

TRIED TO HUSH IT UP.

A HALIFAX MAN'S SECOND DISGRACEFUL ESCAPE.

Fined at a Secret Trial for Assaulting a Child, He Returns to the City and Again Gets into Trouble—Money will not Help Him, and He Leaves Town in a Hurry.

In its issue of March 26th, PROGRESS had occasion to refer to a miscarriage of justice in Halifax. The facts of the case are briefly these: About six o'clock on the evening of St. Patrick's Day the passers by on Barrington street, were startled by hearing the screams of a young girl in an office in the second story of a building. A young man climbed the fire escape and saw a man struggling with a girl. Meantime the crowd forced the door of the room they were in and held the scoundrel until the police arrived, when he was locked up. The young girl told how the villain accosted her on the street and enticed her to his office and then tried to assault her. A private trial was granted Mr. John DeWolfe; he was allowed by the stipendiary to plead guilty to "common assault" and was fined \$50.

If even-handed justice had been dealt out then there would have been no other charges against DeWolfe for some time at least. Last Saturday night, however, he seized a young girl, ten years of age, on Brunswick street, dragged her into his mother's garden and

then attempted an assault, but the screams of the little girl and her little brother, who followed them in, frightened him and he let the child go. The little boy's story to PROGRESS correspondent is as follows: His father came home Saturday night and forgot a parcel of meat which he had left in his shop on Jacob street, and asked the children to go back and get it as it was only a short distance. They did so, and on their return DeWolfe asked his sister how old she was, and walked with them to his mother's gate. There his sister was dragged inside and the assault attempted. DeWolfe instead of letting the children out the Brunswick street entrance, took them through the grounds and put them out the Barrington street exit presumably in order to bewilder them. When the child went home crying and told her father what had happened he started for DeWolfe's house to see him, but he feigned ignorance of the whole affair. DeWolfe's mother, however, offered Brokenshire \$100 to hush the matter up, and he agreed to do so, but on Tuesday morning, learning that DeWolfe had left town, he had a warrant issued for his arrest, as Mrs. DeWolfe had not paid the amount agreed upon. Mr. Brokenshire says now that he is very glad he did not get the \$100, as Stipendiary Morton told him he would be compounding a felony had he done so. Mr. Brokenshire further says that after the warrant was issued, Mrs. DeWolfe's agent came with the \$100, but was told by him that the case was out of his hands entirely now, and that the S. P. C. had charge of it.

DeWolfe left town Monday night and it will probably be some time before Halifax sees him again. DeWolfe resigned his commission as captain in the H. G. A. after his first scrape.

A Halifax daily paper had this to say of the affair: There has been much talk about the case of John DeWolfe and his alleged assault on the nine year old child of J. D. Brokenshire, of Jacob street. The question frequently asked is whether, in view of the fact that the law seems powerless against such a criminal, the establishment of a vigilance committee to take him in hand would not be justifiable and even commendable. The fellow was caught in the act of a revolting assault under tragic circumstances some months ago, was arrested and given a secret trial. The real offence was glossed over and some comparatively trivial charge made, under which, instead of going to the penitentiary he was let off on payment of a paltry \$50 fine. The consequence of such false leniency is now apparent. DeWolfe went to the United States for a short time and when he thought the recollection of the diabolical act had passed away, he returned as brazen as ever, and as guilty and capable of fresh crime as before. He had been taught and had certainly learned no lesson. The climax has now been reached. After an alleged career of similar offences for the past few weeks, one has come to light which again shocks the public, and it looked for a while as if no notice whatever was to be taken of the dreadful act by the authorities. On Saturday afternoon DeWolfe saw the little girl and her brother on the street near his house, her residence and his own being only a few doors apart on Brunswick street. Their story is that he coaxed the two inside and prevailed on the boy to remain at some distance while he took the child away and exposed himself. Finally her cries brought the brother to the place and an alarm was given. Later Mr. Brokenshire called at DeWolfe's house and accused him of the crime, denouncing him as a scoundrel. A strange part of the story comes in here—for that Sunday evening Brokenshire called at the newspaper offices and used all his persuasion to have the matter hushed up. These facts were known on the street, but he did not want them published. There were rumors of "hush money." But the negotiations apparently fell through, for at noon yes-

terday Brokenshire signed the information on which was based the warrant for his arrest charging that "John DeWolfe did attempt to have carnal knowledge of—Brokenshire, a girl under 12 years of age." Brokenshire met Stipendiary Morton and John Naylor during the forenoon, and the stipendiary cautioned him against accepting "hush money," but DeWolfe had gone long before, and the warrant was useless. He took the excursion train for St. John, which left on Sunday at midnight, and probably is now once more in the United States. There is only one good result of the business, and that is that the warrant will keep.

ALL ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT. A Merry Party Jest and Speculate while Listening to the Tragedy. Life and death sometimes touch one another so closely that they almost seem to join hands and the opening words of the most solemn tragedy so like those of a comedy that the one is often indistinguishable from the other. The following is an example: Four young people sat on the veranda of a house in Moncton last Monday evening sipping lemonade, and talking in a desultory fashion as people do on a moonlight night. Three ladies and one young man; two were swinging in the hammock, while the others leaned against the rail and gazed at the moon making flickering shadows amid the trees. It was a glorious night, the very night to commune with nature and not do much of anything else; the house stood back from the street crowned with trees and the veranda on the veranda were craning their necks to catch a glimpse of the "red planet Mars," when suddenly a sound of loud confused voices arose in the distance and a pistol shot followed by four others in rapid succession rang sharply out on the soft summer air! The shots were so light, and so rapid that they sounded more like the explosion of five fire crackers all ignited at once, than revolver shots. The group on the veranda held their breaths and listened, but not another sound broke the stillness.

"Strange," said the man, "they sounded like shots. What can be the matter?" "Oh!" cried the youngest of the party, excitedly, "Perhaps someone is killed!" "Oh yes," answered the eldest member carelessly, "I feel convinced that it is a tragedy of some kind and we shall all be called up as witnesses on account of hearing the shots."

"By George!" cried the man starting up hastily, "I believe it was something unusual, let us go and see, I think it was over on Vulcan street."

One of the more adventurous spirits among the ladies sprang up in eager ascent, only to be checked by the little maid who had first spoken and who now interposed with the pathetic protest.

"Oh, don't! if you are there on the spot and see anything, you will only have to talk all the more—in the court, I mean."

"Yes, stay where you are," said the hostess sententiously. "You are safe now at any rate, and you don't know how long you will remain so, if you brave hidden dangers! I shall remain where I am and protect my infant daughter; my duty is plainly here."

Everyone laughed, and the third speaker who is an ardent disciple of Henry Berghs, said uneasily, "Probably it was some wretched man shooting at a poor cat."

"After all," said the male member of the party settling comfortably back into the hammock with a sigh of lazy content, "I don't believe there could have been shots, the sound was too faint, it was more like a pack of fire crackers all going off at once; if they had been shots we would have heard some noise afterwards."

Soon afterwards two of the group went peacefully home and a few hours afterwards learned that the sounds they had heard were indeed shots, and only three streets away poor Joseph Steadman had fallen, pierced to the heart by one of them; murdered in the discharge of his duty, and even while they were jesting over the probable origin of the sounds the first murderer which has stained the annals of the railway town had been perpetrated.

Mr. J. H. Connelley's Good Photography. Mr. J. H. Connelley has secured the well known photographic studio, formerly occupied by Mr. Steeger, and will conduct a similar business on his own account. Mr. Connelley was at one time a resident of St. John, but, like many others, he has been in the States for the last few years and gained a thorough knowledge of the photographer's business. Some of the best photographers in the world can be found in Boston and New York, and it is safe to say that anyone who learns the business in either of these cities has all the newest ideas of the photographic art. Mr. Connelley has shown PROGRESS some samples of very faithful, natural work, beautifully finished by a new process which it would be difficult to explain in a paragraph like this. Perhaps the best evidence of the success of it is the favor it has met with those who have already patronized him. Since his work speaks so well for itself, any good words that PROGRESS can say about it, are not necessary.

A Hotel Managed by a New Brunswicker. A Boston correspondent of PROGRESS writes: "One of the finest hotels in America" is the new Copley Square hotel, situated in the Back Bay district. It was erected at a cost of over \$500,000, leased at a rental of \$40,000 a year, and furnished by the proprietor, Hon. F. S. Risteen, at a cost of about \$120,000. Mr. Risteen is a New Brunswicker by birth, and his hotel is naturally very popular with maritime province tourists. The fittings of the hotel throughout are magnificent. They include many valuable paintings—notably that of Glauco and the Lion, (from Lytton's Last days of Pompeii) which cost about \$4,000. I can sincerely recommend the Copley Square to all who desire a nice, quiet hotel, conducted upon the most modern principles."

Rush of Business. Oak Hall has been a busy place this week. Persons taking advantage of their Red figure sale say the prices are the lowest ever asked for well-made, stylish clothing for men and boys.

ABOUT VISITING.

Seclusion and Spare Minutes that Guests Like to Have at Times.

There is a funny story told of a man who visited for a long time in the house with the woman he adored, and owing to the assiduous attention of his hostess, found no opportunity to declare his devotion. In sheer desperation, as he was about to depart, he scribbled on his menu card, "Will you marry me?" and sent it to the lady in the drawing room. "Tell the gentleman, yes," was the message returned. All of which reminds one of the fact that few hostesses appreciate that the fundamental principle in the art of fine entertaining is to gracefully leave your guests alone, after having given them the freedom of your castle and provided them with every comfort and convenience possible within its environment. Every one remembers the unutterable exhaustion of visiting in a household where the hostess, with the kindest and best motives in the world, demands the complete sacrifice of one's individuality and inclination to the pleasures she provides and the plans she formulates, where the hurried round of drives, visits, and banquets precludes all possibility for rest, where the letters you ought to write, the books you like to read, and the sweet self-communion which all slow nature enjoy must be neglected for want of time both before and after. Can you ever forget the long, hot afternoons, when existence was tolerable only in the coolest of negligees, and discomfort forgotten only in the lightest of summer novels; but when your hostess, from a mistaken sense of duty, insisted on entertaining you with conversation in which you were obliged to share or seem ungracious and ungrateful?

The theory of entertaining is nowhere so thoroughly understood and so exquisitely carried out as in English country houses, where the guest is taken in as one of the family, left entirely to follow his own bent throughout the long morning, and only expected to be on duty at the full-dress parade of the formal dinner. And this held their breaths and listened, but not another sound broke the stillness. "Strange," said the man, "they sounded like shots. What can be the matter?" "Oh!" cried the youngest of the party, excitedly, "Perhaps someone is killed!" "Oh yes," answered the eldest member carelessly, "I feel convinced that it is a tragedy of some kind and we shall all be called up as witnesses on account of hearing the shots."

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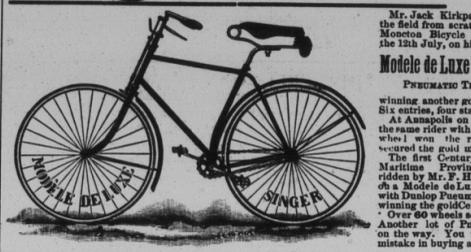
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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 6.

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF IT?

The members of the royal commission on prohibition get \$10 a day, in addition to their board and travelling expenses. This seems to be one reason why the commission exists; another is that the government wants to make a show of doing something, without the least idea that anything definite will be done. So far as the evidence has been given in Halifax, it would be difficult for anybody to judge whether or not the people want prohibition or whether it would be a great good or a great evil. If anything, the testimony of prominent and disinterested men seems to imply that the latter result is the more probable.

The interested witnesses are very positive in their views. Those who see money in a continuance of the liquor traffic consider that the stoppage of it would be not only a serious financial loss to the country but would result in a lower grade of public morality. On the other hand, the temperance men grow positively intemperate in their picture of the evil now wrought which would not exist if Canada had a Maine liquor law. From the evidence given in the newspapers, there seems to be little to be learned, save that the commission is an expensive sort of travelling show which has yet to show that it is worth a title of what it will cost the country. The questions of whether or not the people of Canada want prohibition, and whether, if they do, it is the best thing for them, are not likely to be made clear by the labors of the gentlemen who are now enjoying a summer excursion at more than a sufficient rate of pay for their time and their labor. So far, there is a strong suspicion of humbug about the whole matter.

TOO CONSIDING POETS.

Stern and uncompromising British justice has laid its hand upon what the papers are pleased to term a gang of unscrupulous swindlers in London. The organization was known as "the association of British authors" at one time and "the city of London publishing company" at another. At its head was SIR GILBERT EDWARD CAMPBELL, baronet, whose high sounding name appears to have given a tone to the affair, and has enabled it to carry on a successful business for the last nineteen years. It was, ostensibly, a society for the encouragement of amateur poets and ambitious authors, and these were its victims.

While it is quite possible that a properly managed society for the suppression of spring poets, etc., would be an organization beneficial to the human race, the moment the element of fraud enters into the matter that moment the duty of the press is clear. It cannot sanction wrong doing, even though good may result. In this case, while the association has spared the world the infliction of much that is dreadful, its methods have been bad. Not to speak too strongly, they have been fraudulent.

The association appears to have changed its name as often as the exigencies of the situation required, but the object of all the societies was to promote science, literature and art, and to assist rising authors. Its existence caused hope to spring exultant in the breast of many a man and woman given to writing verse and other "efforts," of which unpublished examples are numerous in all well regulated newspaper offices. The society invited aspiring authors to forward manuscripts, accompanied by a fee, and all through the years since 1873 "a noble army, men and boys, the matron and the maid," has been forwarding quires upon quires of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," with the necessary fee enclosed. At one time a large number expected to wake up and find themselves famous through the publication of a volume of "Poets of the Day," in which, for a fee, their lines were to appear as specimens of nineteenth century poetry. The book never appeared, and neither the money nor the poetry was ever returned to the expectant authors.

In the same way, the association undertook to publish volumes of poems of prolific writers, asking all the way from ten to fifty pounds sterling as a fee for making the writers famous by the means of paper and ink. One man, a Welsh waiter, was much pleased to hand over some fifteen pounds in this way, and another, described as a retired coal merchant, parted with ten pounds for the same purpose. One maiden lady, who must have had a large quantity of poems, dropped nearly fifty pounds, but her "Lines to a Friend," etc., never saw light, and may possibly have been sold to a junkman at the ridiculously low rate of a quarter of a cent a pound. The paper would have brought that much if no poems had been written in it.

The peculiar fact that the association never published anything and never returned any money, changing its name from time to time to avoid responsibility, became a matter that excited suspicion. The result has been a trial, which, at last accounts, was not finished. It is more than probable, however, that the court will take a strictly legal view of the matter and punish the parties for the fraud. Were the matter to be left to a jury of newspaper men, they might, while condemning the appropriation of the money, make a strong recommendation to mercy on the ground of extenuating circumstances. It was dishonest to extract the money from the poetic water and coal man, the grocer, milkmaid and bank clerk, but it ought to be remembered that none of the verse was published. It was suppressed, and the poets who did not keep copies, had no chance to work it off on the country papers. Perhaps some of them were discouraged from writing any more. The court ought to be governed by the principles of equity, as well as of law, should it be called on to pass sentence.

THE BRIGHT YOUNG WOMAN.

That the coming girl will not be the merely pretty girl is a fact which must be very readily admitted. The world is not running to beauty, and the customs of civilized nations do not tend to perpetuate it. There have been periods of history in which female beauty, of itself, was rated at a higher value than it is likely to be again, for now-a-days, as nations become more cultivated they are inclined to value woman rather for what she really is than for what she merely looks to be. Every year new fields are discovered in which feminine wit and industry can find occupation, and the education in large and small communities alike is of the practical kind with a tendency not dreamed of in the schools of even half a century ago. Women are learning to face the world in the confidence that she can succeed in spheres from which she was debarred by the usages of former times, and when she is in earnest about it, she proves herself fully equal to tasks once supposed to be the monopoly of the other sex. When she does not succeed, it is because she is not thorough; and when she is not thorough it is usually because she merely aims at getting a temporary living, with marriage as her ultimate aim and destiny.

So woman, in the abstract, is growing more clever and doubtless less beautiful. The motives that urge her, the tasks that are before her, and the ends she has in view in her vocations all have their effect in taking away the femininity and tenderness that mark her when she simply clings to man in loving trust and dependence. She may not become "mannish" in one sense of the word, yet something of the natural grace and charm is apt to vanish in proportion to independence gained. The intellectual woman may be a very attractive creature sometimes, but in other cases she will undoubtedly be more admired than loved by the opposite sex. No amount of cleverness can supply the place of a simple, unaffected nature and a tender, trustful heart. The woman who is continually "talking shop," displaying "shop" in other ways, who analyzes and criticizes and delights in sharp sayings and doings, is likely to be a very entertaining companion where she would be a failure as a wife. That the educational tendency of the present day is to develop her sharpness at the sacrifice of her tenderness seems pretty certain. It is also to be noticed that "bright young women," whether their acquirements are solid or superficial, are very apt to be popular with young men who are, or think themselves equally bright after their own fashion.

The bright young woman is always interesting, either as a friend to be cultivated or a specimen to be studied. She is the former when her brightness has not been developed at the expense of her truer nature, and the latter when she subordinates the heart to the head. She may be, and usually is, illogical and as a result she is at times grossly unjust in her judgments. In the course of time, no doubt, as she continues to aim at independence of character she will learn to think, reason and judge as less impulsive man is apt to do, when he means to be just in his views. The bright young woman will then have her many excellent qualities recognized even more fully than they are in the present. She will be the ideal woman of the future, where she is now but in the process of evolution. She will in time be developed into the model wife and mother, which cannot always be assumed of her as, in the abstract, she is in these days.

There appears to be some perturbation in United States naval circles over the report that when the new war vessel is launched at Bath, Me., the wife of Senator HALE is to break the bottle of wine over the bow and name the craft. The objection is not that wine is to be used for any other than medicinal purposes in a prohibition state, but that the chief officer in the ceremony is a married woman, when tradition says that the duty should devolve on a maiden. It is gravely objected that should Mrs. HALE, or any other matron perform the function "a superstition would follow the vessel that might make it difficult, if not impossible, to get a crew." The fact is recalled that when it was arranged that a married woman should name the cruiser *Baltimore*, four years ago, influences were brought to bear so that the launch was postponed, and when it did take place a young woman held the place of honor. When this kind of superstition is encouraged in official circles, one begins to wonder if it is really four hundred years since Columbus landed.

When a woman gets possessed of a fad for collecting anything in the nature of bric-a-brac, second-hand stamps or autographs, it is pretty hard to tell at what absurdity she will draw the line. Mrs. TAYLOR, the wife of a millionaire congressman from Chicago, has just now interested Washington society by an improvement on the old style of autograph album. She is passing around a white undershirt, on which each member of the house of representatives is requested to write his name. When all the desired autographs are secured, it is the intention of Mrs. TAYLOR to embroider the names in silk. Whether it is to be preserved as a parlor ornament or inspected when worn as an article of attire is not stated. There are doubtless other articles of female underwear that are capable of being covered with autographs, but it is to be hoped the line will be drawn at skirts, until at least the world gets a little more educated into the new idea.

The St. John board of trade will be interested in the New York *Sun's* statement of the "common enough" occurrences at ports along the Bay of Fundy and its tributary streams. The information is given that "with the fall of the tide all craft are left high, but by no means dry, with an area of chocolate colored mud all about them. The mud is too shifting to hold a vessel in safety, so each pier is provided with one or more strong wood frames called shays, fixed at the bottom of the stream or bay. Upon these shays all vessels rest at low tide. It frequently happens, however, that a vessel does not get her shoes snugly on, so to speak, and if a strong wind comes when she is thus ill balanced, over she goes into the mud, to be buried forty feet under the next rising tide." The annual loss from these frequent happenings of mud burial is not stated by the *Sun*, and is not to be found in the statistics of Secretary CORNWALL.

The royal commission, before deciding that prohibition is a remedy for all human cussedness should make a note that a notice in the Portland, Me., public library offers a reward of five dollars for the detection of such citizens as mutilate the books, papers or magazines. It is not as bad as that in St. John yet.

It is bad enough for the United States editors to be blissfully ignorant of the cities of Canada, but when a Nova Scotia weekly gravely informs its readers that "the episcopal church" St. John was struck by lightning, it looks as though the editor ought to buy a directory or take a vacation.

A writer in *Forest and Stream* asks the question, "Does the rattlesnake spit? Progress neither knows nor cares, but it can assure the questioner that if the rattlesnake does not spit the St. John street loafer does, and that is a good deal more to the point as regards the people of this section.

All on a Fleat. A laughable incident occurred in the police court the first day of this week. Mr. George Henderson was prosecuting a charge for cruelty to animals. Mr. Daniel Mullin was defending it and Mr. E. J. Wetmore, secretary of the S. P. C. A., was an interested spectator. For some reason or other it was proposed to postpone the case. Tuesday was suggested, when Mr. Henderson spoke up and said, as the Centenary church picnic was postponed until Tuesday, it would not be as convenient for him as some other day. Thereupon Mr. Mullin broke in and said that the Bishop's picnic was postponed to take place on Tuesday, he would be inconvenienced by attending. Not to be outdone, Mr. Wetmore said that the ran had also forced St. Jude's church to postpone its picnic until Tuesday and he could not attend. Very much amused the magistrate remarked that he, too, would like "to go on a picnic," but that business forbade him.

Sure of a Good Crowd. The moonlight excursion of the Y. M. C. A. orchestra is announced for Monday night. One of the peculiarities of their posters is the line "no dancing," but if the orchestra propose to furnish the guests with plenty of their best music it is not at all likely that this will be any drawback to a good crowd.

JOYS AND WOE OF OTHER PLACES.

Is the Whisker all Gone? There will be steady crossing on the river bridge in about a fortnight.—*Moncton Times*.

A Sad State of Affairs. It is twenty-five years since a decent circus has visited Digby, and ten years since we had, even a poor one.—*Canadian*.

Must Have Broken the Door, Too. Mrs. Aron Cruise, of LaHave, fell through the front door of her house on 20th last, and broke her arm.—*Lunenburg Argus*.

Mr. Foley Much Annoyed. Mr. R. N. Foley has got a very fine crop this year. His fertile acres cause him much annoyance, for he is extremely persevering.—*Richibucto Review*.

Fattened on Fish. We are informed that five of Lunenburg's fair daughters were weighed one day last week at Mahone Bay and tipped the scale at 1000 pounds.—*Lunenburg Argus*.

Several Frederictonians Horrified. On Tuesday morning the drinkers of water found out to their horror that the water mains were dry, that the hot water had come and there was no water to use.—*Fredericton Herald*.

Graveyard Wanted in a Hurry. Woodstock must have a burial place for its dead! Where will it be, and how provided? are the questions which now face our people, and which must be met and answered at once.—*Sentinel*.

Oxford's Latest Excitement. Some person, unknown, sometime during Sunday, having a key to St. Paul's barber shop, walked in, and after having shaved 20 added to the church on the table and quietly walked out.—*Cumberland Leader*.

A Central Argyll Nimrod. Will be Seely discovered a porcupine in an apple tree on the Seely farm the other day. The porcupine signified its readiness to have Willie tread on the tail of its coat, so to speak, but William, knowing a tick worth two of that, dispatched the animal with a long pole.—*Sarnath Light*.

Reign of Terror at Round Hill. Our village has evidently some evil-disposed denizens for whom no epithet of denunciation seems unwarranted. They do their deeds of malice by night, pillaging houses and poisoning valuable dogs, but successfully eluding capture. A midnight vigilance committee would be appreciated.—*Bridgton Monitor*.

Waves, Doves and Harvest Mixed. The religious wave still rolls on; four more beautiful young persons were baptized last Sunday, thus making a total of 20 added to the church. More still to come. Sinners are flocking like doves to the windows. The Rev. W. Morse, pastor of the church, is indeed reaping a fine harvest.—*Rosary Cour.*

The Editor Explains. We are reliably informed that in some quarters we are accused of being too fresh and fast in publishing accounts of liquor prosecutions than any other town papers. Some have gone so far as to call us a temperance crank, whatever that may mean. All we have to say is this: That we publish such things as news and the *Headlight* is a newspaper.—*Truro Headlight*.

Ship Mates of LONG ACO. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In the "Strange Coincidence," mentioned by Mr. Woodburn in last week's PROGRESS, I notice he is slightly in error as to the space of time between the passages when we crossed the Atlantic together. It was not two years, but only eight months. We went over in the *Cuba* in November and returned the following June in the *Africa*. I had quite forgotten Mr. Woodburn's name, but remember him distinctly; also his good wife and infant daughter who accompanied him and who, I hope, are still living. In an album of photos collected at that time, there is one of a little girl seated in a baby carriage and underneath is written, "I crossed the Atlantic twice with this young lady," which, of course, would be his child. The object of Mr. Woodburn's visit to England, as he informed me, was to superintend the lithographing of a large view of Halifax in Edinburgh. I often see them hanging up here and consider they are the best I have seen of our city, and am also reminded of our pleasant acquaintances by the voyage in the *Africa*. The *Africa* was an old paddle-wheel Canardier, a type now obsolete in ocean travel. Halifax, Aug. 1. J. E. Wilson.

A Case of "Bite the Biter." Until this year the revisors lists of electors for the city have been divided among the printers two wards going to this firm and one to another according to the capacity and the influence of the offices. The rate paid was 3 1/2 cents per name which was not out of the way done, as they were, in small lots. This year the officers received an invitation from chairman Seaton of the printing committee to tender on the whole list. Naturally there was some surprise at this and considering the way tenders have gone before, it was not too much to opine that there was a "nigger" in the fence. Two of the printing firms evidently made up their minds that the printers would stray from the regular pathway and made their tenders very low. Progress print was the lowest and was awarded the job. The city saves about \$200, which the printers lose. It was a case of "bite the biter."

A Successful School. One of the most prosperous of the established Maritime Educational institutions is the Collegiate school, of Windsor, N. S. It is closely connected with Kings college, and many students of the graduating classes of the school pursue their studies in the higher institution. There are scores of students, however, who find that the thorough and systematic training of the Collegiate school all that they require in their preparation for business life. The Rev. Arnoldus Miller, who is the energetic head master, is improving the school every year, and managing it with an energy and success that has rarely if ever been equalled in the history of Maritime Collegiate schools. The attendance is always large and the institution is recognized in Nova Scotia as a splendid place to train boys for future work.

COLORED EXCURSIONISTS IN TOWN.

How They Came and Saw, but Did Not Conquer the St. John Ball Team. There was an excursion to St. John Monday and everybody knew it. The youth and beauty of Nova Scotia's colored population took the town by storm. Whites were in the minority on King, Charlotte and Prince William streets until the working people appeared at noon; and on Leinster street, a white man was a curiosity. Nine carloads of colored excursionists arrived here in the morning. The dark cloud left Halifax Sunday night at 11 o'clock and every time it stopped—at Truro, Amherst, and all along the line—grew darker and darker until, arriving in St. John at 8 o'clock next morning, all hopes of a fine day for picnics on the morrow vanished. Over five hundred negroes swarmed the station. The gates were thrown open and they took possession. After a journey that would make most people weary, they gave every indication of being on for a holiday and all the fun they could get out of it. Mill street was one long black line. As the crowd got further up town it spread in all directions, and sight seers could be found everywhere.

Colored dudes with collars in direct contrast to their complexions wandered around with living specimens of unalloyed sweetness in cotton dresses and holiday smiles. Old darkies with umbrellas and tinges of white, in their scanty woe ambled along with their better halves and relatives, and got out of breath climbing King street; the members of the Truro nine with base ball caps which included all the colors of the rainbow, and gave a slight indication of the style they would put on when the umpire called "play ball," flitted about and held consultations, while the excursion committee exhausted its energies in securing grounds and a place for refreshment.

The boys who wield the whisks in the colored barber shops, were in high feather; so were the representatives of one section of the whitewashing business; while the colored people in the lower end of the town, who do not do much of anything, made the best of their opportunities, and never "retused."

As usual, the girls were in the majority, and stylish escorts were in demand. Charley Stewart missed the opportunity of a life time. Not one of the Nova Scotia delegation would have held a candle to him.

In the afternoon the great event was the ball game between Truro and St. John. It was an old time game and an old time crowd that reminded one of the days when fence-jumping was the most popular pastime with "admirers" of "the game." When the Truro appeared in pure white suits and many colored hats, admiration ran high. Every man's complexion was in striking contrast to his uniform, from the third baseman, with hands like a sieve, to the little catcher with the big voice. There was plenty of fun and very little base ball, but Jumbo Hector, who played first base and "turned the pillow" every inning for stock and other certificates, was the exception. George Hope distinguished himself in the box for the home nine, until the gaudy captain of the Truro got on to his illegal delivery and called the umpire's attention. The latter looked worried, and didn't seem to know much about it, so George simply smiled and went on in his wild caper. The game was remarkable for some wonderful throws and high jumps. The Truro fielders made several desperate efforts to throw the ball from the drill shed to Courtney bay, and the basemen's efforts to give imitations of a flying machine were very successful.

Over on the grand stand the excursionists spent the time in renewing old acquaintanceship; trying to pacify picnic babies with all the lung power of the species; endeavoring to shut off the remarks of male relatives who had been imbibing, and seemed intent on having a good time, no matter who saw them; and the game only received attention when somebody disputed the umpire's decision or an outsider made a throw that was wild enough to make the crowd cheer.

After the game the streets up town were again alive with colored humanity, and in the evening Germain street was the centre of attraction. The colored oddfellows' hall had been secured for dancing purposes and the brunettes, in picnic attire, appeared by the score. The warm weather was no draw back. They seemed anxious for the dancing, so anxious in fact that they were unable to wait for the fiddler, and waltzed on Germain street asphalt to the music furnished by members of the Citizen's band who were running the scale in the band room across the street.

Midnight at the depot saw Nova Scotia's colored representatives making themselves easy for a long journey homeward. They spread themselves over the cars in all shapes and forms. Wildernesses of wool presented themselves to those who looked in at the doors, while from scores of windows specimens of the same article were on exhibition. The girls and their best fellows nestled in the seats and quiet flirtations were carried on with no regard to surroundings. Some were huddled up for a nap, while kittenish brunettes of both sexes joked and chattered everywhere. In the train shed dozens enjoyed a promenade arm in arm, or with the gallant's arm around the fair one's waist. Bashfulness was something nobody seemed to know anything about, or, if the love makers did blush nobody knew the difference. St. John's colored population was there, too, and took a part in the show, bidding good bye and joining in the merry making, while a hundred "white folks" enjoyed the fun from a distance.

It was a great day for provincial darkies.

A Handy Memo. Knowles' Handy Memo is, as its name implies, a convenient little pocket reference book containing all sorts of useful local and general information. It will be found useful by people of an enquiring mind. The book is to be had at 10 and 15 cents, according to the style of cover. J. S. Knowles is the publisher.

Was in Town This Week. Mr. G. O. Fulson, the energetic Truro newdealer, was among the visitors to Progress office this week.

WHAT PROGRESS PRINT IS DOING.

A Department that Won Its Way Into Pub-He-Favor Rapidly. In the few months since PROGRESS PRINT was started in connection with this paper more than twenty-five thousand ladies' visiting cards have been printed. Almost without intending it this work has become one of the small specialties of the office. Perhaps it is because very many of the readers of PROGRESS use visiting cards, and perhaps also the latest and beautiful faces of script type in stock have had something to do with the large number of orders. It is a convenient way for a lady to send 75 cents and get a pack of fifty cards or \$1.25 for a pack of one hundred cards, and have them say within two days. Quite frequently orders come to PROGRESS in the morning and are forwarded by the afternoon mail of the same day. This was the case one day last week, with a large order for wedding invitations and announcements which it was necessary to fill promptly. At 9 o'clock in the morning the printer was at work on the job, and the C. P. R. mail of the same day carried it forward to its destination. This is sharp work, sharper indeed, than PROGRESS PRINT is always prepared to do. Those who want careful and good work should always give the printer as much time as possible.

Another feature of PROGRESS PRINT has been its catalogue and calendar work. The third college calendar for this year is now in hand [and there are two other orders, both for New Brunswick institutions, to be begun immediately. One of these, already completed, is the St. Martin's seminary calendar. Those who have seen it say that for delicacy of appearance and good workmanship it has not been excelled by that issued by any other educational institution in Canada. The paper and cover were carefully chosen by the Rev. Dr. deBlois. He enclosed a heavy, antique laid paper with a beautiful white pebble cover, very similar to that which encloses the well-known paper volumes of Drummond.

Another calendar which will surely excel in the richness of its illustrations and the quality of its paper is that of the Robtsey Collegiate school, which PROGRESS has also in hand.

Still another, now about completed, is that issued by Messrs. Kerr & Pringle's Business College and Shorthand Institute. This will be in a neat form of about forty pages, detailing the advantages of the Business college, what it can do to help the student who is willing to help himself, and also telling something about what the college has already done.

Engraving is to a great extent the complement of printing. The engraver can get along very well at all times without the printer, but there are times when the printer is almost helpless without the engraver. With both departments under the same roof, PROGRESS is able to take much work in hand that it could not otherwise. This is especially so in the printing of stock and other certificates which require an engraved heading; in the execution of color work, for which "tint blocks" and other devices of the engraver's are a necessity, and for any commercial work which requires such additions as the engraving of a business house, or a hotel, or anything similar to this. The letter-heads and envelopes of many business houses are frequently adorned by a small engraving of their establishment. PROGRESS Engraving Bureau is in a position to execute this work as quickly and as beautifully as it can be done. When the engraver is done the printer is ready, and the work is rapidly carried forward to a satisfactory completion. Hotel proprietors who have not already an engraving of their building on their letter paper and envelopes will find it to their advantage to write to PROGRESS PRINT.

To Live and Work Among Us. Representatives of the Groder Dyspepsia Cure company, of Waterville, Me., are in the city arranging to form a company and place their preparation upon the Canadian market. One of these gentlemen, Mr. A. N. Chipman was in the maritime provinces for some weeks early in the spring and made advertising contracts with more than fifty newspapers upon a basis that is very favorable to the company and not disadvantageous to the press. With these contracts in his pocket and with a great record for the company during the months it has been working in Maine, Messrs. Lane Chipman came to St. John to form a Canadian company. They propose to make their Canadian headquarters here and to leave all the business they can in the town. PROGRESS extends a welcome to them and to all others like them who like St. John and the people well enough to come and live and work with us. Mr. C. B. Witton is the provincial treasurer of the company, a large portion of the stock of which is already subscribed for.

An Energetic Young Firm. One of the most enterprising young manufacturing firms of this city is that of Elderkin & Barnes, who for the past few months have been engaged in making mattresses of all kinds for the trade. They were unfortunate enough a short time after they began business to be visited by fire, but this seemed only to make them more energetic. They are now situated on Wall street. The success they have met with in one branch of their business has induced them to extend it, and their orders keep them very busy at all times.

Mr. Somerby with Us Again. Rufus Somerby is back again and so is "Punch and Judy" the favorites of every day. Everybody in this town knows what Mr. Somerby can do in the show line. He gives more fun for less money than any aggregation that visits this city. This time his novelties are new, his dancers can dance and the people can depend that everything is as it is represented.

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HALIFAX NOTES. Progress is for us in Halifax at the following places: KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street...

Are You Going To do any House Furnishing this season? If so, it will pay you to investigate our offerings in Carpets, Oil Cloths, Furniture, and other requisites.

NOVA SCOTIA FURNISHING CO.—Ltd. 101 and 103 Barrington Street. Halifax, N. S.

YARMOUTH. Progress is for sale in Yarmouth at the stores of E. L. Vickery, Harris & Co. and Dr. Lovell's Drug Store.

W. H. JOHNSON, 121 and 123 Hollis Street, HALIFAX, N. S.

SLUG SHOT POTATO BUGS! ONLY 5 CTS. PER POUND. For Sale by Halifax Nurseries Co.

SACKVILLE. Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.

HEAVY DISCOUNTS ARE NOW THE ORDER OF THE DAY IN OUR STRAW GOODS ROOM.

One Secret of Success. One secret of success in Flower Gardening is to buy plants that have been transplanted and thoroughly hardened off by exposure to the open air.

SMITH BROS. DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY, Granville and Duke Streets, Halifax, N. S.

Irish Hand-made Whitewear

This Stylish Gown in English Longcloth trimmed with beautiful Embroidery and Ribbons, only \$3.00. Chemise and Drawers to match.



OTHER PRICES FROM 75c. to \$6.50.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, ESTABLISHED 1868. TELEPHONE 738.

MILLER BROTHERS. CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK. PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.

To Learn STENOGRAPHY & TYPEWRITING UNDER THE BEST CONDITIONS AND WITH THE BEST SUCCESS, ATTEND The Halifax Business College.

Putner's EMULSION. Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR LIFE. Be advised, and if you feel that you still continue to lose strength put away all prejudices and try PEPTONIZED ALE AND BEER.

Queen Hotel, HALIFAX, N. S. We have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourists to the fact that the Queen Hotel has established a reputation for the best table and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces.

Who Books? KNOWLES. Where? Cor. George and Granville Sts., Halifax.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. It is No Quack Medicine. We Tell Everybody What It Contains: Pepsin, Beef, Hops and Barley.

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

NEWWEAR



ALLISON, TELEPHONE 738.

STOCK, MACHINES, ED. SEWING

HALIFAX, N. S., Special Exhibition.

MAIDS MADE PLUMP AND ROSY.

Putner's, PURGON, vigorous growth, ease, and makes all children healthy.

CURES PIMPLES, BOILS, ULCERS, ECZEMA, HABBERS' EYES, STYS ON THE EYES, RINGWORMS, SCALDHEAD, SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS, ALL SKIN DISEASES, REMEDY FROM IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.

Hotel, HALIFAX, N. S.

Desire in calling the attention of the tourist to the fact that the establishment a reputation for the best and cleanest bedrooms and the best of any hotel in the city.

WINDS? BOOKS?

COR, GEORGE AND GRANVILLE STS., HALIFAX.

PUGWASH.

Procession in for sale in Pugwash at Mrs. John Johnston's millinery store. Mrs. A. S. Kingsley and Miss Haney, of St. John, are registered at the American house.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Procession in for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Truitt and at the book stores of G. S. Wall and in Calais at O. P. Treau.

ST. GEORGE.

Procession in for sale in St. George at T. O'Brien's store. Mrs. E. G. Wetmore, of Boston, was here last week.

LEPREAUX.

Procession in for sale in Lepreaux at Mrs. M. P. Chevalier and Mrs. M. P. Chevalier, who have been boarding at the Bevere house.

HAMPTON.

Procession in for sale in Hampton station by T. G. Barnes and Geo. E. Frost, and at Hampton village by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.

FREDERICTON.

Procession in for sale in Fredericton at the book store of Messrs. T. H. Fenwick and James H. Hart.

WATERLOO.

Procession in for sale in Waterloo at the book store of Messrs. T. H. Fenwick and James H. Hart.

WINDSOR.

Procession in for sale in Windsor at the book store of Messrs. T. H. Fenwick and James H. Hart.

SUSSEX.

Procession in for sale in Sussex by R. D. Boudreau and Geo. D. Martin.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

Procession in for sale in Charlottetown at T. L. Chappell's bookstore and by S. Gray.

BATHURST.

Procession in for sale in Bathurst at McGinley's grocery store.

WESTFIELD.

Procession in for sale in Westfield presents a very lively appearance just now.

NEW GOODS

Opened this Week. New Dress Materials Suitable for Traveling Costumes and early Fall Wear.

Navy Blue and Black Storm Serges. These goods are warranted to hold the color and withstand the Fog or Rain.

All Wool Dress Serges. Double Width, in Navys, Browns, Myrtle, Garnet, Ruby, 27 1/2 cts. per yard. Cardinal, Black, at 27 cts. per yard. Customers will find this line to be a great bargain.

Windsor Scarfs. Navy Blue grounds with 15 cents White Polka Spots, at 15 cents each.

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Black Sunshades

With stylish Black and Colored Handles. Owing to their late arrival, we have marked them about 1/4 less than the regular price.

New Drillettes

Navy Grounds with White 12 Cts. Polka Spots, fast colors at 12 1/2 yard

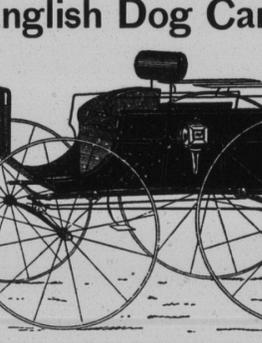
Kid Gloves

Ladies' 6 button length. Mousquetaire Undressed \$1.10 pair in Drabs, Tans and Black. All sizes in our Ladies' 4 button French Kid Gloves, at 80 cts. per pair.

S. C. PORTER,

11 Charlotte Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

An English Dog Cart.



This is a very stylish carriage; much used by fashionable people, as well as those who delight in a handsome turn out. For Prices and other information address

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS,

Manufacturers of Fine Carriages, Sleighs, and Horses, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Warehouse, St. John: Corner of Union and Brussels Streets.

DORCHESTER.

Procession in for sale in Dorchester at George Mr. Fairweather's store.

WINDSOR.

Procession in for sale in Windsor at the book store of Messrs. T. H. Fenwick and James H. Hart.

SUSSEX.

Procession in for sale in Sussex by R. D. Boudreau and Geo. D. Martin.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

Procession in for sale in Charlottetown at T. L. Chappell's bookstore and by S. Gray.

BATHURST.

Procession in for sale in Bathurst at McGinley's grocery store.

WESTFIELD.

Procession in for sale in Westfield presents a very lively appearance just now.

NEW GOODS

Opened this Week. New Dress Materials Suitable for Traveling Costumes and early Fall Wear.

Navy Blue and Black Storm Serges. These goods are warranted to hold the color and withstand the Fog or Rain.

All Wool Dress Serges. Double Width, in Navys, Browns, Myrtle, Garnet, Ruby, 27 1/2 cts. per yard. Cardinal, Black, at 27 cts. per yard. Customers will find this line to be a great bargain.

Windsor Scarfs. Navy Blue grounds with 15 cents White Polka Spots, at 15 cents each.

Procession in for sale in Bathurst at McGinley's grocery store. Mrs. Florence Arnold returned from St. John on Thursday.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM SIXTH PAGE.)

housewife in town seems convinced that the missing "suspect" will choose her back kitchen, or perhaps her dining room, and thereupon display a solicitude about their doors and windows fastening hitherto unknown.

Rev. A. J. Crosswell, of Springfield, preached in St. George's church on Monday morning and evening, in the absence of the rector.

Mr. and Mrs. Crosswell returned to their home on Monday afternoon with their two little daughters.

Mr. C. G. Jarvis, inspector of the Merchant's bank of Halifax, is filling the place of the manager, Mr. C. J. Boucher, during the latter's absence on his summer vacation.

Mr. R. W. Thorne, of St. John, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. S. Marne, of Alma street, returned home on Friday.

Mr. John L. Trainor, accountant of the Merchants Bank of Halifax, was married in Charlottetown on Monday, in the chapel of the Convent of Notre Dame, to Miss Mary A. McMillan, daughter of Mr. John McMillan, of that place.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. McAlay in the presence of a number of guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Trainor left on Monday for their home in Boston, where she intends spending the next few weeks.

Dr. W. L. Harris and Mr. J. McD. Cook returned on Saturday from Summerside, P. E. Island, where they have been spending a week.

Mrs. George C. Allen returned last week from Campbellton where she has been visiting friends.

Miss Maggie McKean left town on Friday afternoon for New York, and will be accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Thomas F. Williamson.

Mrs. A. Mackay departed on Thursday morning for her former home in St. John, and will be accompanied by her sister, Mrs. R. A. Bowen, of Bedford street.

Mr. George C. Matthews, one of Moncton's best known bachelors, was married last Wednesday evening to Miss Lizette Russell, formerly of Halifax.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Robinson in the presence of about 60 guests.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Harris and Mrs. Harris returned on Saturday from a trip to Pictou, N. S.

Mr. Arthur Bray, of the post office, left Moncton yesterday for New York, where he has obtained a position.

Mr. Thomas Wran left town on Saturday to accept a position in a St. John river house.

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(CONTINUED FROM SEVENTH PAGE.)

Stairs. Some of the men who are going down to Mahogany Bay, are Mr. James Fraser, Mr. A. L. Jones, Mr. Stairs, Mr. H. Wylie, Mr. W. Young, Mr. March E. A., Mr. J. Kenny, and Mr. W. Blair-Duffie.

This is the first dinner ever given in the new club house, and is very sure to be a good one and a worthy inauguration feast for the house as well as a rare treat to Mr. Edwards.

Wednesday evening had been set apart for a reception at the Yacht club, or a "band evening" as it was more modestly entitled.

On Thursday afternoon society deserted the cricket field en masse and repaired to the dancing party at Wellington barracks.

Wednesday's dinner postponed the reception at the Yacht club until this evening, the only one being given in the new club house.

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The Goods Advertised

Must be worth the attention of the buyers. That is the condition of successful advertising.

Our Mid-Summer Sale of Dress Goods is now on. We are offering special bargains in Diagonal Stripes, Tweed Mixtures, Fancy Checks, Wool DeBeize and in Colored Cashmeres and Serges.

We have made a great reduction in the prices of these very superior goods. Call and see us. Customers will find that we are offering decided bargains in quality and price.

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Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

NEW PATTERNS IN Cork Carpet JUST OPENED.

THE BEST FLOOR COVERING MADE.

The Warmth, Softness, Noiselessness, Elasticity and Durability excels all other floor coverings.

A. O. SKINNER.

Thousands of families are now using TAMILKANDE TEA. Why? Because it is rich in flavor and economical in use.

A Luxury of Luxuries!

W. ALEX. PORTER.

Welsh, Hunter & Hamilton, 97 KING ST., ST. JOHN.

If you want a Nice Parlor Suit, Bedroom Suit, Side-board or Fancy Chair, cheap, call at Everett & Miller's, 13 Waterloo St.

121 different days; twelve times it killed two human beings on one and the same day. In one village, that of Banaha, in the Arani jurisdiction, on different occasions it killed seven people; in seven villages it killed no fewer than five people; in four villages, six people; in twelve villages, three people, and in eleven villages two people.

Curious Request of a Mayor. A curious request was made by a man who, in the year 1766, was mayor of St. Ives.

A Terrible Ordeal that Few Prisoners Can Hold Out Against. For eight days Oliver Curtis Perry has been subjected to the torture of solitude, alone in a dark cell, with no other substitute than two gills of water and two ounces of bread a day.

NOW OPEN PALACE RINK RUFUS SOMERBY'S Parlor Musee

OPERA HOUSE THOS. E. SHEA'S FAREWELL APPEARANCE!

Saturday Night, Monte Cristo

The strongest company in America playing at POPULAR PRICES, 25, 35 and 50 cts.

FOR SALE FRESHOLD PROPERTY. A Three Story Dwelling House situated on Colton St., St. John, N. B. Lot 20 by 60 ft. If disposed of at once will be sold at a bargain. For further particulars enquire of Miss BARRY, 1, 17 Orange street.

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THE COST OF A FLIRTATION.

An Itemized Bill of Winks, Smiles, Etc. That Had to be Paid.

Did I ever flirt? Well, I should smile unreservedly and often. My wife knows me too well to ask such a question, but at the same time she is aware that I never flirt now—never, oh never! What married man does?

I got myself into innumerable scrapes by flirting, but there was one that was just a little too sensational for even my iron nerve. And no man can possibly flirt without that outfit of moral ore.

I was traveling in the south at the time, and found myself one day on north stranded near a shabby cabin on the hillside where it seemed impossible for human beings to live, but which gave signs of being inhabited, although the door was closed.

I bowed and smiled, my horse curvetted and pranced, and I thought I was making a fine figure as I asked if I could be accommodated with a dinner for myself and some money for my horse.

"Light, stranger," she said; "yer can eat yer bread in haco' yer own."

"I told her that I could, and gave her the

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1892.

Parerrooms.

IN Carpet

ING MADE.

ness, Elasticity and

INNER.

ilies are now using

TEA. Why?

avor and economical

go three times as far

in using. Try it and

grocer has it. In 11th

loc. and 60c.

EX. PORTER.

light mistake," he replied

as perspiration from his brow

"I thought I needed to

to give me strength to saw

I find I need to saw the wood

length to eat the steak, and if

and enough to show me to

will—

wait for him to come,"

she swooped down on him,

out the gate he breathed a

liness that he had escaped so

Request of a Mayor.

request was left by a man who,

1766, was mayor of St. Ives.

connection with the borough

obscure in his own mem-

to be buried in the vault be-

one side is his own name,

kill," on another the word

and on the third, "I know

mer liveth." Mr. Knill was

after all, his body being

London, according to his

and he left property vested

in a mayor, and collector of

der that every five years a

the girls dressed in white, and

preceded by the mayor

on, and heralded by a band,

from the market place to the

dance around it while sing-

ing the psalm. This is accord-

ing to the custom.

rythmic in Season.

cherries and Sweet Cream,

merican Fruits from every In-

at. Nursery Biscuit, Choice

als and 5 and 10 pound pails.

ARMSTRONG & Co.

W OPEN

RACE RINK

SOMERBY'S

or Musee

elaborately faithful epitome of

SKILL, MUSIC, MIRTH

and MERRIMENT.

Wonderful, More Interest-

ing things, animals and

are ever before presented for your

at same low price of admission.

ive segregation of wonders ever

hibition, and offered for the en-

public at prices which reach

ion which has astonished and de-

lightened the audience of refined people in the

land, and Continental Europe.

World's only Transformation

ILLUSION—Venus Rising from

Calculator SOL STONE.

THOMAS, Comedy Sketch Artists,

constantly Presented.

Afternoon, 2 to 5; every Evening

ADmits to ALL.

Age Admission 5 cents.

DUFUS SOMERBY, Manager.

A HOUSE

E. SHEA'S

L APPEARANCE!

lay Night,

nte

Cristo

company in America play-

PRICES, 25, 35 and 50 cts.

go up at 8 o'clock sharp.

open at Murphy's Music Store

August 9th, Compli-

Testimonial to Mr.

msdell.

A GREAT TOWN FOR LAW.

MONCTON PEOPLE ARE WILLING TO SPEND MONEY ON IT.

The Legal Fraternity Grows and Flourishes—Men who Value Real Estate as a Pretty High Figure and Want Every Inch of It—A Case in Point.

Moncton people seem to have a natural taste for going to law which, like a birthmark or a hereditary predilection for drink, is well nigh ineradicable. It is not always in great matters that this peculiar tendency shows itself but also in very trifling ones and, like the western family who engaged in a lawsuit with a neighbor about the ownership of a pig and fought over the case until both families were ruined and not only the original pig but several generations of his descendants had paid the debt of nature and been either gathered to their fathers or garnered in the smoke house—the average Moncton man will fight for what he considers his rights until like Alexander MacStinger he is covered with weals or else has won his case. Money is no object to him when it comes to a lawsuit. He will sell all that he owns and mortgage his house in the good cause, but law is the one extravagance he permits himself and law is going to have in abundance when it takes all his worldly goods to procure the luxury; and the stranger who visits our town for the first time and is struck with amazement at the number of lawyers' signs, and consumed with wonder that a town of our dimensions should be able to support eleven—I think it is eleven—lawyers in comfort, proves how utterly unacquainted he is with our distinguishing characteristic.

A striking instance of this peculiarity, and at the same time a forcible illustration of the proverb that "great effects from little causes spring" was given last week in a lawsuit in which two well-known Moncton firms were engaged, and which, but for an accident, would probably have been fought out to the bitter end, even if that had been complete financial destruction for both firms.

Some months ago the masons put the finishing touches to one of the finest buildings in the city which had been erected by a firm of hardware merchants who also dealt largely in stoves and general heating apparatus, and which in honor of their native land they had christened "Albion Block." This edifice would have been an ornament to a much larger city than Moncton, and Monctonians naturally felt proud of it, and gazed with unlimited satisfaction at it as they passed by; it looked so massive, so solid, and so very expensive. Little did those worthy citizens dream that the massive structure they so admired was in reality built on the very verge of a precipice, a yawning chasm of law; but such was the sad fact. To the left of that building stood a house and lot owned by another well known firm, also dealing in stoves and heating apparatus, and whether professional jealousy may have entered into the case or not, the present writer is unable to say, but a short time ago suit was entered by the last named firm for encroachments on their land, the said encroachment being some inches between three and seven inches. The limit was placed at two and a half inches, but as the case has been kept so remarkably quiet by both parties that particulars are almost impossible to obtain, it is well to leave a large margin for exaggeration. The owners of the building asserted that they had carefully placed their foundation some inches inside their own boundary line, in order to be well within the limit, and a competent engineer being consulted and pronouncing the edifice at least three inches on the right side of the line, the owners prepared to contest the case and fight for their rights. All things were in readiness and the case had even been one day in court when another engineer who was merely taking an interested glance at the bone of contention, made the astounding discovery that the building was "out of plumb" and a survey with measurements gave the result that it was two and three-eighths inches out of the perpendicular; not only this but a closer inspection revealed that 40 feet from the ground the building did really encroach on the other party's land to the amount of a considerable extent of one quarter of an inch. Of course the case was at an end at once and the unconscious squatters on another man's property were glad to settle the case for something between \$150 and \$160.

There are many little incidents related in connection with the case which are scarcely to the credit of the prosecuting firm, and which would almost lead one to suspect a sort of persecution of men who have undeniably done a great deal towards improving and beautifying the city and are consequently entitled to the gratitude rather than the enmity of all good citizens. Part of their ground of complaint in the first place was that the masons during the construction of the building annoyed them by dropping mortar on their premises, and when the workmen rigged swinging shelves to catch the mortar, they threatened suit for the construction of projecting obstructions. It is also asserted, that suit was threatened on account of the workmen expectorating on the property of the opposing faction, but as the men succeeded in proving beyond all possibility of doubt that they invariably took pains to expectorate from the front of the building overhanging the public sidewalk, and directly on the heads of the passers by, this clause in the indictment was struck out.

The real reason of the difficulty is said to have originated in the fact that one of the pegs driven to indicate the dividing line between the two properties was placed at an angle of about 45 degrees instead of directly perpendicular, so that the fateful peg around which clustered such important results, was somewhat in the position of the bone referred to in Max Adeler's witty story of the man who was blown up in his own laboratory and one of

whose bones descended in such a manner that it lay directly across the boundary line between two counties, and furnished the corners of those counties with an excuse for two separate lawsuits. And yet in the face of such facts as these there are people in our city still at large, who will boldly assert that the value of real estate is steadily diminishing in Moncton.

GROWING IN FAVOR.

The Kennebecasis and Its Village Booming with Tourists. The villages along the line of the Kennebecasis have enjoyed quite a summer resort boom this season. Wherever there is a hotel or a private residence, which takes summer boarders, it is well patronized. This is especially the case at Reed's Point where "The Willows," McCormick's summer hotel, is now in the second year of its existence. This venture looks as though it will prove a complete success. For the past month Mr. McCormick has had more guests, almost, than he can attend to, and the prospects are that while the season lasts his hotel will be crowded.

The steamer Clifton finds her way from Hampton to St. John three times a week, Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, making return trips each day. This has not only proved a great convenience to the people along the river, but summer visitors also find it an easy method of reaching all desirable points. Some of them only go as far as Chapel Grove, others find their way to the isles of the Kennebecasis, some to Moss Glen, others to the pretty village of Clifton, while many find their way to Reed's Point and not a few to that old historic ground, Kingston. The Clifton makes a special trip on Thursday, starting from Indiantown, for the benefit of those who wish to spend a day on the river, and return at night. She leaves Indiantown as late as 9 o'clock in the morning, passes by easy stages from point to point until she reaches Hampton, and returns in the afternoon, picking up her wandering excursionists and arriving at her wharf in the dusk of the evening. As many as two or three hundred enjoy this trip on a fine Thursday, and sometimes the comfortable little steamer is hardly large enough to accommodate all those who want to go.

Those summer visitors who have gone up the Kennebecasis think there is no place in the province that can excel it for natural beauty. They all agree that with the display of a little energy and the expenditure of some money it could be made a very popular resort. It can be reached in two or three ways. The favorite method for those who cannot drive is to go by the steamer Clifton, but there are others who find it more convenient to take the train to Rothesay, and drive from there to Gondola Point, about five miles distant. Here they are met by an obstacle. There is no steam ferry on the Kennebecasis. There was once, but that was in the old days when a Kingston was the shiretown of the county, and driving by the way of Gondola Point was the favorite route for all who went there. Now, there is a scow, a good scow and it is true, with plenty of sail and is efficient in all respects, but if there is no wind and the scow happens to be on the other side of the river, it means a wait of at least one to two hours before man and horse can cross. There is some talk of re-establishing the steam ferry service, and no doubt it will be done if the people will realize its benefits and come to the assistance of the project. There is no doubt if there was a steam ferry at this point, the Gondola Point road would be the favorite drive from St. John both week days and Sundays during the summer season. As it is at present, this route is patronized very liberally. Sometimes a start is made by the way of Milledgeville where there is an excellent ferry, though the road from Milkish to Kingston is not as good as it might be. Either this pretty village or Reed's Point is a convenient stopping place, and a new start is made there for the city, crossing at Gondola Point and following the splendid road from there to St. John.

The Prehensile Foot of East Indians.

The traveller who walks in the native quarters of the cities of India can easily study there all industries in their beginnings, as they were probably practiced in Europe in the middle ages. The shops are usually open, and the workmen can be seen inside; textile industries, pottery, shoemaking, joinery, armoring, jewelry, confectionery, all can be observed in a single street like Chipmoo street, Calcutta. If we take pains to examine attentively the methods of working, we shall be struck by the enormous function played by the lower limb. Whatever the industries, the Indian, squatting or sitting on the ground, works with his feet as well as with his hands; and it might be said that all four of his limbs are in constant exercise. The joiner, for example, has no assistant to hold his plank, but makes his great toe serve that purpose. The shoemaker does not employ a fixed clamp for the shoe on which he is sewing, but holds it in his feet, which give position to suit his convenience, while his nimble hands do the sewing. The metal worker holds the joint of his shears on his feet in cutting copper. In the making of wooden combs I have seen the comb held straight up by the feet, while the workmen marked the teeth with one hand and with the other directed the instrument that cut them. The wood-turner directs the hand-rest with his great toes, so, generally, do Egyptian and Arabian turners. In smoothing twine or sewing a bridle the Indians hold the article between the first and second toes. When the butcher cuts his meat into small pieces, he holds his knife between the first and second toes, takes the meat in both hands, and pulls it up across the knife. I have seen a child climb up a tree and hold a branch between his toes. There are enough details concerning the constant, universal use of the foot.—Popular Science Monthly for August.

LIFE IN THE FOREST.

The Observations of a Fredericton Trapper While Tending His Traps.

Harry Braithwaite, a famous trapper, and his partner, Peter Pringle, came out of the woods last week with \$1,300 worth of fur, the product of their work in the winter and spring months. They killed 16 bears, 24 foxes, 24 otters, 44 minks, 98 martins (or sables), 22 lynx, 18 beavers, 120 muskrats, 8 moose, and 12 caribou. The line of traps was seventy miles in length. Probably no man in eastern Canada has made a closer study of forest life than Braithwaite.

"Speaking of bears," he said, "it has always been a mystery to me why they do not increase in numbers in our Canadian woods. They breed rapidly, live to a very old age, are unmolested by other animals and seldom molested by man, yet the bear population is on the decline. Two winters ago I hit upon an explanation that astonished me greatly and taught me a new lesson. I know of no man I found that old bears, especially old bears, when food is scarce, frequently devour their young. I had often seen the bears in the spring that had apparently lost their cubs, but I never knew how or why. During the past two years, however, I have closely investigated the subject, examined the stomachs of old bears, etc., and in a number of cases have discovered undoubted evidence that the cubs had been eaten. I believe that such cases among carnivorous birds and animals are more common than heretofore supposed. For instance, this winter I saw a large Arctic owl tearing away at its prey on the edge of a thicket. I went to the spot and found that the meal consisted of the remains of another owl that had been slain in combat.

"It is my opinion that a bear would not tackle a man unless wounded or badly cornered, but they are very dangerous if surprised. A year or two ago, while cruising for lumber, I almost stepped upon a she bear before I saw her. She rose on her hind feet and tried to grapple with me. I had no weapon, not even a knife. I looked her steadily in the eyes and backed away slowly. She followed me about ten minutes, growling and snapping her teeth in a most vicious manner and trying to get behind me, but when I would make a move toward her cubs she would rush toward them and give me a brief breathing spell. At last I reached the edge of a little clearing, and she wheeled and made off through the woods. I did not feel much afraid while the bear was after me, but when she left I sat down and it was half an hour before I had strength enough to walk. Since then I have not had the confidence I used to have in scrimmages with bears.

"It is believed by many that two varieties of the black bear are to be found in the Canadian and New England forests, one great and long and the other stout and less active. I am convinced that this is a mistake. Bears differ in their habits and disposition, but they belong to the same species. Some are like hogs in their habits, subsisting mainly on roots, grass and berries, while others are fond of game. A bear is frequently met with a menu of fresh fish. I have known them to frequent the outlets of lakes, where trout and suckers congregate in very warm weather to cool themselves, and scoop the fish out with their paws. The hide of the black bear is sometimes eight feet in length. The largest in our pile this spring measured seven feet six inches. The best way to catch bears is with steel traps; it takes a good deal of time to construct a deadfall properly, and if the bear is very large he will realize its benefits and come to them frequently with the marks of the deadfall upon them. They are the most valuable fur-bearing animals we have except the silver gray fox, which is very rare. A bear has much more sense than he is generally credited with. When he has committed any depredation he seems instinctively to know that some sort of a trap will be prepared for him. If he has killed a sheep he never approaches it again without reconnoitering the spot, walking around it and getting squarely to leeward, so as to detect the presence of

"I am unable to say why the black cat is called a fisher. I have never known him to do any fishing; and, in fact, he belongs unmistakably to the martin family. Otters have a very keen sense of smell. On the Miramichi river I saw one last winter when I saw one acting very strangely a little way ahead. He mounted a mound of snow, shoved his nose in the air and sniffed about as though suspecting danger. He repeated that action several times. On the next occasion he made a race for the water and disappeared under the ice. There was an air hole some rods below where he went down, and I thought it likely that he would show himself there. He did so, and I shot him. I then kept on up stream and about half a mile above met my partner, Pringle, coming down. The wind was blowing down stream, so it is evident that the otter must have scented Pringle fully a mile away.

"Foxes are gifted with miraculous powers of scent. They will locate and dig up a small piece of frozen meat covered with four feet of snow. I have known them to catch the scent of buried bait a quarter of a mile off and to wheel in their tracks and make directly for it. Last fall Pringle caught a beaver in one of his traps, but the trap was not properly fastened, and the beaver made off with it. In the following March Pringle noticed that a fox had dug a hole six feet deep through a snowbank near where the beaver was lost. At the bottom of the hole the snow was frozen hard, and the fox had been unable to get down any deeper. Pringle dug out the hole and found the beaver with the trap attached and no worse for its long imprisonment.

"There are, I believe, no wolves now in New Brunswick, though the deer are coming in so fast from Maine and the Canadas that they may be expected to follow them. It is many years since the catamount, or Indian devil, has been seen in this province. Moose and caribou are increasing in numbers. The best time for shooting them is the last weeks of September and the first weeks of October, during the rutting season. The immense antlers which grow on



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the moose in the summer season and drop off in November are a great impediment to the animal in travelling our forests. The design of nature seems to be to protect the cow moose from too ardent attentions. The cow moose can penetrate thickets where the male is unable to follow.—N. Y. Sun.

A Curious Creature.

The chamelion has for ages been an object of curiosity, not only on account of its ability to change its color at will, as one might suppose who had read accounts which mentioned only that one characteristic, but also on account of a remarkable power which admits of the creature instantly changing its form. At times it takes upon itself almost the exact form of a mouse; again, with back curved and tail erect, it is the exact counterpart of a miniature crouching lion, which no doubt gave origin to its name, chamel-leon, which clearly means "ground lion." By inflating its sides and flattening back and belly, it takes upon itself the form of an oval leaf, the tail acting as the petiole, the white line over the back becoming the midrib.

When thus expanded it also has the extraordinary power to sway itself over so as to present an edge to the observer, thus greatly adding to its means of nourishment. As is well known, the least excitement, as in handling, will cause a change in the color. In its normal state it is of a light pea green. When excited the ground-work remains the same, but transverse stripes—about thirty in number—appear on the body. These stripes, which are of a very dark green, to begin with, soon change to inky blackness. The prevailing idea that the chamelion takes upon himself the peculiar hues of whatever he is placed upon is as curious and widespread as it is erroneous. Placed in boxes lined with red or blue silk, they retain their pea green color, with no leaning toward the brighter hues of the surroundings.

Mannerisms of the Great.

Mr. Matthews, the English home secretary, has a curious way of holding up two fingers when he is addressing the House, after the manner of a catholic priest blessing the congregation. Perhaps he is not aware of that. Many persons are quite unconscious of their mannerisms. Mr. Gladstone, for example, probably does not know that he is in the habit of scratching the top of his head with his thumb nail.

There is a well known member who takes himself into custody by a firm grip on his collar whenever he rises to speak, and another finds relief from his nervousness by buttoning and unbuttoning his waistcoat. The British "er, er," pronounced in a somewhat tone by way of filling up gaps, is heard in its greatest perfection from Sir William Harcourt. Until he gets well started and warmed up his speech consists mainly of "er, er." Mr. John Morley has a trick of doubling himself in two and then starting back like a spring were suddenly touched. Mr. Balfour, anchors himself fast to the box on the table.—MacMillan's Magazine.

Columbus' Burial Place.

In the will which Columbus signed just before his death he indicated a desire to have his remains taken to San Domingo. It has generally been supposed, however, that a temporary interment took place in a Franciscan convent at Valladolid. The will of Diego seems to indicate that as early as the year 1513 the coffin containing his remains was conveyed to Seville, where, for nearly or quite thirty years, it rested in the Carthusian convent of Las Cuevas. Royal provisions relating to the removal to San Domingo have been preserved, bearing dates of 1537, 1539 and 1540. From these orders and from the fact that the cathedral at San Domingo was completed in the year 1541, the inference has been drawn that the transfer took place in that year or a little later. There is evidence that the removal had been accomplished before the year 1549.—Adams' Biography.



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RETURNING BY THE HUNDREDS.

Yarmouth People Think There is No Place Like Home.

"Have you any means of telling how many people are coming back to this part of the province from the United States?" inquired a Yarmouth Times representative of Mr. W. H. Moody, collector of customs for Yarmouth. "Yes," replied Mr. Moody, "I can give you a pretty good idea of last year's return, but better than statistical table is to be kept. In the year ending June 30th, 1892, there were just 80 families came to Yarmouth from the United States with their household effects." "Were these new settlers, or returned 'exodians'?" "There is nothing in my returns to positively show this, but from personal knowledge of the people and conversation with them, I can say without hesitation that with scarcely an exception they were our own people who had enjoyed the experience of living in the United States and had come back to their own province to settle."

"What part of the province did they principally belong to?" "The eighty families I speak of were all Yarmouth people. Almost every trip of the steamer I had official knowledge of families with their household effects returning through Yarmouth to Digby, Shelburne and Annapolis Valley, and I know of many who have returned from the United States with nothing but their luggage, having sold off everything over there before returning." "Is this return of population on the increase or decrease?" "Why decidedly on the increase. It has been larger this summer than ever before."

"What would the numbers in these families average and what would the value of their effects be?" "The families would about average three each and their household effects entered would about average \$100 to a family." "That means that about 240 people returned to this country during the past fiscal year and brought with them furniture and effects to the value of about \$8,000?"

"That is about it." "Can you tell how these figures compare with the numbers leaving the country?" "I think much larger. In fact I have no doubt about it, but I have no official means of knowing how many are leaving to settle in the States, and very few take their effects with them."

One Pound Heavier than Another.

Which is the heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead? was a favorite question with "school committee men" of the olden time, and the first rash answer used almost always to be, "A pound of lead!" Then, from the older pupils, would come

the reply, "Both alike." If this question were asked today our old time querist might receive a decided surprise, for the pound of feathers could easily be proved to be the heavier. With any accurate scales weigh out a pound of lead, using ordinary shot for convenience. Pour the shot into one of the pans of a balance. For the feathers a light muslin bag will be needed, and care must be taken that feathers and bag together do not weigh more than a pound. When the bag of feathers is put into the other part of the balance the beam will, after a few oscillations come to rest exactly level. So far the verdict "both alike" seems to be proved. But place the balance upon the receiver of an air pump, with lead and feathers undisturbed. Cover the whole with the glass bell jar and exhaust the air. Slowly the feathers sink and the lead "kicks the beam." The pound of feathers is heavier than the pound of lead. The truth is that what we call a pound was not anything in fact. For the atmosphere buoys up everything within it in proportion to the bulk of the object, and the leaders being of greater bulk than the lead, are supported by the air to a considerably greater extent than the lead. Removed from this supporting medium, their true weight is made evident.—American Notes and Queries.

The Sultan's Harem.

It is the ambition of every Turkish official to get his daughter into the Sultan's harem, each occupant of which receives the title of princess, together with a large dowry, a staff of ten servants, a carriage and four, and last, but not least, the possibility of gaining influence over the Sultan, and so raising her family in rank and power. The maintenance of the Sultan's harem costs Turkey 30,000,000 gold roubles yearly (£3,000,000). "Woman" says it is a perfect nest of intrigue and scandal, of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. When one of the ladies leaves the harem to marry (and about 100 of them leave every year) she receives a dowry of \$7,500. The vacant places, however, are quickly filled up, so that the number of odalisques never falls below 300.

Deterioration in Teeth.

According to Sir James Crichton Bowne, an eminent authority on dental matters, the teeth of the rising generation are of a very poor quality. Out of 1,861 children under the age of twelve recently examined, the proportion of those who were blessed with teeth which neither required extraction nor filling was only one in eighteen. The principal causes which are operating to produce a race which shall have toothless gums are the consumption of unsuitable food, the breathing of vitiated atmosphere, and the weakening of the nerves by the high pressure under which we live. Sir Crichton Bowne also makes the startling statement that twelve millions of artificial teeth are used in England annually.

MYSTIFYING THE PEOPLE.

Tricks of Conjurers and Others in the Show Business.

ALL EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW.

How Some of them are Done, and Some that Cannot be Given Away—The Tattooed Man and How He got that Way—The Wonderful Trick of an East Indian Juggler—A Famous Conjurer's new Sensation—Other Tricks of the Show Business.

"What do you consider to be the chief essential required in the making of a good conjurer?" asked the accomplished "jongleur," M. Servais le Roy, as we sat together behind the stage of the Royal Aquarium, London.

He replied at once, "Dexterity, finish, originality, presence of mind. A conjurer must never be nonplused, or at all events he must never show it. You noticed just now the trick in which I shake 2,000 flowers out of a small paper cone? Well, I will tell you how that is done, and how I nearly came to grief over it a few days ago. Those 2,000 flowers, though they come out so large and real looking, are collapsible, and are really tied up in a small bundle, which I easily conceal about my person. The other day, to my horror, I found they were loose and therefore impossible to be placed inside the cone. Quite coolly, however, I turned to the stage manager, and called to him in an undertone to lower the curtain. This he proceeded to do. I pretended to think it was coming down too soon. I grew loudly angry. No good; down came the curtain. Like lightning I snatched the second bundle of flowers which was lying ready for the evening performance, and by the time the curtain ascended, I was there as cool as ever, and the trick was performed, amidst yells of applause. No one guessed anything had gone wrong."

I had been much puzzled by the way in which M. Servais le Roy had performed the rabbit and watch trick. A rabbit sat on a table at one end of the stage; M. le Roy at the other threw up a borrowed watch, apparently into invisible space. The rabbit had disappeared. In the same minute as this happened a man brought in a large box. M. le Roy unpacked out of this box four or five boxes, each contained within each, from the last one of which he produced the rabbit with the watch round its neck.

"Ah," said the clever little Belgian, with a laugh, "it is very simple, but I cannot tell you how it is done. There are many conjurers who give their ears to be able to do that trick. But I will tell you how I performed the trick of the Vanishing Lady."

"You remember that I place first a sheet of paper on the part of the stage on which she stands. That is to give the idea that there is no communication with below. The chair on which she sits has a series of concealed wires at its back, which, as soon as the lady is covered with a shawl, spring up in her shape; the lady is still on the chair, but the shawl is half an inch from contact with her body; cut with a sharp knife, the lady sinks through, the hole is glued up again, the cloth is lifted, whilst the wires collapse as before, the paper is displayed to view apparently uncut, but the lady has gone."

"What is your favorite trick?" "Well, I think the one in which I throw up an ordinary billiard ball, which appears to change its size and color and to multiply itself over and over again. And I am rather fond of a trick in which I make ninety passes with the card in one minute. It has been said you can't do more than sixty. But what I always lay great stress on is the finish that is essential in a good conjurer. It is my chief point. I stand perfectly still on the stage and throw up the rabbit, or the watch, into the air, and it vanishes. No, the unfinished conjurer walks about the stage, talks, laughs, puts his hands in his pockets. The public tire of watching his many movements, and so don't notice what he does; he covers his manipulations under much talk and movement. My point is to do everything without movement, as far as possible, without leaving the stage, and without turning my back on the audience."

"Have you performed much abroad?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "and I have had some curious experiences. I was once sent for by the Emperor of Morocco to give an entertainment before the assembled Arab chiefs. Now, of course, they are accustomed by tradition of great antiquity to conjurers. But after they had seen a few of my tricks, and especially the Vanishing Lady, they rose in a body and fled from the hall, declaring that I had communicated with the Evil One, and that, therefore, it would be wicked and dangerous for them to stay! They were never persuaded to see me again!"

"Another curious incident happened to me in Spain, where, as you know, the people are very superstitious. One night a lady came to me and told me she had lost a valuable ring. Would I recover it for her? I said I would do my best, never really believing I could do anything. The next day, when I went on to the stage, I told the people of this incident, and then said: "You will find it round the neck of the little dove which will be brought in." Sure enough it was there. This caused a tumult of applause and wonderment. The lady herself regarded me as absolutely possessed. The explanation, as usual, is very simple. It chanced that when I was leaving the hall the previous night, after my talk with the lady, who indeed I regarded as very silly and superstitious, I happened to tread on something. I stooped down and picked it up. Lo and behold! it was the very ring she had lost! Here was my opportunity to make a great name. And indeed it is talked of there to this very day as the most wonderful thing that ever happened."

"A conjurer often has strange incidents in his life. A few weeks ago a very painful thing occurred. I was requested by the members of a well-known London club to come and try to detect a man they suspected of wrong dealing at cards. I went. But the first night nothing happened, nor the second, and yet I felt sure he was the guilty man."

"On the third night I discovered him

tricking by ordinary sleight of hand. At a given signal from me they caught hold of him, and he was discovered red-handed, and at once dismissed the club. It was a very painful incident. I think the most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me occurred on the stage here in the Aquarium a few nights ago. During that illusionary scene when I produce the three girls apparently from nowhere, one of them insisted, and I had to drag her right across the stage and place her in the arms of the first girl, who stood there under cover. The third girl I dragged to the other two, and placed her on the other side, so that when the sheet was removed there stood the three women in the attitudes of that well-known group, "The Three Graces." The audience had not the least suspicion anything was wrong, though one of the girls, the one in the centre, was absolutely unconscious, and was only supported by her companions. She recovered almost immediately after the curtain went down.

"Ordinarily, you know, the girls are discovered, when I remove the sheet, standing far apart. The conjurer who cannot preserve his presence of mind is a lost man! He will never succeed as a conjurer."—London Tit Bits.

A JUGGLER'S TRICK.

He Pretends to Kill a Man and Deceives All His Beholders.

The wonderful feats of East Indian jugglers have formed the theme of many a letter from travellers in the Orient, but none are more surprising than that for which an old sea dog, now lying at the water front, vouches, says a San Francisco paper. While he was an officer on board the P. and O. steamer, two natives came aboard at Madras, he says. They were a juggler and his assistant. After they had performed a number of minor feats and gathered quite a crowd around them, they called for a sack and a piece of sail cloth.

These having been provided, the chief juggler made a small, tent-like structure with the canvas and some stools. He then



AN EAST INDIAN JUGGLER.

placed his assistant in the sack and allowed a sailor to tie the knot which bound him a fast prisoner. This done, the chief carried the sack into an open space, warning the people to stand back some distance, and then carried on an animated conversation with his assistant, whose replies could be distinctly heard coming from the sack. Suddenly the chief rushed forward, picked up the sack and dumped it overboard, where, to the horror of the passengers and crew, it sank out of sight.

Immediately the captain rushed forward and seized the man, under the full belief that he had murdered his companion, but the juggler only smiled, and, pointing to the canvas, asked that it be raised. This was done and the supposed drowned man was discovered squatting on the deck. So realistic had been the throwing overboard, however, that it was some time before the surprised passengers could realize that a murder had not been committed.

A TALK WITH A TATOOED MAN.

How the Designs are Made and What They Cost the Wearer.

"Professor" Williams and his wife present a curious spectacle to the eyes of their many visitors, as they hold their daily receptions. Both of them are most exquisitely tattooed about the arms and body. Devices of every description, dragons, ships in full sail, the crucifixion of our Lord, sailors' love-knots, the flags of all nations, swords and spears—these and many other things are depicted in rich profusion upon the bodies both of the man and his wife.

The dragon upon Mr. Williams' side is the work, as indeed is the whole of the design upon his body, of his late partner, O'Keilly, a professor of the art in New York; and this dragon, measuring three feet in length, is most exquisitely drawn, as also is the ship in full sail upon his breast.

"O'Reilly," exclaimed the "Professor" to me, "taught me all I know. He is one of the finest tattooers in the world. He took upwards of two years in doing these designs upon me, and I value his work at not less than \$1200. I tattooed my wife myself, while we were travelling on exhibition with Bostock's menagerie. She is the first woman who has ever publicly tattooed," added Mr. Williams with a good deal of innocent pride.

"Do you get any of your ideas from the

South Sea Islanders, or the Maoris, or the Red Indians of North America?" I asked.

"Oh, dear me, no," replied Mr. Williams. "I don't know that I ever saw a South Sea Islander's work, and from the pictures I have seen of it I don't think much of it. And as for the North American Indians, they are getting too civilized for that kind of thing altogether."

We fell then into a discussion regarding the respective merits of savage tattooing and the tattooing of the artistic white man; my own impression being that the savages' was the more artistic work, inasmuch as it generally follows the lines of the body, whereas the white man, who depicts a ship in full sail across a person's back, is as wholly inartistic as the painter would be who, in ecclesiastical decoration, would wholly neglect the line of architecture and the perspectives and distances in a great church. The "Professor" naturally differed from me.

"And who are your chief patrons here in England," I asked, "and what are the most popular designs?"

"I have people of all classes," was the reply, "from the highest to the lowest; gentlemen from the best West End clubs, especially the military clubs, come here a great deal. They generally have their crest and monogram, or the monogram of their regiment, designed upon their arms. They are thus easily identified in case of accident. Freemasons often have their lodge marks tattooed on their arms or under their signs rings. This, of course, would pass them all over the world."

Just as Mr. Williams finished speaking, a good looking young fellow, obviously a gentleman, entered the little room, and taking the operation chair he explained to the "Professor" that, being a yachting man, he wanted his initials tattooed upon his arms in the ordinary signalling code in use in the Royal Yacht Squadron. Mr. Williams having carefully shaved the hairy, well-bronzed arm, took up a small stick in which were inserted, pen-wise, five very tiny needles, and in an incredibly short space of time the design was fully worked out and most beautifully completed.

"Did you feel any pain?" I asked the gentleman.

"Not the slightest," he replied. "I hardly knew it was being done."

Mrs. Williams and I fell into a chat then, and she told me that a good many ladies are tattooed under the shoulder-strap of their dresses—whatever that may mean—and use their finger-rings. She also told me of the curious adventures her husband had experienced in America when he was learning this strange art.

"He used to practise on little coloured boys, as a rule. Sometimes the work failed, or, at first especially, their arms would be inflamed, and a few moments had to jump on a passing train to get away from the villages, the parents of the children flying down the street after him."

"Aye, I used to have some warm times over there, I can tell you," chimed in the "Professor" as he re-entered the room, which he had quitted for a few moments.

"Nowadays of course it is different. I never make any mistakes, and I know how to do it without causing pain or inflammation. For one thing, I only pierce two skins. He once a man is tattooed, he can never get the mark out again. More than once I have known criminals to be identified by means of some design which it is known they have marked upon them. I have tattooed animals—pigs, white rats, a Japanese dog, and once I tattooed a goose; that was the funniest commission I ever undertook," and the "Professor" and his wife went off into fits of laughter at the mere thought of that evidently droll experience.

"But they are bad sitters," explained the "Professor" as soon as he had recovered his gravity. "I had to bribe the pigs with great basins of bread and milk; they were quiet enough then."

It is quite difficult on first seeing Mr. and Mrs. Williams to realize that they have not dressed themselves in a very tight-fitting silk cloth. The design are so close, so numerous, so smoothly executed, and so completely cover the skin that, in the "Professor's" case especially, it is almost impossible to believe that you are looking upon the naked body pure and simple. The "Professor" charges appeared to me to be very moderate, but they naturally vary very much—according to design and quantity, chiefly. Initials upon a person's arm can be done for five shillings; but anyone wishing their whole body covered and tattooed would probably incur a bill of less than \$2,500.

THE GREAT COIN TRICK.

It is a Fine Illusion, but Can Be Done Easily if One Can Palm Cleverly.

An easy trick of the magician is catching half-dollar coins with his right hand and dropping them in a hat. A silk hat is best, because the crown is deeper. It is held firmly with the left hand. These coins are pulled out of the nose, the hair or the ears of any one in the audience, and dropped with a clink into the hat. Sometimes the operator stands on the stage, and pretends he is catching coins in the air. If any one in the audience will observe he will notice that the magician pulling coins from the impalpable nowhere always takes care to keep the back of his right hand to his audience.

A reporter was told by a superannuated conjurer how the trick was done. The left hand, which holds the hat, has some ten or fifteen coins in it and whenever the right hand pretends to drop a coin the illusion is made perfect by the left hand dropping a coin instead. The coin in the right hand remains there and is cleverly "palmed." If the palm of the hand were turned to the audience the illusion would soon be dispelled. The only difficult thing about it is "palming," or holding the coin in the palm of the hand and permitting it to get to the fingers when the pretended catch is made.

It will be noticed that the operator throws his hands up as if grabbing the coin, but that movement enables him to easily transfer the coin from his palm to his fingers. Then the proud wizard holds the half dollar a second between his thumb, fore and middle fingers, and with a shrill voice plainly says he is the greatest of Mephistos, conveys it to the hat. Instead of dropping it in the hat he quickly palms it and goes back with his right hand to catch the same half dollar again. Where he gets carried away and betrays his secret to the careful onlookers is when he holds

up the hat with his left hand toward the proscenium arch and a coin unseen falls and clinks in the bottom of the hat.

One can then see how the left hand grasps the hat, the fingers and palm being on the inside of the crown and the thumb doing yocum silk chapeaus. The coin could fall from no place save the hand holding the hat, and the noise of the clink, not being loud, would naturally lead to discovery. When the performer goes down among the audience and begins to pull coins from noses it requires quick and expert work. After a time he gets tired of pulling out coins and confidently reaches his hand into the breast of some man's coat and jerks forth a rabbit or small chicken. That is his masterpiece, but the truth is the man has been sitting there patiently waiting to be relieved of his burden and earn his dollar.

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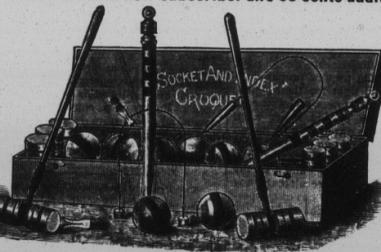
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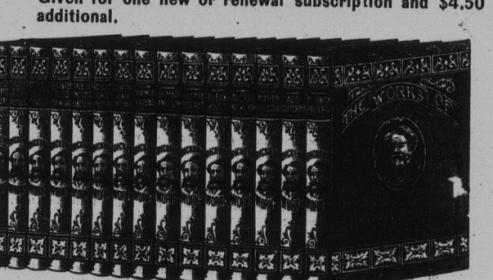
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SUNDAY READING

SERMON.

The Sixth Commandment.
PREACHED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY BY VEN. ARCH-DEACON FABRER.

"Thou shalt not kill."—Exodus xx. 13.

Men quarrel about small ceremonies, they hate and would fain unchurch each other about questions of disputed doctrine or varying organizations, but if a man, however orthodox or however churchly, be not righteous and pure and kind, all ceremonies and all services and all sacraments and all doctrines are for that man no better than "sounding brass or tinkling cymbal." I desire to bring home these Commandments to your consciences, and to show that the recitation of them in our Communion service is so far from being superfluous that still after 3,500 years, and though they might all be written on the palm of the hand, the Word of God in them is "quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword."

With the Second Table of the Decalogue begins our study of our duty towards our neighbors. The rules of probity follow those of piety; the laws of justice may be derived from the fountain of love to God. This Second Table shows us the immense importance of our worldly life: it surrounds with eternal safeguards the indefeasible right of all mankind. It is meant to bring home to us the truth that none of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. It leaves no room for cloistered absorption even in our own eternal interests. It assumes, as a simple matter of course, that our life will not be hedged in by a selfish aloofness from the common interest of the great brotherhood of man, but that it must be passed by us in the midst of the world as just, honest, kindly men among our kind. Now every man's interests are identified with his person, his possessions, his reputation, and with these our duty to our neighbor is concerned. The Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Commandments forbid wrong in deed to a man's life and all that pertains to it. The Ninth forbids wrong against him in word; the Tenth would restrain and quench the volcano thought of all wrong; it would exorcise altogether the demon of selfishness by driving it even from the thought of the perfect heart.

There are two doubts which man's rebellious will may doublet to the commandments. The first touches duty itself. The man insolently asks "Why ought I? What is my duty?" With that question we deal very roughly. Your duty is dictated to you by your conscience, which is the voice of God within you. It is the judgment of your own moral sense upon your own actions; it is the blushing spirit which mutinies within you when you do anything that is disgraceful or unbecoming. "Conscience," Cardinal Newman says, "is the primitive vicegerent of God in the soul of every man who is a man at all; it is a monarch in its peremptoriness, a profit in its information, a priest in its sanctions and anathemas." And duty is the stern daughter of this voice of God, the "categorical imperative," as the great German thinker called it, the sovereign power which without insinuation or threat holds up the naked law before the soul, which always inspires respect though it does not always command obedience, and before which all the passions are dumb however secretly they may resist. This moral law within us is majestic as the stary heavens above. It is the grandest thing in all the world, and are you going to ask about it Shylock's question? "Then must the Jew be merciful," says Fortia; to which comes the harsh, rough answer of the malignant Jewish usurer, "With what compulsion must I? Tell me that; to which comes the noblest reply:

The quality of mercy is not strained, It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath. The answer is that the compulsion is moral and the obedience must be free. Duty disdains the submission of those to whom she comes only clad in her Gorgon terrors. If any man choose he can speculatively play with the idea of conscience of duty; he may describe them as he likes—as accidents of heredity, as outgrowths of development, as agreements of utilitarian invention; but if he denies their supreme dignity and sovereign obligation he would degrade men out of manhood altogether—would make them enemies of God and each other—fellows with beasts or fiends. Take from man the Divine sense of duty and of conscience and then "the dragons that tear each other in their slime were mellow music matched with him."

He next raises the question, "Then who is my neighbor?"—the uneasy, perhaps half-insolent, murmur of the lawyer to Christ when he wanted to limit the breadth of the great second commandment on which with the first, as Christ said, "hang all the law and the prophets." In whatever disguise the question is concealed it is always a phase of that hideous question of Cain's, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The churl, the man who is nothing but a living appetite or an incarnate selfishness is constantly saying, "What is anyone else to me? Take care of number one! Every man for himself! May I not do what I like with my own? Lazarus may be at my gate, starving, full of sores, but why should that interfere with my equipage, my place, my banquet, my purple and fine linen?" To which our Lord's answer is by way of warning the thunder crash, "Thou fool, this night, which bursts over the greed of the cruel niggard; and then by instruction the parable in which He picked out as His type of the divine compassion a Samaritan, a man whom all the Jews scornfully hated, whom they thrust as though he were a leper out of the pale of their church; and Christ told these Pharisees that the conduct of this

outcast, of this dissenter, of this heretic, of this latitudinarian was to be their eternal model, because he treated as his neighbor the poor Jew whom his own priests and Levites had left by the dusty road to welter in his blood. It became clear that by our "neighbor" is meant every fellow-man with whom our life is brought into contact, even our enemies. "It is not place," says St. Augustine, "it is pity that makes our neighbor." The breadth of this commandment is that we hurt nobody by word or deed, that we bear no malice or hatred in our heart. The true commentary on the Sixth Commandment is St. Paul's passage to charity in his Epistle to the Corinthians; it is the law of universal kindness.

Every man, then, so far as he is a man at all, is to be loved. But you will say, "That rule, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' is in any case an impractical and an impossible rule." It is true that "as thyself" does not define the degree, it indicates the manner. Nor does it, as some, exclude differences. "Blood is thicker than water." We must love best our nearest and dearest, our brethren and companions, our fellow-countrymen, the good, the worthy, the large hearted, the household of faith. Still, even with these limitations to minds tainted by selfishness and vulgarized by custom, the commandment still appears doubtless an Utopian rule. God's saints have felt it to be the most natural thing in the world. "I could have wished myself to be anathema from Christ," says St. Paul, "on behalf of my brethren." Smaller natures have been quite shocked by the expression, yet Moses had cried long before, "Yet now, if Thou wilt forgive their sin; and if not blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book which Thou hast written." Danton in the French Revolution was no Christian, yet even Danton could exclaim: "Be my name branded if only France be freed," and the mission preacher who revived religious life in England exclaimed, "Let George Whitefield perish if God be glorified." Surely even we must often enough have had the feeling that we care more for those whom we love than for ourselves. Surely for our children we must have prayed with Enoch Arden, "Save them from this, whatever comes to me." In truth this care for others more than ourselves is the one distinguishing mark which separates the ignoble from the noble life. What is it which makes the life of frivolous, goddess women, and debauched sotish men so inherently contemptible? It is their selfishness; they have shifted the centre of gravity from mankind to their own paltry greedy egotism; to whom applies the stern question of Carlyle, "Art thou a virtue, then, and only carest to get for thyself so much carrion? Love to our neighbor has been the illumination of the world; it has kindled the scholar's lamp, and nurtured the reformer's courage, and supported the statesman's strength, and enabled the truth seeker to live on in the oppression of a perpetual sitting amidst corrupt churches and an evil world. It is love to our neighbor which has over and over again purged the slum and built the orphanage, gathered little children into schools; it has had compassion on the poor, it has given bread to the hungry, and covered the naked with a garment; it has held forth the bible to the nations, it has launched the lifeboat, it has taken the prodigal by the right hand and opened the door of repentance to the harlot and the thief. It was love to our neighbor which burned like the fire of God upon the altar of their hearts, in a Carey, and a Livingstone, a Romilly, a Howard, a Clarkson; sent missionaries to the heathen, modified the ferocities of penal law, purified the prison, set free the slaves. It was love to our neighbor which, energizing even an age of torpor and of mammon worship, sent Wesley to fan the flame amidst the dying embers of religion, and Gordon to toil among his ragged boys, and Coleridge Patison to die by the poisoned arrows of savages, and Father Damien to waste away at loathly Molokai, a leper among the lepers. It is a dim reflection of the love of Him who lived and died to redeem a guilty world. It differentiates the worldly life and its low aims from the noble and christian life which is ready to do good even to them which despitely use it and persecute it. Every true life comes nearest to the life of Christ by love to its neighbor, and this love which has next to nothing to do with any form of external religiosity is the essence and epitome of all pure religion; it is the end of the commandments; it is the fulfilling of the law.

So far, we have spoken in general of the Second Table of the Decalogue. We must now come, though it can only be most cursorily, to the commandment which heads it, "Thou shalt not kill." The primary aim of course of the commandments is to inculcate reverence for human life. Man is, or rather should be, a sacred thing to man. But for the tendency of the selfishness which makes every bad man his own idol, each man's life would be thus sacred in each man's eyes. It is christianity that has made it so. The Romans would assemble by myriads in the amphitheatre to see men hew each other to pieces for their amusement. In China, in Dahomey, in all savage and all corrupted countries, human life is utterly cheap; in christian countries it is infinitely precious. When the body of poor George Elbourn was cut and dashed to pieces on the rocks above Niagara tens of thousands of spectators assembled on the shores of the river to help him if possible, and one universal sob shook the heart of the whole mighty multitude when that poor unknown boy missed his leap, and was swept over the rushing falls.

Only the lowest nations, only the basest or the most pernicious men, care not who perishes so their interests be fed. Was there ever in human story a more despicable picture—unless it be a mere allegory—than that of the prophet Jonah wishing himself dead because of the wretched gourd, yet exceedingly displeased and very angry because, to save a man's miserable reputation, God did not destroy

Nineveh with its 120,000 inhabitants. Was there ever a more wicked speech uttered than that of Napoleon I., when Prince Metternich told him that his plan would cost the lives of 100,000 men, and haughtily replied, "A hundred thousand men! What are a hundred thousand men to me?" Metternich walked to the window and flung it open, exclaiming with indignation, "Sire, let all Europe hear that atrocious sentiment." True, the Hebrew prophet and the modern conqueror were men, not monsters; they only show what gigantic proportions our selfishness may assume. The Sixth commandment, taken as the Rabbis took it, and as it ought to be taken, in connection with the First, was meant as a check to this hateful egotism. The two together make every man sacred, because man was created in the image of God. The germ of all righteousness and of all social virtue lies in this truth. He who holds it fast will see in every fellow-man, however humble, a representative of his God, and so all his acts of daily intercourse will assume a sacred character. The Sixth Commandment forbids the brotherhood of Man upon the Fatherhood of God. I have not time to enter into any collateral issue. You will say that the commandment forbidding murder is needless in most men now; there is scarcely one man in a million who becomes a murderer. How that may be I know not. It is thought by some that more murders by far are committed than are ever detected, and that many a child, for instance, as well as many a mother, has been done to death, directly or indirectly, even for so mean a bribe as an insurance fee. The first-born man was the first murderer, and the second was the murdered victim. A murderer is by no means always a dull, bestial, and ferocious man. Many a tender and delicate man, many a man well nurtured and with a nature akin to ours, who dreamed as little of being a murderer as we do, has become a murderer out of greed, or envy, or fury, or to hide some awful shame, or as the sequel of indulged passion, or of a life made reckless by gambling or debauchery. Some of these have left behind them terrible warnings of the slow degrees by which temptation, smouldering at the basis of the life, has leaped in one moment into the uncontrollable flame of a great crime which shows itself to be, not a sudden aberration, but the necessary result and epitome of long years of secret baseness. Christ warns us that the Sixth Commandment touches many a highly respectable person who hardly thinks that a murderer is of the same flesh and blood with himself. Think only of St. John's words: "He that hateth his brother is a murderer," or of the words of Christ, "Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, 'Thou shalt not kill,' but I say unto you that whosoever is angry with his brother is in danger of the judgment."

Now language is a good test of the prevalence of a thing, and many other ordinary multitude of words which express the evil passion which was the germ and the substance of murderousness. The temptation which breaks out into so many such virulent impulses must have deeply tainted the blood of our common humanity. Anger, rage, wrath, fury, revenge, strife, contentions, rivalry, sullessness, malice, malignity, rancour, unforiveness, temper, spleen, vindictiveness, enmity, grudges, jealousies, factions, envy, hatred, bitterness, detestation, execration, loathing, contempt—all these and many other words which make up the black catalogue of uncharitableness show the variety of forms which is taken by the full-sized and many-headed monster. Over and over again we see that this egotism turned to power has been the cause of oppression which in living memories stained England with the shame of women dragging trucks in the low galleries of mines till they were bent double and dehumanized into beasts, and the deep degradation of seeing thousands of English children doomed in factories to a childhood of misery, a youth of sickness, and an early grave; but we have still sweaters' dens and gambling halls, and murderous gin-shops and streets infamous for immorality; and all who loving God more than God have any share in this destroying the lives and souls of their brethren, may be honorable among men, but they shall stand at the Last Day as murderers before the awful eyes of Him who sees the things that are, and sees them as they are.

All my brethren, is not this Commandment like the others, exceeding broad? And it is the Commandment of Him who judgeth not after the appearance; not by the cynical cleverness of journalists, not by the glaring conventionalities of the world's morality, but who reads the inmost secrets of the heart. In keeping this law is great reward. We cannot keep even this one law in its fullness without gaining Christ's peace in our hearts. May Almighty God give us grace to read our lives certainly by the light of it, and to judge ourselves now by its searching fire, lest we have to learn hereafter the terrible lesson that "he that hateth his brother is a murderer, and abideth in death," and "no murderer can enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Now, which of us is wholly free from one or other form of this murderous sin so common and so rank? Anger: how many almost pride themselves on being irritable! They think it shows magnanimity, whereas it only shows weakness and lack of self-control. What an abyss of crime has anger often hurried men into! How often has a life been poisoned by one angry letter, and the wedded, calm, and golden peace of home shattered by one hasty word. How right was Solomon when he said, "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools." Then there is what is called "bearing a grudge." How often has one heard on vulgar lips those wretched sayings, "I'll pay him out!" "I'll put a spoke in his wheel!" "I owe him one for that." "I will give him as good as he gave me." Sometimes this becomes a feeble spite, sometimes it deepens into a sullen revenge that has turned men into raging maniacs, and women into frightful demons. But the spirit of this commandment is "Avenge not ourselves, neither give place unto wrath; but the spirit of the New Testament is "Do good to them that hate you," and Christ's example was that he prayed even for his murderers. How well we all know these truths and yet how many of us evade them by the subtle sophistries of our heart. "Forgive," how many will say, "Forgive," and find a sort of absolutism in the bound to hate a little longer; but even when we do not evade the duty, how little, also, do we practise it!

And akin to these faults is the sin of hatred and envy. Scripture calls it an "evil eye." The sensitive pride of small natures finds it intolerable that any man should excel them or be preferred to them. In the wild picture of Salvador Rosa, a youth with uplifted poignant and the face of a demon follows his young rival who has won the crown, ready to stab him in the back. Let a man rise but half an inch above his fellows, and there will be a host of persons to attack him, to belittle him, to abuse him unanimously, and as any rancorous detractor elaborated a sarcasm in his depreciation and his name is casually mentioned, out comes the sarcasm from twenty lips with sonorous delight.

And what with spite and what with fears They will not let a body be; But they call this man as good as me." And this envy passes into hatred, rancour, malice, misanthropy, till the man becomes little better than a fiend. Now, all these feelings are, as Christ said, potential murder, they share the guilt of murder, and they bring the punishment of murder in the man's own deserved wretchedness; they rattle and fester the soul and fill it full of pain and disturbance. He is in-

deed in an awful, deadly condition in whose black heart any single element of this hatred abides. It is an infernal kind of fire, like your fires underground, which cannot be quenched. How well did Giotto repress sent Envy with hooked claws, with a viper coming out of her mouth which turns round so fix its venomous fangs into her own forehead. If to hate our brother in our heart be murder, are there no murderers here?

There may be many here who are murderers in quite other ways. Of the murder committed by slanderous tongues "set on fire of hell" hatred and infinitely common as they are, I shall not speak; but as I must say something about this subject, I will mention violations of this commandment which show it is indeed exceeding broad. For instance, intolerance, religious persecution, the instruments of that odium theologicum which has passed into a byword has in it all the elements of murder. To my mind, the loathliest spectacle of history is the religion of the fagot, of the thumbcrew, of the stake; and its most hateful spectacle is that of some black Spanish Inquisitor in the name of the church thrusting the crucifix into the face of some saint of God, whom he is burning alive because he spurned sacerdotal tyranny and hated lies. "Merciful God," says a recent writer, "what a commentary on the gospel was the church of the meek Christ that defended His cause by the same passions that crucified Him!" And, though we no longer have the *auto de fe* in Oxford or in Smithfield, to this day the "strife of religious slanderers is still in full and secret session, and in the base pages of many a religious print Christ is crucified afresh today.

To put stumbling-blocks in the way of the innocent, to tempt the weak into paths of impurity or vice, to play the part of the devil by being a tempting devil to other souls, to betray those who trusted us, to destroy those for whom Christ died—these are the deadliest crimes which any human soul can commit. He who lends a younger and weaker brother some impure book in which in ten minutes he may read himself to death, he who acts to some comrade, whom he calls his friend, as the torch-bearer to sin; he who first plants the seeds of hell in the soul of one of Christ's little ones; he who leads another over the thin border-line of wrong by teaching him to lie, or to gamble, or to drink, or to devastate the inner sanctities of his own being, may be in God's sight a ten times worse murderer than many who are being hanged. If there be an unpardonable sin, it is this. All God's commandments are linked together; to break one is often to break all. Many a liar who gets blood-money by murdering reputations, many a seducer who walks in the high places of society, is in God's sight a murderer, and God's revenge against murder will find him out.

Again, all selfish, guilty, oppressive trade is murder in God's sight. It may get a man into parliament, it may make him a millionaire or a peer, but as surely as God builds the superstructure of social order on the foundation-stone of christian love, so surely is the spirit of Cain, in all who rise by the misery of their fellow-men. In the old Levitic law if anyone had an ox known to be vicious, if the ox gored a man, the owner of the ox was justly put to death. Is there, then, no guilt or blood on the man who will spend a little more to make his machinery safe; on the man who makes a fortune by houses which are either on the one hand, hotbeds of pestilence, or on the other hand, gods and traps of ruin to the bodies and souls of men? We have, thanks to good Lord Shaftesbury, wiped out the black page of oppression which in living memories stained England with the shame of women dragging trucks in the low galleries of mines till they were bent double and dehumanized into beasts, and the deep degradation of seeing thousands of English children doomed in factories to a childhood of misery, a youth of sickness, and an early grave; but we have still sweaters' dens and gambling halls, and murderous gin-shops and streets infamous for immorality; and all who loving God more than God have any share in this destroying the lives and souls of their brethren, may be honorable among men, but they shall stand at the Last Day as murderers before the awful eyes of Him who sees the things that are, and sees them as they are.

All my brethren, is not this Commandment like the others, exceeding broad? And it is the Commandment of Him who judgeth not after the appearance; not by the cynical cleverness of journalists, not by the glaring conventionalities of the world's morality, but who reads the inmost secrets of the heart. In keeping this law is great reward. We cannot keep even this one law in its fullness without gaining Christ's peace in our hearts. May Almighty God give us grace to read our lives certainly by the light of it, and to judge ourselves now by its searching fire, lest we have to learn hereafter the terrible lesson that "he that hateth his brother is a murderer, and abideth in death," and "no murderer can enter into the kingdom of heaven."

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is the standard specific for Scrofula, Catarrh Rheumatism, and Debility.

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GANONG BROS.—(Ltd.), ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Every Table at the Blue Store is a Bargain Counter.

At the Blue Store you will not find old goods to be sold at half price, but everything New, which are now selling at BARGAIN PRICES. Everything is cheap. But Children, Boys' and Youths' Clothing have our special attention.

Men's Suits from \$4.00 to \$16.00.

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The Blue Clothing Store, Cor. MILL and MAIN STS., North End.

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Dealer in Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, KITCHEN FURNISHINGS, ETC.

A nice line of REFRIGERATORS in stock; Seasonable goods in variety; Jobbing in my line solicited.

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Cash Capital.....	\$2,000,000 00
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NET SURPLUS.....	1,617,079 68
TOTAL ASSETS.....	\$5,624,914 73

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TENNIS RACQUET

Given for one new subscriber and \$1.25 additional.

We will give a full size best English tennis racquet, manufactured by Ayres of London, for one new subscriber and \$1.25 additional. Retail price \$3.00.

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ditional. Croquet is fashion able again. With many people who love quiet and enjoyable garden game it never went out of fashion. After all, there is nothing like Croquet for an interesting, comfortable out-of-door game. This is a splendid opportunity to secure a good field, six ball Croquet, packed in a hinged cover box with balls, mallets, wickets, stakes, wicket pegs all complete. Retail price \$1.50.

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Prisca Soap

Additional.

thing so enjoyable or for young girls in exercise on the tricycle. splendid 20 inch wheel tired, strong and durable for a club of subscribers and \$5 additional price of this.

have a larger tricycle 30 inch wheel, metal will be sent for a club of subscribers and \$9 additional price \$14.

MAN ALLAN

PORT.

for five years. I found relief from a neuralgia, and it has proved a cure.

Cure

ATISM

of the age for the immediate relief of a neuralgia, and it has proved a cure.

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MAN ALLAN

DRUGGIST,

St. John, N. B.

Six bottles for \$2.50.

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Sheet; 6 for 25c.

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Fair Prizes

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all in the presence of reports, and two com- ing exhibits at the Hotel will be held in Chicago.

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achieve, attain the greatest perfect work of both upon the Yost Writing

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the above-named prizes.

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"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

I see that the type has been getting in some of his deadly work, girls, and last week he made me thank an apocryphal Miss Ellen McInerney for the poem, "My Dear and Only Love," instead of Miss Ellen McInerney, and I beg Miss McInerney to accept my thanks, and apologise at the same time. By the way, girls, I listened with a smile of gratified vanity the other day to a dear and partial friend who told me she had discovered that my handwriting was a fac simile of Robert Browning's, but at the same time I acknowledged in my own mind that I no longer wondered why his poems were considered so obscure; of course the composers could make nothing of his writing, and perhaps the poet was like the celebrated Judge Jeffries, I think it was, who said he must absolutely decline to read his own handwriting 24 hours after it was written. I really think that in the interests of posterity I shall have to get my friends to subscribe towards the purchase of a typewriter for my friend.

HAYSEED—Robessay.—As you placed your signature both at the top, as well as the bottom of your letter, and as the former occupied the place where a more polite person would have written the usual beginning to a letter—namely "Dear Astra," I am forced to one of two conclusions—either you are very much in love with your rather unlovely *nom de guerre*, or else you do not know that it is customary to address literary people in a courteous manner, especially when you are asking favors, in the shape of information, from them. If you really do not know how to begin a letter by a *Complete Letter Writer* and study it carefully. It is a good book, I know, but still you will find it useful. (1) If your own common sense does not tell you that it is not "proper" when a young gentleman is seeing a lady home to kiss her at the gate, I don't think any advice of mine would have the least effect. (2) It is not only good form but customary, that is, if I understand you right. Of course if the trains did not suit, it might be a little awkward for them to get home again. (3) When a young "lady" has to be "held in the carriage so she won't tumble out" by her escort she must, I think, be in a very alarmingly weak state of health. The inclination to "tumble out" would indicate either spinal trouble or St. Vitus dance, I should imagine, and until the damsel in question feels sufficiently strong to sit up unassisted she had better abstain from driving with young men. You know it is not "proper" as well as I do and that no girl with robust health and morals requires to be held in the carriage by the man she is driving with. What opinion men must have of some girls! (4) Lemon juice, saltpetre, moistened with cold water and dabbed on the face with a sponge, or soft rag, and horseradish, scraped into milk and allowed to stand for twelve hours, then use the milk, moistening the face with a soft rag dipped in it, allowing the lotion to dry on. (5) I have never heard either of the expressions you quote, but should think them very "slangy." (6) Your writing and spelling are both good, the former remarkably so. What I think of your composition you know by this time.

NELLIE.—I am sorry I cannot offer you any suggestions for that "cure" you speak of. She certainly deserves to be punished, but I could not give you any advice in this column on such a subject, unless it were that all the other girls resolutely decline to speak of, or take any notice of her until she has disengaged her disagreeable ways. Do you ever read this column? If so, surely you must know by this time that it is utterly useless to expect an answer to any communication the same week in which it is written. Unless a letter is in the office by Friday night, there is no chance of its being answered in time for the next week's paper. I am often very sorry that I cannot comply with the requests of correspondents in this respect, but it is impossible. (2) I should think her very malicious and very rude. Your writing is unimproved as yet, but it will improve.

MISS GRUNDY, Halifax.—It really does require patience; more at some times than at others, but a letter like yours is a real pleasure and makes up for a number of trying ones. Thank you so much for your corroboration of my story about Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth; after I had written it a horrible fear crept into my mind that my memory might have played me false, and it was really the Earl of Leicester; one does get these historical incidents confused sometimes, you know, but it turned out to be something else my correspondent asked for, as you saw by last week's Progress. (2) You are not stupid at all, there is great difference of opinion on the subject. I always pronounce it Prog. myself. I believe the Americans usually pronounce it Pro-gress but it is largely a matter of taste. I prefer to have correspondents write their letters "straight ahead" as it is so much easier to read them quickly when they go right on than when I have to travel all over the paper to find the connecting link. To tell you the truth the "canine quadruped"—by the way did you mean to be a little satirical at the expense of biped pupae—is not attached to my person, he is not mine at all, though he lives with me. I never needed a dog of any kind but once, and that was when I was fourteen. I will give your message to him all the same. Thank you for the love and write again some time.

PEGGY—Robessay.—(1) Well, Peggy, I scarcely know how to answer you; it is not at all wrong, but still I think it much better for young girls not to write to their gentlemen friends, unless they are very old and intimate ones. Men think so much more of girls who are chosen their favorites, than of those who are too free with them, and it is better in the end, if you are able to tell the man you marry that you never corresponded with anyone but himself, any young man, I mean. It would sound very badly indeed! (2) It is an extraordinary request for a man to make, and most un-

usual, but it should be complied with at once; otherwise he would be justified in thinking you were in love with him. (3) Whichever began the quarrel, I think, or, if it was very mutual indeed, and one as much in the wrong as the other, the gentleman, but the lady would have to show some sign of relenting, or he might never have courage to approach her. The one who possesses the most generous nature usually makes the first advance. There was nothing wrong with your paper, it was very nice indeed, and you wrote only on one side, which alone would be sufficient to cover a multitude of sins.

K., St. John.—If I mistake not I have heard from you before, my friend, though under another name. Your style is very distinctive and it betrays you. You are more than "a perspiring farm hand in literature's broad acres." I think you have cut many succulent swaths, and harvested some golden grain too, so you must not be too modest. You are right, the sentiment of the verse enclosed is exquisite, and you need not have qualified your expression with admiration with the remark that you were "too utterly devoid of any kind of sentiment to be affected by such an emotion as love." I am sorry for you if you told the truth, because in the first place you will never amount to what is vulgarly termed "a row of pins," from a literary standpoint, if you are devoid of sentiment, because you surely know that in order to write well, one must have felt. No one can portray an emotion he has never experienced, and poetry without feeling is the bunk without the grain. He who dips his pen in his own heart's blood writes best, and is the most certain of fame. I am sorry for you in the second place, because if you never experience love, you have missed the best of life, and in the third and last place, because, when the rosy little blind god does get hold of you, he will make you suffer tenfold for having scoffed at him before! Won't he trample you under foot and stick poisoned darts all over you till you cry for mercy? And won't you deserve it, too? But never mind, the pleasure will make up for the pain, and all roses have thorns, you know. Thank you for your kind remarks about my department. I had almost forgotten your question; I will hunt up the poem with pleasure, but I have very little hope that I shall be able to find it if you cannot, though I think I have seen it somewhere.

Does Jealousy Make Women Happy?

A woman writer has come to the conclusion that feminine nature is happier and best when one woman is making another jealous, says the *Commercial Advertiser*.

Watch the girl with two young men, says she, while another mopes alone without in sight of the triumph of No. 1. Notice her perceptible gayer manner when she catches her rival's eye. She bristles, she beams, she is positively radiant, and not all because she is in company with two men, as the poor, deluded youths fondly think, but on account of that other one who is not receiving an attention.

A woman enjoys her new gowns ten times more when the one who has heretofore had a corner in stylish frocks is present. In fact, it is just as we said at the beginning, a part of a woman's nature to enjoy making another jealous, yet these two may be the very best and dearest of friends, yet the spirit will crop out, the cloven hoof will show itself, and the spirit of Tantalus takes possession of the soul of a sweet, gentle little creature who would not inflict a moment's pain on a bird, beast, fish or insect, yet without any qualms of conscience sets to work to deliberately torture a human being and make her wish she had never been born. The worst part of it, to the tormentor not only torments, but actually revels in and is happier for this sort of amusement, a fact which makes her to men absolutely incomprehensible.

Cod Liver Oil as a Beautifier.

A young woman who has a beautifully rounded throat, with lovely neck and arms to match, attributes her beauty in that direction to the following simple course of treatment:

"To begin with, you must be prepared for a somewhat disagreeable odor and the ruination of your nightgown; therefore, put aside your oldest gowns and go to work by yourself and you will work wonders in three weeks. The process is merely anointing the same way, then the bust, the abdomen, the groin and the legs down to the knees. It will take you a good half-hour, but you will be repaid by the beautiful effect it will have in a remarkably short time. Perseverance must be your watchword, however, until the form commences to round out; then the treatment need not be so frequent in hot weather and not more than three times a week in cold. It is simple and harmless, and no physician will discourage what he knows to be so genuinely beneficial."

Meat Cooked by Cold.

The generally accepted theory of the cooking of meat relates to the application of heat; but Dr. Savicovsky has called attention to the fact that almost precisely the same chemical and physical changes can be accomplished by the exposure of animal flesh to extreme cold. Indeed, the sensation experienced by touching freezing mercury is very much that of severe burn. The experimenter referred to applied his method to the preservation of meats, first by subjecting them to a temperature of 83° below zero, Fahrenheit, and then sealing them up hermetically in tin vessels. Animals and substances which had been so treated and for some time kept in these boxes, on examination proved to be extremely palatable, and, being partially cooked, required very little heat to prepare them for the table. An establishment in Hungary is now engaged in the preparation of meats by this method on an extensive scale.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Specialty Prepared from Practical Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress."

(Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Editor Reasonable Receipts, Progress, St. John.")

Apricot.
Not a young, but a very inexperienced housekeeper would like directions for preserving apricots, also for making jelly cake which will roll without cracking or breaking at the edges. Some call it "jelly roll cake" and some "railroad cake." One friend told her to roll it "piping hot." She did and it cracked as badly as when rolled in a cooler state. Are apricots out of season?

(1) Peel and stone some moderately ripe apricots; put them at night in a deep jar between layers of crushed lump sugar. Next morning pour over them some white currant juice, and place the jar in a large saucapan of water, which must be kept boiling until the sugar is completely dissolved; then take the saucapan off the fire and let it get cold. Place the fruit and syrup in a preserving pan, and boil very gently until the fruit is tender; allow half pint of currant juice and a pound and a half of sugar to every pound of fruit. Time to simmer, 40 minutes.

Apricots are in season in June and July. It is difficult to get them fresh and in good condition in this part of the country. The fruit should not be kept long after gathering as it soon becomes insipid.

(2) The following receipt will make a cheap, but excellent sponge cake for "jelly firm and add them last. Spread this mixture thinly on a sheet of millila paper and bake it light colored on a baking pan. Lay the sheet when done, cake downwards, on a cloth on the table, brush the paper over with water and pull it off the cake. Spread the cake with jelly and roll up. It makes a nice finish to roll the cake after this, in syrup, and then in grated cocoanut.

"W. T."—No, you cannot make the lime water too strong for the water will only take up a certain amount. If you use much of it, it will pay you to buy about two feet of rubber tubing, such as is used for the nursing bottles, to syphon it off. In this way you can get every drop off perfectly clear.

J. M.—Try "Rose Vanilline" for flavoring your cake and ice cream.

What to Take to Picnics.

At this season of the year a few suggestions on this subject may be acceptable. Of course, half the fun, for the children at least, is in making a fire, but the water for tea, coffee or chocolate, but a small spirit lamp is a very handy thing to take along. Here is a short list of suitable things from which to make selections for a luncheon in the woods or at the seaside. Good bread and good butter and cold meats are staple articles of which there should always be an ample supply. Cut thin bread and butter, buttered rolls, cold chicken pressed, broiled chicken, devilled chicken and ham, camp pie, tongue, ham, pressed corn beef, sardines, stuffed eggs, hard-boiled eggs, pickles, olives, crackers and cheese, orange marmalade, ginger bread, cake, cold coffee, cold, lemonade, salads, bananas, cold meat pies, sandwiches, chip potatoes.

Ice cream can be made at home and packed in ice and salt, and clear ice for cooling lemonade, &c., can easily be carried without wasting in the hottest weather, if it be carefully wrapped in paper so as to exclude the air and the heat. Then there are the various fruit syrups for mixing with plain water or soda water in bottles to make palatable drinks.

Lemon juice for lemonade can be extracted at home and carried to the picnic grounds in bottles; the sugar also can be put in with it—thus making one parcel less to carry. Do not forget salt and other condiments that may be needed.

Lemonade.

Although this is a favorite drink in summer, we do not always find it well made. The following method makes a delicious drink: Take four lemons to every quart of water, and eight tablespoonsful of sugar; rub or squeeze the lemons soft, and strain them upon the sugar; pour over them a little boiling water and let them stand fifteen minutes; then add the necessary amount of water, welliced, stir well and serve. Orangeade is made in the same way, substituting oranges for lemons, but much less sugar is needed.

Current Custard Tarts.

One pound sugar, 1 pound butter, 8 ounces powdered ratafia, 8 ounces ground almonds, 8 ounces currants, 10 egg-whites, grated rind and juice of two lemons.
Beat the sugar and butter to a glossy cream, adding the egg-whites gradually while beating. Work in the juice and rinds (previously grated), then add the currants, almonds and ratafia powder. Line some tart pans with three-quarter paste, and three parts fill them with the above filling. Place the goods on baking tins and bake in a warm oven.

Eggs for Dyspepsia.

The egg is considered one of the best remedies for dyspepsia. Animals and substances which with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, by forming a transient coating on these organs, enables nature to resume her healthful way over a diseased body. Two or at most three eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases;

A Thing Greatly Abused.

HARDLY anything receives less thanks and more abuse than a shoe. It is never thanked for the protection it renders against the cold of winter, the heat of summer, against thorns, tacks, glass, dust, sticks and stones. It is kicked about, scoffed at, trampled under foot, knocked around and thrown violently here, there or anywhere. Its eyes are blinded, its tongue torn out, and its very "sole" ground to powder in its constant, uncomplaining servitude.

The shoe, like sails to a ship, or wings to a bird, permits man always and with tireless motion, to push on towards the far objects of his measureless ambition. Let the ship thank its sails, the bird thank its wings, and man thank his shoes, and when they are worn out get them replaced at WATERBURY & RISING'S, where you can find an assortment of Russia Leather—Tan—Canvas and Kid Boots and Shoes suitable for this season.

WATERBURY & RISING, 34 King and 212 Union Sts.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS COMPANY.

Lace Curtains Cleaned & Dyed by a French Process

Office—South Side King Square, Works—Elm Street North End, St. John, New Brunswick.



light Tweed and blue Cheviot suits, all good material, well trimmed and well made, marked in plain figures at Half Price. We are closing out these lines at a sacrifice, to make room for our Fall Goods. All garments in stock were purchased new since last February. Don't wait till all the bargains are gone and then blame us. We're ready now, but there's no telling how long it will last.

R. W. LEETCH,
47 King Street, St. John, N. B.
New Royal Clothing Store.

and since eggs are not merely medicine but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

The Russian Face Bath.

It is a foolish idea to think that one can get rid of wrinkles by filling them with powder, or even by enamelling the whole face, says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*. It is much better practice to give the face a Russian bath every night.

The principle of the Russian bath for the face is to bathe it in such hot water that it makes one jump every time it is applied, and then a minute later to soak it with cold water. The reaction which this causes in the blood will make it glow and tingle with warmth. Then it should be rubbed dry with a towel before retiring. Day by day the skin will grow firmer and the wrinkles will gradually disappear.

The use of hot and cold water for the face is important in many ways. Hard, cold water will not remove the grease and dirt which settle in the pores of the skin, but if bathed in hot water first, and then cold, the dirt will be removed and the skin strengthened. Dirt, grit and grease will settle in the skin when the face is only washed in hard, cold water and soap, and this alone in time injures the color and softness of it.

One should never bathe the face in hard water anyway, if a fair complexion is desired. The water should be softened with a little borax or a few drops of ammonia. When the face is very hot it should not be bathed; wait until it cools off a little.

In travelling where one knows nothing about the water, it is better not to use it for bathing the face. If necessary, add a little alcohol, and then rub with a little vaseline. In this way a fair complexion may be obtained and retained that will be a pride to any lovely woman.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

As much FOR INTERNAL AS EXTERNAL USE.

In 1810.

Originated by an Old Family Physician.

Think Of It. In use for more than Eighty Years, and still leads. General Sufferers should have a bottle in his satchel.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Croup, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Lumbago, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, Should have Johnson's Every Mother Anodyne Liniment in the house for CROUP, Sore Throat, Toothache, Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps and Pains liable to occur in any family without notice. Delays may cost a life. Relieves all Summer Complaints like magic. Price, in one penny bottle, 25c. Express paid, S. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

KEEP COOL! ICE

Wholesale and Retail.

ORDERS through Mail or Telephone promptly attended to. Telephone No. 414. Office: Leinster Street. Parties going out of town, can have ice delivered at regular rates until their departure and upon their return to the city.

3 mos. MRS. R. WHEATSL.

OYSTERS FOR THE SUMMER SEASON. Baked fresh every morning.

FOR SALE AT Nos. 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Office for Agriculture, Fredericton.

Harry Wilkes, 1896.

THE Standard Bred Hambletonian Stallion HARRY WILKES, the property of the Government of New Brunswick, will make the Season of 1892 at St. John.

TERMS—\$35.00 for the season, to be paid at time of first service.

Harry Wilkes, 1896, is by George Wilkes, 619, dam Belle Kiss by Whitehall.

He will stand at Ward's One Mile House on the Marsh Road.

The intention is to send the stallion down about the first of May. Should be required before that time, arrangements may be made to send him down earlier by applying at this office.

JULIUS L. TURNER.

March 30th, 1892.

Haying Tools

IN GREAT VARIETY AND AT LOW PRICES.

J. HORNCastle & Co., - INDIANTOWN.

To the Young Couple starting House-keeping—you can save at least 10% on

FURNITURE

PURCHASED FROM

Everett & Miller,

If you have the Cash. Remember the place, 18 Waterloo St., St. John.

Pelee Island Wine and Vineyard Co.

(LIMITED.)

Having established our Maritime Agency in ST. JOHN, we now solicit your orders for our Special Brands of

Pure Canadian Wines.

Dry Catawba, case or dt. St. Augustine, case or dt.
Sweet " " P. I. Export " "
Isabella, " " P. I. Sherry, " "
P. I. Claret, " " P. I. Alicante, " "

Unfermented Grape Juice, case; also Concord, case or dt.

E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant,

63 UNION STREET ST. JOHN. TELEPHONE 532.

A Sewing Machine Given Away.

WE want Agents to canvass for "CANADA," the only magazine published in the Maritime Provinces. The subscription price of "Canada" is \$1.00, and every new subscriber will receive FREE a beautiful oleograph picture, 17 by 24 in size.

Agents will be allowed a cash-in-advance commission of 35 cents on every subscription obtained.

Over and above the cash commission a NEW RAYMOND SINGER SEWING MACHINE, worth \$45, furnished by Messrs. Miller Bros., of Halifax, will be given to the agent sending the largest number of subscriptions before April 1st, 1893.

A WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, worth \$10, will be given to the agent sending the second largest number of subscriptions.

A prize worth \$1.50 will be given to the agent sending the largest number of subscriptions each month.

"Canada" will be sent FREE, during the competition, to all who signify their intention to compete, and who remit 25c. in stamps for outfit. No post cards.

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, Hampton, N. B.

The Esplanade

PLAYED AND ENDORSED BY The World's Most Eminent Musician; and Pronounced by Them THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE! E. BRIDGE & SONS; St. John, N. B. Agents for the Maritime Provinces.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

France has a mine 4,000 feet deep.
 Tomatoes were not cultivated 100 years ago.
 The room in which Napoleon I. died is now a stable.
 Churches built in America in 1891 numbered 8,508.
 The modern panorama is due to Michel Du Crest, a Frenchman.

Thirty-four pounds of raw sugar make twenty-one pounds refined.
 It is said that the best walking pace is seventy-five steps per minute.

A child just born has less chance of living a year than an octogenarian.
 The first banana was brought to the United States about fifty years ago.

The adherents of Buddhism are estimated at more than one-third of the human race.
 Among the South Sea Islanders black and white striped goods are even worn in sign of mourning.

The dry land of the globe equals 55,000,000 square miles and the area of the ocean 137,200,000 square miles.
 A tribal law in Mashona, Central Africa, decrees the death by drowning of twin babies immediately after they are born.

Only citizens who are able to read and write have the power to vote in Bolivia and several other South American republics.
 The glassmakers of Thebes, forty centuries ago, possessed the art of staining glass, and they produced the commodity in the utmost profusion.

The first coins made in this country were in Mexico in the mint established there in 1535. The coin was called the real. They are now worth from \$1.50 to \$6 apiece.
 "Elocute," "orate," "enthus," "annivers," "philanthropy" and "revolute" are some of the newspaper verbs now apparently fully adopted into the American language.

The six-foot driving wheel of a locomotive running a mile a minute revolves nearly 300 times a minute. Polishing wheels are made to revolve nearly or quite 1,500 times a minute.

The armies of the civilized nations of the world number 3,600,000 men. Besides the loss of their time and labor, they cost at least \$1,000 a year each, and that amounts to \$3,600,000,000.

The furthest distance which sound has, up to this time, been known to travel was 1,600 miles, on the occasion of a volcanic explosion, in 1815, at the Tomboro Mountain, in the island of Sumbawa.

In 1790 three patents were issued; 100 years later the number was 26,292. The total of patents granted during the 100 years was 433,914, or an average of nearly thirteen patents for every day.

The water clock was known in Rome B. C. 158. Dial clocks were first put up in A. D. 913; striking clocks were Saracenic, about 801; pendulum clocks were invented in 1641; repeating clocks in 1676.

The hill near Jerusalem where the crucifixion of Jesus occurred is formed of limestone. The shores of the Dead sea are lined with pumice stone, showered out of some volcano that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, which cities finally sank beneath the waters of the Dead sea.

Who were the "Nine Worthies"? They were the Hebrews Joshua, David and Judas Maccabaeus; the Pagans Hector, Alexander and Julius Caesar, and the Christians King Arthur, Charlemagne and Godfrey de Bouillon. All were renowned warriors.

The highest viaducts and bridges in the world are St. Giustina, Tyrol, 460 feet high, 197 feet long, without piers; Garabit, France, 406 feet high, 1,852 feet long, stone and iron; Du Viar (proposed) France, 382 feet high, 1,508 feet long, iron arch; Forth, 375 feet, steel.

Properly speaking, a Creole is any person born in America of foreign parents. But as the word comes from the Spanish and French, and was first used in Louisiana, its meaning has been restricted so that it is applied now only to Louisianians of French or Spanish descent. The word comes from the Spanish *criollo*, from the verb *criar*, to beget, to create.

The first American strike of which there is any record existing occurred in New York in 1741, when the demands of the journey-bakers for higher wages having been refused they left their work in a body. This movement aroused great public indignation, and the leaders were arrested and tried for a charge which seems strange in the premises—"conspiracy against the king."

There are several explanations given of the origin of the word *Masque*, but the following seems to be the most likely, "masque" in the French language means literally "masked" or covered, but it is also applied, from the derivation, to "one born with a caul." Superstition attributes good fortune to the caul and high prices have been paid for one, the owner being regarded as certain good luck as it is in his possession. A child who was fortunate enough to have been born with a caul is looked upon as being particularly lucky. In this way the child was called a "masque" and was supposed to be always fortunate and being good luck to others and the word "masque" might be very easily corrupted from "masque." Another possible derivation, although not as well supported as the former, is the following: In many countries of Europe there was a widespread superstition that the seventh son of a seventh son would be very lucky, have

powers of healing and so forth. In France the seventh son of a seventh son was called a "marcon," branded with the fleur de lis and was supposed to possess healing powers of a far higher order than the most skillful doctors. In New Orleans there was a particularly famous one called "Le Beau Marcon," his power being particularly strong during holy week. On Good Friday hundreds are said to have visited him. Mascot might have possibly come from "marcon."

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.
 When a man "feels his oats" it is not always evidence of his being a stable character.—Yonkers Gazette.

The man who has "the pull" at a picnic is generally the thoughtful chap who has brought a flask.—Boston Bulletin.

The mean man likes the magazine that tells women how to dress on nothing a year and look well.—New Orleans Picayune.

The coffee palaces of Melbourne, says an exchange, are the finest in the world. The grounds are probably likewise very fine.—Rochester Post.

Counting the chickens before they are hatched is the highest way of showing confidence in the reliability of the hen.—Baltimore American.

WEAL AND WOE.
 His bicycle threw him
 And he laid his feet
 But in life one is sure
 To have woe with his wheel.

Mrs. Chilly—"You are a terrible man, doctor. I believe you think women have no brains." Dr. Sharp—"You are mistaken, madam; I have seen them at autopsies."

Love's Chronology.—At fifteen, she dreams; at twenty, she sings; at thirty, she talks; at forty, she lectures; at fifty, she retires into seclusion; at sixty, she narrates her campaigns.

Yeast—"Did you notice Miss Fusanar-leather color up when she came into the room?" Crimshaw—"No; I thought she did it before she came down stairs."—Yonkers Statesman.

Just the Man.—Gent: "You have come about the place of coachman. Can you drive slowly and carefully?" Applicant: "Certainly, doctor; I was five years coachman to an undertaker."

"The style of writing that you do must be very hard work." Herbert—"Well, it is; but what made you think of it?" Gladys—"Why, it makes me tired to read it."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Adam's Advantage.—Rowley—"There is one satisfaction that Adam as a gardener." Surface—"What was that?" Rowley—"He didn't have neighbors who raised hens."—New York Herald.

A Wife's Economy.—He: "I am delighted with my new doctor; he promises to make my rheumatism disappear within a month. She (choked), "But then we shall have to buy a barometer."

In Old Ocean's Arms.—Muriel—"Don't you find ocean bathing very strengthening?" Millicent—"Yes, indeed. It strengthens one's nerve. I used to be quite shy before I began it."—New York Herald.

The Fly in the Ointment.—"You ought to be very glad your corns are cured," said the pessimist's wife. "I suppose so," replied the pessimist, "but now I can't tell when it's going to rain."—New York Sun.

A medical certificate is among the treasures of the London General post office, worded as follows: "This is to certify that I attended Mrs. — in her last illness, and that she died in consequence thereof."

Economy—"Keen scheme that of Harlow's," said Flicks. "Took his boy to church last Sunday—pinched him just before the collection and the boy cried, so Harlow had to take him out. Saved his money."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Homespun when she read in the paper that Jay Gould made ten cents every time the clock ticked. "I should think he'd be worried to death for fear the clock would run down."—Boston Transcript.

Hoffmann Howes—"Where has Howell Gibbon been lately?" Rockaway Beech—"Staying at home, dear boy. His name was misspelled in one of the society papers and he is waiting for the affair to blow over."—Puck.

Lady (to gentleman who had just fallen down stairs)—"Good Heavens, how it frightened me! I thought it was my husband who fell down." Gentleman—"I wish to goodness it had been I. I am as much disappointed as you are."—Texas Sittings.

Some pupils were asked by an examiner at a school examination whether they knew the meaning of the word "scandal." One little girl held up her hand, and being told to answer the question said: "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes telling of it over and over."

An entomologist says that there are 1,000,000 and more species of insects in the world. The 999,999 species can be found crawling down your back while on a Sunday-school picnic, while the remaining one, if caught, will be sent to the World's Columbian Exposition as a curiosity.

Mrs. Hucklestep (at the reception)—"I am surprised to see you looking so thin, Mr. Lezer. My son George spoke of you the other day as feeling quite rugged. Miss Hucklestep (so artlessly)—"Why, no, mamma! Don't you recollect! What George said was that Mr. Lezer told him he was feeling pretty rocky."

A western editor is said to have hit upon a plan to keep subscriptions paid up that takes the cake. Every time a delinquent subscriber is mentioned in his paper, his name is inverted. For example:

... poor Jones and wife are spending a few days in Chicago.
 Every other subscriber understands what it means, and there is a grand rush to get right side up again.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Miss Ella Ewing of Scotland county, Mo., is a coy damsel of 18 summers who measures 2 feet 2 inches in height and is still growing.

Longfellow's birthplace in Portland has been bought by John Musgrave, who is remodeling the house. This gives relic-hunters a glorious chance, one of them recently carrying off a whole mantelpiece in his arms.

Mr. Gunter, the author of *Mr. Barnes of New York*, *Mr. Potter of Texas* and various other successful trans-Atlantic novels, is just on to the right side of 40. He was for many years a railway clerk before he made his arms.

Joseph Cook, the noted Boston author and lecturer, is described as a broad shouldered man with a massive head and intellectual face framed in becoming side whiskers of mixed gray and red, and kindly features illumined by a pair of large blue eyes.

Maria Delia, the new prima donna who has captured the fickle Parisian fancy, is a young girl less than 20, who began her life work in a Paris restaurant, where an artist overheard her singing to herself as she wiped the tables, and took her to Paris, and educated and introduced her.

Mrs. Potter Palmer will drive the last nail in the women's building at the world's fair. After it is put in place, it will be withdrawn and presented as a souvenir. The nail is composed of gold silver and copper, and has an adjustable head resembling a brooch, and containing a Montana sapphire.

The Prince of Wales is undeniably the best dressed man in Europe, if not in the world. His wardrobe is larger and more varied than that of any other man of fashion. It is on record that, upon the recent taking of an inventory at Marlborough House, it was found that His Royal Highness possessed as many as 300 pairs of trousers. Morning coats, waistcoats, afternoon coats, dress coats, overcoats, ulster, old hunting suits were there in large numbers.

Old readers now grown to manhood who in boyhood days pursued with delight the romances of William T. Adams and got many pleasant views of life through *Oliver Optic*, will be glad to know that the Boston schoolmaster is entertaining the present generation a hopeful of charming the next. He has written altogether more than 100 books for boys, and is now busy at work with another. Mr. Adams is 70, but well enough preserved to last for thirty years to come.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York have been visiting the Earl of Warwick at the historic Warwick castle. The Earl adopted several ingenious devices to entertain his guests, among them being the utilization of the theatrophone, a form of the ordinary telephone, which conveys for long distances everything audible that goes on upon a stage or elsewhere. The apparatus was so successful that the Prince of Wales desired that the instrument be connected with the Covent Garden theatre. This was done, and on Tuesday the party in Warwickshire heard the whole of the opera *Romeo and Juliet*.

Net many weeks ago Queen Margherita, of Italy, summoned that sweet young Italian songstress, Signorina Falloni, to sing for her at the royal palace; and now on the eve of her majesty's departure for a summer outing at Naples, she has presented the debutante with a fine pendant of Etruscan gold, surmounted with the royal crown, under which is an oval of blue enamel bearing the queen's own initial, "M.," in diamonds. Accompanying the pendant there was a beautiful little Venetian chain, and the kindest of messages, in which she bade the young singer to persevere, for she should desire her assistance at the court concerts of the coming season.

The czar is described as the largest among crowned heads, and the Kaiser comes next. The latter is stated to have a mania for eating at extraordinary times, and although dining copiously before going to the theatre, he generally insists on the despatch from the imperial kitchens of a foyrren containing a fully-prepared supper, which he devours in one of the private rooms of the theatre between the acts. The King of Portugal is also more gourmand than gourmet. King Humbert of Italy is a light eater, and so is the Emperor Francis Joseph. The Kings of Denmark, Sweden and Norway possess truly royal appetites, while the King of Wurtemberg is contented with the simplest fare, and delights in a raw onion.

The Sultan of Johore, who is soon to visit the United States, is an Oriental potentate with all the vices but with few of the virtues of his kind. His grand tour of Europe a couple of years ago was a protracted spree from start to finish, and a costly one, for he was the prey of every gambler and adventurer of quality on the continent. The sultan is a handsome man with an immense amount of vanity and a consuming fondness for bedecking himself in fine clothes and jewels. His highness is the first East Indian potentate to give a positive promise that he will visit the world's fair, and he promises further to make an exhibit of a Malay village, which will be interesting. He will bring also a gorgeously attired guard of soldiers. The Sultan is credited with being one of the richest as well as one of the most enlightened princes of the east. Through his influence a private subscription has been raised to defray the expenses of the Malay exhibit.

WORTH A GUINNEA A BOX!

BEECHAM'S PILLS

COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING.
 A WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR
 Indigestion, Want of Appetite, Dullness of Liver, Biliousness, Headache, Stomachic, Flatulence, Constipation, Sick Headache, Cold Chills, Pleurisy, Heart, Lowness of Spirits, and All Nervous Affections.

To cure these complaints we must remove the cause, and this is done by the use of Beecham's Pills, which are so gentle and so effective that they may be taken by the most delicate and the most robust alike. They are sold in boxes of 10 and 20 pills each, and are to be taken four times a day for a short time, and then once a day for a longer time, until the system is restored to its normal and healthy condition. Wholesale Agents: Messrs. J. & S. Sons, Ltd., Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

"August Flower"

There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, and Constipation we have ever known."

My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'I am going out Constipation of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

Indigestion, and Constipation we have ever known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'I am going out Constipation of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

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THE ORIGIN OF A PHRASE.

How and Where "The Wind Blew Through His Whiskers" Originated.

"The wind blew through his whiskers" is an expression whose origin may town claim.

"It happened this way: Ten or twelve years ago a maniac escaped from the State Lunatic asylum, near St. Joseph, in the night, and the early risers the next morning were startled by the presence of a man on the roof of the Tootle Opera house, one of the tallest buildings in the city.

The day was far spent he was identified as an inmate of the lunatic asylum, and the officers of that institution, together with a squad of police, soon set about to induce the maniac to come down from the roof. Every harmless device known was resorted to get the man down, and finally the officers realized that they would have to go up, overpower him and bring him down.

There was only one opening to the roof, and the lunatic stationed himself there and kept the officers back by pelting every head with a big club as it was poked through the hole. At last three men gained the roof, and after a terrific struggle that was witnessed by thousands of excited people that blocked the streets, the lunatic was bound hand and foot and brought to the ground.

"When he cooled off somewhat from the tussle with his captors the man gave as his reason for going to the roof that his whiskers being so thick that he had gone up there to let the wind blow through them and cool his face. The local papers wrote the affair up in elaborate style and accounts of it were telegraphed all over the country. The headlines made the most of the incident and in the blackest type announced that 'The Wind Blew Through His Whiskers.'

The expression was so catchy that it flew all over the country like wildfire, and that is the way it originated."—St. Louis (Globe-Democrat).

How Animals Amuse Themselves. In animal the faculty of amusement awakes very early. Our four-footed friends seem to be aware of this, and make it a part of their parental duties to amuse their young.

A flock of ewes and lambs were once observed in adjoining fields, separated by a fence, with several gaps in it. "Follow my leader" was the game most in favor with the flock, the biggest lamb leading around the field and then jumping the gap, with all the others following in single file; any lamb that took the leap unusually well would give two or three more enthusiastic jumps out of sheer exuberant happiness when it reached the other side.

Little pigs are also great at combined play, which generally takes the form of races. Emulation seems to form part of their amusement, for their races seem always to have the winning of the first place for their object, and are quite different from those combined rushes for food, or cauders stampedes in which little pigs are wont to indulge.

Many horses, and all racing dogs, learn to be as keen at winning as schoolboys. Birds delight in the free and fanciful use of their wings. There is all the difference possible between the flight of birds for "business" and pleasure; and many kinds on fine days will soar to vast heights for pleasure alone.

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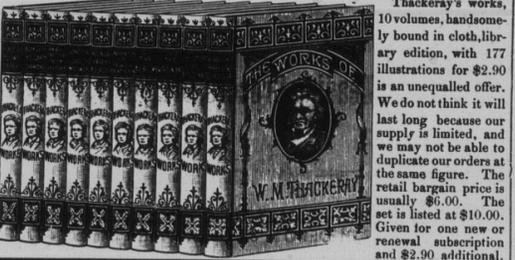


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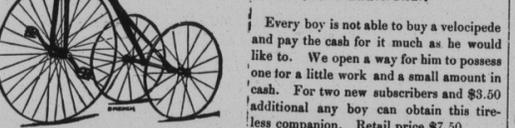
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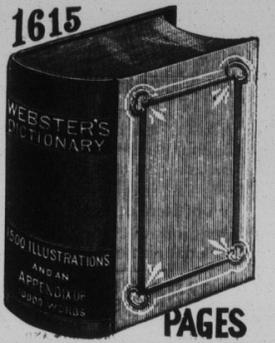
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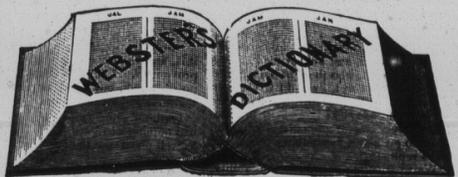


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The engraving printed above is an exact representation of the beautiful Silver Service offered for the most coupons cut from PROGRESS from next Saturday (July 9) to Saturday, September 24th. Although this paper has a circulation larger than any other paper in these provinces the publisher has good reason to think that it can be increased two or three fold, and to that end—to gain new readers for the paper—to make new acquaintances for it, this beautiful prize is given. There is hardly a reader of PROGRESS who does not know of some of their friends who do not take PROGRESS.

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Eagar's Wine of Rennet.

The Original and Genuine!

It makes a delicious Dessert or Dish for Supper in 5 minutes, and at a cost of a few cents. This is the strongest preparation of Rennet ever made. Thirty drops will coagulate one Imperial pint of Milk.

BEWARE of Imitations and Substitutes.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

THE SILENT WITNESS.

I was spending an evening with my friend Judge Symonds, and had been entertained with reminiscences of his early practice, before he had even dreamed of promotion to the bench; among other stories he told me the history of his first case about as follows:

After my admission to the bar I was settled for some time in Corinth, and found it to be a most exasperatingly peaceful town, and aside from making an occasional deed and one or two wills, I had had no practice whatever, and but for the kindness of a maiden aunt, who thought me the best "nevy" in the world, I should have been in very hard straits indeed. She had more faith in my future than I, and to my frequent expressions of dissatisfaction, and threats to go about something else, she always replied: "Wait patiently; you have the ability, and all you need is the opportunity, and that will come."

While waiting for this longed-for opportunity, I formed the acquaintance of nearly every one in the village, and among others Mr. Ball, the wealthiest man there, who had a fine farm, with comfortable, old-fashioned house and capacious barns thereon, which, backed with a good bank account, made him easily the foremost man of the town. He had been married, but his wife died in giving birth to a daughter, many years before I became acquainted with him, and the daughter, the apple of his eye, had died on her twentieth birthday, leaving him heart-broken. His only known relative was a nephew, the only child of his only sister, and after the death of his daughter Mr. Ball took him into his home and treated him in all respects as a son, and although he had never so expressed himself, it was generally understood by everyone that Fred Coggin would inherit his uncle's property. As Fred and I were of about the same age and had many tastes in common, we had become intimate friends, and I spent many of my evenings at Mr. Ball's house.

Mr. Ball had for servants, or hired help as they were called, a man and his wife by name of Tozier, who occupied a part of the house, and performed the necessary work of house and farm. They had lived with Mr. Ball for many years, almost from the death of his wife. They were a peculiar, ill-favored pair, and were not liked by anyone, even among those of their own station in life, the man being of a morose disposition, and the woman vinegary and peevish; but they did their work faithfully, and were envied by many because of the good situation they held.

In the early autumn of the second year I was in Corinth, Mr. Ball contracted a bad cold, which through neglect developed into pneumonia; he was well advanced in years and of a fleshy habit, and almost before we were aware he was ill he was in extreme danger; he became rapidly worse, and on the second day became delirious and remained so until his death, a week later.

After the funeral Fred and I entered upon an examination of his uncle's papers to ascertain if he had left a will, and while so engaged Tozier entered the library with a lawyer from an adjoining town, and to our utter amazement produced a paper purporting to be the last will and testament of Reuben Ball, executed ten years before, in which he bequeathed to his nephew, Fred Coggin, the sum of \$100, and all the remainder of his estate to his faithful friends and servants, John Tozier and his wife Mary.

The will was apparently in the handwriting of Mr. Ball, was duly signed in the presence of three witnesses, two of whom were prominent people in the village at the time of its execution, but both of whom had died shortly before Mr. Ball; the third witness was a shiftless ne'er-do-well, who had occasionally worked for Mr. Ball.

Tozier said the will had been given him by Mr. Ball at the time of its execution, with a strict injunction to say nothing about it until after his death, the alleged reason being that as he was disinheriting his only relative he did not care to have it known and discussed, and besides, he wanted Fred to stay with him as long as he lived, and he was afraid he would leave it to be known what disposition he had made of his property. He wished to give him home and educate him, but as he was young and smart he could easily make his way in the world, while Tozier and his wife were getting along in years, and had spent the best years of their lives in his employ, and by their industry and care had contributed a great deal towards creating much of the property they were to enjoy. They were willing to allow Fred to remain in the house a reasonable even, even six months, to enable him to find another place, and would allow him to take part of the furniture.

Of course there was an explosion from Fred, and he then and there denounced the whole thing as a forgery, although an inspection of the paper seemed to favor

Extracts from Letters:

One says:—"I would not be without your Wine of Rennet in the house for double its price. I can make a delicious dessert for my husband, which he enjoys after dinner, and which I believe has at the same time cured his dyspepsia."

Another says:—"Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little dishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my friends."

Another says:—"I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. — has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply gorgeous as a dessert."

Another says:—"I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sent it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

Factory and Office 18 Sackville Street, Halifax, N. S.

its genuineness; the signature was bold and clearly that of Mr. Ball, but the whole thing seemed so singular and unjust, so entirely unlooked for, that I could scarcely utter a syllable.

Mr. Page, the counsel for the Toziers, informed us that he should take the paper to the Probate office at once, and departed with his clients.

After their departure Fred sat in silence for an hour at least, and I was so dumfounded that I could think of nothing to say. Finally Fred aroused himself and said:

"John, that paper is a forgery. I know it is, and you must take this case up and prove it so. I know it looks like an impossible task, but you must do it. I leave the ways and means to you."

I willingly undertook the matter, as I had nothing whatever to do, and I might as well undertake the impossible as anything else.

The next day notice of the presentation of the will for probate was served on Fred. Fortunately for us probate courts in those days did not meet as frequently as now, and the day appointed for hearing was some way off, so we had considerable time in which to act. In a few days I went to the probate office and carefully noted every point of the will; it was duly executed and sealed; this latter fact escaped my attention for some time, for wills were then as now sometimes sealed and sometimes not, the law in many states not requiring that a will shall have a seal. At the third or fourth perusal I noted that the seal was of black wax and stamped with the device of a coat-of-arms of some ancient family to which Mr. Ball traced his lineage. As I noted this and idea finally took form in my mind. I had been in Corinth but two years, and I had frequently conversed with Mr. Ball several times about the genuineness of his family, and thought that it was rather a recent idea with him, for until within a few years he had had but little time for such researches. Full of my idea I went back to Corinth, and secured the stamp with which the impression had been made, and without letting Fred into my plans, returned in a day or two to the probate office. I took some sealing wax and made an impression of the seal in the presence of the register, and with him compared the two; they were identical, even to a little scratch across the face of the seal, and leaving the second impression with the register, I set out to find the maker of the stamp. There was but one person in the city who did such work, and suggested that it was probably made by a firm in Boston who made a specialty of such work; so I took the next train to Boston, sought out the firm and found that they had made this stamp for Mr. Ball, and they showed me in a book the original drawing from which it was prepared; the scratch on its face they knew nothing about, that had probably been a result of an accident.

Satisfied with my information I returned home, and set about other inquiries, the result of which was also quite satisfactory.

The day for the hearing came, and all Corinth was present at court. The surviving witness to the will, John Goudy, testified very glibly to seeing Mr. Ball sign the will on the table in the library, that the other two witnesses were present, and that all three signed in Mr. Ball's presence, and that Mr. Ball was in his opinion of sound mind, the usual formula. I then proceeded to question him as to the situation in which he stood when Mr. Ball signed, whether he had a good view of the paper, and whether the seal was on the paper when it was signed. Yes, he saw Mr. Ball take the wax and make the impression with the stamp; he remembered it very distinctly; indeed, as Mr. Ball had told him about the coat-of-arms, and as he had never heard of anything of the kind before, it made an impression on his mind. I asked the witness no questions except in relation to the seal, and I called the attention of the judge to the seal, and the scratch across its face. The judge looked at it carelessly and said:

"Mr. Symonds, why are you taking up so much time about the seal and the time it was affixed; a seal is immaterial to a will, and if it had been put on later it would have made no difference."

I said: "I think I can make that point very material in this particular case in due time, when the other side has completed its case."

Mr. Page said his evidence was all in, as he supposed it would be unnecessary to introduce any evidence of Mr. Ball's sanity and capacity to make a will, other than the witness who had testified. I said I would waive all evidence on that point, and would admit that Mr. Ball was never insane in his life.

Fred looked at me in a helpless sort of way, as I gave the other side all the points they desired, and the spectators seemed to think the case was lost, and when I called as a witness against the will of Mr. Ball, of Boston, they acted as though they thought I had lost my senses. What should a man from Boston know of Mr. Ball's will?

Mr. M. was sworn, and testified that he was a seal engraver, and that making of seals with heraldic devices thereon was a part of his business. I showed him the stamp in question, and asked him if he ever saw that particular stamp. He said he had, that he made it for Mr. Ball. I then handed him a piece of wax, and asked him to make an impression of it, which he did. I then asked the Register for the impression I had left with him, and the three were identical, and were shown to the judge, who still seemed to wonder what I was about. I then asked the witness if he could tell when he made the stamp; he said he could, and referring to his book he said: "I have here the book of original drawings made by me for heraldic work. I keep a copy of every device I make, and I find that I made this stamp for Mr. Ball in the week beginning January 16, 1865, and that it was sent to him by express the following week. I have here the receipt from the express company dated January 23, 1865."

This was a date about four years later than the date of the will, and there was a sensation in the courtroom. Tozier and his wife and I were all white as sheets. I said to the judge: "Your honor will see why I was so particular to have the seal affixed to that paper at its alleged date. To my mind the evidence offered is sufficient to show that this paper is a forgery, but if you have any doubt whatever, I have one other piece of evidence which, if your honor will hear it, I think will remove it."

"I will hear it," said the Judge.

I then called the Clerk of Courts for the county, and after he had been sworn, I took up the alleged will, and began addressing the Judge, said:

"Your honor will observe that this paper, purporting to be the will of Reuben Ball, is dated March 10, 1861, and the surviving witness, John Goudy, has testified very minutely as to seeing Mr. Ball sign the same in the library of Mr. Ball's house. Now I will put in evidence a record of the Supreme Court of this county, and will ask the court to read that record, and will then leave it entirely to your honor to say whether the thing he testified to could possibly have happened."

The clerk then read that at the term of the Supreme court for the county, begun on the first Tuesday of February, 1861, to and on the 1st day of March, 1861, John Goudy, of Corinth, was put on trial for and convicted of the crime of larceny, and sentenced to two years in the county jail, and that the prisoner was then and there committed to the custody of the sheriff of the county. As the clerk finished reading, I rose and moved behind me, and turned to see the Toziers and Goudy attempting to leave the room. The judge also attempted the movement, and said to the sheriff, who was present merely as a spectator, the custom of having an officer attend Probate court having arisen at that time, "Stop those people and take them to custody for perjury and forgery." Then turning to me he said, "Mr. Symonds, your evidence is ample and conclusive, and I disallow this instrument, and I congratulate you on your successful exposure of a high crime."

Fred was ever joyful, and subsequently rewarded me in a very satisfactory manner. I soon had all the practice I could attend to.

The Toziers and Goudy were subsequently tried and convicted of perjury and forgery, and served long sentences. Mrs. Tozier confessed after the conviction, that having a knack with a pen, and being at imitation she had frequently imitated Mr. Ball's handwriting just for amusement, the idea of the forgery originated with her husband and Goudy, and was finally assented to by her; and had they known law enough to have left off the seal, and had selected a date when Goudy was really at home, it would quite probably have been successful.—Portland Transcript.

The Ticket Seller's Parrot.

Ben Lusbie, who for fifteen years was one of the greatest features of Barnum's circus in the capacity of "lightning ticket seller," had a wonderful parrot, which had been presented to him by one of the canvasmen of the show, who was at one time a sailor on a steamer flying between Boston and Fernandino, in the Bahamas. Lusbie used to have a way of quieting the scrambling mob of the ticket-purchasers around the ticket wagon by saying: "Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen!" "There's plenty of time." "Don't crowd each other." "One at a time, gentleman," and such like expressions. The parrot, which was perched upon the safe in the wagon just back of Lusbie, got to learn these little speeches after a season's tour and often broke out into a piercing squawk with one of them, much to Lusbie's amusement. The parrot, which was quite a little vagabond, broke loose from her fetters one day and flew over to a neighboring woods, near the circus grounds.

A searching party was made up, and they had not proceeded far before they heard a vast racket, apparently made by squawking birds. Hastening to the scene

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Leaving ST. JOHN, N. B. at 4.25 a.m.

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MONTREAL. ST. JOHN, N. B.

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COMMENCING JULY 4th, and continuing until Sept. 6th, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston as follows: **Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday**, Mornings at 7:25 (Standard), for Eastport and Boston; **Tuesday and Friday Mornings** at 7:25 (Standard), for Eastport and Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. and M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a.m. For further information apply to

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Steamers leave St. John daily at 7:25 a.m.; arrive at Eastport at 12 noon; arrive at St. Andrews at 2:00 p.m.; arrive at Calais and St. Stephen at 4:00 p.m. Express train leaves St. Stephen daily for St. John at 1:30 p.m., except Saturday, when train leaves on arrival of Steamer from Eastport.

The trip can also be made from St. John outwards via the Shore Line Railway, leaving St. John East Ferry at 7:15 a.m.; arrive at St. Andrews at 7:40 a.m., continuing from St. Andrews to St. George and Lepreau by the Frontier S. S. Co., and returning to St. John by the I. S. S. Co. Standard time.

Special Saturday Excursions—Persons can leave St. John by International Steamship, Saturday morning—visit Eastport, St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen, and return by Special Train, arriving home Saturday evening. These tickets however good only on date of issue.

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Tickets for sale at George Phillips, Prince William Street and at the Ticket Office of the International Steamship Company and Shore Line Railway. For special terms for large parties apply to C. E. Larchelier, Agent I. S. S. Co. Company or G. W. Treasurer Shore Line Railway.

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On and after Monday, 27th June, 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

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CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of way; at Digby with Steamer-City of Monticello from Yarmouth and Boston every Tuesday; with steamers from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BROWN,
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HUGH J. McCORMICK, Proprietor.

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STEAMERS.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

ON THURSDAYS the Steamer will make excursion trips to Hampton, leaving Indianopolis at 9 o'clock a.m. Returning will leave Hampton at 3:30 o'clock p.m. same day. Steamer will call at Clifton and Kelt's Point both ways, giving those who wish an opportunity to stop either way. Fare for the round trip, city cents. No excursion on rainy days.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
DAILY LINE (SUNDAY EXCEPTED).
FOR BOSTON

COMMENCING JULY 4th, and continuing until Sept. 6th, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston as follows: **Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday**, Mornings at 7:25 (Standard), for Eastport and Boston; **Tuesday and Friday Mornings** at 7:25 (Standard), for Eastport and Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. and M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a.m. For further information apply to

C. E. LARCHELIER, Agent.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LTD.)

SEASON 1892.

The following is the proposed sailings of the

S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO,
ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander.

MAY—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

JUNE—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

JULY and AUGUST—From St. John—Daily Trips, (Sundays excepted).

SEPTEMBER—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Steamer sails from St. John at 7:25 a.m., local time. Steamer sails from Annapolis upon the arrival of the morning express from Halifax.

For terms and particulars, address
HUGH J. McCORMICK, Montreal.
Reed's Point, Kings Co.
June 11.

INTERCONTINENTAL RAILWAY.

After June 27, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00; for Point de Chene, 10:30; for Halifax, 13:00; for Sussex, 16:30; for Quebec and Montreal, 22:15.

Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8:30; from Point de Chene, 12:40; from Halifax, 15:50 from Halifax, 2:45.