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PRICE FIVE CENTS

MR. LITTLE TO BE TRIED.

ONE OF THE FIRST CASES IN THE DIOCESE'S HISTORY.

How the Court of Inquiry Will Proceed to Investigate—Mr. T. Carleton Allen Will Preside and Rev. Mr. Little's Interest Will be Looked After by Dr. Fugate.

For the first time in the history of the Diocese of Fredericton a Court of Triers is to be assembled to adjudicate upon charges brought by a church against its minister. There have been similar church courts held in the other denominational bodies of the province even in recent years. In the Methodist Church Rev. Mr. Currie, was thus tried and in the Baptist Church Rev. Dr. Day, was before an ecclesiastical court to answer charges brought against him. Hitherto what troubles there have been in the church of England have been settled without recourse to the means provided by the church discipline. But the time has at length come when the church could not get along with its rector, and to call to its aid the canons of discipline of the diocese.

In a few days Rev. Mr. Little, of Sussex, who has been attracting public attention for the last few years, will have to appear before a court of triers and defend himself against charges which his parishioners have brought against him. The trial will be the culmination of a long series of difficulties attended with events dramatic and humorous in their nature. Until this summer the troubles did not reach beyond the confines of his church. At the session of the synod in July, however, a number of his parishioners presented a petition to that body seeking redress from their grievance. The synod would not entertain the document, but declared that the petitioners would have to seek satisfaction through the means provided by canon law. This they proceeded to do and this summer they have been engaged in satisfying all the formalities that the canons prescribe. These are many and occupy in the setting forth over a dozen pages in the constitution.

Those bringing a charge have to first memorialize the bishop stating in detail the nature of the complaint. The person charged can then elect to be tried summarily by the bishop or else by a Board of Triers. Mr. Little chose the latter course and the board was then appointed. There is a board of discipline from which the court is chosen, composed of all the clergy of the diocese of over ten years standing and twelve laymen appointed annually at the meeting of the synod. The court consists of five persons, three clergymen and two laymen, chosen by lot from the board of discipline. The lots are drawn by the secretary of the synod in the presence of the parties or their representatives.

The court is presided over by an assessor who is appointed by the bishop and must be a barrister of the supreme court of seven years standing. His Lordship has appointed Mr. T. Carleton Allen, of Fredericton, to fill this position in the Little case. His duties will be to preserve order, to regulate the proceedings, inform and advise the court on any legal matter that may arise and generally aid the court in their distributions. In all other matters the Board of Triers will have jurisdiction, but it will have a casting vote if only four members of the board are present and should they divide on any question relating to evidence witnesses will be examined.

In the Board of Triers is vested the power to say yes or nay to the charges brought against the minister and to impose the penalty if they find him guilty. It however, requires the assent of four out of the five to make a verdict. When they have arrived at a decision it has to be approved of by the Bishop and until that is done it is kept secret. The trial will take place at Sussex and will of course be held behind closed doors. The bishop can attend and if the Board of Triers are agreeable members of the congregation of the church can witness the proceedings.

There are several offences for which clergymen may be charged. The main ones are preaching or teaching any doctrine contrary to the Thirty-nine articles of religion, and the book of common prayer; any crime, dishonesty, immoral or disorderly conduct, or concerning when there may exist scandal, disobedient conduct toward the bishop; violation of the constitution or the canons of the church; habitual irregularity or neglect in the performance of divine offices; schism, and exercising any lay profession or occupation inconsistent with his calling.

For these offences there is a scale of penalties starting with an admonition and going through suspension and deposition from office in the church to the greatest of all, degradation from the ministry.

The circumstances which led up to this trial may be told in brief. Some years ago Rev. Mr. Little came to Trinity Church, Sussex, from England. At first he made excellent impression and for a long while got along splendidly. Then he began to evince dogmatic and overbearing character-

istics. Carelessness in financial matters, added to this, succeeded in alienating all the better class of his congregation and they decided to seek another rector. But it was first necessary to get rid of him.

About two years ago they asked him to resign, but he refused. At the Easter meeting of 1893 a resolution was passed requesting him to tender his resignation and fixing his salary at forty dollars a year. But Mr. Little was pugnacious. He hung on and drew about him a party of sympathizers. But his opponents were greatly in the majority, both in point of numbers and influence.

At this year's Easter meeting by a vote of 20 to 14 his salary was further reduced to one dollar. It was also decided to ask the synod for legislation enabling the bishop to take cognizance to a greater extent of troubles in a parish. It was further agreed that all envelopes in the offertory should be used by the wardens for the purpose of the church; also, in the election of officers Mr. Little's supporters were every one defeated. It was now thought that Mr. Little, having no foothold left, would depart. But not so, he still clung on, even to the last dollar. All sorts of methods were followed to raise money for him and he even stood at the church door, plate in hand, taking collections.

Then at the synod meeting in July last a memorial was presented from the church asking to have certain laws with regard to the appointment and removal of clergymen from the parishes changed so that if a parish did not wish a clergyman to remain they could remove him. This, however, the synod would not grant, and the church thereupon proceeded to carry the case before the ecclesiastical court.

This summer there has been no improvement in the condition of affairs at Sussex. The great body of the congregation and nearly the better class are opposed to the clergyman and his friends are few. The breach has widened between the church and the church has suffered greatly. "The little minister," however, shown as much Scotch stubbornness as his parallel, the creation of Mr. Barrie. He has retained the Hon. Wm. Pugsley to represent him, and will make as strong a defense as possible. Whether, however, he will have the same success as the Auld Licht minister in winning over the sundered hearts of his people is considerable a question.

THOUGHTS MAKE THE MORN.

Good Citizens of St. John Return Home With Saxon Styles.

Some of St. John's leading citizens have been enjoying a vacation in England, and now that they have returned they are serving as the "glass of fashion" to the city's few Anglo-maniacs and the accentuated bell-bottom coat and the other distinguishing features of dress in the park and promenades of London are transplanted here.

Dr. Murray McLaren, Mr. J. D. Hazen and Mr. J. J. Cremer are among those who are bringing home these whiffs of balmy English air, but the Venerable Archdeacon Brigstocke is the most noticeable in his importation of Saxon styles. It is even said that he went across the water primarily to get used to the donning of that which is the distinctive dress of bishops and archdeacons in the old country. Now as he walks along the promenades of St. John, many look behind and make mental comparison. His leggings do not show the same finely rounded proportions that Bishop Kingdon displays, but still they happily do not go to the other extreme.

Some one has very pitifully said that "tis not the coat that makes the man, it is the pants." From the Englishman's point of view, perhaps from the Archdeacon's point of view, an amendment is necessary. "Tis not the coat that makes the man, it is the trousers."

The Orphan's Playroom.

Some time ago a correspondent under the nom-de-plume "Mignonette" wrote to PROGRESS about the play room of the P. O. Asylum, pointing out that it was cheerless, etc. The ladies connected with the management of that institution felt that the criticism was keen and they hastened some efforts they were making to improve the matter. Now the play room is finished and a brighter, cheerier apartment cannot be found anywhere. But there are some things lacking that "Mignonette" the ladies think, might perhaps contribute or help them secure, such as a children's rocking horse, chairs, rockers, etc., that all go to make the children comfortable.

PROGRESS is asked to extend a cordial invitation to the critic and to any others interested in the P. O. Asylum to visit the institution and see new children's playroom.

It Was Not "William" Ogden.

Mr. William Ogden, of Sackville, writes to PROGRESS, claiming that its correspondent made a gross misstatement when he mentioned his name in connection with the Ogden-Cole trial, and says that he is no way connected with either party. PROGRESS regrets that its correspondent made a mistake in the christian name of the gentleman alluded to.

U. E. COMPANY DISBANDED

BY ORDER OF THE HALIFAX CITY COUNCIL.

A Historic Volunteer Corps that is More than 100 Years Old Dismissed Because it Refused to Receive a Member Since Arrived on a Serious Charge.

HALIFAX, Nov. 1.—The Union Engine company is no more. Dating its formation back to 1788, the city council on Monday night swept it out of existence with "one fell blow." "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Because the U. E. C. refused to receive into its membership a man whom the city council insisted should be accepted; because they sent the council a peremptory note that they refused even to consider the matter further, the council got on its dignity and abolished the volunteer fire department of Halifax, which has existed for 126 years and has had a grand record.

That is one way of looking at the situation, but it is only a surface view. The cause of the dismissal of the U. E. C. is deeper than that. The agitation for a paid department has continued for a couple of years or more and previously had been talked about long ago. Strife of factions in the U. E. C. has furnished the opponents of the volunteer system with deadly weapons which they gladly use. Peace in the company was the exceptional state of affairs, not the normal. The sides taken, the bitter hostilities engaged in, have served to cement the foes of the U. E. C. within and without its ranks, so that now, handed with men who, on principle, advocate a paid department, they have been able to deal the old Union Engine company its death blow. The historic organization went out of existence on Monday night on a vote of the city council, 10 to 7, with the suddenness of a thunderclap.

History repeats itself. A reminiscence of thirty-three years ago is interesting just now. In 1861 a somewhat similar state of affairs existed at that which has prevailed in the U. E. C. and council for the past six weeks or so. The difference is that now the trouble, in addition to being a row among members of the company and partisan outside, is a struggle between grit and tory for control of the fire department. In 1861 it was religious strife which prevailed. Then the company was composed solely of protestants. Four catholics were proposed for membership and rejected by the U. E. C. The city council demanded nevertheless that they be received. The U. E. C. said "no," and intimated that if the council persisted in its demand they would resign. The council was obdurate, and the U. E. C. in 1861 handed in their resignation to a man. In 1894 the U. E. C., the successors of the men of 1861, were asked to accept one F. J. Horneman, the company blackballed him, the council said you must take him. The U. E. C., instead of resigning as did their predecessors, hung on to their apparatus and waited for dismissal. They stayed till peremptorily told to get out. And the mandate came so suddenly at last that the breath was taken out of most of the volunteer firemen of Halifax, and especially of their officers. There is thus quite a contrast between the manner of the exodus of 1861 and that of 1894.

The advocates of change were ready the night the old firemen were dismissed to man the apparatus with a new body of men, with a new captain, elected not by the firemen, but appointed by the council. The old firemen received no pay. The new men in the meantime will receive a small remuneration, merely a nominal salary, and later bigger wages will come. An observer of the way the coup was accomplished looks at it in this way: He says it was alderman O'Donnell who led the forces which destroyed the U. E. C. The alderman seems to have secured a powerful influence in the council, into which he jumped in spite of the most strenuous opposition. He has developed strength and has a following there, as was shown by the men who voted in his undoubted majority of the council at his back. The nine who voted with him were made up as follows: Ald. Redden, the large boot and shoe dealer; Ald. Geldert, the lawyer and swift short hand man; Ald. Wallace, a future liberal M. P. P.; Ald. Duggan, a son of ex-Mayor Duggan, who ordinarily hates his leader of Monday night; Ald. Hubley, the kicker against anything not originated by himself; Ald. Eden the philosopher; Ald. Creighton, the liberal standard-bearer of ward 6; Ald. Outbit, without opinions; and Ald. Ryan, who is second only to Ald. O'Donnell in his hatred of the late captain of the U. E. C. and all his connection.

These were the men who enabled Ald. O'Donnell to abolish the Union Engine company, 1788, and thoroughly they did their work. The U. E. C. has gone the way of all the earth. There is one good thing about it, which possibly will atone for increased taxation with only a problematic increase of efficiency, and that is that the

obnoxious "firemen's vote" is also a thing of the past.

The Charge Against Horneman.

HALIFAX, Nov. 1.—If F. J. Horneman, the dry goods merchant of Spring Garden road, had dropped dead, it would not have been a greater shock than when it was learned that he had been arrested and charged with an offense for which he is liable to a life term in Dorchester penitentiary. The arrest was based on the deposition of Miss Foot, a 16 year old sales-girl in his shop, the daughter of the sexton of Brunswick street Methodist church. At the time she made the statement she was feared to be dying, but since she has passed out of the stage of immediate danger. Horneman proclaims his innocence. It will be for the courts of his country to determine the truth of this. There is much sympathy for his family if not for Horneman.

Had Horneman been arrested twenty-four hours earlier it is doubtful if the Union Engine company would have been dismissed by the city council. He was the prime mover in the more recent troubles, and it was over his admission to the U. E. C.—his blackbaling by that body—that the fighting raged in the city council. The very day after the Horneman victory in the council he was taken by the officers of justice on a charge unmentionable almost in its abhorrent character. Alderman Geldert took Miss Foot's ante-mortem confession regarding Horneman on Saturday midnight and yet he came to the city council on Monday night and was one of the chief advocates of Horneman's claims on the U. E. C. and moved the resolution that dismissed the volunteer firemen because they refused decisively and peremptorily to accede to the council's demand to admit him or even to discuss further the subject. The other nine aldermen, whose names appear elsewhere, must find themselves also in a rather awkward position, though in a less degree than the junior alderman for ward 1.

"A Nova Scotia Ghost."

The story, "A Nova Scotia Ghost," which appears in another part of PROGRESS, is from the facile pen of a lady well-known in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—Miss M. G. Cogswell, of Sackville. The story is largely based on a solid foundation of fact—Mrs. Cogswell has this on the authority of the proprietor of "Broderick's." If the persons alluded to in the tale follow the example of Mr. J. McNeill Whistler, who came down on Mr. DuMaurier like the wolf on the fold, "A Nova Scotia Ghost" will have to be materially altered before it is published in book form. One of the undergraduates was a former Acadia man who attended St. John Business College this summer and fall, and was one of the best players on the St. John football team this year. He is now at his home at Amherst. The other undergraduate is now a graduate, being of the Acadia class of '94. He is a Gasperian man, and was once a page in the Canadian house of commons. The "widow, pale and pretty," was not a widow at all at most, she was a grass widow. The "little minister" is a B. A., '93, of Acadia, and is well known all over Nova Scotia, the other diminutive pet name by which he is known being the "parsonette." The story is particularly appropriate for this Halloween season.

HOW TO GET RICH.

A Rich Merchant of St. John Has a Peculiar Way of His Own.

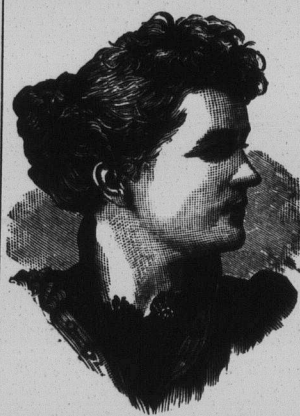
"Who is our richest citizen?" was the question put by one man to another on King street this week. "Mr. W. W. Turnbull, I suppose was the reply, 'he is probably worth in the vicinity of half a million.'" "How did he make it?" "Oh, by industry, shrewdness and personal economy." "What makes you ask?" "Was the return query. "Oh, nothing much," was the answer, "only I heard a little story this morning that has set me thinking how a man can save money, and I am undecided whether I would not prefer my self respect to the cash. A gentleman we all know worth fully as much as Mr. Turnbull has an estimable wife who has been ill recently. The physicians prescribed some medicine to allay her fever with instructions to the nurse that if the fever abated to stop giving the medicine. The fever went down when two doses had been taken and of course the most of the medicine was left. When her husband came in his economical instinct prompted him to instruct the nurse to return the medicine to the druggist and obtain credit for what was left. She did so and the druggist, appalled no doubt by the circumstances, took the bottle back and credited the difference, and this rich citizen was richer by half a dollar. Perhaps this is how he made his money. What comfort there must be in it." This citizen was in a cynical mood and he passed on. But the man he told the story to was skeptical, and inquired into the truth of the story. He is a cynic now too. He found that the story was true.

BLACKMAIL IN PLENTY.

MR. AND MRS. PERCY LEAR HAVE RAISED THE WIND.

Mrs. Lear Found in an Embarrassing Situation by Her Husband, Who Gives Out that He Wants a Divorce, but will Settle with Correspondents for a Consideration.

HALIFAX, Nov. 1.—The sensation for a week has been the conduct of the well-known Percy Lear and his wife. It is not creditable to the morality of Halifax that such a couple should have so long been tolerated in society, but it is sadly in keeping with many another wrong which is allowed to continue. The story how this man found his wife at a city hotel, registered as the wife of a Montreal commercial traveller, is known. It has been told in the daily papers. There is another side to the story which is not known. The papers have said nothing at all about it. Immediately on that hotel "discovery" the man blazoned it abroad that he intended to take steps to secure an "absolute divorce" from his wife. Thereon hinges the interest.



This is an excellent photograph of Mrs. Lear, the wife of Percy J. A. Lear, who, acting in collusion with her husband, has been able to levy blackmail wholesale on men in Halifax, and has struck terror into the hearts of many others, who fear their turn to pay up or be exposed may come next.

Mrs. Lear was an actress on the variety stage when she was married to Percy. Photographs of him are scarce, while Mrs. Lear's pictures are to be found in many houses. They will be all covered out of sight in a few days. A photograph of Percy Lear, which his friends were wont to prize very highly, shows him in the uniform of an officer of the 63rd Halifax Rifles.

It had been well known for years that the character of this woman was the opposite of good. She was, indeed, almost openly bad. Yet "society," more or less, smiled upon her. Everybody knew what she was, but this did not hinder "society" people from making much of her. For instance, the woman regularly sang in the Orpheus club not long ago had her for one of their leading soloists at a big concert; and she was invited, at least, to one of the largest and most swell social entertainments given in honor of the Governor-General and Countess of Aberdeen during their recent visit to Halifax. People knew perfectly well what this woman was then—just as well as they know it now, with the sole difference that till now charges had not been publicly made. It seems to be possible for some people to do almost anything without impairing their social standing in much of "society" here, so long as the affair does not actually become a subject for the courts or the press.

It is appalling the power a bad man may obtain over his fellows, owing to a misstep they may have taken. Such a power this unprincipled couple obtained. They used it, and they have been able successfully to practice wholesale blackmail. So deep a game has been heard of in larger cities; but it is new to Halifax.

That "discovery" by the husband at the hotel, was only a display of mock indignation, a show of hypocritical wrath. It was merely the climax to the plot. This is the side to the story that people generally know nothing about. This woman, who for a time had held her head high in some sections of "society," had arranged with her husband to be found as she was found. It was all planned out. The alleged suit for divorce was all arranged to be taken. The commercial traveller was merely a figurehead. The game was to name him as a co-respondent in the proceedings for divorce. But no blackmail could be levied on that traveller; he had no money to pay, and no reputation to lose. Yet it afforded a rich chance for blackmail on others, and was availed of to the utmost. Men about town who possibly were innocent of anything beyond a mere acquaintance with her, but who were not inclined to have their names mixed up with the disgraceful affair, or who did not feel like undertaking an attempt to prove their innocence, were to be named as co-respondents.

Nothing but money would prevent the bringing of the divorce proceedings and

the naming of these men. If they felt like coming down handsomely peace would be proclaimed; if not their portion would be the consequences of whatever publicity might follow. Supposing there were six men who could thus be named, and supposing they were asked \$1,000 each to call proceedings off, that would be a nice little pile of \$6,000. That actually was the condition of affairs. The successful blackmailers aimed that high. But they failed to get beyond the round figure of \$300 each. Very few business men can go out in the morning and make \$1800 in one transaction. It was so large a sum as that which this wicked blackmailer and his wife succeeded in levying upon a half dozen men that day. It paid to threaten "divorce proceedings" and to mention a few names as possible co-respondents. It is sad to think that the scene of so scandalous an affair should be laid in this fair city. It is no less lamentable that some churches, some societies, and many people to a certain extent "in society" who know what manner of woman this was, should have given her the entree to their platforms and to their private social entertainments. They have not, in most cases, the excuse that they were acting in ignorance.

Such is the history of the latest blackmailing incident. Here is another barefaced attempt which occurred two or three weeks ago. For the benefit of any others who may find themselves approached as the military officer who is a central figure in the following sensational incident, it is here distinctly stated that the silence of PROGRESS, or its correspondent, is not, never was, and never shall be purchasable. If any one is ever asked for money to secure the hushing up of news which they do not wish published in PROGRESS, then they may conclude at once that an attempt is being made to levy blackmail upon them, and they will be fools if they pay one cent. Don't do it, for you are being bucconed!

The chief dramatic person in this earlier attempted blackmail was a high officer in this garrison and McLennan, a local insurance man, and he was audacious, unprincipled and wicked. The story, "as true as gospel," is this in brief:

The insurance man was in the country canvassing for business. The military officer was there for pleasure. So were an American tourist and his wife. The policy [seeker saw something going on, or imagined he did, which he thought could be construed into questionable conduct on the part of the officer. Whether his suspicions were well founded or not does not matter just now, but the conclusion was come to by him that there was a pot of money in it to be made by blackmail. The insurance man decided to become the blackmailer. And this is the way he went about it. He returned to town and awaited the arrival of the officer. Then he wrote a lying letter to the officer saying that he was a sincere friend, who knew a man who intended writing up for PROGRESS the alleged escapade. He mentioned circumstances sufficient to show that he had been keeping his eyes open and had observed a few facts and perhaps been deceived by many fancies. The lying letter went on to state that the correspondent of this paper was a most mercenary man, that he was about to describe the incident, but silence regarding what was alleged to have taken place could be purchased. The blackmail named was \$100. The insurance man would devote the money to buying off the alleged writer. The officer was much alarmed. He did not know what to do, and at one time had about made up his mind to pay the money to his anonymous "friend," trusting that he would apply it to hush the matter up and avoid annoyance. Luckily the officer bethought himself that it possibly was blackmail, and he consulted a lawyer about it. An investigation was hurriedly set on foot. The evening when the \$100 was to be paid came round and it was not till within an hour of the time, that the officer and his lawyer became finally convinced that it was blackmail; that PROGRESS correspondent probably knew nothing whatever of the matter; and that the insurance man was an unmitigated scoundrel.

When the officer and his lawyer met the blackmailer at the appointed hour the latter's eyes twinkled as he saw in imagination the crisp bank notes paid over to him. But his face became ashen in hue, and his limbs trembled, as a busy policeman stepped up from behind and laid his strong hand upon the fellow's shoulder to arrest him for attempting to obtain money under false pretences. The insurance man was charged with his perjury, and the denouement was so sudden that the blackmailer broke down. The game was up. The military officer was on top. It was the civilian now who was the victim, and he was intensely glad to get off on giving the most solemn assurance that he would never again try such an evil business. Since then he has continued his solicitation for insurance, and the military officers doubtless congratulate himself that he thought "a second time" before paying out \$100 in such a cause.

DEATH CLAIMS A CZAR.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE RULER WHO DIED THURSDAY.

His second son reported to have renounced his rights in succession to the throne in favor of his younger brother—the Russian Laws of Succession.

On Thursday of this week the Autocrat of all the Russias was forced to an unconditional surrender by that mightier Autocrat Death, who truly "spares none, however powerful."

For the last month, the whole world had been watching the despatches from St. Petersburg announcing the state of the Czar's failing health. Many have been the conjectures as to the result of the Czar's death upon the affairs of nations, and widespread has been the sympathy called forth

most propitious event in the Czar's unhappy life.

Nicholas, the new Czar, is, as may be seen from his portrait, a fine-looking young man. He was born in 1868. It is currently reported that he has more beauty than brilliancy. It is certain that he was not as much thought of by the Czar as either his second son George, or his third son Michael. The Czar's only daughter's name is Xenia.

The Czar's special favorite was George, who has for a long time been an invalid, and whose life is despaired of. The beginning of his illness dates back to 1891, the year in which he started with his brother, the Czarvitch, and his cousin, the Prince George of Greece, on a tour round the world, acting as the commander of the

ence. Later, at Spain, the Czar, himself sick unto death, passed long hours in watching at the bedside of his favorite son.

Last summer the Moscow correspondent of the Daily Chronicle published a romantic story about the young prince. It was to the effect that the Grand Duke had fallen in love with a pretty telegraph girl whom he met with in the neighborhood of his quarters, and whom he was determined to marry. The girl in question was Mile. Iech, of Tiflis, and she is said to possess marvellous beauty. She is the last descendant of one of the oldest noble families of the province, but she is poor and is obliged to earn her living in a telegraph office.

The Grand Duke George, the Czar's second son, is reported to have renounced his rights in succession to the Russian

it by an additional act in 1890, stating that the issues of the marriages authorized by the reigning Emperor should alone possess the right of succession. These laws of succession are now adhered to in Russia.

A most interesting account of the Czar's eccentric physician will be found in another column. Progress regrets that it cannot give his portrait.

A Compliment From Upper Canada. The finest display of biscuits ever made in Canada was that of G. J. Hamilton & Sons, Picton, N. S., at the Provincial Exhibition, Halifax. It covered an area of about 10x35 feet in a corner of the main building. It was arranged so that three faces were shown. The main one inclined upward from about three feet from the outer edge of the space to within a foot of the rear. In it were 230 varieties of confectionery, from penny goods to the finest chocolate. The whole background was formed with over 200 kinds of biscuits. Both were put up in flat cases, with 7x9 in. plate glass fronts, with the edges tastefully decorated. The base was filled with the various kinds of packages in which the goods are usually sent to the retailers. On stands at the ends were glass jars of druggists' confectionery, containing twenty-five different flavors each of candy, lichen and plain. The exhibit was one of the most attractive features of the show.—Canadian Grocer, Toronto.

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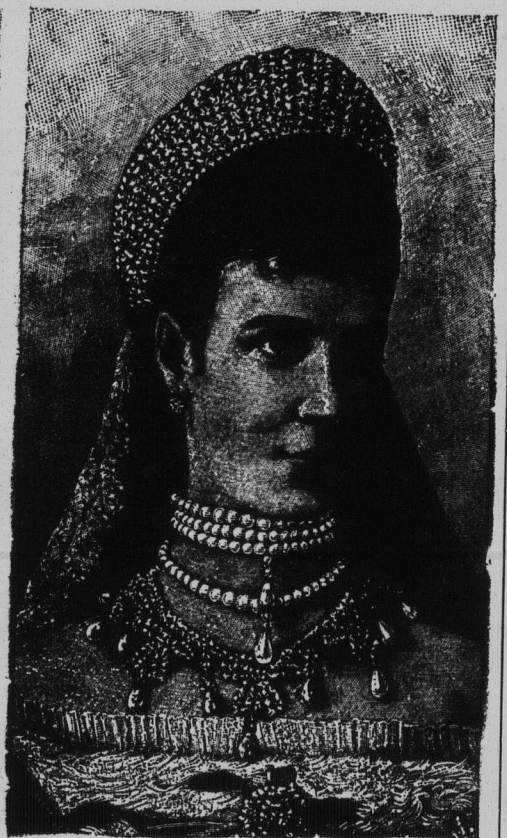
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ALEXANDER III, THE LATE CZAR.



THE CONSORT OF ALEXANDER III.

upon the approaching death of the ruler of all the Russias. And now the great ruler who "lived a life of sturt and strife," is at rest. Alexander III. was born March 10, 1845. He was the second son of Alexander II., and became the heir apparent to the throne on the death of his elder brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas, in 1865. In 1881, when his father, Alexander II., was killed by the Nihilists in blind rage, he ascended to a throne upon which a fierce light has long beaten. Early in life he manifested his sympathy with the old hostile Russian party. He held an important command in the war of 1877-78. He was a living exemplification of Shakespeare's truism, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The government, upon his succession to the throne, took extraordinary precautions for the preservation of his life, which have since been constantly maintained. He took up his residence in the castle at Gatchina, where he has been so surrounded by guards and so difficult of access, even to high officers of the Government, as to himself be practically a close prisoner. Numerous arrests were made, the secret police was reorganized, cities were placed under martial law, the practise of banishment without trial was resumed, everything was done to protect him from assassination except compliance with any of the Nihilists' demands. The appointment of a day for his coronation at Moscow was deferred repeatedly, and it finally took place

ironclad on which the party travelled. All three princes were of a bright, jovial disposition, and many stories are told of the mad pranks with which they enlivened their journey. But one day a serious accident occurred. Grand Duke George fell from the mastop of his ship to the deck and seriously injured his spine. The injury was so severe that the doctor ordered him to discontinue his journey and to return home. Then came an illness which was at first supposed to be typhoid fever, contracted in the Red Sea, but which proved to be consumption, which is

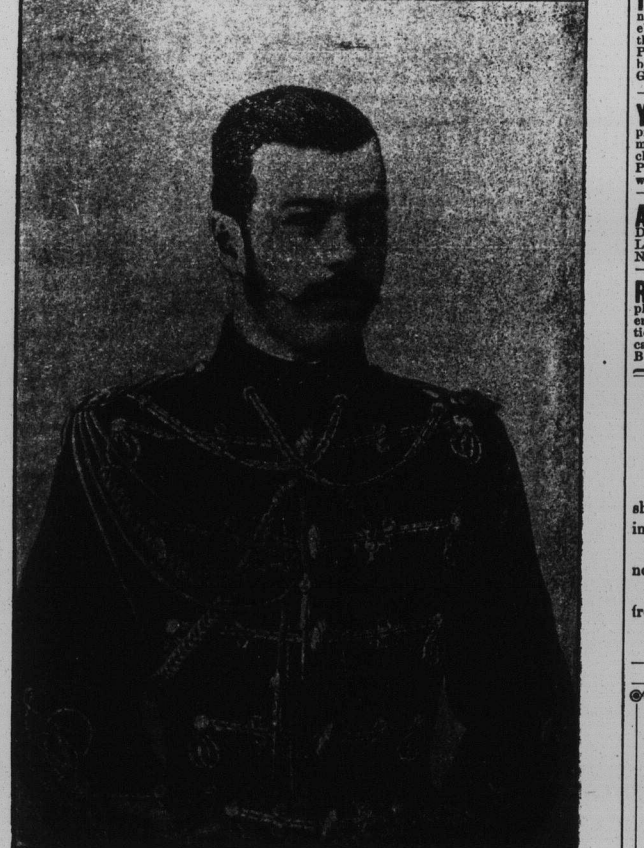
shared in favor of his younger brother, the Grand Duke Michael. He is said to be in a dying condition.

Appropos to the Imperial decree declaring Grand Duke Michael heir presumptive to the throne after the accession of his elder brother, a brief description of the law of succession prevailing in Russia is pertinent. When Peter the Great ascended the throne he abolished the law of primogeniture, and enacted that the sovereign should have the choice of his successor, not even limiting that choice to the royal line. In 1757 Emperor Paul



THE CZAR AND CZARINA WITH THEIR CHILDREN.

on May 27, 1883. His reign may be said to have been an unsatisfactory one. The Czar was wedded to the Princess Dagmar of Denmark in 1866, the year after he became heir apparent. The story of early preference for another young woman, and her marriage to another young man, has already appeared in Progress. His subsequent marriage to the lady his parents wished him to marry was the happiest and



NICHOLAS, THE NEW CZAR.

hereditary in the family of the Romanoffs. The Czar's condition, it is said, was made worse some weeks ago by a visit which he paid in person to a telegraph office in the Winter Palace in order to dictate a message asking for news of the young prince. He waited an hour in the damp office for a reply from the doctor, and his illness was aggravated by the severe cold which he caught in consequence of his imprud-

restored the right of primogeniture in the male line, in failure of which alone was the crown to devolve upon the female head. In such an event the throne was to devolve upon the princess next in relation to the deceased emperor, and in case of her dying childless the other princesses were to follow in the order of relationship. Emperor Alexander I., in 1807, confirmed the act of Emperor Paul, and strengthened

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Grand Opera Company, which opened a season of one week in this city last Monday evening, presenting on that occasion the opera "Amorita," was a cause of grave disappointment, not to say disgust, to a large number of its patrons. It has continued to be a disappointment. The reason is obvious. The material is not as capable as what they have previously offered in this city. The Messrs. Graue may have fancied the mere fact that the company was performing under their management was, in itself, enough to satisfy the good people of this city, that the company was first class in every particular. The crowded house that attended the opening night would seem to justify this opinion. But from the fact that the "living pictures" were not shown that night, though their presentation was so advertised as to permit the belief they would be, it also appears as though the Messrs. Graue thought the business would drop somewhat after that first night and they would give the business a boom by exhibiting these pictures on Wednesday evening. The fact of the pictorial postponement was made in a brief speech by one of the Messrs. Graue, during which he made the startling announcement that they would be shown "in the original frame" and he literally overwhelmed the audience when he stated the cost of that frame to be the amazing sum of \$1,500. It required a palpable effort for the audience to resume its equanimity. This cost argument was used doubtless as a reason why all should see them. Well, I hope those who attended saw this frame, even if they did not hear any specially good singing. I have remarked that the company as a whole is disappointing. Miss Mason and Mr. Persee have been heard here before, and they are the only members of the company who give any pleasure to the musical listeners. My impression is that Miss Mason is singing rather better than she did when here last, and while Mr. Persee has the only steady voice among the soloists, he gives the idea at times that his voice is tired, as for instance in "Martha," when he lost control of it two or three times during the evening. The coming of the baritone, Mr. Langlois, was announced with a great flourish of trumpets but—oh! what a surprise! I heard one gentleman tell another, speaking of this baritone, that he had a well-trained voice. Trained? It is over-trained. So much so that it is "wobbly." He does not always sing in tune either and that offensive tremolo is ever present with him, so that he is absolutely tiresome. There is a little scene without the prison in "Amorita" where a duet occurs between this baritone and Amorita (Miss Mason.) The former sings (?) the words "Oh, how sad I was," etc. I felt he was not half as sad as I was listening to him, and many others were sad too in filling a role like mine.

Last year the prima donna contralto was Miss Alice Carle and in last week's notes I ventured the opinion that the lady who succeeded her would be handicapped by the impression Miss Carle had made here, but that she might rely upon fair treatment. Now one likes to avoid any remark that might hurt a lady's feelings, yet I would be doing much less than my duty to Progress readers did I not say that Miss Myers does not begin to compare, as an alto, with Miss Carle, and out of regard for this lady's welfare I would add that, as she is still young, she should use every effort to get rid of that annoying tremolo which is so evident in her voice too. It has the effect, it is true, of rendering it quite difficult to distinguish singing out of tune; perhaps for this reason it is cultivated, but the falsity of tone can be detected in spite of it. The best feature of "Amorita" in my opinion was the serenade by ten ladies of the chorus. The "Robin Hood" company lately here had a superior chorus and not much else, but this company has nothing of the kind this year. The Messrs. Graue should now realize the fact that the people of this city take nothing for granted any more; that they are not to be humbugged or misled by loud sounding advance notices; and that St. John must have the best or none at all. They cannot impose pinchbeck on our people for the real article. It is said however that this company delighted the Halifax people, but, if that is the case, I think Halifax people must be easily pleased. It is a good town for this company to stay in. Justice prompts, however, the remark that the "living pictures" are very attractively produced.

The St. John Amateur Minstrels have resumed their rehearsals. They propose giving the "Pirates of Penzance" later on. Mr. Geo. Collinson is again the musical director.

The amateur concert of the Oratorio Society was a really pleasant affair. The new pianist of the society delighted all with her solo. The occasion was notable also for the debut of Mr. A. M. Smith as a soloist. His many friends were much pleased that he made the necessary effort at last, and, as they all had anticipated, he was entirely successful.

Tones and Undertones.

Mr. Tom Karl, formerly of "The Bostonians," is to start out on his own account. Gounod's "Faust" will soon have its thousandth performance at the Grand Opera in Paris.

Oudin, the celebrated baritone, was

stricken with paralysis, in London, last week, while singing at a concert.

The Seidl orchestra concerts to be given in Boston are set down for Dec. 2nd and 6th. Isaye, the violinist, will take part.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give their New York concerts at the Metropolitan Opera house. Nordica and Piancon are among the soloists.

Eleanor Mayo the prima donna of the "Princess Bonnie" opera company, will remain with that combination all the season, despite all rumors to the contrary.

"Otello" will be given with special excellence at the Opera this winter in Boston. Tamagno, Maurel and Scalchi will be in the cast with either Melba or Eames.

Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen sang at a charity concert in Music Hall, Boston, on the 25th ult. She gave "Sancta Maria" by Faure, and "Spring Song," by Weil.

The dates fixed upon in Boston for the recently postponed Melba concerts, are 8th Nov. in the evening and 10th Nov. in the afternoon. The occasions will be memorable.

There is a tenor singer in Boston whose name is Brenton H. McCurdy, and a paper of that city in mentioning him says he has "an unusually strong and high voice, and easily sings high C."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Louis James is to play Falstaff.

Mrs. Langtry has arrived in the United States. She is not a novelty now.

Sardou refuses to have his play "Patrie" revived at the Theatre Francais, Paris.

Mlle. Rhea has scored such a success in her play "Napoleon at School" that it will be permanently in her repertoire.

One half interest in the play entitled "In Old Kentucky" is owned by Jacob Litt, who says he would not take \$100,000 for it.

When Mlle. Rejane, the French actress, arrives in the United States next February she will give "Mme. Sans Gene," "Sousine" and other well-known works.

Isabel Irving has been engaged by Daniel Frohman for three years with the Lyceum New York company. Miss Irving was formerly with Augustin Daly.

Rejane has dethroned the divine Bernhardt and is setting the fashions in Paris. Rejane's hair is of a slightly brighter hue than mahogany and Parisian hair is being worn that color.

The New Castle Square theatre, Boston, will shortly be opened with a new play by Mr. E. E. Rose, entitled "Captain Paul." Miss Minnie Seligman is the leading lady of the company.

Miss Olga Nethercole, the English actress now in New York, who has not impressed the theatres goers of that city very favorably is to play "Camille" and Maurice Barrymore will be Armand.

George Fawcett, well remembered here as a popular member of the Lansdowne theatre company a few years ago, is this season engaged as a member of the New Castle Square theatre company, Boston.

"Church and Stage" is the title of a drama recently produced in San Francisco which is said to treat in a daring manner with the social problems of the day, and by all accounts has created a sensation. It is by one Theodore Kremer.

Mrs. Fanny Stirling, who, for upwards of fifty years held a high position on the English stage, having acted with Macready and with Henry Irving, in 1886, is about 80 years of age. She has recently been married to Sir. William Gregory, an octogenarian like herself.

Coquelin, the famous French actor, speaking of Sardou's plays says, "You must act his plays as you hear him read them. One rehearsal of a Sardou play with Sardou on the stage is worth, for a young actor, all the teaching he can get from all the veterans who take pupils."

Mary Hampton, of "Sowing the Wind" company is again in Boston and is having a good time among her friends in that city. Her stage work in this play has been highly complimented. The play inculcates the moral that a man shall be held guilty for a committed sin to the same extent as the woman.

Beecham Tree, the English actor, recently transported his entire company from Balmoral, where he had been playing before the Queen—to Dublin, in time for the next evening's performance. The distance is 591 miles. His company numbered 60 persons. This theatrical company outnumbered most of the so called opera companies that travel in this country, such as the one entertaining (?) our citizens this week.

A Learned Clerk.

A man who applied for registration in San Francisco the other day was at first refused because he said he was born in New Hampshire. The clerk wanted to see the applicant's naturalization papers, because "New Hampshire is a province of England." The San Francisco Bulletin tells this story.

A Sleeping Idol.

The Chinese have a god for every disease, even for childhood's afflictions like the mumps and measles. At present their god for keeping the frisky Japs in subjection seems to be having a vacation.

A WASHER-MAN.

A Bride and her Husband are Partners in the Scrubbing-Line.

"Our washerwoman has got married," said a North End lady to the reporter, "and I don't know what I'll do for a new one."

"Who's she married to?" The lady named a well known character, who has the reputation of having been born tired, and who has spent considerable of his life in jail for petty crimes.

"Why are you looking for a new one? Has she given up washing? Or has she gone to Niagara Falls on an extended honeymoon?" "No, she hasn't given up washing, and her honeymoon is being spent at home."

"Well, then, what's the matter?" asked the reporter.

"I told her that I didn't require her services any longer," said the lady.

"But, surely," said the cynical reporter "she needs work more than ever now that she's got a husband to support."

"It's her husband that's the trouble," said the lady. "He loves her so."

"Does he love her enough to work for her?" continued the cynic.

"He does," said the lady, "and that's just what's the trouble. 'One day last week she had finished her washing and was about to commence scrubbing the kitchen floor, when I saw an awful looking man coming up the path. I said, 'Mary, for gracious sake tell that man we have nothing for him.' 'Indeed I will not,' Mary said, 'that's my husband, mem.' And the next minute she opened the door, and he walked into the house as if he owned it."

"My, but the mud he had on his boots! On the kitchen floor which was just being scrubbed too! But Mary said never a word. And he went up to her and kissed her, and asked her when she was going home. 'Not till I get this floor scrubbed,' she said. 'Oh, I'll help you, my darling,' he said. And that sweet one got down on his hands and knees and took a scrubbing brush and commenced to work. And it was a full hour before that floor was scrubbed. There was so much else for the firm to attend to, 'I'll always come 'n' help you scrub after this,' said the man. And although Mary wished he would, I didn't. For as he went out, he left more tracks, and I had to finish the scrubbing myself. As they went down the street together arm-in-arm, into 'that new world that is the old,' I came to the conclusion that I did not require both a washerwoman and a washer-man."

Aberdeen as an Engine-Driver.

A very pretty story of Canada's governor-general comes from Brandon, Man. It is to the effect that he was staying there over night when a fire broke out in the outskirts of the city. A C. P. R. engine standing in the yard was about to be run out to the scene of the conflagration, when several men attempted to board her in the hope of getting a free ride. They were all ordered off and obeyed the command with the exception of "a stately man of about 45 years," who said he was an engineer, and as such, by way of courtesy, was asked to run the engine. He opened wide the throttle and managed the levers like a veteran. They quickly reached their destination, and one may judge the engineer's and fireman's surprise when by the light of the fire they recognized in their companion Lord Aberdeen.

Taxation in Europe.

In Prussia incomes above \$100 are taxed; in Saxony all incomes, though under \$115 the rate is only one-fifth as great; in England those above \$750. The chief import taxes in Great Britain are upon beer, chicory, cocoa, coffee, currants, figs, plums, prunes, raisins, spirits, tea, tobacco, and wine. In Mexico the custom is common of exempting new manufacturing enterprises from all save general taxation from ten to twenty years. In Burgundy, Saxony, men who are slow about settling up their local taxes are not allowed in the beer shops and cafes. Very queer taxes are recorded in history. Holland has had at different times a tax on boots and shoes, on travelers, on marriages and deaths, on theatre tickets and on each visit to a tavern. England had, not so long ago, a window tax, which had the effect of shutting the light out of the dwellings of the poor.

The Major Must be Obeyed.

A Maine soldier tells how he got a tidbit while his regiment was marching along a hot and dusty road in Southern Pennsylvania. Orders were very strict against foraging, but in spite of them a soldier suddenly sprang out of the ranks in pursuit of a fat gobbler standing among the sunnyc bushes on the roadside. The turkey started off in a hurry, with the man after him. Major Brown called out angrily, "Halt! What do you mean! Halt! A few hurried steps and the turkey laid low with a blow from his rifle barrel. 'There,' he exclaimed, as he picked it up, 'I reckon you'll understand that when the major says halt he means halt!'

The Origin of "O. K."

Professor O. S. Wyman, of the university of Alabama, doubts the common explanation of the letters "O. K." which is to the effect that they were President Andrew Jackson's abbreviations for "all correct." He thinks that Jackson borrowed the phrase from the Chocaw language, in which the word "okoh" means, "it is all right."

Information for a Tourist.

"Is it the custom in this country to reach for your gun to back it up after you have called a man a liar?" asked a tourist.

"It is not, stranger," replied the early settler, "and it never was. It has always been the custom in the best society of Yaller Dog to reach for the gun first."

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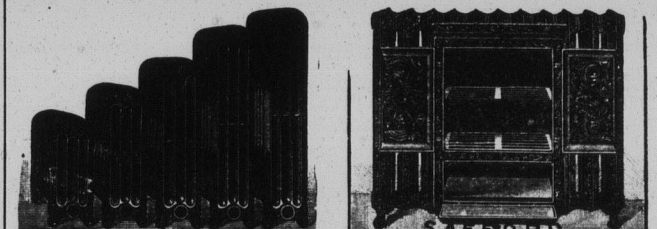
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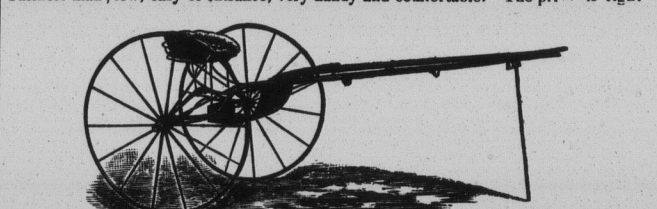
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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 3.

"A NEW CZAR REIGNS."

The dreary death-bell tolls above the solemn streets of St. Petersburg. After all, how weak was the Autocrat of all the Russias in the hands of the Autocrat Death!

The fighting Czar who loved peace made a plucky fight against the unconquered conqueror of kings—but the bell is tolling, tolling. Death has won.

It was not by a sudden treacherous lunge that Death laid his great adversary low. The Czar had been watched. But the strain of this very watchfulness hastened the triumph of Death.

And yet it was not only the anxiety of watching the maneuvers of enemies that hastened his death—that undermined his constitution so that an accident was sufficient to cause his decease.

To be an autocrat of the Russia is no sinecure. A czar has to be his own premier and secretary of state. To be a successful monarch in Russia, one has to master the affairs of many departments.

ALEXANDER III. mastered all the departments, even those which, as, for instance, the Asiatic foreign ministry, are sometimes overlooked by a Russian ruler.

NICHOLAS II., the new Czar, has a grand chance to become a great reformer. He will probably not take it, but he will certainly be happier and better if he does.

"A dangerous thing" for anybody. "Ice-boats" with sails, skimming along at a much livelier rate than that of ten miles an hour, are not imaginary creations of a VERNE, but are as real as the telegraph. They are, however very different things from the "ice-boats" of Northumberland strait.

Another thing that Mr. NORTON points out, is that the part of the strait where the ice-boats cross is nine miles wide, and not twenty. This is such a well-known fact in these provinces that the story-writer's ignorance on this important part seems well-nigh unpardonable.

The principal argument brought forth by the Telegraph in an editorial the other morning in favor of having Canadian readers treat of Canadian subjects was that one of the Royal Readers told a story of a duke and a boy who was driving a cow, whereas in this country we have no dukes.

At the close of the last of ALEXANDER III.'s annual visits to Denmark, which were his chief relaxation from the cares which killed him, he was saying good-bye to his favorite nieces, the daughters of the Prince of Wales.

Among all the mass of contributions to the English press which have followed in the wake of the recent purity crusade in London, the following note written to the Pall Mall Gazette by "An Ordinary English Girl" is the most refreshing.

"The Witch of the Ardois Hills" was not written by a United States tourist who might naturally be expected to know

very little about these provinces, and to think he "knew it all." It was written by a brilliant New Brunswick journalist, who spent the most of his life in the lower provinces. It was copied without comment by several papers in the immediate vicinity of the places mentioned.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Trip to Mars. I've been on a flying trip to Mars, On a charming time; And a good time I had on my way, To tell it on earth in rhyme.

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the rush of the sea, Through inlet and creek and river, from sky to sea, had wood; The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-bark's rise and fall, The call of the dog in moonshine, over the dark coast wall.

These killer whales fight almost everything they see, and they fight to win. As pugilists of the sea, they are incomparable. Strongly built bodies, an arrow-like swift motion in swimming and a bulldog disposition strike terror to all their opponents.

Workmen who objected to Sitting Around and Doing Nothing. It has been customary for many people to consider the southern laborer as slow, lazy and shiftless, yet a writer in the Engineering Magazine says that no stranger could enter one of the mills or pass a day in the pine-timber woods without surprised by the vigor with which work is performed.

Work has become an instinct; the laborer knows but four conditions—eating, sleeping, working and, after pay day a carousal, or absolute idleness.

A northern foreman of philanthropic principles took charge of a certain mill, and sorrowed within his heart for the poor fellows wearing out their lives with cant-hook and saw.

There was a murmur in the camp and in two days there was a general strike. Called upon for reasons, the spokesman stated the case of the men: "We all just don't like dia yar wine ter wit at seven o'clock."

Worm-Tarant in Court. A well-known barrister relates the following story with great gusto. Some time ago he had under cross-examination a youth from the country who rejoiced in the name of Samson, and whose replies were provocative of much laughter in the court.

From "Marguerite." But her soul went back to its child time; she saw the sun of olden days, With gold the Basin of Minas, and set over Gasparous.

"Killer Whales" Attack a Cow-Whale and Her Calf. An attack made by three killer whales upon a cow whale and her calf, in a lagoon along the coast just south of here, recently, says a San Diego, (Cal.) despatch, was one of the most exciting fish fights ever observed here.

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towns and rural communities, of course, lost ground, and the extent of the loss is illustrated in such facts as that during this period the number of farms shrank from 32,522 to 32,373, the total acreage from 4,883,588 to 4,795,636, and the improved acreage from 3,286,461 to 2,655,948, while the unimproved acreage increased from 1,596,127 to 1,729,703, and is now larger than in 1850.

A COUNTRY WHO SELLS PAPERS. Romantic History of a Polish Girl Who Married a Nobleman. Early every morning, a little woman of 50 or thereabouts, sets a small table on the sidewalk in front of the Post Office Building on Washington street, in Brooklyn.

By-and-by she and her husband began to disagree. She does not say what caused the quarrel, but she says it was no fault of hers. Finally she left him. Then her husband retaliated in a manner that some people might call peculiarly Russian or Tartar.

One day the boy disappeared. The next the mother heard of him that he had been sent to Siberia to die in the mines. The Countess endeavored to secure her boy's release. She visited officials herself. She asked all her friends to help her, but she could not remove the Czar's chains from her boy. Then she came to America bringing with her a little money she had saved.

To watch a ship's crew in the most exciting moment of clearing for action is to realize the value of discipline in its most perfect development—the result of the constant practice that gives faultless precision.

Families Supplied. The other day Mr. Toole entered a dairy, and in his most solemn manner addressed himself to the man as follows: "I will take a boy," looking round at the shelves.

The czar recently gave orders, at the suggestion of Russian scholars, that the underground rooms of the Kremlin at Moscow should be searched for hidden treasures. It is hoped that in them the famous library of Ivan the Terrible may be found, which contained more than eight hundred Greek and Latin manuscripts unknown to the western world.

Mrs. Dooley (whose husband is out of work)—"Sure it's the continted woman you work!" "Sure it's the continted woman you work!" "Sure it's the continted woman you work!" "Sure it's the continted woman you work!"

Advertisement for American products, including 'On BEST Rubb', 'Am 65 Cha', 'WAN', 'To \$1.00 because Specim', 'Use On BRANDS', 'E. G. SCOVILL', 'J. S. HAMILTON', and 'Oils'.

Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP FOR FAMILY USE. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Only One Dollar. BEST FOUNTAIN SYRINGE, WORTH \$1.75 EACH. Rubber Sheeting. American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St., St. John.

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS. To Re-dye and Finish Gents. you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape.

American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, North End. Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVIL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

King of Heaters. THE "FIRE KING" is one of the GREATEST HEATERS KNOWN. Sheraton & Whittaker, Telephone 358, 38 KING ST.

WE RECOMMEND S. C. CORSETS. WE WOULD CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUR NEW... S. C. CORSETS. S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte Street.

Mrs. [Hugh H. McLellan] left last Friday for Boston, where she will spend the winter with friends. Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Driscoll gave their son, Master George Driscoll, a pleasant birthday party at their residence, Broad street, on Wednesday evening of last week.

St. John-North End. Mrs. Charles Kaye of Moncton has been visiting friends for the past few weeks. Mrs. Chalmer is spending a few days up the river. Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Scott and family have returned home from their pleasant summer home at Mahogany.

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CARLE'S HANDY FIRE LIGHTER. Disperses forever the most critical and uncertain moments between the Bed and the Breakfast table. Always ready. For sale at the Hardware stores. John R. Carle, 169 Main Street, St. John.

Mack's Double Starch. Ready for Immediate Use. Contains Rice, Starch, Borax, Gum, Wax, &c., as well as the STARCH GLOSS. Requires no other addition and no preparation.

Dearborn & Co., - Agents for Canada. PERFUMES. HAIR GOODS. TOILET WATERS. American Hair Store, 87 Charlotte Street, - 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

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

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, MASONS' BUILDING AND CATHOLIC VOLUNTEERS. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N.S.

DANIEL and ROBERTSON. In medium and fine qualities of Dress Stuffs our assortments are not surpassed by any store in the provinces. No purse too small or too large to buy at our store, so great is the variety. Corner Charlotte and Union Sts.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(FOR ADDITIONAL NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Prognosis is for sale in Halifax at the following places: Knowles' Book Store, 24 George Street; ...

Oct. 31.—On Saturday a very successful concert was given in the Orpheus hall in aid of the Sailors' Home.

Miss Cowell, who has been spending some time at Mrs. Clarkson's, left for Toronto on Wednesday.

Mrs. C. Wyde gave a small and pleasant tea on Monday afternoon.

Tuesday invitations are out for a dance on the Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Wartberg, left for England on Tuesday via New York.

A farewell dinner to Sir John and Lady Hopkins, was given at Bellevue Monday night.

Mr. Thomas Brown also left for the old country on Tuesday, Mr. Brown expects to be away about two months.

The ball at the Admiralty House was even a greater social success than was anticipated.

There was a large gathering in St. Paul's church on Wednesday afternoon to witness the marriage of Mr. Charles W. Gunning to Miss M. L. Hall.

General and Mrs. Montgomery Moore, who have been spending a short time in Boston, have returned.

Rev. B. F. Norman [Lee] and Mrs. Norman Lee have returned from their European trip.

Miss M. A. Becher left last week for Los Angeles, California, where she will spend the winter with her friend, Miss Black.

Miss Helen Fay, of Bridgetown, and formerly of this city, left recently for British Columbia, to spend the winter with her niece, Mrs. Cranby.

The marriage of Miss Josephine Doane, daughter of Captain Henry Doane, of Barrington, to Mr. James C. Darcy, will take place at Barrington on Tuesday, November 8th.

Mr. William Twining has returned from four months' absence in Great Britain.

A five o'clock tea was held in the church of Egar land institute rooms on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stevens, of Moncton, have removed to this city, and will make their residence here.

A quiet wedding took place at St. Mary's cathedral at an early hour on Monday morning when Mr. G. A. Wooten, of Antigonish, was united in marriage to Miss Susan Duggan, daughter of the late ex-Mayor Duggan.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Shaw of Yarmouth is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shaw.

Miss Annie Strong returned last Friday from New York, where she was visiting her brother, Mr. Harry Strong.

Miss Bertha Ruggles of Middleton is the guest of Mrs. John Lockett.

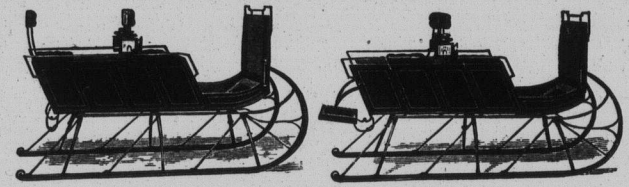
Mr. and Mrs. Welling of Shelburne are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Messenger in Halifax.

Mr. Thomas Tedmarsh of Halifax is visiting friends in Pictou.

Mr. Percy Craig has gone to Kentville to take a position as clerk in a grocery store.

Mr. W. Rhodes arrived home on Thursday from a visit to St. John.

A Total Eclipse. Johnston's Fluid Beef Eclipses all Meat Extracts or Home-made Beef Tea. It is FIFTY TIMES as nourishing AND MAKES A Strengthening and Invigorating Beverage.



The above cuts are of our Gladstone Sleigh, SHOWING SEATS IN TWO POSITIONS.

HANDSOME, DURABLE, COMFORTABLE. PRICE & SHAW, St. John, N.B.

222 to 228 Main Street.

Mr. A. M. Fraser, who has been very ill for some weeks, is now convalescent.

Mr. Harry Braman left on Friday for his home in Boston.

Mr. John J. McCormick, of Kingman, Maine, is the guest of his father Mr. John McCormick.

Rev. J. B. Gilles spent a few days at Windsor last week.

Miss Dora Connel of St. John is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Geo. Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stewart of Digby are guests of Mr. John McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Corbin of Halifax were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Chesley for a few last week.

Mrs. L. G. De Blois left on Saturday for St. John.

Mrs. E. Messenger entertained a number of her daughter, Miss Minnie's friends at home on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Young, Clara Bent, C. Young, Hattie Welch, and Flo Sancton, Messrs. W. H. Benson, Edward Brooks, H. Sancton, George Connell, B. Williams, Harry Bent, Ted Hoyt and William Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Chase and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Messenger.

Mrs. J. E. Sancton returned home on Monday after a four week's visit to her daughter, Mrs. Charles Leley, of Sharon, Mass.

Mr. Henry Thomas, of St. John, was in town Monday.

Mrs. H. E. Gilles, of Annapolis, is in town the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. Cassidy.

Mrs. Leonard Newcomb and son Mr. David Dickie, of Cornwallis, was the guest of Mrs. Lewis Dickie last week.

Mr. J. J. Ritchie, of Annapolis, spent Monday in town.

Messrs. A. J. Morrison and I. M. Shaw, of Middleton, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. W. A. Irvine and Mr. Walter Troop, of Granville Ferry, spent Sunday in town.

Misses Fannie Fargusworth and Flo Mills and Mr. Horace Mills of Granville Ferry, spent Sunday the guest of Mr. R. Shipley, Church road. Bismar.

Mr. Marston Gulliver went to Halifax last week to meet his daughter, Miss Lily Gulliver, on her arrival from England.

Mrs. Ethel Du Verne has gone to Toronto to spend the winter.

Messrs. B. F. and D. P. Young left for P. E. I. on Thursday.

Messrs. Ben Henderson, Varley Fallerton and Walter Fallerton left recently for Belleville college.

Mr. J. D. Johnson and her children returned to Halifax last week.

A daughter has been added to Mr. Norman Elderkin's household.

A shooting party went to Five Islands for a few days last week. Game is said to be scarce this season.

NORFOLK SYDNEY. Progress is for sale in Norfolk Sydney at the store of Messrs. Copeland & Co.

Oct. 30.—For many a day we shall remember and always with pleasure, the brilliant ball given by the tennis club on the evening of the 29th.

The guests were: Rev. R. D. and Mrs. Bambrick, Mr. and Mrs. E. Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. Purves, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Christie, Misses Barrington, Miss Vought, Mr. and Mrs. Earle, Miss Ingraham, Miss Baker, Miss Moore, Miss Maguire, Miss Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Tait, Mr. and Mrs. E. Christie, Miss Rigby, Miss Mackay, Miss Story, Miss Maguire, Mrs. G. T. Campbell, L. and F. Robertson, E. and W. Mackay, J. and A. Purves, S. Earle, Emmerson, Creelman and C. Ross.

Mrs. Copeland, black silk with cream colored lace and aster.

Mrs. W. J. Christie, white surah silk with embroidered lisse trimming.

Miss Purves, pink satin and silk gauze.

Miss Vought, white satin with white and gold lace trimming.

Miss Copeland, black and silver striped chiffon over white satin.

Miss Earle, pale blue silk and silver.

Miss May MacPherson, black surah silk, pale blue ribbons and flowers.

Mrs. Chit Robertson, black satin and velvet.

Miss Mallis, mauve bengaline with white tulle and white ribbon velvet.

Miss Barrington, black silk with silk velvet waist and white sleeves.

Miss Fannie Barrington, white muslin and lace.

Mrs. Tremaine, black and blue brocade.

Miss Gannon, old rose satin.

Miss Carlin, pale blue nun's veiling.

Mrs. McLean, mauve nun's veiling and silk.

Mrs. E. Christie, mauve silk with mauve chiffon over white satin.

Mrs. C. Partridge, black silk grenadine and roses.

Mrs. L. Johnston, red chiffon over red silk.

Mrs. Tait, black lace with cream colored sleeves and roses.

Mrs. S. Rigby, black lace over white silk.

Mrs. Rigby, black silk with cardinal velvet ribbons.

Do You Want a Warm Winter Coat or Ulster?

The T FASHION REPORTS: From London, Oct. 10th.

Nothing so comfortable and stylish as the new, close-fitting, double breasted long Paletot or Ulster.

From New York, Oct. 20th. Long Paletots or full length, close-fitting coats are likely to prove a big seller for the winter trade.

We have them in Black and Dark Colors, all sizes 32 to 42 inch, 56 to 60 inches long at from 50 TO \$25.00.

Manchester Robertson & Allison

Miss McPherson and Miss Smith were at Mulgrave for a few days this week.

Miss Vetter, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Tait, returned to Dorchester today.

Miss Evelyn Byrne of Fredericton, N. B. is visiting her brother, Mr. C. F. Byrne.

Miss Story, who has been staying at Mrs. Lewis Johnston's, returned to Halifax last week.

Miss Fanny of Antigonish returned to her home Saturday after a visit of some weeks with Dr. and Mrs. MacPherson.

The tennis club finished their festival for the season with a large five o'clock on Friday in the Hall when despite the disposition of the ball the night before everybody looked very fresh and happy.

There was a walk to two in the twilight and the tennis club finished their festival for the season with a large five o'clock on Friday in the Hall when despite the disposition of the ball the night before everybody looked very fresh and happy.

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DO YOU WANT A LEADER IN MANTLINGS, DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, CLOVES, HOSE, RIBBONS, VELVETS,

OR ANY OTHER LINE? Our Great Clearance Sale Will furnish an opportunity to every buyer visiting the city to secure genuine bargains.

SMITH BROS., Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, GRANVILLE & DUKE STS., HALIFAX.

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

EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET. This old established and reliable preparation will enable your cook to serve you with eight or ten delicious dessert dishes, which can be made in a few minutes at a cost of a few cents, and make your table the envy of all your neighbors.

EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET, with recipes, can be had at all leading grocers or druggists! Price 25 cents. Don't accept substitutes or imitations.

Murphy Gold Cure INSTITUTE FOR THE TREATMENT OF ALCOHOLISM, THE MORPHINE and TOBACCO HABITS. References to leading physicians and public men in St. John and all parts of the Dominion.

MOUNT PLEASANT - ST. JOHN, N. B. CARROLL RYAN, Manager.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. Free sample remedy, mailed Co., Ltd., New and 127 State



A. ISAACS, - 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, N. B. Sole manufacturer for the genuine 6c. SMALL Q. UEEEN.

[Marginal notes and small advertisements on the right edge of the page.]

FREDERICTON.

[Programs for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenney and J. H. Hawthorne.]
[The following portion of the description of Governor and Mrs. Fraser's ball was crowded out of last week's issue.]
From the four corners of the ball room to a point in the centre were suspended the beautiful ribbons of the Fraser tartan and the Gordon plaid. Many new and beautiful costumes were worn.

Mrs. Parker, cream brocade satin with front of silver Persian trimming and sleeves of blue velvet.
Miss Fisher, pale lavender silk, with trimmings of lace bangle and chiffon.
Miss Clara Fisher wore a very rich costume of brocade cream satin over petticoat of pale mauve trimmed with Spanish lace and mauve ribbons.

Mrs. W. D. Gordon, crimson satin with black lace and jet trimmings.
Mrs. Maunsell, black satin and lace over petticoat of silver grey.
Mrs. Hemming, yellow china silk with empire sleeves of black brocade silk and black lace and jet trimmings.

Mrs. W. D. Mannsell, cream veiling and cream lace.
Miss Maunsell, blue crepon and blue ribbons.
Mrs. M. E. Miller, black satin and lace with crimson trimmings.

Mrs. Kingdon, brocade satin over petticoat of shades of roses satin and ostrich feather trimmings.
Mrs. A. F. Street, black satin, lace and jet with petticoat of painted flowers on black satin.
Mrs. T. B. Wainwright, black silk velvet on train, black and silver lace.

Mrs. Geo. F. Gregory, golden brown satin on train, with golden velvet trimmings.
Mrs. Holly Coy, black satin and lace.
Mrs. E. Byron Winslow, white crepon with white lace and yellow poppies.

Mrs. Jeremy Taylor, cream satin with lace overdress.
Mrs. L. C. M. Scaut, black velvet and cream silk trimmings.
Mrs. Chas. H. W., black satin, black lace and jet trimmings.

SHEDIA.

[Programs for sale in Shediac by Fred Inglis.]
Oct. 30.—Miss Winnie Blake, of Charlottetown, is visiting Mrs. H. D. Shaffer.
Miss Beatrice White, of New Brunswick, is in town the guest of her brother, Mr. F. J. White.

Mrs. May Harper left on Thursday for Montreal, where she expects to remain some weeks.
Miss Palmer, of Dorchester, is the guest of Mrs. E. J. Smith.
Miss White, of Sussex, is the guest of Miss Laurie Deacon.

Mr. H. A. Bailey, of Halifax, is in town relieving Mr. Cochran of the People's bank. It is needless to say that Mr. Bailey's many friends are delighted to have him among them once more.
Rev. Mr. Morton is spending this week in St. John.

Miss Ella Shearer, daughter of Mr. D. F. Shearer, of Pointe-a-Chene, was united in marriage with Mr. A. J. Wallace, of I. C. R., last Thursday morning. The bride looked charming in a pretty traveling suit of brown. They will spend their honeymoon in Nova Scotia.

Mr. Fred Sprague visited Fredericton and St. John last week on the regret of all. It is according to Misses Nettie and Gerie Evans returned home Thursday evening from a month's visit to Boston.
[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Oct. 30.—There were a number of strangers in town last week, among whom were Messrs. Dunlop, De Hartis, Halliott and Ross.
Miss White arrived last week, and is going to spend the winter with her brother, Dr. F. J. White.
Miss A. White of Sussex, is visiting Miss Laurie Deacon.

The races which took place at the " Trotting park" were enjoyed by a large number of people. The event of last week was the " Bachelors' social" which was held at the Weldon house, Wednesday, 24th. The large ball room was handsomely decorated with spruce, flowers, flags, etc. The music was excellent and the waxed floor in a perfect condition, so it is needless to say it was a grand success. A delicious oyster supper was served about twelve. The lady patronesses were: Mrs. J. D. Weldon, Mrs. H. E. Schaefer, Mrs. A. G. Lawrence, Mrs. S. C. Charters, The committee, Messrs. E. J. Cochran, A. J. Webster, Dr. E. A. Smith, Mr. J. White, secretary.

ANAGANOE.

Oct. 30.—There was a large dance given by Miss Bertie Davidson at the residence of her mother, "Apple Hill," on Wednesday evening last week at which some fifty guests were present. The parlors were tastefully and prettily decorated with autumn leaves and potted plants and the two rooms used for dancing were beautifully greened and brilliantly lighted. Among the many handsome dresses worn by the ladies the following are especially worthy of mention:

Miss Davidson received in black with pale blue.
Mrs. Hal Heustis, a very pretty fawn dress with velvet trimmings.
Mrs. George Davidson, green dress with velvet and cream more trimmings.
Mrs. Dell Seely, Marelock, black watered silk.
Miss Viola Macrae, St. John, a very handsome grey cloth with velvet.

Miss Belle Stockton, St. John, black skirt pink waist.
Miss Aggie Merriman, St. Paul, a dainty frock of white spotted muslin with pale blue ribbons.
Miss Emma Mackin, Moncton, black skirt, white waist.
Miss Allie Trites, black skirt, pink silk waist.

Miss Annie Webster received very nice in black lace with pale blue trimmings.
Miss Minnie Price, black skirt and lace.
Miss Annie Smith, black skirt, white waist.
Miss Lulu McMurray cream cashmere with crimson plush.

Miss Birdie Blackney, black skirt, pink silk waist.
Miss Lena Keith, black and white striped silk.
Miss Mary Emerson looked sweet in black velvet with mauve silk.
Miss Lillie Mills, Sussex, looked charming in drab silk.
Miss Queen Mills, Sussex, black cashmere and jet.

About midnight supper was served in the spacious dining room.
The invited were as follows:—Mr. and Mrs. Hal Heustis, Mr. and Mrs. Dell Seely, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Price, Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davidson, Mrs. Mary Lawrence, Misses Allie Trites, Emma Marks, Aggie Merriman, Birdie Blackney, Annie Webster, Minnie Price, Lena Keith, Belle Stockton, Annie Smith, Mary Emerson, Violet Macrae, L. McMurray, Lillie and Queen Mills, Messrs. (Dr.) Flemming, David and Harry Smith, Chip Keith, B. Lester, B. Dimock, A. H. Robinson, Keith, Ross, Keith, Giff Price, Heustis, R. Keith, Price, J. H. Davidson, and George Harris (Moncton). Mr. Chapman of Sussex, furnished the music which was excellent. Dancing was indulged in until a late hour.

Mr. K. Beazant of Moncton spent last Friday in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Davidson.
Mr. George Harris of Moncton was in town on Saturday night.
Mrs. Brown of St. Martin is visiting Mrs. Fred Davidson on Portage.
Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ormond Jones on the arrival of a welcome visitor. It is a boy.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

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

HAROLD GLIMO, 85 GERMALING STREET, WESTFIELD.

Nov. 1.—At the election of Tuesday 30th, Mr. James Lingley was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late J. W. Confield.
Mrs. W. E. Lester and children have returned from Harvey where they have been visiting friends.
Mr. A. H. Heath and family have removed to the City.
Mr. Adams of St. John is having a house erected near Langley street.
Mr. G. D. Warwick of St. John paid a flying visit here on Tuesday.
Miss Jennie Willett has gone to the city to visit her friend Mrs. Heath.

A very enjoyable time was spent on Monday evening at the residence of Mrs. R. T. Balleine where a number of young people gathered in the form of a surprise party. Dancing and games were indulged in until a late hour.
[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Oct. 31.—A basket social in aid of the "Mansel fund" was held on Tuesday evening in the Temperance hall. The baskets brought by the young ladies were put up and sold by auction by Messrs. Albert Fisher and William Lang. The bidding was spirited and quite a nice sum was realized.
Dr. H. S. Demoreau left for Baltimore via Halifax and Boston Wednesday morning. The doctor intends taking a five months' course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore. His practice will be looked after by Dr. Ford in his absence.
It is rumored that our genial friend Mr. N. B. Wilbur intends taking a trip to the hot springs of Colorado, he having suffered a great deal from rheumatism. Everyone trusts he may soon return completely cured.
Mr. J. H. Whittier will shortly leave for Denver, Colorado, where his husband is practicing law.

THINGS OF VALUE. The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year, a little warm for whisky straight, and a little more for brandy.
If attacked with cholera or severe complaint of any kind send at once to a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Eperythroid and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in relieving that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and destroys the young and the old. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.
In the springtime young men's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love. In autumn they naturally advert to those celebrated with the three gilt balls above.

Dyspepsia or indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, lack of vitality in the liver, the gastric, stomach, without which digestion cannot go on; also, by the principal cause of Headache, "Vegetable Pills," before going to bed for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, an apothecary in London, writes: "Purman's Pills are taking the lead amongst other makes which I have in stock."
Now all the athletes strong bestow Upon their hair and anointed. Consume care, because they know In football they must hustle.

For the thorough and speedy cure of all Blood Diseases and Eruptions of the skin, take Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. Mrs. B. Forbes, Detroit, had a running sore on her leg for a long time, but was cured by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and she is now completely cured. Her husband thinks "Lax" is nothing equal to it for Aque or any low fever.
The farmer would be satisfied, if statements in the town should run on the price of wool way up—and the price of clothes way down.

Had La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to stand. I was unable to go to work for several months when I bought a bottle of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."
There is a difference in the way A modern man's heart will soften; To his young man "come off she'll say; While to that one it is "come often."

Agitation in the world of homeopathic medicine has been its very soul of progress, as in politics and religion—the difficulties of opinion and the individuality of men have been parent to the disagreements by which the standard of these bodies have been elevated. So with most of our famous proverbs—foremost in illustration of which truth stands the world famous remedy to general debility and languor—"Quinine Wine,"—and which, when administered in its genuine strength, is the creator of appetite, vitality and stimulant to the general fertility of the system. Quinine Wine, and its improvement, has, from the first discovery of the great virtues of Quinine as a medical agent, been one of the most thoroughly discussed remedies ever offered to the public. It is one of the great tonic and natural life giving stimulants which the medical profession have been compelled to recognize and prescribe. Messrs. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the preparation of their pure Quinine Wine the great care due to its importance, and the standard excellence of the article which they offer to the public comes into the market purged of all the defects which skilled observation and scientific opinion have pointed out in the less perfect preparations of the past. All druggists sell it.
The world is but a fleeting show; And no wise man regrets it; For man would waste here below, and generally gets it.

DORCHESTER. [Programs for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]
Oct. 31.—Last Thursday evening, Mrs. Landry entertained a few friends at a small party.
Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Fawcett of Sackville were on Friday, the guests of Mrs. Kinder.
Miss Nettie Palmer returned home on Tuesday after a week's visit in Shediac.
Hons. D. McLennan and Wm. Pugsley of St. John were in town on Friday.
Miss Daisy Forsythe, who spent the summer here with her aunt, Mrs. J. Chandler, returned to her home in Toronto on Wednesday.
Mr. A. B. Tait of Mt. Allison, and Mr. Arthur Wallace of the same institution, spent Sunday here.
Mr. E. J. Fleetwood, of Moncton, was in town on Sunday.
Messrs. Henry Hanington of Moncton, and Chas. Palmer of St. John were here on Monday on professional business.
Miss Estabrook of Sackville spent a few days here this week.
Miss Hanson is visiting Mrs. M. G. Todd.
Miss Letitia Wainwright, who spent the summer in North Sydney, returned home on Tuesday evening.
Mrs. J. B. Church came down from Moncton on Monday to bid her friends adieu before moving to St. John, where she will reside in the future.
Dr. Paul Moore, who lately returned from the West, was the guest of Mrs. W. Palmer on Monday.

MAGNET SOAP. This SOAP contains no adulteration or excesses of alkali to irritate the most delicate of skins. For this reason it is also best for Clothes, Linens, Fine Lawns, Cambrics, Laces and Embroideries. For sale by grocers everywhere. J. T. LOCAN, MANUFACTURER; 20 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

"NIAGARA" INJECTOR. THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, LIMITED, OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK. CAPITAL STOCK: \$150,000. Incorporated to Promote Art. This Company will distribute among its subscribers on the 20th Day of Nov., 1894, 3432 Works of Art, aggregating in value \$605,115. Every subscriber has an equal chance of securing the Grand Prize, a set of Works of Art valued at \$18,750. Subscription tickets for sale at the New Brunswick Royal Art Union Gallery in St. John, N. B. Price \$1.00 each. In addition to the monthly chance of winning a valuable prize, the holder of 12 consecutive monthly subscription tickets will receive an original Work of Art, by such artists as Thomas Moran, A. A. Wm. H. Shelton and others. Send money for subscriptions by registered letter, money order, bank cheque or draft. THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, Ltd., St. John, N. B. Circulars and full information mailed free. Or can be had on application at the galleries of the company—90 and 92 Prince William Street, St. John. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

W. H. STIRLING, Waring, White & Co's Works, ST. JOHN, N. B. I am sure that I ever told you what a safe and excellent, as well as palatable cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and all Wasting Diseases is made in Halifax, Nova Scotia. I need not enlarge—a word to the wise is sufficient—remember it is PUTTNER'S EMULSION—for sale in our town by all the first-class Druggists, in large eight ounce bottles for 50c.

Lorimer's Pepsin Sauce. For use with Chops, Steaks, Fish Cutlets, Gravies, &c., &c. In addition to the usual ingredients of a first-class sauce this one contains pure Pepsin, which is nature's remedy for Indigestion, hence it is invaluable to all sufferers from that distressing complaint and they should use it with every meal. Dr. Schacht, president of the "Apotheker Verein," in a paper read before that scientific body at Berlin, in 1873, referred to LORIMER'S SAUCE in term of highest praise; and recommended it in preference to any other form of Pepsin either in wines, essences or other forms.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED AT T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE. Mr. E. McLeod having resigned the agency of this company and the undersigned having been appointed agents, are now prepared to accept risks, and hope to receive a share of the business of this city.

UNQUALIFIED COMMENDATION.

Rev. T. Watson, Colborne, Ontario, writes:—"K. D. C. has produced in me a wonderful change, almost from the first time of using. My indigestion is all gone, and my general health is much better than it has been for years. K. D. C. has my heartiest and unqualified commendation. I believe it to be all its makers claim it to be." Free sample of this wonderful remedy, mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., Canada, and 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

AMPELLO.

Oct. 23.—Mr. Daniel Brown, of this place, is in St. Stephen for a short time.
Miss Carrie Harvey, of Yarmouth, N. B., is on the Island, for a couple of weeks.
Mr. James Johnston has returned from a business trip to St. John.
Have You Neuralgia? If you are suffering the agonies of neuralgia, and have failed to get a remedy that will afford relief, we want you to try Folio's Nerviline. No remedy in the market has given anything like the same degree of satisfaction. Its action on nerves is simply marvellous, and as it is put up in 25 cent bottles, no great expense is involved in giving it a trial. Folio's Nerviline is the most pleasant, powerful, and certain pain remedy in the world. Sold by druggists and all dealers in medicines, 25 cents a bottle.

THAT INFANT'S DELIGHT is the best Toilet Soap in the market. Try it. JOHN TAYLOR & Co., Toronto, Sole Manufacturers.

YOU CAN EASILY SEE

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

NOV. 3rd, 1894.

HE SHOT DANIEL DEVOE.

THE SAINT JOHN BOY WHO PLAYED WITH A HORSE-PISTOL.

An Old Time Tragedy at the Corner of King and Germain Streets—The Result of Master Barton Powlett Wallop's Experiment with a Dangerous Weapon.

Some weeks ago, in telling the story of the skeletons of deserters found at the Keltie farm, on the Westmorland road, reference was made to Barton Powlett Wallop as having been one of the notable occupants of the old mansion at that place. To the present generation, save to those of it who are students of local history, the name of Wallop conveys little meaning, but up to half a century ago it had for many years been well known in St. John, both father and son being prominently before the public and being moreover connected by marriage with the family of Major John Ward, "the father of the city."

Barton William Powlett Wallop, the father, was a grandson of the second Earl of Portsmouth, the family name of the house being then Wallop, though it has since become Fellowes through descent in another line. Mr. Wallop was sent out to his country by the imperial government, and for many years, up to his death, in 1894, held the now obsolete position of naval officer in the customs department at the port of St. John. This position had a good salary attached to it, and was a very easy berth. Mr. Wallop's chief labor was in attaching his signature to clearances carried by vessels, and his pay was nine hundred pounds sterling, or nearly \$4,500 a year. He was married to a daughter of Major Ward, and was therefore an uncle by marriage to Mr. Charles C. Ward, the artist, and Mr. Clarence Ward, of this city. He resided in Prince William street, opposite the custom house, and his grave is in the Old Burial Ground.

Mr. Wallop had two sons, Newton Ward and Barton Powlett. The former was afterwards prominent among the officers of the local artillery, while Barton, as a man about town, an owner of fast horses and a patron of the turf was very widely known. In the year 1818, when only ten years old, he had the singular experience of killing a man on the public street in broad daylight. The incident is briefly referred to in Lawrence's Footprints, and I have to thank Mr. Clarence Ward for some additional information.

It does not require an aged person to remember the old two-and-a-half story wooden building which stood on the south-east corner of King and Germain street, where Hall's bookstore is now. As I remember it, there were shops in the lower story, but it was originally wholly a dwelling house, owned by Major Ward, who drew the corner lot, No 412, in the grants made after the landing of the Loyalists. Here, in the year 1818, lived the Ward family, including Charles Ward, who died only twelve years ago at the age of 91. He was father of the present representative of the family and uncle of the Wallop boys.

The lot on King street next above Major Ward, No. 413, was owned by Daniel Devoe. The name is spelled "Davoust" in Footprints, but that this is clearly wrong is shown not only by the newspapers of the time, but on the still more positive authority of a deed executed by Devoe to James O. Betts. This deed has to some extent a connection with the story.

James O. Betts was poormaster of St. John, and in July, 1813, Devoe gave him a deed of this property in consideration of the sum of five shillings and that Betts should feed, clothe and maintain him as long as he should live, and should cause him to be decently buried at his death. Mr. Betts, therefore, became the actual owner of the house, though he did not put the deed on record until 1822, four years after Devoe's death. Devoe was not married and had no relatives in this country. He appears to have been among the early settlers, though his name is not among the grantees. That he had been a man in humble life is shown by the fact that he signed the deed by making a mark. How he originally became owner of the property is not quite clear, as no conveyance of it to him appears on the records. If he bought it, he probably got it cheap, but however he obtained it his title seems to have been a valid one.

Mr. Betts appears to have faithfully carried out his part of the bargain, and in 1818 Devoe, then 63 years old, was living contentedly and in the enjoyment of good health. He was accustomed to take the air morning and evening by promenading up and down the south side of King street. To all appearance he was destined to live to a green old age.

At this time militia duty was a very important matter with all good citizens. Among other accoutrements of the officers were holsters, or large leather cases, one carried at each side of the saddle, containing huge horse-pistols. These pistols took heavy charges of powder and large bullets, and of course had flint locks and priming pans. Mr. Charles Ward had a pair of these, and late in the afternoon of

the 13th of June, 1818, he returned from the military exercises, and left the pistols in an up-stair room of the corner house, not supposing that anybody would interfere with them. One of the pistols was not loaded, but the other had the powder and ball which had been put in it twelve months before.

After Mr. Ward went out, his nephews, Barton and Newton Wallop, went to the room to play, and got hold of the pistols, as any boys in their place would be sure to do. First of all, they played fighting a duel, each taking a corner of the room and pointing his weapon at the other, and it is even asserted, on the authority of Mr. Charles Ward, that they snapped the pistols, which may be readily believed, as the chances of a worn flint missing fire were not a few. Finally, Barton seems to have learned that one of the weapons was loaded, and he determined to have a shot at something on the other side of the street. Adjusting the priming, he cocked the pistol and pointed it through the open window at some mark in the distance. It hung fire, and the next moment he dropped his arm, thus changing the direction of the shot to the sidewalk below.

Old Daniel Devoe was at that unlucky moment sauntering along, smoking his evening pipe, the hour being between 7 and 8 o'clock. Just as he neared the corner, the pistol was discharged, the bullet entering at the rear of his left ear and lodging over the right eye. He fell to the ground, not quite dead, but unconscious, and expired within half an hour. In the language of the papers of the day, the bullet "put a period to his existence"—a good enough phrase when it is remembered that "period" and "full stop" are synonymous terms.

There were then as there always are and will be in a community, a number of people who are continually expecting their neighbors to do some villainous act when there is any motive for it, and so it was in this instance. Everybody knew of the bargain by which Mr. Betts was to be free of all charges on the property at Devoe's death; as nobody saw where the shot came from, somebody jumped at the conclusion that Betts had fired it. The supposition would be that he had become discouraged at the prospect of having to support Devoe for the next twenty or thirty years and had anticipated the decree of nature by recourse to a horse-pistol. There was not the slightest ground for such a suspicion, but the fact that nobody else could profit by Devoe's death was quite enough for the public. The boys had disappeared, for they had run panic-stricken to tell Major Ward, their grandfather, what had happened. The major was so shocked that it was some little time before he could communicate the facts to the increasing crowd of spectators, and in the meantime, I believe, Mr. Betts, if not actually under arrest, was most unjustly an object of watchful regard by the constables and the crowd. With a knowledge of the circumstances, therefore, it is easy to read between the lines in the Star's remark that "had it not been for this untoward event, he bid fair to enjoy many years under the hospitable roof of a person whom, we are proud to say, he had not put a mistaken confidence in."

Young Wallop was held in custody, probably by his grandfather, until 10 o'clock that night, when an inquest was held by J. C. F. Bremner, coroner, and a verdict of accidental death returned.

Barton Powlett Wallop lived in St. John until 1840, and as already remarked, was a very prominent man about town, with a special fondness for horses and guns. In that year he went to England, where he was married, and by the death of Lord Baying, inherited an estate worth £40,000 sterling a year. By the terms of the inheritance he was obliged to transcribe his name and become Barton Wallop Powlett. He died in England in 1866.

Newton Wallop, who was several years the junior, lived in St. John until 1850, when he went south for his health and died. He was a man of great courage and dash, and was very handy with his fists.

One of the pair of pistols which "put a period" to Devoe's existence is now among the treasures of Mr. Charles C. Ward, the artist, at Rotherby.

The old wooden house on the corner stood until the year 1871, when it was torn down and replaced by a brick building. Oddly enough, the date chosen for the demolition of this relic of the Loyalists was the fourth of July.

The Camera Cure for Nervous Cadets. A naval officer once found he could not teach the youngest men in the naval academy not to squirm and start and jump and plug their ears with their fingers when the heavy cannon were fired. It was of no use to argue with them, pleadings were in vain, and reproofs were useless. It was highly ridiculous to have a lot of young men, whose profession it is to make war when war is needed, act like school-girls when the sea artillery was in noisy operation. Finally the officer hit upon a plan. He had a camera "trained" upon his gallant cadets without their knowing it, and then he ordered broadside after broadside to be fired. The noise was thunderous, and the actions of the cadets were as usual, most undignified and most unwarlike. A few days later some excellent photographs of the "young men-afraid-of-a-noise" were hung in prominent positions, to be a perpetual reproach to those who plugged their ears. These photographs did their work. The next time the cannon roared the cadets stood like statues carved from stone, petrified with their fear of the "desdly camera" and its brutal frankness.

The Chinese army carries no ambulance corps. The soldiers are undoubtedly expected to run away before they can be shot.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

SHOULD BE REWRITTEN SO AS TO INCLUDE THIS INJUSTICE.

How Two Poor Boys Were Imprisoned at Moncton on the Ridiculous Charge of Stealing a Shirt Which Was Not Stolen—The Indignities They Endured.

MONCTON, Oct. 31.—During the last two years Moncton has achieved for herself the proud distinction of being the especial terror of the genus tramp. In fact, to fall back upon the language of hyperbole, the very name of the railway town stank in the nostrils of every Weary Wraggles in the country, and there was not a gentleman of elegant leisure between Moncton and Sydney, Cape Breton, who did not know how unhealthy the climate of that city was for people of his profession, and who would not have sooner faced a woodpile the size of the great pyramid, than enter the city limits, if he could have helped himself. But unfortunately it is difficult to reach any given point in the Dominion without passing through Moncton, so the Chevalier de Industrie was compelled to make a flying trip through the city occasionally, and if he happened to be caught on the wing, the authorities felt it a pleasure, as well as a duty, to make it as little of a pleasure trip as possible, and that traveller walked in a path which was both narrow and stony during his stay amongst us, which is merely a poetical way of expressing the bitter truth, that he paced the contracted limits of the police cells, which are only about four feet wide, and floored with stone flags. I hear there have been unkind things said about the police force of Moncton, that they have been accused of looking with a too lenient eye on the transactions of the insinuating fakir, when he was plying his trade in town, and of neglecting to enforce the Scott Act with the rigor which its pious promoters would have wished; but I can only say if our guardians of the peace attend to their other duties with one-half of the assiduity they display in the stalking and capturing of tramps, they are indeed models of all a policeman should be, and worthy of having their names inscribed upon a roll of honor.

But unfortunately their zeal sometimes interferes very much with their judgment, and then it is very unpleasant for the tramp, of course, but all right for the policemen who is comfortably sheltered behind his blue coat, bright buttons, and the majesty which surrounds the minions of the law.

In short it is perfectly safe to be well dressed and vicious in Moncton, but awfully dangerous to be poorly dressed and friendless, no matter how virtuous you may be, for neither the board of aldermen, the police committee, nor the police force are disposed to regard either of the last named misfortunes with any degree of leniency.

A case which has been very much in print happened only last week. The following item appeared in the Daily Times of October 24th in the police news:

Two lads about 16 years of age, giving the names of Stephen Miller and Frank Robinson, were arrested on Highfield street yesterday afternoon for not being able to give a satisfactory account of themselves. A white shirt with the name of — stamped on it, was found in the vicinity of where the young men arrested were loafing about. It is supposed to have been taken from a clothesline in that vicinity.

And it was doubtless read with considerable interest by the citizens, especially those who lived in the vicinity of Highfield street, owned clothes lines, and had their shirts done up at home. The career of the daring thieves was not followed up however, and strange to say no further notice of their trial, conviction, sentence, or possible release appeared in the Times, and their future fate would have remained a mystery, had not the writer taken pains to find out what ground there was for the complaint against them, and what became of them. The unfortunate lads against whom nothing but poverty could be proved, followed the number, but I believe legal avocations of junk collectors, and the pursuit of their profession brought them very frequently into the back yards of the citizens, but as they were always civil, and apparently honest, no objection was made when they collected the bones and other rubbish which littered the yards. But alas for the boys! Their anxious investigation of ash barrels and dust heaps attracted the eagle eye of one of the city aldermen, who is not only a very pious young man, but a leading light in the Salvation Army, and who, as such, should have remembered the touching experience of one of the army's tramp cards — "Ashbarrel Jimmy"—and shown a tender solicitude for all misguided youths who lurked around ash barrels. But, somehow, his heart was not touched, and his suspicions were aroused, so he immediately harnessed his prancing steed and hied him away down to the city marshal, to whom he imparted his suspicions, and together the two officials, with an air of authority on their brows, and two pairs of handcuffs secreted about their persons, hied them back again to arrest the two dangerous criminals whom they found without difficulty and immediately proceeded to arrest

CABLE REPEAT ORDERS.

We have just opened a very large quantity of

Black Mantle Cloths

in Beavers, Serges and Cheviots, 52 to 56 inches wide.

Black Cloths at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.40, \$1.60, \$1.85, \$2.00, \$2.20, \$2.40, \$2.70, \$3.25, \$3.75 and \$4.00.

Value for Price Asked Guaranteed the Best in the Market.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

—at least the marshal did—and the alderman lent his countenance and approval to the performance of the disagreeable duty.

It may seem incredible to people who have not the privilege of living in Moncton, but it was considered necessary to handcuff those two small boys, against whom nothing had been proved, together, just as hounds are lashed, and when one of them offered some protest, the only response he received was a blow on the side of the head administered by the little white hand of the marshal. "Don't do that again, sir," cried the criminal. "Don't do it again, sir," he will go along all right, sir." Then he lifted his free hand to his gyrating cheek and ear, allowed himself and his chin to be assisted into the aldermanic chariot, and was driven to the police station, where he and his companion spent the night. I don't suppose they spent a very pleasant night, because I have seen the police cells, and I know just what they are like. If I owned a horse or cow, and thought anything of either of them, I should shrink from making them spend a night in the cells, but of course boys who are vaguely suspected of something which has not been proved, don't count, and can stay anywhere.

Next morning, despite the fact that the sole evidence against the lads, the shirt found in their possession was laundered, and that it is not customary for hoodlums to leave starched and ironed shirts out on the line, at the end of October, or indeed at any other time, the "suspects" were escorted by the marshal to the place of business of the gentleman whose name appeared on the shirt, and upon his identification of the same, and his emphatic assurance that he had left it amongst several other articles of cast-off clothing at his boarding house, to be given over to some poor person, and that he thought it quite certain that the boy told the truth in saying a lady had given it to him, the lads were both released.

Doubtless the alderman and marshal both did only what they considered their duty, and performed what might have been a service to society at large, but at the same time their good intentions, like the laws of nature, were rather hard upon the individual as represented by the boys. Their good name was taken from them and not the slightest effort made to restore it, the offence of which they were suspected published with their names in full, but so far, I have not seen any statement made through the same paper that the suspicions against them were proved to be unfounded.

They were only a couple of street boys, but the fact that they were suspected of stealing could not help injuring them, and it was the plain duty of those who accused, to see that they were cleared as publicly as they were accused. Even the poorest of us has rights and I have always understood it was for the maintenance of these that the law existed at all. But if there is to be one law for the rich, and another for the poor, we might almost as well go back to feudal times where might was right and nobody thought of interfering.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Where the Count of Paris got Money.

A good many persons have wondered where the Count of Paris got all his money, for it costs a pretty penny to even act as pretender and keep up a mimic court in exile. Thereby hangs a little romance. When the count was casting about him, some fifteen years ago, for a means of raising the wind, he suddenly received one day a letter from a mysterious foreigner, whose name was never divulged, but who wrote in substance thus: "I owe my immense fortune to your grandfather, and I am not ungrateful. If money is what is what is needed to keep up the establishment suitable to an heir to the throne of France, you shall have plenty. Give a trusty man five of your visiting cards, and bid him present them to the five stockholders named below, and what I destine for you will be handed him." The count did as he was bid, and the man received from the brokers bonds enough to half fill his cab. The precise sum is unknown, but the bonds were so valuable that an insurance company wanted 50,000 francs for guaranteeing their sale transport to England.

NOW WE CAN EAT OYSTERS

For the Months with "R" in Them Have Come.

In considering the many delicious uses to which oysters can be put, one does not usually include sandwiches in the list, but yet oyster sandwiches are an undoubted, and very toothsome fact, if properly prepared, and they afford one more available dish for that most troublesome of meals, luncheon. Unlike most sandwiches they are served hot.

Oyster Sandwiches.

Chop one pint of oysters very fine, having first drained off all the liquor. Add salt, pepper, two tablespoons cream, two tablespoons butter, one tablespoon cornstarch, and cook for five minutes in a frying pan, stirring all the time. Spread the mixture between thin slices of bread and butter and serve at once.

It is really wonderful how many ways there are of cooking oysters! One may imagine that it would be impossible to invent any new methods of depriving him and yet every year some gastronomic artist finds out a new way of serving him. Here are several recipes, which are new—at least to me.

Oysters for Breakfast.

For breakfast the oyster is delicious dropped into a hot shell with a little butter and pepper, and exposed for one minute to the downward heat of the hottest of fires; or it may be dried gently on a towel, dipped in beaten eggs mixed with salt and pepper, and quickly browned in hot butter, or, served more simply still, as Swift welcomed him, and as the Washingtonians like to dress him, by steaming until his shell opens, and then swallowing him hot.

Broiled Oysters.

Oysters of the largest size must be selected for broiling. Drain them, and lay for a few minutes in a folded napkin to absorb all moisture. Rub a little butter over a gridiron and place the oysters on it before placing over the fire. Sprinkle salt over them, and broil first on one side and then on the other. Serve on a hot platter with drawn butter, or arrange small pieces of toasted bread on the platter; turn the oysters on the toast, and pour over all the sauce made by simmering together the liquor, a bit of butter, and enough flour to thicken the consistency of the cream. A fine meshed wire gridiron is the best for the purpose. It should be kept exclusively for oysters. If meat is broiled on it it will impart an unpleasant taste.

Steamed Oysters.

Drain the oysters and put them in a steamer over boiling water. Cover closely and steam until they are plump and the edges muffled. Season with salt and pepper; let them stand a moment longer, then serve on rounds of buttered toast.

Beefsteak and Oysters.

The best of porterhouse steaks is just good enough for this dish, and fine large count oysters. Broil the beefsteak in your best manner over a clear, not fire, until it is about two-thirds done. Meantime carefully run each oyster between the thumb and forefinger to remove every particle of shell, and lay them on a clean, dry towel. See that the oven is hot. When the beefsteak is ready lay it on a hot platter containing salt, pepper and butter. Cover the top of the steak with the oyster in a thick, even layer; put bits of butter all over them and dust them with sweet red pepper, set the dish in a hot oven only until the edges of the oysters curl, and then withdraw the platter from the oven and send it at once to the table with its contents smoking hot. Be sure that the platter is heat proof: of course you can use a silver plate if the family plate is not at the bank, or a tinned copper gratin pan, or even a white-lined blue enamel dish. Any of these hot dishes may be slipped upon another platter, slightly larger, to protect the surface of the table.

A Chinaman's Use of the Phonograph.

A traveller mentions that Qo Feng Lob, who is Li Hung Chang's secretary (for a long time attaché in London), has in his bedroom a quite up-to-date product of Western civilization. "That is my phonograph," said he. "I have spoken the most beautiful parts from the works of our classical authors into it, and I go to sleep nightly listening to the words of my favorite poets through the phonograph, which is put in motion by an electric battery. Moreover, it serves to educate my children. I speak the lesson into the instrument and the phonograph repeats it until my children know it by heart. In this way I save time and anger."

PAPA'S PANTS

Will soon fit Willie. So papa is having them dyed at UNGAR'S, and Willie will soon be sporting a new pair of trousers.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS.

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

ARE YOU AWARE

That the cough that so terribly tries you And which to consumption must lead, Can be cured by ROYAL EMULSION. A true friend in cases of need?

ARE YOU AWARE

That ROYAL EMULSION Will quickly and pleasantly cure Bronchitis, LaGrippe and Consumption, And health and long life ensure?

ARE YOU AWARE

That ROYAL EMULSION Will quickly and pleasantly cure Bronchitis, LaGrippe and Consumption, And health and long life ensure?

ARE YOU AWARE

That ROYAL EMULSION Will build up and strengthen the weak? They'll acknowledge it most efficaciously, When rescued from prostrating prostration.

ARE YOU AWARE

That DAWSON'S ROYAL EMULSION, Druggists at Fifty Cents and one Dollar sell, Children take without any compulsion, And give no'er a cry nor a yell.

Wallace Dawson, Chemist, Montreal.

Restores Nervous Energy, Mental Activity, and Muscular Vigor. Re-Vitalizes the Blood, Invigorates the Stomach, and Aids Digestion.

HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. 50 CENTS A BOTTLE, SIX BOTTLES \$2.50. MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE HAWKER MEDICINE COMPANY, LIMITED, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE MISSING WILL.

Sir John Somers was dying. Partly propped up by pillows, he lay back, breathing painfully; but his mind was perfectly clear.

Presently the clock of the village church began to strike in the distance. The old man counted the strokes, ticking them off, one by one, on his wasted fingers.

"Muriel," he said, as the last died away, "Powell won't be here to-night; I must get Major Sinclair to do it. Ask him to come up."

"Yes, uncle dear," said the young girl addressed; "but don't worry yourself over business matters to-night, or you won't get any sleep."

"I shall soon sleep soundly enough, my little Muriel," returned the dying man; "and what has to be done must be done immediately."

"Dick," said Sir John, as his old chum came softly to his bedside, a few minutes later. "I want you to draw up my will; Powell's not come, and to-morrow—"

"Very well," said the major, in a choked voice; and he sat down by a table near the bed, on which writing materials had been placed for the lawyer who had not arrived, and wrote what his friend with great difficulty dictated to him.

It was to the effect that the legacies and bequests of a former will were to stand, but all the rest of the baronet's property, except such as was entailed—and this was a very small portion of it—was to go to his niece, Muriel Selwyn.

"Thank Heaven!" said the old man, as he sank back upon his pillows, when the document was at length drawn up, signed, and witnessed; "now I can die in peace."

An hour or two afterwards, as Major Sinclair was leaving the house, a carriage drove rapidly up to the door, and before it stopped, a young man threw himself out and dashed up the flight of stone steps leading to the entrance.

"What's this about my father?" he said, as he caught sight of the major. "What's the matter with him?"

"He was seized with sudden illness last night, after receiving a communication from his lawyer. You, no doubt, are well aware what it was about," answered the old soldier, looking at him sternly.

"Well, I'm in a dudge of a hole, that's true," said the other, "but if my revered parent would only listen to reason, and advance me the money I want, it can all be hushed up. However, I must see him at once."

"Your father is dead, Jasper," said the major, solemnly.

"Dead!" echoed Jasper, sobered for an instant. Then an expression almost like relief passed over his face, and he muttered, apparently forgetful of the fact that he had an auditor, "Well, thank heaven! he's not had time to alter his will."

The major eyed him with the greatest disgust, and turned abruptly away.

"What a scoundrel that fellow is!" he mused, as he walked across the park to his own house, which was just outside the gates. "And poor Somers could never see his fault, until this last disgraceful affair opened his eyes, and broke his heart into the bargain."

He was still buried in sad thoughts when he reached the pretty, old-fashioned house in which he lived.

There were visitors just then at Poonah Cottage, for the major's only daughter, and her little son had come to stay with them for a few weeks.

The old gentleman idolized his grandson, who, for his part, thought nothing so delightful as a visit to the Cottage; for the major had been a great traveller, and his house was crammed with a most extraordinary collection of curiosities from all parts of the world. In fact, his treasures were a sort of wonder, not unadmired by all who were round about; and one old woman declared that the idol which stood in the hall "had giv' such a awful grin at her, when she saw it, that she'd never bin the same woman since."

It certainly was very ugly—that idol; and the major catching sight of it, as he entered the house on this particular evening, thought its expression more malicious than ever.

But he was used to it, and none of the ill-luck which its hideous object was supposed to bring to its possessor had as yet befallen him. He went straight into his study, which was on the ground floor, and, unbuttoning his coat, took from his pocket the last will of his dead friend.

He was just about to put it in a place of safety, until he should hand it to the lawyer on the morrow, when the most appalling screams issued from one of the upper rooms.

With one bound the major was in the hall, and then cries of "Fire! Fire! Eddie is being burned to death!" reached his horror-stricken ears. Almost beside himself at the thought of his little grandson's danger, he rushed wildly up the stairs to the scene of the disaster.

He found that a maid had overturned a lamp, and the curtains of Eddie's cot were in flames. Happily, however, prompt measures prevented what threatened to be a terrible accident.

When, at length, all danger was over, and peace and order to some extent restored, the major returned to the study, but to his dismay, the will—which he felt convinced he had left upon the table—was no longer there.

He searched vainly in every possible place he could think of. He summoned the servants, but one and all maintained that they had never entered the room in his absence. The study was turned out from top to bottom, and every nook and cranny investigated, but to no purpose.

It was a raw, cold day, about six months after these events, and a girl who sat copying a picture in the National Gallery felt so benumbed, that she paused from her work, and rubbed her long, slender hands together to warm them. Glancing round her while this operation was in progress, her eyes met those of a man, standing a few yards off, who was staring very hard at her. A smile of recognition passed over her face, and the man came forward.

"I thought it must be you, Miss Selwyn," he said; "but I couldn't be sure until you looked up. Are you living in London now?"

"Yes," said Muriel, with her beautiful eyes fixed earnestly upon him, "I have become an art student. Do you remember, you said once that I undoubtedly had talent? Now, tell me honestly, were you really in earnest, and do you think I could earn my living as a portrait painter?"

"Your living!" ejaculated Maurice Dal-

ton somewhat staggered. "You see, talented alone is not sufficient; so much training is necessary also."

"Oh, yes! I know it in," interrupted Muriel; "but I am going to work hard."

Maurice looked mystified. He only knew Muriel, to whom he had once given painting lessons, as the niece of the wealthy Sir John Somers, and he had understood that she was engaged to the baronet's son and heir.

"My uncle is dead," said Muriel, after a pause, for she noticed her companion's puzzled expression. Then she said "good-bye," and they parted.

But, in the months that followed, the young painter saw a great deal of Muriel. He haunted the gallery on the days she went there, helping her with his criticisms and suggestions.

Gradually, he heard all her story. How she, a little homeless orphan, had been adopted and brought up by her uncle, and betrothed by him, when she was but sixteen to his only son. Happily, however, before the marriage took place, Muriel discovered what manner of man her cousin was. Her uncle was terribly angry when she told him she would not marry Jasper, for until the very last he had been entirely blinded to his son's faults. The truth came upon him at length as a terrible blow, and he never recovered from the shock. The will he had signed on his death bed could not be found, and no provision had been made for Muriel in the previous will, as Sir John had hoped to see her his son's wife before he died.

Muriel was, therefore, left absolutely penniless, and the only friend she could look to for help was Major Sinclair, who was far from rich. Her cousin refused to make her any allowance, declaring that he was ready to marry her, if she liked.

"The rascal! I should think he was," Maurice would say to himself, when his mind reverted to this part of the story, for he had come to the conclusion that Muriel was the prettiest, most fascinating, most lovable girl in the world; and before he started for Italy, where he intended to work for the next two or three years, he told her so, and begged her to promise that she would one day be his wife.

They were sitting under the trees in Hyde Park when Maurice told his tale of love, the sunshine falling through the leaves dappled the grass before them, and they could see the carriages in the drive, and the promenaders pacing to and fro.

But the gay scene was a bitter contrast with Muriel's sad thoughts, for although she loved Maurice, and felt confident that he would some day make a great name, she knew well that marriage for a struggling artist generally means ruin to his career. And so, though with tears in her eyes and a voice that trembled, she told him that there must be no engagement between them, and in spite of all his entreaties, she would not waver from her decision.

A few weeks later, Muriel went to Poonah Cottage to spend her summer holidays; but she was shocked to see how the major had aged. The thought that through him she had lost her fortune weighed upon the poor man's mind.

"Now, you mustn't brood over it like this," said Muriel, on the day after her arrival; "I shall soon be able to earn my own living, you know; and, in the meantime, let me go for a nice walk."

On the way, Muriel, affecting a light-heartedness she was far from feeling, described to the old man various comical little scenes she had witnessed in London, and, for the first time for many months, he was laughing heartily, when suddenly heartrending shrieks came from a cottage near. "Fire, fire!" he cried, "my boy will be burnt to death!"

Muriel turned to rush towards the cottage, but the major grasped her arm. He looked like a man in a dream.

"I have found it," he gasped out.

"Found what?" said Muriel, bewildered.

"For Heaven's sake, let's go and see what's the matter."

But he did not seem to hear her.

"To think," he muttered, "that it should be that accursed idol after all!"

Muriel aghast, concluded that the sudden fright had unhinged his brain; but, before she could utter another word, the door turned, and started homewards at double quick pace.

Muriel, after a moment's indecision, hastened to the cottage. Happily, she found that a mother's fears had much exaggerated the danger, which was soon over, and then she immediately set out at full speed after the major.

When she reached home, she discovered him, to her amazement, taking the idol in the hall to pieces as fast as he possibly could. At length, a curious, box-like arrangement, which formed the lower part of the will, was undone, and then he drew forth in triumph the missing will. This box part had a split on the outside, through which the worshippers had probably dropped their offerings, and into this the major had thrust his will, when, beside himself with terror, he had rushed past the idol on his way upstairs to the room where his little grandson was in danger.

The screams from the cottage had awakened a train of memories which otherwise might have slumbered for ever, and, in a flash, all that had happened on the night of Sir John's death came back to him.

"You must come home as soon as possible," wrote Muriel to Maurice Dalton. "I have something to tell you which I think will interest you."

And Maurice did not long delay in coming.

The Hindu Printer.

An Englishman, who was for some years editor of the Morning Post, of Allahabad, gives some curious particulars of the uncertainties of the native Indian printer.

He says: "You want about three hundred compositors, one-half Hindu and the other half Mohammedan. When the Hindus haven't a sacred holiday, Mohammedans have, so you must prepare for all emergencies. They don't understand a word of the English language, and they set up the copy of a kind of intuition. The first proof is disheartening and incomprehensible, the second gaily idiotic, and then through the third and fourth stages, after corrections, it assumes a coherent form. You can't argue with the foreman printer, who is an imposing creature in flowing robe and turban. He doesn't understand, and thinks you are saying something complimentary. All you can do is to sweat at him in a loud tone of voice before other men if he does not carry out your instructions. This humbles him, and he goes steadily for few

days, when his salams begin again to increase and his usefulness to evaporate. But look at the wages. At two dollars a month the compositors consider themselves wealthy enough to keep a wife and family and several other families involved by their marriage. The coolies who work the presses get no more than one dollar a month and at that figure you must admit that they are cheaper than gas, electricity, or any other motive power for that matter."

A Self-Taught Doctor.

The degree of M.D. was in 1888 conferred by the university of Heidelberg on a self-taught artisan, Karl Umbach, who had never attended any gymnasium or real-school, and who while employed at a dye-works had, though not attending any school of medicine, merited the degree of M.D. In 1887 he presented an able dissertation upon "The influence of anti-pyrim upon secretions," which was most favorably judged by Dr. Kulme, of Heidelberg, and Professor Renck, of Berne, and printed at Stuttgart. Umbach then went through an examination by six professors of the medical faculty with such success that, according to the statutes, the degree of Doctor of Medicine and Surgery had to be conferred upon him as well and legitimately won. Dr. John Hunter, born 1728, was apprentice to a cabinet-maker, and afterwards served as anatomical assistant to his brother William in London, and became himself a most distinguished surgeon, a bold and skilful operator, and, above all, one of the most renowned comparative anatomists. Hunter's museum was purchased by government for £15,000.

No Followers Allowed.

A dignified Berkshire rector interested himself in getting first places for little workhouse girls of fourteen belonging to his parish. Having satisfactorily placed one of his proteges in the family of a small tradesman at the East End, but "general servant," he wrote a kind note to the child a few months later, to say he should be coming up to town shortly for the May meetings and would call to see how she was getting on. To his surprise and bewilderment, he received a curt reply by return of post, saying: "Honesty, sir, Emily Bates is very sorry, and I should be pleased to see you, but no followers is allowed."

Goto the Fountain

Your Burden of Pain and Suffering Will Roll Away.

Paine's Celery Compound Heals and Cures.

Thousands Have Been Given a New Lease of Life.

Test Its Virtues, Weary Sufferer.

Go with thy pains to the fountain, Go with thy load of disease; Use nature's curer and healer, Thou shalt have health, strength and ease."

Every ailing, sick and diseased man, woman and child must go to the same fountain for cure. There is no fashionable or royal road for the elite and wealthy of society; the noble of birth, the titled and affluent must lay hold of the same means for banishing disease and suffering that is so eagerly sought after by those in humbler positions and circumstances.

As the sun shines on the rich and poor, the righteous and unrighteous, blessing all alike; so does Paine's Celery Compound give life, health, strength and a fresh lease of life to people of every grade and class who are victims of nervousness, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, indigestion and liver and kidney troubles.

All troubles which roll away when nature's great medicine is used. In the past tens of thousands have used the waters of that unfailing fountain of virtues, and have been made whole. Thousands are testifying it today, and miraculous results are the fruits. If you are suffering, dear reader, delay no longer; test the great healer that has won so many victories. It will meet your wants and needs. For your encouragement the following letter from Mrs. Fanny M. Huff, of Salmon Point, Ont., is given as a proof of what results you may expect, if you use Paine's Celery Compound:

"After receiving so much benefit from Paine's Celery Compound, I think it my duty to inform sufferers what this great medicine can do for all who wish to regain health and strength. I have been a great sufferer for years from nervousness and weakness, and have had the advice and attendance of doctors with but little benefit. I was induced to use your Paine's Celery Compound, some time ago, and I must confess it is the best medicine I ever used. Nothing else has ever done me so much good, and I now feel quite a different person. I feel as if I had a new lease of life. I can now do my work, and I can procure your which does such good work. I cannot speak strongly enough in favor of Paine's Celery Compound, and you may be assured I will always recommend it. You are at liberty to publish this letter in your work."

SURPRISE SOAP The best For Washing Clothes. SAVES Boiling or scalding the Clothes: does away with hard rubbing. Follow the directions on the wrapper. The WHITEST, Sweetest, cleanest clothes is the result. Harmless to hands and fabrics. Lasts longest—goes farthest.

The Strange Capital of Corea. In Seoul, the capital of Corea, may be seen, near the Royal Palace, the famous bell which for over 400 years has given the signal for the closing of the city gates at dusk and their opening at dawn, and which has nightly rung the curfew warning all citizens under pains and penalties to keep within their doors. Except the Joppa Gate, all the entrances to Jerusalem are closed each night at sunset; a custom as old, at least, as the days of Joshua. At the noon of Friday, the Mohammedan Sunday, the gates are shut for an hour, when the faithful hurry to pray before the Mosque of Omar. The shutting of the gates had its origin in a belief among the Moslems that the Christians would, at some time, take the Holy City during the great hour of prayer, if this precaution were neglected. The only connection between the rock on which Gibraltar stands and the mainland of Spain is a narrow strip of sand, and the only entrance to the town on that side is by two gates, which, of course, are closed at night. The fortified towers of Strasbourg and Metz close their gates at sunset, and in the morning, between the rock on which Gibraltar stands and the mainland of Spain is a narrow strip of sand, and the only entrance to the town on that side is by two gates, which, of course, are closed at night. The fortified towers of Strasbourg and Metz close their gates at sunset, and in the morning, between the rock on which Gibraltar stands and the mainland of Spain is a narrow strip of sand, and the only entrance to the town on that side is by two gates, which, of course, are closed at night. 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Sunday Reading.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

The City of London Has Partially Solved it in a Practical Way.

One of the greatest problems of the day is the problem of the poor. This question has to do with those industrial people who must, perforce, do menial labor, and live on a pittance. How can this condition be bettered? The city of London has in part solved the problem.

Thirty years ago the condition of the tenement dwellers was most pitiable. Filth abounded, and there was little attempt to impose sanitary regulations. Squalor was everywhere, and the ghost of disease walked abroad at all times. But a few individuals first, and then, in 1863, the improved Industrial Dwellings Company undertook a project of reform. It was organized by philanthropic men, but was intended ultimately as a business operation.

The immense blocks were subdivided into little apartments of two or three rooms each, sometimes more, each "self-contained." The rent was about the same as would have to be paid for filthy rooms in an undesirable quarter. Owing to the advanced price of lots it has become difficult of late for the builders to keep within the centres of labor, as they have always tried to do, thus saving the tenants a long daily journey to work and return.

The University Mission to Central Africa has issued a report of work done through its agency in its principal stations in the dark continent. Since the beginning of the mission over twenty Cambridge men have joined the movement, including Bishops Mackenzie and Symthies. Five have died at their posts in Africa, and now the staff of Cambridge men is seven. Oxford has sent some thirty-six into the field, among them Bishops Toser and Howby. Of these thirteen are still working and ten have died in the field.

THE GREAT RACE.

John Wannamaker Preaches a Little Sermon About it.

It is no small matter to keep up in the great race, says John Wannamaker. Business has come to be such a different thing in these days, when ships skip like a deer across the ocean; when things are everywhere in the minute; and must be done on the minute. It is trained people that must come to take hold, and unless they have the wit, have it about them, and have it sharpened, they will fall to the rear. Life at best is a great struggle.

Let's help each other—every man of us, every woman—by kindly words, by encouragement. If you should possess a good art to achieve success, do not put a patent on it. Let us hand it around, give it to the next one—say to him, "Pass it on to your brother," and so let the world be filled with joy and brotherliness and uplifting until this world shall be filled with good will to man. I had the greatest respect for a little boy on a winter day, that sat on a street corner rubbing his knee. He had slipped down in passing from the curb, and to the man who came right behind him he said, "Mister, don't attend there; that is where I fell down." We will say thus, marking the place where we slipped, but we will say more: "Here is the way to get up; take hold of this hand and this one, and let us help each other."

The following, from an English paper, will give an idea of what the Church Army, an organization in the church of England, is doing in the same line as the Salvation Army: "Last Sunday the Rev. W. Carlisle, of the Church Army, with Captain Loker and Lieutenant Down, of the St. Mary's, Hill corps, commenced aggressive evangelistic work in Petticoat Lane, Whitechapel, where, it is stated by the police, over fifteen thousand persons, mostly men, spend a couple of hours on Sunday morning buying and selling almost every description of articles. To secure a 'mission' barrow was put in position, with the consent of the police, at half-past five in the morning. On arriving in the lane the first sounds that greeted the workers, who came with the hearty sanction of the vicar of the

parish, were: 'Now for the winner! We never fail; we always win every race. Only threepence! All the winners of this week!' These words were spoken by some pushing young fellows trying to sell their gambling cards. Opposite was a fine looking fellow trying to sell some patent non-alcoholic beer; behind were old clothes of all sorts on a truck; all around a teeming mass of christian and Jewish heathenism. In the midst of all, Babel and Nimrod combined, after a little prayer and a few words from Mr. Carlisle, Captain Loker spoke, receiving marked attention, for nearly half an hour, during which various helpers sold the church Army Gazette, bearing their witness for Christ in the pictures upon it. Prayer is earnestly asked that this may be the beginning of a great work in the Sabbath-breaking human swarm.'

WORK IN THE VINEYARD.

The splendid mission work of the London Congregational Union is recorded in a little book, entitled 'Ten years' Work in Outcast London.' Its Midland Hall has sheltered a hundred and sixty-two thousand nine hundred and thirty-five poor outcasts in the last decade. The "ministry of old clothes" and the "ministry of boots" supply thirty thousand garments and two thousand pairs of boots to needy ones annually. The union has more than twenty centres of christian work, including a fresh air mission, training and placing girls in domestic service and aiding immigration.

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At the Aldersgate (London) noon prayer meeting recently, Mr. Griffith, a retired agent of the Baptist Missionary Society, gave a thrilling account of his labors among the lepers in Jamaica. They are very numerous in that settlement. Many of these afflicted sufferers have not only come to know the gospel, and to love the Saviour; they are also active disseminators of its saving knowledge. Amongst many stories of negro girls and women he narrated an instance of a young man who, with nine others, determined to enjoy a life of sin. All went well with them until this one was suddenly attacked by leprosy. Then they no longer wanted his company, and he no longer sought their society. He turned for comfort and salvation to the Saviour whom in the days of health and prosperity he despised. The sufferer was not cast out. He became an earnest evangelist. Disease prevented his walking from place to place, so he bought a donkey and a large-print bible. He rode round from village to village and cottage to cottage reading aloud the scriptures. He was often repelled, but never daunted. By-and-by the disease affected his sight and he became blind. Happily, he had a retentive memory, so he could repeat long passages without mistake; and, although he had lost his eyes, the donkey still possessed his. So Jamie used to clamber on the donkey, who faithfully and safely carried him to the house of God and back whenever there was service.

Messages of Help for the Weak. "Return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not."—Malachi 3: 18. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Matthew 16: 26. "Peter said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus said, not until seven times, but seventy times seven."—Matthew 18, 21, 22. "Whosoever among you feareth God, to you is the word of this salvation sent."—Acts 15: 29. "Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake to righteousness, and sin not."—1 Cor. 15: 33, 34. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor. Loveth worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law."—Romans 13: 9, 10. "Let him who is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

Education and Crime. The French press is devoting a good deal of attention to that paper of Sir John Lubbock's recent address before the Sociological congress in Paris which deals with the effect in England of education upon crime. Since the act of 1870 the number of children in English schools has increased from 1,500,000 to 5,000,000, and the number of persons in prison has fallen from 12,000 to 5,000. The yearly average of persons sentenced to penal servitude for the worst crimes has declined from 3,000 to 800, while juvenile offenders has fallen from 14,000 to 5,000. Sir John Lubbock sees in these figures a confirmation of Victor Hugo's saying that "he who opens a school closes a prison." In France, according to the Temps, criminal statistics and the statements of magistrates show that as schools have been opened prisons have filled, and that the diffusion of education has been accompanied, apparently, with increase of crime, and especially of juvenile crime. In attempting to account for this phenomenon, the Temps points out that in France, under the republic, education is simply intellectual instruction. In England there is not only instruction, but training. Moral and religious influences are brought to bear upon the children.

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Can Birds Act? A remarkable incident is related by a distinguished naturalist. His study window commanded a view of the courtyard, which was sheltered by great walls, and remote from noise or disturbance of any kind. One day he saw a large robin round engaged in dragging the apparently dead body of another robin round and

and round in a circle on the pavement. It looked as though the live robin had fought a duel with the other, and, having come off victorious, was indulging in the cruel triumph of pulling the lifeless body of its vanquished rival over the stones. Suddenly, however, the live robin stopped and threw itself upon its back as though stark dead. Its wings were half extended and rigid, and its legs upturned to the sky. Never, to all seeming, had there been a robin more dead. Meanwhile, the other robin went through an exactly converse transformation. It had only been "shaming dead," and now woke up into full and vigorous life. Seizing on his feathered playmate, it dragged the latter in its turn all round the same circle, and repeated the process several times over. Finally, both actors flew off together to a neighboring tree.

THE HEART OF THE CREEDS.

Next to the Moravian came the united presbyterian church of Scotland in the army of missionary workers. They have 570 churches and 185,000 members, and last year they contributed \$400,006 to the cause of missions.

About one-half of the 400,000 Maoris remaining in New Zealand belong to the church of England. One-fourth are either Wesleyans or Roman catholics, while the remaining one-fourth represent the semi-heathen section that either fell away after the wars or never were brought in.

The wealthiest denomination in the United States, if we estimate denominational wealth according to the average value of the church edifices and sites, is the Jewish. The next is the unitarian, the third is the reformed (Dutch), and the fourth the protestant episcopal. The average value of the churches of reformed Jews is \$38,880; of the unitarians, \$24,725; of the reformed (Dutch), \$19,237, and of the protestant episcopal, \$16,182.

New York city, according to the Outlook, has five hundred and twenty-two churches, valued at fifty-five million dollars and with a total seating capacity of four hundred thousand. The gain in the past twenty-three years, while not in equal proportion with the increase of population, has been very great—sixty-three per cent. The protestant episcopal denomination heads the list with a hundred and three places of worship; the Roman catholic have eighty-four, and the presbyterian and methodists have third and fourth places with seventy and sixty-five places respectively.

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



MR. REUBEN E. TRUAX, M. P. P.

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

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St. E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St. A. C. Smith & Co.; 41 Charlotte St.

A PRETTY GIRL BANDIT.

HOW SHE SUCCESSFULLY HELD UP MANY WAYFARERS.

The Romantic Story of the Life and Death of Nell Prescott—A Bloodhound on Her Trail—Her Strange Death—Her Lover Suicides on Her Grave.

The recent exploits of two female highway robbers in Virginia, recalls the rather romantic story of the life and death of Nell Prescott, old Virginia's first highway-woman. Nell was born and lived and died within sixty miles of Parkersburg, and though her span of existence only extended over some twenty years, she made things lively in the mountains while she did live. Yet her daring on the road had a fitting climax in the unique manner of her capture and melancholy death.

Nell Prescott lived and died "before de wah." She was the pretty daughter of old Job Prescott, who lived at the foot of old Bald Top mountain. As a school girl she was bright, intelligent, and studious, and it is generally believed that it was the extreme poverty of her parents that drove her to the highway.

Early in the spring of '53 a cattle buyer named Jennings reported to Sheriff Mulcahey that while crossing Bald Top, and when near the county line, he caught up with a prepossessing, boyish-looking fellow on the trail, who said he had walked from Linwood and was going to Deering, a little settlement nine miles this way from the mountains. Jennings offered the wayfarer a seat behind him on the horse, which offer was thankfully accepted. Thus mounted the pair rode merrily on their way, chatting pleasantly as they proceeded. Jennings thought his companion was a very entertaining fellow, and was all unconscious of danger until, while passing through a narrow defile, he felt the muzzle of a pistol pressed against his head, and a voice exclaimed from behind:

"Give me your money or else I'll shoot!" Jennings was dumfounded by the sudden and unexpected turn of affairs, but, as he heard the pistol click, knew there was nothing else to do but to comply with the command, and he at once drew out a roll of bills, amounting to \$300, which was immediately snatched from his hand by his boyish companion, who leaped lightly from the horse to the ground, and then said:

"Stranger, you're broke now, and as I took the pistol from your belt to do the job, I'll give you \$20 so as to get another." Then the robber disappeared, and Jennings went disconsolately on his way to Huntley, where he found the sheriff. Mulcahey at once despatched a posse of officers in pursuit of the highwayman, and although they scoured the mountains for three days, could obtain no trace of him. Three weeks afterward a peddler was held up and robbed of \$65 near the same spot where Jennings had been despoiled of his money on the Linwood trail. This deed was done by a small bewiskered desperado. From these robberies were frequent on the mountains.

The inhabitants of the sparsely settled country believed they were at the mercy of an organized band of highwaymen, for in no two cases did the descriptions of the robber tally. The fact, though, that the crimes were always committed by but one person and in a certain locality, at last led the authorities to doubt the existence of a band of robbers and to believe that all the "jobs" were the work of one individual. At once they set about effecting his capture. Many attempts were made in that direction, but all to no effect. At last, however, it was deemed necessary to have deputy sheriffs constantly patrolling the mountains, and \$500 reward was offered for the capture and conviction of any highway robber. This offer set many private citizens on still hunts, and at last Gabe Jimison and Al Wheaton devoted all their time to the pursuit of the unknown highwayman. One morning, accompanied by Gabe's bloodhound Jennie, they were on their way up Rattlesnake Mountain, when they met a Hebrew pack peddler, who an hour before had been held up by a bearded highwayman on the Bentley road and robbed of \$30.

The peddler accompanied Gabe and his companion back to the place where the robbery occurred, and the dog was placed on the highwayman's trail. The hound was held in leash so as to keep her constantly within range of her owner's rifle. Thus the trio of men, led by the dog, followed the trail around the mountain side, through the woods and across chasms and brooks, Jennie baying loudly the while. After a two hours' journey, and when nearing Huntley, Jennie began tugging furiously at her leash and Gabe knew she was hot on the trail, and at last he caught a glimpse of a human form flitting through the trees ahead. Instantly Gabe Jimison raised his rifle and fired, but apparently without effect, for the chase was continued, but soon ended at a tall hollow tree, which the highwayman had sought concealment. Gabe and Al knew they had treed their "coon," and that his capture was inevitable, so the hound was not allowed to enter the aperture. Gabe kicked the log repeatedly, then shouted: "Come out o' that an' s'vender ter th' law er I'll smother yer with smoke, for we uns has yer sho'."

There was no response to this stern command. Not a sound could be heard from within the log. Evidently the robber was disinclined to surrender, so Gabe and Al held a consultation of war in whispers which ended in the latter going to summon assistance while Jimison remained to guard the self-imprisoned captive.

It was shortly after 1 o'clock when Al returned, accompanied by three woodsmen and Deputy Sheriff Strong. Strong opposed trying to smoke out the robber by a fire at the base of the fallen tree, and directed another method of getting hold of the robber, which was to split the log open. So, with axes and wedges the log was split, disclosing within a motionless human form. The aperture was materially widened, while the deputy sheriff and Gabe stood on the alert with drawn revolvers, and at last the officer reached down and grasped the form by the shoulder saying at the same time:

"I arrest you in the name of the Commonwealth of Virginia for highway robbery."

There was no response. With a vigorous jerk he turned the form over, and then jumped back aghast. The bearded face

that confronted his was that of the dead; Gabe's bullet had done its work. The robber had been shot through the back. In raising the body from the log the whiskers worn were discovered to be false, and when the officer removed them, Gabe Jimison exclaimed: "Holy smoke, it's Nell Prescott! Boys, I'm dabbegasted." Some of his companions also recognized the pretty face, and despite the fact that the form was clad in male attire, declared it to be that of old Job Prescott's daughter. It was mercifully decided not to inform the Prescott family of the death of Nellie, and so, after viewing the body, the coroner ordered it interred on the mountain side near Oak Grove. After the burial there were no more robberies in that part of Virginia.

A melancholy sequel to the death of Nell Prescott was the suicide by shooting at her grave of the young schoolmaster of Huntley. He had been the girl's lover.

REGISTERING THE BABY.

An Article in Which St. John's People Should be Interested.

As some trouble has arisen in St. John from the failure of parents to register the birth of their children, the following article from a London, England, paper should be of interest to the people of this city:

Amongst the poorer classes, the writer—a late country registrar—has noticed the duty of registering the baby is usually left to the mother. Where the upper classes are concerned, the reverse is the case; the father generally taking the matter in hand.

For the benefit of those who do not know what facts are necessary for the registrar to chronicle in his book, it may be stated that the date of birth must be given, name and sex of child, the maiden surname of the mother, and the name and occupation of the father. The informant should be prepared with the actual date on which the little stranger arrived, and not leave it for the registrar to consult an almanac by telling him it was so many weeks ago come a certain day.

To the extremely illiterate the names of the baby often presents great difficulty. What to call it they know not, and the registrar has sometimes to read through the list of names at the commencement of his book before one can be chosen, and even then it is possible the selection will be left with him.

When the mother attends she often brings the baby with her. This was the case a short time since, the good lady presenting herself with her cherished offspring at the office of the registrar. She wanted the bouncing boy to be named "Crypusus," if the registrar had no objection and thought it would be "nice." "You see," added the worthy woman, "I am of opinion that his hair will be curly in time," and baring the head of the little rascal, asked the registrar what he thought about it. The registrar, after a cursory glance at the child, gave a somewhat evasive answer, not being a specialist in the direction referred to. "Crypusus," however, was the name recorded.

It is by no means unusual for the registrar to be informed that "This is the last," or "This is the first and last." It should, however, be borne in mind that these remarks are not particularly consoling to the registrar, for, so to speak, he does his work by the piece.

For every birth or death registered with-in the territory, he receives a certain fee for the first twenty, and so much less for the remainder. The remuneration is, of course, paid by the Government. No one, then, need fear approaching the registrar, providing they attend within his specified hours, which he is compelled to publish. The Somerset House regulations issued to all registrars instruct them to keep their eyes open for all births taking place within their district, by consulting the columns of the newspapers and other sources. This will explain the query, "Any more babies lately born in your neighborhood?" which the registrar frequently puts to his clients. If a small certificate of the birth of the child is requested, the registrar will be pleased to supply the same for the sum of 3d., but he will be still better pleased if a full legal certificate is demanded for which he may make a charge of 2s. 7d., the odd penny being for the stamp affixed to the document. This latter certificate is an exact copy of the entry in the register.

Every birth also means a few extra pence in the registrar's pocket, in addition to that already mentioned. For instance, the alarming sum of 2d. is paid him for advising the vaccination officer of the district of every birth. This will account for the much-maligned vaccination officer being so thoroughly well acquainted with all fresh arrivals.

A word of advice in conclusion to those who cannot use the pen. If one parent cannot write and the other can, by all means let the one who can sign the register. In the case of a person who cannot write, he or she has to make a cross in the birth register, the register adding "The mark of John Blank, father," or "Jane Blank, mother," as the case may be. If matters end here, all well and good. The helpless child, however, in years to come may grow up to be an intelligent and well-educated young man or maiden and require a birth certificate. In the event of an important appointment the birth certificate is often insisted upon, and though probably it would make no real difference to the applicant, the document in question would certainly look much better minus the too familiar mark "X," with the registrar's explanation beside it.

The Earl's Treasures.

There once stood in the stately hall of the Earl of Roden a strong box, on which was painted the words: "To be saved first in case of fire." After the earl's death it was opened, in expectation of finding some rich treasure; but nothing was found save the toys of an only and departed child, whose memory by these simple relics he fondly sought to cherish.

Another Rain Producer.

A rainmaker in India has an apparatus, consisting of a rocket capable of rising to the height of a mile, containing a reservoir of ether. In its ascent it opens a parachute, which causes it to come down slowly. The ether is thrown out in fine spray, and its absorption of heat is said to lower the temperature about it sufficiently to condense the vapor and produce a limited shower.

TAKING A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

MR. THOMAS ADAMS TELLS THE HAPPY RESULT THAT FOLLOWED.

He Was Suffering From a Severe Attack of Rheumatism—Would Have Given Anything to Secure Relief—How a Cure Was Brought About.

(From the Brasford Courier.)

A brief statement in respect to the recovery of Mr. Thomas Adams, of St. George, no doubt be of considerable interest to suffering humanity in general and particularly to those who may profit somewhat by the experience hereinafter set forth. Mr. Adams is a stone mason by trade and resides about a mile east of St. George. At present he is operating the Patten Mills and is well known and respected in the neighborhood. In order to gain all the information possible concerning the circumstances of the cure, a representative of the Courier proceeded thither to investigate the case. Mr. Adams was found at work in his mill. He is a man of about thirty-five, healthy and vigorous, a man whom one would not suspect of having had any ailment. When interviewed he cheerfully made the following statement:—"About three years ago when at work at my trade I contracted, through over-exposure, a severe attack of muscular rheumatism, which confined me to the house for three weeks, during which time I suffered the most excruciating pain, being hardly able to lie down. I was so bad that I could not lie down, had to just let myself fall into bed. When attempting to rise I had to turn over upon my face and crawl up, there being only one position from which it was possible to rise. I would have given anything at this time in order to secure relief. My first thought was to call in a regular practitioner, so I procured one of the best physicians in the neighborhood, but he did not seem to get control of the malady. After treating me for some time he left of his own accord, saying he could do nothing for me. About this time a friend of mine persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Finally, I decided to give them a trial. I had been free from the complaint. I do not now feel any of the soreness and stiffness of the joints. I can get right up in the morning and go off to work without any feeling of uneasiness whatever. I have every confidence in Pink Pills and heartily recommend them. I believe them a good thing to take at any time to get the blood into good condition and if I felt any illness coming on I would, instead of calling a doctor, send at once for a box of Pink Pills."

When strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merits of Pink Pills, it is little wonder that their sales reach such enormous proportions, and that they are the favorite remedy with all classes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are a specific for a motor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all troubles arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape), at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company at either address.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Mortifying Experience in a House in a Country Town.

"Once, in a country town," said the retired burglar, "I broke into a small but very comfortable appearing house that I didn't expect very rich returns from, but which I thought would pay for the labor. I skir-mished around a little in the cellar, finding the usual assortment of jams and preserves and things, and on the parlor floor I found about the ordinary run of knock-knacks. The things in general were of rather less value than I had expected to find them, and there was not much of anything worth taking. So I went up stairs and into the front chamber.

"I'd scarcely begun on the bureau, and hadn't got the top drawer open, when I heard from the bed a sound very much like a laugh. I thought I must be mistaken, for I really didn't see anything to laugh at, and I should have thought that if there'd been anybody awake in the bed they'd have been more likely to be alarmed than to think it was funny to see me there. But the next minute I did hear a noise from the bed; no laughing now, just a man's voice, deep and solid, and no quavering, saying:

"Wait a minute," he said, and there was something in his way of saying it that made me feel that it was all right to wait. He got out of bed and walked over to the bureau where I was and took a match out of an iron match box that was nailed against the window frame near by and lighted a lamp that stood on the bureau. Then he went across the room to a closet near the door I had come in by, which I suppose I should have looked into myself in the course of time if I had been disturbed. He opened the closet door, and reached in and

brought out a jimmy, which he stood up against the wall. I wanted to stop him right there, but I didn't exactly like to interrupt, and he reached in again, and this time he brought out a dark lantern. He stood that by the jimmy, and was reaching in again when I stopped him.

"Don't," I said, and he respected my feelings and stopped, and looked at me. I guess we both smiled a little bit then, and then I just went away."

A WELL AS A BAROMETER.

It is on a Catsaraugus County Farm, and Infinitely Foretells Weather.

There is a curious well on the Flint farm, in the town of Great Valley, Catsaraugus county. It is a natural barometer. Nobody ever passes that farm, winter or summer, if the weather is settled, without asking something like this:

"Does the well threaten a change?"

For every one knows that if there is bad weather coming the well will let them know it sure as sure can be.

They call the well there the "whistling well," although it doesn't whistle now. But that isn't any fault of the well. The well was dug about fifty years ago by the father of Col. Flint, who now occupies the farm. He put it down forty-five feet, but found no water, and dug no further. Instead of water, a strong current of air came from the well at times. The opening was covered with a flat stone, and for amusement "hole" was drilled in the stone and a big tin whistle fitted into it. This whistle had two tones—one when the air rushed from the well, and a different one when the counter current sucked the air back into the mysterious depths. It wasn't long before the discovery was made that within forty-eight hours after the outbursting current from the well started the whistle to shrieking a storm invariably followed. When the tone of the whistle was changed by the reversing of the current, it was discovered that the change meant a change in the coming of fair weather. These weather signals never failed. When the weather was settled the whistle was silent. The whistle got out of order some years ago, and for some reason, was never repaired, but the coming and going currents of air still prophesy the coming of their respective weather with unvarying infallibility.

Hunters Attacked by a Moose.

Judge Fred Whiting of Oldtown was wearing all the honors of the big moose killer in Bangor Thursday. He was just home from a trip to the vicinity of the South Treen Lakes, where he had an experience he says he shall never forget. He was out hunting with a friend when a big bull moose came into view not far away. The old fellow spied the two hunters and without much ado started for them. He came on with a tremendous lunge and the first bullet sent him only increased his desire to get at them. He was dropped to the ground when not far away and it took eleven bullets in all to kill him. His tenacity of life was wonderful. Mr. Whiting says he had always regarded the stories of an attack by the moose bulls as imaginary, but what he saw of the strength, courage and fury of the animal changed his mind, and he now "has a good deal of respect" for the monarch of the woods and is willing to give him a wide berth.

Professor Elquitte Wanted.

"Young man," said the prosperous old gentleman who had sold his pork, "you say you ain't had a square meal for a week?" "I have not, sir." "And you've seen better days?" "Yes, sir." "Used to move in good society?" "Yes, sir." "Then come along with me to a first-class eatin'-house and I'll pay for some quail on toast. I want to learn the correct way to eat the blamed dish."

Don't think that just because a man has done you a favour he is under everlasting obligations to you.

DONT WORRY! TRY SUNLIGHT SOAP IT BRINGS COMFORT ON WASH DAY

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

BOOK DEPARTMENT.

We Have just received the following recent publications from the pen of well-known authors of books for Boys,--

- By G. A. HENRY. Young Buries, In Times of Peril Through the Sisk War. St. Bartholomew's Eve, In Green Waters. Jacob's Ladder.
By R. M. BALLANTYNE. The Walrus Hunters. Poems, Songs and Sonnets by Robert Reid. (Rob. Wanlock).
By J. MACDONALD OXLEY. Diamond Rock. Up Among the Ice Floes. Bert Lloyd's Boyhood (A Nova Scotia story). Ferns MacTavish (A Tale of the North West). Archie McKean (The Young North-Western).
Tansy, Fie, Beale and Mildred.
Poems, Songs and Sonnets by Robert Reid. (Rob. Wanlock).

STATIONERY. Stationery. Stationery. Stationery.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., - Montreal.

DOCTORS DIFFER

Occasionally, but never on the question of "HEALTH BRAND" Combinations being absolutely the best thing for women and children to wear.

Every first-class dry goods house keeps them. Look for the word "Health" on silk label at neck. Buy no imitations.

THE MONTREAL SILK MILLS CO., Ltd. MONTREAL.

BONNELL'S GROCERY

Have just received 50 BBLs. NO. 1 GRAVENSTEIN APPLES. For Sale at Bonnell's Grocery, McLean's Block, 200 Union St., St. John, N. B.

"THE NEW YOST"

NOW TAKES THE LEAD.

The No. 4 Machine acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them. these are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements.

Advertisement for the Yost No. 4 typewriter, including testimonials from Ira Cornwall and others, and a list of agents.

The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, RANGE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Well, girls, it is a long time since we have had a regular personal talk, such as we used to have every week, before the spirit of change crept like a glittering serpent into our little corner! Our intercourse has seemed very vague and far

the most gracious, that they laced too tight for either health or true beauty, and that they spent a good deal too much of their time on the street. And yet the girls of St. John would only have pretended to be annoyed at the criticism; but now the



ELEGANT NEW WINTER COAT.

This is an elegant new fancy in a jacket made of any thick and light colored wool. It fits the figure closely and is slashed in the back and on the sides. There is a collar made of folded brocade in silk and wool. Above that are more slashes of the coat material. There is a turn down collar and cuffs of the brocade.

away of late, but this week I feel that some of my flock, the St. John contingent in particular, have not been treated fairly, and as my girls are still very dear to me, in spite of our apparent estrangement, I cannot help taking up the cudgels in their behalf, especially as the injustice I have to complain of, was shown then, through the columns of a newspaper, and they are without any means of defence, unless some friend who has access to the press, will espouse their cause.

It grieves me very much to think that it is to our own dearly loved and admired friend "Kit," of the Toronto Mail, whose name is almost as much of a household word in New Brunswick as in her adopted city of Toronto, who has spoken so harshly of our girls, and has proclaimed them to a cold and unsympathetic world, as guilty of disregarding the fitness of things from a millinery point of view. Now I feel perfectly certain that "Kit"

insult is too deep and too deadly to be washed out in aught but printer's ink.

To be accused of wearing headgear about which, "there is a fantastic dreaminess that is overwhelmingly grotesque" is something no self-respecting woman could be expected to forgive; and I think the best possible advice I can offer to my gilded contemporary is that she not only travel strictly incognito, but take the additional precaution of providing herself with a military escort, should she pass through St. John again on her way home; for I greatly fear the girls will waylay her and tear her best Toronto bonnet into ribbons before her eyes.

I feel especially sorry that the blow should have come from "Kit," because I have always regarded her almost as a personal friend, have watched her career with such interest, and been so gratified at her success. Perhaps one reason for my interest may have been that "Kit" and I,

because just now I am referring to our sex, and we are only beginning to strike our trembling and uncertain shovels and hoes into that fertile soil.

But, besides the freemasonry of our profession, there were many bonds of union between "Kit" and myself. We both loved animals so well, and used our pens so unsparingly in their defence; we were never weary of denouncing those who were cruel to the least of "God's little beasts" and we both loved the helpless birds, and would—I hope—have worn the dowdiest of hats, and bonnets sooner than commit the cruel vulgarity of going about with the mummied corpse of a slaughtered bird upon our heads. And we both took the same view of Advanced Woman.

In fact we thought alike on so many points that no wonder "Kit" seemed very near to me, only she had had so many more advantages than I, she had travelled so much and seen so many wonderful places that I had only read about, and she was so much more clever than I to start with.

It is small wonder that I was delighted when I heard that "Kit" was really coming down to the lower provinces to write us up, and that I resolved to see her, and clasp her hand in friendship if possible, while she was here.

A short time ago, a writer in the Halifax Herald was good enough to refer in very kindly terms to the women of the maritime

rock-bound coast; and though I should not care to be her papa, and pay her bills, I think that if I did occupy that trying position, I should feel as if I were getting pretty nearly the worth of my money, when I watched her set out for her daily glimpse of Paradise—her afternoon tramp up and down King street, and her regular visit to "Manchester's."

The St. John girl has her faults, and the greatest of these is her haughty and defiant air, and her overwhelming opinion of herself. She is pretty, well dressed, and



MORNING CLOAK AND GOWN.

The figure on the left shows a dust wrap made of cranonette marcellite. The upper piece is cut perfectly straight and shirred to fit the shoulders. The home dress on the right is of undora cloth with English crape folds and upper sleeves. There is a wateau plait in the back of crape.

provinces who had adopted literature as a profession and were, as he considered, making a success of it; and he added that as the brilliant lady, who was on the staff of the Toronto Mail, was now in the lower provinces, presumably with the object of making some observations upon the women of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, he trusted she would have some kind words to say about her sisters in this part of the Dominion. Quite naturally, I hoped she would too.

We don't get the Saturday Mail down here until Monday or Tuesday, and after following "Kit" on her journey as far as Quebec, it will be readily imagined that I opened the Mail of October 20th, with a good deal of eagerness, and turned to "Woman's Kingdom" without loss of time. I saw it was dated from St. John, and settled down at once, for an extra treat. But oh, "Kit," when you brought in that little story about the red-haired girl who walked before you up King street, how disappointed I felt! I could scarcely believe that you with your kind heart would single out any individual who had never harmed you to hold her up to public ridicule!

Excuse me for saying it, but I think it was the bad taste of the thing which impressed me most; because either you did see that girl, and describe her appearance correctly, thereby hurting her feelings by a description she could not fail to recognize; or else you were describing an incident which never took place, and making little of the girls of St. John, through a representative who never existed.

I do not like to differ with you, but still, I speak as a resident of St. John, having opportunities of observing the girls of this city day in and day out, and as I also am an unprejudiced observer, I cannot help thinking that my judgment is better than yours; and I have no hesitation in saying that except in the cities of the United States, I have seen few places where the girls were better dressed, more stylish, or prettier, than in this same city by the sea, yclept Saint John, but of course I have never been in Toronto.

Especially on the subject of millinery is the St. John dame solid as her own

terribly expensive; her waist is so small that you wonder where she keeps her digestive organs, and whether she ever tries the dangerous experiment of eating anything; her complexion is perfect, and she never ruins it with either rouge or powder. But I must confess that she is not the most comfortable person in the world for a stranger to meet. Her coldly critical glance is apt to give the unfortunate stranger a feeling of having unintentionally pulled the string of a shower bath, she has such a chilling effect. But people who know her better than I do, tell me that this is only her manner and when you come to know her well, she is as you express it, "sweet as one of her own apples."

I am sorry to say that I have not much time for making friends, and therefore I cannot say as much about these girls' sweetness as I would like, but I do know two or three very well, and for their sakes, as well as for the sake of the girls who often come to me with their joys and sorrows and who used to constitute my garden of girls, I felt my cheeks burn with mortification when I read that description of yours, under the heading "How St. John Girls Dress," copied into the Halifax Herald, the very paper in whose columns had been expressed the hope that "Kit" would be favorably impressed with the women of the maritime provinces!

You must not be offended with me, you know, Kit! But still don't you think one or even two days spent amongst us was a very short time in which to form an opinion of our "tricks and manners," as the Doll's Dressmaker would say, and don't you think too, that if you spent a little longer time with us you might see so much more to admire that you would even forget the impression made on you by the poor girl with the Titian hair, the cut and hang of whose outer garment seems to have made so disagreeable, and so lasting an impression on you?

MOO—It is a very long time since I have heard from you, but I am glad you are still in the land of the living and have not forgotten me. Yes, I think you had better call. You know friends, are sometimes quite as punctilious about such matters as perfect strangers though they don't say so. It is always customary to leave cards when you are making a first call, otherwise it would be very difficult for the hostess to remember who had called, when she wished to return the visit.

FELT FOOTWEAR FOR FALL.

IF you have not already, you will soon be buying your winter FOOTWEAR. See our stock before doing so. We are showing the most desirable of Felt Slippers, Felt Buskins, Felt Button Boots, Felt Balmorals, Warm Lined Skating Boots, Legg n Cloth Gaiters, etc.

WATERBURY & RISING, 61 King, 212 Union Streets.



DO THE FAIRIES— HELP TO MAKE BABY'S OWN SOAP? IT'S SO NICE. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., M'FRS., MONTREAL.



Priestley's Dress Fabrics

In the long run it is the quality of the material that will determine the success of a lady's costume. Every lady who has at all studied the matter knows this. Priestley's Black Dress Goods are the best that the market affords. That is conceded on all hands. The ladies of Great Britain cordially acknowledge it. The American ladies prefer Priestley's dress fabrics to French. Our Canadian ladies are now asking for them. They wear better than other goods; but their great charm consists in a peculiar richness and softness of appearance, and a flexibility which enables them to drape in the costume with that suggestion of flow and rhythm which it is the dream of all tasteful women to realize.

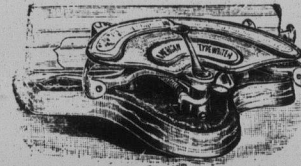


Long Waist, Correct Shape, Best Material,

Combined with the best filling in the world, makes the "Featherbone Corset" unequalled.

TRY A PAIR.

THE AMERICAN \$8.00 Typewriter,



This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a typewriter built for and capable of REAL WORK. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen and has the advantage of such simplicity that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

- Writes capitals, small letters, figures and marks—71 in all. Easy to understand—learned in 5 minutes.
- Writes just like a \$100 machine. Weighs only 4 pounds—most portable.
- No shift keys. No Ribbon. Compact, takes up but little room.
- Prints from the type direct. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order.
- Prints on flat surface. Capital and lower-case keyboard alike—easily mastered.
- Writing always in sight. More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work.
- Corrections and insertions easily made.
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IRA CORNWALL,

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AGENTS WANTED.



STYLISH EARLY WINTER COSTUMES.

The gown on the right is of pheasant cloth over an apple green silk skirt. The bonnet is made of pompadour ribbon. The costume on the left is of gray diagonal wool with a white cloth waist and figaro, embroidered in Persian colors. The bows and ends are of dark blue velvet ribbon, the ends being finished with fringe.

could not have said anything which would have hurt the feelings and roused the ire of our girls to the same extent as that accusation will! She might have said lots of things which were really true, and they would not have cared half as much. She might have said that they dressed too much, that their manner to strangers was none of

started out on our literary career in the same year, that we were both aliens in Canada, and both claimed the mother country as our birthplace, while endeavoring to win for ourselves some small standing room in the wide and only partially cultivated fields of Canadian journalism. I say only partially cultivated advisedly,

PLUCKY PRAIRIE GIRLS.

Two Notable Examples of Genuine Feminine Heroism.

White women of the east are distinguishing themselves by entering professions and trades alongside their husbands and brothers...

Most striking of all, perhaps, is that of Miss Minnie Duval, who has spent nearly all her life in the Cherokee strip...

With true cowboy skill she throws the lariat over the slender, branching horns, while the other end of the long but very strong rawhide rope is fastened to the saddle...

While on the range she dresses in cowboy fashion—wide brimmed white felt hat, long gauntlet gloves, a lariat coiled about her saddle horn and a revolver in her belt...

At the annual round-up she has during the past two seasons taken her place with the other cowboys and made a good record. In a lasso-throwing contest, when the wildest of the cattle were turned loose and guided into fury by matador methods, she held her own and was given a handsome saddle by the cattlemen...

Another kind of heroism, not less striking, was that shown by Miss Zella Mason, a teacher in a district school of a western Kansas county...

The twenty pupils of the school are all young, the oldest being fifteen, and the twenty-year-old teacher had her hands full leading them along the way of education.

When the storm came up there was no preparation for it. The first indication was a blinding cloud of snow that hid the prairie landscape from view and sent the floulike frozen moisture through every crack and cranny, filling the room with intense cold.

School was dismissed and the little party huddled around the stove, endeavoring to keep warm. The larger boys were divided into details and set to bringing in coal from the shed a few feet outside the door.

The whole supply, insufficient in quantity, was piled up near the stove and the food that the children had brought to school was portioned out to stand a two-day's siege, and the plucky schoolmistress prepared to keep her little charges from suffering, knowing that they could not be rescued until the storm abated.

All night she cared for the children, keeping the fire going with the coal and later chopping up table, desks and chairs. In the morning there was nothing to eat, and in a little while she tramped a quarter of a mile to the cattle ranch, only to find the herders gone.

They found a haggard and pitifully nervous teacher and badly frightened, but unharmed pupils in the little building. There was no furniture left and even the blackboards were sacrificed to the necessity of the cruel cold.

As the parents broke in the door the teacher did what women usually do—fainted, but she had good care, and though it will be a long time before she recovers from the thrilling adventure she has made a fame that will cling to her name in that locality for years.

More than that she will wear a handsome gold watch which the thankful parents out of their slim purses have presented to her. It is that kind of heroism that western people appreciate, and no brighter example has in a long time come before public notice.

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THE Czar's ECCEBTRIC DOCTOR.

A Bigger Autocrat than the Autocrat of the Russians. Dr. Zacharin, who has been treating the czar, is known as one of the most impolite men—to use no stronger expression—in his profession.

When the malady of the czar began to look serious a few weeks ago, the emperor at once asked that Zacharin be sent for. A telegram was dispatched to the governor of Moscow, who is one of the imperial attendants in the Copenhagen Politikon.

"The last train?" "That?" was the professor's answer. "The Emperor of Russia sick, and you talk of the last train? Will you kindly order me an 'extra' which must be ready in half an hour."

At the time appointed he started for St. Petersburg, arriving there, hurried with an attendant to the palace.

"His Majesty awaits you, Professor," said a chamberlain who received him at the entrance. "Your rooms are at the head of the staircase, and you will find everything in readiness to make your toilet after the journey."

"Toilet?" answered the physician. "His Majesty is sick and wants my advice, not to see me in 'toilet.' Take me to him at once."

The emperor was lying in bed in a dark room. All the windows were closed and the curtains were drawn. The emperor sat in a rocking chair next to the bed.

"What an atmosphere! It is disagreeable. And in this atmosphere you allow Russia's sick Emperor to lie? Quick! Put back the curtains and raise the windows." Such was his first order.

He then became silent, and began a thorough examination of his patient. Then, taking a chair, he rested his arm on his knee and began to think.

A year ago, when the Emperor was suffering from influenza, Professor Zacharin was called also to the palace of the Czar. Upon his arrival, with his assistant, the doctor was asked to take a suite of rooms on the third story.

"My assistant," replied the autocratic physician, "will go examine him." A little later the assistant returned to the rooms with the announcement that there had been no change in the temperature of the sick ruler.

"You see, Your Majesty, that it is not worth while to disturb him." The doctor was accustomed to go about the palace in the early mornings wearing a gown and the felt slippers of a peasant.

Too Stupido for a Great Mind. A business man who is keen in financial affairs made an engagement while spending his vacation to meet a man at another country place fifteen or twenty miles away.

For 20 Years

the formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by physicians of the whole world. No secret about it. This is one of its strongest endorsements.

nourishes. It does more for weak Babies and Growing Children than any other kind of nourishment. It strengthens Weak Mothers and restores health to all suffering from Emaciation and General Debility.

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"HELPING PAPA."

How an Artist Got an Inspiration for a Celebrated Painting. There is a picture by Hatfield hanging in the Jordan gallery which has a very pretty story.

Not a detail of the pretty scene escaped as practiced eye and hand seized upon and made them immortal. The dainty little knot, "just like mamma's," the sweet smiling face, the dimpled baby fingers.

AN ANTIQUARIAN STORY. Which is Even Better Than That in "Pickwick Papers." A German antiquary made the delightful discovery that a stone placed over a stable door bore the inscription "1081."

"I must have this stone in my collection, cost what it may," thought the savant. Calling a tenant farmer, who was the proprietor, the professor said to him with great eagerness—

"Did you not obtain that stone from the castle ruin on the hill yonder?" "It may be that my grandfather fetched it from there when he built the stable," was the reply.

"When, in due course, the farmer pointed the stone upon a truck, the zealous antiquary turned it over to refresh his eyes with a sight of its venerable chronological inscription, not without anxiety that it might have been damaged in its removal.

"Why, what's this?" he exclaimed. "This is not the right stone. On the stone I bought from you was the date 1081, while this bears the very modern date of 1801, which proves that the other was exactly seven hundred and twenty years older."

Naturally the French-Canadians, preserving in Quebec the France of Louis XIV., interested Max O'Rell greatly. They also amused him somewhat, to judge from this story he tells of a Frenchman.

There is a good story told at the expense of Count Kanitz, one of the chief leaders of the German agriculturists in their opposition to the government and the emperor.

THINGS TO REMEMBER. A cold in the head is the first cause of catarrh. Catarrh is an unhealthy disease and is often followed by consumption.

HAWKER'S CATARRH CURE. Hawker's catarrh cure positively cures catarrh, cold in the head and all catarrhal troubles.

FOR CHILDREN'S COUGHS AND COLDS. Hawker's balm of eucalypti and wild cherry is unequalled. It is the children's favorite.

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- Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success.

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If You Do Not Need a Liniment at present Buy Minard's as you may want it in a hurry.

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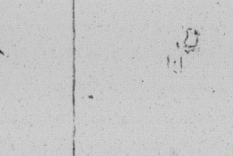
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Some of the It may be in now raging be show a few of other words, a gems which has to time in past Pampeluna a curious way. ed in the distri- town occasions this foraging p number. One they started on the excitement from the outside Comrades ardent share the sport- ded, the Fran- and the remain- town to comple-



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The American upon a British fr were threateni- coast, when it w- had discovered- be easily sub- and which would- Of course, the- to the British co- he was sadly dis- any rate, one da- effort in the dire- lowed by a man- rangement in a- destination one- upon the fleet sh- utmost, for the- harmless. The- they were held in- peculiar stratag- then generally w- collected and m- tial view of the- appearing as dif- ideas that there- of soldiers near- were somewhat a- a sufficient forc-



Dr. WOODS'

NORWAY PINE SYRUP

CURES

Coughs, Colds

and all diseases of the
THROAT and LUNGS.



THE TRICKERY OF WAR.

Some of the Most Daring Stratagems of Modern Times.

It may be interesting, in view of the war now raging between China and Japan, to show a few of the "tricks of the trade," in other words, a few of the peculiar stratagems which have been successful from time to time in past wars.

Pampeluna was lost to the Spaniards in a curious way. The French troops stationed in the district were allowed to enter the town occasionally for their provision, and this foraging party gradually increased in number. One day, on arriving in town, they started snowballing each other, and as the excitement increased other soldiers from the outside kept joining in the battle. Comrades armed rushed in apparently to share the sport; but when a sufficient number of the French soldiers had been introduced, the guards at the gates were seized and the remainder of the army entered the town to complete the conquest.

About the same time the French gained access to San Sebastian by another clever artifice. The general commanding the French soldiers obtained permission from the Spanish commander to send the sick of his army into San Sebastian. He seems to have had a large number of men sick and in need of sea-air, for, on receiving permission, he sent upwards of two thousand to the hospitals.

They were bandaged in every conceivable way, and some had their arms supported by slings. The Spaniards afforded every accommodation, and ultimately allowed about 500 to be placed in the citadel. Having been thus far successful, it only remained for these presumably poor dying cripples, but otherwise healthy soldiers, to leave the hospitals one morning, before daylight, and take possession of the fortifications—and this they did before the bewildered garrison realized that the soldiers they had so carefully tended were not friends but enemies.

The Americans once played a neat trick upon a British fleet. The ships in question were threatening a part of the American coast, when it was rumored that a man had discovered a combustible which could be easily admitted to the fleet and ignited, and which would produce terrible results. Of course, the information was conveyed to the British commander, and, no doubt, he was sadly disturbed in consequence. At any rate, one day several barrels were set afloat in the direction of the vessels, followed by a man with a complicated arrangement in a boat. On nearing their destination one of them exploded, whereupon the fleet shipped anchor and departed in great haste. The inventor had done his utmost, for the remaining barrels were harmless.

It is said that once when the French made a descent on the coast of Wales, they were held in check for some time by a peculiar stratagem. The women, who were generally very long red cloaks, were collected and marched along the hills in full view of the invaders, and as they kept appearing at different points, it gave the idea that there was a considerable number of soldiers near at hand. The French were somewhat afraid of attacking, and as a sufficient force was soon collected to

repel them, they took to their ships in a hurry.

In another case a besieged city, short of provisions, was on the point of surrendering, as they found it impossible to convey a message outside for help. In these straits a young man volunteered to pass the enemy, and, if possible, obtain assistance. To do this he left the city with a bundle in his hand, and mixing with the invaders, asked if any one of them had seen his horse. In this way he got through their ranks, and was the means of getting the city delivered.

A Moorish general on one occasion rallied his troops in a very simple manner. They were beginning to retreat, when he sat down in a field, declaring that he would there wait for death, seeing that he was forsaken by his troops. They were ashamed of their conduct, and returning, ultimately gained the victory.

Studying to Please.

He had been particularly fortunate in his business and felt in the mood for tipping the waiters at his hotel rather liberally. As a result every time he entered the dining room half a dozen willing waiters rushed for him like football players in a big match. This came to be annoying after a while, so he called the head waiter to him and said:

"Now, see here, I don't want all the waiters in the place bothering me every time I get something to eat. Settle on one man, and let him attend to my wants."

Then his eye roamed around at the assembled attendants, and, without any particular reason, he said:

"That fellow with a wart on his nose look out for me."

So it was settled, and for some time the designated waiter was on hand. One day, however, the man with money found another attendant at his table. He motioned to the head waiter.

"Didn't I tell you to let me have the waiter with a wart on his nose?" he demanded.

"Yes, sah; but this one will be better, sah. He has two warts on his nose."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

When a son, grown to manhood, leaves the parental roof to take up his fight for himself, both mother and father keenly feel the loss. Perhaps the father carries himself in a matter-of-course way, slaps the young fellow on the shoulder and wishes him luck, but the mother sheds many a tear all to herself. She bore him, nursed him, pulled him through his illness, and hugged him about on her tireless left arm. He is her "baby" still, and as he goes he takes a piece of her heart with him.

But she mourns the girl even more, when they abandon her. That is why a wedding in the old home, a daughter being set down in a field, declaring that he would there wait for death, seeing that he was forsaken by his troops. They were ashamed of their conduct, and returning, ultimately gained the victory.

A father who came near losing a beloved daughter with disease speaks of it thus: "Our Anna," he says, "had an attack of influenza in October, 1889. Her food did not nourish her, and in spite of all we could do she wasted away till she was thin and weak. Her hands and feet were cold and clammy—she was always cold, notwithstanding extra flannels and coverings. A little later she became so emaciated that it did not seem as though she had any life left in her. She lost all her bright spirits and was listless and helpless. At this time she was about sixteen years of age."

"Then her breathing got hard and difficult, and it was painful to hear her. Next her legs became swollen and puffed, and she could only walk a few yards. Abscesses began to form on her legs, arms, neck, and ankles. They finally came to be about as large as eggs, about three inches in diameter. Nearly a pint of matter came away from some of them. At length the poor child had twenty-four of these on her body."

"For weeks and weeks she lay on the couch, sinking gradually, until she looked like death. Wife and I felt like having to give her up. During eighteen months it took my wife over an hour, night and morning, to dress these terrible and painful abscesses. At first we had a doctor from Faringdon, but she got no better from his treatment. He recommended us to get her into a hospital, but we did not like to let her go. We next tried a doctor at Stamford. He attended her twelve months, but she got worse and worse. What more to do we did not know. It seemed as though she was surely doomed to die. Yet help came when we had stopped looking for it."

"In December, 1891, we heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and the great things it had done after the medical men had failed. We got the medicine from Messrs. Ballard and Co., Chemists, Faringdon, and she commenced taking it. In a few weeks we noticed a great improvement in her general health. Her food digested and strengthened her and in two months we could see the abscesses dying away, and soon they were all gone. 'She is now as strong as ever she was, and is the picture of health. My wife and I, also everyone in the village, looked upon the cure as miraculous. That Mother Seigel saved Anna's life we are fully persuaded. You are at liberty to publish this statement. I will gladly answer any

inquiries. Yours truly (signed), Isaac King, innkeeper, Horn Inn, Charney, Berks, November 25th, 1892."

Mr. King is happy over this splendid result. Who would not be, in his place? But there was no miracle. What the Syrup did was on Nature's straight lines. His daughter's case was one of blood poisoning from the deadly acids engendered by the non-digestion of her food. Probably it had been coming on, unsuspected, longer than her parents thought. The danger of her life was great; indeed, death was certain in a little more time. Most fortunately they heard of Seigel's Syrup before it was quite too late.

This magnificent remedy expelled the poison from the blood, and by righting the digestion prevented the formation of more. Long may the family circle continue unbroken.

The Concealed Japs.

Theodore Wores, the artist, lived in Japan for five or six years, and intended to return there. Now, he says, he will not.

"The Japs," he says, "will be infernally conceited if they finally whip China. The Chinese have for many years dominated them in a way which does not seem to be understood here. They have been the bankers for the Japanese, have superintended nearly all of the business affairs in Yokohama and Tokio, and the Japanese have bowed to their superior financial and commercial abilities. Every shipping house in Yokohama has had Chinese in charge of every department, and the Chinese have always treated the Japs as a weaker and inferior people. The Japanese have always been arrogant with all other foreigners, but have stood tall in hand before the Chinese. Now, if they master the Chinese, there will be no living with them in comfort for any foreigner. They will want to start out and whip all creation, and will naturally begin on the foreign material at hand. I'm going to India, which has already been whipped."

It Was Another Story.

A capital story is told of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and little Miss Dorothy Drew. Mr. Gladstone's grand-daughter. During the novelist's stay in Wiltshire this summer he met little Dorothy at a country house, and being very fond of children, took her about the grounds and told her stories. After a time Mrs. Drew, fearing that Mr. Kipling must have had enough of the child's society, called her, and said, "Now, Dorothy, I hope you have been a good child and have not been wearing Mr. Kipling." "Oh, not a bit, mother," replied the little celebrity; "but you've no idea how Mr. Kipling has been wearing me."

His Profession.

Two strangers in a first-class railway carriage have got into somewhat friendly conversation. The windows have just been let down on account of the closeness of the day, and the desultory chatter is consequently turned to the subject of ventilation.

"I make it," says one of the two, "I make it an invariable practice to advise people to sleep with their bedroom window open all the year round."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the other; "I perceive that you are a doctor?"

"Not at all!" was the confidential reply. "To tell you the truth, strictly between ourselves, I am—a burglar!"

"THE MARRIED OLD MAID."

Such is the Epithet Applied by a Writer to One Class of Woman.

The married old maid is a type among women that compares anything but favorably with the bachelor girl. She is the woman who has married the wrong man. She is the one who has found all vinegar and no milk in life. Her children when they have not been a bore to her, have been a source of never-ceasing trouble, and from constantly setting her lips in firmness as she speaks to them, they have a set look that suggests nothing but peevishness. She finds fault with her husband's friends, with him, and wonders continually why she ever married. It gives her a certain amount of pleasure to hear of other people's troubles, because then she is sure that she is not alone in the world. She grows untidy in her dress and sets it down to economy. Where a little bonnet would soften and make pleasant her face, she puts on a hard-looking hat, that gives her a severe look, and if possible, makes her uglier than ever.

Her children neither admire, love nor respect her. With their little troubles and their little pleasures they go to their father, and he has not realized as yet exactly why his wife is different from other women. It is not likely that he ever will, in fact, I do not think anybody will, for this is one of the cases where there would seem to exist a piece of Plymouth Rock in place of a heart. Don't you know this woman? How very much better off is that wise one who didn't marry, when such a woman and such a state of affairs is the result of making a wrong marriage. Old age finds her children but slightly acquainted with this woman, and she herself is solitary, hard and disappointed. Life has brought her nothing, and nothing can come with death. Sometimes she wonders what it means. She hears the talk of seeing again the people we have cared for, and she is surprised to find that she hasn't cared enough for anybody to really wish to see them again. Even death seems to let her alone, and as the years go by and one generation has succeeded another, age hasn't mellowed her, but instead she has grown harder and harder, and death is fearful of her.

That is an awful type of woman. I think we ought to thank heaven that it is not a common one. There is another that is an exact opposite. It's the woman who has married a man for whom she had no great love but who, as the years have rolled on, has made herself love him. Has loved him in his children, and whatever sorrows her early life has known have been made stepping-stones to better, sweeter things and she beams out love to everybody. That is a good woman. That is a woman who makes everything seem smoother and better in life.

Where to His is to Applaud.

In his book on the Basutos, the Rev. E. Casalis says that hisses are the most unequivocal marks of applause, and are as much courted in the African parliaments and assemblies as they are dreaded by our candidates for popular favor. After a declamation in accordance with the general taste, the voice of the orator is drowned in a burst of shrill sounds, which force one to stop one's ears. Captain Cook also asserts that the people of Mallicollo show

their admiration by hissing like a goose. In Italy the ancient Romans had three methods of expressing applause for speakers and at their places of entertainments, namely: (1) bombas, a hissing or buzzing noise; (2) imbrices, noises made with the hollow hands; and (3) teste, striking of the hands together. Applause in theatres in Russia is strictly forbidden.

AN IMPORTANT INCIDENT AT A COUNTRY AUCTION SALE.

Quite recently a country store stock was sold off by auction in lots to suit purchasers. The sale, which had been well advertised by circulars distributed throughout the country, drew a large crowd of sturdy farmers and their good wives; the bidding was fast and spirited, and good prices were realized for all useful and staple goods.

Amongst the vast variety of articles put up for sale were two lots of package dyes for household dyeing. The auctioneer announced that he would first dispose of the "Diamond Dyes," goods that every farmer's wife knew well and favorably. The women, being most interested in these goods, did the bidding, and in ten minutes time, some six gross of the "Diamond Dyes" were sold to anxious buyers.

The other dyes were then brought forward, and introduced by some oriental name. Said the auctioneer: "I give you the name of these dyes, but I know very little about their manufacture or qualities; come, give me a bid, any price."

There was no response—not a bid to encourage the auctioneer's heart. Seeing that time was being lost, and anxious to get rid of these dyes at any price, the auctioneer, in a joking way, said: "You surely want your garden fences and bars painted; if these dyes are not good enough to color your dresses, shawls, jackets, coats, silks and ribbons, they will surely do for common wood painting."

The idea was a novel one—it was a revelation—and seemed to meet with the favor of a few, and for a small price, the entire stock of worthless dyes designated by a high sounding name, was sold to one farmer, who was heartily laughed at.

There is a most important moral to be deduced from the results of the auction sale just referred to. The moral taught is, that poor and worthless dyes, wherever sold, are dear at any price—even when used for common fence painting.

The "Diamond Dyes" are well known, popular and always reliable; they sell everywhere and under all circumstances, and give wonderful results in restoring to beauty and usefulness old and faded articles of wearing apparel. "Diamond Dyes" save many dollars each year in every farmer's home.

"Carrying Coals to Newcastle." An English lady set out for Germany on a visit to some of her relatives. She took with her a handsome present, consisting of a silver urn, by way of showing her dear Continental friends a specimen of British artistic skill. When the present was unpacked and carefully examined, there was found stamped in a corner the following legend: "Made in Germany."

EYS'...
GRIP, 25c...
ICHS...
PSY...
rd's...
Need...
rd's...
ANTS...
uits...
ROCK...
Sun...
\$2 a year...
\$6 a year...
\$8 a year...
\$1 a year...
New York.

A NOVA SCOTIA GHOST.

There were a baker's dozen of us, and the place was the hot familiarity known as "Broderick's" at Five Islands, the shores of which were washed by the famous Basin of Minas. There was a professor, who, behind his bulwarks of learning, cherished some sweet flowers of verse, and his charming wife, who seldom from his side was as the moon to the sun, so faithfully did she reflect his moods and tenors. There was also with us a general New Yorker, who smoked, and nursed the cat, while his wife kept a matronly eye on their pretty black-eyed daughter.

Miss Blackeyes spent most of her time in playing lawn tennis with the blonde young doctor, who gave his address as Boston, but he must either have been a native of Great Britain, or a most confirmed Anglo-maniac. The city of beans and brains was further represented by a "school marm," who was on a sort of Evangeline pilgrimage. She had collected a large variety of "specimens" which might be valuable if she were in the paving business, but not otherwise. It is needless to say that geology was not one of the branches she taught. There was a widow, pale and pretty, who bequeathed many an evening by her sweet singing; a brace of undergraduates on a tramp, an old bachelor who had roughed it on a ranch; an under-sized young person who went by the sobriquet of "the little minister," and myself.

While the fine weather lasted there was no lack of occupation of the usual seaside variety; boating, fishing, for the active, and lounging on the shore in the sunshine, or reading under the trees for the "rather-ride-than-walk" type. But when the rains descended, and the woods were dripping with cold water from every leaf, when mist obscured the lovely view, landward and seaward, when fish couldn't and wouldn't be caught, then arose a woeeful wail. "What shall we do next?" We tried numerous expedients to pass the time. The manufacture of a large kite, to be used when the weather cleared, occupied us all one day. That is, three worked at it and the rest gave advice (which was seldom acted upon) and helped or hindered as our disposition prompted us. "The little minister" (who was extremely absent-minded) displayed a wonderful knack for getting entangled in the tail of the kite. He had a fashion of walking up and down the room when earnestly engaged in conversation, and while arguing some knotty theological point with the professor he several times walked right over and through the tail, which the doctor and Miss Blackeyes had spread out for the admiring gaze of the idlers. And he was always sincerely surprised and sorry for what he had done that they forgave him with a good grace and set to work again to repair damages. We played all sorts of games, from what and "old maid" to "Dan Tucker" and "moral chains." We had music, till our throats were tired and the wheezy old organ showed signs of giving out. But all of these amusements palled after awhile, and when the third day closed in dark and wet, we began to feel very much bored, to long for something exciting. After about ten o'clock, dark as a wolf's mouth, a bright wood fire, around which we all gathered. Some one exclaimed "What a night for a ghost story!" and then the conversation turned on spooks and apparitions of every description; on hypnotism, mesmerism, and all such blood-curdling topics. The doctor said he believed in ghosts; that is, that they were the emanations of a diseased brain, but the subject undoubtedly saw them just as a man in delirium tremens sees snakes. The professor thought that hypnosis might have something to do with it, as a person could be made to believe in anything, and he had been oozing away rapidly since I left the hotel. I bitterly repented of ever having joined such an expedition, and began to recall stories of people losing their wits from extreme fright. Before our escort left us, I made one more promise faithfully and perfectly to play no tricks, but that all would go back and await in the hotel parlor. So with many good wishes for the success in our enterprise and several jokes as to how long our courage would stand the test, they departed, leaving two much frightened women with me and managed to sit with our backs to a very dim lantern between them and an indefinite number of ghosts.

We decided to establish ourselves in the largest room on the ground floor, which was about in the centre of the house. We found there an old box on which the widow and I managed to sit with our backs to the wall. Our left hand was a door leading to the front entry and stairs going down to the kitchen, on the right was a door into the side hall where we had effected an entrance. A more dreary place I never saw; the plaster was broken away in large patches from the damp walls, while here and there a rag of the paper hung fluttering in the wind that every now and then swooped down the dismantled chimney. The rain was beating steadily against the house and pouring with a hoarse murmur through an old tin pipe just outside the window. All other sound was the booming of the waves on the shore. At first we talked on indifferent subjects, stopping frequently to listen intently. The student supported himself on the old-fashioned window-sill, and nursed the somewhat flickering lantern tenderly. We watched him with intense interest. It seemed as if our very lives depended on that lantern and that if we were deprived of its light, we would be as badly off as shipwrecked sailors on a desert island. The conversation became more and more intermittent and at last ceased altogether. I felt the wide silence around me and presently drawing herself up, she took out of the chateau bag at her side a very small travelling clock, which she explained struck both hours and quarters. She struck upon the striking apparatus and presently eleven silver strokes announced that in fifteen minutes the ghostly performance would take place. We waited in grim silence. I thought I heard soft footsteps on the stairs, but it was only the rain pattering through somewhere on the sodden boards, and the sound like the wailing of a child was surely caused by the wind in the chimney. But was it? We knew not what the awful tragedy might have been enacted in this dismal abode? Some unnatural

shutters were closed; and a more desolate looking place could hardly be imagined. The surroundings were very picturesque, from the old mill on the hillside, that was dropping to pieces beside a clear, brown, swift-running stream, to the wild pink roses that were hanging thick and fragrant over the broken stone wall. Tall hardwood trees formed an effective background and sturdy off-shoots from these were everywhere encroaching on the greensward that sloped sharply up from the wall in front. The "little minister" went on to tell of how people passing late in the evening had seen lights in the uncurtained windows, and that on the eighth of every month at exactly a quarter past eleven at night, it was said that if anyone had the courage to stay there, he would hear hasty footsteps through the house, and a sound of panting breath, as if pursued and pursued were exhausted. What happened after that no one knew; it is supposed that no one ever had the temerity to linger for any further manifestations. What had given rise to the reports could not be ascertained, but they were firmly believed by three-fourths of the inhabitants, and the place was shunned accordingly. A thought occurred to draw lots and the lot fell on the widow and myself. For my own part, I could not but wish it had fallen elsewhere, and yet I was half pleased at the distinction. When I perceived that the widow was something more than timid, I made a far greater show of bravery than I really felt. There was a loud outcry on the part of the men; it was quite necessary, they said, that one of them should accompany and protect us two lone females. So they drew among themselves and one of the young students was this time the favored fortune.

This was not the admirer of Miss Blackeyes, but his much more retiring companion, whose somewhat rustic manners and frequent allusion to "Acadia" had caused him to be called, behind his back, "the forest primeval." But withal he was stout of limb and kind of heart and by no means to be despised as a cavalier. It was hastily arranged that we three were to be escorted over to the haunted mansion by the rest of the company and then left there, with a light, in whichever room we thought looked most promising for either comfort or ghosts. It was then about ten o'clock, dark as a wolf's mouth, raining hard and with a heavy, gusty wind blowing. Protected by waterproofs we managed to reach the house without getting very wet and as the gate was swollen with damp and stuck fast, we had to scramble as best we could over the broken stone wall. The front door was bolted but a door in the ell opened easily and led into a small entry with stairs going up at the right and doors in front of us. We thoroughly explored the building, upstairs and down, to make sure there was no trickery. We found absolutely nothing but a perfectly bare room, with a carpeted staircase. Near the front door a step came down to a cellar kitchen, and as I descended my dress caught on a nail, and for a moment I thought I was in the clutch of some grisly specter. This accident completely destroyed the last remnant of my courage. I had been oozing away rapidly since I left the hotel. I bitterly repented of ever having joined such an expedition, and began to recall stories of people losing their wits from extreme fright. Before our escort left us, I made one more promise faithfully and perfectly to play no tricks, but that all would go back and await in the hotel parlor. So with many good wishes for the success in our enterprise and several jokes as to how long our courage would stand the test, they departed, leaving two much frightened women with me and managed to sit with our backs to a very dim lantern between them and an indefinite number of ghosts.

THE SILENCE CURE.
A Physician Who Says Women Hurt Their Nerves by Talking Too Much.
"I have two or three patients who are ill with nervous prostration and who could be cured if they would stop talking," said a nerve specialist the other day. "They waste their nerve tissue as fast as I can supply it, and they are on the verge of hysterics and acute nervous pain all the time. A woman, if she is inclined to talk too much, should time herself just as she would take medicine, and allow herself only just so many minutes of talk."
"Now, the other day a woman who is troubled with insomnia came in my office for treatment. She had been taking drugs. She told me about her troubles and her tongue ran like the clapper of a farmhouse bell at dinner time. I thought she never would let up. Finally I stopped her."
"Do you talk as much as that very often?"
"She drew herself up and said in an offended tone, 'This is no laughing matter, doctor; I assure you. I am worn out from lack of sleep; and though my family do all things possible to divert my mind, and I make calls and see people all the time I get steadily worse. I am worn to a shadow. Why, last summer—'
"And so her tongue rattled on, until I again had to stop her."
"Now listen to my prescription," I said. "Go home and keep still. Don't talk. Time your tongue waggings. At breakfast allow your husband to read the newspaper without interruption. After breakfast, sew a little in your own room. Read as much as you please. Walk long distances if you are strong enough. Do not make many calls. At dinner talk all you please, but spend a quiet evening. If you go to the theatre do not talk much during the play. Exercise a little self-denial. It will be hard at first, for you are a chatterer, but if you persevere you will succeed and your nervous system will get rest."

"What did she say to that?" Well, I do not think she liked it. But if she took me seriously I think I can cure her in a month. "I do have many such cases? Well, I should say I did! It is almost safe to declare that there never is a case of real acute nervousness unless the woman is a talker. With a man it is different. He may worry himself into insomnia, or complete loss of brain power, if his business goes wrong. But the very nervous woman is seldom a worrier. She is the woman of leisure with a small family—few in numbers I mean—to direct. She buys their food, their clothing, hires the servants and 'keeps house.' She has no real worries. But does she think she has? Oh dear yes! She thinks she has more to do than any other woman of her acquaintance."
"Keep quiet a few hours every day and you will be a well woman," is what I tell half my woman patients. When I can persuade them to try it they come back and say: "Why, doctor, I haven't been nervous enough to fly since I began to try your quiet prescription!"
He Didn't Swear Any Longer.
"What's the matter with that mule?" asked a man who was standing on the bank of the canal. "He doesn't seem to be of any account whatever." "He's all right," replied the boatman. "The fault's with you. Ye see, mister, he understands every word ye say to him. He doesn't pay much attention to what ye say. 'Tis ye who shows his intelligence. I've just jined the church, an' he thinks I'm a stranger."

mother might have beaten her child's death. In a maniac may have been confined here from the prying eyes of the world and, in a moment of frenzy, have killed his keeper. How horrible the idea! I shivered with pink more than cold as a stronger blast than usual shook the house as if it would turn it inside out. Just then a quarter struck. With a very fictitious show of courage, I turned my head to say to the widow, "Well, there is nothing after all," but these words were never uttered, for I saw through the door at the right a glimmer of something white. I screamed, the widow shrieked and the student jumped up so suddenly that he dropped the lantern and we were left in total darkness.

I do not know how I lived through the next few moments, for we heard hasty footsteps through the room, into the front hall and then the sound of a heavy body falling down the stairs, followed by a deep moan. I have not the least idea how I got out of the house, but I found myself running through the wet grass, over the stone wall and up the hill to the hotel. I was closely followed by the widow and we both burst into the parlor, pale and speechless. "Did you see anything?" cried everyone, but they got no answer, as the widow faintly and I utilized the small remnant of my breath in going into hysterics. The schoolmarm with touching sympathy followed suit, and it was not till the arrival of the student, for some matches, he said, that they got any information whatever. When he had told our steaming friend the gentlemen armed themselves with guns, sticks and two good lanterns and started for the haunted house, quite determined to lay the ghost, whatever it might be. The doctor remained to revive, with the assistance of the ladies, his three suddenly-acquired patients. When he had regained consciousness, the schoolmarm and I had ceased our ridiculous sobbing, long and behind the ghost trackers returned. We heard their shouts as they came up the hill, and they appeared in a state of the wildest hilarity that was extremely offensive to the sufferers.

"Ah! doctor, there's another patient for you; get out your splints, there's a broken leg to be set," exclaimed Mr. New York, and then he went on to tell us that all our fright had been caused by nothing more than an innocent white calf. The poor little beast had evidently found the side door open and on entering, startled by our screaming, had rushed wildly through the room and in the dark, fallen down the stairs, at the foot of which it was found in a very crumpled condition.

"That's just like a calf, broke in the ranch," said the student, evidently stupid critters; "not that a calf would ever get into a haunted house, anyway."
"Sir!" thundered the student, "do you mean to insinuate—?" but just here the widow laid her white hand, like a wedge of truth, across his lips, and what he intended to say can never be recorded.

BORN.
Windsor, Oct. 9, to the wife of F. C. Lynch, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 26, to the wife of Albert Furell, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 18, to the wife of E. Melvin, a daughter.
Milton, N. S., to the wife of Edward Horton, a son.
Hillboro, Oct. 22, to the wife of Nelson Jonah, a son.
Truro, Oct. 20, to the wife of John W. Spencer, a son.
Kensington, Oct. 21, to the wife of Alfred Young, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Oct. 20, to the wife of W. Caldwell, a son.
St. John, Oct. 28, to the wife of John Bennett, a son.
North Sydney, Oct. 14, to the wife of Dennis Connell, a son.
Annapolis, Oct. 16, to the wife of Robert Reynolds, a son.
Grand Lake, Oct. 8, to the wife of Ewan McDonald, a son.
Escuminac, Oct. 2, to the wife of Stanislas Preston, a son.
Parsons, Oct. 18, to the wife of Joseph Tibbitts, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Oct. 17, to the wife of Arthur Bier, a daughter.
Truro, Oct. 13, to the wife of F. A. Davidson, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 24, to the wife of Henry Netherston, a daughter.
Amherst, N. S., to the wife of W. W. Black, a daughter.
Roseville, Oct. 21, to the wife of Benjamin Bray, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 21, to the wife of W. L. Davidson, a daughter.
St. John, Oct. 23, to the wife of W. E. O. Jones, a daughter.
Rosedale Hill, Oct. 9, to the wife of J. Rokeby Robinson, a son.
Moncton, N. B., Oct. 19, to the wife of F. B. Edgecombe, a daughter.
Parabro, Oct. 20, to the wife of David Campbell, a daughter.
Dartmouth, N. S., to the wife of John J. Campbell, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Oct. 21, to the wife of George Mosher, a daughter.
Moncton, Oct. 23, to the wife of Percy A. Gammon, a daughter.
Hillboro, Oct. 12, to the wife of Richard Cameron, a daughter.
Curryville, Oct. 18, to the wife of John A. Beaumont, a son.
Fredericton, Oct. 20, to the wife of Frank S. Collins, a son.
Nictaux Falls, N. S., Oct. 10, to the wife of William Treuman, a son.
Truemanville, Oct. 14, to the wife of Thompson Treuman, a son.
Torbrook Mines, Oct. 18, to the wife of Charles R. B. Bryan, a daughter.
Durham, N. S., Oct. 18, to the wife of William R. B. Bryan, a daughter.
Warren, N. B., Oct. 11, to the wife of R. Wilson Boston, a daughter.
Collingwood Corner, Oct. 18, to the wife of Frank Schurman, a daughter.
South Paragon, N. S., Oct. 17, to the wife of William Bennett, a daughter.
North East Harbor, N. S., Oct. 25, to the wife of Rev. D. Farquhar, a daughter.

MARRIED.
Yarmouth, Oct. 20, Robert Holly to Agnes Welch.
St. John, Oct. 24, John McConnell to Isabella Neilson.
Annapolis, Oct. 23, Alexander D. Hewitt to Evelyn Armand.
Ludlow, Oct. 24, by Rev. E. Bell, Henry Swin to Mrs. J. O'Donnell.
Sydney, Oct. 23, by Rev. James Gray, Thomas Gray to Sara Kyle.
Halifax, Oct. 23, by Rev. S. A. Fraser, E. A. Corbin to Laura J. Bliss.
Woodstock, Oct. 18, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Charles Belyea to Maud Grant.
Halifax, by Rev. N. LeMoine, Richard A. Spawton to Charlotte M. Burr.
Parker's Cove, Oct. 22, by Rev. H. Achilles, William Ait to Maggie Hudson.
St. John, Oct. 25, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Ernest Elkston to Mabel Stuart.
Calais, Oct. 10, by Rev. C. G. McCully, Arthur D. Finley to Mattie Emery.
Kewick, Oct. 17, by Rev. J. K. King, George H. McKean to Minnie Moore.
Lockport, Oct. 20, by Rev. Charles Cowell, J. R. Leggins to Minnie Lock.
L'Esperance, Oct. 22, by Rev. H. E. S. Maider, Ernest Williams to Myra Tucker.
Torbrook, Oct. 18, by Rev. J. E. Locke, William Hartman to Jennie B. Brown.
St. George, Oct. 15, by Rev. R. G. Vans, Robert J. Dadds to Annie McIntyre.
Sydney, C. B., Oct. 24, by Rev. F. Forbes, Daniel Stewart to Bertha Broadbent.
St. John, Oct. 24, by Rev. William Penna, Fred Mahony to Edith Williams.
Mahogany Road, Oct. 25, by Rev. I. W. Corey, B. B. Hodges to Minnie Moore.
St. John, Oct. 21, by Rev. C. A. Hartley, Frederick Greer to Minnie Houston.
Marville, Oct. 24, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, Wesley Hazlewood to Estella Miller.
Halifax, Oct. 23, by Rev. James Simpson, J. N. Robinson to Florence Arthur.
Woodstock, Oct. 22, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Frank J. Brennan to Hannah Brown.
Digby, Oct. 24, by Rev. J. W. Frestwood, George F. Frizell to Lilla B. Crosby.
Rockland, Oct. 11, by Rev. J. J. Barnes, Thomas M. Tomkins to Annie Irvine.
Middleton, Oct. 14, by Rev. Mr. Gatz, Thomas W. McLellan to Bessie B. Gault.
Dartmouth, Oct. 28, by Rev. Thomas Stewart, Isaac Bowser to Liddie Baker.
Halifax, Oct. 23, by Rev. Dymon Hague, Charles W. Gunning to Maud Louise Hall.
Charlton, Oct. 23, by Rev. George Steele, James W. Shields to Eunice Bredean.
Oak Bay, Oct. 23, by Rev. W. C. Calder, Samuel McKean to Sophia E. McCoom.
Norton, Oct. 24, by Rev. Father Byrne, James L. Corcoran to Gertrude M. Kelly.
Woodstock, Oct. 17, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Duncan Simpson to Josephine McKay.
Woodstock, Oct. 17, by Rev. J. Denton, Ambrose Brewer to Ella May Morehouse.
Woodstock, Oct. 10, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Elijah Palmer to Annie O. Oldenburgh.
Mahone Bay, Oct. 5, by Rev. Jacob Maarer, Bennett Wagner to Jane Eisenhauer.
Dodge, Oct. 17, by Rev. F. Prizelle, John S. Fleming to Ruby S. Kirkpatrick.
Halifax, Oct. 20, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Charles Henry Smythe to Bertha Spencer.
Lower Hillboro, Oct. 17, by Rev. D. H. Lodge, John T. Weldo to Kate Steves.
Berwick, Oct. 23, by Rev. William Ellis, Henry Melville Jones to Martha S. Ford.
Tatamagouche, Oct. 24, by Rev. Dr. Sedgwick, Robert Albiston to Adela McCurt.
Upper Woodstock, Oct. 18, by Rev. Thomas Todd, Henry Robinson to Clara Chandler.
Dartmouth, Oct. 17, by Rev. T. Stewart, Sydney Sheehy to Mrs. Anella Wright.
Antigonish, Oct. 11, by Rev. J. E. Munro, Robert Nichols to Victoria MacNaughton.
Scotch Ridge, Oct. 16, by Rev. John Hawley, Edward Leitch to Annie M. Briggs.
Fredericton, Oct. 24, by Rev. George B. Payson, Deyver Nichol to Annie M. Briggs.
Walton, N. S., Oct. 10, by Rev. Andrew Boyd, Stuart L. Parker to Sarah J. Morris.
Halifax, Oct. 28, by Rev. Monsignor Carmody, D. J. Lynch to Marie Theresa Mursland.
Horton Landing, N. S., by Rev. William Brown, Harry M. Palmer to Jessie Taylor.
New Cornwall, N. S., Oct. 7, by Rev. Jacob Maarer, James A. Damon to Mary E. Braslin.
Sydney, C. B., Oct. 17, by Rev. David Hickey, James B. Howie to Margaret Morley.
Kingston, Oct. 20, by Rev. H. S. Wainwright, Norman C. Bryson to Julia E. Northrup.
Bridgetown, Oct. 23, by Rev. J. A. MacLaughlin, Nell McDonald to Mary J. McDonald.
Fredericton, Oct. 17, by Rev. William Burns, Lorton B. Belyea to E. Georgina Smith.
Strathalbyn, P. E. I., Oct. 1, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, J. A. McKenzie to Margaret A. McLeod.
Petite Riviere, Oct. 24, by Rev. Charles P. Mallor, Stephen Wambach to Mrs. Absolom Teal.
La Hava Cross Roads, Oct. 18, by Rev. William Ainsie, J. Dan to Arabella C. McCann.
Lunenburg, Oct. 18, by Rev. J. E. Rankin, John Starratt Beckman to Maud E. Rhoades.
Fredericton, Oct. 24, by Rev. Willard McDonald, Daniel McLinn to Mrs. Charlotte Stickney.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment
Internal & External
IT IS
Unlike any other.
It is mentioned how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. It is a fact that any pain anywhere, every lameness everywhere, is penetrated, relieved or cured by this wonderful soothing Anodyne. It is the sovereign remedy for bites, burns, bruises. For backache, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, toothache, in fact every ache. For sores, ulcers, strabismus, sprains, stiff joints, swellings and sore muscles. For colds, coughs and catarrhs. For hiccups, hoarseness and whooping cough. For asthma, bronchitis, diphtheria, in grippe, sore throat and lunge. For colic, cramp, cholera, cholera morbus and summer complaints. For dyspepsia, neuralgia and muscular rheumatism. For cuts, cracks, corns, contusions, chaps and chilblains, all irritations and inflammations. For sun-burn, shoulder. For pains in chest. For rheumatism, stomach, use this great vital and muscle nerve. Every ailment above caused by inflammation, to cure which Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is devised.
Originated by an Old Family Physician
FOR PURELY HOUSEHOLD USE.
Generation after Generation have Used and Blessed It.
All who order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 50 cents. 5¢ per ounce. If you can't get it near home, add 25c. Sold by druggists. Pamphlet free. S. J. JOHNSON & Co., 21 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY.
LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.
THE POPULAR AND SHORTEST LINE BE-TWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.
On and after WEDNESDAY, October 27, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:
EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY:
Leave Yarmouth, 8:10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6:25 p. m.
Leave Halifax, 6:40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4:50 p. m.
Leave Kentville, 6:30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 8:45 a. m.
Leave Halifax, 3:10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6:15 p. m.
But 4 Parlor Cars run daily each way on Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.
ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:
Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 5:50 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4:30 p. m.
Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6:00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4:45 p. m.
Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 4:45 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 7:20 p. m.
Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6:50 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6:05 p. m.
Leave Kentville Daily, 6:00 a. m. Arrive Richmond, 11:15 a. m.
Leave Richmond Daily, 2:30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 8:10 p. m.
Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company for Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the New Brunswick Railway for Parrsboro, South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Valley Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, connecting with the S. S. Evangeline for Parrsboro and all points in P. E. I.; and at Cape Breton, and at W. Junction and St. John, with the International and Canadian Pacific trains for all points West.
For Tickets, Time Tables, &c., apply to Station Agents, to 123 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
W. R. Campbell, General Manager and Secretary; K. Rutherford, Station Manager.

Intercolonial Railway.
On and after MONDAY, the 1st October 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:
Express for Campbellton, Peggibay, Pictou and Halifax, 7:00
Express for Quebec and Montreal, 15:50
Express for Lunenburg, 16:40
Express for Sussex, 16:40
A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7:00 o'clock and Halifax at 7:20 o'clock.
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19:30 o'clock.
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Express from Sussex, 8:30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted), 10:30
Express from Moncton (daily), 10:30
Express from Lunenburg, 15:50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton, 18:30
Accommodation from Moncton, 24:00
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are headed by steam from the locomotive, and these consist of Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. FOTTINGHAM, General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
THE ONLY TRUE
TRANSCONTINENTAL
LINE.
Fast Express train leaves from Union Station, St. John, N. B., at
4:00 P. M. Sunday Excepted.
Daily.
For MONTREAL and intermediate points, making close connections with Fast Express Trains for OTTAWA, TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO, the West, N. W. & S. W. the Pacific Coast.
For tickets, sleeping car accommodations, &c., enquire at City Ticket Office, Chalmers' Corner.
D. MCNICOLL, Gen'l Pass' Agent, Montreal.
C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen'l Pass' Agent, St. John, N. B.

WANTED!
- People to Understand That -
BASS'S ALE, GUINNESS'S STOUT
are the finest beers brewed. But in order to obtain them at their best it is indispensable that they be matured and bottled by experienced firms who possess the knowledge and have the capital to enable them to carry the goods until they are matured. Messrs. W. Edmunds Jr. & Co., Liverpool, who bottle under the label of PIG BRAND turn out the finest bottling of Bass and Guinness in the world. Try it and be convinced. Ask for PIG BRAND.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment
EVERY WOMEN Should Have It In the House.
Originated by an Old Family Physician
FOR PURELY HOUSEHOLD USE.
Generation after Generation have Used and Blessed It.

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Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 5:50 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4:30 p. m.
Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6:00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4:45 p. m.
Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 4:45 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 7:20 p. m.
Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6:50 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6:05 p. m.
Leave Kentville Daily, 6:00 a. m. Arrive Richmond, 11:15 a. m.
Leave Richmond Daily, 2:30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 8:10 p. m.
Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company for Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the New Brunswick Railway for Parrsboro, South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Valley Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, connecting with the S. S. Evangeline for Parrsboro and all points in P. E. I.; and at Cape Breton, and at W. Junction and St. John, with the International and Canadian Pacific trains for all points West.
For Tickets, Time Tables, &c., apply to Station Agents, to 123 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
W. R. Campbell, General Manager and Secretary; K. Rutherford, Station Manager.

Intercolonial Railway.
On and after MONDAY, the 1st October 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:
Express for Campbellton, Peggibay, Pictou and Halifax, 7:00
Express for Quebec and Montreal, 15:50
Express for Lunenburg, 16:40
Express for Sussex, 16:40
A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7:00 o'clock and Halifax at 7:20 o'clock.
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19:30 o'clock.
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Express from Sussex, 8:30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted), 10:30
Express from Moncton (daily), 10:30
Express from Lunenburg, 15:50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton, 18:30
Accommodation from Moncton, 24:00
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are headed by steam from the locomotive, and these consist of Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. FOTTINGHAM, General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
THE ONLY TRUE
TRANSCONTINENTAL
LINE.
Fast Express train leaves from Union Station, St. John, N. B., at
4:00 P. M. Sunday Excepted.
Daily.
For MONTREAL and intermediate points, making close connections with Fast Express Trains for OTTAWA, TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO, the West, N. W. & S. W. the Pacific Coast.
For tickets, sleeping car accommodations, &c., enquire at City Ticket Office, Chalmers' Corner.
D. MCNICOLL, Gen'l Pass' Agent, Montreal.
C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen'l Pass' Agent, St. John, N. B.

WANTED!
- People to Understand That -
BASS'S ALE, GUINNESS'S STOUT
are the finest beers brewed. But in order to obtain them at their best it is indispensable that they be matured and bottled by experienced firms who possess the knowledge and have the capital to enable them to carry the goods until they are matured. Messrs. W. Edmunds Jr. & Co., Liverpool, who bottle under the label of PIG BRAND turn out the finest bottling of Bass and Guinness in the world. Try it and be convinced. Ask for PIG BRAND.

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