

PROGRESS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

VOL. IV., NO. 157.

BEGUN ITS FOURTH YEAR.

A LITTLE VENTURE THAT HAS GROWN.

To Such Proportions That It Justifies us in Talking About it—Doubling its Expenses—A Successful Nova Scotia Branch—Another Press in the Near Future.

The movements of Father Time are not uncertain, and Progress enters upon the fourth year of its life today.

There have been some changes on all its birthdays, but none of them have been marked by the same differences as this of 1891.

There are many opinions about the advisability of "tooting your horn," and it was not so long ago that one of our subscribers appended a postscript to his letter, stating that he thought Progress knew when to "toot." Perhaps he was satirical, but at all events experience has proved that it pays to produce the horn when there is anything to "toot" it for.

Just a year ago, Progress was telling its readers and its patrons something about its new offices, which had then been occupied for some months, and its admirable mechanical facilities then and now second to none in the country. It was not boasting when these things were pointed out, and there is no doubt but that the publisher and those about the paper were just as proud of the evidences of advancement as they could well be. Circulation then was booming at such a rate that even the highest mark estimated by the editors when the paper started was passed with a rush.

It was last summer that the fact began to be very apparent that Progress had not sufficient room for its needs. The adjoining store was an exact duplicate of the one it had leased and the thought of securing it for our increased needs grew so rapidly that when the proper time came it was done. Nothing but circulation did this. All through the week there was more room than anyone wanted, but when Thursday and Friday arrived papers and the boys who handled them more than filled up every vacant available corner. The rear of the upper flat had in the meantime been fitted up for a mailing room, and still later was partitioned off again to make room for an engraving department.

It is not very apparent now whether doubling the size of the premises suggested doubling the size of the paper, but it is quite certain that after Progress exhibition edition and the great showing it made at the International fair (running a daily newspaper in the exhibition building for ten days on a new press from the manufacturers and with its own printing office) the original eight pages would not contain the advertising that poured in upon the paper. It was no uncommon thing to see 24 columns (half the paper) filled with advertising, and again and again resort was had to four extra pages to relieve the over-crowded columns.

The twelve-page paper which grew into a very regular occurrence during the holiday season sold for the same price as the eight page paper. There was no money in a twelve page paper at three cents, and as the proprietor of Progress "is not in business for his health," the conclusion was arrived at that an enlargement would mean double the size for the popular price of five cents. There is no doubt such a step was a venture. Instead of a diminution of sales, they have increased, and the same can be said of subscriptions. There is more to interest the masses in a sixteen page paper, and Progress while containing more society news than ever it did is not in the least degree overbalanced by correspondence.

Taking into account the size of the paper and the difference in circulation, Progress is sending out as much paper in one week nowadays as it did in a month when it was eighteen months old. Instead of buying paper by the hundred reams as it did in those days, the stock comes now in car-load lots of about 500 reams, and that only lasts three months! It is a very easy matter for any person to figure circulation from that statement.

An enlarged paper meant a larger composing office, more type of all kinds and more furniture. No printer will deny but that it is most thoroughly equipped in this respect. Instead of three men working in the composing room as at the start there are now thirteen employes in this department. Perhaps it is worth while to note in this connection that Progress has always tried to proceed on the principle that every one connected with it should earn as good a living as it could afford. The office has always been a "union" office and paid in many cases in excess of union wages. Beginning with next week every employe on piece work will earn nearly ten per cent more than they have been doing heretofore, and instead of working by lamp or gas light, they now enjoy the soft and cool incandescence.

It would be an easy matter to write of minor changes and improvements until columns were filled, but that is not the in-

tenion. It is sufficient to note the most important moves and say something about those in early contemplation. The morning this article was written (Friday) Progress acquired its new premises. They are just as convenient as those it already occupies, and thus the room of the establishment is doubled. Openings will be made in the dividing wall and the two offices will become one without trouble. The editorial offices will remain where they are but the business department will be removed into the new premises and placed to the front, the rear of which will be used for the present for a paper store-room and for mailing purposes. Not far in the future it will accommodate another press, the need of which is very apparent upon special occasions already.

A word in conclusion about a departure which is unique in maritime province journalism. Some weeks ago Progress established a branch Nova Scotia office in Halifax. The circulation of the paper in Nova Scotia made it necessary to look after its distribution closer, and the possibilities of business in Halifax were sufficient to warrant a branch office. Those possibilities have been more than realized already. Progress is more popular in Halifax and Nova Scotia today than its publisher ever dreamed it would be, and it is apparently just entering the field. Already there are fifteen news stores in the city of Halifax handling Progress, beside a large number of boys on the streets.

These are some of the signs of Progress and the reasons why we "toot the horn." Are they not sufficient?

AMHERST ILLUSTRATED ISSUE

The Engravings Under Way—To Appear About May 23rd.

So far as the preparatory work of canvassing goes, the illustrated Amherst edition of Progress is about complete. The scenic photographs and portraits are about all in, and the engraving will be proceeded with as rapidly as possible.

Progress has issued several illustrated editions, but none of them gave promise of being so neat and handsome as that of Amherst. The line engravings of streets and public buildings have given way to the half tone illustrations, which are perfect productions on paper. Among the views which will show Amherst and vicinity to the outside public are two splendid views of the town taken from different points and at a time when the town was looking its best. The principal streets are plainly outlined in these views, which also give an adequate idea of how much like a flourishing small city Amherst is. Other views show the main streets and the public buildings—the post office and court house, handsome ones than which it would be hard to find in any town of equal size.

The ship railway which makes Amherst its business centre comes in for its share of illustration. The double track and the road bed is splendidly brought out in one engraving, while the formation of one of the docks is the interesting portion of the second picture.

In addition to these large public engravings which, number eight or ten, and are Progress' own special contribution to the edition, there are engravings of exteriors and interiors of stores—the result of private enterprise. The residences of Mr. Curry of the firm of Rhodes, Curry & Co., and that of Mr. Casey, besides the portraits of these gentlemen, also form part of the illustrated portion of the edition. Other portraits that will appear are those of Mr. James Moffat, Mr. Geo. D. Fuch, Mr. A. D. Taylor, Mr. Cooke of Dunlap, Cooke & Co., and some others whose names have escaped the writer's memory at this moment. A neat portrait of the active and youthful George Douglas who disposes of many copies of Progress every week will also appear in the edition, which it nothing prevents, will appear Saturday, May 23.

One Kind of Fishing.

There was considerable activity around the harbor this week, and some of the wharves were pretty well lumbered up with drift wood. The spring freshet bring large floats of it down the river, and the longshoremen are ever on the watch for it. When large quantities get wedged in between the vessels and the wharves they reap a harvest, fishing it up with long boat hooks, in a way that surprises the people who wander down for a quiet smoke after dinner.

They Get their Malls Sundays.

A favorite outing for many Halifax ladies on Sunday afternoon is a walk to the post office the corridor of which is open for an hour for the accommodation of box-holders. A result of this is the appearance of scores of pretty women who do not hesitate to get their own or their husbands' mail and carry it home openly. Usage is everyday and the main reason why such Sunday afternoon worldliness looks funny to a St. John man.

Lines Note Paper—25c for five quires, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

WILL THEY DO ANYTHING

THE QUESTION OF CIVIC SALARIES TALKED ABOUT.

Probably an Election Bluff—Some Officers that Could well be Dispersed with—No Need of Three Engineers or a Safety Director or Superintendent of Ferries.

What do the city council propose to do about the salary question? Do they propose to do anything or is it merely in order to satisfy the pledges made by aldermanic candidates that the matter would be inquired into? Those two words are very often used, but they do not mean much.

There is no feeling of alarm among the officials. On the contrary they feel and do not hesitate to say that before their salaries are reduced they will be increased, and that is usually the way. Once open up the question of salaries and it ends by somebody getting an increase. It is much the same with the corporation as with business people, except that the corporation has more soul in this one instance. If an employe has or can make friends in the city council, he need never worry about his living.

That is the trouble now, one of the many outcomes of union. It is fresh in every persons memory how strongly the argument was used that one city would need but one set of officials, that there would be a great saving in this respect not to say anything about the other departments where economy could be practised. As a matter of fact has there been any saving in salaries? Not much it any. It is quite true there is but one magistrate and one common clerk, but apart from those offices where has the reduction come in. There is more money in the positions now on that account, and two less officials.

One has only to look around and see just where the mistake is being made of keeping men about the city who really have no work to do. No one will pretend to say that the engineer of the water works could not engineer for the city streets as well. Who will assert that there is plenty of work for Mr. Hurd Peters and Mr. Gilbert Murdoch and Mr. William Murdoch in this small city? Could not one engineer instead of three do the work? It is not a question of salaries, gentlemen of the common council, it is a question of officials. There are too many of them.

Without saying one word against the gentleman who occupies the position of director of public safety who will pretend to say that his duties could not be performed by any other department and that office dispensed with. The same is even more strikingly true of the office of the common clerk. There is plenty of work there for one man but there is one official too many there.

Three assessors could, no doubt, do the work as well as four, and there has been objection against the extra clerical work employed. As a rule, however, there are not too many clerks, but too many heads of departments. The expenses of the assessors office are, however, quite \$1,500 more than they were, which adds to the salary amount.

It occurs to Progress that it would be an easy matter to amalgamate the superintendent of ferries with the public works department. That office could easily be dispensed with and another salary saved to the city. The water works office has never really become amalgamated, and there is a separate and unnecessary clerical staff in the water building.

The question also extends to the schools department. Before the union of the cities of St. John and Portland, the duties of secretary and superintendent of schools were performed by one official, assisted by a clerk, and it is believed that these labors did not occupy the entire attention of either? The union added some 30 or 40 schools and a superintendent, whose qualifications were not considered to be pre-eminent in any way as compared with his predecessor, but for whom a place had to be made. The staff in the trustees office now consist of a secretary, superintendent, clerk, and office boy, and the work is not more efficiently performed than before. This is not by any means realizing the estimate at the time of the passage of the school law made by Judge King and William Elder, that office work and supervision of the city schools could be done for \$800. This was perhaps putting it too low, but it now costs between \$3000 and \$4000, which is entirely too much. A superintendent and clerk, as before the union, are quite sufficient to perform all the duties.

It will be easily seen, therefore, that changes involving a great saving to the city could be made easily. If the common council is in earnest in this matter Progress will point out other places where an improvement could be applied without repairing in any degree the efficiency of the city services.

A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED.

The Trials of Landlords and Tenants on the First of May.

The first of May! For hubbub and confusion, petty quarrels and endless squabbles; arguments with teamsters, landlords and nobody in particular it stands alone. And everybody moves who can—some for the sake of a change, some because the last place did not suit them, although it probably has not changed in any particular since they rented it a year before; some made startling discoveries during the winter, and wouldn't go through the experience again for a free rent; the place was cold, and the landlord wouldn't make repairs, and a hundred and one other reasons make it impossible for them to stay another year. Yet the place is probably rented again before the dissatisfied tenant has selected another house to move into. Somebody else is going to get taken in.

Still it goes on year after year; new neighbors are coming and going all the time, until one would think that everybody in town would be intimately acquainted with everybody else.

The unfortunate landlord comes in for plenty of abuse, and his life is not a happy one until his houses are rented, and then perhaps his troubles have only begun. Although his house will perhaps only accommodate one family, he has to show the representatives of a score of families through it before it is rented. And in the majority of cases he has to do this personally, for if he leaves the applicant alone with the tenant, his chances of ever renting the place decrease at a great rate. The tenant knows all about it. The landlord couldn't commence to give the information that the tenant can; if he did he would probably never have the presumption to rent such a place. For a landlord is popularly supposed to be one who, knows nothing, and does nothing, but collect the rent with wonderful regularity. He is very seldom known to do anything in the way of making repairs for his tenants—so the tenants say. The landlord, however, has also his ideas on the subject, which are generally to the effect, that if he does everything a tenant wants him to do, he would like to know how much of the rent would be coming to himself.

So the St. John landlords do as little as they possibly can, in which they differ from the New York brokers, who offer every inducement to tenants, going so far as to provide them with pianos. Everybody will admit, however, that New York and St. John are two very different places. Landlords are also very different, and so are tenants.

But it takes the first of May to bring out all the characteristics of both landlord and tenant, and the teamster thrown in. The latter becomes of great importance on moving day. Business is good. He probably has a dozen contracts on hand to be carried out by a one-horse team, and he does this requires some strategy, his greatest object being to see as little of the people who employed him as possible. For the tenant invariably comes to the conclusion that the time occupied in taking a load is rather long, and if the teamster did not move several other people in the meantime, it probably would be. But each one of his customers is supposed to know nothing about the movements of the others, and the only way to keep track of the teamster is to follow him. In fact this is almost necessary, for when the leg is a table or chair drops off the teamster is not supposed to see it and pick it out of the mud. So the best way to do is to walk behind the team with a clock or mirror and keep an eye on the load to see that the legs of the tables or chairs do not get tangled in between the spokes of the wagon. By doing this, there is a grand possibility of stepping off the sidewalk, or running against a telegraph pole, and giving the clock or mirror an experience that will be exceedingly interesting to the small boys who invariably follow the procession.

It is hard work, of course, but "rest cometh in the evening"—on the floor; for if the bedsheads are up, the slats have probably been put in in a hurry, and are overly anxious to let one be in style.

Once into the new house, more discoveries are made. The last occupant had probably no objection to rats, mice, or Yankee settlers, while the new one is of an entirely different disposition; in which case sleep even on the floor is entirely out of the question, and the women folks will probably feel uncomfortable for a month.

And thus it goes on. More moving every year, yet everybody knows the consequences. It is something that few people "get used to."

They Go and Come Both Ways.

Every spring the trains going west are crowded with passengers, and in the fall these same people crowd the eastern bound trains. They are mostly from Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, and travel second class. The C. P. R. train, Wednesday night had eight cars on, and all were well filled, and travel of this kind has been equally large for weeks.

The Prices of Wilkins & Sands for Painting and Graining are very reasonable.—Union street.

WILL SETTLE IT NOW.

POLICE MATTERS WILL RECEIVE MORE VENTILATION.

At a Meeting of the General Committee of the Council Next Week—Some Changes Suggested by the Chief-Capt. Rawlings Has Not Changed.

The police matter which was laid away last night in the excitement of election times, will probably come to the front again next week, when a meeting of the general committee of the council will be called to consider the report of the safety board and several other matters in connection with the force.

It is apparently easier to get a meeting called for this purpose now, than it was before the elections. There has been a change in city government since then. The police force was something that Mayor Lockhart apparently did not like to see come up for discussion, and succeeded in postponing a meeting for that purpose until he was not in a position to call one if he would.

Although everything seems to have been quiet in police circles since then, it was more a "hushed anticipation" than anything approaching harmony. Capt. Rawlings has not changed in the least. He still visits his friends in the liquor business, while on duty, if the wearing of a uniform is any indication, and yet he seems in no danger of following in the footsteps of officer Corbitt. Capt. Rawlings is not as ignorant of the presence of liquor as Corbitt was. In fact he seems determined to make sure that it is liquor that is sold in the places he visits, and uses all his senses in coming to a conclusion. He evidently likes the occupation, especially when it is not necessary for him to make a report.

If the safety board's recommendations are agreed to by the council, he will probably have harder and less pleasant work to do. He will have to wear a longer coat, and it will have to be a new one. Any that the police department have on hand would interfere with his movements, unless he got the tails cut off, in which case he would have enough cloth over to make a vest, or possibly a pair of trousers. If the city decides to furnish uniforms for the police, men of Capt. Rawlings' stature would make a great saving in the tailor bills.

The safety board proposes to do away with all officers whose usefulness is not apparent, and the captain and detective are included in the list. It is known that these officers get paid for work done for private individuals, and are at the same time in receipt of a regular salary from the city, and are of no apparent benefit to it.

The safety board proposes that a special service be established in place of the lucrative combination at present in existence, and that all the money received for work done for people outside of the city, and for the local and federal governments, be placed to the credit of the city. In this way, it is thought, that the service will be self-sustaining.

Meanwhile, the chief has been contemplating some changes, but they are not with a view of reducing expenses. He has made out a list of men whom he thinks would be more suitable as private citizens than members of the police force, and another list of men who would make better policemen than citizens. But he seems to be in doubt about the matter, and anxious to consult members of the safety department. This, however, is not an easy matter, as the aldermen recognize the fact that he is chief of police and can discharge whom he pleases, while in other matters in which they should have been consulted, he totally ignored the safety board and acted in a manner that was very unsatisfactory to them.

Capt. Rawlings seems to have been anticipating a change of position, for he was very active in getting signatures to his petition asking that the police receive more pay. The petition was before the safety board this week, but was laid over until the council recently, makes its report.

A correspondent asks for information regarding the police regulation prohibiting policemen from smoking on the streets while in uniform, and whether there is any difference in an ordinary policeman doing this and the chief himself. Most people are now of opinion that it makes all the difference imaginable in all cases wherein the police regulations are violated. Some members of the force seem to have no regard for them whatever, and fare better than those who have.

The Electric in the North End.

Portland was in darkness this week, and the streets that are not lined with stores lighted by electricity were very dark indeed. The civic electric were out of sight, and the poles attracted more attention than the lamps on top of them ever did, when several good citizens suddenly turned a dark corner and embraced them in a way that was anything but pleasant.

Right now, have your Painting, or—Wilkins & Sands, Union St.

IN THE HEART OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Truro the Next City to be Illustrated by "Progress."

When Progress' special representative arrived in Amherst a short time ago and explained what the paper proposed to do in the illustrated edition, some gentlemen strongly advised him to get up such an edition of Truro first, and Amherst would then have a better idea of what Progress proposed to do. But the Amherst edition is ready, and the next town to be visited by Progress is Truro, which is simply taken in the order of its location.

Progress has always had a certain hold on Truro, which was one of the very first towns in Nova Scotia to ask for an agency, where the paper would be regularly upon sale. Since then the agency sale and the subscription list have both increased and there cannot be many business people in the flourishing centre who are not more or less acquainted with the paper. As in the case of other towns which have been illustrated, the first move will be to obtain the very best views that can be had of the town, its streets and its public buildings. This is our method of giving strangers a good idea of a city; to get the best photographs possible of its main streets, if possible one or two views overlooking the town, and separate views of the public buildings. So far as the private buildings are concerned—the stores, the private residences and other data of interest the citizens have always been enterprising enough to give them every prominence. They have even done more than that in our latest edition—that of Amherst—and many of them have consented to have their portraits appear in the edition. Views of streets and buildings and stores are first rate in their way, but after all the men of the town make the town far more than structures of wood and brick. Therefore the more portraits in an illustrated edition, the more interesting the edition and the better idea of the people and the town.

The first firm in St. John have often spoken of Progress illustrated edition of this city and their announcement in it of which they distributed about 3000 copies. "It was by far the best thing we ever sent out. We have heard of it from every point in this country and again and again in the old country." This was in fact one of the most flattering compliments that could be paid our efforts and it was more appreciated because praise from that concern is not given unless it is deserved. May the people and merchants of Truro be able to say the same about Progress' illustrated edition of their city.

A Case of Reciprocity.

People with moderate incomes who indulge in luxuries to a greater extent than seems absolutely possible for them to do under the circumstances, invariably attract attention, and the question is often asked how they can afford it? The explanation sometimes proves very interesting. This was the case with a trio of well known men around town, two of them newspaper men and the other a telegraph operator. They are always smoking cigars, and manage to have considerable fun that many people do not know anything about. The trio are bosom friends of a well-known liquor dealer, and make frequent visits to his place of business, where they entertain him with good stories, and he reciprocates with something else. But like the United States, if there is going to be reciprocity the trio evidently think that they are the strongest of the parties and want the largest share, and when the lesser power leaves the room they take what he probably would not give them—enough cigars to last them until the next visit.

How He Remembers Names.

"Do you know, I cannot remember names," said a man in a big city establishment after asking a customer his name. "I can remember faces all right, but when it comes to names I'm lost. I have had to ask some men who come in here until I'm afraid they get angry about it, but I've struck upon a plan that helps me out. Whenever a man comes in here very often I write his name down—and I've got a long list of them now—and if I forget his name on the next visit I consult the list. You would think a fellow would get mixed up even in that case, but I never do. I can always tell the name when I come to it."

Unfair to Mr. Allen.

Mr. James Crawford was somewhat surprised when he saw a local in one of the city papers to the effect that Mr. W. C. Allen, who left here some time ago, had neglected to pay him \$300 in his hurry to get away. Mr. Crawford says the statement did Mr. Allen an injustice, as he has had several letters from him since he went to Lewiston, Me., and has in his possession a note from Mr. Allen for the full amount of his indebtedness, endorsed by one of the solid men of the city. Mr. Crawford took the stock in the Sydney street store, and gave Mr. Allen credit for it, and there was no "skipping out" about it as far as Mr. Crawford was concerned.



ed this competition partly rest in a useful study, and e the interest of the young ess. The questions will week, and the publisher ill give One Dollar for the ver that reaches PROGRESS ules and conditions that ole Question Competition e this. Answers will be e Saturday following publi- successful competitor will be next Saturday. Answers edness to "History Competi- dness, St. John, N. B. essed otherwise will not be

ment, last week, that the tion prize had been Hampton competitor, seems general surprise among the St. John. Quite a number upon Progress during the asked the same question, s from Hampton arrive at eight o'clock on Saturday

readily see, however, that from outside places could nce on Saturday morning, living outside of St. John a chance to win the prize would be confined to ity. Progress wants to and girls in all parts es a chance to compete. number of answers arrive y mail or otherwise, the one opened receives the at also be remembered is mailed from the office on on, and is for sale in the on the streets of nearly and city in the maritime e same hour, Saturday morn- id in St. John, and in some can be procured on Friday

s week goes to Miss Lulu King street east. Correct also received from: on, Indiantown; Mary D. eess street; Marie, Freder- e, "Jack," Elliott row; North end; Theresa Ken- ange street; Minnie Elkin, esse James, St. Stephen; airville; Edwin Stockford, and road; Roy A. Morrison, R. D. Peters, 1 Charles McDonald, 65 Erin street; Sussex.

s and answers, No. 8. id did the city of Toronto receive its as its first mayor? xander McKenzie. sent prominent leaders in the move- ble government in New Brunswick

ilan Wilnot, Joseph Howe. lar grievance had the people of against their government when Sir well was governor. nement of the crown land depart- e name of the Indian town that of Montreal in Cartier's time? a.

QUESTION COMPETITION No. 10. is the nobleman whom the land, after his death, remem- Simon the righteous," and did he live?

what epithet was Henry III. the people of England and n?

as the name of the third son and how did he meet his calamity occurred in London re the great fire?

obacco in France. are about to erect a monu- Nicot, who introduced to- ce, Nicot, while ambassador in 1560, sent a package of to the queen, Catherine de rria.

throw so well on French soil ars later Cardinal Richelieu h while to begin collecting the tobacco tax. In 1697 the ax on 100 pounds. Shortl after product of the tax was some 1,800,000,000 dollars. In 1718 the right to the product a lot out to the collector for Between 1719 and 1739 the collected.

duced at the latter time, and again abolished. Napoleon I n collecting the tax by means ent monopoly. The first em- e 8,000,000 dollars, annually, and in 1830 the product was ls. In the following half cen- grew to 48,000,000 dollars. Al- tax has brought the French 1,800,000,000 dollars.

ven't seen you for five years. How's that little romance of Miss Henderson? Barker-son is no more. She—What? rker—No; married. She- u are still friends though? She married me.—Life.

JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

s suit. Your boy

et him one of our

grow up slouchy,

little pride in how

public.

s—young men in

g stuff for them.

y their own way,

garments—but our

to any tailor's fit

er too, and strong.

ALL, & CO.

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HOUSEKEEPERS are now

Stove or Range

the Spring, and debating as to

it. In their enquiries among

live a great many conflicting

merits, or otherwise, of the

This coupled with the con-

of dealers, will make the

Realizing this, and to remove

minds of those who may

confidence or orders,

WE GUARANTEE EVERY

instance where our

and correct, will refund

and pay all expenses con-

Our assortment

of all classes is unequalled,

variety of sizes, qualities,

method to suit all con-

TO INVESTIGATE OUR

values, and in doing

MIND YOUR ABSOLUTE

SHER,

DEPOT, 107

Street.

Whose habits must be there.

ICYCLE

etter, Work Better.

Special for our Canadian roads.

St. John, N. B.

Health!

SAFEGUARD

ER FILTER

water, polluted with animal

and in large towns with

from adjacent dwellings, thus

low disease, cholera, and



IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The absence of any musical entertainments this week makes it a difficult task to write an interesting column on musical matters, and there is really no outside news that would be interesting to the readers of this paper.

An orchestra has been formed by several young men, in connection with the Y. M. C. A., which promises to be a successful undertaking.

I would respectfully suggest to the choir of St. Andrew's church, whom I have heard lately, that they pay a little more attention to the equalization of the parts. That is to say, let the tenors and basses take matters a little easier, and not try to drown the ladies' voices.

The minstrel entertainment comes rather late for me to notice it this week. I heard their band the street once, and I can't say that I would like to hear it again, unless it was some distance away.

I was much interested in the adventure of Freddy Hornby, the little English street singer, and I am rejoiced to think that he has fallen into such good hands. He is sure of a good home so long as he remains with Father Davenport.

The death of Mrs. Samuel Girvan leaves a sad blank in our musical circles. In addition to her rich soprano voice, her bright, cheerful disposition, made her a universal favorite. She took an active interest in all musical matters, being a prominent member of the Oratorio Society and the Choral Club.

She also sang for a number of years in St. Andrew's church choir, giving her services gratuitously, and taking a deep interest in the promotion of the higher class of sacred music.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The crush at the Institute Wednesday night was a good illustration of the effect a brass band will have, in inducing people to go to a show.

No one had any idea of what they were going to see in the way of a performance, and there have been many better bands heard in St. John.

Nevertheless it was a fight for seats, and Atkinson and Cooke's minstrels got a great reception. The show was a good one in many respects, but by all odds the star of the company, from a "nigger minstrel" point of view, was Mr. Fox.

Harty's silence and fun and juggling was above the average, and as a ventriloquist Mr. Alex. Wilson is far ahead of any thing ever seen here.

A number of new jokes, and some old songs, with two exceptions badly sung, were features of the circle. The great feature of the show, however, and one that might be initiated with advantage by most companies, was the way in which the acts were brought on.

One followed the other in rapid succession, and there was not the slightest intermission from the time the curtain went up until it dropped again, two hours afterwards.

Such stage management is a novelty in St. John.

SOME WOMEN'S CLUBS.

That are Attracting Attention in the Great Metropolis.

NEW YORK, April 28.—If you live in New York and aim to be and be known as a progressive woman, you must belong to at least one woman's club, and many belong to three or four.

From stately Sorosis, at which some of the brightest women of New York hold "high converse" once every month on the higher education and emancipation of woman and kindred topics, brightened up with chat about new books, new pictures, new operas and new plays, down to Bridge's Thursday evening reunions, at which cake and coffee, a fiddle, and her best young man are the prominent features, every woman one meets belongs to a club.

Next to Sorosis in point of importance comes the Women's Press club, which includes nearly every woman in Gotham who writes for love (of writing) or money.

Then we have the Working Girl's club, a monster organization presided over by Miss Grace Dodge, the Annie Besant of New York. The two daughters of Bishop Potter are also closely identified with it.

It admits to membership every working woman above the level of domestic, and owns houses in different parts of the city, in each of which lodgings a restaurant, library and reading rooms are maintained for the benefit of those members who reside in that quarter.

Those of the girls who wish are instructed in type-writing, stenography, book-keeping, dress-making, and millinery, and 25 cents a month are all the dues exacted from them.

The amount of good that it has done is simply incalculable, and it has undoubtedly been the means of saving many a poor working girl from suicide or degradation, between which they are often obliged to choose.

The Daughters of the Revolution club was organized about two months ago in Washington, with branches in New York and Boston. To be a "daughter" you must, like the Laird of Cockburn's spouse, be of "high degree," and able to present incontrovertible proofs of a "hazy pedigree"—it must at any rate be "hazy" enough to reach back to the revolutionary war.

The avowed object of this club is "to inculcate patriotism," but its real object is to snub the newly-fledged millionaires, who with their greater wealth are outshining and pushing to the wall the old knickerbocker and revolutionary stock. The latter are

now falling back to maintain their social supremacy, on their grandfathers, the only possession they have that the millionaires cannot duplicate.

Mrs. Harrison, wife of the president, Mrs. W. W. Astor, and Mrs. Whitney, wife of ex-secretary Whitney, are prominent members. The Livingstons, the Schuyler-Hamiltons, the DePeysters and almost every name found in the early annals of the colony of New York are represented on its roll-call.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., has at last decided to apply for a divorce from the man, who for the last three years has been a husband to her in name only. She left New York last week for Sioux Falls, S. D., where a three months' residence will entitle her to the benefit of the divorce laws of that state.

There is a rumor abroad that as soon as she has secured a divorce she will become the wife of an eminent New York physician, who has been peculiarly kind to her through her long illness.

It is now over two years since, with her four-months baby in her arms, she travelled down to the country home of the Blaines near Augusta, Me., in the hope of securing a reconciliation with her young husband, and was not even permitted to see him, except through the upper window, from which he calmly looked on while his wife and baby were thrown into the street with less civility than some people accord to a tramp.

The dreadful attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which interrupted her preparations to earn her living on the stage, has left her, rounded, beautiful young girl a pale, wasted cripple. Through her long trial the Blaine family has ignored her and her child as completely as if they had never existed, but the unwavering sympathies of the public have been with her from first to last.

Just before he left England, where he is at present hob-nobbing with royalty, her young husband was paragoned from Maine to California for taking off his shoes at an evening reception in the White house, and prancing around in his sock feet until some friends with considerable trouble induced him to put them on again.

There is a rumor abroad that Mrs. W. Astor, who is as much queen of the "400" as McAllister is king, is about to have her sovereignty confirmed, by the presentation on behalf of her loyal subjects of a real gold crown.

This rumor recalls the recent sensation that was created in the Metropolitan Opera house by the appearance in their boxes of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mrs. Seward Webb, who was a Miss Vanderbilt, each wearing a superb gold crown on her head set with precious stones.

FROM THE SISTER TOWN.

TALK ON MANY SUBJECTS FROM SCOTIA'S CAPITAL.

Brightening Up the Streets—Carpenters and Painters at Work—Newspapers and Their Methods—The School for the Blind—A Modern Hotel.

HALIFAX, April 27.—I am always glad to note the approach of Friday, and better pleased when the noon hour has passed, the paper on the press and the tension relaxed. But a newspaper man must always be ready, and, if necessary, on the move.

Thus it is that I found myself in Halifax, midnight, Friday instead of St. John. There is considerable satisfaction now a days in being able to start for any point east or west just when it suits you—for example a person can start for Halifax on any one of three trains and make a pleasant and swift trip.

I prefer the afternoon C. P. R.—there is more steady go in it, and less stopping at small stations, beside you only lose an hour or two of the business day and that, in these times of bustle, rush and competition counts for something.

A fine spring morning like last Saturday brings out just as many real and fancy butterflies here as in St. John—more, I think, for vegetation has somewhat the start of us.

But the sunshine had an equally happy effect upon business and there was a great deal more bustle and life upon the streets of the military city than the average New Brunswick imagines.

Passing up and down the principal streets and even into the heart of the town I could not fail to note the sight and sound of the carpenter who, I imagine, outnumbered to a great degree his brother workman—the mason.

Signs of improvement, renovation, rebuilding and modernizing were visible in many places; workmen busy making, as one gentleman remarked, "the coffins of old loggism."

I was not sent here to make comparisons, nor do I intend to trespass upon forbidden ground, but this I must say that the area of the business portion of Halifax is much larger than I had been led to think it was.

My surprise was complete when, after walking what I thought a good mile and a half from the business centre, I came upon a number of stores which would compare favorably in their line with any I have seen in the provinces.

One of the first friends I met was Progress. Hardly had I passed the hotel door after an early breakfast, before a meek and enduring newsboy suggested its purchase. The newsboys here are not the shouters you have in St. John, nor so numerous.

It is a strange fact, too, that they do not handle the morning papers—that field appears to be the special property of several old newsboys, or men rather, who announce their coming on a tin horn, much the same as a fresh fish vendor.

It was a surprise to me to learn this, for newsboys in St. John drive a good deal in morning papers, to the mutual benefit of the papers and the "kids." The evening papers, on the contrary, are energetically handled, and the boys are as thick as bees.

But I am forgetting the boy with Progress. I bought his last copy, and he informed me they were "going fine." This was pleasant news to me for exactly three years before that morning, about the same hour. I sold the first copy of the paper.

It seemed a curious coincidence that on its third birthday I should visit the office of this paper in this city and find it in the hands of the manager for Progress full of the brightest hopes for the success of the paper here.

He informed me that both the street and the news stands sales were increasing rapidly—in fact that they were three times what they were a month ago. He also told me they were weary about the new methods. They differ from those in St. John, where a boy—no matter what his financial credit or references may be—cannot get a paper without paying the cash for it.

Here, on the contrary, a boy who is known at all can get all the papers he wants at the office without paying a cent for them. He sells what he pleases and if he is honest he takes the rest back and pays for what he has sold.

If, on the contrary, his youthful training has been neglected he does not appear at the publication office again but pockets the proceeds. It was a new wrinkle for the boys who wanted Progress to deposit the cash before they got it but the "new wrinkle" is I understand quite popular with some of the publishers, if not all of the boys, and the result may be that they will adopt some plan similar to it.

But enough of newspapers and "shop." The hearty invitation of Mr. C. F. Fraser, editor of the Critic and superintendent of the School for the Blind led me in the direction of that institution Saturday evening.

Mr. Fraser is a wonderful example of the educated blind. I do not propose to enlarge upon his success as a business man and an editor, neither will I enter into any details of what he has done for the blind of these provinces and Newfoundland.

I would like to tell the story as he told it to me but I could not in this space—perhaps in the very near future these columns will contain more interesting and accurate information on the institution than anything I could write.

But I was amazed at the perfect indifference with which every blind person in the building regarded his or her affliction. In one room I entered, a number of bright looking young women sat and sewed and knitted, and their talk and laughter were as unconstrained and joyous as that of any family getting this paper.

They worked rapidly upon fine patterns which I have often wondered how any one with the best sight could form successfully—and yet here these blind people had no hesitation and no mistakes. If anything could have surprised one further, it would be the perfect freedom with which Mr. Fraser moved about the institution which has recently been almost doubled in size. He

is not content with showing me the principal rooms but led me into every nook and corner of the entire building. Up and down stairs, along corridors and into dormitories, always lighting the gas with never an error. I came away thoroughly impressed with the value of an education for the blind who have no cause for despair with such an institution in the maritime provinces.

I can not close this letter without a word about Halifax hotel accommodation. There are two first class houses here, but I have only to speak of the "Queen" where I registered in common with nine tenths of the New Brunswickers. And no wonder—most of them know the manager, the same genial, generous Sheraton whom everybody knew in St. John. I found him when I entered the house, as I think, every guest does.

He is the all pervading spirit that puts 120 guests at perfect ease and complete comfort. Those who were well acquainted with the old hotel and have seen in its present tinkered shape can give a much better idea of the improvement than I can. The present dining room is a very large one, and each day it seems as full of guests as it can well be. Such an immense patronage has encouraged the company, and just now they are considering plans for a much larger hotel which will cost somewhere about \$200,000. It is a magnificent structure on paper, and I doubt not that when erected it will be even more handsome and imposing. Of course the accommodation for guests will be largely increased, but I may venture the assertion that while Mr. Sheraton is manager, and Mr. Murray, chief clerk, there will be none too much room for the patronage that will crowd upon them.

The Way She Managed it. Well, with cleaning and moving, and everything out of place and upset I haven't a day of washing for two weeks," said one woman to another one day this week, "so you can just imagine the work I have ahead of me goodness with setting the house to rights."

"Thank goodness," said the other, "I am not like you, for indeed I couldn't commence to do a days washing after all this cleaning."

"You hire a girl I suppose! Well I'd rather do it myself, than watch one."

"No I don't, I just send my washing to Ungars, and they do it so reasonably, and with so little trouble that I wouldn't think of having them done in any other way."—Aunt.

Enameline cannot be excelled as a Toilet Article.

HUMORS OF THE BLOOD & SKIN Gured by CUTICURA

HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP, whether itching, or copper-colored, scaly, crusts, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, or eruptions, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDY, consisting of CUTICURA the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVIVE the New Blood and Skin Purifier, and the great Humors Remedy, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDY is the only infallible blood and skin purifier, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined.

Sole everywhere. Price, CUTICURA 75c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVIVE, \$1.50. Prepared by the Foster Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

For "How to Cure Skin Diseases" send for CUTICURA SOAP. For "How to Cure Skin Diseases" send for CUTICURA SOAP.

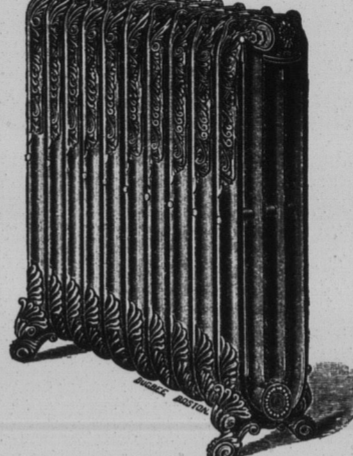
Backache, kidney pains, weakness, and rheumatism, cured by CUTICURA SOAP. Prepared by the Foster Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

A \$10,000.00 Stock of Brussels Carpets, AT COST PRICES.

I INTEND to sell out my Entire Stock of BRUSSELS CARPETINGS, during the Spring months. Intending purchasers will do well to call early and make selections. Hotel keepers will find this a grand opportunity to buy.

HAROLD GILBERT CARPET and FURNITURE WAREROOMS, 54 KING STREET, ST. JOHN.

Gurney's Hot Water Boiler



RADIATORS

Have proved to be THE BEST Heating Apparatus in the Market. More used than any other system.

ALSO ASK FOR OUR

"DEFIANCE" HEATER, for domestic use in Hotels, Barber Shops, and Heating small offices.

WROUGHT STEEL RANGES, ANY SIZE.

For Private Houses, Hotels, and Public Institutions.

Scales, Locks, Door Furniture, Hot Air Furnaces, Etc.

TO BE PROCURED FROM THE TRADE.

E. & C. GURNEY & CO. - MONTREAL.

WALKING, DRIVING, TRAVELLING CLOAKS.

'HEPTONETTE'

Every garment bearing this trade mark is guaranteed perfectly Porous, Odorless, Free from Rubber, yet Rain-Repellent.

"Heptonette" garment can be worn on the hottest day with perfect comfort. Water runs off "Heptonette" garment, as of a duck's back.

The most important feature in "Heptonette" garments is the SECRET COMBINATION OF MATERIAL AND MAKE OF THE CLOTHS. They are UNRIVALED in durability, design, richness of appearance and rain-resisting properties.

"Heptonette" garments are unequalled in fit and finish.

For Sale by Manchester, Robertson, and Allison.

ASSESSORS' NOTICE.

THE Board of Assessors of Taxes for the City of St. John, in the present year, hereby require all persons liable to be rated, forthwith to furnish to the Assessors.

True Statements of all their Real Estate, Personal Estate and Income.

and hereby give notice that Blank Forms, on which statements may be furnished under the City Assessment Law, can be obtained at the office of the Assessors, and that such statements must be perfected under oath, and filed in the office of the Assessors within THIRTY DAYS from the date of this notice.

Dated this first day of April, A. D. 1891.

WM. F. BUNTING, Chairman, Assessors of Taxes. JOHN WILSON, URBAN DRAPER, RICH'D FARMER, Assessors of Taxes.

Extracts from "The Saint John City Assessment Law, 1889."

SEC. 118.—The Assessors shall ascertain, as nearly as possible, the particulars of the real estate of every person liable to be rated, and the income of any person who has not brought in a statement in accordance with their notice and as required by this law, and shall make an estimate thereof, at the true value and amount, to the best of their information and belief; and such estimate shall be conclusive upon all persons who have not filed their statements in due time, unless they can show a reasonable excuse for the omission.

SEC. 128.—No person shall have an abatement unless he has filed with the Assessors the statement under oath, within the time heretofore required; nor shall the Common Council in any such case sustain an appeal from the judgment of the Assessors, unless they shall be satisfied that there was good cause why the statement was not filed in due time, as herein provided.

Address, Robertson's Stamp Works, P. O. Box 78, St. John, N. B.



ICE CREAM! I SCREAM!

LADIES, ATTENTION!

THE Subscriber wishes to inform his lady customers, and the public generally, that he is now ready to supply for Ice Cream, in any quantity desired. Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry, Pineapple, Ginger, Chocolate, Coffee, Almond, Patechilo, Tutti Fruiti, etc.

Prompt attention given to all orders sent to the Lorne Restaurant, 105 Charlotte Street.

T. C. WASHINGTON, PROPRIETOR.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and style of TURNER & FIDLER, was on the TWENTY-FIRST DAY of MARCH last, dissolved by lapse of time.

ROBERT TURNER, ANDREW FINLAY.

TRUSTEES' NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that ROBERT TURNER, of the City of St. John, Dry Goods merchant, has this day assigned all his estate to us, in trust for the benefit of his creditors. The trust deed now lies at the office of E. & C. R. McLeod & Ewing, Barristers, Ritchie's building, Princess Street, Saint John, and all creditors wishing to participate in the trusts of the said deed are required to execute the same within three months from the date hereof.

Dated the third day of April, 1891.

SAMUEL C. PORTER, JAMES T. GILCHRIST, Trustees. E. & C. R. McLEOD & EWING, Solicitors.

Step Ladders!

CHEAP, STRONG, AND DURABLE.

THREE STEPS, \$.50
FOUR STEPS, \$.60
FIVE STEPS, \$.70
SIX STEPS, \$.80
SEVEN STEPS, \$.90

J. & J. D. HOWE, MARKET BUILDING, GERMAIN STREET.

White Enamelled Signs, Letters—Best signs on earth. Robertson, St. John.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 38 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

The subscription price of Progress is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Renewed Subscriptions.—At least one clear week is required by us, after receiving your subscription, to change the date of expiration, which appears opposite your name on the paper.

Discontinuance.—Except in very few localities which are easily reached, Passages will be stopped at the time paid for.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

The circulation of this paper is over 2,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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

Liberal Commissions will be given to agents for subscriptions. Good men, with references, can secure territory, by writing to the publisher.

Advertisements should always be made by Post-Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 2.

FAITH.

The greatest force in the world is faith, when joined to work. The man with faith in himself and energy that finds expression in work of practical value, will command success anywhere.

There is a great future before St. John if her people will only have faith sufficient to lead them to embark on those ventures by means of which alone the advantages of the city's situation can be realized.

Success will not come while we wait. Faith and energy combined give a city a mortgage upon the future. St. John is the terminus of a transcontinental railway.

The first of a great fleet of ocean palaces to be managed by the Canadian Pacific Railway company is upon the Pacific coast; a second is on its way thither, and a third is in course of construction.

When Bismarck runs an election and meets with what is practically defeat, we may well stop and moralize over the transitory nature of earthly fame.

It does not follow, however, that the men whose names are the most prominent, are always the real artificers of a nation's destiny.

How many know that it was a newspaper man who gave him the tip? And how many of those who remember that fact can mention the name of the far seeing knight of the quill, who by a shrewd suggestion affected for all time the policy of more than one nation?

Perhaps, indeed one may say certainly no class of men are doing more to mould the destinies of the country than the newspaper scribes.

A heavy fog bank rests upon the waters of the sound, and our steamer courses through it with many blasts of her whistle. On the horizon a silver streak. Nearer and nearer it comes. It is close at hand. In a moment it is upon us.

It was a lady who, after the last election, remarked that the people of New Brunswick were too poor to afford the luxury of public opinion.

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SPORTING TALK FROM HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, N. S., April 25.—With the advent of warm weather, preparations for the seasons sports have actively commenced and there promises to be an abundance of sport in this vicinity this summer.

The horsemen are first in the field, and the riding ground is out with a programme of six races for horses and ponies, for June 22, including the jubilee purse of \$200, and the Maritime province bred race of \$150.

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THE BRANK.

A Bridle for Scolding Wives—An Old Time Punishment. The brank may be described simply as an iron framework which was placed on the head, enclosing it in a kind of cage; it had in front a plate of iron, which, either sharp-edged or covered with spikes, was so situated as to be placed in the mouth of the victim, and if she attempted to move her tongue in any way, whatever, it was certain to be bloodying injured.

How then can the advertising patronage be increased? asks a publisher in *Printers Ink*. The answer to the question is involved in what has gone before: get out a good paper. Circulation is what advertisers want, and when that has been secured the problem of getting more advertising will present so many difficulties.

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THEY HAVE AN EAR FOR MUSIC.

The Effect a Brass Band Has on the Animals in a Menagerie. Animals are decidedly musical, says Mr. Frederick Whymper, in the *Animals' Guardian* for April.

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Advertisement for BUCK'S STOVES & TINWARE, SHERATON, and FRY, featuring images of stoves and promotional text.



EVERYBODY LIKES IT
LOGAN'S IDEAL SOAP. Full Pound
Indispensable in every well regulated family
for all Household and Laundry purposes.
Made only by WM. LOGAN ST. JOHN, N. B.

BUCK'S CELEBRATED RANGES



IMPROVED
HAPPY THOUGHT.
This is a first-class Range,
equal to any American, and
guaranteed to work as well
as our "Celebrated Jewel,"
which is acknowledged to be
the most economical and
best working Range in the
market.

Tinware and House Furnishing Hardware,
In great variety.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE,
33 KING STREET, OPPOSITE THE ROYAL HOTEL.

FRY'S COCOA



FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

RUBBER CLOTHING!
Ladies' Cloth Surface Cloaks and Capes, silk sewn button
holes, \$2.00 each. Sizes, 54 to 60 in.
Gent's Tweed Coats with and without Capes.
OUR STOCK INCLUDES RUBBER CLOTHING OF ALL
KINDS.
ESTEY & CO. (Standard Rubber Goods)
68 PRINCE WM. STREET,
SAINT JOHN.

NOW SHOWING:

Solid Silver. Quadruple Plated Ware
ALL NEW PATTERNS, AND VERY CHOICE.

SUITABLE for WEDDING PRESENTS.
Call and Examine.

G. FLOOD & SONS, - - 31 and 33 KING STREET.



PEARL WHITE TEETH
LADIES
who would like Pearl White
Teeth, should use
ENAMELLINE.

An exquisitely Fragrant Preparation for
PRESERVING, WHITENING,
—AND—
BEAUTIFYING THE TEETH.
ENAMELLINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Price 35 Cents.

T. B. BARKER & SONS,
PROPRIETORS,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.



St. John—South End.

Moving, house cleaning and auctions have been
the order of the day this week to the exclusion of
everything in the way of entertainments, and I have
not heard of anything going on in the gay world.

Speaking of auctions, perhaps there has never in
St. John been such a rare chance of procuring old
and valuable furniture as this week, when all the
household effects belonging to the late Mrs. J. V.
Thompson were offered for sale. Everyone who knew
their value attended the auction, and there was
some lively bidding, especially among the ladies
over articles such as old china, candlesticks and
snuffers, warming pans, silver wine casters, papier
mache, ware, etc.

Mrs. Beverly Robinson, Fredericton, son-in-law of
the late Mrs. Thurgar, and Mr. T. Christian, of
Boston, her grandson, spent this week in St. John
to attend the sale.

On Saturday last the Misses Hanford entertained
a number of their young friends at five o'clock tea
at their mother's residence, Horsfield street, which
was a very pleasant gathering.

Miss Maggie Allen, Fredericton, is the guest of
Mrs. Chipman Drury, Coburg street.

Mr. J. H. Tippett is visiting St. John.
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bichey returned to their
home at Lindsay on Sunday last. Mrs. James
Straton accompanied them as far as Montreal,
where she spent a few days.

Mrs. J. Douglas Hazen accompanied Mr. Hazen to
Ottawa on Sunday last, where she will remain
during the session.

Mr. Fred E. Sayre, who went on his bridal trip to
New York, has been laid up at that city with a
severe attack of grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. James Symonds, spent this week
in St. John.
Miss Beattie Whitney is visiting friends in Nova
Scotia.

The death of Mrs. Samuel Girvan which occurred
at Washington last week was lamented with deep regret
by a large circle of friends. Mrs. Girvan, who went
south some months ago for the benefit of her health,
was journeying home when her death occurred at the
residence of Mrs. Lawton, formerly of St. John. Mr.
Girvan, who was with her when she passed away,
accompanied the remains home on Tuesday last,
and the funeral took place from her late residence,
Hazen street on Wednesday last and was attended
by a large number of citizens. For Mr. Girvan and
his three little children sympathy is felt. Mrs.
Girvan was 51 years of age.

At the time I am writing another old resident of
this city is passing away. Mrs. Wm. Bowyer Smith,
widow of the late Collector Smith, has been seriously
ill for the last ten days at her residence, Carlton
street and being a very old lady, no hopes are enter-
tained for her recovery.

Mr. James Robertson and family leave shortly
for a trip to England and the continent; they will
be absent some months.

Miss Ladda, a well known lady of St. John, after
many years of waiting has come into a large fortune
amounting to some \$40,000. At the time of the
failure of the Commercial bank, some years ago,
Miss Ladda had the misfortune to lose all her
income which was invested there, and for years
has been expecting the settlement of an estate in
England which has been slumbersome. "All things
come to those who wait," and Miss Ladda's case
proves the old saying.

A quiet wedding took place on Tuesday last at
the residence of Mr. Thomas Ellis, Princess street,
when his youngest daughter, Miss Lulu B. Ellis,
was united in marriage with Mr. F. C. Godson, of
Godose Bros. The ceremony took place at 8
o'clock, p. m., and was performed by the Rev. Dr.
Sprague. Only the immediate relatives were present
at the marriage, after the ceremony partook
of a wedding supper. The bride, who was un-
usually dressed in a pretty travelling costume.
The bride and groom left in the evening train for
New York, where they will spend about three
weeks. Many of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Godson
gathered at the station to see them off and offer
congratulations. The very sum-
mer, conspicuous among them being: From the
groom, a bracelet with diamond setting; From Mr.
Godson, father of the groom, a very handsome white
bedroom set; Mrs. C. H. Peters, sister of the bride,
a silver service; Mr. F. A. Godson, brother of
the groom, brass and onyx table.

Mr. V. G. B. Vickers will take up his residence
at Montreal, having been promoted to the control
of the central office of the Dominion Express com-
pany in that city. Mr. Vickers has made many
friends in St. John, who, though sorry to lose him
from society circles, congratulate him on his ad-
vancement.

Mr. D. C. Robertson, with his mother, Mrs. Dun-
can Robertson, have gone to Boston, where they
will permanently reside. THE PROGRESS.

A number of costumes asked for by PROGRESS
and kind'y sent by ladies who attended the Carles's
ball arrived at this office too late to be included in
the account and for that reason they did not appear.
Mrs. J. H. Hamilton and children left this week
for a two month's visit to Boston and New York.

Mr. Walter Wilson, Jr., left on Tuesday morning
for a pleasure trip to Boston, New York, Wash-
ington and Philadelphia.

Mr. A. G. Boyne gave a very pleasant party to a
number of his young friends on Thursday evening
last. Progressive whist was enjoyed by those present
during the first part of the evening. The first
ladies' prize was won by Miss Nellie Ferguson, and
the first gentlemen's by Mr. Thos. McAlphins. The
booby's were carried off by Miss Miss Jones and
Mr. A. S. Jordan. After light refreshments had
been served, dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.
Mr. Boyne was ably assisted in entertaining by his
cousin, Miss Jennie Kaynes. Among those present
were Misses G. Hine, McMichael, A. Racine, J.
Hawker, L. Campbell, N. Ferguson, E. Nixon, M.
Crocker, Miss Jones, N. Coombes, Mary Rodgers,
E. Hoyt, A. Zingey, May Vincent, A. Leachler, B.
Hoben, L. Henderson, and Jennie Kaynes; Messrs.
Thos. McAlphins, A. E. Jordan, Wm. Brass, Wm.
Sinclair, R. L. Smith, T. Kedy, Fred. Spencer, H.
Sullivan, J. K. Kelley, and Harry Hall.

The Crinkle, Natty, and Tulo, are the
Leading Shapes at American left this week
Cor. Sydney and Leinster Sts., City.

St. John—West End.
Mrs. Percy Lewin, who has been spending some
weeks on Lancaster heights, the guest of Senator
Lewin, has returned to her home in New York.
Mrs. Richard Lewin, who has been visiting New
York, has returned home.

Mrs. J. T. Smith, of St. Stephen, is the guest this
week of her friend, Mrs. G. Shore, Prince street.
Miss Edith Peters, who has been visiting Wood-
stock, the guest of Miss Louise Smith, has returned
home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Montgomery have returned
from their wedding tour, and the guests last
week of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, at
their home on King street.
Dr. James J. Beevers, superintendent of the
P. L. asylum, Lancaster Heights is spending a few
days in Boston.
Mr. Alston Cushing and family, of Moncton,
removed to St. John the 1st of May, and are resid-
ing at the Cushing household, Lancaster Heights.
Mr. Peters, of California, is the guest of his
mother, Mrs. M. Peters, Union street.

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

New and Elegant Printed Art Muslins
FOR DRAPERIES, CURTAINS, ETC.

LACE CURTAINS,
That cannot be equalled for Quality, Pattern, and Prices.
IRISH POINT LACE CURTAINS, SASH CURTAINS,
Many Novelties for Draperies and Coverings; Table Covers,
at less than cost; a lot of Chinelle.

Renovating Requirements.

LACE CURTAINS,
SPOTTED BOOK MUSLINS,
FIGURED SCRIMS,
JAPANESE DRAPERY,
CURTAIN NETS,
GRETONNES.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON.

Ladies' Fine Dress Shields.
Best Quality made.
AMERICAN RUBBER STORE
WATER PROOF
AND
ODORLESS
LADIES' RUBBER GLOVES.
RUBBER COMBS.
Largest Stock and sold at lowest prices in St. John.
OUR 10c. RUBBER COMB
is a wonder to all.
Only 9c. pair.
Rubber Sheeting, Bed Pans, Cushions, Invalid Rings, Fountain Syringes, 1 to 6 qts.
Syringes, from 35cts.; Tooth Brushes, 10cts. Everything in Rubber Goods
sold at Lowest possible prices.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, (Headquarters Rubber Goods) 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

TRUSTEES' SALE.

Everything in the store is
to be sold. No new goods
will arrive. Positively a
great Clearing Out Sale of
all the goods in Stock.

LAST TUESDAY

The store was opened, and
the Sale commenced in
earnest. It started with a
rush, and rush it has been
ever since. The people are
started at the low prices.

TURNER & FINLAY'S
STOCK OF DRY GOODS IS NOW BEING SOLD.

The Bargains are catching people. The Goods are going as
fast as dew before the midsummer sun.

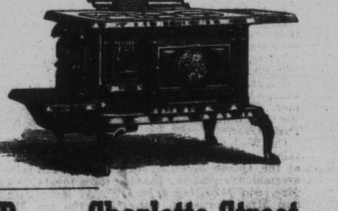
THESE ARE THE GOODS.

Dress Materials, Silks and Satins,
Bk. Dress Goods, Linen Towels, Flan-
nels, Shaker Flannels, Spring Ulster
Cloths, Habit Jacket Cloths, Boys'
and Mens' Tweeds, Coatings, White
Cottons, Sheetings, Pillow Cottons,
Swansdowns, Tickings, Prints, Mus-
lins, Ginghams, Underclothing,
Gloves, Laces, Real Laces, Gents'
Neckwear, Hosiery, Silk Velvets,
Velveteens, Trimmings, Ladies' Rub-
ber Gossamers, Mantles, Corsets.

OUR KID GLOVE known as the 85c. value now 70c. Worth \$1.15.
Remember the entire Stock must be sold at once,
SAMUEL C. PORTER, | Trustees.
JAMES T. GILCHRIST, |

The Model Grand.

Everything can be said in favor
of the Model Grand. A Stove
that has been tried and proved
as good as this one, can be
recommended. It is a stove
that always gives satisfaction.
When you move don't forget
that that's the time to have a
new stove put in. See our
Model Grand.
The question is, do you want
a stove? if not, don't buy one;
but if you look well into the
stove business before buying—
above all, see our Model Grand.
It's a range that is a range.
You can depend on it to do
the best kind of work.



COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, - - Charlotte Street.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.)

IRIS TALKS ABOUT HALIFAX.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax at the following places:

- Knicker's Book Store, 24 George street
C. E. Smith, 24 Barrington street
Clifford Smith, 112 Hollis street
Andrew's Book Store, 101 Gorington street
Buckley's Drug Store, Spring Garden road
Powers' Drug Store, 101 Gorington street
G. V. Miller, 101 Gorington street
D. J. Dole, 212 Brunswick street
E. J. Griffin, 17 Jacob street
M. A. Quinn, 35 Barrington street
A. F. Wessley, 142 Pleasant street
H. Sitter, Dartmouth
This is the merry month of May!

This is the merry month of May! Can you realize it dear reader? Doesn't it seem to you that we were shaking hands and wishing one another "A happy new year"? So with has been the flight of time changing the days into weeks, the weeks into months...

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. Yes, Spring is a time when we prefer to look forward, not backward. So far we have been awaiting the robes and the turning of the year...

While society folks were despatched at the continued chilly weather, our fashionable gentry was in a mood to put into execution, proving most successful in banishing all ennui...

Just now the dances are few and far between, and Miss John Duffus, who took place more than a week ago, at home on Tuesday last...

The last concert of the season was given on Tuesday last at the English Institute. The institute was crowded to the very doors. Everyone was delighted with the programme rendered...

While the local parliament is in session there are always a certain number of official dinners going on. As a rule the lieutenant-governor gives one or two in the week...

On Wednesday last week Mrs. Troop entertained a large number of guests at a dinner at the Queen Hotel. Young beauty and fashion were in evidence...

PICTOU, N. S.

(PROGRAMS is for sale in Pictou by Jas. McLean.)

April 29.—The recital given by the music pupils of Mrs. Amy Bernard in Convocation hall, Pictou academy, last Friday evening, was a great success...

Mrs. Charles Stubbins, H. M. S. dockyard, gave a five o'clock tea on Tuesday. The day was fine, and the fair sex looked on with interest...

On Saturday evening Miss McGarry gives another of her popular entertainments at the Ladies' College. The performance is to be "The Mouse."

On Saturday evening the concert of the English Institute, last Thursday, was a great treat to music lovers. The quartette did the greater part of the work...

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CHARLOTTETOWN.

(PROGRAMS is for sale in Charlottetown at L. L. Chappelle's bookstore and by S. Gray.)

April 28.—I was thinking this morning, while reading some of the bright letters in Progress, how many advantages the lady correspondents possess over our poor mortals!

Early Wednesday morning the First Methodist church was the scene of an interesting ceremony, when Mr. Richard Goff, one of our leading and popular merchants, was united in marriage to Miss M. H. Goff...

There are a number from Sackville in town today. Among the number are Prof. Mackenzie and wife, Miss Dickey, Mrs. Dickey, Mrs. Dickey, Mrs. Dickey...

On Saturday night the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. This is an old saying, and quite a change in the faces of the group...

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SACKVILLE.

(PROGRAMS is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.)

April 28.—In spring-time the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. This is an old saying, and quite a change in the faces of the group...

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WELFORD STATION.

(PROGRAMS is for sale at Mrs. S. Livingston's grocery store, Welford Station, evening, and on Monday Mrs. Gossip had had begun to roll. Mrs. Peters, of St. John, was in town last week...

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W. ALEX. PO.

GROCER AND FRUIT. Has for the Spring Trade a large stock.

Particular Attention Given to Cheapest all-around Store for COME AND SEE. Cor. Union and Waterloo, and Pond Streets.

CONFECTIONERY. WHITE'S CONFECTIONERY. GANONG'S CONFECTIONERY. TESTER'S CONFECTIONERY. Myles' Sy.

Nuts, Grapes, Orange Figs, Etc. BONNELL & CO. 200 UNION STREET, ST. J.

R. & F. S. F. 12 & 16 SYDNEY STREET. Flour and Grain. OATS, FEED, BRAN & CHOICE FAMILY GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

RHEUMATISM. Now on Hand: 3 Dozen HYATT'S INFALLIBLE. Sure Cure for Rheumatism. 10 North Side King Square.

DRUGGISTS. AN ELEGANT LIQUOR. English, French, and PERFUMS. All New Odors—Finest on the Market.

THOMAS A. CROG. 162 PRINCESS STREET, COR. SAINT JOHN'S. LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SHOWER BATHS. IN ALL THE MOST IMPROVED STYLES.

S. McDIARMID. Wholesale and Retail Druggist. 49 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. SAUNDER'S PAIN EXPELLER. A Few Reasons why Saunderson's is the best of Household Remedies.

SAUNDER'S PAIN EXPELLER. I send 12 cents post free of above, by post, to any address, for \$1.50. Young Plants end of May, \$1 per doz. HERBERT HARRIS, Halifax Nursery, HALIFAX, N. S.

ESTABLISHED 1868. MILLER BROS. Manufacturers' Agents for the Best PIANOS, ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES. PIANOS AND ORGANS WARRANTED SEVEN YEARS. 158 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S. TEL: 745. E. M. ESTEY, Pharm.

GROCERS.

W. ALEX. PORTER,
GROCEER AND FRUIT DEALER,
Has for the Spring Trade a large and well-assorted
Stock.

Particular Attention Given to Family Trade.
Cheapest all-around Store for first-class goods.

COME AND SEE US.
Cor. Union and Waterloo, and Cor. Mill
and Pond Streets.

CONFECTIONERY, &c.
WHITE'S CONFECTIONERY,
GANONG'S CONFECTIONERY,
TESTER'S CONFECTIONERY.

Myles' Syrup.
Nuts, Grapes, Oranges, Dates,
Figs, Etc.

BONNELL & COWAN,
200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN N. B.

R. & F. S. FINLEY,
12 & 16 SYDNEY STREET,
Flour and Grain Store.

OATS, FEED, BRAN AND MEAL,
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES
AND PROVISIONS.

RHEUMATISM CURED!
Now on Hand: 3 Dozen Bottles
HYATT'S INFALLIBLE BALSAM.
Sure Cure for Rheumatism.
19 North Side King Square. J. D. TURNER.
DRUGGISTS.

AN ELEGANT LINE OF
English, French, and American
PERFUMES,
IN BULK.
All New Odors—Finest on the Market.
—AT—
THOMAS A. CROCKETT'S,
162 PRINCESS STREET, COR. SYDNEY,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
Shoulder Braces,
IN ALL THE MOST IMPROVED
STYLES.
S. McDIARMID,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist,
49 KING STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

SAUNDERS' PAIN RELIEVER
A Few Reasons why Saunders' Pain Reliever
is everywhere recognized as the standard
of Household Remedies.

- 1st—Saunders' Pain Reliever will cure Cramps,
or Pains in any part of the system.
- 2nd—Saunders' Pain Reliever is the most certain
Cholera cure known to the civilized world.
- 3rd—Saunders' Pain Reliever is over a quarter
of a century old, and has yet to fail in checking
a Cough or Cold.
- 4th—Saunders' Pain Reliever as a Linctus, is an
equalled for Cuts, Burns, Sprains, and
Bruises. For Toothache it is a specific.

SAUNDERS' PAIN RELIEVER
is sold by all medicine dealers at 25c. per bottle.
Wholesale: S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.

TURKISH DYES
EASY TO USE.
They are Fast.
They are Beautiful.
They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.
Have YOU used them; if not, try and
be convinced.

One Package equal to two of
any other make.

Canada Branch: 41 St. Paul Street, Montreal.
Head postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions.
Sold in St. John by S. McDIARMID, and E. J.
MAHONEY, Industriestown.

THE OBJECT of this
ADVERTISEMENT
is to IMPRESS on YOUR mind
the FACT that

Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream!
is the best Medicine you can take. If you are troubled
with a Cough or Cold. For Whooping Cough
it is almost an infallible remedy. It is
pleasant as milk, and for Consumption,
Throat Affections, Wasting Diseases
it is far more efficacious than
the plain Cod Liver Oil.

Be sure and get ESTEY'S.
IT IS PREPARED ONLY BY
E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist.
And is sold by all Druggists for 50c. a bottle, or
six bottles for \$2.50.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.
[Correspondents seeking information in this de-
partment should address their queries to "ASTRA,"
Progress, St. John.]

Anyone who reads the following thought-
ful and carefully written letter from the
pen of S. F. R., cannot fail to be im-
pressed by her earnestness, and to feel a
deep respect for the opinions which she so
fearlessly advocates, even though he or she
may differ essentially from the sentiments
expressed, since honesty of purpose, com-
bined with a sincere wish to do right, must
always command our respect; but still I
cannot quite agree with her, and I
must adhere to my original plat-
form. Be careful even to prudery girls
with mere acquaintances; never permit
the slightest familiarity, or allow your

have tried so hard to be sorry for you, but
somehow I did not succeed. I find it im-
possible to look upon a young lady who
weighs 140 pounds, as being in a state of
emaciation even though she is "very tall."
Why good gracious, Rail, what are you
thinking about? I am tall myself, and I
don't weigh 130 pounds, but I consider
myself quite a large person. If you are
really in earnest though, and want
to be stouter, a glass of good
milk just before going to bed, is the
best thing in the world for you.
Milk does not agree with everybody, but if
you will put two tablespoonfuls of lime
water in each glass, it cannot disagree
with you, and will be even better as a flesh
maker. Eat plenty of bread and butter,
fruit, and sugar, and I think you will soon

earn a living. You are mistaken.
Geoffrey Cuthbert had an article in only a
few weeks ago, signed with his name, but
he does not always put his full name, and
he often uses only a sign of his own.

TEMPER.—(1) My dear girl I am afraid
I don't quite understand you. If you had
some reason for wishing his visits to be less
frequent, apart from your own feelings
towards him, which you say are cordial
as ever, and you think he understood. I
would certainly be as friendly as ever in
my manner to him, otherwise he may think
he has seriously offended you, and you
may rest assured that a man very seldom
declines a girl's overtures of friend-
ship after any misunderstanding. He is
generally willing to accept the

masculine friends to forget the respect due
to you as a lady, but if you treat your old
friends of the opposite sex with the frank
good fellowship, which is the outcome of a
pure heart, and a confidence in their truth
and manhood, you will never find that con-
fidence misplaced, for I have found during
my experience that every man treats a girl
as a lady, until she gives him some reason
to suspect that she is not one, and I fancy
most girls in respectable society can say
the same. What do you think girls? Let
me know, if you care to take the trouble.

WOODROOPE, N. B., April 22, 1891.
EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I fear that Astra's patience
will be taxed to excess. I am much pleased with
her willingness that she should be friends, although, as
she says, we do not agree. I am not sure that our
disagreement was not really a complexity. To ex-
plain: I imagine the event of Astra's poetic mind
as dealing with the ideal. I have endeavored to
deal with the utterances of those observers relative
to human nature, and the pernicious influences that
have unfortunately gained a place, not with society
as we would wish that it should be, or ought to be,
(it is unnecessary to say that I do not use sweeping
assertions and speak of all society.) Astra does
not wish her friends to be chilled by that cold cyni-
cism which seems to throw barriers against mutual
confidence. I hope no one who reads my short let-
ter would imagine that I would deny that those at-
titudes, ennobled by Astra, were possessed by
many of our Canadian men—I would hope a great
majority of them. Who would not rejoice if all
walking would but walk ever within the lines of
duty, and according to reason in the following of
truth in spiritual dictation; but just here I am ap-
palled at the quantity of space required to affirm the
necessity for compliance with certain principles and
precepts, so inexcusable and yet so often disregarded
in social life.

Now permit me to address a few words to the
writer who is surprised and amused at what he
calls the "prudent evasion" of S. F. R. I fear that
"Anti-prude" is a little more facetious than in the
matter of suggestion. I did not suggest scandals
and tragedies. I said in substance I did not wish
to be regarded as one ready to suspect motives
foreign to the mind, for that was not the question;
meaning that it had no place in my letter; but I do
not hesitate to affirm the quotation I used to be
correct. I do not want to quarrel with "Anti-
prude" nor am I offended with him. I wish to be
friendly, and am glad that he said he was a man,
and I venture to say he is a young man, too. Know-
ing the value of a sterling character, and who loves
virtue.

The fact of our question in dispute being so often
asked by correspondents in different publications
is evidence that in it the innate delicacy and
susceptibility of young and tender minds, pre-
suppose an infringement of the proprieties.
I have no Puritanical views. I maintain, however,
that when a principle is of necessity established, men
of truth and honor are not exempt from its strict
observance, but on the contrary, we might expect
them to be in advance as adherents of its cause.

Within the "divorced" or "half" social system has
its turbulent spirits adverse to discipline. Wise and
skilled leaders, with their guards and sentinels,
knowing that there are adversaries visible and in-
visible, command the security of protecting armor
and watchfulness, and attend the notes of warning.
There are probably many unfortunates who could
tell "Anti-prude" that had they not been heedless
of such warning, they would have been spared a
burden of sorrow. S. F. R.

By the way—when I ask the girls to
give me their views on this matter, I do not
mean to exclude the boys, who have already
taken so much interest in our discussion,
and who give their opinions with so much
force and directness. I shall be glad to
hear from them too.

RAIL, St. John.—You poor girl! I

olive branch. If you meet him
in society, try to be just as cordial as ever.
Of course, I might tell you not to think of
yourself at all, but that, I know, is quite
impossible. Just make up your mind that
you will not be bashful, that it makes you
look both stupid and ridiculous, and people
shall not have a chance of being
amused at you. Don't rack your brains
for conversation. Say the first thing that
comes into your head, and rest assured
that the person you are talking to, is in all
probability thinking more about himself,
than he is about you, and once you are
convinced of this, you will soon feel quite
at ease. But remember the less you can
think about yourself the better. (3)
We have to learn to conceal our feelings to
a large extent, as we go through the
world my child, or else we should make
many enemies, but still I think you are
right about the young man in question; he
behaved very rudely, and although you
cannot very well break up an entire dance
by refusing to dance with him, you can
assist me, and after he had surveyed, and
made a plan of the letter, we were three
hours making a free translation.

The passage is from the "Ring and
the Book" Book V. and runs thus—as well as
I can make it out.
"His grimace begins at the funny humors of the
christening feast
Of friend the money lender
Then he's touched;
By the flame, and frizzles at the babe to kiss."
I am proud to say that I don't understand
it, for if I did I should think my reason was
tottering. (1) Yes, your supposition was
correct. The lines you quote are from a
very lovely song which I have heard, but of
which I do not know the author. There are
so many beautiful songs in the world that it
is hard to keep track of them all. (3)
Your question is really pathetic. I
have lived in that kind of a town
myself, and it is rather hard on the
boys, unless the girls are willing to dance
together. I am afraid I can't give you
much comfort, because you really should
dance at least once of an evening, with
each of your lady friends, otherwise they
will feel neglected. After that you are
free to please yourself. (4) Unless you are
very particular friends, once a week,
as a regular thing, is often enough, but
many things may turn up in the course of
the week to take you there accidentally.
(5) I don't think I should ask her to
dance again for a little while, because
it is a very rude thing to do, and the
girls are very quick to resent it bitterly,
if some poor youth really makes a mistake,
and forgets to dance with them. So they
should be equally particular in keeping
their own engagements. If your present
occupation is at all lucrative, don't give it
up. The other is a most uncertain way of



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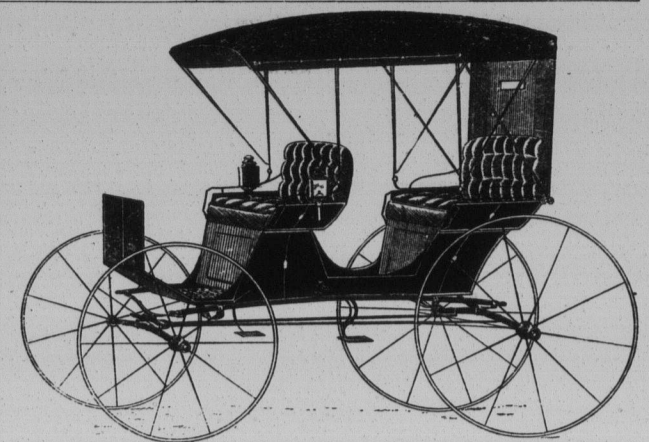
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It is quite proper; you know the position
of the hostess is always supposed to be a
guarantee of the desirability of all her
guests; therefore you are justified in speak-
ing to anyone you meet there without a
formal introduction. Indeed you are
expected to do so, and thus add your quota
to the general entertainment. But you
must not be surprised if the person you
exerted yourself so carefully to entertain
this evening, should pass you in the street
tomorrow with a cold unrecognizing stare.
It would be only in accordance with strict
etiquette, though scarcely, I think with
good manners—which "are not idle, but the
fruit of noble nature, and loyal mind."
(2) I cannot tell you why the name is used,
any more than why it is called "Brain";
but the word is from the German *Reinkard*
and has been used in poetry and fable
from time immemorial. (3) Certainly
not, the place was very different from an
opera house, or concert room, where of
course it would have shown great ill breed-
ing, but you were scarcely expected to
keep silence at the rink where everybody
was moving around. I hope you will long
continue to be one of "my girls."

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
ray of beautiful young lady waitresses, with caps and aprons trimmed with yellow ribbon. Glass flowers, cakes and confections were all in the chosen color, and with a liberal supply of buntings and other decorations the school room has seldom if ever presented a gay appearance.
Death has been very busy in our midst of late, and a number of our well-known residents have been carried to their home during the last week. Among this number is Miss Spahn, who died of congestion of the lungs, at her residence, Queen street, Saturday afternoon. Miss Spahn was well known and beloved by a large circle of friends. She was prominent in the Episcopal church and social circles, and the sympathy of the community is extended to her only sister and surviving relative, Mrs. E. W. Miller.
Mrs. John E. Thompson, nee Miss Armour, the well known authoress, died at the Victoria hospital Friday morning, of typhoid fever. Her remains were interred Sunday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Payson conducting the service.
Universal grief was felt throughout our city when the news arrived of the death of Mrs. Girvin which took place so far from her home and children in St. John on Monday. It is very hard to realize the once bright and happy girl so well known and so popular in our city is no more. The deepest sympathy is felt for the sorrowing families.
Mr. John Edwards, sr., is very ill at his residence on Charlotte street.
Miss Ella Thorne has been confined to the house for two weeks with inflammatory rheumatism. She is at the residence of Mr. Henry Chestnut, Waterloo row.
Mr. Temple, M. P., left for Ottawa Monday night, also Senators Work and Glasier.
Postmaster and Mrs. Hilyard arrived home Monday from their Southern trip, and the many friends of Mr. Hilyard are glad to see a most decided improvement in his health. A small social party in the home of Mr. Temple and Mrs. Forester came home this afternoon.
Miss Grace Day, who has been spending two weeks with her friend, Miss Florie Randolph, returned to her home in St. John on Monday. Our young ladies who attended the ball in St. John, have all returned home again, viz: Miss Bailey, Miss Mrs. Randolph, and Miss Wetmore. Mr. Burham, of St. John, is visiting her sisters in this city. She is the guest of Mrs. Stoddard. Mr. Graham, of the bank of B. N. A., is going away very soon on a two month leave of absence. Mr. Fred St. J. is having a small white party in his room this evening.
Mr. Frank Sherman's many friends are pleased to see him out in after his attack of grippe. Miss Annie Gregory, who is teaching in Sunbury Co., spent Sunday with her sister, Miss Annie Gregory in this city.
Mr. Woodbridge Hubbard, of Ormoco, spent Sunday in Fredericton.
Miss Annie McLaughlin, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Babbitt, returned to her home in St. John on Monday.
Mrs. Babbitt has gone to St. John to visit her sister, Mrs. J. V. Webber.
Mrs. D. Lee Babbitt has returned home from St. John.
Mrs. Yavasar has gone up to Queensbury to visit Miss Grosvenor.
Miss Campbell, of Moncton, visited Fredericton a week ago, and was the guest of Mrs. Frank Ris-tren.
I was very sorry, last week, to be obliged to disappoint the readers of Progress who are interested in the Fredericton letter, but it was unavoidable.
MONCTON.
[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the book stores of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.]
APRIL 27.—Signs of spring are multiplying around us. I don't mean to say that the spring poet has broken loose from his custodians, or that the first robin flashed like a meteor against our horizon, and chirped one feeble song ere he died of grippe, nor even that the organ grinder—so touchingly apostrophized last week by the brilliant correspondent with the unpronounceable name who writes the Dorchester society news—materialized last week in the shape of a harpist. But the season is beginning to stray into the back yards, and investigate the contents of the family ash heap; the girls are taking off their jackets and putting on their fur coats, and Mr. Oliver Jones has removed the canvas tent, with which the beautiful fountain in his lawn is shrouded in winter. We have unconsciously grown to regard the said fountain as a sort of thermometer, and to regulate our proceedings to a large extent by it. For example, when the thermometer indicates a high temperature, we are inclined to think that it is a blessing in disguise since those who are not so fortunate as to be invited to the former entertainment can seek consolation from an attentive friend of the life and work of the late John Bright, and no doubt enjoy a rare literary treat.
Mr. Gordon Blyden, of the Bank of Montreal, returned last week from a visit to St. John. The many friends of Miss Lindsay, formerly of Moncton, but now of River du Loup, are glad to welcome her back again. Miss Lindsay is visiting her friend, Miss Alice Ripley.
Miss Bliss, of Westmorland, who has been visiting Miss Millington, returned home on Saturday.
Mr. R. A. Borden returned last week from a fortnight's visit to Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Grant, of Grand Narrows, C. B., paid a short visit to Moncton last week, and were the guests of their son, Mr. J. F. Grant of the bank of Moncton.
Congratulations are being offered to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Killam on the birth of their second child.
Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, of St. John, spent some days with their daughter, Mrs. J. H. Wetmore, last week, returning home on Saturday.
Mrs. MacLean left town, on Saturday, to spend a week with her aunt, Mrs. R. W. Thorne, of St. John.
I am very sorry to say that we are really going to lose Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cushing, who have lately decided to remove to St. John. Their departure will be nothing short of a social calamity, as their home has always been the most hospitable in town, and Mrs. Cushing has now a well deserved popularity, since she came amongst us. I have heard that there is a possibility of their returning in a year, or as soon as Mr. Cushing succeeds in winding up the business of his father's estate, and I sincerely hope it may prove true.
Mr. Allen Wilcox who has been reading law in the office of Messrs. Borden & Simonds for some months past, left town on Tuesday for his home at Belmont, near Fredericton, where he will spend the summer, returning, I believe, in the autumn.
Rev. Richard Simonds, of St. John, paid a visit to his son, Mr. C. E. A. Simonds, of Moncton, on Monday.
Miss Campbell returned on Tuesday from a week's visit to St. John and Fredericton.
The Moncton Amateur Dramatic club went over to Shediac on Thursday and gave a performance of 'The Chimney Corner' and 'The Love of a Lover', in aid of the building fund of St. Andrew's church. They were enthusiastically received, and enjoyed their visit immensely. After the performance they were entertained by the ladies of St. Andrew's church at an outer supper.
Dr. Weldon, M. P., for Albert, paid a visit to Moncton on Monday. He was en route for Ottawa.
Judge Landry passed through Moncton on Thursday on his way to Richibucto to open the Kent county court.
Mr. J. B. Snowball, of Chatham, passed through Moncton on Tuesday, on his return from England.
Senator Porter, of Shediac, Madame Porier and Miss Porier were in town on Wednesday.
Hon. John Leary, of Summerside, paid a visit to his daughter, Mrs. George McWren, last week, spending Sunday at the Broomfield house in Windsor, which I hope may be materialized. The

guests on Friday were all young, with three or four exceptions, and danced steadily until about one o'clock, with a short rest for the enjoyment of oysters, ice-cream, cake and coffee.
Mrs. Landry gave a small tea-party on Wednesday evening, which was very pleasant. I believe.
Society and dancing were the order of the evening. I hear that Judge Landry is thinking of enlarging his house so the idea of his moving to Moncton may be considered.
Prof. Sterne, of Amherst, paid Dorchester a short visit last week. It was the first in many years, I believe, and he must have seen many changes.
Mr. Lemont spent Monday in town. He would feel flattered if he really how fully his visits were appreciated, particularly by musical people.
Mrs. Cooke went to Fenton on Saturday, to be absent for some weeks, I believe. It is quite warm and summer-like there, they say, so Mrs. Cooke is to be congratulated.
I saw Miss Thinder, of Amherst, in town on Monday, but her visit was very brief.
Mr. W. D. Douglas rode over from Amherst on Saturday, and spent Sunday with Mrs. Jos. Hickman in May.
I am glad to be able to say that Mrs. Douglas is very much better, and expects to return some time in May.
Judge Landry went to Richibucto on Monday to preside over the court.
Mrs. Church spent Friday with her friends, who are delighted to hear of her purpose to return for the summer. It will be very pleasant to see her home inhabited once more, and everyone will welcome "the twin" with open arms.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fairweather were treated to a surprise party, so called, on Tuesday evening; but the stretched linen and bellows arrangements gave tokens of some foreknowledge I think. At any rate it was one of the most pleasant parties imaginable, and everyone seemed to enjoy it very much. There have been several of these rather informal affairs lately, and they seem to be very popular. There is an opportunity of meeting pleasantly upon the part of the hostess or full dress for guests.
I heard last night of another large party to take place in June, if not nothing different from the last. Mrs. Alice Eastwood, of St. Andrew's, spent Sunday at her sister, Mrs. Oulton, and remained to attend Mrs. Fairweather's party. She returned to Sackville today.
Mrs. Chandler expects to go to St. John some time this week. She will visit Mr. John MacLaren while there, I believe.
Mr. Jack Robinson, of St. John, spent Saturday with his brother, Mr. Geo. Chandler.
Mr. C. E. Jarvis, inspector of the Merchants' Bank, of St. John, is visiting his friends in town. The golden youth of this village seem to have reached a state of absorption in the reductive game of poker that is so contemptible. I heard one young man remark as he drew on an overcoat slung that he usually wore, "I heard one of those fellows fish in this coat." It struck me as being rather expressive, too. Que penes tua?
TUSMAY.
ST. STEPHEN.
[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of C. H. Smith & Co., and G. S. Wall & H. M. Webber.]
APRIL 29.—Mrs. John Henry entertained a large party of children at her residence on Monday afternoon, it being the occasion of her little daughter's birthday. I hear it was a very happy affair, and the young guests enjoyed it exceedingly.
Mr. W. F. Vroom leaves tomorrow to take passage in the Polynesia for England, where he intends to remain for three months.
Mrs. W. C. H. Grimmer is entertaining a small party of friends at tea this evening.
Rev. O. S. Newham went to St. John yesterday on a short visit.
Miss Mary Stuart returned from St. Andrews yesterday afternoon.
Mr. Arthur Marchie went to Bedford, Mass. on Thursday on a business trip.
Mr. F. W. Andrews returned from New York city on Saturday, after an absence of several weeks.
Miss Annie King has returned to her home in Calais, after a pleasant visit in Boston and vicinity.
Mr. G. D. Grimmer, of St. Andrew's, spent Sunday in town.
Mr. Colin McNeichel of Eastport, was in town on Saturday.
Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Ross have gone to Skowhegan, Me., to visit Mr. Clark, and will be back on Monday.
Mr. Henry Graham left on Thursday last for Phillips, Me.
Miss Mad Marchie arrived in Calais last Thursday, after an extended visit in New York city.
Mrs. James Marchie and Mr. Treat Marchie returned to Milltown on Thursday, after spending the winter in Florida.
Mr. and Mrs. Vanwart of St. John are registered at the Border City hotel, Calais.
Mr. H. C. Grant, who has been in New York city during the past six months studying music, arrived in town on Saturday.
Mr. R. K. Kelle Jones, of St. John, spent Sunday in town and was registered at the Windsor.
Misses Edith Waterbury and Mabel Clarke are spending this week in St. Andrews, the guests of Mr. G. D. Grimmer.
Mr. W. W. Brown, C. E., returned from Dexter, Me., on Monday afternoon.
Mr. George Clarke spent Sunday in St. John.
Mr. John K. McKenzie went to Phillips, Me., on Saturday to remain several weeks.
Mrs. F. H. South returned from St. John on Thursday.
Mrs. McNeichel, accompanied by Misses Lizzie and Helen McNeichel, and Mr. Church McNeichel, are visiting Boston during this month and next, while there the Misses McNeichel devote the greater part of their time to the study of music and art.
Mrs. J. H. Harkins left Calais for New York city, where they intend to reside permanently.
Miss Emma Harris, who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Frank Todd, for several weeks, left on Friday for her home in New Hampshire.
Miss Louise Boardman, of Tacoma, has arrived in Calais, and will be the guest of her cousin, Miss Alice Boardman, during the summer.
Messrs. E. G. Vroom and W. W. Inches are spending a day or two in St. John.
Hon. James Mitchell, Mrs. Mitchell, and Miss Florence Mitchell returned from Fredericton on Saturday.
To the regret of her many friends, Mrs. Frank Todd is seriously ill.
Miss Chapman, of Woodstock, is the guest of Mrs. Phillip Brown.
The sad and sudden death of Mrs. Wallace Broad this morning, was a great shock to all her friends, so few of whom she was ill. Mrs. Broad was a most estimable lady, and greatly loved by those who knew her well, for her many kind and good qualities. She leaves her husband and three little girls, who have the deepest sympathy of the community.
ST. ANDREWS.
APRIL 28.—Miss McStay, who returned from Providence in ill health, died on Thursday last. Her funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, and was largely attended. The chief mourners were her only remaining brother, Mr. Daniel McStay of Moncton, and her nephews, Messrs. W. W. and Chas. Wallace, of Providence, B. I.
A very pleasant affair took place at the residence of Mr. Alexander McCurdy, on the evening of Friday last, when the young ladies of the Church of England working guild surprised Miss McCurdy, who soon contemplates entering the bonds of matrimony, by presenting her with a handsome silver cake basket as a testimonial of the esteem in which she was held by the guild.
Mrs. Foster's dancing party was held as usual on Friday evening.
Dr. Foster has been in Fredericton for the past week.
Mr. W. D. Foster is taking a well deserved rest from business cares visiting several American and Canadian cities.
The meeting of the ladies and gentlemen connected with the old folks concert took place on Thursday evening, when it was decided to have the next musical practice on the last Thursday in May. The ladies concert giving a comic entertainment, if possible, on 26th May, but of what it will consist we are still in ignorance. The ladies seemed to be keeping a very quiet, an unusual characteristic, but in all probability will suddenly enlighten the public.
The stillness of a quiet moonlight night was broken by the ringing of bells, firing of guns and whistling of boys, with all the other accompaniments of the annual regatta, which will be held on the river on Friday night. The victim, I think, was Mr. Shaw, but as there are other brigadiers around, I would not be positive.
Mrs. C. M. Gove leaves shortly for Boston, to spend some time with friends.
Dr. Wade has rented the large brick house opposite All Saints church owned by Dr. Parker, and contemplates moving in on the first of next month.
Mr. W. D. Foster has sold the house at present occupied by Mr. Melville Jack to Mr. Peacock.
Mrs. Mitchell is in town visiting her mother, Mrs. Jane Stevenson.
Mr. G. D. Grimmer left for St. John on Thursday, and returned yesterday. During his absence he attended the sale of government horses at Fredericton, and purchased one of the Cleveland stallions for Mr. Turner.
Miss Christy Stevenson arrived home yesterday, and was gladly welcomed by her many friends.
Dr. Osburn and Foster have entered into partnership and intend taking invalids into the large building formerly occupied by Dr. Osburn's father at Indian Point. No place in St. Andrews is better adapted for a home for invalids than this beautiful

residence with its beautiful outlook over the bay, its tasteful grounds and its quiet and retired location.
I hope madame rumor is incorrect in stating that Miss Miller has been ordered of climate. Now that the summer gales will soon be setting in, we do not like to see our nice girls leaving us.
Mr. Jacob White is visiting Memramouc.
Mr. Narcisse A. Landry, barrister, and Mr. P. J. Veitch, editor of the Bathurst Courier, are home from Fredericton.
Mr. Frank Delaney, of Chatham, and Mr. Fred Tennant were here today.
Mr. W. P. Draper spent Sunday with his home people in Dalhousie.
Tom Brown.
MARYSVILLE.
APRIL 28.—The Rev. Ralph Beckett, of Sackville, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church on Sunday morning last.
Mrs. E. A. Tapley returned from St. John last week.
Mrs. and Miss Ramsey are recovering from a severe attack of the grippe.
Mr. Frank Hardy, of St. John, spent Sunday in town, the guest of Mr. Thos. Likely.
Mr. John Gibson's many friends will be pleased to learn that he is recovering from the grippe.
Miss Maude Foster is suffering from congestion of the lungs.
Mr. Ned Merritt, of St. John, spent Sunday with his brother Frank.
The Sandwich club was entertained by its president, Miss Stella Clayton, on Monday evening.
Mrs. Williams is expected home from Montreal this week.
Mr. W. Y. Day was called to his parental home at Shediac on Tuesday last week, by the severe illness of his father.
Mr. J. W. Read is another victim of the grippe.
Very few towns can boast of having risk so late in the season—the risk here was opened on Tuesday evening last, the ice being in splendid condition. Many availed themselves of the last opportunity of the season.
SCARLETON.
BUCTOUCLIE.
APRIL 29.—The banquet in honor of Senator Poirier was quite a success. After partaking of a bountiful repast, speeches were made by Senator Poirier, Dr. Leger, M. P., J. D. Phinney, M. P., P. A. Fathers, Richard, Ouellet and others. A very enjoyable time was spent.
Judge James is in Richibucto, attending court.
Lieut. Isaac Treholm has returned home after an absence of some months.
Wm. McNeill has returned home from Dalhousie college, at Halifax.
Dr. King is receiving congratulations. It is a son.
Rev. Lewis Jack is at present visiting Mr. S. R. Jack in St. John.
Dr. Leger, M. P., has gone to Ottawa, to take up his duties there. He has left Dr. H. E. LeBlanc, from Dalhousie college, to look after his patients.
Miss Maggie Gilford, from Hampton, is visiting Miss Lizzie Irving.
Mrs. Thos. Hutchison has been home for a day this week.
J. A. Coates has been suffering from a severe cough.
Mrs. W. Hyslop has been quite ill for the past week.
Mr. T. Carter and Sheriff Whitem, from Richibucto, were here on business this week connected with the B and K railway.
Mr. Miles, of St. John, was registered at the Bay View.
Among the strangers this week I noticed Mr. A. Shaw, from Moncton; Mr. Hattenburg, Charlottetown; Mr. Welch, St. John; Mr. Weary, Montreal; J. D. Phinney, M. P., and Inspector Gale, Richibucto.
Mr. Sellar will not preach in the Methodist church on Sunday evening on account of ill health, and the roads being in a very bad condition, Rev. Mr. Kinsler will occupy the pulpit in the Presbyterian church as usual.
VENEZ.
FAIRVILLE.
APRIL 30.—Mr. William Waring has gone to Ottawa.
Mr. David Taylor and family have moved to Westfield.
Mrs. Bartlett returned from Woodstock on Tuesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Manchester have returned home.
Mr. Robert Fair left this week for Moncton.
Miss Louie Lodge has returned to Boston, after spending a few weeks at her home in Milford.
Mr. Albert Hanson, of McAdam, spent Saturday and Sunday at home.
Dr. David Lawson returned home on Saturday evening, after a few weeks in Calais.
Miss Maud Lake, of Bellisle, has been spending a few days here, the guest of Miss Fowler.
Mr. Clarence Wallace has moved to the city.
Mr. Wm. Lamoie left on Thursday for British Columbia, where he intends to make his future home.
MARRIED.
GODFREY-ELLIS—On the 28th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, 242 Princess street, by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, Fred. C. Godsoe to Lulu B. youngest daughter of Thos. Ellis, Esq. [American papers please copy.]
Open Evening. Dual, 242 Union street.

SKINNER'S CARPET: WAREROOMS. JUST OPENED: The Largest Variety of CARPETS, CURTAINS, RUGS, ETC., Ever shown in St. John, aggregating over one hundred thousand yards, all grades. Over 100 patterns to select from. A. O. SKINNER. "Yes, anyone with half an eye, Even if they're near sighted, Can see that there's at least one store Where patrons are delighted."

How Performing Animals are Trained for Performing. M. Loyal, who has been ring-master of the leading Paris circus for thirty-six years, supplies interesting information concerning horses. "The horse," he says, contrary to general belief, "is the most stupid animal on earth. He has only one faculty—memory."

Purify Hood's Sarsaparilla. The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are many who neglect to do so. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a powerful purifier of the blood, and cures all diseases arising from impure blood, the taint of scrofula, etc.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. THE TOILET GEM. HARNESS OF ALL KINDS, REPAIRED PROMPTLY, AT LOWEST PRICES. And Old Harness taken in exchange for New, at W. ROBB'S, UNION STREET.

NOTES SOME BE TO THE The Flying Evolution with a M Habits. When N she seems t mise of the At least the same powe pressed the to the air wing squirrel with only a latter. He of parachu fall very m one up the woodbine, upon him to there, he b and came feet below, apparently jury, and reach of the saw one le and fell t feet and their desc legs are v are broad ened and tremulous very obvi made to p ible to the might leap ground with squirrel is the groum chipmunk sail or alid top of one flying squi its large s tile, shrink them for t their nest window of mind we.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1891.

NOTES OF A NATURALIST

SOME SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS TO THE LOVER OF NATURE.

The Flying Squirrel and His Relatives—The Evolution of the Song Bird—An Interview with a Mouse—The Wolf Spider and His Habits.

When Nature made the flying squirrel she seems to have whispered a hint or promise of the same gift to the red squirrel. At least there is a distinct suggestion of the same power in the latter. When hard pressed the red squirrel will trust himself to the air with the same faith that the flying squirrel does, but, it must be admitted, with only a fraction of the success of the latter. He makes himself into a rude sort of parachute, which breaks the force of his fall very much. The other day my dog ran one up the side of the house, through the woodbine, upon the roof. As I opened fire upon him with handfuls of gravel, to give him to understand he was not welcome there, he boldly launched out into the air and came down upon the gravel walk, 30 feet below, with surprising lightness and apparently without the least shock or injury, and was off in an instant beyond the reach of the dog. On another occasion I saw one leap from the top of a hickory tree and fall through the air at least forty feet and alight without injury. During their descent upon such occasions their legs are widely extended, their bodies are broadened and flattened, the tail stiffened and slightly curved, and a curious tremulous motion runs through all. It is very obvious that a deliberate attempt is made to present the broadest surface possible to the air, and I think a red squirrel might leap from almost any height to the ground without serious injury. Our flying squirrel is in no proper sense a flyer. On the ground he is more helpless than a chipmunk because less agile. He can only sail or slide down a steep incline from the top of one tree to the foot of another. The flying squirrel is active only at night, hence its large soft eyes, its soft fur and its gentle, shrinking ways. It is the gentlest and most harmless of our rodents. A pair of them for two or three successive years, had their nest behind the blinds of an upper window of a large unoccupied country house near me. You could stand in the room in-

side and observe the happy family through the window pane against which their nest pressed. There on the window sill lay a pile of large shining chestnuts, which they were evidently holding against a time of scarcity, as the pile did not diminish while I observed them. The nest was composed of cotton and wool which they filched from a bed in one of the chambers, and it was always a mystery how they got into the room to obtain it. There seemed to be no other avenue but the chimney flue.



There are always gradations in nature, or in natural life; no very abrupt departures. If you find any marked trait or gift in a species you will find hints and suggestions of it, as it were, preliminary studies of it in other allied species. I am not thinking of the law of evolution which binds together the animal life of the globe, but of a kind of overflow in nature which carries any marked endowment or characteristic of a species in lessened force or completion to other surrounding species. Or if looked at from the other way a progressive series, the idea being more and more fully carried out in each succeeding type—a kind of lateral and secondary evolution. Thus there are progressive series among our song-birds. The brown-thrasher is an advance upon the cat-bird and the mocking bird is an advance upon the brown-thrasher in the same direction. Each one carries the special gift of song or mimicking some stages forward. The same among the larks, through the tit lark, the shore lark up to the crowing triumph of the sky lark. The nightingale also finishes a series which starts with the hedge warbler, and includes the robin red breast. Our ground-sparrow songs probably reach their highest perfection in the song of the purple finch, etc. The same thing may be observed in other fields. The idea of the flying fish,

the fish that leaves the water and takes for a moment to the air, does not seem to have exhausted itself till we reach the walking fish of tropical America, or the tree-climbing fish of India. From the protective coloring of certain insects, animals and birds, the step is not far to actual mimicry of certain special forms and colors. The naturalists find in Java a spider that exactly copies upon a leaf the form and color of bird droppings. How many studies of honey gathering bees did nature make before she achieved her masterpiece in this line in the honey bee of our hives? The skunk's peculiar weapon of defense is suggested by the mink and the weasel. Is not the beaver the head of the series of gnawers, the loon of divers, the condor of soarsers? Always one species that go beyond any other. Look over a collection of African animals and see how high shouldered they are, how many hints or prophecies of the giraffe there are before the giraffe is reached. After nature had made the common turtle, of course she would not stop till she had made the box tortoise. In him the idea is fully realized. On the body of the occupying the quills are detached and stuck into the flesh of his enemy on being touched; but nature has not stopped here. With the tail the animal strikes its quills into its assailant. Now, if some animal could be found that actually threw its quills, at a distance of several feet, the idea would be still further carried out.

The rattlesnake is not the only rattler. I have seen the black snake and the harmless little garter snake vibrate their tails when disturbed in precisely the same manner. The blacksnake's tail was in contact with a dry leaf and it gave forth a loud humming sound, which at once put me on the alert. A western correspondent writes me that she once put a looking glass down on the floor in front of the canary bird's cage. The poor canary had not had any communication with his own kind for years. "He used often to watch the ugly sparrow—the little plebeians—from his aristocratic

gilded palace. I opened his cage and he walked up to the looking glass and it was not long before he made up his mind. He collected dead leaves, twigs, bits of paper and all sorts of stray bits and began a nest right off. Several days after in his lonely cage he would take bits of straw and arrange them when they were given him."

I thought what different emotions this bird's reflected image awoke in its little breast from those aroused in a male blue bird last summer that so disturbed the sleep of my hired man in the early morning. I saw the point of this V was being slowly pushed in my boat and beheld a little mouse swimming vigorously for the opposite shore. His little legs appeared like swiftly revolving wheels beneath him. As I came near he dived under the water to escape me, but came up again like a cork and just as quickly. It was laughable to see him repeatedly duck beneath the surface and pop back again in a twinkling. He could not keep under water more than a second or two. Presently I reached him my oar when he ran up it and into the palm of my hand, where he sat for some time and arranged his fur and warmed himself. He did not show the slightest fear. It was probably the first time he had ever shaken hands with a human being. He was what we call a meadow mouse, but he had doubtless lived all his life in the woods and was strangely unsophisticated. How his little round eyes did shine and how he sniffed me to find out if I was more dangerous than I appeared to his sight.

After a while I put him down in the bottom of the boat and resumed my fishing. But it was not long before he became very restless and evidently wanted to go about his business. He would climb up to the edge of the boat and peer down into the water. Finally he could brook the delay no longer and plunged boldly overboard, but he had either changed his mind or lost his reckoning, for he started back in the direction he had come, and the last I saw of him he was a mere speck vanishing in the shadows near the other shore. Later on I saw another mouse, while we were at work in the fields that interested me also. This one was our native white-footed mouse. We disturbed the mother with her young in her nest and she rushed out with her little ones clinging to her. A curious spectacle she presented as she rushed along, as if slit and torn into rags. Her pace was so precipitate that two of the young could not keep their hold and were left in the weeds. We remained quiet and presently the mother came back looking for them. When she found one she seized it as a cat seizes her kitten and made off with it. In a moment or two she came back and found the other one and carried it away. I was curious to see if the young would take hold of her again as at first and be dragged away in that manner, but they did not. It would be interesting to know if they seize hold of their mother by instinct when danger threatens or if they simply retain the hold which they already have. I believe the flight of the family always takes place in this manner, with this species of mouse.

The day I disturbed this mouse I saw a spider, probably the wolf spider, kill a young toad. When perceived he was dragging the toad along over the plowed

ground. The toad was of course small, yet a good deal larger than the spider. The toad was alive, but died very soon after when the spider left him, alarmed no doubt by my presence, and hid under a clod. There is a spider in South America that kills small birds, and here is one at home that kills small toads. This wolf spider is a very savage creature. It spins no web by which to catch its game, but prowls about like a wolf and pounces upon its prey where it finds it. If you encounter one in your walk or confront him with a stick or the point of your cane, he is instantly up in an attitude of defense or will leap upon your stick and sink his poisonous fangs into it.

If I have seen an insect kill a toad, I have seen the little piping frog in the woods swallow an insect, the pretty green tree cricket; and it was a slow and laborious task for the little frog, too.

JOHN BORROUGHS.

The Antiquity of the Slot Device. There was a coin-in-the-slot machine in Alexandria, Egypt, a couple of thousand years or so ago. It was invented by a priest, and dispensed holy water automatically. A coin dropped through the hole tilted the nicely balanced lever and a spoonful of liquid ran out into the palm of the hand. The slot idea is as old as the christian era.

But what has puzzled inventors has been such an application of it as could not be beaten by bad boys. The earlier slot machines could be worked by buttons, by iron washers, by coins with strings attached and by iron rods. In one way and another the contents were pumped out and the owner of the machine and the merchandise was none the richer. About four years ago the inventors, by zigzag tubes or by careful adjustment of weight, or by some other contrivance succeeded in getting slot machines which could not be deceived by youthful ingenuity. Since then applications have poured in. Principal Examiner Aughinbaugh says that the patents on slot machines now number in the hundreds. There are seven different patents for slot machines for taking photographs. In England a patent has been granted for a machine which automatically weighs a person and announces the result audibly by a phonograph arrangement. The most profitable slot machines of this immediate period are the musical phonographs. They are so many mints to the owners. Music rolls are changed daily. The owners have gone so far as to hire the famous Marine band to play many tunes for reproduction by the phonograph. An accomplished young lady performer is kept regularly employed in Washington at a salary of \$18 per week to play all the latest music to the phonograph.—Globe-Democrat.

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Vertical text on the left margin: ROOMS, variety of, over one hundred, KINNER, type receipt book, foot, an iron ring, placed on it, and being, the points enter the flesh, feeling the pain lifts up his, it in the air till the pain, a few repetitions, he remem-, and at the sight of the ice, His instruction, thanks to, is soon completed. Some, night in less than a fortnight, num, work a tricycle, and, led legs.—Pearson's Weekly.

Vertical text on the left margin: Blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla, One Dollar, WHITE, ENAMELLED, LETTERS, MAKE, LEGANT, OFFICE, OR, RE SIGNS, BE HAD FROM, ROBERTSON, T. JOHN.

SWEET IS REVENGE.

By J. Fitzgerald Molloy,

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

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CHAPTER XV.—A STRANGE ROBBERY.

Breakfast at the abbey was somewhat later than usual next morning. Sir Danvers, hale and rosy-cheeked, was the first to enter the room in his hands a packet of letters he had just taken from the mail bag. Meg and Ethel came next, the latter looking pale and tired, as if from the effects of a sleepless night; the former bright and buoyant and filled with hope for the future. The poor relation followed, and they were presently joined by Lord Hector, who had been walking in the park, and by the captain, bland and smiling; whilst finally Mrs. Crayworth, her complexion toned down to suit the morning light came tripping in with apologetic speeches on her lips for her tardy arrival.

"Must you really leave us today?" Ethel asked, turning to Lord Hector. "I fear so. I want to catch the mid-day train."

"Lady Fothergill is not the only one who will regret you," remarked the widow with a glance under her eyes at Sir Danvers, "we shall all miss you."

"I will drive you over to the station," said the captain, his eyes fixed on the tablecloth.

"You are very kind, but don't let me trouble you unless you are coming in that direction."

"I think you said you would return soon," Meg remarked.

"Yes," replied Lord Hector, addressing himself to his hostess, "I shall have to pay another visit to the mines in the course of a week, and if I might return here for a day or two it would give me great pleasure."

"We shall be delighted if you will," she replied, looking to her husband for corroboration.

"Of course, of course you will come here," said Sir Danvers, thinking that when the time came Lord Hector would find his host and hostess absent.

"Thanks, I shall have something to look forward to," Maynes answered glancing at Ethel. Sir Danvers followed his gaze and winced.

At that moment a footman entered and approached his mistress. "If you please, my lady—that is it she may, my lady—beg pardon—"

"What is it?" she asked, noticing the man's agitation.

"Beg your ladyship's pardon, but your maid wants to see you particular—very particular."

"Has anything happened?" she asked in surprise.

"No, my lady—that is, yes, my lady, she wishes to see your ladyship."

"Send her here," she said, some sense of trouble falling on her.

With evident relief the man departed, and a moment later Lady Fothergill's maid appeared at the door, her face agitated, traces of tears in her eyes.

"Oh, please, my lady, I've got such a fright—I beg pardon for disturbing you, but have you taken your diamonds?"

"My diamonds—no."

"Then they are gone," said the girl, bursting into tears, "and the cases are empty."

"Gone," said Sir Danvers. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, please, Sir Danvers," cried Clegg, trembling with fright, "I don't know where they are. I put them in their cases, and left them on the dressing table ready to be locked up this morning. Today, when I took them up they seemed so light I opened them and saw the diamonds were gone!"

"Good heavens! Can it be possible they are stolen? Why, they are worth forty thousand pounds!"

"Another jewel robbery," remarked the captain. "The burglars have made a decent haul."

"They cannot have been stolen by burglars, or you would have heard them enter your rooms, Ethel."

"They might have taken them in my absence," she replied.

"Your absence? From her husband cried out, the color fading from his cheeks."

"Yes. When I dismissed Clegg last night, I felt restless and sleepless. I therefore wrapped myself in a dressing gown and came down to the library in search of a book, but remained there because I could not decide which I should carry back with me."

"How long were you away from your rooms?" Sir Danvers asked in a trembling voice, his eyes turned on her.

"For over an hour. On my return I saw the jewel cases on the dressing-table, but didn't open them."

Sir Danvers covered his face with one hand. A wild sea of troubled thoughts was raging in his mind; despair and hope, doubt and trust, rose to the surface continually. For awhile the disappearance of the family diamonds was forgotten in the terrible fear that he had lost what was dearer to him than all wealth.

"Do you remember if the windows of your rooms were open or shut?" the captain asked.

"One of them was open. I supposed Clegg wished to admit the cool air, the night was close."

"Please, my lady, I didn't open it," replied the maid.

"Then someone did," remarked Capt. Fothergill, "and for the purpose of effecting this robbery. Danvers, you must send for the police at once."

"Of course," answered the baronet dreamily. "You may go," he said to the maid, "and tell Jones to drive over to me, and bring the sergeant and the constable back with him."

"Yes, Sir Danvers," the girl answered with a frightened air as she left the room.

"Under the circumstances I shall postpone my departure until late in the afternoon," said Lord Hector.

"Why should you?" asked Ethel. "You cannot throw any light on the robbery."

"No, but I may be able to make some suggestions; and my presence may be desirable in case the police wish to ask questions."

"Meanwhile we are losing time," remarked the captain. "Let us examine Lady Fothergill's rooms, and the ground

underneath her windows; we may be able to find evidence that will place us on the proper track."

"It's just as I expected, Danvers," the captain said, as they examined the garden, where they found traces of footmarks and a ladder half hidden by some laurel bushes, "the burglars have been here, and carried off their booty. It's my opinion they are a well organized gang, who carefully lay their plans and sweep in their prizes with as much assurance as I might draw in my stakes at the table. Why there's scarce a county family in England with anything to lose that hasn't suffered from their visits."

"It's strange," remarked Maynes, "they should come here the night Lady Fothergill wore the family jewels."

"Pooh, not at all strange. The fellows have spots all over the country; they know Sir Danvers was giving a dinner party, and naturally concluded Lady Fothergill would wear the well-known diamonds. It's as clear as daylight."

"But how did they know her rooms, or come to the knowledge that she was absent from them?" Maynes persisted.

"I insist on it, Sir Danvers; it must be done," added the sergeant, "and at once if you please."

"Then if it must be sooner it is over the better. Follow me," he said, leading the way to the housekeeper's room.

Here he found that lady, a stately dame clad in sombre hues, who suppressed her surprise at seeing Sir Danvers in her room, and at hearing his request that all the servants without exception might be summoned immediately. Hastening to obey him she caused a great bell to be rung, and sent scouts all through the house to gather her subjects together. In a few seconds they came trooping into the servants' hall, chatting and laughing as they approached, but subsiding into silence and gravity on beholding their master. The housekeeper counted them as they entered, and when they had assembled in full number told Sir Danvers all his domestics were present. The baronet had no idea they made such a goodly muster, and regarded them with some surprise; then rising from his chair he addressed them.

"You are all aware," he said, "of the jewel robbery which took place in the abbey last night or early this morning. I don't for a moment imagine one of you has been in any way concerned in it; I have implicit trust in your honesty and your faithfulness, but it is necessary that an investigation should be made, and it must begin by an examination into your belongings. As I believe you had no part in the robbery, so I am sure you have no objection to this search, and I shall feel obliged if you deliver up the keys of your boxes and drawers to Sergeant Ready. No exceptions can be made. Those who have been longest in my service, I'm certain, will set the example of willingness to those who have more recently become members of the household."

This appeal, rather than command, was answered without a demur; the upper butler and under butler, Sir Danvers' valet, Lady Fothergill's maid, the coachman and footmen, housemaids, cook, groom, men servants and maids, one by one delivered up the keys of their possessions with a ready air to the sergeant, who took them with staid indifference. The housekeeper undertook to conduct him to the servants' apartments, and then left him and his two assistants to pursue their search.

Next morning, soon after breakfast, the London detective presented himself at the abbey. He was shown into the baronet's study, and Sir Danvers entering, saw a well-built young man of gentlemanly appearance, with dark, watery eyes, a ruddy complexion, and a bright brown beard and mustache, and a thoughtful, well marked mouth and chin.

He rose as Sir Danvers entered and bowed. "My name is Felton; I have been sent from Scotland yard to investigate the jewel robbery," he said, speaking with the voice of a soldier, "and I am here to see what I can do for you."

"I'm glad to hear you've come. Will you sit down. Have you had breakfast?"

"Yes, thank you, Sir Danvers. I arrived last night at the village and slept and breakfasted at the inn, made enquiries, and walked over to the abbey," he replied in a business-like tone.

"It puzzles me to see how they got in," said the baronet.

"Why, Danvers, the windows must have been open," answered his cousin.

"Clegg says she closed them when my wife came up from the drawing-room, and is quite certain she didn't open them again."

"She would say so to ward off suspicion from herself. I don't hint at connivance, though the most trustworthy maids have before now played into burglars' hands; but all I can say is that if she closed the windows she neglected willfully or unconsciously to secure the fastenings."

"Clegg is one of my tenants' daughters. I can't for a moment imagine her helping these scoundrels to rob me!" said Sir Danvers.

"These fellows have a knack of getting round girls—there is no knowing who one may trust nowadays," his cousin replied.

"At this point a servant entered to announce that Sergeant Ready and two of his men had arrived."

"Ask them to come here," said the baronet.

A moment later and the sergeant, a red haired man with shrewd grey eyes, high cheek bones, and a pale complexion, entered followed by two of his men. He had already heard of the jewel robbery, the news of which had suddenly spread like fire, and had given orders to have the country searched and all tramps arrested on suspicion.

"I don't let the grass grow under my feet, Sir Danvers," he said with a self-congratulatory twinkle in his grey eyes. "I suppose you've already sent for a Scotland Yard man?"

"I have."

"Then I have only one thing more to request, Sir Danvers, that the belongings of every one of your servants, from the butler to the scullery maid, be overhauled at once."

"Really," replied the baronet, "it's a thing I don't like to suggest. I suspect none of them; I trust them all."

"We must take precautions, Sir Danvers."

"Most of them have been with me for years; some of them have been here in my father's time; I am unwilling they should think I doubted their honesty."

"This is no time for sentiment, Danvers," remarked the captain. "Remember the amount of your loss."

"You please," remarked her husband, whose blood had turned to ice.

"I have no objection to reply," she said. "Just as I left the corridor on my way to the library I heard a step. As I was in my dressing gown I extinguished the light and drew back into an alcove; the lamp in the alcove almost immediately a man's figure passed."

"Do you know who it was?" queried the detective.

"I believe it was one of the gentlemen staying in the house."

"At the time you had probably an impression which of them it was?"

"I had," she answered, after a slight pause. "May I ask your ladyship what it was?"

"I believe it was Lord Hector Maynes."

"Was he coming from his own room?"

"I cannot say," she replied.

"Was his room open on the corridor?"

"No."

"Was he coming from the direction of your ladyship's dressing-room?"

"He was," she replied, after a second's hesitation.

"May I see him?"

"He left the abbey yesterday afternoon."

A silence followed. Sir Danvers turned away, the detective made notes in his pocket book.

"I have nothing more to ask your ladyship at present," he said after awhile, and turning to the baronet requested that he might be taken to the garden where the ladder had been found.

He carefully examined the ground; the footprints were not distinctly marked, but he looked up at the window and down at the ladder, seeing which he placed it against the wall. It did not reach within five feet of the window sill.

"It would be rather difficult by means of this ladder to get at the window and open it from without," he remarked.

"Now, Sir Danvers, we'll go inside and have a look at her ladyship's rooms."

He examined them carefully, inspected the corridor, and counted the time it took to walk from Lady Fothergill's rooms to the library, scribbling words and sentences in his pocket book, and keeping his mind to himself.

At one o'clock lunch was served for him in the housekeeper's room, the honors being done by that worthy woman. Nothing could have pleased Mr. Felton better; he had but to put a question and a whole stream of information flowed. He gathered that Sir Danvers, a formerly love with and married a governess whose antecedents were unknown; that Captain Fothergill had been and was yet the heir presumptive, and was paying attention to his fair cousin, a young lady with £30,000 fortune. That Lord Hector Maynes, a handsome young gentleman, a friend of his lady's, had stayed at the abbey, and was devoted to her ladyship, it being the fashion now for young men to admire married women. It was believed he had come from Australia, but there was no knowing; he had led an adventurous life, and was striving to make a living by working as a civil engineer.

"I should like to see him," he said, "the Duke of Rutshire, as poor as a church mouse—for a duke," the housekeeper hastened to agree, and Lord Hector hadn't much to spare.

"Lives in the village, perhaps, like many of his class now-a-days?"

"Well, I can't say. He is a pleasant-spoken gentleman."

The detective nodded his head, and had a second helping of venison pie.

"The ladies at present staying in the abbey are neighbors I believe," he said.

"Only one of them Mrs. Crayworth, who lives in the villa just as you enter Hayton; the other—Miss Ganting—is a relation, and is, I fancy, staying here for good."

In this way the housekeeper gossiped freely, revealing to her hearer various items of information regarding the family circle at the abbey, he making an enquiry now and then, in order to complete the conclusions at which he had already arrived. Having finished a substantial lunch, he slowly took his way to the baronet's study; but before he arrived, he had encountered Capt. Fothergill, whom he had seen on his arrival.

"Well, how is your enquiry progressing. Think you have gained any clue?" he asked in a confidential tone.

"I can't say, sir," the detective answered guardedly.

"I hear you don't get much value by the discovery of the ladder, I didn't myself; though I said nothing at the time."

"You don't believe the house was entered by that window?"

"I don't," replied the captain, with a knowing look at his questioner.

"Why?" inquired Felton.

"Well, it's merely a surmise—a suspicion on my part—nothing more. Fact is, I don't like to follow the direction to which my thoughts point; it's not fair to the absent."

"Who was the first to discover the ladder underneath the window?"

"Lord Hector Maynes," the captain answered with a hesitating manner, as if unwilling to reveal the name. "You must find the thief," he continued. "I'm not a member of the family, but he's pre-sumptive to Sir Danvers, and the loss of forty thousands pounds touches me closely."

"You understand, sir?"

"You are going to Sir Danvers. He's in his study, I'll show you where it is. Opening the door, he allowed the detective to enter and then turned away, a smile upon his lips.

"Have you come to any conclusion?" asked the baronet, as Felton stood before him.

"Yes, Sir Danvers. I'm satisfied that the thief never entered by her ladyship's window."

"How did he get into the abbey?"

"He was there already."

"You mean one of the servants is the thief?"

"No, Sir Danvers; I think he's to be found in your family circle."

"Good heavens! What do you mean?" asked the baronet, lying back in his chair.

"That we are all human nature, all liable to temptation. Do you know, Sir Danvers, if any of your friends or relatives are in need of cash?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Have you any knowledge of Lord Hector Maynes' circumstance?"

ROYALTY AT TABLE.

Description of a Dinner Given in Vienna to the King and Queen of Italy.

There is no table in the whole world that is served so daintily or artistically as that of the Austrian court. The damask is so fine that it looks like satin, and for lunch or afternoon tea is replaced by heavy, white silk cloths strewn with napkins, edged with point de Venice and adorned with the imperial crest in raised gold embroidery. The viands are prepared so prettily that it seems almost a pity to break up and eat them, and the fairies themselves might feast on the tempting pieces montees prepared by the artist that presides over the imperial kitchens.

Particularly I remember a dinner given in honor of the king and queen of Italy at Hofburg, in Vienna, some years ago, as the culminating point of luxury combined with the most refined and exquisite taste. The table cloth was a faint mosaic of violets, nestling so close to one another that they formed a perfect bank of fragrant blossoms, leaving only room for the plates of semi-transparent sevens of the famille rose, each of which was surmounted with a thick garland of marguerites.

Marguerite being the Christian name of the Queen of Italy, the faint mosaic had been used with great profusion in the decoration of the festive board. Before the plate of each lady a slender tulip shaped vase of Venetian glass mounted in finely wrought gold contained a bouquet of marguerites and violets, powdered with diamond dust. The viandets were engraved on thin slabs of hammered silver, with the Austrian eagle embossed on the corner. Everything was served on gold dishes, and the dessert plates were a marvel of beauty worthy of Benvenuto Cellini.

When the sorbets were placed before the distinguished guests a faint murmur of admiration with great profusion in the decoration of the festive board. Before the plate of each lady a slender tulip shaped vase of Venetian glass mounted in finely wrought gold contained a bouquet of marguerites and violets, powdered with diamond dust. The viandets were engraved on thin slabs of hammered silver, with the Austrian eagle embossed on the corner. Everything was served on gold dishes, and the dessert plates were a marvel of beauty worthy of Benvenuto Cellini.

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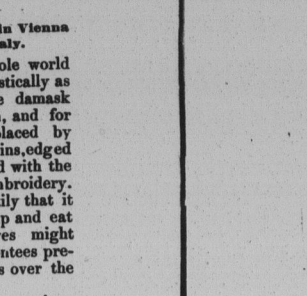
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BIBLE QUESTIONS.

This competition is open to all readers of Progress.

1. Who gave his name to the city of Jerusalem?

2. What was the name of the first king of Israel?

3. Who was the author of the book of Genesis?

4. What was the name of the first man?

5. Who was the first king of the Jews?

6. What was the name of the first city?

7. Who was the first king of the Assyrians?

8. What was the



SUNDAY READING

SERMON.

By the Rev. F. W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S., Archdeacon of Westminster.

It is six years almost to a day since, in a city of the Soudan, vainly looking for help across the desert sands, alone, unrescued, but still bright and cheerful in the supreme self-sacrifice of faith and duty, one of the very noblest Englishmen of modern days fell dead before the fire of the enemy, leaving behind him in the minds of his countrymen a terrible misgiving that, by blunder or carelessness, we had thrown away the life of our most heroic, most faithful, and most christian soldier. As a soldier General Gordon was prompt in action, fertile in resources, gifted with extraordinary insight and magnetic influence. We read on his monument at St. Paul's that he "saved an empire by his warlike genius, ruled vast provinces with justice, wisdom and power, and lastly, obedient to his sovereign's command, died in the heroic attempt to save men, women and children from imminent and deadly peril."

BIBLE QUESTION COMPETITION.

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

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

When reading over the answers to "Prize Bible Questions, No. 10," I only found one answer fully and correctly given, Miss Anna Victoria Newham, St. Stephen. The answers to all the questions were beautifully and correctly given with the exception of the third question, "On what occasion were garments thrown on the ground as a carpet of state?" All gave our "Savior's triumphant entry into Jerusalem," which I consider a very good answer, but not the right one. Remember He Himself said, "My kingdom is not of this world." The words accompanying their actions, prove they were acknowledging him as the long promised Messiah. "Hosanna to the son of David," "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," Hosanna is a Hebrew word expressing joy, and signifying, "save now." The word Hosanna was also used at the feast of Tabernacles, when the Jews repeated Ps. cxviii. 25, 26. Save now I beseech thee, "Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Jeha, general of the army of Israel, while besieging Ramoth-gilead, in order to regain that city, which had been wrested from them by the Assyrians, was annoyed by a messenger from Elisha.—2 Kings ix. 1. When he told his captains he had spread their military cloaks on the ground as a carpet of state, conducting him to the top of the stairs, leading to the flat roof, placing him there as on a throne, blew the trumpets and proclaimed him king—1 Kings ix. 13. I am glad so many are so familiar with Paul's life and writings as to be able to give his quotations from the heathen poets. I hope these questions from his life will improve your knowledge, so that you may be able to say with him, "From a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.—2 Timothy iii. 15.

Answers to Prize Bible Questions No. 10. 1. Who gave his parole never to leave Jerusalem; state how it was broken, and the consequences? Ans. Shimei, the son of Gera, of the house of Saul, gave his parole to King Solomon that he would not leave Jerusalem. (See 1 Kings ii, 36, 37, 38.) He broke his parole three years afterwards by leaving Jerusalem and following after two of his servants, who had run away to Gath, in order to bring them back. When Solomon heard that Shimei had broken his word and had been absent from the city, he sent for him, and after having accused him of breaking his oath, commanded that he should be slain. (1 Kings ii, 39 to 46. 2. Give the name of one whose birth, name and office were foretold? Ans.—The birth, name and office of Jesus were foretold by the angel who appeared to Joseph. (Math. i, 21.) The birth, name and office of John the Baptist were also foretold by the angel who appeared to his father Zacharias. (Luke i, 13-15.) The birth, name and office of Josiah, king of Judah, were also foretold. (See 1 Kings xlii, 2.) 3. On what occasion were garments thrown on the ground as a carpet of state? Ans.—Garments were thrown on the ground as a carpet of state by the captives who were with Jehu, when he was anointed king by the young prophet sent by Elisha, II Kings; ix, 11, 14. Garments were also thrown on the ground as a carpet of state on the occasion of the triumphant entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, when the people cried, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Mark xxi, 8. 4. Prove that Paul studied secular literature? Ans.—That St. Paul studied secular literature is proved by the fact that he is quoted from such literature in his address and letters. Thus, when speaking at Athens he showed his acquaintance with the Athenian poets, and quoted from them. See Acts xvii, 22-29. Again when writing to the Corinthians, he quotes from secular literature. See I Cor. xv, 33. And again when writing to Titus, he quotes from a certain writer. See Titus i, 12.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.—No. 12. 1. Give the name of a city whose timely repentance delayed for a time her destruction? 2. Give the name of a city where St. Paul spent a winter? 3. Give the names of the pillars of the early Christian church? 4. Who received his name amidst family and national chastisement?

SPECIAL NOTICE. OWING to the increased letter order demand for our 64c. and 77c. Gloves, and the SHORT SHIPMENT of a Case, containing some 300 dozens of the above goods, we are out of certain sizes, and take this opportunity of asking the forbearance of our numerous correspondents, and the public, until our goods arrive. Fairall's Kid Glove Agency, 18 King Street, St. John, N. B.

WHY IS THE RUDGE SAFETY BICYCLE THE BEST WHEEL NOW OFFERED IN THIS MARKET?

BECAUSE IT IS MADE BY THE RUDGE CYCLE CO., COVENTRY, THE LARGEST AND OLDEST BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD. BECAUSE IT DOES NOT HAVE TO BE BUILT "ESPECIALLY FOR CANADIAN ROADS," BUT IS BUILT AND RIDDEN ON ROADS ALL OVER THE WORLD. BECAUSE DURING OUR SIX YEARS EXPERIENCE AS THE RUDGE AGENTS, WE HAVE FOUND THAT THESE WHEELS HAVE GIVEN ENTIRE SATISFACTION TO THE SCORES OF RIDERS WHO HAVE USED THEM. BECAUSE OUR LIST PRICES ARE NET. WHEN A DEALER OFFERS LARGE DISCOUNTS IN ORDER TO MAKE SALES, IT IS A BAD "GIVE AWAY" ON THE WHEEL HE IS SELLING.

BUY A RUDGE IF YOU WANT TO BE CONVINCED OF THE TRUTH OF WHAT WE SAY BUY A RUDGE T. H. HALL, - ST. JOHN, N. B. Catalogues mailed on application.

DON'T SEE OUR STOCK OF C. E. RUSH BUT BE QUICK. FURNITURE REYNOLDS, 101 CHARLOTTE STREET. Before you buy from others. We've got a large lot of CHAIRS.—Parlor Chairs, Dining Chairs, Bedroom Chairs. STYLES different from what others offer.

home to which God has given wealth and knowledge, what an illumination would go forth through this land.

Such a man, my friends, was Charles Gordon, this selfless and stainless Christian hero. Now that we have learned to appreciate him, let us at least preserve the heritage of his character, and try to attain some measure of distance to imitate his luminous example. We owe to his memory a deep debt, if not of reparation, at least of gratitude. If we failed to do this, perhaps the world would have regarded as the most insignificant and obscure. I refer to his glorious six years at Gravesend. It was there, that as a simple layman and colonel of engineers, he set an example to his kind, and in more precious than all his other works. How many prelates, how many ecclesiastics of any denomination have there been who have set an example of such absolute unselfishness and self-sacrifice so noble as that set by this humble officer of engineers? We know in what his good government was, and in the cultivation of the poor; how, when he met a burdened old woman he would stop and take her burden and carry it himself; how the dying sent for him in his loving tenderness in preference to the clergy; how he invariably gave to the sick and to the poor what he had, and he was always poor; how, having nothing else, he secretly sold the one thing he valued, the valuable gold medal of the emperor of China, the only present which he had accepted in that empire, and sent the price of it anonymously to the Coventry relief fund. We know in what his own simplicity he lived—how with his own hands he would go and light the fire of a dying pauper woman; how lovingly he would mingle with the destitute and make them forget their troubles.

But it was with the boys that he felt the deepest sympathy. Undeterred by dirt or rags, or by the scars left upon them by the vices and neglect of our civilized heathendom, he saw in those lads the claim of the future and the glory of the past. He saw a future and a great good man, the most of all because it is an institution which he would approve whom we call our Master and our Lord. It would be a happy thing for England if there were at least a dozen Gordon Boys' Homes scattered over the country instead of one, and that, to carry out on any adequate scale its splendid services. Give then, I pray you, for the need is worthy, and I appeal to all of you earnestly for this good cause. Give worthily of this great house of God, which the faith of our Father raised at the very central point of our English history. Give worthily of the hero for whose lonely, deserted death we would faintly atone. Give worthily of the high, unselfish example which has been set before you, and show by your giving that every above the vulgar conventionalities of gifts which costs us nothing and involve no self-sacrifice. Doubtless you have all come meaning to give the penny or the sixpence, or the shilling, or the half-crown which are the staple of ordinary offerings. Ask your own consciences, could they not cast the stone at all this evening show that you appreciate the self-denial of a man who habitually gave all by rising above this very poor and common standard? Could you not, each one of you, easily give three times as much—four times as much—as the trivial sum which you now intend to give? I appeal to you all, from the boys of our ancient historic school, who ought to feel a sympathy with their poorer brethren, up to the wealthiest person here—I appeal to you to do it, and to show by this good today that you can, on an occasion, rise above yourselves. I ask it as a

plead with you for the Gordon Boys' Home—the national memorial in his honor. England did not fully appreciate this Christian hero. Now that we have learned to appreciate him, let us at least preserve the heritage of his character, and try to attain some measure of distance to imitate his luminous example. We owe to his memory a deep debt, if not of reparation, at least of gratitude. If we failed to do this, perhaps the world would have regarded as the most insignificant and obscure. I refer to his glorious six years at Gravesend. It was there, that as a simple layman and colonel of engineers, he set an example to his kind, and in more precious than all his other works. How many prelates, how many ecclesiastics of any denomination have there been who have set an example of such absolute unselfishness and self-sacrifice so noble as that set by this humble officer of engineers? We know in what his good government was, and in the cultivation of the poor; how, when he met a burdened old woman he would stop and take her burden and carry it himself; how the dying sent for him in his loving tenderness in preference to the clergy; how he invariably gave to the sick and to the poor what he had, and he was always poor; how, having nothing else, he secretly sold the one thing he valued, the valuable gold medal of the emperor of China, the only present which he had accepted in that empire, and sent the price of it anonymously to the Coventry relief fund. We know in what his own simplicity he lived—how with his own hands he would go and light the fire of a dying pauper woman; how lovingly he would mingle with the destitute and make them forget their troubles.

upon his lips. He took them to his heart, those little ragged, wretched waifs and strays whom none ever loved. We know now that he used to send them at his own expense to seaside homes to recover from their illness, how he started them in life, how with little flags upon the map jangling in his room he followed it with his prayers, how he taught them, how he made them love him, how in scarlet fever he took those poor lads into his own home, how he nursed them when they were sick in the infirmary, how he led them to Jesus. We can understand the question asked of him, "What do you think of the children?" "What you see you there in heaven, colonel?" "What personal ascendancy he won over them because they could trust the honesty of that frank countenance and the sparkle of those blue eyes. Those little fellows, those blues as he called them, learnt that "he loved a fellow there, and covered the walls of the fort with the inscription "God bless the colonel." Yes, he loved all who were suffering: the wild, black-eyed, chocolate-colored child of the Soudan, the street arab, the rough sailor boy, the urchin in the ragged school, the sick, the paralytic, the old woman in her garret. True, it has been said, this was only a rank light in the night of this island's misery, but it was, nevertheless, a work to have done which there are few bishops who might not kneel down in the dust and lay their mistres there; and if such a rushlight were but kindled in every English

part of the individual duty of every one of us as good citizens. I ask it in the honored name of Charles Gordon. I ask it for the dear sake of England, and the rescue of England's rising youth. I ask it in the name of that apostle to whom this day is consecrated, and who said that, "he who soweth little shall reap also little, but he that soweth with blessings shall reap also with blessings." I ask it, most of all, in the name of Him who has made all of us, from the richest to the poorest, the stewards and not the owners of what you possess, in the name of Him—"Who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that through His poverty might become rich."

Almighty God, who by searching we cannot find out unto perfection, we bless Thee for the manifold revelation of Thy glory, by which we are led into all truth, nourished in all goodness, and made free to trust, love and serve Thee. The order of Nature, the life of the Son of man, and the moral and spiritual being of Thy children bear witness of Thee, and their witness agree in one. Make us pure in heart, that we may see Thee more and more in the face of Jesus Christ our Lord, and in the movement of our own spirits. Lord, we believe, help Thou our unbelief. Save us from the pride of ignorance and the pride of knowledge, and from following the false lights of prejudice and opinion. We beseech Thee of Thy compassion to deliver us from all error of thought and life. Help us to confess our faith in the Father by living as dutiful children; our faith in the Son by arming ourselves with His mind, and our faith in the Holy Ghost by our quick obedience to the inward Light. Amen.

A Service Respecting our Duty. Jesus said: Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father Who is in heaven. Whoever shall do the will of God, the same is My brother and sister. It is the will of God that we should endeavor to keep our bodies in health and strength, and our appetites and impulses under control, and everywhere and in all things to be temperate and pure. It is the will of God that we should train our minds and be true in our thinking, and just in all our judging. It is the will of God that we should be honest, truthful, and upright in thought, word and deed. It is the will of God that we should be diligent and faithful in our several callings, doing our daily work in all simplicity and integrity, and seeking and laboring only for the things which are just and good. It is the will of God that we should live chiefly to be helpful to others, and not to seek only our own pleasure and gain. It is the will of God that we should do what we can to take away the sin and sorrow of the world, and to overcome all evil with good. Grant to us, Lord, we beseech Thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as be rightful; that we, who cannot do anything that is good without Thee, by Thee, be enabled to live according to Thy will, as faithful disciples of Jesus Christ.

HYMN. My God, my Father, while I stray, Far from my home on life's rough way, O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done."

GAY CARRIE CARELESS

TELLS WHAT THE GIRLS DO WHEN THEY GO FOR A MORNING RIDE.

The Newest and Nattiest Thing in Riding Habits—What It Costs to Take a Ride on Dobbin—Little Carmencita and her Nalvete—Otero is Leading a Buttery Life.

"Up in the morning early" is the motto for the fair young miss of Gotham who wishes to do everything that is charming, and who is also desirous of doing it at the most delightful time. Early horseback rides are just the thing this spring, because the dozen or two countesses and baronesses who have favored New York with their presence indulged in them, as soon as the weather afforded. Now, one sees every girl with the pluck and the money to in-



AN EARLY MORNING RIDE.

dulge in the sport scampering along in her best possible fashion on the prettiest horse she can procure upon the roads that lead out from the city.

Riverside and Grant's tomb are the popular drives and rides, because there one can get a nice breakfast and enjoy the luxury of knowing that one is in a thoroughly aristocratic part of the country. All the swells from sweldon go there, and all the riding masters take their pupils cantering that way as soon as they can be trusted to keep their seat in the saddle.

A young lady's mount costs nowadays, if her outfit is according to the best fashionable advices. The very cheapest habit will spoil a \$100 bill, and if one goes in for extras, why, one hundred dollars more can easily be spent. The skirt and waist, at least the former and preferably the latter also, should be of doekin. The boots must be patent leathers with tops that reach—nobody knows how high; and the suede gloves, vest and minor appointments are all so expensive that a Worth costume must be very nice indeed before it can equal the riding habit in price.

For early morning trips, the Derby crush hat on the comfortable little peak cap may be worn. Later the tall hat and regulation veil must be the invariable head-gear.

Very charming it is these bracing mornings to mount Dobbin and tear along the road side by side with a cavalier who understands his business and knows when to lead and when to follow, and who knows again when one must be tired and who suggests stopping for a gentle walk along some shady path. Then come the more dignified walk home, and half an hour later in my lady's boudoir, there is the massage and the toning down exercise which makes the skin all smooth and lovely, and which keeps my lady young and fair.

Tableaux are very popular forms of parlor entertainment. They make a pleasing variety to the somewhat tiresome dances lasting all the evening. For each table or fancy dress party, the guests assemble in full uniform. There are Julietts, Portias, Ophelias and the popular characters from all the latest society plays. There are also Romances, Claude Melnottes, Hamlets and warriors bold that have been famous in song, story and upon the boards. Beautiful tableaux are produced early in the evening, to the delight of those not taking



TAKING A REST.

part, and later, with their war paint on, the fancifully dressed creatures mingle altogether in the mazy whirl which is doubly attractive because of the added charm of unusual toilet.

Sancy black-eyed Otero is leading a butterfly life in this great city, and it is said that she does not want to go back to Spain for even four months, which is her allotted period for an engagement over there. In her beautiful little flat on Twenty-third street she holds high carnival with the young men of the town, after the theatre, and she entertains with bright accompaniment the short horse car ride, which she takes from her house to the Eden Musee, where she dances. She is fond of

handling our money and takes delight in counting out from a beautiful white portmanteau the ten cents requisite to convey herself and maid across town. Is it not an evidence of foreign thrift when so great an artist as Otero and one who is making as much money as she should care to avail herself of the very plebeian method of conveyance known as the horse car? Many an American actress, with less than half of Otero's pay, would scorn to step foot in anything more common than a hansom.

"Say something nice about me in the newspapers," pleaded Carmencita with me as she held my hand at the door of her house on Twenty-first street, and urged me to come again. "Say something very pretty, will you not?" and of course I said I would. If I could know what would best please the senorita I would say it and say it gladly, for she is the daintiest, sweetest, most absolutely bewitching little beauty who has ever been behind the New York footlights—at least that is the verdict of all the men who see her, and the women own up to almost as much—and that is saying a great deal.

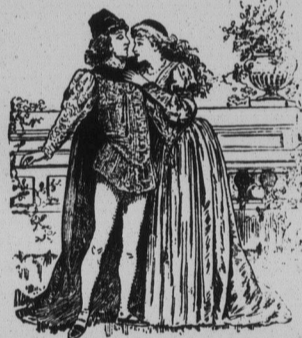
A new fad has arisen among divorced women and that is, that they shall keep their husband's name, even after the courts have decided that they may legitimately go back to the ones they answered to in maidenhood. As Mrs. Leslie Carter says: "Why should I not keep my husband's name? But a few months ago every woman as fast as she obtained a divorce immediately took her own name, but now, as proof of her innocence she keeps her husband's and declares that she will not give it up.

Any woman who has attempted to transact business or to obtain favor or credit from business people knows that if she is able to prefix the title of Mrs. to her name half the point is gained. Men have more regard for a woman who has a man behind her to defend her and to look after rights and interests. If a woman is Mrs. it is a sort of introduction. It is a statement out for herself, with no one to become indignant should her rights be denied. Though the husband may be, as is the case with the divorcee, merely a name, yet all the world knows that there is a great deal in a name, and that a great power is carried along with certain titles.

Mrs. Frank Leslie knew that fact when she had her name changed to Frank Leslie. Mrs. James Brown Potter knew that she stood a much better chance of recognition by her husband's name than that she had taken her own. Mrs. Langtry recognized it also and so have scores of others, some women even having gone so far as to assume the title of Mrs. when it did not belong to them.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson was in town the other day, making a tour of the Pulitzer building. She is rather a stout, elderly lady, with grey hair. Mrs. Jackson professed herself much pleased with the glory of the World building, and exclaimed several times that the ascent up into the gilded dome was well worth the trouble of toiling up the corkscrew stairs beyond the floor where the elevator ends its flight.

Anent this remarkable building, all sorts of people of all states and conditions find



ROMEO AND JULIET TABLEAU.

their way into it. Dr. Tanner who has not been seen for many a day, appeared down in the big corridor one day, and immediately drew a large crowd around him by the singularity of his decorations. His portly form, long since having become well filled out with water-melon and anything else that he chose to eat, was covered with flags of all nations, as well as medals, ribbons and satin bows of every hue. Balloons, rubber balls and papers of gaudy colors hung from his coat, and his hat was decorated to rival all the rainbow tints. He had with him a bottle of something which was purported to be an elixir of life, warranted to cure all ills, no matter from what they might arise. Starvation, misfortune and disaster were alike, easily conquered by this wonderful Tanner elixir. When told that he could not see "the editor," he became violent, and threatened personal damage, but was led out by an orderly, and induced to go quietly home.

Jedediah Bassett and the original aunt Polly are in town playing singing school to the smaller churches and missions. Jedediah, whose real name is Quail, is a short, fat man, as jolly in private life as he is funny upon the stage. Aunt Polly, his mother, is a genius, having invented the singing school idea, and being the first to put it upon the stage. She is old now and does not often take part herself, but when she chooses she can walk the boards and sing "Put the kettle on and we'll all take tea" with all the vim of former days.

Among the literary women of New York one of the most attractive is Mrs. Mary Kyle Dallas of Ledger fame. Eighteen years ago Robert Bonner hired her for an eighteen years' engagement, and during all that time her stories have been features eagerly read by lovers of short fiction. The engagement has now expired, and Mrs. Dallas is taking a little needed rest to look about New York which is almost strange to her, because of her long and close application to work. She is a large woman with grey hair, fine color and a pretty way of talking.

New York is full of nice literary women who are working hard to keep the people supplied with bright material obtainable only on this giddy little island.

CARRIE CARELESS.

A dry, hacking cough keeps the bronchial tubes in a state of constant irritation, which, if not speedily removed, may lead to bronchitis. No promoter remedy can be had than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which is both an anodyne and expectorant.—Advt.

GUMVILLE IN ECSTASY.

UNION OF HUMBOLDT HARRIS AND ARAMINTA HOPPER.

Brilliant Ceremony at the Hopper Mansion—The Bride Shivered and Humboldt Looked Pale—Mordecai Hopper Loses His Head and Becomes Reckless.

GUMVILLE, April 29.—Within the memory of man no wedding has ever taken place in Gumville to compare with the nuptials of Humboldt Harris and Miss Araminta Hopper, both of said place. Of Miss Hopper it is sufficient to say that her mother was a Hansel-packer. The Hansel-packers are the oldest family in Gumville—the original name was Handsatchel-packer, which was reduced to Hansel-packer for short. They were chased out of New Jersey at the time of the American revolution and preferred to live in their naked grandeur on English soil sooner than go back and be tarred and feathered. Since that time they have been chiefly noted for applying for offices under the local government, and opposing the Scot act in practice as well as in precept. But to resume.

Miss Hopper is a broomet with a eye that seems to take in all the suburbs of your person. We believe we are voicing the sentiment of this community when we say that she will probably make it warm for Humboldt. The groom is a noble specimen of what our climate is capable of when it humps itself up. Humboldt was the pride of his dotting mother while she lived. When she died he lost the job. He was the only boy she ever had that would stem the strawberries as he picked them. He would eat about all he picked, but he would do it absent-minded like, as if he was wrestling with some tremendous problem of nature, and didn't notice things. But to resume.

The mansion of Mordecai Hopper, where the wedding took place, was decorated in a manner never seen in Gumville before.

The yard was carpeted with the finest of interval hay, in which the squire's herd of short-horns were regaling themselves when the guests arrived. As the invited friends came to the door, they were received in goodly order, owing to the fact that the father of the bride. Many of the guests thought Mordecai was in mourning, on account of having his boots blacked. It was a pleasing innovation, and is liable to be the rage in Gumville. But to resume.

Rev. Isaiah Hooper, who was in reaching of his desiring to shake hands with him over the dashboard. We always told the reverend gentleman that that coat would kick him into New Jerusalem yet, and we believe it. We were obliged to decline the reverend gentleman's application for this life insurance on that ground. But to resume.

On arriving at the house Mr. Hooper anchored his coat to a side-hill and went into the building. An impromptu and hasty prayer-meeting was convened in the parlor, at which the reverend gentleman held forth with great acceptance. His prayer was the flourest ever addressed to a Gumville audience. Miss Penelope Harris wept freely, but this is nothing uncommon for Penelope. Like all the Whalens she is "stericky." She has been known to cry at finding an old chew of gum which she had lost last night, and she cries when anybody comes back. She seems to be saturated with liquid extract of sympathy in a diluted form. It is our opinion that Penelope is on tap. But to resume.

The whole party then gave way in a graceful manner to the bride and groom, Miss Hopper being supported by Miss Violet Harris, while Humboldt was buoyed up by his partner in the tow-boat business, young Bismark Whalen. We noticed that Bismark was chewing tobacco during the entire ceremony. We have this strictly prohibited with the best usages of Gumville society, it was in our opinion highly censurable for him not to have offered his plug to the groom, who was almost in a fainting condition. When will people learn manners? We cannot forgive Bismark for this. But to resume.

The Squire Hopper at last got the intended parties to join hands, and asked Humboldt if he was willing to be hitched to Araminta. He replied that he "kalklated" he was. The bride never lifted her head during the whole operation. He had the general aspect of doggedly approaching her doom. Her complexion was of a beautiful tomato shade and she shivered when Humboldt took her taper hand. He had to lift the hand by main strength to portash the ring onto her finger. We always knew Araminta was a modest girl, but we was surprised to see when her drive a she performed. We have this strictly prohibited with the best usages of Gumville society, it was in our opinion highly censurable for him not to have offered his plug to the groom, who was almost in a fainting condition. When will people learn manners? We cannot forgive Bismark for this. But to resume.

The knot was adjusted and the drop fell at precisely 8 o'clock, amid the sobs of the survivin' relatives of the contract parties. Then Squire Hopper in a mellow voice bollerated out that "grub" was ready, and a hasty but toothsome "dejooner" was partook of by all hands, consisting of doughnuts, apple pie, spruce beer, and lemonade. It was thought by those who sampled the latter that somebody must have thrown a lemon peel into the deacon's spring. The deacon's barn, all hands "flipping the light elastic shoe" to the dialect tones of Al-lison Cook's fiddle. The only thing that marred the event was that the deacon's dog Tige, becomin' excited while the deacon was dancing Sir Roger de Coverly with Araminta, took occasion to sink his teeth an inch or so into his contour. But to resume.

The presents received by the happy couple were numerous and costly, embracing a receipted board-bill from the deacon to Humboldt for the past twenty-one years, a crazy quilt from Mrs. Harris, ten cords of wood from Mr. Hooper, and four pounds of myrtle navy from Squire Dusenbury for the groom. Towards night old Hopper became so prostrated at the loss of Araminta that he chucked in three bushels of seed potatoes. Mordecai was always emotional and reckless. But to resume.

Mr. and Mrs. Humboldt Harris have settled down in the old homestead. The deacon's wife is taking a friendly interest in their proceedings. She's a noble woman. She tells Humboldt just what the matter is with Araminta, and Araminta just what seem to be the defects of Humboldt. We saw Humboldt yesterday and he was lookin' pale but resolute. They will receive their friends on the 24th ult. Humboldt said they had decided on the 23rd, but discovered at the last minute that it was wash day.

The surface of social life in Gumville has resumed its wonted placitude. BILDAD.

TAKING TIME FROM THE STARS.

No Time-Recorder Made by the Hand of Man is Perfect.

No timepiece is perfect, and there are no means on earth of keeping perfect time. The stars, however, furnish the necessary means. At the observatory in Cambridge there are two principal clocks employed in keeping the standard time—the standard mean time clock, which telegraphs its signal over the surrounding country, and the normal sidereal clock, which is the main standard of the observatory, to which everything is referred. The sidereal clock, as its name implies, keeps sidereal or star time, which gains about three minutes and fifty-eight seconds per day over mean solar time, which we all familiar.

The clock is of the finest workmanship and is kept in a brick vault, underneath the observatory, where the temperature is as nearly constant as possible.

Every effort is made to protect it from any influence which might affect its "rate," or in other words the amount of its gain or loss per day. This is necessary in order that the "rate" may be depended upon to give the correct time during spells of cloudy weather, when no observations can be made.

On every clear morning the error of this clock is carefully determined by observing certain bright stars with an instrument known as the meridian circle.

This instrument consists of a telescope mounted on trunnions like a cannon and supported by a pier of solid masonry. It is so arranged that it can be directed towards any point on the meridian, but can only be pointed away from the meridian line. On looking into the eyepiece of this telescope one sees a series of fine parallel lines running north and south across the field of view, the middle line marking the meridian.

When a time observation is to be made, the observer first selects a suitable star from a printed star list, which gives the exact time at which each of the principal stars crosses the meridian. He then sets the telescope at the proper point on the meridian to intercept the star, and putting his eye to the eye-piece, waits for the star to appear.

As the star crosses each of the lines before mentioned he presses an electric key which he holds in his hand. The signals thus given are recorded electrically on a registering instrument called a chronograph, on which are also being recorded the seconds of the sidereal clock. This chronograph consists of a cylinder made to revolve by clockwork at the rate of about once a minute.

A paper, wrapped around this cylinder receives the record traced by a pen, which is connected by an electric magnet in such a manner that any signal made either by the operator or by the clock, causes the pen to make a mark on the paper.

By examining this paper the observer is able to tell within the tenth of a second the time which the normal clock indicated when the star crossed the meridian.

Comparing this with the time taken from the star list shows the error of the clock. A comparison is then made between the sidereal and mean time clocks, which, after allowing for the difference between the mean time and sidereal time, shows the error of the mean time clock.

If the clock is slow a slight weight is placed on the top of the pendulum bob, which causes the clock to gain slightly. If, on the other hand, the clock is found to be fast, a corresponding weight is removed, making the clock lose slowly. In this way the standard signals are kept within a few tenths of a second of the correct time.—Youth's Companion.

Brought to the Scratch. He had been courting her a long time—so long that she began to get tired; so one night she said to him—

"John, who is the author of the phrase, 'Man proposes?'"

"I don't know," answered John. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I merely wanted to know who he was."

"For what reason?"

"Because I guess he didn't know what he was talking about the wedding-day was set. Five minutes later the wedding-day was set."

How She Knew. "Well, you see, Miss Maggie asked the girl at the head how much was eight and seven, and she didn't know, and said twelve; then the next girl said nine, and the next one said eleven, and the next one said fourteen. Such silly answers! Then Miss Maggie asked me, and I said thirteen, and Miss Maggie told me to go ahead."

"That was nice," said the father. "I didn't think you could do so well. How did you know it was thirteen?"

"Why, I guessed it; nobody said thirteen."—Ex.

Happiness. "What is true happiness?" I asked. "But no one made reply. The question was so simple that I grew wondering why."

One universal groan. "I'm married life!" Soprano, alto, tenor, bass, Chorus, answered in unison. "Gone through the telephone."

"Is it in idleness and rest?" I asked next, but a "No" emphatic was the answer made. Although the voice was low.

"What then, I asked, 'is happiness?'" "But no one made reply. And yet the question seems so plain. I greatly wonder why."—Somerville Journal.

A young lady of Jefferson, West Virginia, declares that she was all run down before taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla; but that now she is gaining strength every day. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is certainly a wonderfully effective tonic for the feeble and delicate. —Advt.

PUTNERS IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER EMULSION

THE MAY FLOWER. May Bonnets and Hats are now on the rush. Our beautiful new Hats are meeting the approval of the ladies. The new "MAY FLOWER" Hat is getting to be very popular; it is in different shapes, trims beautifully; you ought to see them, along with our other Spring Millinery. MME. KANE, OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, UNION STREET.

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THE REALM OF

STRANGE DISCOVERIES AND PERPLEX THE

It's a Season of Contrasts '91 and the Maseline Gowns with Bowdlering and Frilled and Fluttering. New York, April 29.—A with rapid steps towards interesting discoveries to day in that strange an which unexplored tracts are ing up to invite and to per erer, the realm of clothes painful effort we have been harmony to contrast, yet n fly to such wild extremes. T become so grotesquely m



SILK BLOUSE FOR SUMMER.

streets seem peopled with which is neither man, woman. But besides the Marcell notched reverses and the E its standing collar and fr besides tiny studs down the fr besides these solidly wai figures float puffs of lace a bon that go beyond femini pression of the feminine; teau in shape and Bouche the ladies of Marie Antoin elaboration and a certain yet is not all affectation; personified.

Two young women who in church yesterday morning wedding were finely typic ideals. They were fair women, and close observ in course of the long cere develop the fact that th alike as to features and p bear to each other fan which original similarity i pletely overlaid, however, undiscoverable under str widely differing secondar ties.

The younger and, I wa after some deliberation, a pair wore a chamois-colo as to its edges with black away on its front like a cutaway. The white col threatened the pink ears, knotted in a bow that w the iratty vest was cut low dress shirt, with lines of and gleams of diamonds, links fastening the wrist one pink carnation in a b all who could not look b pew and catch a glimpse skirts of graduated lengt to the waist and plainly braid it must have been they were not eyeing a rony boy.

The taller and paler a vivacious young woman the stuff they call now-a It was cream-colored, a foundation of it, but to be covered with roses, the bottom with full bl blossoms grew smaller a ascended from hem to until finally the wee pink the great lace paniers.



HATS THAT AR

a la vierge was smother of lace, from beneath bordering of rosebuds crossed one another. T white and lace like rose flower garden of roses, flounce fell from it all e, almost shading gloved hand—the glov color embroidered with example held the yard- whose huge blossoming from the entrance of the departure, pale and triumphant down the ai There is matter of c relating to sleeves. T sleeve is nearly done, a

THE REALM OF CLOTHES.

STRANGE DISCOVERIES INVITE AND PERPLEX THE EXPLORER.

It's a Season of Contrasts This Spring '91 and the Masculine Girl Brushes Elbows with Bewildering Visions Puffed and Filled and Fluttering.

New York, April 29.—As spring advances with rapid steps towards summer there are interesting discoveries to be made day by day in that strange and curious land in which unexplored tracts are forever opening up to invite and to perplex the discoverer, the realm of clothes. Though with painful effort we have been learning to prefer harmony to contrast, yet never did fashion fly to such wild extremes. The tailor cut has become so grotesquely masculine that the



SILK BLOUSE FOR SUMMER WEAR.

streets seem peopled with a fourth sex, which is neither man, woman nor yet dude. But besides the Marseilles vest with its notched reverses and the English shirt with its standing collar and four-in-hand scarf and tiny studs down the front all in a row, besides these solidly walking, substantial figures float puffs of lace and frills of ribbon that go beyond femininity in their expression of the feminine; they outdo Watteau in shape and Boucher in color and all the ladies of Marie Antoinette's court in elaboration and a certain artificiality that yet is not all affectation; they are millinery personified.

Two young women who sat side by side in church yesterday morning at a spring wedding were finely typical of these two ideals. They were fairly pretty young women, and close observation on my part in course of the long ceremony seemed to develop the fact that they were enough alike as to features and probable figures to bear to each other family relationship, which original similarity had been so completely overlaid, however, as to be almost undetectable under strongly marked and widely differing secondary characteristics.

The younger and, I was inclined to hold after some deliberation, the prettier of the pair wore a chamois-colored outfit bound as to its edges with black silk and rounded away on its front like a man's three button cutaway. The white collar stiffly starched threatened the pink ears, the black tie was knotted in a bow that was irreproachable, the matry vest was cut low to display a full dress shirt, with lines of white embroidery and gleams of diamonds, there were gold links fastening the wrist bands, there was one pink carnation in a buttonhole, and to all who could not look below the top of the skirts of graduated length and width slashed to the waist and plainly bound with silk braid it must have been hard to believe they were not eyeing a young cadet or a rosy boy.

The taller and paler and, distinctly less vivacious young woman wore a costume of the stuff they call now-a-days silk challie. It was cream-colored, if you go to the foundation of it, but the entire skirt seemed to be covered with roses, for beginning at the bottom with full blown flowers, the blossoms grew smaller and smaller as they ascended from hem towards the waist, until finally the wee pink buds were lost in the great lace paniers. The bodice, folded



HATS THAT ARE WORN.

a la vierge was smothered under cascades of lace, from beneath which peeped a bordering of rosebuds where the frosts crossed one another. The huge flat hat of white and lace like crinoline bore up a flower garden of roses, and a deep lace flourish fell from it all about its circumference, almost shading the eyes. In her gloved hand—the gloves were of cream color embroidered with pink—this train example held the yard-long stalk of a rose, whose huge blossoming head waved gently from the entrance of the bride to her final departure, pale and tired looking but triumphant down the aisle.

There is matter of considerable import relating to sleeves. The day of the high sleeve is nearly done, and it deserves to go

out in disgrace, for it has reserved its most unkind manifestations for the days when to be unkind is to be cruel. There have been days when it has been warm, there are going to be days when it will be warmer, and already it is plain that the long close cuffs reaching from elbows to knuckles are an invention of the gentleman who should know better, seeing that the climate to which he is accustomed is tropic, and seeing that the costume in which he himself has commonly had his portrait painted is really picturesque enough to have warranted one in ascribing to him better taste to use in the toilets of others.

What will come next in the matter of skirts no woman may say. The bell-shaped skirt is no longer new, but it would be departing from the truth to say that it has yet met in any quarter with a very enthusiastic reception. It is not an easy skirt to walk in with its narrowness about the ankles and its flare at the heels, and the grave complications presented by an era of dirt and draperies would go far in explaining in all probability the wonderful enthusiasm now displayed in the organization of women's street-cleaning committees. The panier is here, and it is not with us all. These dark sayings being interpreted mean that we bunch lace and ribbons upon our hips for evening wear and when we have to do with very light materials, but the panier in wool goods or in stuff of any weight or responsible dignity is almost unknown. The talk of the near approach of the hoop skirt continue, but in truth hoops are farther from us than was the case three months ago. They hover about us like skeletons in the background of our spring festivities, but they show no present inclination to come very near. If I were to stake my reputation as a prophet on a vaticination with regard to hooped petticoats, I should say that in my humble judgment we shall have them, but not under 12 months, more probably not under two years. There are not so very many people who understand that, when you get down to rock bottom fact, fashion is very slow in her changes and never moves until she has well paved her way.

I am very weary of the gold filigree which shines from every head that walks forth hatted. It is a truth which perhaps it were not well to whisper loudly that many of our present fashions are cheap, tawdry and vulgar. The wonderful glitter of a Valois cloak brave with jet beetles, or of a bonnet which carries at the same time both a jet coronet and a black and gleaming crown might be expected to recommend them to savages or children, and, once again, we have to confess, as often it has been confessed before, that women have many of the tastes both of savages and children.

Yet it was a very pretty bonnet in which Mrs. Cleveland listened the other day to one of Mrs. Annie Besant's lectures. I do not know that you would have expected Mrs. Cleveland to go to hear Mrs. Besant, and yet there she was under a fez-like crown of gold tinsel over which lay a pony



DAINTY MAID AND TAILOR MADE.

of pink gauze having on the front one pink and one damask rose. She was not only there, but she had a very attractive young woman with her, the young woman being in a dainty bonnet of Tuscan straw that scalloped mainly about her blonde face, and that was trimmed with narrow green velvet ribbons, green and white thistles and grasses.

The turban like sugar loaf shapes that shoot into air like the cones of volcanoes are comical. One would not have supposed that women could be found to wear them, yet they are numerous enough to give an odd, peaked look to the line of heads along which one glances on the promenade, and the volcanic suggestion is carried out by the feather aigrettes that rise above them curling like smoke columns.

The large lace hat is of all hats the most generally popular. It has a parasol like wire frame and is often overshadowing enough to serve excellently enough in room of a parasol. In three cases out of four it has a coronet of roses below the brim resting on the hair, and without possibility of exception it is trimmed with stand-up bows of chiffon and silk muslin edged with silver, steel or gold metal.

There was a pretty wedding the other day at which was observed a pretty ceremony. The bridesmaids and groomsmen entered from the north transept and walked slowly down the main aisle to the front entrance to receive the bridal party. Preceded by the ushers in reverse order they passed up the aisle again to the chancel and stood in white crepe and yellow daffodils before an altar of white and gold. The slips of these young women were of gold cloth and moved between gold and white ribbons. The effect was the more striking because the groom's attendants were in full naval uniform.

So much lace was never seen. The lace ruffles which finish the bottoms of summer sleeves are very full over the hands. Summer toilets of India silk delicately flowered have vests of lace cut low in front and full gathered lace aprons. One such in pale heliotrope sprinkled with darker wistaria blossoms was upon the street yesterday with huge lace puffs like butterflies upon the shoulders and ribbons tying lace puffs at the elbows. Most of the light silks are draped with lace and bordered with festooned flounces. The simplest street dresses have pointed waists contrasting material and edged with narrow pascamenterie. Short straight basques are gathered on at the waist and shoulder lappets lend an air that is somewhat military.

The silk blouses in which the summer girl begins to rejoice are of black as often as of any other color and have very broad belts laced with gold. ELLEN OSBORN.

AMERICAN AND FRENCH.

SOME PRETTY CONCEPTS IN GOWNS FOR CHILDREN.

Young America Attired with a View to Comfort and Beauty—Not Like the Miniature Men and Women of France, but Picturesque Accessories to Afternoon Teas.

As a rule American children are not as much trammelled by their clothes as French ones. It is amusing to see these little women in the Bois or the Champs Elysees in Paris looking like counterparts of their mammae, beruffled, befloofed and belaced, and evidently feeling prim and uncomfortable, and their alarm when any portion of their toilet is disarranged is amusing, accustomed as we are to the untrammelled freedom of American children.



Barring the extremely long dresses, our little ones are dressed with due regard to hygiene, comfort and beauty, and grow up well formed men and women with figures that leave little to be desired. Children nowadays are picturesque accessories to their mammae' afternoon teas, and little girls who are old enough frequently assist their mammae by handing around the dainty little cups of Russian tea upon quaintly decorated salvers. The costumes worn on these occasions are usually of pale colors, such as Watteau blue, Pompadour green or even the pinkish heliotropes and ivory whites in veiling, wash silk or Canton crepe.

Panniers have invaded the domain of childhood, and when not too obtrusive are becoming to half-grown girls with tall thin figures and long undeveloped waists. The backs are almost invariably tall, but the fronts may be slightly draped, ornamented with bows, pascamenterie or ribbon velvet, set on in rows about the foot.

Pretty little gowns are made of India silk strewn with the tiniest flowerlets imaginable; silks of more elaborate design are also used, but the self-colored Indias are by far the most popular. For dandy days the tailor suits made of the checked chevots and serges will be found extremely serviceable. For seaside and country gowns nothing seems to surpass the place of the plain and fancy French flannels, which are now wrought in such lovely combinations of color.

Of course the wee woman is polka dotted, zebra striped and biased just like her mamma, for hasn't she quite as much right to be robed in the latest style even if it is inartistic and conspicuous?

The yoke is the prevailing form of bodice, rivalled however by the 'laureador jacket or the Swiss bodice, which is worn indifferently with any skirt, the guimpe of India linen appearing above. Loose Fedora front of some soft material, sailor waists and shirred and pleated bodices of every description are in style. Percalé waists, either dotted, striped or plain, are very useful as they can be easily changed and are nice with woolen skirts.

Provident mothers are already engaged in making up the wardrobes of the rising generation, and an excellent model for wash gowns is of spotted percale with full round skirt and gathered bodice, finished at the neck with a Henry II. frill of Swiss embroidery; the sleeves are full and the cuffs are of the embroidery. A leathern belt or a wide sash is an addition to this pretty and simple costume.

A gown for a miss of fourteen is of ocean blue serge with skirts flared as far as the hips; the front is scantily draped and a border of black Soutache ornaments the bottom; the folded bodice opens over 'V's of black velvet, and beneath the high draped sleeves are tight ones of velvet.

Both extremely simple and elaborate make prevails in the little gowns. Nothing more simple and sweet could well be imagined than the dainty zephyr and chambray gowns which are made with gathered waists and full skirts, the latter tucked or simply hemmed.

Bandanna and tartan plaid gingham make gay and picturesque dresses; they are often cut on the bias and edged with a tiny bias ruffle or fold.

Stripes of all kinds are popular; a stylish little suit being of grey and red striped

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WE HAVE A VERY LARGE VARIETY OF SPRING-HEEL BOOTS AND OXFORD TIE SHOES FOR MISSES AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

These Goods are ACKNOWLEDGED BY ALL TO BE THE BEST HEEL FOR CHILDREN. Our Stock consists of Dry Pebble, Oil Pebble, Polish'd Calf, Don'la Goat, French Kid, Am. Oil Goat, Oil Peb. Tips, Bright Don'la, Don'la Turns, Goat Turns, Wine Goat, Oil "Trimps".

King and Union Streets, St. John, N. B.

zephyr gingham. The yoke and cuffs were red; around the belt were deep tabs of red ornamented with narrow white braid, and about six inches above the hem was a band of the red.

Blue, white and scarlet reefers with the regulation naval insignia are worn by little girls as well as boys; some of the blue ones have the sailor collar and cuffs of crimson or white and vice versa.

Black is decidedly in favor for children's gowns and hats, black India, lawn and batiste all being used. It is a very sensible fashion, but the black should be relieved with colorful ribbon trimming, embroidery or feather stitching. A decided innovation is a Gretchen gown of black India square-necked and sleeveless; on the bodice is embroidered a spray of cowslips and on the skirt are five rows of yellow Tom Thumb ribbon run through black lace heading; the guimpe is of yellow silk with black lace at neck and wrist.

Little girls in mourning are wearing black batiste with white pin dots, or the sheer black organdies with tiny white flowerets strewn on the surface.

Black mail, batiste and silk caps and hats are much worn, often a great roettes of narrow picot edge ribbon giving a note of brilliant color to the otherwise sombre headgear.

In these days when woman's ingenuity contrives many elegant looking objects from humble beginnings, there is much that can be done with a wicker basket, a pot of enamel paint and a few yards of silesia, dotted muslin and val lace.

I saw a lovely baby crib the other day which looked as if it might have cost twenty-five dollars and in reality it cost but five. It was made of a common splint clothes basket painted white and mounted upon four legs finished with casters; a deep valance of pale blue cambric veiled with dotted muslin edged with val lace concealed the legs; two broomsticks which had been treated to the paint were fastened to the sides of the basket and the ball of a barrel hoop was nailed securely to the top of each of them; and on it was draped the soft transparent blue line, lace edged curtains which fell about the head and protected baby from the air; a comfort of white cheese cloth tied with blue and a dainty hem-stitched pillow case and embroidered crib cover completed the outfit.

The gown in the cut is of grey English homespun trimmed with braid; the jacket is of grey with cuffs and reverse of marine blue velvet; the buttons are gilt.

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

SOME PARLOR GAMES.

They are Popular Among the French Canadians and in the States.

The French Canadians have a geography game that I have not met with elsewhere. They call it simply La Geographie, and it is played in the following manner: Each player has paper and pencil, and all take seats in a row, or better still, in a semicircle. The head of the line then calls out, says, "Countries—Asia," and at once writes "Asia" at the top of his paper, the other players imitating his example. The player next to him must then before ten is slowly counted call out the name of another country whose initial letter is the same as the final letter of "Asia." Suppose he or she calls out "America." Very good; "America" is jotted down, and now the third player has to call out a country whose name begins with A. After some thinking "Africa" suggests itself. All right. Down goes "Africa," and still the demand is for a country beginning with A. But the fourth player introduced variety by calling out "Afghanistan," so that number five has to seek a country beginning with N. Happily "Norway" soon comes into the mind, although it leaves an awkward nut for number six to crack.

Thus the game proceeds, the penalty of failure to supply a name or town being whatever may be agreed upon a forfeit, being sent down to the foot, etc. Cities, rivers, mountains, etc., may be treated in the same way, or if the players find it too difficult to confine themselves to one geographical feature the whole field of geography may be thrown open, the only requirement being that each new name should begin with the last letter of the preceding one.

In Lower Canada the boys have a game that no doubt their ancestors brought over with them from La Belle France centuries ago, but which I have never seen played by the boys of the other provinces. It is called "La Main Chaude"—that is, the warm hand—and when I describe it I am sure you will agree with me that the name is very appropriate.

On the players takes his seat in a chair. Another is blindfolded, and, either kneeling down before the settee or simply bending forward, as he may prefer, rests his head on the other's knee. Behind his back, with palm outstretched, he holds his right hand. The game is now ready to begin.

The other players range themselves around the blindfolded one whose palm lies so temptingly open, and in turn give his hand a smart slap with theirs. It is the business of the unfortunate, who thus being slapped to guess who strikes him, the sifter determining the accuracy of the guess, and the instant he guesses correctly the person whom he has thus found out takes his place and the game proceeds.

When not too roughly played, a great deal of fun may be had out of La Main Chaude, but of course such undue violence must be guarded against as is illustrated in

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A famous French picture which represents a lot of monks diverting themselves with this lively game. The blindfolded victim is evidently a novice, and a great coarse monk with a cruel grin upon his bloated countenance is just about to smite the extended hand with his heavy wooden sabot, while a gentle-faced brother is lifting his hand in shocked protest. It is a powerful picture and a good lesson against cruelty in itself.—J. McDonald Oxley.

Mourning Stationery.

Society mourning stationery is a new line brought out, of novelty and originality. The envelopes are of the "wallet" shape as regards their flaps, and on this portion alone are they black bordered. The border itself is graduated, widening out from a thin line at the sides to a thicker one in the center of the flap—about the width of "middle" border. The paper has the first leaf turned over at the upper right hand corner, in the style known as "dog earing" a book. On the two edges of this triangular space alone is there bordering. There is only one width of border for the whole series.—Paper and Press.

Her Beautiful Eyes.

Oh, her beautiful eyes, they are blue as the dew On the violet's bloom when the morning is new, And the light of their love is the gleam of the sun O'er the meadows of spring where the quick shadows run.

As the morn shifts the mists and the clouds from the skies— So I stand in the dawn of her beautiful eyes.

And her beautiful eyes are as midday to me, When the lily-bell bends with the weight of the dew, And the throat of the thrush is a pulse in the heat, And the senses are drugged with the subtle and sweet.

Oh, her beautiful eyes! they have smitten mine own As a gleam glanced down from the glare of the throne; And I reel and I falter and fall, as a fawn Fell the shepherds that looked on the mythical star, And yet dared in the things that bade them arise— So I grope through the night of her beautiful eyes.

—James Whitcomb Riley. Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 248 Union Street.

A Woman's Wit. The Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke, the popular episcopal clergyman of Chicago, made a bad slip the other day, but was helped out by the quick wit of his wife. On the day in question he saw a lady about to call, whom he was anxious not to meet; so he said to his wife, "I'm off, my dear. I'll run upstairs to escape till she goes away." After about an hour he quietly "tip-toed" to the stair landing and listened. All was quiet below. Re-assured, he began to descend and while doing so, he thoughtlessly and emphatically called out over the baluster: "Well, my dear, has that old bore gone at last?"

The next instant a cry from below caused the cold perspiration to bedew his ministerial brow and rooted him to the spot. But quickly there came a response which sounded inexpressibly sweet to him then. His wife, with true womanly tact, replied: "Yes, darling, she went away more than an hour ago; but here is our good old friend Mrs. Blank, whom I am sure you would like to meet."

Numerically Impossible. Johnny was hid in the clothes closet when his father, who held a strap in his hand, opened a door and called out: "Come forth, my son!" "I can't do it, pa," replied Johnny; "I've got to come first or nothin'; I'm all alone in here."—Binghamton Leader.

If a Dollar Comes to Carry It There. "A dollar doesn't go very far," sighed Hicks. "Well, a cent does," said Johnny. "One I put in the plate this morning is going out to the heathen."—Harper's Bazaar.

Gentlemen who smoke should use Enamel-line. It imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath.

Why not have long selected Come in your Chaires: Lasts longer, cheaper. Duval, 248 Union Street.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Lucifer matches were first used in 1834.

Ships were first copper-bottomed in 1783.

It takes nearly 2000 silkworms to make a pound of silk.

The Dark Ages continued from the sixth to the fourteenth century.

The first national copper coinage was issued from the mint in 1672.

As many as 4061 muscles have been counted in the body of a moa.

A widow in marrying again should not use the name or initials of her late husband.

In Japan the grip was most prevalent among the upper classes, while the cholera selected its victims from the poorer citizens.

The recent census of the German empire gives a population of 49,420,842, which is an increase of 2,665,188 since 1885.

While the Canadian dominion is controlled by the conservatives, every province except British Columbia will have a liberal government.

The Zulus are a tribe of warlike Kafirs, who were formed into a powerful kingdom about the beginning of this century by a chief named Chaka.

The first consignment of samples of Chinese tobacco has been received by London brokers. China is desirous of competing in European markets.

Three hundred to 400 tons of coal per day is the amount used in some of the large passenger steamers on the Atlantic. This is about one ton per mile run.

California's gold produce has so overshadowed all other mineral productions in that state that it is rather surprising to learn that since 1873 the yield of quicksilver has reached a total value of \$70,500,000.

The heaviest damages ever paid by a railroad for injuries to a passenger were recovered by an Erie lawyer, who was injured while travelling on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern road in 1883. They amounted to \$48,750.

Europe is much amused at the tour of a stilt walker, who is proceeding for a wager from Paris to Moscow. At one place a policeman tried to stop him, but he took three gigantic strides and was beyond the reach of this official. His stilts are a yard long.

An English dentist who tried hypnotism in his profession was very successful. He extracted a tooth for a lady while she was in a hypnotized condition, and when she was awakened she said she had not felt the removal of the tooth, and she has not experienced any discomfort since.

In the Stone Age man was yet ignorant of pottery, had no knowledge of agriculture, and no domestic animals except, perhaps, the dog. His weapons were the axe, the spear, and the javelin, and he was probably acquainted with the lance. In the Bronze Age, bronze was used for arms and cutting instruments of all kinds. In the Iron Age, iron superseded bronze for arms, axes, knives, etc.

The Egyptian mummifying process of preserving the bodies of the dead is cast in the shade by a French chemist, who has discovered a process of electroplating a corpse with gold, silver, nickel, bronze or copper, according to the size of the friends' pocketbook. It is horrible to contemplate, but the time has arrived when statues, as perfect as life and in any desired metallic casing, may be erected in mausoleums, armor halls or libraries.

A very pretty idea is carried out in London which aims to bring about a love of plants and flowers among the poorer classes. A fund is raised out of which prizes are paid for the best display of window gardening or of potted plants, and the scheme has become so very popular that thousands of cottage homes are now beautified by floral effects, and it is no uncommon thing to see a window set out with plants growing in old tea-pots, cans or cigar boxes marked as a prize winner.

Dr. Charcot reports a girl of fifteen, "with blue eyes and long blonde hair," an inmate of a Paris hospital, who has "fire" spells, her eyes becoming periodically and suddenly "frantically convulsed in the orbits," when she will assume a position on all fours, hop and skip around the room, imitate a cat in the "purr" and "meow" sounds, and wind up by fainting, rolling over on her back and assuming normal human conditions. He has dubbed her "femme-chat" or cat woman.

The Germans have sent to Germany a few African chiefs whom they wished to impress with their power. The most amusing delegation which has yet gone to Europe from Africa was that of King Mandara, who lords it on the southern slope of Mount Kilima-Njaro. They saw nothing in Berlin that seemed to them half so grand as their own country, and they were constantly drawing comparisons between the young Emperor William and their sovereign which were not complimentary to the German ruler.

The telephone is put to a new use in a hotel at Tampa, Fla. Instead of an electric press button, every room will have a telephone connected with the office. Guests will be able not only to communicate with the office, but with their friends in other rooms at will. The great orchestration, which was one of the marvels of the Paris exposition, is to be placed in the music room of the hotel. It has been arranged that any guest in his room can, by merely telephoning to the office, be connected with the orchestration and have the music transmitted to him in full volume.

It is said that ten pounds of tobacco contains as much poison as would kill a person.

The daisy gets its name from day's eye, because it unfolds its simple beauties at the "peep of day" and earlier than any other of Flora's tribe.

Glass windows, except in churches and gentlemen's houses, were rare before the time of Henry VIII.

It is calculated that 72,000 persons were hanged in England during the 38 years of the reign of Henry VIII.

The horseshoe is a favorite emblem for wedding presents, the shape of the table for a wedding breakfast and for floral emblems on that day.

At the present time fashion gives wide latitude for the exercise of individual taste and, as a consequence, jewelry is worn with more freedom by both sexes than before in years.

Birthday rings are beginning to be the rage among young misses all over the country. There is a pleasing sentiment about the idea that tickles the feminine fancy, and puts the manufacturer on his mettle.

"Abean" is a regular old word—"a word of honorable antiquity," says Dr. Murray. "Afore," like "abean," is good old English. Bunyan uses the expression "Had I known that afore" in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Although whales grow to enormous size, sometimes eighty and even ninety feet long, the throat is so small that it cannot swallow a bit as large as a sea-biscuit. This applies to the common whale; the sperm whale has a mouth large enough to swallow a man.

The four-in-hand continues the fashionable and dresy scarf for young men. The only objection to it is that in the heavy materials in which it is made, it is not comfortable for warm weather, and it will not be long before the heavy four-in-hands are shed for something light, loose and care-less.

The one-hour verdict of a Maine court in 1869, believed to be the shortest sentence to imprisonment in a criminal case in the United States, was greatly unduly lenient by the English judge who sentenced a woman to five minutes in jail for having married a man without obtaining a divorce from a former husband. This stands now as the shortest sentence on record.

The word "blatherskite" in its origin is Scotch, being composed of the German blather, to talk nonsense, and skate, a term of contempt. The original meaning was "one who talks nonsense in a blustering manner." From this comes the meaning, a good-for-nothing, a man who talks too much. The word is good English.

The orange crop in southern California in 1880 amounted to about 2,300 carloads, each car containing 300 boxes, which means that southern California sent east 500,000 boxes of oranges in that year. The oranges now being packed and shipped from that region will easily fill 3,000 cars, and it is at this rate that the culture is advancing annually in this section. The first oranges in southern California were planted by the old mission fathers, who undoubtedly brought the seed from Spain. In the past 10 years the consumption of oranges has grown 500 per cent in that state alone. Rival and new roads have opened up a market which it has never before known.

At Mount Eagle, about eight miles from Charlottesville, Albemarle county, Va., there is a large residuum, on the windows of which from the outside can be seen the photograph of a man's head and shoulders, the head and shoulders of a woman and child, and in another pane of glass the distinct outlines of a cat. The theory is that the parties were looking through the windows at the river during a storm, and a flash of lightning photographed them indelibly on the glass, but it is not known who they were. The pictures cannot be seen from the inside, but that they can be plainly seen from the outside is vouched for by prominent citizens of Charlottesville.

The earliest coins for American use are said to have been made of brass on the Bermuda islands about 1612. Captain John Smith appointed Daniel Tucker as governor of Bermuda, and in his history states that this governor enforced labor, and that the colonists had "besides meat, drink and clothes a certain kind of brass money, with a hogge on one side, in memory of the abundance of hogges was found at their first landing." Previous to this time Sir Thomas Gates and a party of 150 had been wrecked on the islands, and for nine months they subsisted chiefly on the flesh of wild hoggs. The gratitude of these people knew no bounds, and they stamped the image of their benefactor in brass and used it as money—the most enduring form it could possibly assume.

The story of Psyche, who by the vengeance of Venus was transformed from a white into a black, was substantiated on a fashionable lady of Tiflis. The lady, a splendid blonde, went to a mineral bath by the advice of her physician. No sooner was she in the water than her face, arms, and breast became as black as coal. The old woman who served in the bath screamed with fright, and the lady herself fainted when she saw in the mirror what had become of her white complexion. The change was due to a simple chemical action. The lady had forgotten to wash off the paint of lead, which contained some sulphur and natron. The action of the latter upon the lead produced the black color. The lady will not be seen in society for the next two months.

Of the old people in the United Kingdom above the age of 60, rich and poor alike, one in seven is at the present moment in receipt of parish relief.

Out of the 2,700,000 residents in Paris, it is calculated that 1 in 18, or 150,000, live on charity with a tendency toward crime. In London the proportion is 1 in 30.

The historical gray coat of Napoleon I., which was stolen from a museum, was found recently by the police in the Quarter du Temple in Paris. An old clothes dealer had given the thief 70 cents for it.

Cannon were used in a musical performance at the Crystal Palace, London, on one occasion, with a good effect. Handel is said to have exclaimed during the performance of one of his choruses—"Oh that I now had a cannon!"

The first or preliminary official returns of the American census of 1890 give 1,513,501 as the population of the city of New York, being an increase of a little more than 25 per cent. within 10 years. The population in 1880 was 1,206,299.

The Turkish sultan's kitchen costs the empire \$200,000 annually. The building extends 150 feet on every side. The dishes are sealed in the kitchen by no less a person than Osman Pasha, the hero of Evlema, and are unsealed in the sultan's presence.

Greece was subject to the Turks from 1540 till 1822, when the Greeks rose in arms and proclaimed their independence. After a five years' struggle they succeeded in securing it, and it was guaranteed by the Treaty of London, to which Great Britain, Russia, and France were parties, in 1827.

The word "Mafia" is made up of an acrostic, each letter of which is the initial of a sentence which was used first at the time of the Sicilian Vespers or the revolt of Palermo in the year 1282. These words are "Morte Alla Francia Italia Abela," and the translation is "Death to the French," or "Death to France Italy despises."

Vegetation in the Alps recedes downward from year to year. Formerly the roses grew at an altitude of 7,600 feet. Now they are seldom found higher than 6,500 feet, and are at that height stunted. Beeches have gone down 1,200 feet. Various berries, which once flourished 7,500 feet above sea level, do not grow in higher altitudes now than 5,800 feet.

New York, according to the best judges, now has a Hebrew population of from 225,000 to 250,000. It is the centre of Judaism in the world. It contains more of the Israelites than all Palestine. It will take the lead in all matters pertaining to world politics in which Jews are interested.

In 1889 there were 2343 miles of line open and working in Ireland. The passengers carried numbered 20,293,000, and the receipts from this class of business and from the carriage of mails reached £1,592,000. Goods traffic yielded £1,369,000, making a total of £2,961,000, or £1,120 per mile. This is £40 per mile more than in the previous year.

The distance from the farthest point of polar discovery to the pole itself is 6 deg. 46 min., or, in round numbers, 460 miles. But this polar radius, though only 460 miles in extent, is covered by ice, fog, and precipices of incredible difficulty, and it is so severe that no instrument of human invention can measure its intensity, and it blisters the skin like extreme heat.

Beds are quite an innovation in Russia, and many well-to-do houses are still unprovided with them. Peasants sleep on the tops of their ovens; middle-class people and servants roll themselves up in sheepskins and lie down near stoves; soldiers rest upon wooden cots without bedding; and it is only within the last few years that students in schools have been allowed beds.

The 17th of March, 432, is said to be the day on which the patron saint of Ireland died, though it is not definitely known. It is known, however, that he died at Saul, near Downpatrick, where his relics were preserved down to the period of the Reformation. For some reason the reformers left St. Patrick's name out of the calendar, but an order of knighthood was established by King George III. in his honor, and there appears but little likelihood of the day being forgotten by the saint's adopted countrymen.

On a dry day rub with a brush, or with the hand, a thin piece of paper; it will become electrified in a short time and adhere to your hand, your face or your coat as if it had glue on it, and you will not be able to get rid of it. Electrify, in the same manner, a thick piece of paper—a postal card, for example—and you will see that, as with sealing wax, glass, sulphur or resin, this card can attract light bodies—small pieces of cork, etc. Balance a cane on the back of a chair and wagger any one without touching it, blowing on it or moving the chair. All you need to do, is to dry the card well before the fire, rub it vigorously with your sleeve and put it close to one end of the cane, which will follow it as iron follows a magnet, until, having lost its equilibrium, the cane will fall to the floor.

Everybody knows what "foolscap" paper is, but everybody does not know how it came to bear that name. In order to intend certain privileges amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich and enriched the government at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper.

At that time all English papers bore the royal arms in water marks. The parliament under Cromwell made sport of this law in every possible manner, and among other indignities to the memory of Charles, it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and that the fool's cap and bells should be used as a substitute. When the rump parliament was prorogued these were also removed; but paper of the size of the parliamentary journals, which is usually about 17 by 14 inches, still bears the name of "foolscap."

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ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES.

Send for circular.

PRINTING PRESSES, FOR SALE

PRESSES, when in good condition for sale cheap, usually find ready buyers. I have for sale two Richard Royal cylinders, and one Dawson Deny, which I have no further use for, having put in larger machines to suit my increasing business. I now offer both of the above machines, at a great bargain. The Royal Press is almost new and as bright as the day it left the factory. The Deny is in good order, and is guaranteed to do excellent work.—GEO. A. KNOX, 8 and 10 Church st., St. John, N. B.

FERGUSON & PAGE

DESIRE to announce to their numerous patrons, that they are ready for the Spring Business.

NEW GOODS

Watches, Jewelry, Silver Goods, Plated Goods, Clocks, etc.

The finest stock to be found in the Maritime Provinces at

43 KING STREET.

HARNESS

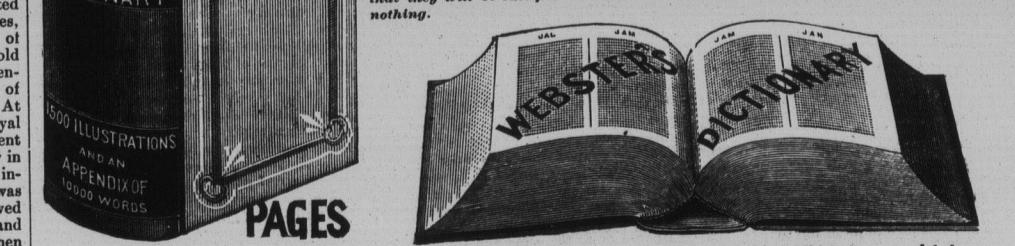
LIGHT DRIVING EXPRESS, AND TEAM. Best of Stock, Workmanship, and Finish. Lowest prices at

W. ROBB'S, UNION STREET.

NOTHING COMES UP TO THIS.

FOR THE 16-PAGE PROGRESS ONE YEAR

AND Webster's Great Dictionary, for only \$3.75.



OLD SUBSCRIBERS whose subscriptions expired BEFORE FEBRUARY 1st, can obtain WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY and PROGRESS for another year for \$3.25.

Those who reside out of town can take advantage of this offer by remitting 25 cents additional for express charges. Remit by Post Office or Express Order, made payable to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher of PROGRESS.

ANDREW PAULEY,

CUSTOM TAILOR, New and Fresh Stock of Goods, in British, Foreign, and Domestic makes,

personally selected, suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit, workmanship, and the lowest possible prices guaranteed. 82 PRINCE Wm. STREET, until May 1st, when a more convenient store at 70 PRINCE Wm. STREET, will be occupied.

NOW FOR BUSINESS

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1891.

JAS. S. MAY & SON,

MERCHANT TAILORS, Domville Building, Prince Wm. Street,

BEG to announce that they are receiving their new Spring Stock, consisting of West of England and Scotch Suits, Diagonals, Pant Gowns and Overcoatings. These goods are from the best makers, and we are prepared to offer our customers and the public generally good value for their money. Prices subject to 10 per cent. for net cash. Samples sent by mail.

THE NEW CANADIAN LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CANADA:

A Monthly Journal of Religion, Patriotism, Science and Literature.

Edited by MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

CANADA will number among its contributors Charles G. D. Roberts, Archibald Lampman, J. M. Lemieux, James Macdonald Oxley, James Hannay, Arthur J. Lockhart, Thomas G. Marquis, Mrs. S. A. Curzon, Miss Mary Barry Smith, J. Hunter Dugas, Fred E. G. Lloyd, H. L. Spencer, and many other well known Canadian writers.

CANADA will contain the following departments: Our Contributors; Red Pencil and Scissors; The Editor's Portfolio; The Editor's Table; Juvenile Canada; Record of Events; Olla Podrida.

Only 50 cents a year; five copies to one address, \$2.00. Canadian one and three cent stamps will be received in payment of single subscriptions. Send 5 cents for sample copy. Address: "CANADA," Benton, New Brunswick.

MANCHESTER FIRE ASSURANCE CO.

OF ENGLAND. CAPITAL, \$7,500,000. ESTABLISHED 1824.

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GENERAL AGENT, 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

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MOST advertisers have made success by using illustrations and cuts in their "ads." Do you?

MEN who advertise, and want good advertising, have original designs for their "ads."

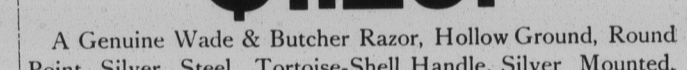
We originate designs. Make wood cuts and electros. Reproduce, enlarge, and reduce engravings of all kinds

"Progress" Engraving Bureau,

SAINT JOHN, N. B. SENT BY MAIL FOR

\$1.25.

A Genuine Wade & Butcher Razor, Hollow Ground, Round Point, Silver, Steel, Tortoise-Shell Handle, Silver Mounted, retails for \$1.25 everywhere. The Strop is equal to any; it is calfskin, cushion, extra fine quality, does the work of a 75c. strop



The Duke of Fife has suits in constant use, and the same clothes twice the trousers are on shelves Tuesday and so on to the end, and they are carefully prepared before being put on so as to crease.

Mrs. Myra Peterson of radio, is a successful business deals in butter, eggs and she buys in Kansas and Highlands. During the paid freight bills to the way alone, of over twenty dollars. Her sales average

The best dressed woman said to be Queen Margherita wardrobe includes a elegant costumes, and she dress more than once. woman that she is, she worn costumes, and the glad to get them even which are charged for them

The richest woman in Isidora Cousino, of Chile, not know the extent of her flocks and herds, ships, flocks and shares. She seems the richest woman in South America—which she come of £81,250 a month predilection for the turf, number of racehorses

Mr. Rockefeller, a millionaire, has expended upon lighting his estate on underground, and he arranged among the tre wonderfully picturesque Rockefeller has only to in his library and in an his grounds are brilliant

The report that King is seriously thinking of royal prerogative and at his son Constantine, and home in Denmark, his king, who loves a quiet, of the noise and excitement. His son, the 1st is a native of the country accord with the spirit of people.

Prince and Princess H who were with Queen recently, wished one da by a private entrance garden, but a son of seur, not recognizing nesses, refused to let prince in vain explained was not until one of thened that the prince allowed to enter.

What it Must be carefully con majority of people, in cities of life. Hood's mends itself with special middle classes, because economy with great m is the only medicine of said "1000 Doses One taken according to dire to last a month.—Adve

A grand niece of the Duke sells flowers in a London a

The richest widow in An Marshall G. Roberts, of N

The sultan of Turkey is ing that if it were not for subjects he would emigrate

Jenny Lind's life is the Canon Scott, of Holland, and be published during the co

Barnum desired to be cr death, but his wife persue don the idea as destructive mind.

Lucas Paer, an aged res lonia, Spain, is the head of persons. He has 39 living teen daughters and 23 sons

P. T. Barnum within years expended upward of newspaper advertisements, hind him a fortune of \$5,0

Mrs. Grover Cleveland liberal purchaser of rare bi passion for unique binding genuine article from an im

Charles Tappan, who l New York Tombs prison, that city, at the age of 95 the metropolis grow from than 100,000 inhabitants.

The only woman in Am operatic conductor is Miss Southerner by birth, music as well as read and time she was eleven ye

Mrs. H. J. Langdon of fornia, the only woman m the United States, is in a has considerable business office department. She is drivers and mail carriers "The Little Boss."

Walter Besant, William English authors to establish a printing house where fr books, necessitated by the law, can be printed sim the making of the book in

George Francis Train a living solely upon coffee. ished at myself," said he ance the other day in N am in perfect health and take no solid food. My few cups of coffee per day

Some of Mr. Gladston Hastings have made adva dresser, offering to buy can be cut from the grand at "sixpence a strand," London papers puts it. is published primarily to stone.

Henry M. Stanley has lecture tour of the United doing so covered more miles than he did in his tion. He travelled about the dark continent. Thos its inconveniences, he ad ders the private car and l

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MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

A grand niece of the Duke of Wellington sells flowers in a London arcade.

The richest widow in America is Mrs. Marshall G. Roberts, of New York city.

The sultan of Turkey is reported as saying that if it were not for his duty as his subjects he would emigrate to America.

Jenny Lind's life is being written by Canon Scott Holland, and will doubtless be published during the coming season.

Barnum desired to be cremated after his death, but his wife persuaded him to abandon the idea as destructive to her peace of mind.

Lucas Paez, an aged resident of Barcelona, Spain, is the head of a family of 279 persons. He has 39 living children—sixteen daughters and 23 sons.

P. T. Barnum within the last twenty years expended upward of \$3,000,000 in newspaper advertisements, and he left behind him a fortune of \$5,000,000.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland is said to be a liberal purchaser of rare books. She has a passion for unique bindings, and knows a genuine article from an imitation.

Charles Tappan, who built the famous New York Tombs prison, is still living in that city, at the age of 95. He has seen the metropolis grow from a town of less than 100,000 inhabitants.

The only woman in America who is an operatic conductor is Miss Emma Steiner. A Southerner by birth, she composed music as well as read and executed it by the time she was eleven years old.

Mrs. H. J. Langdon of Waverly, California, the only woman mail contractor in the United States, is in Washington and has considerable business with the post-office department. She is known to all the drivers and mail carriers in the West as "The Little Boss."

Walter Besant, William Black and others are talking about organizing a society of English authors to establish in New York a printing house where first copies of their books, necessitated by the new copyright law, can be printed simultaneously with the making of the book in England.

George Francis Train affirms that he is living solely upon coffee. "I am astonished at myself," said he to an acquaintance the other day in New York, "but I am in perfect health and vigor, although I take no solid food. My whole diet is a few cups of coffee per day."

Some of Mr. Gladstone's admirers in Hastings have made advances to his hair-dresser, offering to buy as much hair as can be cut from the grand old man's head at "sixpence a strand," as one of the London papers puts it. The information is published primarily to warn Mr. Gladstone.

Henry M. Stanley has completed his lecture tour of the United States, and in doing so covered more ground—27,000 miles—than he did in his exploring expedition. He travelled about 25,000 miles in the dark continent. Though each tour had its inconveniences, he admits that he prefers the private car and lecturing.

The Duke of Fife has about a dozen suits in constant use, and he never wears the same clothes twice the same week. His trowsers are on shelves marked Monday, Tuesday and so on to the end of the week, and they are carefully pressed by his valet before being put on so as to get rid of the creases.

Mrs. Myra Peterson of Highlands, Colorado, is a successful business woman. She deals in butter, eggs and poultry, which she buys in Kansas and sells in Denver and Highlands. During the year 1890 she paid freight bills to the Union Pacific railway alone of over twenty-eight hundred dollars. Her sales aggregated \$17,977.35.

The best dressed woman in the world is said to be Queen Margherita of Italy. Her wardrobe includes a countless variety of elegant costumes, and she seldom wears a dress more than once. Like the thrifty woman that she is, she sells her scarcely worn costumes, and the buyers are very glad to get them even at the high prices which are charged for them.

The richest woman in the world is Dona Isidora Cousino, of Chili. She herself does not know the extent of her wealth in land, stocks and herds, ships, factories, mines, and flocks and shares. Her most valuable possession is a coal mine—the only one in South America—which brings her in an income of \$21,250 a month. She has a great predilection for the turf, and keeps a large number of racehorses.

Mr. Rockefeller, a New York millionaire, has expended upwards of \$250,000 in lighting his estate on the Hudson river with electricity. The wires are all carried underground, and the lights have been arranged among the trees and rocks in a wonderfully picturesque manner. Mr. Rockefeller has only to move a small knob in his library and in an instant the whole of his grounds are brilliantly illuminated.

The report that King George of Greece is seriously thinking of resigning his crown, royal prerogative and attendant troubles to his son Constantine, and retiring to a quiet home in Denmark, has been revived. The king, who loves a quiet, easy life, has tired of the noise and excitement of Grecian politics. His son, the Duke of Sparta, who is a native of the country, is much more in accord with the spirit and habits of the people.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, who were with Queen Victoria at Grasse recently, wished one day to enter the hotel by a private entrance leading into the garden, but a sentry of the mushroom aristocracy, not recognizing their royal highnesses, refused to let them pass. The prince in vain explained his station, and it was not until one of the officials had intervened that the prince and princess were allowed to enter.

What It Costs Must be carefully considered by the great majority of people in buying even necessities of life. Hood's Sarsaparilla commands itself with special force to the great middle classes, because it combines positive economy with great medicinal power. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said "100 Doses One Dollar," and a bottle taken according to directions will average to last a month.—Advt.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

"Whatever induced you to marry Fred?" "Fred, of course."

The theatrical manager is known by the company he keeps.

Customer—How much is that medicine worth? New clerk—I'd get fired right out if I told you that, sir?—Puck.

New York's latest play is called The Power of the Press. It ought to be a favorite with the girls.—St. Joseph News.

He—"So Jack isn't devoted to Kate any more. Did they fight?" She—"Yes; they had an engagement."—Yale Record.

Lord Algernon: I really consider it my duty to marry some American girl. Ethel: A duty for revenue only is it not?—Life.

"The man I'll wed," says sweet Sixteen, "Must beauty have and youthful be."

"Of him I'll wed," says Thirty-Six, "I but demand that he'll have me."—Puck.

"Men propose too suddenly, don't you think?" "Yes, and not often enough. Life would really be worth living if it wasn't for the men."

Optician—"I must fit you with strong glasses." Prohibitionist—"Then I must go elsewhere. I will have nothing strong."

"You'd better not stay, Chollie," whispered Ethel anxiously. "I heard popper tell monner he was tired out and hungry to boot."—New York Herald.

A lawyer's reputation clings to him to the last. A Cincinnati paper speaks of a legal gentleman of that city who "lies at death's door."—Yonkers Statesman.

There are two kinds of stage robbers in this country. One kind tries to "hold up" stages in the west, and the other is trying to elevate the stage in the east.—Yonkers Statesman.

She (after the wedding): Don't you think it strange, Jack, that the minister didn't congratulate the bride and groom. He: You forget the minister has been twice married.—Life.

Lady—"What! ice so plenty this year and yet higher priced than ever?" Ice man—"Oh, yes, mum. The cutting of ice was very expensive, mum; and don't you see there was so much more to cut?"—Judge.

The subscription price of this paper has not been increased by the McKinley bill, but we want to disabuse the minds of some people of the idea that it has been put upon the free list.—The News, Elizabethtown, Ky.

Minnie—Lord de Liverus, whom Clara Ducketta married in Europe last summer, refuses to visit America with her. Mamie—How provoking? After purchasing him, she is not allowed to exhibit him. Poor girl!—Puck.

Old Gentleman (to little boy, who is playing soldier—Ah, my little man, you're a son of Mars, eh? Little Boy (indignantly)—Course I'm a son of ma's. Didn't suppose I was a son of antic's did yer?—St. Joseph News.

Politician (angrily)—"These newspapers tell abominable lies about me!" Friend—"And yet they might do worse." Politician—"Do worse! What do you mean?" Friend—"They might tell the truth."—Kate Field's Washington.

Mrs. Warble (pettishly)—"Why, you often asked me to sing that song twice before we were married." Mr. Warble (wearily)—"Yes; we were two then and are one now. I guess once is enough to fill the bill at this time."—Judge.

"I should have brought my umbrella," remarked Mrs. Livewayte, a member of the Chicago Literary Society. "Bring?" asked Mrs. Laker, in a gentle, corrective tone. "How stupid of me! Of course, I meant 'brang.'"—Brooklyn Lite.

"Aha! I catch you buying a porous plaster, do I? I thought your devotion to fresh air theories would bring you to this." "It ain't the plaster that does me good," answered the crank. "It is the ventilation obtained through the holes."—Ex.

Tattered Tompkins—Come what may, this is positively my last appearance as a faint-away. Breezy Whiskers—Didn't it work? Tattered Tompkins—Work! I lay on my back in the mud, calling for whiskey, and a big, fat copper shouted: "Give him air!"—Puck.

"I hope you will excuse my delay, Mr. Jones," she said sweetly; "but I must confess I ran up to my room to look into the mirror a moment before seeing you."

"You are quite excusable, Miss Fair. A lady with a face so attractive may well be excused for wanting to look at it occasionally." Miss Fair is never out to Mr. Jones when he calls.—New York Press.

"What is this country coming to," shouted the prohibitionist orator, "when we see the rumseller and his minions in places of trust?" "I ain't found none of 'em rummin' no places of trust," mused the seedy man near the heater.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Homily (after church)—"How did you come to preach on backsliding, dear-est? You said at breakfast that you were going to preach your sermon on profanity." The Rev. Dr. Homily—"I had intended to, my dear; but my collar button got down my neck when I was dressing for church."—Puck.

"Ikey," exclaimed Abram Einstein, as he glanced over his son's copybook, "who wrote dat gopy, nothink sugseeds like sugsees?" "Mein teacher," replied Ikey. "Dot vos all wrong, Ikey. Nothink sugseeds like failures, and blendy of dem. Don't you forget to remember dot."—Brooklyn Lite.

Little man (excitedly)—"I'm hunting for a man named Bibbe, who said I was a toadstool!" Big man (calmly)—"I'm Bibbe. But I didn't call you a toadstool. I said you belonged to the mushroom aristocracy." Little man (backing off)—"That's all right. We're all fond of mushrooms."—Good News.

Cleanly Grimesy (waking up suddenly)—"Hel-lup! Murder-rr! Thaves! Hel-lup-p-p! I'm kilt. Sweet William (terror-stricken)—"Fer hevin's sake, Grimesy! What's de troub?" [Snakes?] Cleanly (with a sigh of relief)—"I tank hevin—I was dreamin'! I tought I wuz bein' washed."—Judge.

May offer specially favorable circumstances for driving cartsh out of the system, and every sufferer from this loathsome disease should use Nival Balm for that purpose. It cures when all other remedies fail if the directions are faithfully adhered to. A single bottle will convince you of its merit. Sold at all dealers.

Wonders

Are wrought by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor in restoring gray hair to its original color, promoting a new growth, preventing the hair from falling, keeping it soft, silky, and abundant, and the scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff or humors.

The universal testimony is that this preparation has no equal as a dressing, and is, therefore, indispensable to every well-furnished toilet.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my hair is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing."—Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Pittston, Me.

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely."

Ayer's Hair Vigor

not only prevented my wife from becoming bald, but it caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace.—H. Hulsebus, Lewisburgh, Iowa.

"Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists, and all alike fell short of accomplishing the desired result. The last remedy I applied was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I used eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market."—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

For ONE MONTH Only.

A great reduction will be made in Hair Switches AT THE ST. JOHN HAIR STORE, 113 Charlotte St., Opp. Dufferin Hotel.

Ladies' and Gents' FINE WIGS, at the AMERICAN HAIR STORE, CHARLOTTE STREET. Up one flight.

ELECTRIC LIGHT! THE CALKIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts with their Customers for either the ARC or INCANDESCENT, at Rates as low as it is possible to produce the same with satisfactory results.

We believe our System to be the best at present in the market, and we guarantee satisfaction. GEO. F. CALKIN, Manager. Room 2, Pugsley Building.

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co. Montreal. (Limited)

Redpath GOLDEN SYRUP 2 LBS NET

We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of PURE SUGAR SYRUP not adulterated with Corn Syrup, in 2 lb. cans, removable top. For Sale by all Grocers.

SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS, 84 PRINCESS STREET.

Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice. Feather Dyeing a Specialty. C. E. BRACKETT, Prop.

HOTELS.

HOTEL STANLEY, ST. JOHN, N. B. J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor. Terms, \$1.50.

BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIME, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. McCORMICK, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts. W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

CAFÉ ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection. WILLIAM CLARK.

OATS. OATS. OUR faith in high prices led us to purchase very largely in the early part of the season. Our stock is now coming forward rapidly and can offer dealers at LOWEST PRICES, with the advantage of having a large number of cars to select from. We predict sixty cents per bushel later, and would advise our friends to put away all they require for winter and spring.

Standard Trading and M'fg Co. J. D. SHATFORD, General Manager.

RECEIVED: CABLE AND LETTER REPEATS

Printed Sateens, Printed Cambrics, Ladies' Cloth Jackets, Ladies' Cambrics and Pongee Blouses, Ladies' Flannel and Pongee Blouses, Smallwares, Laces, Flowers, Silks, Umbrellas, —ALSO— 85 CASES

Am. Straw Goods. SMITH BROS. Granville and Duke Streets, HALIFAX, N. S. FURNITURE. BEDROOM Suits, Parlor Suits, Lounges, Bed L Lounges, Tables, Chairs, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Springs, Baby Carriages, etc. Prices low as any and on easy payment if desired.

F. A. JONES, : : 34 Dock Street. JOSEPH THOMPSON, PRACTICAL MACHINIST, WESTFIELD, KINGS CO.

ALL kinds of experimenting, model making, and general machinery, punches, dies, and bending tools made to order. S. B. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE, STEEL AND IRON-CUT NAILS, AND SPIKES, TACKS, BRAIDS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOE, N. B.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fittings at short notice.

Advertisement for R. B. Gilmore & Co. featuring various goods like China, Glass, Lamps, Oil & Kitchen Furnishings, Music Store, Pianos & Organs, Sheet Music, Fashionable Millinery, and Picture Frames. Locations 199, 201, 205, 207.

Advertisement for "The Best and Safest" medicine, likely a laxative or digestive aid, sold for 25c per box. Includes a circular logo with text like "CURE DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINTS."

Advertisement for "DISCRIMINATE!" featuring a motto: "ENERGY, TACT, AND PRINCIPLE, IS OUR MOTTO." It discusses the quality of goods and the importance of discernment in purchasing.

Advertisement for "THE POPULAR 20TH CENTURY STORE, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET," selling Boots, Shoes, Cloths, and Clothing. It emphasizes low prices and a large stock.

Advertisement for "THE BLUE STORE on the CORNER" selling Men's Ready-Made Clothing, Boys' Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, and anything else in Men's wear. Located at the corner of Mill and Main Streets, Portland.

Advertisement for "FERTILIZERS" from Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co. featuring Imperial Superphosphate, Potato Phosphate, and Bone Meal. Includes a small illustration of a fertilizer bag.

Advertisement for "ADS," Engraving Bureau, featuring a hand holding a block with "SOME" written on it. The text describes their engraving services and provides contact information.

Advertisement for the Intercolonial Railway, detailing winter arrangements for 1891. It lists train schedules, fares, and services between St. John, Montreal, and Toronto.

Advertisement for A. & J. Hay, Jewelers, featuring diamonds, fine jewelry, American watches, and French clocks. Located at 76 King Street.

Advertisement for "INSURANCE COMPANY" featuring a list of names like Frank, William, and John, and a large sum of \$7,500,000.

Advertisement for "JACK, GENERAL AGENT, WILLIAM STREET," offering advertising services and illustrations.

Advertisement for "MAIL" services, mentioning a Bureau and various mail options.

Advertisement for "THIS FOR ONE YEAR ONLY \$3.75," likely a subscription or a specific product offer.

Advertisement for a dictionary or reference work, mentioning "PROGRESS" and "DICTIONARY."

Advertisement for a product or service, mentioning "RY 1st, can obtain" and a price of \$3.25.

A GOLDEN DREAM.

By G. Manville Fenn,

Author of "A Mint of Money," "Black Blood," "The Master of the Ceremonies," &c.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)
 Sainstone stared at her, so sudden had been the change.
 "Nonsense!" he said; "but what do you know about my father?"
 "That he was shot—perhaps in trying to do what his son wishes."
 "Look here," began Sainstone, angrily. "There are people outside, and they have big ears," said the woman quietly.
 "Yes, I know. Well then, I'll be frank with you."
 "Better so."
 "I do want to try and take some position among my people."
 "And stand up on the shoulders of the blacks? Well, they are very hard."
 "You take an unfair view of the matter, Madame. My father was a brave man, and one of the great patriots of the country."
 The woman half closed her eyes, and nodded her head slowly.
 "And I, his son, wish to tread in his steps."
 "Ah!" said the woman, wrinkling her brow, and gazing at him strangely.
 "I shall join the Vendou, and study the position and wants of the black race, fight for them in fact."
 "And go to their feasts and drink your self drunk, and join in all their strange revels?"
 "Madame, I am a gentleman, the son of a gentleman," said the young man proudly. "I know myself. Now then, you stand high among your people—the black races."
 A vivid color came into the woman's face, and her eyes flashed, but she made no sign, and Sainstone did not note the change in the obscurity of the long, low, shadowy room as he went on.
 "Now, then, will you take me to one of these feasts, and let me see all?"
 "No."
 Sainstone laughed to himself, and thrusting his right hand into his pocket, he took out a gold piece and placed it in his palm, holding it out over the buffet counter.
 "There," he said, "I told you I did not want you to do it for nothing. Take us both, and I will give you that."
 The woman shook her head and drew back.
 Sainstone laughed again.
 "Be quiet, I won't," he said, in reply to a whispered prayer from his companion to give up. Then, taking out a second piece he placed it on the first. "Now will you?" he whispered.
 The woman's eyes glistened with a singular look of greed, but she shook her head.
 Sainstone placed a third piece on the others without avail. Then a fourth—a fifth—and on and on till nine glistening coins were lying on a little pile; and the woman shrank from them, and tried to avert her eyes, which kept on returning as if by the strong attraction of the bright metal.
 "Give it up," whispered Deffard again; but, with his teeth hard set, and a look of stubborn determination increasing in his countenance, Sainstone took out another coin and added it to the little pile still held out upon the bar.
 "There," he whispered, "ten. More than you will make here in this wretched place in weeks, now will you take us?"
 A sudden spasm seemed to convulse the woman's face, and in spite of her heaviness, her action was quick as lightning. The coins had hardly rested there till he had spoken, when Madame's hand darted down upon his and closed upon the coins pinning his upon the counter as she said hoarsely—
 "I take no risk of what happens. If they kill you your blood be upon your own head. I have warned you."
 "You will take us both to the first feast or meeting these people have?" said Sainstone, coolly, "contrive that we see everything."
 "Everything?" she whispered, with a look of awe in her eyes.
 "Everything, even to the sacrifice," he said, with a mocking look at her.
 She nodded.
 "And if I want your aid to hurry on my initiation you will help me in that?"
 She nodded again.
 "That's right," he said, withdrawing his hand. "When shall we come?"
 "To-night," she whispered; "two hours after it is dark."
 "So soon? Am I to swear secrecy?" said Sainstone, with a mocking laugh.
 "There will be no need," replied the woman, meaningly. "You will not tell tales after, for you will be one of them, and it would be betraying yourself."
 "But if I did?"
 "Those who fight against the serpent die. Now go."
 "Yes, we'll go now," said Sainstone, draining his glass and lighting his cigar which had gone out. "Come, Jules, old fellow, we are refreshed and ready to continue our walk," he said aloud. "Adieu, Madame—Madame, I mean."
 He raised his hat, Deffard followed his example, and followed him out into the sunshine and past the smiling negress and one group of blacks, who once more went through their scene of assumed ignorance of their presence.
 "Well, Deff, what do you think of it? I knew it was only a question of how much."
 "You'll never be mad enough to go?"
 "I shall, and you will too. Bah, man, are you going to be frightened about a little negro jugglery? They are childish, and their acts the same."
 "But you heard what she said. Those who fight against the serpent die."
 "If they let him sting, of course. But we shall not do that. Deffard, I have won. The day is not far off when I shall be at the head of affairs, and you shall be my most trusted chief. Yes, we will take our revolvers tonight and we will go."
 They walked back in silence, while, without heeding the laughing and chatter which sprang up as soon as the two young men were out of sight, Madame sat for a time motionless and rapt in thought, her hand stretched out upon the bar clutching the coins.

CHAPTER VI.—"AS A MARCH HARE."
 "Hallo! old fellow," cried Bart Durham, "going out?"
 "No, I'm not," he whistled, "what a dandy!"
 "Don't fool, Bart," cried Paul excitedly. "Thank you've come."
 "My dear boy, what is it? Something wrong?"
 "Wrong?" cried Paul, "read that."
 "From your sister," cried Bart, taking the letter handed to him and running through it quickly.
 "Let the convent. Staying with a Madame Sainstone at the Hotel Devine—going back to the West Indies at once. My dear old fellow!"
 Bart Durham caught his friend's hand in his.
 "Paul, old chap," he said, "is it so serious as this?"
 "Serious? Man I love her, and she is going to be dragged away from me perhaps for us never to meet again. I've often laughed with you at these sentimental French fellows, who shut themselves up with a pot of charcoal, but I can feel for them now."
 "No you can't," said Bart savagely; "and don't talk like a fool. You're an Englishman. But, I say: this is very sudden. What are you going to do?"
 "Go to the hotel at once and see her. Come with me."
 "I really old fellow, I don't think—"
 "Lucie is there with her."
 "Oh," said Bart, quickly, "I'll come. Do I look very shabby?"
 "I must talk to her and persuade her not to go," said Paul excitedly. "She must not, she shall not go."
 "Gently, old fellow, gently. Your sister says that the mother has sent for her, and you know it was expected."
 "Yes, I know it was expected, but don't stand there talking man. Come on."
 Half-an-hour later the two young men stepped out of a facade in the Rue Royale, and after sending up their cards they were ushered into a handsome room, where a tall Creole lady, whose perfectly white hair shaded a thin angular yellow face, rose to meet them with a pair of cards in her hand, while a pale fragile looking girl of about twenty also rose, and looked sharply from one to the other, and evidently satisfied with the young artist's appearance, let her eyes dwell longest upon him.
 "Madame Sainstone," said Paul quickly, and then hesitating slightly, "my sister is staying with you. May I see her?"
 "Certainly," said the lady, speaking in French, with a very peculiar accent.
 "Antoinette, my love, will you ask Mademoiselle Lowther to come."
 The girl gave her head a slight toss, then darted a keen look at Paul, and moved towards a door at the farther end of the room, Bart hurrying to open it for her, and receiving a very contemptuous bow for his pains.
 "Your sister is with us for a day or two to try and keep her friend in good spirits. Poor child. Mademoiselle Dulau—you—er—know?"
 "Yes—yes—well," said Paul, hastily.
 "That is I have seen her once or twice, when visiting my sister at the convent."
 "Indeed," said the lady with her eyes contracting, and her two lips seeming to grow thinner as a thought flashed through her brain.
 But at that moment the door was reopened, and Lucie entered with her arm round Aube, pale, excited, and trembling.
 Lucie fled to her brother's arms, and as she kissed him she whispered:
 "Oh, Paul, darling, I made her come with me—yes—well," said Paul, as he took both the hands which were resigned to him, cold and trembling, while Aube's dark eyes looked full in his, with a sad, desponding expression that thrilled him to the core.
 Paul did not loosen his hold of those hands, but led her to a settee, while, following his example, Bart took Lucie's, making her turn scarlet, as she faltered half hysterically—
 "You have come with my brother, Mr. Durham?"
 "I am afraid I shall be de trop," said Madame Sainstone, shrugging her shoulders, and looking meaningly at the young couple, her eyes resting longest on Paul with a slight frown; but no one spoke.
 "As chaperone to Mademoiselle Dulau, I hardly, perhaps—"
 "Oh," cried Lucie, quickly, "we are all such very old friends, Madame. You need not mind at all."
 "Indeed?" said the lady, with a forced laugh. "Ah, well; I will leave you then for a little while. I shall be in the next room if you want me. No, no; do not disarrange yourselves; and she swept out of the room, her magnificent silk rustling as if the leaves on the carpet were real, and dead.
 "Thank Heaven!" said Paul to himself. Then, leaving Aube for the moment, "Bart, old fellow," he whispered, "keep Lucie with you. I must win my darling now, or I shall go mad."
 "Trust me," said the young doctor, hoarsely; and then to himself, "And if I don't make much of my chance I'm an ass. I only wish though that she was ill." Paul was back on the settee, and Lucie not unwillingly allowed Bart to take her

face wrinkling up into a look of disgust, and then deliberately spat upon them.
 "A curse upon this money!" she said hoarsely; "but I was obliged—I was obliged."
 She turned the coins over in her hand, and her face softened into a pleasant smile as she seemed to gloat over the money now just before taking out a bag, and dropped the pieces in one by one, the clink they gave making her eyes brighter with satisfaction.
 "More, and more, and more," she said aloud as she replaced the bag, and then, resting her head upon her hand, she sat there thinking, while the laughter outside became more boisterous and loud. But the mirth of the black people who spend so most of their lives basking in the sunshine outside her verandah did not interrupt her train of thought, which was with Etienne Sainstone, and the risks he would be bound to run that night at the feast.

CHAPTER VII.—"GOODBYE."
 "Well, old chap," said Bart, walking into his friend's studio the next morning, "not packing up, I see. Night's rest gives wisdom. Got over that travelling fit?"
 "I do not understand you."
 "About going over there. Given that up?"
 "I have been obliged to. There was not a berth to be had, though I offered the agent double fees."
 "What's that all for the best, you see. Fate is working with you in the next."
 "But I have taken passage in the next."
 "You have?"
 "And paid my fare."
 "Humph! Well, and what will you do when you get there? Go and see her mamma?"
 "Of course, Bart, old fellow, this has given me an idea. I want fresh ground for a picture or two. Hayti and its inhabitants, the gorgeous tropic colors, the foliage, sea and sky, and the picturesque people."
 "Yes, a deal of paint you would spread on your canvas. Nonsense, man, you'll think differently before your month is up."
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 "Did you see your sister?"
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 "Yes," he said.
 "And Miss Dulau?"
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 "Naturally, my boy; a lady who is appointed chaperone must set her face against unbecoming flirtations."
 "I feel certain that she has some designs of her own."
 "Nonsense, old fellow! You look through a magnifying glass at things. For my own part, I think she behaved very well. Here, I must be off, to-morrow morning. I say, though, are you going to see them off at the station?"
 "I shall go to Havre with them, if I can."
 "Is your sister going?"
 "No."
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 "Will you step up, sir?" said an attendant, and directly after they were ushered into the presence of Lucie, who was writing, dressed for her departure, and who flew to her brother's arms.
 "Oh, Paul dear!" she cried, bursting into tears.
 "What does this mean," he said, harshly; "where is Aube?"
 "Gone, dear," cried Lucie hysterically, as she clung to her brother. "Don't—don't be angry with me. I could not help it."
 "Quick!" said Paul, who was pale as ashes.
 Lucie tried to choke down her sobs and went on volubly.
 "It was that Madame Sainstone's doing, dear. I hate her. She is—"
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 "Madame Sainstone said it was her duty to Aube, to save her all the pain and suffering she could for one thing; and another was that she had had a telegram from Havre which necessitated her going to join the ship at once."
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 "Paul, what are you going to do?"
 "To follow them," he said shortly. "I am not satisfied that she should go with this woman. Bart, I trust to you. Good bye."
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 "Yes; that's what he said," cried Bart, hastily.
 "Then he will go. Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?"
 "Anything but cry," said Bart, excitedly. "It cuts me to the heart to see you like this."
 "How can I help it," she sobbed, "when you tell me this. Mr. Durham, you do like Paul?"
 "More than I should ever have liked a brother."
 "And you would do that for him?"
 "Do what for him?"
 "Go with him to the West Indies?"
 "No."
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 "I am your slave, Miss Lucie, as I've proved to you. Wait one moment; you will pay me for going, as I ask?"
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 "I've offended her," he said to himself, "and all the time it was so genuine and true, for I would have gone to the world's end for her sake."
 Soon after the fiacre drew up at the convent gate, and was allowed to enter the courtyard.
 "We must say good-bye directly, Mr. Durham," said Lucie now, in a husky voice.
 "Yes," he said, "Good-bye."
 "And you will go with Paul whatever he does?"
 "You wish me to?" he said, as the carriage began to draw up at the entrance.
 "Yes. Don't touch me now," she whispered. "Yes, do, do; and protect him always."
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 "Go to the West Indies for her? She shall see."
 (To be continued.)

There is danger in impure blood. There is safety in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. 100 doses one dollar.

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CHAPTER IX.—"CONSUMPTION CURED."
 An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful cures upon thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-creatures, and he has done so by sending free of charge, to all who desire it, this simple, safe, and effective remedy, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp naming the paper, W. A. NOTTS, 232, Bow's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Answers to History Questions, No. 9.
 1. How was the crownland grievance settled, and in what year?
 Ans.—By the passing of the civil list bill in 1537.
 2. What was the name of the Indian town that occupied the site of Lower Quebec at the time Jacques Cartier first ascended the St. Lawrence?
 Ans.—Stadacona.
 3. Who was the founder of Canada?
 Ans.—Samuel de Champlain.
 4. Who was governor of Nova Scotia when the loyalists landed in May 1783, 1785?
 Ans.—Governor Parr.

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION No. 11.
 1. In what house did the four knights who murdered Thomas a Becket meet before proceeding to Canterbury, and in what county of England is it situated?
 2. For what was the castle of that name (Harwarden) noted in the nineteenth century in the reign of Queen Victoria?
 3. On what occasion did King Philip of France write the words, "Take care of yourself—the devil is unloosed," and to whom did he address them?
 4. What was Edward I. surnamed?

TRICKS WITH COINS.
 An Old One Applied in a New Way—Twirling the Dollar.
 A clever hotel counter trick was played at the Continental recently by a friend of Mr. Kingsley. The gentleman took ten silver quarters and laid them out carefully on the marble counter. One of the clerks carefully so as to be able to distinguish it from the rest, and held it while the gentleman shook up the quarters in his hat. Then the quarter was thrown into the hat and shaken up with the rest. The gentleman then laid them out on the counter, carefully placing the trick in first so as to form a triangle. Then he moved them mysteriously into the form of a square and then into the form of a cross.
 "Now the figures tell me," said the performer, "that the quarter you selected is the last one in the right arm of the cross."
 "Yes, that it," said the clerk, in amazement.
 He was tried many times and found infallible every time. The secret was that the quarters lying on the cold marble were all especially cold as compared with the one held for a moment in the hand while the clerk found its distinguishing marks. Picking them out one by one by the performer told by the warmth which one was selected, and his subsequent moving of the quarters was for purposes of mystification, while he kept his eye on the warm quarter and later pointed it out. The trick is first so as to form a triangle, then a square, and finally a cross. Like other tricks, it is as old as the hills, for in tricks, as in everything else, nothing is new under the sun. It has been played with pennies in private parlors for years to please and mystify young folks. Its appearance in a new form at the hotel counter, where it can be well played with one preparation over the cold counters, will now begin to amuse travellers from one end of the country to the other.
 "Do you know that a silver dollar twirled on a smooth surface will always come tails up?" asked the same gentleman, naively.
 The clerk looked as though he would like to have bet millions it wouldn't. A dozen times the gentlemen twirled the dollar on the marble counter. A dozen times more the suspicious clerk twirled it himself. Almost every time the dollar topped tails up. "Talk about loaded dice," said the man, laughing, "you see Uncle Sam loads his dollars." The dollars are so stamped that more weight lies on the head than the other, and as the piece twirls it is almost certain to fall the same way every time if the surface is smooth and level.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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