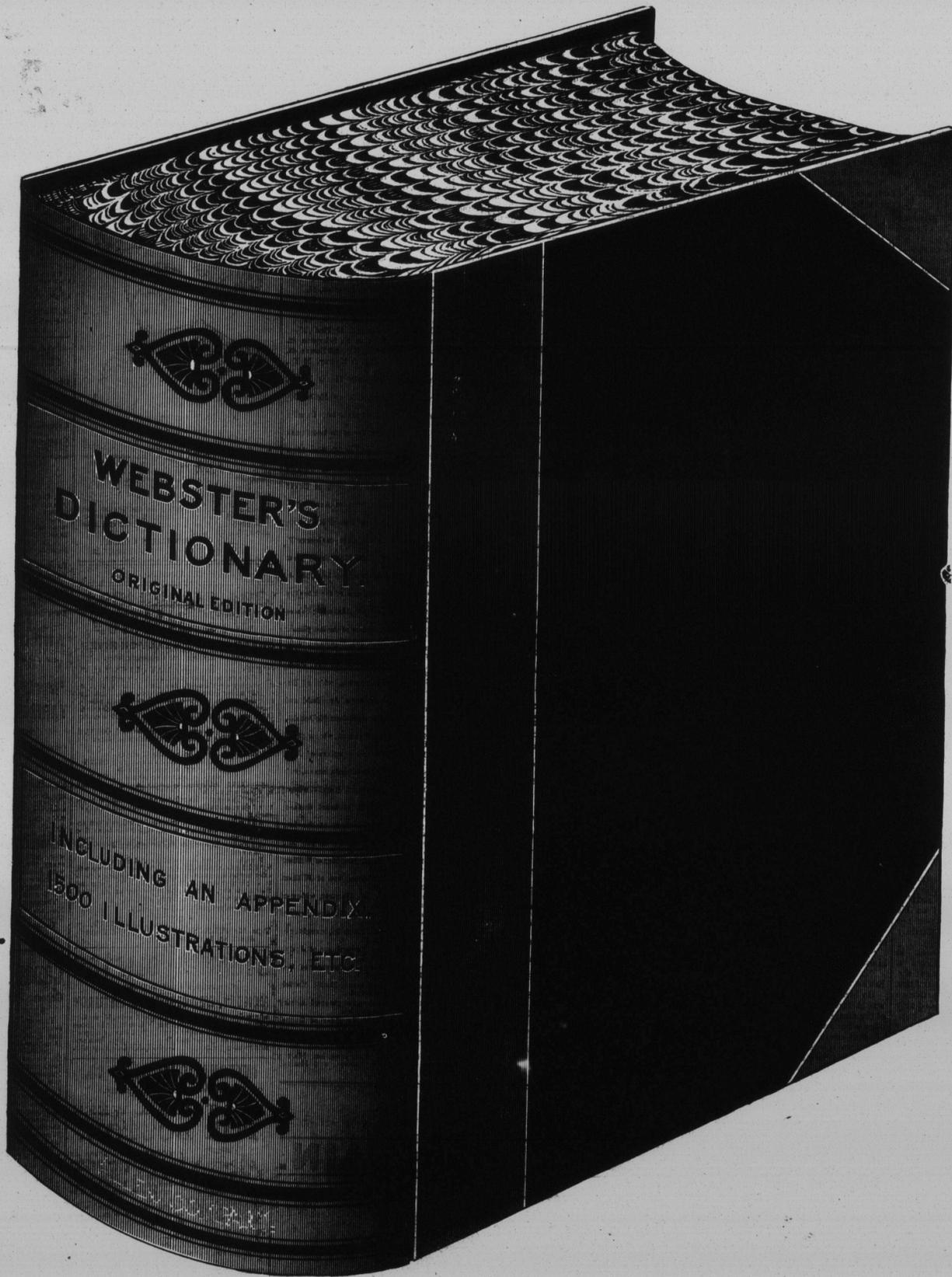
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