

PROGRESS.

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THEY HAD A SQUABBLE.

AN AMBITIOUS REFORMER IS SAT UPON BY THE ALDERMEN.

How They Squabbled and Interrupted Over a Motion They Did Not Understand—Mayor Peters Makes a Declaration that He Is Ashamed of the Council.

The aldermen are still holding back from entering actively on a campaign, but two of the board are reported as not intending to run again. These are Ald. Jack of Queen's and Davis of Brooks, whose places seem likely to be filled by Messrs. T. N. Robertson and C. B. Lockhart respectively. Officers may deem it advisable to resign if the T. R. A. bill becomes law and the election is by the citizens at large.

The mayoralty campaign is coming to a focus, however, and the cards of four candidates appear in this issue of PROGRESS. They are all brief and give no indication of the talking powers of the aspirants. Mayor Peters takes only about 50 words to announce that he is in the field, and seems to rely chiefly on his record. Mr. Jones also refers to his record, which goes back to a time when Mayor Peters was a boy, 30 years ago. Mr. Tullis states that he comes after due deliberation with many taxpayers. He enunciates a brief but sweeping policy of retrenchment and reform. Mr. Sturdee has ordered a place kept for his card, but the copy has not reached the office at the time of writing.

Just one month remains before the conflict. In the meantime the T. R. A. candidate is to come to the front. So far, his name is not disclosed, though several individuals have been mentioned as the possible choice of the nominating committee.

The aldermen do not appear to be dismayed by the proposal of the T. R. A. for reform and on Thursday, for the third time in a period of a few months, the mayor made an official declaration from his chair that he was ashamed of the council. He said it in a tone which indicated more of sorrow than anger.

The subject matter of his remark was an undignified squabble which arose over a bold attempt of a Carleton alderman to infringe upon the powers and prerogatives of the director of public works. It came about in this way:

In January last Ald. Baxter, of Brooks, introduced a resolution to the effect that as the street department was \$30,000 in debt, no further expenditure be made on the streets, except in emergencies, unless by order of the council. Also that the director of public works and the chamberlain report to the council monthly as to the work done, the number of men employed and the expenditure. This resolution was referred, and finally came up for discussion in the public works committee last Tuesday. Unfortunately for Ald. Baxter, the paper containing the resolution was not at hand at that meeting, and the committee discussed and recommended only the section regarding the monthly reporting. The alderman, however, subsequently got hold of the original paper, and at the council meeting on Thursday he moved the omitted part as an amendment to the motion which the report of the board recommended. The wording of it was that no further expenditure be made, except in emergencies, unless by order of the council. This would not prevent the council from ordering all the work they thought was required, but it would give the aldermen and the public some idea of what was to be done. When he moved the amendment on Thursday, however, most of the council appeared to take the idea that the passage of the motion would stop all expenditure and allow the streets to go to ruin for want of repairs. On this mistaken theory they argued and grew indignant for nearly one hour. Then they defeated the amendment by a large majority.

So far as could be judged, most of those who spoke against the amendment did not know the effect of it, while those who may have understood it were opposed to it on the ground that the idea came from a Carleton man. Ald. Davis appeared to oppose it because it came from his colleague who was "rushing legislation" and putting it out as an "advertising placard." He thought that some of Ald. Baxter's motions were open to grave suspicion and doubt.

Ald. Davis spoke a number of times during the fracas, but his remarks were usually made to the men who had the floor, and to the mayor, when the latter called him to order.

Ald. Shaw did not think the matter worth discussing, and asserted that Ald. Baxter was trying to get a reputation for economy. Thereupon Ald. Baxter retorted that Ald. Shaw need not be afraid of getting such a reputation.

Ald. W. A. Chesley made a long and vigorous speech. He seemed to think that the passage of the amendment would of necessity stop all work on the streets. Ald. Baxter had had the "check" to propose that the \$25,000 to the credit of the general revenue should be applied to the ferry indebtedness. Why should it not be applied to the street indebtedness? Why should they not stop running the ferry,

instead of stopping work on the streets? They might as well reduce the efficiency of the fire department, or take away half the electric lights, and see what the people would say. There was more business done on the Strait Shore road than in all of Carleton, and there was more money paid for wages there, but it was in a terrible and scandalous condition. So was the Douglas road, and the City road.

"Why don't you put in a word for Brussels street?" asked Ald. McKelvey. Thereupon Ald. Chesley did put in a number of words for that street, and returned to the Strait Shore road, where he asserted wagons got mired and had to be pried out with planks.

Ald. Davis interrupted the speaker once or twice to protest against being classed with the Carleton men in the general denunciation, as he was not in favor of the amendment.

Ald. Vincent also took the view that the amendments meant a stoppage of work on the streets.

Ald. Law considered the matter an electioneering dodge, by which dust was to be thrown in people's eyes.

Ald. Blizard, the father of the council, thought that Baxter was a young man who ought to be content with grasping Carleton, without trying to grasp the whole city.

Ald. McGoldrick was also in opposition.

Ald. McCarthy was the only man, apart from the mover, who spoke in favor of the amendment.

When Ald. Baxter was closing the debate, he explained what his resolution meant. He did not want the system of men buttonholing the director of public works on Prince William street, and then having laborers sent to quarry rock in some unknown part of the city without the department of works knowing anything about it.

Ald. Blizard rose bristling with indignation to enquire the names of the men who buttonholed the director.

Ald. Baxter replied that he was speaking of a possibility, but that though Ald. Blizard was a member of the works department, there were many things done of which he had no previous intimation and in regard to which, if asked about them, he could give no information until he had made enquiry. Therefore Ald. Blizard sat down, looking less indignant but more thoughtful.

The whole wordy war was so marked by disorderly interruptions and "back talk" that at times it was more like a fracas than a debate. At one time, too, the members who were in the outer room made so much noise that the mayor ordered the door closed. "We can't run two councils at once," he asserted.

At the end of the squabble the mayor sharply reprimanded the disorderly alderman. He did not wonder the Tax Reduction Association wanted to reduce the council, and if the public could have been present that afternoon the number of signatures to the petition would be largely increased.

"They also propose to have a new mayor," suggested Ald. Baxter.

"They will not choose him from this council," answered his worship. "I am ashamed of the council," he continued. "There is neither argument, nor ability nor anything parliamentary about its debates. Your worship is altogether too irritable today," said Ald. Davis.

Then the council proceeded to the next matter in the order of business.

Will Try Conclusions Asat.

The races last Saturday were well attended and complete, so far as fun and sport went. In spite of the fact that Berry's speedy horse, and McAvinn's ready mare were in the contest, Walsh's Johnnie Dick came to the front again, not without losing one heat however to Big Dan, the entry of Dolan Bros. The heavy gelding has been in the woods all winter and yet was as steady as a rock and, helped by circumstances, beat out the party. Mr. Berry claimed his horse was not in shape to go, and Mr. McAvinn that his mare left her speed in the barn. Under these circumstances, arrangements were made for another race which is announced for this afternoon, weather permitting, and the track is in condition. In the fast class, Roline and Lady D. are barred, being too speedy. Mr. Walsh's bay horse will be a new candidate, and, as he trotted the turf near '50, he should make the good ones hustle. It was hardly fair last week to place Roline with a record of 2.24 against Lady D. and Black Jack, but still it was an easy way to find out what she could do. Lady D. has surprised her owners and the public and added much to her reputation and value. She is by Island Chief out of an Abdallah dam.

Threw Open Their Doors.

The members of Clan McKenzie, O. S. C., had a good time "At Home" Tuesday evening with their wives and friends. It is not often that the members of the clan give themselves up to so much gaiety, but they know how to carry it off in a proper way. The arrangements were perfect, the pleasant enjoyment of the evening an entire success.

THE HOUSE OPENS AGAIN.

MR. JOHN F. BURCHILL OF NORTH-UMBERLAND, SPEAKER.

Mr. McNeill becomes Retiring Clerk—Mr. Stockton Present in Full Dress—Mr. Pitts Representing the Orange Order—Topics Touched Upon and Talked About.

The legislature is opened again—and again the same government is in power with the same old leader though since last year there has been a general election and the people of the province have pronounced on the issues placed before them.

The legislature this year simply means the house of assembly; the legislative council is dead and the "old ladies" of the province no longer gossip in her legislative halls. One or two of them indeed who always found fault with the term have vindicated their right to object by persuading the people to send them back again and

since solely with the representations of the people.

As was announced some time ago Mr. John F. Burchill was the choice of the government for speaker and the leader of the opposition in the absence of any better candidate, or one more likely to be elected from his side of the house, seconded the motion with all the grace he could muster. The good qualities of Mr. Burchill were dwelt upon and if the opinion of the house had been taken, the verdict would have been that the new speaker is a jolly good fellow, well calculated to take care of the dignity of the house and keep the members in order—unless he has parted with his beard since PROGRESS saw him, the above is a good likeness of him.

Mr. Stockton must have remembered when he rose to address the house that he did so as the seconder of a motion and not as the mover and when he looked about him, remembering his statements about election day in this city, the difference between supporters on paper and supporters in the flesh must have been painfully apparent to him. Still what supporters gathered about the opposition standard chose Alfred Augustus again as their leader and he rose in his place with all his affability and silky beard.

There has been some hustling among the office seekers since the winter opened and the result is that Mr. L. C. McNutt, the editor of the Farmer, comes to the front with the appointment of engrossing clerk in his hand. Mr. William Quinn had the position last year, but it was vacated by his death. Mr. McNutt is known to all the members of the house and well liked. He is fortunate in owning a newspaper that will permit him to devote part of his time to other work or will permit him to accept office under a government, no matter how friendly disposed he may be toward it. From the standpoint of "value received," however, Mr. McNutt deserves the appointment.

So far as PROGRESS knows, the appointment of Mr. Pugsley as law clerk and Messrs. Wilson and Richard as his assistants, have not been gazetted, but that is, no doubt, a matter of time. The duties of the new officials have not been defined and the public will await the tidings with some interest. If they, however, call for ability, the gentlemen mentioned have enough of it to spare to come to the work of the government.

Considering the fact that Mr. H. H. Pitts sits in the house it is a pity that Wilson could not also be present to check any excitable notions on the part of the Orange representative and to remind him that he too knows something about the order and what it professes to be. Mr. McKewen and Grand Master Fowler also being among the undesired, the duty of upholding the dignity of the order falls upon Mr. Pitts and it would, perhaps, not be unsafe to predict that the "dignity" may fall with a dull thud.

Mr. McDade has grown to be a part of the house, almost. He has been there many years and the work of reporting the house debates has been carried out so satisfactorily by him that it is quite probable the position is his so long as he wishes to retain it. Last year he was assisted by Mr. F. H. Risten, the well known court stenographer and writer and the same arrangement is in effect this year.

The Funny Man at St. George.

The regular correspondent at St. George, "Max," writes that some St. George notes which appeared in the last issue of PROGRESS, over the signature of "German," are a fabrication from beginning to end. The notes in question were accompanied by a note signed "John Barry," and only a portion of them appeared. It remains to be learned whether Mr. John Barry was the funny man who perpetrated the hoax, or whether somebody forged his name, and inquiries have been instituted for that purpose. PROGRESS tries to take every precaution in dealing with matter sent by occasional correspondents, but when a name is sent which is recognized as one belonging to a well known family, it is not always possible to prevent a fool or a mischief maker from imposing on our good faith. Such instances are happily rare, and the same man never does it again.

At the Davenport School.

The Davenport school, through the kindness of Father Davenport is enabled to offer four scholarships, of the value of \$100 per annum, for two years, to resident boys who are the sons of churchmen. A nomination to King's College, Windsor, has also been granted by the governors of that institution. The Davenport school is now in a very flourishing condition, and its efficiency has been very materially increased since Rev. P. Owen Jones became head master, last autumn. It has a fine staff of teachers, and is in all respects thoroughly organized and in a condition to do thorough educational work. The Easter term will begin on April 8th, and any particulars as to the institution and its facilities may be had by addressing the head master.

Engrossing Clerk, L. C. McNUTT.

had the intentions and conditions of the government been observed but the end came at last and with it the triumph of the administration was complete.

The opening of the house was the same as usual with the absence of the procession up two flights of stairs and the bowing and scraping before the throne in the upper chamber. The governor did his business for the first time in the history of the

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HER CHANCES GOOD YET.

THE GRAND JURY FIND A TRUE BILL AGAINST MRS. STEVENS.

Not Forced Into It by Any Direction of the Judge—The Postponement of the Case is Likely to be a Point in Favor of the Accused.

Nobody was surprised when a Moncton coroner began an enquiry into the cause of the death of Mabel Hallett Stevens. The rumors current were numerous and ugly, and some of them went much further than, in the face of the facts afterwards learned, they should have gone. It was due both to the friends of the dead girl and to Mrs. Stevens, as well as it was in the interests of the public, that there should be the fullest enquiry.

In the face of the facts the evidence disclosed, nobody was surprised when the coroner's jury charged Mrs. Stevens with

manslaughter, nor was anything else expected than that the preliminary examination would result in the committal of Mrs. Stevens for trial in a higher court. It was felt that, apart from all local and personal feeling, the matter would be fairly dealt with and finally determined by the grand and petit juries.

But a good many were surprised that, in the face of Judge Landry's charge, the grand jury found a true bill. Probably even Mrs. Stevens was a little disappointed.

The county of Westmorland is a shire where people are apt to divide into parties on the merits of any notable criminal case. When Timothy McCarthy "came to his death" about fifteen years ago, in a manner that has never been made clear to the public to this day, there was a division into Osborne and Anti-Osborne parties. One of these strongly affirmed the innocence of

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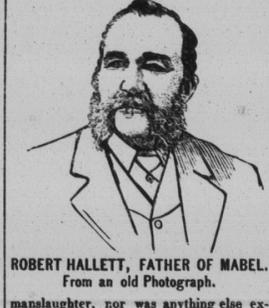
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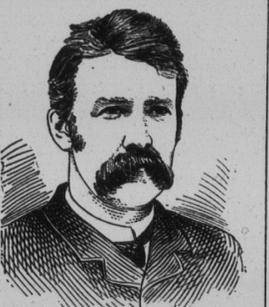
ROBERT HALLETT, FATHER OF MABEL.

From an old Photograph.



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ASSISTANT LAW CLERK, WM. WILSON.

Opposition met it down stairs and obstruction met it up stairs, until nature finally gave him such assistance as made his task possible. Death claimed a number of the old councillors and men were appointed pledged to vote themselves and their colleagues out of political existence when asked to do so.

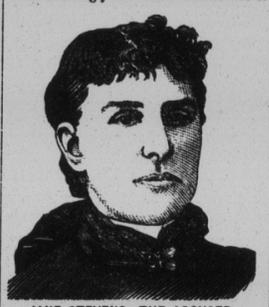
What with broken pledges and a seeming forgetfulness of the condition of their appointment the life of the council was prolonged much longer than it would have been



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JANE STEVENS, THE ACCUSED.

the Osbornes, while the other was equally certain as to their guilt. This espousing of theories at the outset was one of the reasons why the facts of the case were never made more clear, for prominent officials engaged in the investigation were misled, and sent astray by their well-meant, but most unwise partisanship.

So it was in the case of "Buck," though it is only fair to say that in Moncton, at least, there was a practically unanimous opinion that he ought to be hanged, while the feeling in favor of a less extreme penalty was very general outside of Westmorland county.

In the case of Mrs. Stevens there have been two clearly defined parties, and though



DR. J. D. ROSS,

Medical Adviser to Mrs. Stevens.

the press generally has asked for simple justice in the matter, one or two rank partisan papers have espoused the cause of Mrs. Stevens as though it were to be considered a party issue.

The Moncton Times and St. John Sun have published in full the charge of Judge Landry to the grand jury. Such publication will not be inconsistent with the attitude they have taken from the first that

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ST. JOHN MEN IN BOSTON.

THEY KNOW WHAT IT IS TO HAVE TO "CARRY THE BANNER."

Many of them have a hard experience before they get on the road to wealth—some examples follow from a note book of every day life.

Boston, March 8.—I met a St. John man on Washington street the other day, who had only arrived here a week before. He was one of the advance guard of the Spring exodus, and was looking for work.

Before he came to Boston he made up a little list of people in Boston, whom he knew, and when I saw him he had paid most of them a visit. But he was still looking for work.

"They tell me times are dull here, at present," he said. "With one or two exceptions all the St. John men I met were working, but several were expecting to be laid off within a week or so, and I haven't seen anything like a ghost of a show yet."

This is an old story, one that many know, but few care to tell, until, after many years they "strike it rich," in a greater or less degree, they look back on the days when they walked the streets and met with disappointments daily.

Since I came to Boston I have met many provincialists who have had experiences, which scores of people believe to exist only in Sunday School books. Some were unable to stand it and returned home, where, if they were out of work, they were at least among friends.

Most of the people I met are now in good circumstances, and when telling of their experiences, seemed to regard them as strange dreams they could not understand.

Some years ago, a young printer came to Boston. He left a good situation in St. John, in a place where he had learned his trade, and knew where every letter, piece of broken rule, dash and flourish belonged. He knew all about the office, and although only just starting out as a journeyman considered himself so well versed in the fine points of the trade that he wondered what else there could be to learn.

He left home with a bump of self-conceit as large as a pumpkin, and his ambition knew no bounds. In a city where printing offices hung out their signs on every other street, he thought there could be no doubt of his getting a position at good pay.

So he came to Boston. Then began a search for work. It was spring. That was against him, for after the first few months of the New Year, business slackens off, as a general thing. One place after another was visited, and not one of them wanted more help. Some even went so far as to hang out placards to that effect, which was even more discouraging.

The young printer's bump of self-conceit began to decrease in size, while his boots had by a gradual transition begun to assume that particular shape which in street corner parlance requires a man to walk "on his uppers."

At last he got a little encouragement. A man was wanted in a certain printing office, and he secured the situation. He wanted journeyman's pay, and went on trial, confident that he would have no difficulty in doing all that was required of him. It was a hard week, and at the end of it, he was told, that he was willing to work for half the amount he bargained for, he could remain.

The bump of self-conceit had disappeared by this time, and he decided to accept the position.

He is now a skilled workman earning good pay, has charge of an office in part, where his services are almost indispensable, but the bump referred to has never assumed the proportions it did, shortly before he left St. John.

This is only one instance, and it is not given as criterion. St. John workmen are as good as can be found anywhere, when the lack of opportunities is considered, but things are done differently in Boston. There is one grand rush, and—to again drag in the printer's trade—the gait is startling, even in the smallest offices.

The point I want to make is that ninety out of every hundred who come to Boston, to get work, and with no prospect of getting it when they leave have experiences which they would not care to have repeated.

Talking of printers, reminds me that I've already, next to the Herald office has its full quota of St. John printers. In fact I see so many familiar faces while passing through there that I have taken it all as a matter of course and have neglected to say anything about it before. They are all "comps" men who have set type for PROGRESS during a rush, but few of whom were ever able to hold a frame more than two weeks at a time.

That little note book which my friend of the exodus advance guard showed me, can be found in the pocket of nearly every provincialist who steps off the boat at Commercial wharf or arrives at the Eastern depot. They all go a-visitng, but how many of those visits are repeated? The welcome is warm and sincere, the invitation to come often is meant and appreciated, but as time wears on, little jaunts to Somerville, to Cambridge, to Dorchester, to Roxbury, and lots of other places to reach which an

electric car journey is tedious, and scattered through which are hundreds of provincialists—visits to these places become less frequent, and friends whose greetings made life cheerful for the newly arrived provincialist are almost forgotten. He gradually drifts into a little circle, and moves around in it among new friends, and life in big Boston becomes much the same monotonous, work-a-day routine that it was in St. John. So it is that many people who are doing well in Boston would rather live in St. John if—

Then again New Brunswickers are not so clannish as Nova Scotians. There are little colonies of people from each of the provinces all over Massachusetts, but when it comes down to real clannishness, look to the Nova Scotians. They organize societies, some of which it is true, do not have very large membership rolls in comparison with the number of provincialists in the state, but they manage to keep the societies running, and although they are supposed to embrace people from all the Maritime provinces few New Brunswickers ever show up. They seem to prefer the association of new American friends, to cast in their lot with the people with whom they have come to live and work, and let bygones be bygones until the vacation season comes around.

A SPINSTER'S EXCHANGE.

Where Lona and Lora Vienna Maidens Await Matrimonial Proposals. The maidens of Vienna have started a spinster club, with the object, as they avow, of bringing about the speedy and happy marriage of its members. Bachelors of guaranteed respectability desirous of wedded bliss are to be registered, introduced to available parties, and a record will be kept of the various excellent qualifications of mutual members of both sexes. All of which is about as utopian and practical as an association of spinsters would arrange it. In the first place, only the most utterly abject of maids unwed, as forlorn as a rubber shoe run down at the heel, as devoid of hope and promise as a republican Postmaster, would ever consent to be enrolled among the members of this society with the laudable aim. And after they have organized, what are they going to do about it. How will the blind lead the blind? How is one spinster to tell another how to bring Barkis to the proper state of willingness? A 16-year-old girl in her bridal veil, with the bright new ring under her wedding glove, knows more about the philosophy of getting a husband than the whose body politic of worthy and intellectual spinsterhood. Another point: Who ever knew a man to want what he could have as well as not. It is ever the bud on the topmost limb, not the flower on the lower branch, that the man risks his life for. If Helen of Troy and Cleopatra of Egypt had united with any syndicate of maidens forlorn avowing their willingness to enter the marriage state, the liad would never have been written, Mark Antony might have posed at a model of a marital fidelity. The only hope for the Vienna sisterhood is that they will secure the services of some attractive widow in second mourning, some beautiful and stately widow unappreciated by her husband, to teach them the mysteries of the art of snaring hearts. If the members do not disband the society promptly they will oblige each of its members to swear a deep and deadly oath never to marry at all. This will not be a secret oath; it will be inscribed on the badge of the club, and a large fine will be imposed if the badge is not worn constantly. If some unwary man does not rise at this, the Viennese maidens might as well seek the consolations of religion, knowing that because of their worth and excellence they are set apart for something more noble than the marriage state. The average husband could not appreciate them.

DIVORCE IN BURMAH.

The Very Curious Method Used as a last Resort for Settlement. In Burmah, as in civilized Europe, suspicion often disturbs the family circle, but instead of filing lawyers' pockets and furnishing the papers with highly spiced scandal, the following effectual mode of procedure is adopted:

The family relations on both sides are called in—even distant cousins living a long way off—and many are the long journeys made in jolting bullock carts, and many the animated discussions by the cigar-puffing circle of relations squatted unceremoniously on the bamboo matting floors.

If no amicable settlement can be obtained thus—and very difficult it is to smooth down the quarrels as a rule, for the Burmese are a spirited race—the elders or patriarchs of the village are called in, and, after circumstances are explained, arbitrators are appointed from among them, who proceed as follows:

Two candles—wax if possible, but generally rush lights—are selected of equal length and thickness, and, being simultaneously lighted, are placed on the table, if the establishment boasts of one, if not, on the floor.

This is done with the greatest gravity, care being taken that neither party has any advantage over the other in the shape of draughts through the doors and crannies, and that all present are seated at sufficient distance to prevent their breathing from affecting the flame.

The great burning down of the flames is then watched with breathless and solemn silence, which culminates as one or the other of these slowly burns down, and sputters out its life in the waters of the basin in which it is fixed.

A deep "ah!" a guttural sigh of relief greets this termination, and if it be the husband's candle that burns out first he and his relations walk slowly out of the doors, solemnly and silently, leaving his better half in possession of the goods and chattels contained therein; if the wife's candle expires first, she and her's do likewise, and, with a small present to the judges and umpires, the divorce is completed.

Rubber Goods. Etey & Co. have everything in the line of rubber goods suitable for this season of the year.

MALTON COUNTY MIRACLES.

A CONVERSATION OVERHEARD IN A RAILWAY STATION.

The Stories of Two Men and a Woman—Health and Happiness Restored When Friends Were in Despair—Wife There in Life There in Hope—Miraculous Cures—Verified by "The Templar."

It was a bitter cold night in January, the wind was blowing a gale with a heavy snow falling. Such was the night that The Templar representative, accompanied by a lady friend from Michigan were being driven swiftly through the darkness toward the Northern station at Burlington, Ontario.

On entering the waiting-room our attention was immediately attracted by four persons who were earnestly, and even excitedly, discussing some facts of great importance. One of the party, evidently a well-to-do young farmer, was talking in a clear tenor voice sufficiently loud to be heard by all the fifteen or twenty persons in the room. "Just think of such remarkable cures," said the young man, as he continued speaking, "my cousin, a young lady, was sick for nearly fifteen years. I think that for several years previous to that she suffered from rheumatism, and it finally became chronic. "But did she not try any of the numerous remedies advertised by any of our doctors," interrupted an elderly well-dressed lady. "Oh, yes, most unfortunately both," said the young man, who then named several well known physicians who had in turn treated this young lady, but in spite of all efforts she continued year after year to grow worse. She became helpless, and had to be waited on like an infant. Last autumn she decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the result that she is now able to attend to her household duties. Then the young farmer continued to interest all present by telling them of case after case. "There was my brother Melvin," he remarked, "who caught a severe cold while barrelling apples. Inflammatory rheumatism set in and for several months he was in a critical condition. His fingers were badly drawn up and his limbs were stiff as crowbars. He could not allow any person to touch his body, and had to be turned in bed by the use of sheets and blankets. He took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was soon sufficiently recovered to be out of doors."

A shrill whistle and "All-aboard," ended our pleasant experience. Some of the parties found seats in our car, and to our astonishment seemed to continue the conversation. "Somehow," newspaper men are given to be curious, and in their daily search after news, quickly see a striking first-page article for their paper. The world of today owes a debt of gratitude to him for searching out and presenting to the public in readable form great and important discoveries, told in plain truth, especially for their benefit. A few days ago an opportunity presented itself, and the writer determined to investigate these cases, and if substantiated with a reasonable amount of testimony, to publish them. Upon inquiry I learned that the young man whose conversation had interested us was a Mr. William Long, and on making his acquaintance and explaining the cause of visiting him, asked what proof he could furnish in support of the several cases referred to by himself on a certain occasion, effected by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Yes," he replied, "I have no hesitancy in re-affirming all you heard me say, and as positive proof I will take the trouble to go with you and interview the several parties."

Mr. Melvin Long lives in Nelson township, county of Halton, about two and a half miles north of Burlington. He is a pleasant gentleman to meet, and an excellent conversationalist. After a brief introduction he was asked if he had sold recovery from inflammatory rheumatism, and on making his acquaintance and explaining the cause of visiting him, asked what proof he could furnish in support of the several cases referred to by himself on a certain occasion, effected by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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in strength and flesh. The use of my limbs was restored. My health is now as good ever it was, without even a trace of my recent sickness. There is no doubt but that it was my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Mr. Long's parents were both present, a venerable looking old couple, who have lived in the County of Halton for a number of years. They cheerily bore witness to what had been said, adding that these pills were the most wonderful remedy of the age. When all else failed they had saved their son's life.

We next sought an interview with Mr. Long's cousin and were rewarded with unqualified proof of the facts that she had been a helpless cripple for many years from inflammatory rheumatism. The very best physicians in the province had treated her without success, and her case was pronounced a hopeless one. She is now almost entirely cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The family, however, were not willing that the case should be made prominent by publicity. Should there be any "doubting Thomases" they can secure the lady's name and all particulars by addressing the office of The Templar.

On returning to the village of Burlington we sought an interview with Mr. Frank McQuire, whom we had been told had been a great sufferer from asthma. Mr. McQuire is very well known throughout this section of the country. He is a typical case of "Old Ireland," having been born in Dublin in the year 1841, and came to Canada 1860. Mr. McQuire told me his story as follows—"It is not less than seventeen years since I became afflicted with asthma. Of course it was not so serious at first, but three or four years later it became chronic. As is the case always ready to try what is most recommended. Sure sir, there are scores of remedies thrust upon an innocent public, that would not cure a fellow half as much as a good coat of Dublin whitewash. Well sir, I want to tell you that for fifteen years my suffering had not been relieved by any preparation or treatment that I had used. I have travelled from ocean to ocean, from north to south in search of health or relief. Nights have been like months. I remember when I was living for a short time with Mr. C. E. Kerns, in this county my disease was very bad. I could not lie down and had to rest sitting up. My continual efforts in gasping for breath, together with the yawning and spitting, disturbed the house. It seemed as though of all mortals on earth I was the most miserable. Night after night I sat in a chair choking and gasping for breath, any ambition to live longer would fail me, and death with all its terrors would have been welcomed. Really, sir, for many years I have not cared whether I lived or died. My life was one of continual suffering and wretchedness. Some months ago a friend called to see me. I was astonished to meet him for he had been suffering from inflammatory rheumatism for years. He told me that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured him. I immediately procured some and they have been the greatest blessing of my life. Instead of being compelled to sit behind the stove all night in a chair, suffering and disturbing the entire household, I now retire to my room as others do and sleep sweet, fresh and sound. My health is wonderfully improved and my appetite good. Although I am just twenty years younger than I was three months ago, my friends are astonished at my wonderful improvement. Why, sir, I feel like a new man, and it is all due to Pink Pills. I wish to give the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an honest testimonial of the great value of this medicine."

Mr. T. A. LePatourel, druggist, was next seen. He said he was very well acquainted with Mr. McQuire, and knew of his many years of suffering. He had sold him Pink Pills and was delighted to see such a miraculous change in his health and appearance for the better. "Is there much demand for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills here," asked the reporter. "Yes," was the reply, "the demand is both steady and increasing. I sell a very large number."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a never-failing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, rheumatism, neuralgia, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling arising therefrom. These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. As a remedy for building anew the blood, enabling the system to successfully resist disease, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand far in advance of any other remedy known to medical science. Pink Pills are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, giving rosy, healthy glow to pale or sallow complexions. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 60 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reach a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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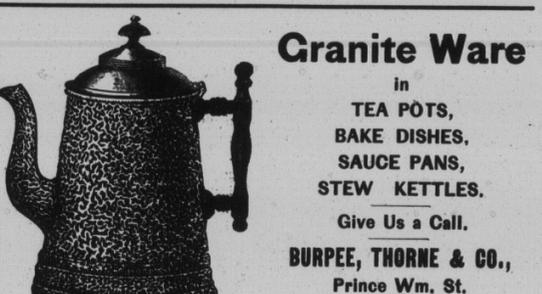
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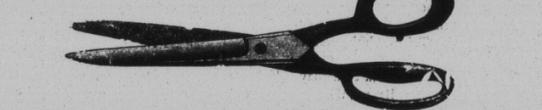


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SPRING. Our Stock of suitable Cloths is now fully assorted. The latest novelties in Trouserings, etc. A GILGOUR, Tailor, 72 Germain Street.

FOR SALE. A Pulvermacher Galvanic Electric Chain-Battery, complete. Also a Pulvermacher Galvanic Electric Belt. Both as good as new and very little used. Cost \$50; will sell both for twenty-five dollars, or will sell singly. Address "Electricity," Progress Office, 25-27 1/2 St. John.

CASH PAID. For old postage stamps used before 1880, on original envelopes preferred. Selections sent to collectors on approval. Am breaking up an old collection. H. L. HART, 71 Gottenburg street, Halifax, N. S. June 11-12

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BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or COMMODATED, Transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 10 Sidney street. Mrs. McLENNAN, May 2.

IMPORTANT TO FLESHY PEOPLE. We have noticed a page article in the Boston Globe on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cent stamp for a copy of Walter Channing's Library, 10 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

MUSICAL

A most unsatisfactory work has arisen in this city. I allude to the altering of the programme. There seems to me to be no reason why the printed list of public should not be carried out, but a breach of certain selections are to be omitted and for that reason some only to find that the substituted by others less of value was noticeable at mouth street church on last

Another objection I have the same recital was the much astonished to find that was certainly a feature of the neither to the audience nor church.

Mr. W. Harry Watts, of Moncton, was the soloist accompanied the songs. He is an organist of ability and a companion. It is so many of combinations with a one 12 stops—and this clever performer I should like very much to organ like the Trinity church would have a chance to play hands on the stops all the

Mr. C. W. Harrison did to the mark of her late performance. She was occasions seemed to be an effort for in great contrast to the occasion. She was at her best in "Let Mr. E. J. Harrison's concert factory, he was in tune through the successful performance Handel.

Mr. A. H. Lindsay gave Chorister and "The Palm singing of either and was gramma said he would sing only. Mr. F. P. F. sang the quartette was enjoyable errors noted.

The German street male in Heaven," which was one of the other Sunday evening. It did not go as well as the too loud, the first tenor being the two basses not modulated only. Mr. F. P. F. sang the quartette was enjoyable errors noted.

Mr. Morton L. Harrison of a soloist, but when he do not captivate. He was well equipped of England.

I have been asked by a red quality of a voice called humble opinion on this point some of my readers if they are of it.

Dr. D. Miller Olive has a music in the Kirk. I hear the church after its cleaning, a male quartette will be Tom Daniel being the bass.

One of Queen Victoria's at Windsor Castle harpichord, which is "quaint, rather shabby with a double set of keys

A story entitled "The Bank at Monte Carlo" giving a great run in England current that the com Charles Coburn, has a net worth of \$750,000 that before singing it will be the "right to sell" publishers for \$750,000 sorry now that they did

The Bureau of Musical Exposition has issued a of the special musical take place during the which dates have been ginning with May and are though concerts by Arr given out, shows a note of American singing a not contain the name of American composer.

The music hall seems paying of public entertainment London, and the convey to music halls and the goes on space The Nov is the latest to be conducted varieties. The Emp an average yearly dividend the Alhambra, 25 per cent, and the Pav facts which may have New York managers in ed experiments.

Referring to the fact ber, M. Saint Saens, I other foreign composer visit the World's Fair, programmes of their own mental works, as well composers of their re Reginald de. Koven thin ly seem only fair that in sumably intended to er art and industry in all opportunity should be American composer. A yet have attained any com as musicians, but certan been done in this direct thing is certainly entitl as the World's Fair.

The annual meeting of city is to take place on The secretary in a circular members, says that it "Mish" about the end port will show an active and 314 of honorary me of 18 over last year. T ance at rehearsals had attendance at the two to which gained a loss of of this there is a cash of between \$150 and \$200 dues outstanding. Two

ALWAYS ASK FOR MACKIE'S ISLAY BLEND, AND TAKE NO OTHER.

PRONOUNCED BY THE GOVERNMENT Chief Analyst Superior to sell either Whiskies imported into Canada. See Page 21 of the Official Report of the Inland Revenue Department, issued December 31, 1891.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

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

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

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

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 11.

THE DEVIL AND THE PRESS.

A worthy clergyman of this city, who charms many by his eloquent sermons, is understood to have a deep rooted and invincible aversion to the devil and the newspapers. It is but justice to him to say that he does not usually couple them together in his discourses, whatever he may do in his heart, and while there is no evidence that he considers the devil the more objectionable of the two, he gives him much more frequent abuse. Possibly this is due to a recognition of the fact that, whatever may be the intention the devil reaches more people than does the press, and has therefore a considerably greater potentiality for evil.

It is reported that while catechizing a Sunday school, recently, this worthy clergyman asked the children to name a habit he had in mind which men would be the better for giving up. One child answered "rum," another "cigarettes," and another "tobacco," but when all had guessed in vain, the catechist replied that he had meant "newspapers." There were some men, he said who spent ten cents or more every week in buying the wretched newspapers, and if every man would stop doing so, and give what he saved to the MEDLEY memorial, the fund would soon be as large as was required. He would not save anything by it himself, he added, because he never spent any money in buying newspapers.

It is not likely that any of the children went home with the impression that newspapers in the abstract are among the great curses which are permitted to afflict the human race. This might have been the case a few hundred years ago, when some well meaning people were under the impression that the art of printing was an invention of the evil one, or later when the merry STUARTS objected to newspapers in England, but it cannot happen now. For good or for evil, the newspapers have got beyond the stage when either the church or the state can affect their great and growing power over the people.

Exclusive of magazines and class periodicals, there are about 15,000 newspapers in the United States and Canada. They are few in number as compared with the churches of various creeds and sects, but they reach and enter into the lives of a vastly larger number of people. It may be a pity that it is so, but the fact is patent. The newspaper with any sort of a circulation reaches more people every time it appears than is reached by the most popular preacher in any sermon he preaches, unless his sermons are published in a newspaper. Supposing a preacher in St. John has the large average of 500 hearers every time he delivers a sermon, he reaches only one individual for every one hundred and twenty reached by PROGRESS every time it is issued. Each year, too, as the ignorance of the human race yields more and more to the influence of education the number of newspaper readers, the world over, increases. The human race will not stop reading "the wretched newspapers."

Perhaps it is just as well that they will not. While it may be quite true that the mission given to the Apostles on the Day of Pentecost was purely a teaching mission and that they received the gift of tongues rather than the invention of printing, that the instruction should be by word of mouth and not by published works, yet even the secular newspaper is not without its use as an aid to the church in the present age of the world. It may be that a good many men could now stop reading newspapers and be none the worse for it, but if they never had read newspapers would their minds be as well fitted to appreciate pulpit truths as they now are? What kind of a world would we have now if there were no newspapers? What would be the condition of society if nobody read the newspapers now? What kind of a memorial would be erected to Bishop MEDLEY if the funds came only from the people who do not read

newspapers, and in what future era of the world would it be finished?

The secular newspapers undoubtedly publish much that is not helpful to a growth in grace, but this is usually simply a narration of the wickedness of mankind. It is not an age in which people can be kept ignorant of what is happening. It may be that too much prominence is given to the bad side of life and too little to the good side, but even the inspired writers of the Old Testament have depicted scenes and incidents which painfully illustrate the villainy of man when left to work out his own evil nature. The secular press can be made more potent for good than it is, and a comparison of journalism past and present will show that its tone is vastly higher now than it was in the past. At any rate, for better or worse, it is the great power of the world, and the pulpit should seek to enlist it as an auxiliary rather than to consider it, even at its worst, as an opponent. This is the view taken by the majority of clergymen. They need all the help the world can give them in the combat against ignorance, folly and vice. They can find no human help more powerful than the press, even "the wretched newspapers."

AN APOSTLE OF MOHAMMED.

Some time ago, PROGRESS gave an account of the proposed Mahomedan mission of ALEXANDER RUSSELL WEBB, formerly United States consul at Manila. Mr. WEBB was at that time lecturing in Asia, and had declared his intention of coming to America to convert his fellow-countrymen to the Musselman faith. He believed that it was only necessary to disabuse the minds of intelligent people of the prejudice and ignorance with which they are clouded, in order for his propaganda to meet with success on the Western continent. Since then, Mr. WEBB has arrived in New York and began his work. He delivered a lecture on his adopted faith not long ago. It was given at a private house to a circle of friends and acquaintances who were anxious to be enlightened on the merits of his faith. The adoption of the oriental costume is not part of the faith, in this part of the world, and so Mr. WEBB appeared in evening dress, just as any common Christian would do. And from the fact that such phrases as, "isn't it in" and the like were part of his vernacular, it may be assumed that he is not strictly adherent to the oriental idiom.

Mr. WEBB claims to be an educationalist rather than a missionary. His declared mission to America is to establish a Mahomedan newspaper and to publish books by which the Americans can learn more of the ways of Islam than the average man is likely to obtain by any other means at his disposal in this country. A part, and an important part, of the work will be to disabuse the people of many preconceived and erroneous ideas. One of these is in regard to polygamy.

The true follower of the Prophet, says Mr. WEBB, can not marry as many wives as he wishes. That used to be the way among the Arabs, before MOHAMMED'S advent, but that good man was a reformer of customs in this respect. He decreed that a man could marry no more than from one to four wives, according to his circumstances, and thus placed a limit somewhere, which is more than is done among the Mormons of Christian America. According to him, too, MOHAMMED was a dress reformer, and now the women of the orient are horrified and scandalized at what they regard of the attire in which women appear in public in Christian countries. Mr. WEBB, however, seems to have no idea that a plurality of wives will be recognized generally when America is converted, but he does claim that in the matter of morality generally the Musselman in the abstract is far and away beyond the Christian.

In another important respect, too, he draws a comparison unfavorable to our boasted civilization. The Mohammedans are temperate, and no genuine follower of the Prophet will saturate his interior economy with whiskey.

The meaning of the word Islam is "renunciation to God," and the principle it strives to teach is that all men are brothers and stand on the same level, the rich and the poor alike. This, too, is what Christianity teaches, and indeed in nearly all of the features of Mohammedanism worthy of consideration there is a close copying of the precepts of the New Testament. The trouble is that a very small proportion of nominal Christians try to live up to what they are taught, while it is claimed the Mohammedans do. This, however, may be only Mr. WEBB's fortunate experience, for no system of itself can make a man morally better unless he tries to live up to it. A Christianized Turk in America may make a good citizen, while a Mohammedan Yankee in Arabia may break all records as a violator of the commands of the Koran. If the mosque devotees of Constantinople are a morally better people than the church goers of New York, it is probably because they lack the pernicious activity of their American cousins, and not because they have any better teaching, whatever Mr. WEBB may think. Unfortunately for his argument, however, there are some pretty tough Turks, as all the world knows, but Mr. WEBB gets rid of them in a very summary manner. "I do not pretend to say that the Mohammedans

in general carry out the precepts of MOHAMMED as he wished," he explains, after having previously given the idea that all true Musselmans were nearly perfect. "Neither," he adds, "do the Christians carry out the precepts of Jesus. In the Philippine Islands the Christians are the most ignorant and superstitious people I ever saw. Yet they pass as Christians. You must not judge Islam by the Mohammedans you see about the streets of Bagdad or Bombay or Cairo. Judge it by the educated and intelligent and enlightened followers it has. Judge it by the teachings of the Koran. Read the Bible, then, read the Koran. And if any fair-minded man does not say that the Koran is the better book, I'll eat it."

The latter declaration would imply that Mr. WEBB differs from COL. INGERSOLL by having a religion of some kind, but that both are a unit in their opinion of the Christian Bible. The Apostle of Islam, indeed, remarks that he does not consider the Old Testament at all proper, and that, with God's help, his two little girls shall never read it. He, however, seems to approve of christianity, as far as it goes, but thinks the Koran superior to the New Testament as a moral guide. "The moral teachings of all systems, of Islam, of Buddhism, of Christianity are the same," he says. All the great inspired teachers taught the same ethical code. The only question is which has formulated it so that it shall be the best guide to men. There is the esoteric side to Mahomedanism, for the educated, for the enlightened. There is the exoteric side for the ignorant masses. The same is true of Christianity."

It is probable Mr. WEBB will secure converts to Islam in the United States, where there is always a certain proportion of the loose fish whose religion consists of negotiations and who are stumbling around after a faith that they can adopt. Buddhism has or did have, disciples in Boston and there is no reason why Mahomedanism should not fare equally as well. It will doubtless be some time, however, before Mr. WEBB's new Mahomedan newspaper will be established on a paying basis. There is not much money in the propagation of abstract philosophy in these times.

NEVER MIND THE DEBT.

The common council, on Thursday, refused to entertain an amendment by Ald. BAXTER by which some check would be put on the expenditure for streets during the coming year. The street department is already thirty thousand dollars in debt and at the rate things have been going there is every probability that the sum will be largely increased. A resolution of the board of works, indeed, has made a show of an intention to watch matters by providing that the director of works and the chamberlain make monthly reports as to the work done, the number of men employed and the liability incurred. Ald. BAXTER wanted to go beyond this and provide that, except in cases of emergencies, no fresh expenditures be made for streets, unless by order of the board, until the present indebtedness is wiped out. His motion did not meet with favor for several reasons. One of these was that it seemed to express more than it intended and some of the aldermen had an idea that all expenditure for streets was to be stopped. The longest and loudest "speech" made on the subject was based on this erroneous supposition. Ald. BAXTER, in closing the debate, explained that he was simply trying to get a check upon the expenditure, and not to stop any work that was necessary, but by this time a number of the council had made up their minds to vote against his amendment, and so it was easily defeated.

Another reason for the defeat of the proposition was that it emanated from a young member of the board and that he belonged to Carleton. The narrow, sectional feeling was very clearly shown in the irrelevant remarks of Ald. CHESLEY in regard to the ferry, and even Ald. BLIZARD, who seemed to understand the matter no better than some of the others, had to drag in something personal in regard to Ald. BAXTER and Carleton. Other members did the same thing. The matter was not discussed on its merits at all. In fact, the proceedings did not rise to the dignity of a discussion. It was a squabble, and the mayor was fully justified in his remark that he was ashamed of the council.

The true meaning of the proposition was that the council should have some control over the director of public safety, and that the work now undertaken of that official's mere will and motion should be at least known to the board of works before it was undertaken. It is a pity either that the intention had not been more clearly expressed, or that there had not been an intelligent debate on it. Whatever may have been its merits, however, the fact that it came from the junior alderman from Carleton was enough to excite personal and sectional antagonism sufficient to kill it.

An English paper says that the sign of "Keep to the right" is affixed to the lamp-posts in Edinburgh for the guidance of pedestrians. In the cities of the United States people keep to the right because they have been educated to it, and they can always tell a green Down-Easter by his blundering to the left and getting in everybody's way. It is a pity St. John had not some

signs on the lamp-posts for the information of a good many of the public, especially as there is a city bye-law which directs that pedestrians shall keep to the right.

SCHOOL GIRLS SPEAK OUT.

They Tell Why They Think That One Session Should be Enough.

There has been a great deal of misunderstanding in regard to the movement we are making towards having one session in the high school every day. A great many people think we are trying to "run the school," as one gentleman expressed it; but we are not, we only want more time to devote to the study of our lessons, and we have no time now getting out at the hour we do. The girls from the North and West End often do not get home until five o'clock. I know it is often very late when we girls, living right in the city, get home, and of course it would be worse for the girls having long distances to walk, and it is impossible to get the lessons learned perfectly in so short a time.

All the teachers with the exception of Miss Mowatt have very kindly aided and encouraged us. Of course we expected some opposition, but are very sorry to have the influence of a teacher against us.

Most all the scholars, with the exception of a number of the girls in Miss Mowatt's room, signed the petition. We are very grateful to the teachers for sympathy, and cannot help respecting those teachers far more, who have so kindly helped and encouraged us. POLLY.

Going To Rush Business.

The Saint John Cycle Company have leased the Singer Rink Building as a permanent business stand, and are fitting up a sales-room there for Bicycles, Tricycles and Cycle sundries. After the ice is off the floor they intend to open up the Bicycle Academy. They will also be open to let the building for entertainments, bazaars, etc., during the year. They have secured the sole agency for the Maritime Provinces for the following well known lines: Raleigh Cycle Co., Nottingham England Singer Co., Coventry England Western Wheel Works, Chicago Ill., Garford Saddle Co., Elyria Ohio. Samples of all these lines are now on view at their sales-room and can be seen by all interested in cycling. The Raleigh Safety is the wheel ridden by Trimmerman, champion cyclist of the world. The reputation of the Singer is well known and is considered among the best High Grade wheels.

Good, Better, Best.

The large and attractive announcement of Messrs. A. P. Tippet & Co., on the third page of this paper may be regarded in the light of opening the bicycling buying season. Mr. Tippet has just returned from the old country and while there completed arrangements to handle three high class machines beside the Quadrant which has become such a prime favorite in this country. A large shipment of the machines were shipped from England some time ago and will probably be in this city before PROGRESS is printed. Those interested in the pleasurable and healthful pastime or the invigorating sport will find it to much interest to call upon or write to the general agents, A. P. Tippet & Co.

To Help Run The Country.

To pay nearly \$17000 in custom duties must make a firm consider whether free trade would not be a good thing for the country, but it is a nice thing to be able to draw a check for \$17000, and something to be proud of to have a trade that demands a Spring importation calling for such an amount of duty. Messrs. Manchester, Robertson & Allison made the entry on Thursday at the Custom house, and it is said to be the largest single payment made for that purpose in this city.

Going To Rush Things.

The Hawker Medicine Company propose to introduce their preparations through the medium of two good men, Mr. Percy Chestnut, who will interview the trade in the larger places in the province, and Mr. Frank Wheaton, formerly with H. Paxton Baird, of Woodstock, who will start through the province with a team and do the country thoroughly.

A Change of Name.

Messrs. Coles & Sharp will succeed the firm of Messrs. Coles, Parsons & Sharp; Mr. Parsons retiring from the business. The concern has made an enviable record since it started and Messrs. Coles & Sharp will spare no effort to increase their business. Their spring stock is very complete, including a splendid line of Model Grand ranges.

More Business Than Ever.

Messrs. Scovill Fraser & Co. have bought out the New Royal clothing store from Mr. R. W. Leetch and will sell his stock at a great discount from former prices. Mr. W. F. Fraser, of the firm went to New York, Thursday, for new spring novelties and from there will journey to Montreal to buy goods for the coming seasons.

To Practice In This City.

Dr. H. D. Fritz has completed his studies necessary to the practice of a specialist in eye, ear, throat and nose diseases, and has opened an office in this city, at 66 Sidney street. Dr. Fritz was a physician for some years in Nova Scotia, but has decided to practice now in his native city.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

To-Morrow.

Bind up a wreath, and give it me Before this dull day closes, And in the garlands let there be The thorns as well as roses; Weave violets in, and greenest bay, Weave violets for my sorrow, Sad flowers for the yesterday, White lilies for to-morrow. White lilies, for they tell of peace Beyond the gates of even, While whippers of the son's release Seem mystic hints of heaven, And yesterday—but that has gone And so I needs must borrow A hope of that swift coming dawn, The promise of to-morrow. Forever more to-morrow lends Bright visions of completeness; True lovers and their steadfast friends With faces full of sweetest smiles; But, backwards, all seem dim and gray, And vaguely touched with sorrow, I care not for the yesterday If I may have to-morrow. The past is past—ah! dead indeed; I weep not for its going; Its phantoms weird no more I heed Than west winds wildly blowing; Press onward, eye, and upward, heart, While I my gladness borrow, For hope and I shall never part, While I can have to-morrow. S. H. McKEE. Fredericton, N. B.

My Girl-Wife.

She is a bonny winsome little creature, A help-meet sent to guide me from above; To share and sympathize in joys and sorrows This girl-wife, who has claimed my heart's deep love. The sun-beams linger in her golden tresses, Content and mirth, dwell in her clear brown eyes; And she, despite her tender years and shyness, Has proved herself both womanly and wise. 'Tis when my labour for the day is ended, My slow pace quickens as I near the gate; Because I know how eagerly her bright eyes Are looking for me, when I'm over late. My home is always kept in perfect order; Beneath her magic touch all things seem fair; And the flowers that bloom about the door-way Each day grow sweeter from her watchful care. Sometime when feeling restless and disheartened, My patience vexed with many little trials, Her cheerful face and loving words of comfort Soon smooth the deepest wrinkles into smiles. So though my home is but a humble cottage And wealth and fame are strangers to my life, I envy not a king his throne and palace, While I have close beside me my girl-wife. JOSEPHINE THOMPSON.

Switzerland, July, 1892.

O wonderful Alps! how can I thank my God, That he hath given this great joy to me? Your shining heights my feet have never trod; It is enough, that I your glorious beauty see. Enough to watch the sunset's lingering kiss 'Tis but your white brows to my face, while gold Mingled with tints of velvet amethyst, Steal o'er your nearer mountains fold on fold. Between your mist wreaths, faintest slopes of green, Where, like a bird, the Switzer's chalet clings, Fine crowned and dim—a cloud land vision seen; And gleaming far below, the cataract's flashing wings. Your giant forms, at midnight I have seen, A wild and stern, and cold, in that still hour; While one warm star shone radiantly between, Like love, triumphant over pride and power. Your changing loveliness may trifling seem, To those who oft your perilous pathway dare, To me your beauty—long has been a dream! And thus to gaze on you—an answered prayer. I know, the God who piled your height on height, For each small flower that gems your vastness cares, And so your grandeur lifts me to the light, Where He who makes me glad, that gladness shares! A NEW BRUNSWICKER ABROAD.

The Sabbath Day.

How calm the Sabbath day, on which we meet Within the courts of Christ's own House of prayer, In simple emblems there His presence greet, And joyfully our faith and hope declare. The cares of daily life are laid aside, The mind is fixed upon Redeeming love, The Holy Spirit does with us abide, And looks upon us from His throne above. We realize a foretaste of that peace, The peace which comes to those who love the Lord And seek the path he trod of duty, grace, So plainly marked in His most Holy Word. O strengthen that within us, by thy power, That wavering thought, that faint desire for thee, And lead us on, in love, guide every hour, Through Jesus thine, grant peace eternally. F. S.

Dry Away Those Tears, Dear.

Dry away those tears, dear, Tune thy heart to laughter Heavy rain drops clear the way For the sunshine after. Clouds that veil the sky now, All so bleak and dreary, Will be wiped away soon By our God, my dear. Mellowed by our tear drops, Hallowed by our prayers, Brighter will our days be With our whitening hairs. Dry away those tears, dear; Why 'o fall of sadness? Hearts so filled with love and trust Should be full of gladness. WILLIAM M. MISTEN.

The Dead Poet.

A. T. ORBIT, OCT. 5, 1892. Deep stillness falls to-day upon the trees, At Aldworth where our English laureate lies, In that last sleep in which his closing eyes Beheld the pile of the mystic seas. Death holds him loosely as did the knees That bore him, when his breath in raptur'd sighs, Was gently drawn from soft-embracing skies; To move the earth with living harmonies. That variant music, tender or sublime, Shall echo with the footfalls of the race Above the dimmest avenues of time; Yet keep we silence for a little space, While glory, half withdrawn from every clime, Illumes the white-robed slinger's resting place. Cape Island, N. S. C. B. N.

The pins that the Salem witches used to stick into their victims, and the seal with which their death warrants were stamped, are preserved in one of the public offices of the old city.

BUY A COFFEE OF THE COIN.

Show a Scotchman Had a Bright Idea and Doubled the Collections.

In a certain very small town in the Highlands there is a rich congregation which is not characterized by lavish liberality. Time after time the minister has vainly appealed to his people to contribute more generously to the funds of the church. The members would, indeed, give something; but it was nearly always the smallest silver coin of the realm that was placed on the plate. A shrewd Scotchman, who had recently come to the place and joined the church, was not long until he noticed this state of affairs; and a remedy soon suggested itself to his practical mind.

"I'll tell you what," he said to one of the officials "if you make me treasurer, I'll engage to double the collections in three months."

His offer was promptly accepted; and sure enough, the collections began to increase, until, by the time he had stated, they were nearly twice as much as formerly. "How have you managed it, Mr. Saddyman?" said the pastor "in one day?" "It's a great secret," returned the canny Scot; but I'll tell you in confidence. The folk, I saw, mainly gave threepenny bits. Well, when I got the money every Sabbath evening, I carefully picked out the sma' coins and put them by. Noo, as there's only a limited number o' threepenny pieces in a little place like this, and as I have naist o' them at present under lock and key, the folk maun give sixpences, at least, instead. See that's the way the collections are doubled."

And the pastor went away declaring that every Scotchman is a born financier.—Caswell's Journal.

Something About Henri Marteau.

The sensation of the musical year, is M. Henri Marteau—Paris artist, although as financially and paternally successful as ever, is now old—but the young French violinist is new, beautiful, talented and of engaging manners, and the ladies are not less enthusiastic over him than they were about the Polish virtuoso. The handsome boy has not yet lost the trick of blushing, and when the feminine portion of the Danerose and Seid audiences throw kisses to him, his reddening cheeks are by no means the least of his physical attractions. But although great efforts have been tempted to make a social lion of Marteau he remains devoted to his art, and steadily averse to matrimony. He is only 19 years of age, born in Rheims, France, in 1874. His father was an amateur violinist and president of the Rheims Philharmonic Society, his mother a talented pianist and pupil of Clara Schumann. When the youngster was hardly 5 years old Sivori discovered his talent and entreated M. Marteau to allow her son to become an artist. On obtaining her consent the maestro hurried her son, selecting a violin from his collection, presented it to the boy. Next day Henri began his studies under Buzzi, the famous Swiss musician. After three years' tuition under this master the boy went to Paris and improved his talent by assiduous study of M. Leonard's method. So pleased was the instructor with his pupil's skill that he bequeathed to Henri his favourite violin, a priceless Cremona, which the young virtuoso now plays. At the age of 10 the boy made his professional debut before an audience of 2,500 people in the Rheims Cathedral. His subsequent career has been triumphant. He has performed in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Dresden, with distinguished success. Last summer Marteau won the first prize at the Paris Conservatory. His income is about \$20,000 a year, and he is a very eligible match in all particulars. But Henri Marteau only blushes at the ardor of his admirers and refuses to propose to them.

Ta-ra-ra In Africa.

"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" has just reached Sierra Leone, and according to reports, it has just touched the natives in their most susceptible spot. At a recent concert, attended by a large free-list gallery audience made up of natives, mostly clad in shirts only, one of the singers gave Ta-ra-ra "with the usual gymnastic accompaniments." "The effect was magical," says the report. "The native audience rose to their feet, kicked up their legs, and howled their 'Boom-de-ay's' in their vernacular. The more timorous portion of the audience retired, the concert was stopped, and the whole place was given up to the devotees of 'Ta-ra-ra.' The seats offered no obstacles to the performance of the dance, and the yells of the singers were heard over the vicinity." At last reports Ta-ra-ra was in possession of the coast.

Where Oscar Lives.

Oscar Wilde lives near the Chelsea Embankment, London, and his home, which is decorated by designs from the late Mr. Godwin, is unlike all other houses. The dining-room is white, with half a shell running round the wall, and save for the table and chairs has no furniture. His study walls are deep red, and the room has a Pompeian character; the eastern room has a huge divan and latticed window; some blocks of marble are let into the wall, and an inscription is painted on a central beam. The drawing-room ceiling is painted, decorations are let into the walls, and it has quaint settles with high white backs and sage-green cushions.

How to Open A new Book.

William Matthews in "Modern Book-binding" gives this advice on how to open a book: Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the center of the volume. Do this two or three times and you will obtain the best results. Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place and you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves.

Get Even With The Company.

A gentleman was sitting in the waiting-room of a station on the New York & New England Railroad, when an Irishman turned away from the ticket office and said to him, "I have got the best of this old corporation for once in my life," said he. "How is that, Pat?" "I have bought a round-trip ticket to New York and back, and"—in a whisper—"I ain't comin' back."

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Two casks Lea & P condensed milk; 1 can Marmalade; 3 sachs F sorted flavors. 20 boxes

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At the LADIE

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A Bright Idea and... all town in the Mid-... y lavish liberality...

to buy Soap before you've seen our Sterling Brand. Take a little sound advice...

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IT'S A RISKY PROCEEDING

to buy Soap before you've seen our Sterling Brand. Take a little sound advice...

Soap is on the rise. Buy in time.

William Logan,

St. John, N. B.

ALWAYS IN IT!



THE TIN KNEADING, Bread Raising Pan

raised edges and ventilated covers. Ours are not of the cheap style, but are made of

the best tin, hold seventeen quarts, and sell for \$1.00.

SHERATON & KINNEAR, 38 KING ST.

TELEPHONE 358.

GROCERIES

FOR Cash,

As that is the only way I can sell.

Come early on Saturday to avoid the rush.

Saves You

from 5 to 20 per cent.

on ALMOST every article so-called groceries,

IN MY

Carefully and Skillfully Selected Stock of Staple Groceries.

HARDRESS CLARKE,

73 SYDNEY STREET.

D. E. COLES.

I. O. SHARP.

COLES & SHARP,

Successors to

COLES, PARSONS & SHARP.

Model Grand Ranges,

90 CHARLOTTE STREET.

English Grocery Goods

at W. ALEX. PORTER'S,

Two cases Lea & Perrin's Worcestershire Sauce; 1 case Pearl Barley; 7 cases Swiss condensed milk; 1 case curled Macaroni and Vermicelli; 1 case and 1 case Keiller's Marmalade; 3 sacks Pearl and Flake Tapioca; 2 cases Portable Table Jellies. Assorted flavors. 20 boxes Fry's Pure Cocoa and Chocolate. Also 60 Pails Cider Jelly.

W. ALEX. PORTER,

Cor. Union and Waterloo Sts. Branch Store cor. Mill and Pond Sts., St. John, N. B.

STOP

At the LADIES' HAIR STORE, 113 Charlotte St.,

Where you can get an endless variety of TOILET REQUISITES. A full line of Brushes, Bangs and Ornaments for the Hair. All the latest styles in Hair Pins, also the Oriental Waving Iron. \$2 I make a SPECIALTY of Hair Dressing for Balls and Fardes.

Best value at lowest prices.

MISS KATE HENNESSY,

Opposite Hotel Dufferin.



MACAULAY BROS. & CO.,

61 and 63 King St.

Spring and Summer, 1893.

WASHING PRINTED COTTON FABRICS

for Dresses, Blouses, Waists, Children's Suits, etc.

The time is now opportune to make selections, as you can take advantage of your choice in all the New Materials and Patterns. Also the early part of the season to get ready for summer in all the New present indications, and the large trade already done in Printed Cotton Goods, is that this will be a great cotton year. Never before have the qualities and designs been equalled.

The New Fabrics of this season's importation include:

PRINTED IRISH LINENS, White grounds with dainty Small Figures, Spots and Flowers, just adapted for Waists, Children's Dresses, etc.

PERSIAN COTTONS, with silk stripes, the latest for Ladies' Blouses, Waists, etc.

PRINTED INDIA MULLS, for Infants' Dresses; PRINTED PIQUES, for Fronts and Waists.

PRINTED BROCADED COREAN SATEEN, a New Material of this season—has all the beauty of Printed China silks. They are Dark grounds with elegant Colorings and Designs.

Send for Samples of any of the above Washing Fabrics. All warranted Fast Colors.

Macaulay Brothers & Company.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

A FEW FLOWERS

will Always Please Your Sick Friend?

Flowers by Mail a Specialty.

On receipt of 50c. or \$1.00 we will send a sample lot by mail prepaid. Safe arrival guaranteed.

NOVA SCOTIA NUBERRY, Lockman St., Halifax, N. S. JAMES H. HARRIS, Manager.

RALEIGH CYCLES,

SINGER CYCLES,

Western Wheel Works.

3 cases Raleighs and Singers just received by steamer "Inchulva." 2 cases Western Wheel Works' Sateets by steamer "Lucy R. Miller." See these sample wheels at our

SALEROOM AND BICYCLE ACADEMY, 239 & 241 CHARLOTTE ST.

St. John Cycle Company,

Sole Agents for the above lines for the Maritime Provinces.

P. S.—SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

Great Clearing Out Sale

AT

C. FLOOD & SONS,

31 and 33 King Street.

We intend making extensive alterations in our Warerooms and Wholesale Departments, and have decided to have a

Big Clearing Out Sale

in the different departments. Look out for enumerated price list and discounts as follows:

50 per cent., 40 per cent., 35 per cent., 33 1-3 per cent., 30 per cent., 25 per cent., 20 per cent., 15 per cent., 12 1-2 per cent.

Sale Begins Saturday, 4th March.

LATEST IN

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Mantello, Corona and Parisian Panel.

Enamel Work and Grouping a Specialty.

J. H. CONNOLLEY,

St. John, N. B., 75 Charlotte St., Cor. King.

PERFUMES,

Hair Brushes and Combs, Hand Mirrors, Cut and Ornamental Glass Bottles, Ladies' Purses and the finest Assortment of Hair Ornaments in Canada.

If you want Perfumes, we have the best that are made.

AMERICAN HAIR STORE,

87 Charlotte Street.

(3 doors South of King.)

NEELY'S PERFUMES 30 cts. per oz.



Some of our modern sleeves look as if they were directly descended from an antique fad, but they are not.

The picture is only a flight of artistic imagination; the evolution of sleeves is, of course, part of the evolution of modern dress, and in nothing have the advances of time been more marked than in the manufacture of Dress Fabrics.

In former days mothers handed down to their daughters their best dresses as family heirlooms—why? Because they were so expensive that every generation couldn't afford to buy them—now, fine goods are sold so low that even persons in moderate circumstances can buy two, three or four dresses a year and not feel it.



The Evolution of Sleeves.

Write for our Samples of New Dress Stuffs just in.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL, Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts., St. John, N.B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

From Amherst, Society News from Amherst and other places.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Prosemen in for sale in Halifax at the following places:
Knapton's Book Store, 31 George street
Burrington street
Chapman's Books, 111 Hollis street
Harris street
Chapman's Book Store, 111 Hollis street
Harris street
Burrington street
Chapman's Book Store, 111 Hollis street
Harris street
Burrington street

It was not for the church bells ringing so often on week-days, and for the people going to and fro from the Lenten services there would not be very much outward and visible sign in Halifax society of this being a penitential season. In fact there has been more doing during this past week than there usually is in Lenten week; the only difference is that the entertainments have been all marked "small," and some of them "early."

Card parties of all sorts have been the principal among these gay doings; and they bid fair to continue well into another week.
On Friday last Sir John and Miss Ross gave a small supper party at Bellevue House, which was very cheery and successful. There were only four tables, and the prizes were very pretty little silver things. The two first prizes were won by Mrs. Troubridge and her brother, Mr. Duffus.

On Saturday afternoon people made use of the very delightful weather by going to various drives and excursions. One of the pleasantest though the smallest of these was a snow shoe tramp, given by the Misses Kenny; starting early in the afternoon the party had a good tramp, and returned to Thornvale to tea.

On Saturday evening the poker party appeared to have the field. I heard of no less than five, of which two were quite large gatherings, and three were composed of a mixed company of gentlemen and ladies. It card playing is the vice of the end of a century, (and many are taking the trouble to look back and consult the intimate history of the *fin de siècle* days of the sixteenth and seventeenth hundred may form their own opinion pretty quickly) then Halifax is well in the fashion.

On Monday evening there was a small driving party given I think by Sir John Ross, the guests retreating to Bellevue House to supper. These little drives and suppers are a capital institution, they are neither long nor late, and are generally very jolly. The R. A. and R. E. men was the scene of the largest supper given after a drive this winter.

The crop of upsets has by the way, none of very little during the week; two of the latest victims were Mr. M. R. Morrow, who narrowly escaped a bad accident one of his reins breaking causing him to have no control over his horse; and Miss Stikman, who was driving herself in Pleasant street. Dr. Anderson also had an accident, being upset in Spring Garden Road on Saturday.

On Wednesday evening the first rink party of the season came off. It was a subscriber's party, so that it was very well and generally attended, as every one was a host, no one could complain of any of the arrangements. Not however that there was much to be found fault with; the rink which was still hung with the many colored streamers of the carnival, looked very bright and cheerful in the electric light; there were plenty of people skating, instead of that dreary expanse of unscoured ice which used to be seen last at the weekly evenings, and any amount of non-skaters, walking about, looking at the dancing, flirting, gossiping or drinking coffee, according to their various ages and tastes.

On the whole the rink party was a success, and it is to be hoped some one will give us another. They would be much prettier things though, if a law existed forbidding the ladies on the ice to wear dark or black costumes. The two prettiest gowns seen at the rink this year have been a bright red, and a combination of brown and green. Even gray has a new gay effect than black, although it is not a good color for the ice.

On Tuesday evening, Sir John and Miss Ross gave a large dinner at Bellevue, intended, I believe, as a farewell entertainment for Mrs. Troubridge who leaves for England today. There were about twenty guests, including a few unmarried people, and most of the smart married set of the place. Sir John and Miss Ross will leave a great break in the social world, when the time of the former expires.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. James Thomson, gave a large but informal dinner at Fernwood, as a farewell to her daughter, Mrs. Andrews, who leaves today to join her husband in England. Dr. Andrews, R. N., has I understand, been appointed to the flagship at Portsmouth, where he will probably remain for the next two years.

Mrs. Thomson's teas are always exceedingly pleasant affairs, and that of Wednesday afternoon was no exception to the rule. Mrs. Andrews' friends, however, must regret that she will not return here next summer, as was expected.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Daly gave a very small tea at Government House, for Mrs. Troubridge was the guest of honor. Both Mrs. and Miss Daly looked exceedingly well; while the prettiest woman in the room was the lady for whom the tea was given.

Mrs. Reader, and Miss Rawley, will leave for England next Saturday, Major Reader going with his regiment to the West Indies.
Major and Mrs. Vailany I understand, have taken a house here and will remain for some part of the coming summer.
Colonel and Mrs. Jolly leave today by the Vancouver, greatly regretted by the many friends that have made their residence in Halifax.

I hear that one of the most valued members of the Orpheus Club leaves shortly for Germany, where he will spend the next six months. This will be a very great loss to the club; it is to be hoped not a permanent one.

On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. William Duffus gave a small supper party at their residence on Hollis St. for their daughter Mrs. Troubridge. There were not a great number of guests, but this very smart and successful party, but every one was very well dressed in honor of the occasion. All the arrangements were perfect, and Mrs. and Mr. Duffus are the best host and hostess possible.

The two excitements of next week are the Orpheus club and the Doering's concert. We have had the latter advertised for so long that a very great deal is expected of it. But then it is so long since we have had the pleasure of hearing Her Doering's violoncello that there is no doubt about the attendance at the concert.

As the programme provided by the Orpheus club for their concert is sacred music entirely, I hear that Mr. Foster has had the happy idea of having one of the first of his kind here, and most enjoyable in every way. Mrs. Sturges' home is admirably adapted for the occasion, and her first party since she has become a resident of Halifax was a most successful one. Duplicate whist, indeed, bids fair to quite supersede progressive cutcher, as men find it far more interesting and better worth playing. These

Bechmores Cures Coughs and Colds.

REQUIREMENT SALE.

Now is your time to get a bargain in a good Suit, Overcoat, Reffer, Pants or in fact anything in the way of clothing for Men or Boys, as our entire stock must be cleared out before removal to our new store in a few weeks.

Store to let for balance of our lease at a very low rent to any body who wants a first-class store.

Gents' Furnishings at prices that was never seen before, to effect a total clearance. Come early and get first choice.

SCOVIL, FRASER & PAGE, 168 & 170 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

JUST A WORD ABOUT HOUSE FURNISHING.

We have everything to make home comfortable and beautiful. Just now you can get some great bargains in Furniture and Carpets.

Write for prices and particulars if you want anything. We can make it to your advantage if you will let us know your requirements.

NOVA SCOTIA FURNISHING COMPANY—Ltd., Successors to A. Stephen & Son, Halifax, N. S.

1893 SPRING MILLINERY.

We respectfully invite you to attend our Spring Opening of PATTERNS, BONNETS, AND OTHER IMPROVED NOVELTIES, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 23rd, 24th, 25th and following days.

Le Bon Marche, HALIFAX, N. S.

It is also not that moving from table to table, which is such a feature of progressive euchre, and is so much objected to by people obliged to change a congenial partner for one rather the reverse.

The Garrison Artillery dinner is a fixture with that corps, which one is glad to see is not falling into disuse. This dinner this month was appointed for Thursday evening.

Judge Henry was given a dinner at the Halifax Club on Thursday evening last, by some of his friends. He has received an enormous amount of congratulatory on his appointment, being, as he is, one of the most popular men in the city.

Miss Lilly Dakin has been appointed organist of the Methodist church, and entered upon her duties on Sunday.

Mr. George Murphy, who is attending medical college in Halifax, spent Sunday at home.

Miss Mabel Payne, of Halifax, is the guest of Miss Allison.

The members of the Brigade Club were entertained by Mr. Clifford Shand at his residence, on Ferry Hill on Tuesday evening.

Mr. James King is spending a few days in Windsor.

Mrs. Harrison, of Sackville, was the guest of Mrs. C. DeWolf Smith for the short time she was in Windsor.

Mr. DeWolfe, of Halifax, spent Sunday in town, the guest of Mrs. W. S. Curran.

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RECEIVED in S. S. "Vancover" and "Mongolia".

Dress Goods; Foulies, Beiges, Serges, Etc., Etc.

White Goods; Cord Stripes, Crimp Stripes, Cord Checks, Brocades.

Kid Gloves; "Alice," the most reliable 7-book glove known to the trade; "Melba," 4-button; "Rosa," black stitching.

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

Dr. and Mrs. Wood, of Maine, on a short visit.

Miss Alice Graham was in town last week, to join her in a snail week. After snow-hours, they returned home and whilst during the week this was one of our most enjoyed last week's parties.

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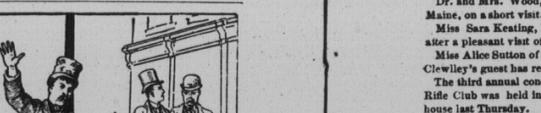
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"BOSTON DRUG," THE GREAT CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

A lady writes I have cured my husband of the liquor habit by using Boston Drug. I bought seven months ago, and he has not drunk a drop since.

Boston Drug is sold in boxes, \$1.00, or six boxes for \$5.00. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

Agents for the Maritime Provinces, J. GOSWELL & SONS, Dispensing Chemist, Proprietor, London Drug Store, 147 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S.

MAIDS MADE PLUMP AND ROSY.

Putner's EMULSION

Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and alling children strong and healthy.

Putner's Emulsion is a pure cod liver oil emulsion, and is the best for all ailments of the lungs, and for all ailments of the blood.

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ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Programme is for sale in St. Stephen by Master... Mar. 4.—This week began quiet as usual... Mar. 5.—The week began quiet as usual... Mar. 6.—This week began quiet as usual...

FREDERICTON.

[Programme is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Poney and J. H. Hawthorne... Mar. 8.—The town is full of visitors on account of the opening of the legislature which will take place tomorrow... Mar. 9.—A most enjoyable time was spent on Tuesday evening at the Tazmanian Rink...

SAKVILLE.

[Programme is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's... MARCH 8.—A most enjoyable time was spent on Tuesday evening at the Tazmanian Rink... MARCH 9.—A most enjoyable time was spent on Tuesday evening at the Tazmanian Rink...

WOODSTOCK.

[Programme is for sale in Woodstock by Barry Shaw and Mrs. John Loane & Co... MARCH 8.—On Tuesday evening, of last week, for a snow-shoe tramp, at his father's residence, Broadway... MARCH 9.—A most enjoyable time was spent on Tuesday evening at the Tazmanian Rink...

NEW PREMIUM PUZZLE.

LADIES AT HOME. With this HANDSOME LADY the faces of two others are shown... We publish Ladies' Companion, \$1.00 a year... LADIES AT HOME. Address plainly.

LUNDBORG'S FAMOUS PERFUMES. are the highest quality. A selection is simply a matter of individual taste. The Gladstone Sleigh. Most Stylish and Best Vehicle in the Market.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS. Manufacturers of Sleighs and Carriages. Write for Prices. MILLER BROTHERS. CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK. PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Jennie Bell is in the city, spending a few weeks with her parents. Miss Lottie Radin entertained a large number of friends on Tuesday evening.

Miss Maud Barton, of Wolford, has been spending a few days in the city, the guest of Mrs. J. Willard Smith. The Misses Millican, Hazen street, gave a social dance to their friends last week.

A snow-shoeing party left the city on Monday evening. Among those present were: Misses Patton, Gregory, Patterson, Lanson, Pallen, Messrs. F. Holman, Will Henderson, McLean, Sanctor, A. Oulton and others.

Mr. Thomas Rankine, of this city, will be a passenger on Steamer Portia, leaving Halifax, Saturday, for Newfoundland, where he will introduce the well-known Hawker remedies.

The friends of Miss Ida Cole, will regret to hear of her illness, for the past two weeks, at her home. Miss Lavinia Mackinlay, has returned from Boston, and is visiting her cousin, Miss Warren, Lancaster.

Miss Carey, of Ottawa, is the guest of Mrs. Robt. Blair, Orange street. Mr. T. B. Blair, retired manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, spent Sunday with his family in this city.

Miss Lydia Morrison, North End, has gone to visit her brother, Mr. Andrew Morrison, Moncton. Choice Spruce Gum at Moore's Drug Store. St. John-North End.

Miss Chesley, of Douglas avenue, leaves shortly for Boston. Miss Cochran of St. Stephen was the guest of Mrs. R. Stevenson, Douglas avenue, last week.

Miss Mamie Coleman of Fredericton is the guest of the Misses Sibley, in this city. Mr. T. Hilyard is around again after a weeks confinement to the house.

Mr. J. Lynd paid a short visit to St. Stephen last week. Mr. H. Stevens leaves for Wolfville, N. S. in a day or two. Rev. Father Devlin, S. J. of Montreal is paying a visit here this week.

English Navy Blue All-Wool Dress Serges

which hold their color, withstand the rain, and make up a most stylish and durable costume. We have much pleasure in placing before our customers a full range of the above reliable

Navy Dress Serges.

These goods make a most desirable Dress for either rain or shine. Ask to see or write for samples of our

Navy Blue or Black English Serges.

S. C. PORTER,

11 Charlotte, Street, St. John, N. B.

SKINNER'S CARPET WAREROOMS.

Just Opened for Spring 1893, A Fine Line of Brussels Carpets in Choice Patterns and Colorings with 1/2 Borders to match.

Only \$1.10 per yd. The best Patterns and Quality ever offered in St. John at the Price.

A. C. SKINNER.

PROVINCIAL CHEMICAL FERTILIZER COMPANY, St. John, N. B. (Limited), Manufacturers of High Grade Fertilizers. Send for Catalogue.

CAMPBELLTON.

[Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.]

MARCH 8.—The choir of the Presbyterian church enjoyed a snow-shoe tramp on Thursday evening, and were afterwards entertained at the residence of Miss Maud Johnson, where luncheon was partaken of, and an hour or two the pleasantly spent in playing whist and other games.

On the same evening, Miss Alice Morat also gave a snow-shoe tramp. Those present were, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bray, Misses Ida Nelson, Martha Barnes, Sadie Miller, Messrs. T. McDevitt, J. Davidson, C. P. Lewis and the Rev. Mr. McConnell.

What could have been more delightful than the exceedingly pleasant drive by moonlight which was enjoyed by a lively party to Mr. A. E. Alexander's lumber camp, four miles from town, on Tuesday evening. The reception at the camp ought not to be overlooked, for more reasons than one, as every one could fully appreciate the substantial lunch which was provided. What ample justice was done to the delicious baked beans. Mrs. A. E. Alexander chaperoned the party, which returned home at midnight.

Rev. Father Boucher was in town yesterday. Hon. C. H. LaBillette spent Friday in Campbellton. W. A. Mott, M. P. P. left on Monday night to attend parliamentary duties at Fredericton.

Mr. J. A. Flett paid the town a short visit on Thursday on his way to Moncton. Mr. Charles Gray has gone to St. John and Boston to visit relatives and friends.

Mr. Dickson of Moncton spent last week in town. Mr. F. R. Morrison's death which occurred in Chatham a few days ago was a great shock to the community, as while acting as agent in the Bank of Nova Scotia here, for a number of years Mr. Morrison was among the warm friends who will deeply regret his departure.

RICHIBUCTO.

[Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Theo. P. Graham.] Mr. J. Nathaniel Hutchinson, an old and respected citizen of Kingston, died on Friday last. The deceased had been ill for some time past. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon and was largely attended.

Miss Sutton and Miss Foley, of Bouchette, spent Sunday in town. The former was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Irving, and the latter of Mr. and Mrs. John Stevenson.

Miss Jeanne Heves returned to New Brunswick on Saturday after a short visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Haines. Mr. Thomas Dickson, of Kingston, has gone to Fredericton to visit Dr. J. A. Irving.

Mr. Philip Woods returned this week from a visit to the neighboring republic, having visited all the principal cities. Mr. O. W. Doherty was in town last week. Mr. H. H. Hutchinson spent a few days in Richibucto last week.

MARCH 7.—Among the number who drove to Kingston on Sunday last to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Nathaniel Hutchinson, of Kingston, were: Mr. O. W. Doherty, Mr. J. A. Irving, Mr. W. S. Blake, Mr. Isaac Carter, Mr. H. Irving and others.

Mr. Lizzie Irving visited her sister, Mrs. J. Stevenson, in Richibucto, last week. Mrs. J. A. Irving and Miss Gladys are visiting Mrs. Irving's mother in St. Nicholas River.

Mr. H. H. Doherty was in town last week. Miss Mary Sutton who has been visiting friends in Richibucto, returned home to-day. MARCH 7.—Dr. Saunders, of Halifax, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Dick. Mr. Arch. MacVicar, one of our most popular young men, left last week for St. John, en route for Winfield, Kan., where he has accepted a position in the large clothing house of his uncle, Mr. John Mann.

NEW GLASGOW.

MARCH 8.—Mrs. Charles Robson, was "at home" on Thursday evening last week. The house was brilliantly, but softly lighted. The evening passed most pleasantly and Mrs. Robson's charming manner as hostess added greatly to the pleasure of her numerous guests.

On Monday evening, about one hundred persons gathered at the residence of Mr. Inglis Johnston, to enjoy the sixth social of the Episcopal church congregation. The term is not misplaced, for it was one of the most enjoyable evenings of the season, as always the case with any affair, when under the tact and good taste of Mrs. Johnston.

Tuesday evening seems to have been the banner evening of this week, parties and socials were engaging the pleasure lovers all through the town that night. The leading one was given by Mr. McCall, who was at home to a large circle of acquaintances.

Mr. J. C. Morrison, of the Bedford Hotel, has about completed arrangements for leasing the beautiful "Clairmont" property, formerly owned and occupied by Mr. W. Marshall Black, adjoining the Admiralty house on Gortingen street, and will fit it up as a first class family hotel, or boarding house. As Halifax is now offering every inducement to come here to spend the delightful summer months, this house will fill a place that has long been needed. Properly conducted, as Mr. Morrison is able to do it, it would prove a profitable undertaking.

Best Chance Yet to Learn to Dance. At Prof. Spencer's Standard Dancing Academy, Market Building, German street (entrance South Market street). I make the following offer in prizes to all who wish to learn to dance the best style. Young men and old can come. First Prize, \$10.00; Second Prize, \$20.00; Third Prize, \$10.00; Fourth Prize, \$5.00; all in gold, to be guessed for in this way: The number of stamps in a sealed jar. The first, the right number or nearest to it; the next nearest, Second Prize; the next nearest, Third Prize; the next nearest, Fourth Prize. Any one can join the classes afternoon or evening, by paying a regular term price. Each person or child will get a coupon with number of guess deposited. All who dance in Classes, Assemblies, Balls or Parties of any description, by paying not less than \$2.00 and upwards, whether it includes one or more dances, also anyone hiring Costumes, Wigs, or Whiskers to the amount of \$2.00, will be entitled to a guess, or any one who buys \$2.00 worth of Furniture and upwards, or any articles for sale in my premises; each purchase will entitle the buyer to a guess. The prize list will be open from January 3rd to April 5th, 1893. This is an opportunity to learn to dance in proper style, and still get pay for learning the fine art. Private Pupils will be entitled to two guesses, who take a course of 12 lessons. Now is the time to learn, and not miss these beautiful opportunities. Cheap Sale of Furniture is still going on, and parties will get some awfully good bargains in furniture, as well as other goods. Such as the best Lamp Burner in the world non-explosive self-filling, filling self-extinguishing, and warranted to last ten years with reasonable care. Try one or more of these beautiful Bargains. One branch of this business does not interfere with the other. Come and see and take a part in these Grand Offers. A committee of disinterested persons will count the stamps and pay the money to prize holders in Gold Coin, positively on the date mentioned. All the dances must be held in my Academy and the amounts paid to me. Musical Instruments; last but not least, Splendid Violins and other instruments at great bargains. Don't forget the entrance, South Market St., where you will see signs.

Private classes can be formed day or evening. New classes for beginners will be formed on Thursday, Jan. 5th, Afternoon and Evening, at regular prices. Assemblies, Balls, Parties, outside of regular classes will be done by invitation. I will give a guess on every \$50.00 paid for dancing, hiring costumes, wigs and whiskers, or goods mentioned as above. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher.

Opera House. St. Patrick's Night Entertainment. MARCH 17th, 1893, in aid of the R. C. Orphan Asylum. The Dramatic Club of the Young Men's Society of St. Joseph, will produce James Kilgim's Historical Irish Drama, entitled Robert Emmet, The Martyr of Irish Liberty, in three Acts. Harrison's full Orchestra has been engaged for the occasion, and will render some of their choicest selections of Irish air.

HALIFAX NOTE.

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Opera House. St. Patrick's Night Entertainment. MARCH 17th, 1893, in aid of the R. C. Orphan Asylum. The Dramatic Club of the Young Men's Society of St. Joseph, will produce James Kilgim's Historical Irish Drama, entitled Robert Emmet, The Martyr of Irish Liberty, in three Acts. Harrison's full Orchestra has been engaged for the occasion, and will render some of their choicest selections of Irish air.

Prices of Admission: Gallery, 25 cts.; Reserved Seats, 35 cts.; Two Front Rows in Balcony, 50 cts. Tickets and Plan of Opera House now at MURPHY'S Music Store, Union Street.

To the Electors of the City of St. John. Ladies and Gentlemen: On the second Tuesday in April next I shall be a Candidate for the Office of MAYOR of your City, and as a former member of the old City Council, and member of the Legislature, covering thirty years experience, in am well informed in civic affairs, before and after the union, and, if elected, will endeavor to bring forward for the consideration of the Common Council, measures, that if adopted, will equalize taxation fairly to our City, reduce the public burdens, and promote everything in my judgment that will be of advantage to the City. I am, Ladies and Gentlemen, Your most obedient THOS. R. JONES.

TO THE ELECTORS OF SAINT JOHN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: After due deliberation with many taxpayers I was induced to offer as a Candidate for the office of MAYOR at the coming election on the second Tuesday in April next. My policy is to REDUCE TAXATION by abolishing unnecessary offices, etc., etc., and to equalize taxation fairly to our City, reduce the public burdens, and promote everything in my judgment that will be of advantage to the City. I am, Ladies and Gentlemen, Your most obedient SAMUEL TUFTS.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN. On the Eleventh day of April next, I will be a Candidate for the office of MAYOR. Trusting that my civic record has been such as to entitle me to your confidence, and soliciting your suffrages. I remain, Ladies and Gentlemen, Your Obedt Servant, THOMAS W. PETERS.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN. Nowhere else in Europe a variety and wealth of in Austrian Galicia. I thousand miles of its huge wooden or stone brick or stone shrine, m average at the distance English mile. Most of of wood hewn out of be Whether of wood or stone great burden, every or very leaning leads a st adness and loneliness to They are most frequen est the Carpathians with garian boundary. The l being of Russian stock a lies, and the Polish Cath exceptions Roman cath equally pious, and you cific or shrine without of both in rapt devo are groveling prostrate u fore the sacred reminder Whitestone one will se simple and pious devotee all four, while trailing h

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Both Had Eczema in its Worst Form After Physicians Failed, Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured. Great mental agony is endured by parents who see their children suffering from diseases caused by impure blood, and for which there seems no cure. This is turned to joy when Hood's Sarsaparilla is resorted to, for it expels the foul humors from the blood, and restores the discolored skin to fresh, healthy brightness. Read the following from grateful parents: "T. C. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. We think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most valuable medicine on the market for blood and skin diseases. Our two children suffered terribly with the same disease. We were cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a standard family medicine, and would not be without it." Mr. and Mrs. M. M. COLLIER, 1412 2nd Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla as a standard family medicine, and would not be without it." Mr. and Mrs. M. M. COLLIER, 1412 2nd Avenue, Altoona, Pa. Hood's Pills cure liver ill, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

Pa SEEN AFON GLENFEE PICTURE Memories of Val the European J. Sharnes - Conda Across the Islan LONDON. Feb. ings ever lead you lona or to Marsell can coast, do not one of the pretty fgen these cities of Palma in the lica. It is qual Moorish than Algi are the most hosp A visit to its hall of Valdemusa and north-coast scener to the island. With as magnifi surroundings as th Italy, a mountain ancient pile in so sgrue a way as to s gray old cloud-kiss defied decay and th tempests there. B is upon all things gray old church and ters; in the gray along the mountain the gray old folk th wraiths of those wh An indescrib this splendid Major times and days. T here in summer an ventual life. Geor ago passed the most life within the Chopin. Perhaps wi was born the wild a choly of the melodi ter's later life. To main more a memor and souls than mere and majestic monst mountains. I have passed the last seven years in Europe. Not only been with the lowly their shrines; at pub back-breaking loud men and maid servan little inns; with the and vineyards; amon mountains and plaine nor of folk from th the huts of Apulia int from across the Ioni the honest thing to people is that there among them. It is difficult for stand this, for it is in ce could be thus con get close to the Euro find that it is equaly conceive of any othe in which he exists. T half hour's ride by r valleys you are certai pretty field-lane and driving a cart to whic heifer and a coarse w near your passing th that the heifer is th under its yoke, for th and smiles and the m for a hearty laugh. They are simple, ch all, content in their with-air, to us, nig loving the very ear th able affection; happy the year brings abou tithing of king and ch the one protects and quite radiant, at the working clothes of the for the promised firey day beyond. Nowhere else in Euro a variety and wealth of in Austrian Galicia. I thousand miles of its huge wooden or stone brick or stone shrine, m average at the distance English mile. Most of of wood hewn out of be Whether of wood or stone great burden, every or very leaning leads a st adness and loneliness to They are most frequen est the Carpathians with garian boundary. The l being of Russian stock a lies, and the Polish Cath exceptions Roman cath equally pious, and you cific or shrine without of both in rapt devo are groveling prostrate u fore the sacred reminder Whitestone one will se simple and pious devotee all four, while trailing h

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1893.

SEEN AFOOT IN EUROPE.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE AS FOUND IN PICTURESQUE PLACES.

Memories of Valdemusa—Contentment of the European Peasantry—Some Galician Shrines—Continental Railroad Travel—Across the Island of Cuba.

LONDON, Feb. 23.—If your own wanderings ever lead you to Gibraltar, to Barcelona or to Marseilles upon the Mediterranean coast, do not fail to engage passage in one of the pretty steamers which ply between these cities and the slumberous port of Palma in the little Spanish isle of Majorca. It is quieter than Spain, more Moorish than Algiers, and its pleasant folk are the most hospitable in all the world. A visit to its half ruined ancient monastery of Valdemusa and the wild and marvellous north-coast scenery are alone worth a trip to the island.

With as magnificent and far more classic surroundings as those of Valdemusa in Italy, a mountain chasm is bridged by the ancient pile in so extraordinary and picturesque a way as to seem at a distance like a gray old cloud-kissed nest that has for ages defied decay and the battling of the aerial tempests there. But the gray of real decay is upon all things at Valdemusa; in the gray old church and endless cells and cloisters; in the gray old houses that nestle along the mountain side beneath it; and in the gray old folk that haunt the spot like wraiths of those who once were there.

An indescribable sadness lingers about this splendid Majorcan relic of monkish times and days. The rich of Palma come here in summer and live a gay mock-conventional life. George Sand half a century ago passed the most dolorous winter of her life within these walls. With her was Chopin. Perhaps within these very cloisters was born the wild and inexpressible melancholy of the melodic creations of the master's later life. To me Valdemusa will remain more a memory of these two strange sad souls than merely a crumbling, deserted and majestic monastic relic upon the island mountains.

I have passed the greater portion of the last seven years among the peasantry of Europe. Not only has this association been with the lowly upon the road beside their shrines; at public fountains where the back-breaking loads are drawn; among the men and maid servants of great hotels and little inns; with the varied crowds in fields and vineyards; among the shepherds of the mountains and plains; and with this manner of folk from the cabins of Shetland to the huts of Apulia into which shines the sun from across the Ionian sea; and I think the honest thing to be said about these people is that there is general content among them.

It is difficult for Americans to understand this, for it is inconceivable to us how we could be thus contented. When you get close to the European peasant you will find that it is equally as difficult for him to conceive of any other condition than that in which he exists. To illustrate, in any half hour's ride by rail through Bavarian valleys you are certain to visit past some pretty field-lane and see a Bavarian peasant driving a cart to which are yoked a little heifer and a coarse woman. As they stop near your passing train, you will notice that the heifer is the only animal chafing under its yoke, for the woman looks up and smiles and the male removes his pipe for a hearty laugh.

They are simple, childish folk one and all, content in their severe labor; satisfied with their, to us, niggardly recompense; loving the very earth they dig with unutterable affection; happy in the few holidays the year brings about; patient under the tithing of king and church while proud that the one protects and the other shrives; and quite radiant, at the end, to lay aside the working clothes of the sodden days behind for the promised finery of the eternal holiday beyond.

Nowhere else in Europe can be seen such a variety and wealth of roadside shrines as in Austrian Galicia. In the two or three thousand miles of its great stone roads a huge wooden or stone crucifix, or a tiny brick or stone shrine, may be found on the average at the distance of every half an English mile. Most of the crucifixes are of wood hewn out of beach or oaken logs. Whether of wood or stone, as if from some great burden, every one leans, and this very leaning lends a strangely suggestive sadness and loneliness to the landscape.

They are most frequent in districts nearest the Carpathians which form the Hungarian boundary. The Ruthenian peasants being of Russian stock are all Greek Catholics, and the Polish Galicians are without exceptions Roman Catholics. They are equally pious, and you can never pass a crucifix or shrine without witnessing a group of both in rapt devotion, many of whom are groveling prostrate upon the earth before the sacred reminders of Calvary. At Whiteside one will see crowds of these simple and pious devotees crawling upon all fours, while trailing huge wooden crosses

from their necks and shoulders, around every roadside shrine in all Galicia.

After one gets over the first flush of rebellious resentment at the system, there is a good deal of grim humor to be got out of continental railway travel. You will find the same little carriages as in England, comprising from four to six compartments, each holding eight people in the first and second, and ten persons in the third-class compartments. In Bavaria there are even fourth-class cars, or carriages, principally for use in time of war. They are all marked: "To contain ten horses or thirty-six men."

Except in France, Italy and Spain, the service is about equal to that in England. One has personally to see his luggage in the luggage van, and not only give trengold or pourboir to have it labeled but to have it put on board. While the monarch of the train, the guard, cannot take money for a fare, he would accept a bribe from anybody for any service; and even an officer of the line thinks it quite the proper thing to pay tribute to the guard, should he desire to occupy an entire compartment.

This guard-bribery is universal. I recently saw a train of thirteen carriages capable of accommodating 450 people move out of Cologne with but 37 passengers, who had in this manner purchased almost exclusive compartment accommodations, upwards of 100 persons having been left behind at the station. The most serious opposition to the general introduction of modern sleeping-couches for night service comes from these bribers and bribed. A five-mark or a five-frank piece, or less, slipped into the hand of a night-train's guard will secure an entire compartment, or an entire side of one, for your individual use, and is far preferable to a berth in the vile little four-compartment sleeping-coach which has latterly crept into service, where the guard conductor and porter in one, insists at all hours of the night on your purchase of bad viands and worse wines.

In Germany will be found the most grotesque officialism, but the best coaches, and the prettiest railway station in all the world. The government wholly conducts all German railway lines. Every employe, even the waiters at the station dining-room has been a German soldier, and the entire regime is military. Each station has a captain in a red cap and gorgeous uniform. The station guards and porters are also uniformed, with dark blue caps. When a train halts the captain and his station guard will be found drawn up in line in front of the main entrance. The train-guard alights and salutes the station-captain, who with his men return this salute, when the loading and unloading of luggage is begun.

As far as convenience of arrangement, cleanliness and comforts, the German railway station is immeasurably superior to the old board hovels called depots along most American lines. They are invariably models of neatness, tidiness and comfort. They are not infrequently the prettiest structures to be seen during an entire day's travel. They always have a lovely bit of lawn about them, in which are often fountains, flowers and tidy hedges. Many are covered by ivy or creeping and flowering vines. Flowers in windows and in lawn-plats are always in view of the tired passengers. And nearly all are supplied with chimes of bells; not clanging, jangling, wrangling bells, but voiceful, melodic bells, which—when the train-guard has taken a whistle from his belt, blown upon it thrice, and again saluted the station-master and men—seem to say as you move away:

Well—good—bye! Then—good—bye! Friends—good—bye!

In the brief trip across Cuba by rail the traveler is furnished abundant material for observation and reflection. Wherever your train may halt, in pours a dismal troop of beggars, lottery-ticket sellers, dulceros with all manner of sickening sweets of which the Cuban ladies buy freely and eat voraciously, and peddlers of glow-worms and beetles, guava, green coconuts and fresh country cheese similar to the German schmeerkase.

If one alights for refreshment, another savage horde of "eros" with all sorts of edibles and refescas are to be battled with; and if a meal at a cafe is taken, you are unblushingly charged from one to two dollars in gold. But all these annoyances are as naught when one considers the glorious tropical panorama provided in this trip across the island. The loneliness of the northern coastwise country disappears on leaving Matanzas, and of a sudden your train is whirling through a veritable nature's garden. Great orange groves are as common as pine woods in Maine. Vast pine-apple plantations fill the space between.

Here the view sweeps across river, valley and vast reaches of cane-grounds, the last cuttings being hurried to the massive and growing machinery with the splendid villas behind, the whole surrounded by stately cocoa-trees and the lordly palm. There, far miles, stretches another valley, a plain of peace and yellow where the "last cut" of

tobacco is being piled by the operarios upon the cajes or curing-racks, or carried from these before the dew falls at three o'clock, to the great casas de tabacas, where are other noble houses, palms and fruits and flowers untellable. Here and there, are ranches and herds like the shining-horned hosts of Camaguay, with mounted vaqueros and monteros and their wonderful dogs, in picturesque groups, with the great palmetto-palisaded corrales for the "round-ups" and again by these, porticoed houses and quintas, like palaces.

Upon every stream at the mouth of flower embedded canons, or set like brown Gipsies upon mountain-side, are the poor guajiro's palm-thatched cabins. And everywhere are such luxuriance in soil and forest, vine and flower, that when you reach the splendid city of Cienfuegos as the shadows fall, and the moonbeams begin to dance upon its matchless bay, one feels as though the day had been a vision of some dreamland isle where the weird in men and the glowing in nature have blended in magical spell with indescribable bloom and song.

The cafes and fondas (or eating houses, for the latter are equally resorted to) are the resting places of the gay city of Havana. Their number and patronage are remarkable. They are all wide open to the street the year round. One fancies they are almost a part of it, as frequently more than one-half the cafe is underneath long, wide, huge-pillared porticos. Here chattering crowds by day and brilliant crowds by night under the flare of lamps in great, century-old metal frames, never cease cigarette-smoking, gin and wine drinking; although all liquors, however frequently ordered, are used in sparing quantities. And between the shrill cries of the dulceros or confection-peddlers, the hoarse importunities of the lottery-ticket mobs, the ever-minor music of the wandering street minstrels, and the numberless sounds of a marvellously gay but never brutal and more than half oriental city life, the "click, click, click" of the universal and never-silent dominoes upon the marble tables, come to you as an undertoned staccato of myriads of unseen castanets.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

LENT AND THE SABBATH.

A Correspondent Replies to a Recent Letter on the Subject.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—In the last issue of PROGRESS a learned Nova Scotian signed "H. M." (Arrian Magister, Annus Mundi, or Ante Meridian), discusses Lent and the observance of it. It is evident he does not think much of it. Plainly he is one of the "protestants," (spell it with a small p) who have "left Lent and all its belongings behind them at the time of the second reformation," whatever that may mean. However that is his own affair. But in the course of his remarkable letter he gives the readers of PROGRESS some astonishing information. He tells us that the duties and privileges of every day are alike, that is all churches founded on New Testament principles every day is alike except the Sabbath, etc. He seems not to be aware or to forget that the christian church (Catholic or Historic) that brought to us and him the very scriptures he seems to know so much about, was "built" or founded, not on "New Testament principles" or even on the New Testament itself, but upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone, (Eph. 11-2)—that the church existed before the New Testament, and but for the church we could not have had a New Testament at all.

He says furthermore, "the Sabbath it we believe the Bible, is the only holy day of divine appointment;" then if he believes the Bible, and that the old Jewish Sabbath is the only holy day of divine appointment, why does he not keep it, and not the Sun or Lord's day of universal Christendom? What right has he to call the first day of the week The Sabbath? The seventh day is the Sabbath of divine appointment; the Sabbath of the commandment as it concerned the Israelites; We Christians are only bound by the spirit of the commandment—they were bound also by its letter. How can Annus Mundi prove by the New Testament that the christian Sabbath is of divine appointment. Certainly not by the New Testament, without as he calls it, the testimony of the christian church, which has handed down the observance of Sunday or the first day of the week, since the day of Pentecost—now commemorated in the church as Whit-Sunday.

True, he may say as has sometimes been said, that the Apostles or the early church changed the observance of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first. For this there is no certain evidence, to say the very least. There is not the slightest evidence that the Apostles or any of the members of the primitive church had any idea that any change of day would ever be brought about. As a matter of fact the observance of both days went on side by side. The Sabbath morning of the Apostles' days did not bring to the Apostolic mind the "fact of a risen Redeemer" as Annus Mundi says it now does

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NOTE and COMMENT.

Note.—We have purchased the stock of R. W. Leetch's two stores, viz., the Royal and the Golden Ball Corner Clothing Stores.

Comment.—He will close these two stores on or before the first day of May. In the meantime to lessen the stock, we offer a discount of 12 1/2 per cent. Won't waste words talking of Bargains—but expect us to have everything you want and of the right sort.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

to ours, simply because our blessed Redeemer did not rise on the Sabbath, but while His spirit went to preach to the spirits in prison, His sacred body rested "according to the commandment" after the work of redemption, and kept the Sabbath in the peaceful grave in Joseph's garden. But he rose on the first day of the week; and so every first day of the week brings the fact of the resurrection to the mind and witness to the fact of the resurrection, and so the Jewish Christians—and for a long while all Christians were Jewish Christians—kept both days, the Sabbath, or day of rest, and the Lord's, or the day of His resurrection.

After a time Gentiles were admitted to the Christian church. The Gentiles were not obliged to keep the Sabbath as we hear no mention of it at the first church council, (Acts, xv., 6. 30.) they were not compelled to pass through Judaism on their way to christianity, and so the Gentile Christians, as a rule, kept only the Lord's Day. Soon as the years rolled on the church became less and less Jewish and more and more Gentile, or rather more and more christian (for in Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile,) with the dying out of the old Jewish element the observance of the old Sabbath died out, and only the observance of the Lord's Day remained. Therefore it is today, that in every branch of the catholic or historic church, (Greek, Roman or Anglican) whatever difference they may and do have, neither few nor slight on other matters, there is no difference whatever on this question. Who ever saw on any of the innumerable calendars published and distributed annually any mention of any such day as the Sabbath (Mon. Tues. and so on till Sabbath).

In the book of common prayer Sunday is never called "the Sabbath." There are special prayers and portions of scripture for all the Sundays throughout the year. And in all the almanacs published the Sundays throughout the year are known as the Sundays in Advent, after Epiphany, the Sundays in Lent, the Sundays after Easter and Whitsunday, Trinity Sunday and Sunday after Trinity. Even the cheapest and most insignificant little patent medicine almanac observes the church's year. One point more. Your correspondent

says "the Sabbath in winter termed Easter Sunday, viewed in the light of chronology, may or may not be the anniversary of the resurrection." In what "light of chronology" does A. M. view it? It must be in the "light" of the darkness, silence and ice of the circum-polar regions. Do they have six months cold weather and three months winter in Nova Scotia? Who ever heard of Easter Sunday coming in the winter? He must be thinking of Christmas. Why, Easter cannot fall before the vernal equinox, or the 20th of March, and only a few

years ago it happened as late as the 25th of April! Certainly no one ever claimed that Easter Sunday, being a movable festival, was always or need be the exact anniversary of our Lord's resurrection from the dead. The Jewish passover, at which time our Lord's passion, death, burial and resurrection took place, being movable, was not always the anniversary of the exodus or deliverance from Egyptian bondage, but it commemorated and witnessed to the fact just the same.

But I do not wish to be misunderstood. When we say that Sunday is not the Sabbath we do not mean that the Lord's day is hot, or should not be a Sabbath. Sabbath means "rest" and the Lord's day is and should be a day of rest for all people. Personally I wish it was more of a day of rest for me. A Sabbath or a day of rest it certainly is in a lower or subordinate sense but it is a great deal more than that. The Lord's day, or Sunday the day of the Sun of Righteousness.

With one sentiment expressed by your esteemed correspondent, I must heartily concur viz., "The sacred writers never intended us to wait a whole year to rejoice in the fact of a "risen Redeemer" No more do we. As one of our own poets has said in his Christian year:

"Oh, days shall hearts set free No minister's capture find for Thee? Thou art the Sun of other days, They shine by giving back thy rays. Enthroned in thy sovereign sphere, Thou sheddest thy light on all the year; Sundays by the more glorious break, An Easter day in every week. "And week days, following in their train, Thefulness of the blessing gain; Till all, both resting and employ, Be one Lord's day of holy joy."—Keble. D. O. McDUGALL, Long Reach, N. B. P. S.—"This is the conclusion to which logic abuts us up." Director-General George R. Davis, of the World's Fair, was the youngest colonel in the United States service when he led a regiment made up of Rhode Island toughs and criminals to New Orleans. There was only one mutiny, which Col. Davis personally suppressed. Several soldiers were shot before it ended, and within three months it was regarded as the best disciplined regiment in its division.

2 GREAT SALES AT 61 CHARLOTTE ST., 97 KING St. SEE This Evening's Papers. GEO. H. McKAY.

QUEER KINDS OF GIFTS.

PECULIAR PRESENTS SENT TO MEN AND WOMEN OF NOTE.

Singular Binding of an Astronomer's Book—Her Majesty's Ostrich—The Gift That Bernhardt Declined—Mrs. Gladstone's Estate in Canada.

There is a whimsical bent in most minds and it often shows itself in the matter of presents. The well-known French astronomer, M. Flammarion, has lately made public a strange experience which illustrates the fact he once spent part of a summer in the beautiful scenery of the Jura, and was thrown much into the society of two people of position, a Count and a Countess.

The sad side of his stay in the pleasant border-land was in the circumstance that his friend, the Countess, was a victim of consumption. She could not be cured. The day came when he was to leave.

"Thank for all your kindness," he said to his two friends.

"I will send you a souvenir of your visit," answered the Countess.

The astronomer went back to Paris, and one day a doctor forwarded a package. He opened it and there was an enclosed letter asking his acceptance for a specific object of the epidemics from the shoulders of the of the deceased Countess. It was to be used in binding the first edition of a new book, that he had on the stocks. M. Flammarion carried out this extraordinary request, and the book in its gruesome covering is treasured in his observatory. It was a weird tribute of regard.

A gift of another sort, but equally likely to send a shiver at the first moment of recognition over the recipient, reached the luckless Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, in the days when her doom on the scaffold was near. It might be termed a tie of revenge. The wild spirits of the streets, preparing for the orgies of the Reign of Terror, hit on a scheme for carrying dismay to a woman's heart.

"Send her these," they said.

"Yes, in the old shape."

And their gift was a box of dominoes made out of the stones of the fallen Bastille.

That there might be no mistake a letter accompanied the present. It said:

"As an homage of the people's love, and to teach you the extent of their power."

But fantastic gifts of a brighter type abound. Monarchs come in for them. On an anniversary of the accession of the Sultan of Turkey his Majesty was pleased to accept an offering of an enormous show bouquet.

It was in the shape of a lemon tree, with the Sultan's name inscribed in two languages on either side of the crescent which spanned it. It had occupied half a score of workmen for a week, and its size warranted the belief that it had never had an equal. It was two and a half yards in circumference, and between three and four yards high. Fancy had certainly scored a triumph in this work of art. The donor was Count A. Camondo.

The Queen receives many gifts which are more or less eccentric in character. It is but lately that the newspapers had much to say about the present, from Mr. Alfred Jones, of a fine ostrich. The bird came from the African interior, 600 or 700 miles beyond Sierra Leone, walked nearly the whole of that distance to the coast, and was then shipped on the steamer for Liverpool.

It subsequently reached the Zoological Gardens, having been presented by her Majesty to the Zoological Society.

Last year, too, an offering was submitted to her Majesty at Osborne which was the laborious effort of a humble Indian goldsmith.

It comprised a group of figures representing the common occupations at home and abroad of the people of India. Each figure is exquisitely modelled, and many are daintily dressed. They stand two inches high on the average. It is a collection of most originally devised automata, and the figures carry on their work—grinding corn, churning, spinning—with wonderful ease of movement. Their action is regulated by clockwork hidden in the case containing the models.

Another odd gift to the Queen emanated from a Presbyterian minister who lived at the time at Hawick, one of the border boroughs. It consisted of a small plough made from warlike weapons, such as swords, spears, and the old Scottish dirk. Was this a delicate way of hinting that in the donor's opinion wars ought to cease?

There is more apparent reason for one of the very latest presents to her Majesty that has been reported. Captain Grade, of the Belgian army was walking over the old battle-field of Fontenoy, where Marshal Saxe defeated the English in 1745. There had been heavy rain, and he found, strangely disinterested after nearly 150 years, an old seal with an effigy of the Duke of Cumberland engraved. It might have been the luckless commander's property, and so family interest would cling to it. At all events, the Queen notified her acceptance of the relic.

Some eccentric gifts are very large and lordly. When Sarah Bernhardt was touring in Peru, and conquering susceptible South American hearts right and left, she had a singular offer from a wealthy admirer.

"I will give you a whole guano island," he said.

This would have been a source of income for years. But perhaps the idea was repugnant to a fastidious artist, for she does not appear to have accepted the proposed gift.

It was different with Mrs. Gladstone. A tiny estate of three acres on the Canadian side at Niagara Falls is the property of the wife of the British prime minister, and speculators have recently approached her with the idea of buying it. It was originally a present made over to Mrs. Gladstone on the occasion of the opening of the fine Canadian park.

It carries privilege with it. Mrs. Gladstone is a registered elector at Niagara Falls, and there is no sort of doubt that the Canadians would be happy to have her come and vote in their local affairs, particularly if it meant a visit from the eminent statesman as well.

A pretty, and at the same time unusual, present went to the New Jersey home of the coming occupant of the White House at

Washington. It was designed for little Ruth, the daughter of President Cleveland. It consisted of a perambulator shaped as a swan, beautifully mounted in silver. The inside was as dainty as the contour was eccentric. It was upholstered in white silk, with rose-tinted curtains of the same material—a fair nest for happy innocence.

When a Chinaman wishes to distinguish himself by an extraordinary gift his turn seems to be towards exceeding smallness. There was a native teacher in Hong Kong who completed a strange present for the Royal Princes when on their tour. He wrote a stanza or poetry, composed by himself, and contained in thirty-three distinct and clearly formed Chinese characters, scratched on a single grain of rice paddy.

Few more marvellous feats of minute writing can ever have been accomplished; but that it might be self-evident to the recipient that there was no deception he thoughtfully provided a strong magnifying-glass. This formed part of a case within which the grain of paddy was enclosed. It could then be turned round in any direction and by dint of perseverance could be read. The whole was shut up securely in a silver locket. If labour and love of a task are the measures of merit this gift must take high rank.—Cassell's Journal.

HOW HORSES ARE TAMED.

THE ART OF THE TAMER IS NOT YET FULLY UNDERSTOOD.

Rarey and His Achievements—Some Simple Devices that Usually Prove Effective—Apart from All Tricks the Tamer is Born, Not Made.

In the first place, taming must not be confounded with "breaking in" says an English writer. Whereas all young horses required either for saddle or harness must always undergo a more or less lengthy course of training for that purpose, the word taming only applies to animals which are savage, vicious and intractable.

Until Professor Rarey arrived in England some twenty-five years ago, horse-taming was practically unknown, although many professed to be adepts at the art. These men, however, were simply horse-breakers, men who, from long and continual practice, were incapable of being unseated by the most unruly of equine savages. That they could render a horse docile while in their own hands is certain, but when any attempt was made to render the animal amenable to the will of others the result was nearly always failure.

Rarey overcame this difficulty, and although greatly ridiculed at first, his successful operations on animals known to be "demons" (reducing to complete submission, as he did, horses which were previously not only unmanageable but dangerous) were the means of his attaining great popularity.

Since Rarey's time, however, horse-tamers have sprung up like mushrooms, and now scarcely a year passes without some exponent of the art giving public exhibitions of his skill or system. The ostensible means employed differ as much as the men who employ them, and include power of will, the manipulation of a thin cord, a cane, machines of various descriptions, electricity, and (one of the latest ideas) steam. We say "ostensibly" employed because there is just a possibility that horses are not tamed by the means the public are led to believe. With a view to finding out how it is done, the present writer recently had a chat with a member of this undoubtedly dangerous profession.

"How is it done? you ask," said he. "Well to tell the truth I can hardly tell. I know this: I will guarantee to walk up to and caress any horse in creation after a very short acquaintance. Once let a horse allow a man to approach him quietly, if that man knows his business, the animal is generally as good as tamed."

"You know—or perhaps you don't know—that next to the eye the most vulnerable part of a horse is that part of the foreleg between the knee and fetlock. Once get a hold there and it is all over. One stipulation which Rarey made in all his public exhibitions was that he should be left alone with the horse for a certain time, generally about an hour. Notwithstanding his secrecy, however, and the fact that it has often been stated that his secret died with him, there is not much room for doubt that Rarey chiefly confined himself to the fore-legs, manipulating them by means of a strap he always carried. Once fix a horse's foreleg and he is easily thrown, and it is probably the easiness with which this is done that, under this system, causes the animal operated on to acknowledge the tamer's superiority.

"Mind you, I don't believe that every man could become a tamer. I am of opinion that there is something we don't quite understand, some power unknown which certain individuals possess, and against which a horse recognises; it is impossible to contend.

"For instance, I have had pupils, who, after months of instruction, could do little more power than a baby over a vicious horse. Again, you find that horse-breakers, men of astonishing pluck and nerve, seldom effect a cure with a savage horse.

"The size and appearance of a man have nothing whatever to do with the matter. One of the smartest tamers I ever saw in my life—and mind you, he succeeded in taming a horse which, in height, was a little shrimp of a man less than five feet in height, and so lame that he was compelled to walk with a stick. No matter what he might hear about the horse, whether it had kicked down one side of the stable in the night, or "savaged" one of the ostlers in the morning, it was all one to him. He would order curriers to be let loose, and without more ado hobble into the enclosure and straight up to him.

"When sufficiently near he would, without hesitation, put out his hand and stroke the horse, then stooping gradually and lifting one foreleg, he would "back" the horse while holding the leg from the ground. After doing this two or three times, he would take the man to take the horse away, and the animal—which perhaps previously could not be approached without a great chance of an accident—would allow itself to be led back to the stable by anyone.

"I have seen horses previously unmanageable, stand and shiver at that man's approach. That is what makes me think there is some power at work which we do not understand. Curiously enough, this man who was so fearless and undaunted when dealing with horses, was frightened of cats, and would deliberately go out of his way if he happened to come across one."

TRiumPH OF SCIENTIFIC MEDICINE.

Filari or Hemorrhoids, a disease, so common and so well known, usually dependent upon congestion of the abdominal venous circulation. This congestion eventually results in the formation of tumors, and frequent hemorrhage or discharge of blood, or, in some cases, a discharge of mucus, or violent itching. A rational treatment will relieve this congested condition at once, upon which the tumors depend. HUMPNEY'S WITCH HAZEL OIL, or THE PILE OINTMENT, is the triumph of Scientific Medicine. Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used forty years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction. It cures Piles or Hemorrhoids, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding, Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures; Fistula in Ano; worms of the Rectum; Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns; Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching, Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head; Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. The relief is immediate—the cure permanent. It is invaluable and infallible. Sold by druggists. Manual Free.

THINGS OF VALUE.

St. Valentine's Day has almost gone out of fashion in England. It used to be that many thousands of valentines passed through the mails on that day, but this year the number was very small.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gent.—My daughter was apparently at the point of death with that terrible disease diphtheria. All remedies had failed, but MINARD'S LINIMENT cured her; and I would earnestly recommend it to all who may be in need of a good family medicine.

JOHN D. BOUTLIER, French Village.

It is stated that Mr. Gladstone has intimated definitely his intention to appoint a poet laureate in succession to Lord Tennyson. The difficulty in making the selection has, however, not yet been overcome.

Other Cough Medicines have had their day, but Pugh's Emulsion has come to stay, because it's so nice and so good.

Twenty-one English peers died last year. Taking their ages at death, the average life of a peer seems to be 65 years and nine months. Of the 21, four died at or above the age of 80, and five died under that of 60.

Have You

Caught on

If so, let us inform you that your "best girl" can tell you in the dark by the perfume—her favorite, of course—on your MUSTACHIO;—but what we started to talk about were clothes, dyed clothes.

A man of good taste is particular about his clothes, not merely about their quality, but of their appearance; clothes WILL shab and fade despite the best of care. They are still as good as new, yet that gloss and fade make them look old.

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THEIR BRANDIES ARE UNSURPASSED IN AGE AND QUALITY.

Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

ENGRAVING.

"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, ST. JOHN N. B.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap, featuring the text 'SURPRISE SOAP For WASH Day; For EVERY Day.' and an illustration of a man washing his face.

Advertisement for UNGAR'S, featuring the text 'Have You Caught on' and 'If so, let us inform you that your "best girl" can tell you in the dark by the perfume—her favorite, of course—on your MUSTACHIO;—but what we started to talk about were clothes, dyed clothes.'

Advertisement for Beecham's Pills, featuring the text 'BEECHAM'S PILLS' and 'STILL ROLLING'.

Advertisement for Segee's Ointment, featuring the text 'SEGEE'S OINTMENT' and 'IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR'.

Advertisement for Bisquit Dubouché & Co. Cognac, featuring the text 'Bisquit Dubouché & Co. COGNAC' and 'THE SECOND LARGEST SHIPPERS OF BRANDY FROM FRANCE.'

IDEALS OF... One of the most beautiful paths of this life is that of the Christian. The merits of the Christian are many. One of the most beautiful paths of this life is that of the Christian. The merits of the Christian are many. One of the most beautiful paths of this life is that of the Christian. The merits of the Christian are many.

Such is the Eastern sense of "worthless" man, temporal, flesh the ideal of Western man, no scene in all ancient paths and beauty and immortal dialogue in the last hours of his master. Who can read that who has read it? Here, indeed, we to the spirit and to in the desperate and in the Buddha. "I remember as he tells how Socrates at that final farewell-strange feeling that came with him, for I could be present at the death could not pity him; his guage were so near the hour of death that he blessed. I thought that other world he could Divine call, and that he any man ever was, when How exquisite the sweet reasonableness of the passionate Indian what did Socrates say, "is and longing to die, for corned with the soul, and be altogether quit of the oshop dishonors his away from the body, alone and by herself. death, but a descent of source of endless truth full of love, and just fancies and every sort come wars and factions from the body? The be mol and confusion, and seeing the truth. The real knowledge possible death when God is pleased and then the tooliness cleared away, and we shall know of ourselves there, and this is surely Such is the ideal of W springing out of the human elements, out of higher and willing spirit lower flesh," which, as we see is something that must be together. But how much Ascentism. The movement is exact diation. It starts from of the Lord is not a man man spirit upward, attain death, but a descent of downwards to inhabit, a cure for its own, our frail "The Word became flesh us." The root of our re dignity, the worth, the brought in upon the flesh comes the assured temple receives into itself the The incarnation of Christ God's respect for human His Son, under its limits onises, justifies, eternally devotes Himself to saving deeming it; and this our love for it, which forbids its sin, or to stay it for it sort it in its shame. God the human, loves the bod that He sent His only Son into glory; and, so loving he takes it as it stands earthly condition, just as it, with all its poveries, infirmities; with all its bill finally. All of this He self. He will share it all be despised or spurned. the spirit of Christ's suffer cotium, Christ's Cross, the pride of the human s the infirm flesh, but the p Son for the broken and is a display, not of the human life, but of its high able worth. The Agonc Christ, embody the price siders it worth while to re man. There is His estimate humanity. God the blessi dure even that, it only by

SEEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Notable Specimens of Architecture on the Grounds at the Great Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

The dairy building, by reason of the exceptionally novel and interesting exhibits it will contain, is quite sure to be regarded with great favor by World's Fair visitors in general, while by agriculturists it will be considered one of the most useful and attractive features of the whole exposition.

Grecian-Ionic in style, the fine arts building is a pure type of the most refined classic architecture. The building is oblong, and is 500 by 320 feet, intersected north, east, south and west by a great nave and transept 100 feet wide and 70 feet high, at the intersection of which is a dome 50 feet in diameter.

itectural sculpture, and approached by broad flights of steps. The walls of the loggia of the colonnades are highly decorated with mural paintings, illustrating the history and progress of the arts.



The Dairy Building from South-east

breeds of dairy cattle as milk and butter producers. The building stands near the lake shore in the southeastern part of the park, and close by the general live stock exhibit.

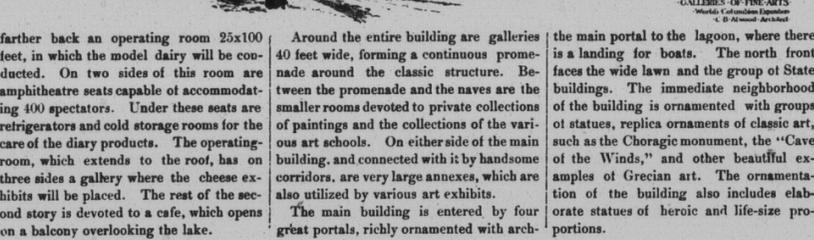
feet, being lighted entirely from above. On either side are galleries 20 feet wide and 21 feet above the floor. The collections of the sculpture are displayed on the main floor of the nave and transept, and on the walls both of the ground floor and of the galleries are ample areas for displaying the paintings and sculptured panels in relief.

proof. The main walls are of solid brick, covered with "staff," architecturally ornamented, while the roof, floors and galleries are of iron. All light is supplied through glass sky-lights in iron frames.

farther back an operating room 25x100 feet, in which the model dairy will be conducted. On two sides of this room are amphitheatre seats capable of accommodating 400 spectators.

Around the entire building are galleries 40 feet wide, forming a continuous promenade around the classic structure. Between the promenade and the naves are the smaller rooms devoted to private collections of paintings and the collections of the various art schools.

The building is located beautifully in the northern portion of the park, with the south front facing the lagoon. It is separated from the lagoon by beautiful terraces, ornamented with balustrades, with an immense flight of steps leading down from



GALLERIES OF FINE ARTS

OLDER THAN MELROSE. The Less Famous but More Ancient Abbey of Dryburgh. Concerning some notable Scottish ruins, Edgar L. Wakeman writes: If Melrose Abbey, the Mecca of all American tourists in Scotland, furnishes examples of art nearly as bewitching as the most delicate expressions of nature itself.

trees, save where, far to the south, the weird Eildon hills of wizard renown peer down from above their cloud-mists into the sunny cypse. The Tweed, moving in silence for miles above, circling here sweeps wide and grandly over gleaming shallows, and sings its endless song just at the edge of the olden Abbey grounds.

Pontiff's throne; then still impelled by the single force of his overwhelming earnestness, he was on the steps of the throne, and, close beside the Pope, he was laying down the facts of the American church, with emphatic gesture and strong, plain spoken words.

Before the advent of Christian missionaries the place was resorted to by the Druids for the celebration of their mystic rites—as *Draachbrach* or *brugh*, "the bank-cluster of sacred oaks." Dryburgh's Celtic name, implies, Modan a Culdee presbyter, set up the first Christian establishment of Dryburgh, in 522. For 628 years thereafter its history is insignificant.

Melrose exalts. Dryburgh soothes. The entire spot is ruin merged into Elysium, hallowed by one humble grave. And so sweet and hushed is all that even your reverence for the ever-silent disappears; for you feel that your mighty friend lies here as on the bosom of the land he so loved and immortalized and that Scott only sleeps while sweetly all nature songs to him are sung.

For some moments after his departure the Pope sat in silence with bowed head, as if still under the spell of that unfettered will and earnest soul. Then slowly lifting his eyes and drawing a long breath, he said: "That man is a revelation to me. He brings a breath of new life with him. Such courage, simplicity—force—surely great good will come out of the West."

Twice, in 1385, and in 1554, it was pillaged and devastated by the English. The Reformation of doughty John Knox, sixteen years later did the rest. The ruins of Dryburgh Abbey show that the walls of the completed edifice stood on different levels, and that the structure illustrated at least four different styles of architecture. This is seen in the massive Roman arch with its ample, square sides; the deep-splayed and always impressive Saxon arch; and the early English pointed arch.

How Archbishop Ireland Advocated His Cause at Rome. It was Dr. O'Connell who ushered Archbishop Ireland into the presence of the Pope when His Grace of St. Paul went to Rome with particulars of the school question, says a correspondent of the N. Y. Press. The forms which govern an audience of even an archbishop with the Pope are unvarying and ceremonious in the extreme. Moreover, the natural reserve of Leo XIII. is such as to hold all persons at a distance. That it intimidates royalty is well known in the story of how the young Emperor of Germany in an audience, dropped the present he had brought to the Pope, then let fall his helmet which he held in his other hand, shook like a leaf, and, with his eyes glued to the floor, stood unable to speak an intelligible word.

Self Patching Trouser. A Rochester man certainly deserves to have his name written among the benefactors of the race. He has invented self patching jackets and trousers, and his idea is said to work admirably in practice. The scheme is a simple one, but so are hundreds of inventions that have brought fame and fortune to the originators.

Of the transepts a portion of but one, the north, called St. Mary's Aisle, is still standing; but there is a no more beautiful specimen of the early Gothic to be found in Scotland than is this, the solemn and secluded burial-place of Scotia's greatest minstrel, the noble author of "Waverley." The chapter-house, a tiny chapel of St. Modan, and a Norman arch which formed the western doorway are yet standing. A stately yew, over 800 years old, casts its somber shade upon the lawn, opposite where once the abbots sat at their easements, to mock the huge pile of stone as it crumbles into the earth.

Within a certain radius of his immediate presence, no one ever approached the Pope. In conformity with the etiquette governing the situation, Archbishop Ireland was seated before the Holy Father at the prescribed distance, and thus began the presentation of his case. But warming with the vital interest he feels in the school question, involuntarily he arose to his feet, and, talking rapidly the while, with an utter absence of the formal phrases with which ambassadors and foreign dignitaries of every sort are wont to embellish and obscure their real purposes in addressing the Pope, the Archbishop unconsciously moved up inch by inch to the foot of the Supreme

Horsford's ACID PHOSPHATE. An agreeable preparation of the phosphates, for Indigestion, Nervousness, Mental and Physical Exhaustion. Recommended and prescribed by Physicians of all schools. Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

An Apology to the Women of Canada.

There was the notion that a woman's life had broader outlook than the embroidery frame, or the sentimental novel. It was hard to make the world believe that.

An Apology is Due the Women of Canada.

The proprietors of Melissa commenced with the men. The men, through the trade, made such constant demand for Melissa garments, to replace the archaic rubber coat, that manufacture and proofing was confined to them.

LADIES', CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' RAINPROOF WRAPS in the latest New York styles, without the New York expense. It means an A. 1. New York designer and cutter: an imported staff of trained assistants, all men, and all efficient cloak makers.

As simple wraps they are "distingue." Proofed with Melissa, they are both elegant and comfortable, for they are a double protection against cold, and against rain. Either way they are now on the market.

BUT BE SURE YOU GET MELISSA. Don't take, what some unscrupulous salesmen or traders will tell you is the same as Melissa. Or as good as Melissa. They are really only worthless imitations.

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

wom

The girl who allows her long engagement stands married to that particular spot thinks best to secure a position to suit. Some After a year in the "Service" to be prosaic again, and placid sea. After several the girl has begun to lose this turns in their favor, all seems well. But her little craft directly across crash. The lover clings and leaves the other to a beach alone. The moral is I have been requested a brief season this week of long engagements aware that I shall be delicate ground—not the toes of many estim disagree with me from and just because th opinions will be cert take up my theme with ation, but I have adp from "Leisurees as one speaking from liberty of differing fr essential points but of There is only one an engagement and that seldom "comes to any is. I have known m of long engagements of marriages, and o marriage followed ar years the wife havin when her precocious older, asked her to be secured her promise c part entered into sponsible children, as consider them, was fidelity, and, what is do not believe eithe for a moment, eithe spirit, from their loy They were separated a few weeks each sun into society a grea skilled musicians an yet I do not believe e to have even a flirtati they seemed like a couple utterly set apa of love or marriage, e When the young lover a wife in comfort the quiet matter of fact w two lovers just the lovers still, and ofte remember the time w either married, or en know that this is an one long courtship wh ply, there are indee enchantment, and where each discovered ance that the glamor o vented them from sein fact being he or she, b but an ordinary human defects which came out the background of abs which each one had p the other. It is nobo us are angels. We sh this beautiful sin-stai were; and oh, it is suc to live up to the impos has formed of us! S thinks we are, and, in to convince us against, that we not only are, b We all try to do it, th not deceit, only an l to be better for love's dear, what a strain it ure generally! Some too great, human m and the too human ground with a thud. little out of sorts, her call it out of temper her own dear Charli a moment, directly af his idol before he goes gelina intends to dust the bric-a-brac that a twisted up under a d has on an old dress, a much to be annoyed a ordinary circumstance not mind in the least, mum!, and gives Charl say grumpy welcome, ceit in his manly brea and he feels it necess maintenance of his dip show his chosen one tfections are not to be begins ".....the little rift w That by and by will m And ever widening sl Discontent is slow work once the thin edg sorted, and by the by that beat as one, a Promising match is friends of the young heads, and say:—"I be, another illustratio engagements; if, instea would have been as long." But to my mind, thi the common one, is v if two people find out

WOMAN and HER WORK.

The girl who allows herself to be ejected into a long engagement stands one chance in ten of being married to that particular man. *Her own advice* should be to secure her, although he is not in a position to ask. Some men are selfish creatures. After a year in the "seventh Heaven" life begins to be prosaic again, and their love floats along a placid sea. After several years of waiting, when the girl has begun to lose her youth and beauty, the tide turns in their favor, the harbor is in sight and all seems well. But here comes a smooth sailing little craft directly across their bows. There is a crash. The lover clings to the newly found ship and leaves the other to sink or be tossed upon the beach alone. The moral is obvious.—*Leisure Hours.*

I have been requested to hold forth, for a brief season this week, girls, on the subject of long engagements, and as I am fully aware that I shall be treading upon very delicate ground—nothing less, in fact, than the toes of many estimable people who will disagree with me from the very word go—and just because they disagree with my opinions will be certain I am wrong.

I take up my theme with considerable trepidation, but I have adopted the above clipping from "Leisure Hours" as a text, and as one speaking from experience, I take the liberty of differing from the writer on all essential points but one.

There is only one sad thing about a long engagement and that is the fact that it so seldom "comes to anything," as the saying is. I have known many instances myself, of long engagements ending in the happiest of marriages, and one, an almost ideal marriage followed an engagement of ten years the wife having been but thirteen when her precocious boy lover, two years older, asked her to be his veriest own, and secured her promise to wait for him. The compact entered into by these two irresponsible children, as most people would consider them, was kept with singular fidelity, and, what is more singular still, I do not believe either of them ever swerved for a moment, either in the letter, or the spirit, from their loyalty to each other. They were separated for years, except for a few weeks each summer, they both went into society a great deal, both were skilled musicians and beautiful dancers, yet I do not believe either was ever known to have even a flirtation with anyone else, they seemed like a staid little married couple utterly set apart from all thoughts of love or marriage, except for each other.

When the young lover was able to support a wife in comfort they got married in a quiet matter of fact way, and kept on being two lovers just the same; they are two lovers still, and often say that they cannot remember the time when they were not either married, or engaged. But alas! I know that this is an isolated case, and for one long courtship which turns out so happily, there are indeed ten endings in disenchantment, and final estrangement; where each discovered on closer acquaintance that the glamor of young love had prevented them from seeing clearly and the perfect being he or she, had so worshipped was but an ordinary human being after all, with defects which came out in strong relief against the background of absolute perfection, with which each one had persisted in investing the other. It is nobody's fault. None of us are angels. We should not be living on this beautiful sin-stained old earth if we were; and oh, it is such weary work trying to live up to the impossible ideal some one has formed of us! So hard to be what he thinks we are, and in his loving folly tries to convince us against our better judgment that we not only are, but always have been. We all try to do it, though, at first. It is not deceit, only an honest, humble wish to be better for love's dear sake; but oh dear, what a strain it is, and what a failure generally! Some day the effort grows too great, human nature asserts itself, and the too human angel comes to the ground with a thud. Angelina is feeling a little out of sorts, her little brother would call it out of temper, and in an evil moment her own dear Charlie decides to run in for a moment, directly after breakfast, and see his idol before he goes to the office. Angelina intends to dust the parlor, and wash the bric-a-brac that morning, so her hair twisted up under a dusting cap, and she has on an old dress, and a big apron. Not much to be annoyed at, perhaps, and under ordinary circumstances, Angelina would not mind in the least, but today she does mind, and gives Charlie such a cool, not to say grumpy welcome, that all the self conceit in his manly breast rises up in arms, and he feels it necessary for the proper maintenance of his dignity requires him to show his chosen one that his tenderest affections are not to be trifled with. And so begins

".....the little rift within the lute That by and by will make the music mute, And ever widening slowly silence all."

Disenchantment is not long in doing its work once the thin edge of the wedge is inserted, and by the by, two loving hearts that beat as one, are very distinctly two. A promising match is broken off, and the friends of the young couple shake their heads, and say:—"I told you how it would be, another illustration of the folly of long engagements; if those two had been married at once, instead of waiting, they would have been as happy as the day is long."

But to my mind, this view, although it is the common one, is very foolish! Surely if two people find out after a few years of

intimate association, that they are utterly unsuited to each other, what a blessed thing the long engagement has been since it gave them time to make the discovery before it was too late, and saved them lifelong misery, for two persons who cannot stand the strain of the frequent companionship a long engagement entails, would certainly fail to come triumphantly through the ordeal of years of married life, with its joys and sorrows, its trials and vexations.

Surely it is better a thousand times to suffer the comparatively slight sorrow of a broken engagement, and the cruel suspicion of having been jilted, which is usually the girl's portion, than to realize too late that she has married the wrong man, and must bear the consequences of her mistake till death sets her free. And how many men and women, after having been engaged for years discover that they have not the requisite qualities for making each other happy, part, in all friendliness, and then each find with another the perfect happiness they sought in vain at first? A great many I am sure, and they had reason to bless the circumstances which made their engagement long enough for both to find out their own minds.

As to the selfishness a man shows in wishing to secure the girl of his heart, even though he may not be in a position to marry very soon; there I disagree once more with "Leisure Hours," because I think a man has a perfect right to tell a girl of his love, and give her the choice between a few years of waiting, made bright by love and hope, or the unattached freedom of the disengaged girl, whose future is all unsettled, and to whom it is possible real, true, disinterested love, may never come again. And I also think I know my sex sufficiently well to be certain that the girl who really loves a man would far prefer that he should speak, and give her the option of taking or leaving him, rather than repress his feelings like the impossibly noble hero of a novel, and stand calmly and stolidly by, while his rival, who is not half as well calculated to make her happy, secures the prize. If two young people love each other well enough to marry, their love should be strong enough to stand the test of a few years waiting, and I do not believe for a moment that there is danger of the man falling in love with some new comer. If the two are honestly in love, and suited to each other they will only grow nearer and dearer, as the years pass; while, should they not be suited, my experience has shown that it is almost invariably the girl, and not the man, who is the first to find it out. I know the man generally gets the credit of being the one, but I know enough of men to be very sure that they are far more constant than they are supposed to be, and even when they lack that essential element of a truly noble character, the average man is far too lazy to make the requisite effort, to disturb an established order of things unless he is acting under the spur of an unusually strong emotion. He usually prefers to engage in a violent but objectless flirtation with a new comer when his rightful owner is not near by, and after enjoying himself for a reasonable time, he ends by marrying the rightful owner before mentioned, if she will allow him to do so, and living reasonably happily ever after.

Have I said enough in favor of long engagements or too much, I wonder? I could say a great deal more, were it not that I am afraid of boring my readers and making a nuisance of myself generally by keeping the girls away from the pleasant pastures of fashions and cookery, but I have an excuse for lingering tenderly over the subject because, quite between ourselves, I was engaged for a very long time myself.

Speaking of engagements, reminds me of an article I read not long ago in an American paper, the writer of which propounds the startling theory that the stronger sex have enjoyed a monopoly of the delicate business of courting and popping the question and that it is now high time something was done towards securing equal rights in the matter of choosing partners and proposing marriage. She—I am sure it is a she—points out the fact that we are steadily marching onward towards equality, "intellectual, industrial and political," with the other sex, and she thinks it extraordinary that, considering the great number of societies organized for promulgating these doctrines, some steps are not made towards obtaining equality in the matter of proposing, especially since one out of every ten of the world's working women supports her husband, "and probably a much larger per cent of the moneyed woman of the world endow with all their worldly goods the husband who wins them." Well really, when one comes to think about it seriously, there is a good deal to be said on the subject! Why should we aspire to being doctors, lawyers, professors, and even parsons, and prove to the satisfaction of all concerned that we are able to fill all these important positions as well as our lords and masters, and yet be powerless to shape our own destinies on the all important point of marriage? What is the use of proving ourselves capable of going out into the world and meeting our

superior officer man on equal ground, wresting some of life's best prizes out of his grasp, and winning our way step by step, at his side, if we are to stand still in one important respect, and—figuratively speaking—sit at home waiting until lordly man chooses to throw his royal handkerchief to us, and then meekly bend down and pick it up. Why should not we have the power of choosing also? Our own gracious Queen asked Prince Albert to be hers, and why should not her loyal subjects follow her example, we must have wonderful skill in choosing suitable husbands, since my contemporary points out the fact which is historically correct I believe, that no woman's wooing from that of Queen Victoria down, has ever ended in divorce or disaster.

Of course it would seem a little strange at first, and I fancy the dear boys would be terribly coy; but matters would adjust themselves in time and it would all seem perfectly correct. Just imagine the novel delight of calling to see a dear masculine angel some evening knowing full well that he was expecting you, with a flushed cheek and beating heart; that he was seated on the parlor sofa with a bright fire in the grate, and the gas turned down, pressing his hand to his throbbing breast, and listening with bated breath for your well known footstep! Picture the meeting when he rushed to the door, to open it for you himself, and fancy taking his strong hand in yours and telling him that you loved him better than life itself and could not be happy without him; that your income was assured and comfortable and no reasonable wish of his should ever remain ungratified! Imagine his blushing consent, his stammering avowal that he returned your affection and then try if you can to picture yourself leading him tenderly by the hand to his papa's study, and asking the old gentleman's consent. Can you imagine it? I scarcely can myself, but when I think of it all, I am almost tempted to regret the course matters have taken all these years, and to wish Geoffrey had been less precipitate and allowed me to try the experiment in my own person.

ASTRA.
SELF-POSSESSED AND UNASSUMING.

Was Mrs. Burton Harrison as Seen at a Woman's Club.

Mrs. Burton Harrison seems to be a woman favored of the gods, rejoicing in that trinity of richness, brains, beauty, and social place. She is a plump, sweet-faced woman, with fair hair, looking much younger than one expects, and showing no trace of the burden or anxiety of literary work in her serene, unlined face. Seen recently at a woman's club she was self-possessed but unassuming, the faultless simplicity of her gown in marked contrast with the gorgeous bedizenment of the women about her. For the women of note, particularly those still only in the borderland of the charmed country where laurel crowns grow on hedges and gold guineas pave the highways, are as prone to overdress as were their prototypes too much inclined to severity of attire in the days when the title of bluestocking was originated. One can forgive a woman of ability for wearing her own hair and parting it, her own waist where the Lord made it, and for clinging to simple gowns and bonnets. But it is hard to reconcile trains with too many diamonds, too many furbelows, too extreme modes, and too much of everything at the wrong time and place. "It is not fair," some one said as the women with anxious faces, crazy-looking bonnets, and perfectly demoralized veils crowded about the serene, smiling woman who had done what they were trying so laboriously to do. "Mrs. Harrison has it all—home, husband, talent, beauty, friends—everything that is dear to women. At least her trick of telling graceful tales might have been given to the woman who has missed the rest." Among the tributes to her talent which Mrs. Har-

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ration values most highly for its sincerity is the praise of a Western rancher who named his dog Pink, after the girl in her story, "Crow's Nest," and told a friend of hers travelling through the region that the magazine containing the story had "been all around the range." "But it always comes back," he added, "for I've threatened to shoot the boy that keeps it."

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In each wing of an ostrich twenty-six white plumes grow to maturity every eight months. Seventy-five short feathers besides are plucked for tips from each wing. Sixty-five of the tail feathers have commercial value. The female ostrich lays seventy eggs a year. Think of it, you women who are making a dozen corset covers for 24 cents and furnishing your own thread. Think you wives who ask your husbands for a quarter once a week only to be questioned what you did with the quarter you had week before last. What an investment an ostrich would be! All the feathers you like to wear yourself and nearly 300 a year besides from a single bird. The goose with the golden egg industry is quite distanced by this bird of the desert which dines contentedly on single nails and thrives on broken china.

Her Merry Smile.
Her merry smile—with what a glee Its radiance fills my heart to see! The mist of doubt with swirling fly, And from the black and troubled sky Grief's cloud-racks sweep,—Ah, thus to be Forever in the thrall of the Enchanting spell of witchery —She casts—with grace so queenly—by Her merry smile! But ah, alas! For woe is mine, She is a dame with family, But hath a maid with such bright eye It cheers this heart—and that is why I haste, each Sabbath eve, to see Her Mary smile! —K. mball Chase Tapley in N. Y. Racket.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A crocodile takes eighty seconds to turn round. Italy produces more wine than any country in Europe. Shields were not used in England after the reign of Henry VII. Some of the stars move with a velocity of nearly fifty miles a second. One-seventh of the land surface of the globe is controlled by Russia. Nearly 4,000,000 tons of ice have been harvested on the Hudson River this season. The Romans had saucers, griddles, colanders, dripping pans and toasting forks. A monster sewing-machine weighing 3 1/2 tons, is in use in Leeds. It sews cotton belting. A laundry in England owned by woman and employing only women earned \$25,000 last year. The Mexican State of Tabasco shipped 500,000 lizard skins to the United States last year. At Norwich, England, a thirty-five ton weight stone has been quarried. It is the largest on record. The Paris hot water fountains for the use of the poor supply eight quarts of heated water for one cent. Four-fifths of the engines now working in the world have been constructed during the last twenty-five years. The liquors of two centuries ago were, without exception, invented and manufactured in the monasteries. A gigantic tortoise, two centuries old, can be seen in a court of the artillery barracks at Port Louis, France. The population of many South Sea islands manufacture their entire suits from the products of the palm trees. Three factories in America that make the albumen paper used in photography use over 3,000,000 eggs every year. In 1186 the Pope prohibited the cross-bow as barbarous, and threatened cross-bowmen with excommunication. Napoleon prohibited the use of the moustache to all the infantry in his armies except grenadiers of the Old Guard. The largest barometer yet made has been put in working order at St. Jacques tower in Paris. It is 41 feet 5 inches high. Somebody claims that an electric plant has been discovered in India, which will influence a magnetic needle 20 feet distant. The militia of the United States aggregates 112,496 men. Every State and Territory in the Union has an organized militia except the Territory of Utah. The Lord Mayor of London's badge of office contains diamonds of the value of £120,000, and the temporary owner has to give a bond for it before he is sworn in. In 1504 ale was sold in England at three-pence per gallon, and it was about 20 years after that hops were introduced. When the word "beer" was first used is uncertain. In the jewel house of the Tower of London there is a book bound throughout in gold, even to the wires in the hinges. Its clasp is two rubies set at opposite ends of four golden links. The Chinese value an old pair of boots which have been worn by an upright magistrate, and the custom of wishing a friend a "happy foot" is still observed in many European countries. The water lily is said to be largely used in some parts of India as food. The fruit of some species that grow plentifully in the lakes of Cashmere is rich in starch, and has much the flavor of a chestnut. Modern men-of-war being built of iron are so highly magnetic that special arrangements have to be made to render the ship's compass independent of the local attraction, so that she may be steered correctly. The colored globes seen in the chemist's shop windows originated in the retorts and jars of various drugs, remedies, and mixtures with which the old apothecaries and alchemists surrounded themselves. The Moors of Arabia and Spain were the first to introduce them. In the small hotels in Russia each visitor is expected to find his own bedclothing. The rooms mostly contain wooden benches, which act as seats and beds, and on which there is a covering of straw. The bedclothing of poor travellers generally consists of but rugs and wraps. One of the best purchases ever made by the British Museum authorities is probably the Elgin Marbles, which Dr. Murray, their keeper, values now at upwards of half a million sterling, or over fifteen times their cost. Yet the story goes that the Greeks gave most of them to Lord Elgin in exchange for a timepiece. In the famous cellars of the Hotel de Ville, at Bremen, there are a dozen cases of holy wine which has been preserved for 250 years. If the cost of maintaining the cellar payment of rent, interest upon the original value of the wine and other incidental charges are considered, a bottle of this choice wine has cost \$2,000,000, each glassful \$270,000, and a single drop could not be sold without loss under \$70. It is said that the history of the Kohinoor diamond may be traced back to remote antiquity, for it is mentioned in the songs of the Vedas as having formed part of the treasures of an old Indian chief. Probably it has been known for 5,000 years. Most of all the celebrated crown jewels of Europe have been derived from India, but during the past two centuries the Brazilian stones replaced those of the Deccan mines, until in turn the Cape diamonds were introduced. During the middle Ages, when astrology was in fashion, a character very much like our R. was the sign of Jupiter, the preserver of health. The physicians then being equally devoted to the science of medicine and of astrology, invariably began their prescriptions with the following words: "In the name of Jupiter take the following doses in the order set down hereinafter." In the course of time this formula was abbreviated, until at present only the letter R remains to teach us that medical art was once associated with the science of the stars.

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"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

A man generally loses his interest in a subject after his own arguments are exhausted. "Is your wife of a sunny disposition?" "Yes she makes it pretty warm for me sometimes." "Why do they call their daughter 'Olive'?" "Because a liking for her has to be acquired." He—Do you believe that love can exist without jealousy? She—Not in any affair in which I take part. Harry—Does she know you love her? Fred—She can't help knowing it. Why, she told me she had \$20,000 a year. Teacher—What is the meaning of self-control? Boy—It's giving a teacher get's mad, and feels like w'ing a boy a black mark, and doesn't. Doctor (at tea)—Have you been regular in taking your meals? Patient—I cannot say that I have, but I have been very regular in getting rid of them. Paddy—Is you mother in? Boy—Yes, but she's got three callers, and they've got to talking 'bout servant girls. Guess you'd better come around next week. Borker—Spoodle has married a girl who knows half-a-dozen languages. Nagger—Poor fellow, I pity him! My wife only knows one language, and I find that one too many. "How is it that your sister is so much more skillful in using her left hand than you?" "Gracious! Don't you see the diamond engagement ring she wears on that hand?" A traveller in Switzerland found on a menu of the hotel a dish called Arioste. The name puzzled his curiosity, and he risked a trial of the delicacy. It was an old friend—Irish stew. Perdita—If you confine much longer to play poker with my father, I won't marry you. Jack Dashing—If your father continues to play poker much longer with me I won't need to. Resident—Think of starting in this neighborhood, eh? Seems to me you are rather young for a family physician. Young doctor—Y-e-s, but—er—I shall only doctor children at first. A Western paper says that as soon as a man begins to "spend more money in charity than on tobacco, Satan gets uneasy." The same is true, probably, of the tobacco dealers. Irate old gentleman from the country—shall never call on those young ladies again. Sympathizing friend—And why? Irate old gentleman—They did not ask me to remove my hat. Indignant Mother—And so he kissed you three times? Now, what did you say to him? Artless Daughter—Why, I said, "Don't! Stop!" She did, only it sounded like "Don't stop!" Jack—Imitation is the sincerest flattery. Tom—I don't believe it. I saw Hob kiss Mabel the other night, and when he saw me doing the same a little later he didn't seem at all flattered, I assure you. "They are going to be married?" "Well, I didn't know they were engaged." "Why, you see, there are so many engagements broken nowadays that they wouldn't get engaged—just simply married." When Mrs. Parvenu was poor they used to say she was a great talker, but since she became rich it is different. "Indeed! What do they say now?" "They say she is a brilliant conversationalist." "Why do you buy your groceries from Jones?" He is a bad man and dishonest. It is a disgrace to be seen in his store. "I know it; but, to tell the truth, he owes me \$20, and I need the money." "Why do they say that Smith is so clever?" He has been drunk all the time for thirty years past. "That's just the reason. No one has ever had a chance to find out what a fool he really is." Benefactor—How is your husband this winter, my dear woman? Poor Woman—I am sorry to say, sir, he is confined to his room. Benefactor—Could see him. Poor Woman—Possibly, sir, if you applied at the county prison. Gentleman (travelling by coach) Driver, you don't seem to get along this journey so quick as you did some ten or twelve years ago. Driver—Well, sir, I sometimes think I'm myself, but I don't see the reason: the horses are the same. Rooney—Say, Pat, you're a bit of a scholar, kin ye tell me who it was ordered the sun to stand still? Noonan—It's dunno. Some sun of a gun of a contractor who wanted to get a big day's work out of the laborer's man ye kin bet. "You never sit and talk to me as you did before we were married," sighed the young wife. "No," replied the husband, who was a dry goods clerk. "The boss told me to stop praising the goods as soon as the bargain was struck." "Speaking of eccentricities," said Proprietor, "my father is an example. He has not cut his hair for the last half-dozen years." "Indeed? His hair must be very long by this time." "Oh, no! The old gentleman was bald before then." Mamma (reprovingly, Sunday)—You told me you were going to play church. Little Dick—Yes'm. Mamma—Then I'd like to know what all this loud laughing is about. Little Dick—Oh, that's all right. That's Dot and me. We're the choir. Commercial Traveller (to country shopkeeper)—How's business, Mr. Sharpe? Shopkeeper—Can't complain. Just made \$5. Traveller—How was that? Shopkeeper—Man wanted to get trusted for a pair of boots and I didn't let him have 'em! His secretary (hopefully)—Sir, I have married your daughter. (After a pause, bitterly) I suppose you have no further use for me? Himself—Your week is not out until 6 o'clock. You may sit down and draw a new will for me, leaving all my property to the church. "How do you manage to get rid of grid of bores?" asked Snodgrass as he came in and took a seat by the busy man's desk. "Oh, easily enough," replied the busy man. "I begin to tell them stories about my smart younger. Now, only the other day he said—'What! must you go? Well, good morning.'"

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BEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT

Her Majesty has immense cellars of very fine wine at Windsor Castle. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge of England will probably visit this country during the World's Fair. The King of Greece receives the smallest income of any European Sovereign, his salary only amounting to £10,000. Emile Zola says that from his deathbed if there were a vacancy in the French Academy he would offer himself as a candidate. Alfred Tennyson Dickens, a son of the novelist, lives near Melbourne, and Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, a brother, is settled in a colony of New South Wales. John W. Guiteau, brother of the murderer of President Garfield, lives quietly and unobtrusively in New York City. He is wealthy and has retired from business. George Kennan is desirous of returning to Russia, but is regarded with such disfavour by the authorities of that country that he does not think it quite advisable to do so. The richest woman in the world, Donna Isadora Cousino of South America, from her coal mines alone is said to have an income of \$80,000 per month. She has been a widow for ten years. Mrs. Margaret Sunderland Cooper, a member of the London Society of Letters and Art, is it is stated, the only woman to whom the American Humane Society has awarded its gold medal. Miss Eliza Sullivan Oakley of Saratoga is an enthusiastic vegetarian, and she has a vegetable cat. The cat was taken from its mother when a young kitten, and has never been permitted to eat meat. When ex-Secretary of the Navy Thompson, was chosen by President Hayes, Mrs. Hayes is said to have remarked: "Richard for Secretary of the Navy? How absurd! Why he doesn't even know how to swim." The Princess of Wales has been down the deep Botolph Claydon Mine, near Land's End, which is understood to be the most singularly situated mine in the world, being 44 ft. underneath the bottom of the sea. It is said that a postman once asked Huxley for an autograph, confessing frankly that he did not know what the professor's business was, but explaining that he "had heard folk say as how he was something superior." George W. Childs, the proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger, is thoroughly domestic in his habits, and derives keen pleasure in enriching his collection of Dickens's MSS. and autograph letters of the presidents of the United States. Mr. Gordon McKay, the millionaire inventor and manufacturer, of Boston, who recently gave \$2,000,000 to Harvard University, has spent much of his leisure time in buying old violins, of which he has one of the finest collections in the world. During the last six years the Duke of Portland has won £147,972 in stakes on the turf, and the Dowager Duchess of Montrose £79,465. Lord Calthorpe comes third, with £63,933, and the Duke of Westminster comes fourth, with £61,754. King Oscar of Sweden recently celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as a Doctor of Philosophy. As Duke of Osgotland, the University of Lund conferred that degree upon him a quarter of a century ago, in recognition of the services he had rendered to literature and science. Mrs. Cleveland's private secretary at the White House will be a Mrs. Tuomey of Washington, who was employed by the late Mrs. Whitney during the first Cleveland administration. For \$2,000 a year Mrs. Tuomey will attend to the vast social correspondence of the White House. General Lew Wallace, ex-governor, ex-minister to Turkey and author of "Ben Hur," is an artist as well as an author. Several years ago he painted a Cupid with purple wings that threw the art critics of Indianapolis into paroxysms of excitement. The color, however, was not changed. The empress of Austria takes each day long walking excursions, in which she tires out her ladies in waiting, conversing all the way in modern Greek with a Greek professor. It is in study and exercise that the empress drives away the attacks of melancholia which have been of such frequent recurrence since the death of her son. John Wanamaker is the son of a brick-maker, and has amassed, it is supposed, over \$10,000,000. He always dresses in black. His pet hobby is the cultivation of orchids. Very fine horses are in his stables but he owns no racehorse. He does not ride, shoot, smoke, or drink, but he drives for preference, a light four-wheeled wagon. Russell Sage is going to build a new dormitory for the Troy Female Seminary, at Troy, N. Y. The seminary was founded by the late Emma B. Willard, who was a very warm friend of Mr. Sage. Mrs. Sage was graduated from the seminary 46 years ago. She is now the president of the late Emma B. Willard Association of New York. John William Mackay, the Irish-American owner of the great silver Bonanza mines, who was shot at in San Francisco, the other day, is unostentatious, although he frequently entertains notable people. He has a strong fancy for song birds, and in their Paris mansion the Mackays have a parrot which can talk in English, French, and Spanish. The Grand Duke Alexis has a famous poodle named "Black," which has been awarded a medal by the French Humane Society for having rescued people from drowning on no fewer than three different occasions. The dog is just now much annoyed with his noble master for having adopted a handsome building, recently presented to him by Count Potocki. The late Charles Davis, who was for many years the Queen's huntsman, once received from his professional acquaintances a silver trophy, embodying a mounted effigy of himself. This he bequeathed to the honour of the Crown, and feeling that the trophy might otherwise fall into unworthy hands. 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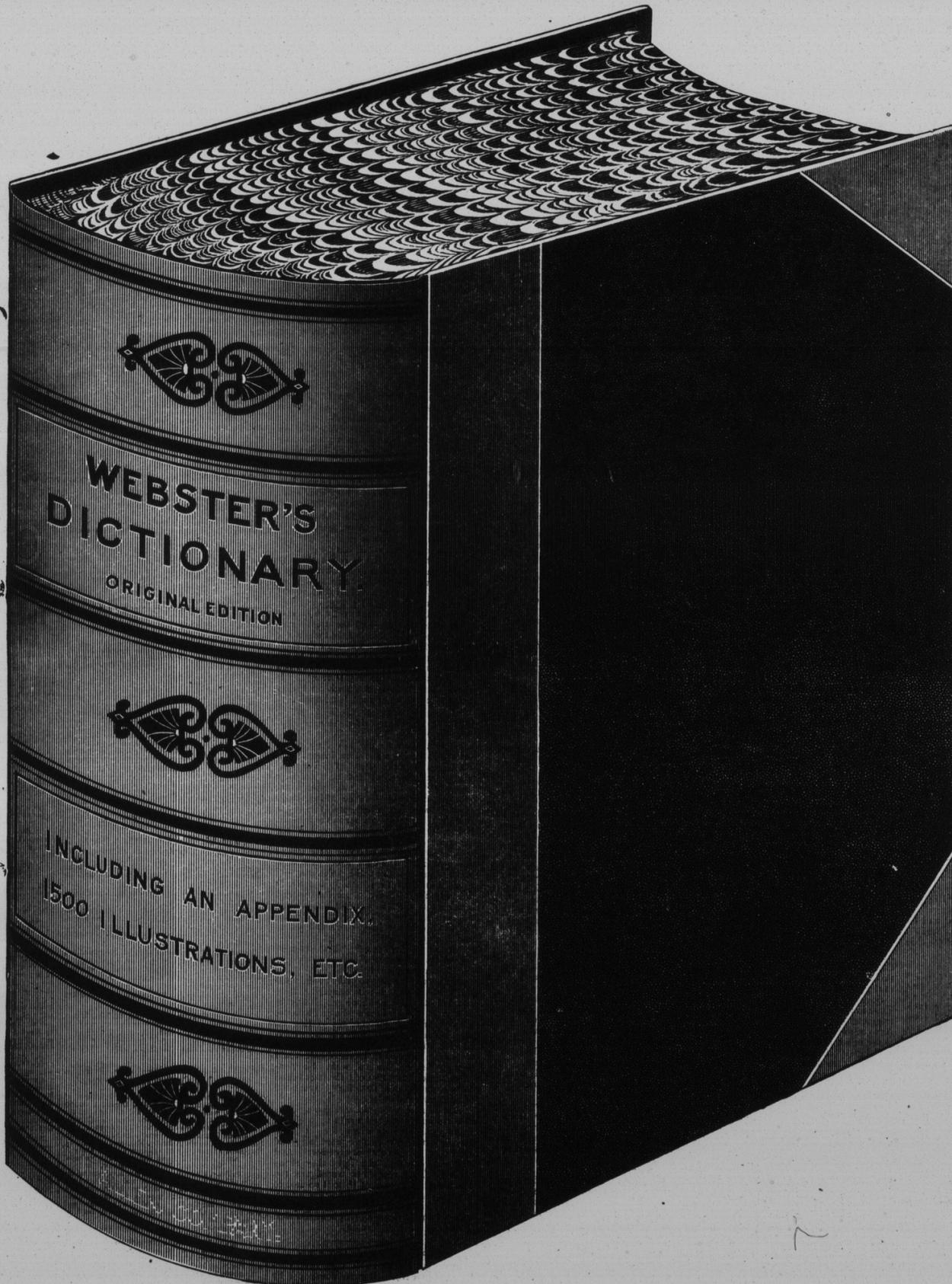
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