

# PROGRESS.

Board of Works 8 May 98

VOL. V., NO. 246.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## HE IS A KEEN DETECTIVE.

YET SOMETHING HAPPENED HE DID NOT EXPECT.

The Merits of Chief Clark Extolled by Men He Has Promoted—The Men Tell How Efficient They Are and the Chief Tells What He Is Like.

It was the fate of Columbus to discover a new world and to die as an illustration of man's ingratitude to man. So often in history does one read of great men whose names have not been recognized until after they are dead, that it is refreshing to read of a modern instance where talent has been recognized at the outset and has received its fitting reward.

Chief of Police Clark has been presented with a gold headed cane and a gold pin with diamond setting. Also with an address.

Considering that a while ago there were grave doubts as to whether the chief would not wake up some fine morning and find himself a private citizen, the announcement of such a fact might give the public a shock of surprise were no further explanation made. Why should the citizens so suddenly recognize his merit and overwhelm him with marks of their favor? What had he accomplished that they should so richly reward him for his service? Why is this thus?

Softly, friend, the citizens who howled at the chief, have nothing to do with the case. It was the police did it, and in doing it, they gave a fresh proof of their efficiency and skill. They took the chief by surprise, something that nobody unacquainted with the subtle methods of modern detectives would undertake to do. They decided that the presentation should be kept a secret, and they succeeded. The argus eye of the great detective failed to pierce the mystery of their deed until the surprise came with a sharp, steady ring.

The chief took it like a man. He did not say that he knew all about it beforehand, and had been keeping his eye on it until the right moment came to act. He admitted that he was ignorant, which was a very remarkable admission indeed for him to make, and he summed it up in the expressive words, "This is very unexpected."

It is no reflection upon his astuteness that it happened. They took advantage of his absence from the city, and it is no wonder that the chief did not get on to the gait of his trusty captains, detective and men.

The address refers to the cordial relations existing between the chief and his men and his solicitude for their welfare, they might have added, by giving Capt. Rawlings the grand bounce of the 99th and last degree of exhausted patience. It further speaks of his display of energy, firmness and detective, as well as executive, ability possessed only by the few.

It was a great thing that John Ring, one of the committee should admit that anybody outside of himself, from Halifax to Ottawa, should have any detective ability. He did and it was very decent of him. Good for you Jack.

Let them should be thought too modest, however, they asserted that they felt justified in saying that the force under the chief had "attained a degree of efficiency which in its usefulness gives a service to the city that should inspire a feeling of safety and security. The chief in reply said the force under his direction was efficient, and that he prided himself in always being successful in managing men (barring Rawlings of course) and always retaining their good will and friendship (barring Rawlings, the Weatherheads, Wood and others, this time.) Then he said some other pleasant things, and wiped his brow with the confidence that he had given himself and the men quite as much tally as they had given themselves and him.

There are some things he omitted to say. If the men made him the presentation because he bounced Rawlings, he should have admitted that he did not do so until Progress, backed by public opinion, forced him to do so in justice to himself. In so doing it proved a better friend to him than he wanted to be to himself. He might have added, too, that it is largely due to the probe and lance of Progress he has reached a point where it is not necessary to weary the public week after week by dwelling on his deficiencies.

For the chief has been doing remarkably well of late, and especially so since he is freed from the incubus of a tyrannizing subordinate. So long as he continues to do so Progress will be his friend. It has nothing against William Walker Clark, but the chief of a department, police or fire, has duties and responsibilities which no honest newspaper will knowingly permit him to neglect or abuse.

Swing your cane, chief, and sport your diamond. You and the men have had a nose-rubbing that pleases you, and does not hurt the public. But don't run away with the idea that you are Inspector Bynes, Cyrus Small or any other of the notables whom you may have seen or heard about. Nor do you flatter yourself that your force

is the most efficient this side of Boston. It has some good men on it, and some who are not so good. It is only this week that a story was brought to Progress in regard to one of the men on whom you are said to rely, which shows that your force is far from perfect. It is with the hope that the men will do better in future that Progress does not give the name, time and place, which can be proven by witnesses. The man is probably a good officer and is usually sober. He will probably be still more so when he learns that Progress "has him on the list." So far he has done no more than some higher in authority have done, and like them he ought to be given a chance. There are other points that might be taken in regard to some of the allegations in the address, but as you are doing well, chief, nobody will try to discourage you. Only, don't get inflated until you have done something more than the public can see you have done, the words of the address to the contrary notwithstanding.

AND WAS REWARDED BY HAVING TO REMAIN AT HOYT.

Mr. Zebedee R. Everitt Has an Interesting Experience on the Canadian Coast of Halifax—He Says Van Horn is a Bluffer—The Results.

Hoyt Station as a summer resort is restful and soothing. As a winter resort Hoyt Station is not a marked success. Such at least is the freely expressed opinion of Mr. Zebedee R. Everitt, of Fredericton, and Mr. Everitt ought to know. Mr. Everitt spent the whole of Monday afternoon last at Hoyt Station.

Mr. Zebedee R. Everitt did not journey to Hoyt in search of his health, for Mr. Everitt's health was not mislaid. Nor did he come to Hoyt as a missionary unto the froward and unrepentant Uncle Ned. Not at all. The particular role in which Mr. Everitt appeared at Hoyt Station on Monday last was that of a martyr—the victim of monopolistic greed. The fact is that Mr. Zebedee R. Everitt had been "fired" off the train because he wouldn't pay his fare.

Mr. Everitt left Fredericton on the 11 o'clock train. As the train rolled out of the station, Mr. Everitt revealed himself in his true character as a martyr at once. He quietly settled back in his seat, tucked his legs up in a knot, folded his martyr robe about him and calmly awaited the future.

Conductor Hagerman asked Mr. Everitt for his fare. Mr. Everitt tendered a special, limited excursion ticket that had expired a natural death on the 4th instant. Conductor Hagerman refused to accept it. Mr. Everitt said that Van Horn was a "bluffer." Finally conductor Hagerman paid the fare himself, and gave Mr. Everitt a chromo in the shape of a coupon that entitled Mr. Everitt to collect ten cents at any ticket office of the C. P. R. Mr. Everitt about this time had a vague feeling that Conductor Hagerman was going into the martyr business, too.

When Mr. Zebedee R. Everitt boarded the express at the Junction he repeated his statement that Van Horn was a "bluffer." He likewise remarked that the C. P. R. was a Grinding Monopoly, a Vampire on the body politic, an Octopus and a Leach! Whereupon Mr. Everitt again settled down in his seat, coiled his legs in a double and twisted knot, gathered in his martyr robe and serenely awaited the future.

He didn't have long to wait. The future revealed itself in the person of Conductor Guilfoyle. When Conductor Guilfoyle said "fare please," Mr. Everitt fixed his gaze pensively on the roof of the car. When Conductor Guilfoyle repeated his demand, Mr. Everitt took another hitch in the martyr robe and remarked that he didn't propose to pay any fare. He said that on the 26th ult. he had bought a ticket from Montreal to St. John; that he had only used it as far as Fredericton Junction; that the porter of the sleeping car had taken it up and refused or neglected to return it. He now claimed the right to proceed to St. John do novo.

"Have you anything to show for it?" asked Conductor Guilfoyle. Mr. Everitt produced a letter from Mr. W. H. Thorne, who had been a fellow passenger on the 26th. Mr. Thorne's statement was a carefully guarded one. He agreed with Mr. Everitt on the facts of the case, but ruled against him on points of law. Conductor Guilfoyle declined to receive the letter, or even to punch it. He informed Mr. Everitt that if he did not pay his fare, he would be under the painful necessity of removing him from the train at the next station. Then the conductor passed along.

Mr. Everitt reiterated his statement that Van Horn was a "bluffer." He further stated that the C. P. R. was a soul-less corporation, an Octopus, a vampire and boar-constrictor! Then he coiled his limbs together, adjusted the martyr robe and calmly awaited the future.

This time the future showed up in large gold letters on a dark blue ground. Its maiden name was Hoyt. Conductor Guilfoyle requested Mr. Everitt to disembark. Mr. Everitt refused to do so. Then a totally new idea dawned upon Conductor Guilfoyle. He seized Mr. Everitt by the slack of the martyr robe and likewise the fulness thereof. He unlimbered the sinewy limbs. He boosted Mr. Everitt gently but firmly from the seat. He propelled Mr. Everitt down the straight and narrow aisle and out the door. He steered Mr. Everitt down the icy steps. Then he sang out "All aboard." But he didn't mean Mr. Everitt.

As the train pulled out some of the passengers took a farewell look from the rear of the car. Mr. Everitt was reclining peacefully on the soft side of a deal bench in the station-house.

He had coiled his nether limbs together, taken a reef in the martyr robe and was calmly awaiting the future. BILDAD.

Very Considerate Indeed.

The severe character of the weather has probably had the effect of making kind-hearted people more than ever considerate of others, that they may not suffer by needless exposure to the elements. With this

## HE POSED AS A MARTYR.

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Very Considerate Indeed.

The severe character of the weather has probably had the effect of making kind-hearted people more than ever considerate of others, that they may not suffer by needless exposure to the elements. With this

idea, possibly, the following advertisement was inserted in Monday's Globe:

BOY WANTED—About 14 years of age, to hold a horse and do other light work about a house One who lives near Duke's Ward preferred. Inquire at—GERRAIN STREET.

The chance of holding a horse about a house is a soft winter job for any smart boy, whether a live horse or a clothes horse is in the question. The job must have been snapped at, for the ad. was given only one insertion.

THEY KNOW HOW TO SKATE.

Portraits of Two of the Men of Whom the Whole Continent is Talking.

The skating contest at Minneapolis is engaging the attention of the people of two continents. Progress gives herewith the portraits of two skaters whose names have been in everybody's mouth of late and in



F. C. BREEN.

whom the province people feel more than a passing interest.

The first of these is Fred C. Breen, now 26 years old with a weight of 150 pounds, and a record supposed to be 2.49, with pos-



JOE DONOGHUE.

sibilities unknown. Odds are now given on him at the contest in Minneapolis.

The second is Joe Donoghue, the world famous amateur who is credited with a private trial of 2.48 which equals Hagen's best mile performance. He has so far been considered well nigh invincible.

THE TIME WAS NOT LONG.

Yet an Innocent Man Was Kept in a State of Fearful Suspense.

W. F. Danaher, who died rather suddenly the first of this week of congestion, was perhaps one of the best known "sports" in the city. At one time he was a successful saloon and restaurant keeper and made money rapidly. The writer remembers an incident in which Danaher thought himself placed in a peculiarly trying position. He had been to the States for a trip and one of the lady passengers on the steamer by which he returned, fell overboard and was drowned. There was not much doubt but that the act was intentional, and as Danaher was standing close by the rail when the woman fell overboard he was summoned as a witness at the coroner's inquest which was held almost immediately after the arrival of the boat at this port. There were only a few present including the jury, reporters and the coroner, in the saloon of the steamer, and Danaher stood there as pale as marble telling what he knew about the accident. It did not take the jury long to return a verdict in accordance with the facts which, to the surprise of all present, was greeted by Danaher with the greatest joy imaginable. Strangely enough he had imagined that he was under arrest for throwing the woman overboard, and although he knew he was innocent, the hour or two of suspense and anxiety were just as actual to him as if he had really been accused. In his excitement and pleasure at learning that such was not the case he drew out an immense roll of money from his pocket and throwing it on the table declared that he would have given ten times that amount five minutes before to have known as much as he did now.

He Gets a Pension.

Professor Henderson, the well known barber who met with an accident on the street cars which necessitated the amputation of his leg on Sunday last, is a pensioner of the United States Government and receives \$12 a month as regularly as they come round. He was employed in the navy during the civil war.

## AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY.

HOW A BANK MANAGER IMPROVED THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

The Great Moral Lesson Taught by a Halifax Bank—It Conceals an Assignment for Eighteen Months and then Founces Suddenly on Its Victim.

The question of business morality is to the front in Halifax. The papers are not discussing it, but the people are, and they are not slow to express their opinion in the matter.

The banks are the guardians of commercial morality, in Halifax as elsewhere. They are very virtuous. Indeed, according to a recent correspondent of one of the papers the manager of one of these institutions gave his views before the board of trade, last winter that "any business man who failed in business, and then compromised with his creditors, stole the amount from them."

One of the leading banks, which has a very high standard of morality indeed, is the Bank of British North America, A. E. Ellis, manager. Mr. Ellis bears a character as begets his responsible station, and it is a logical inference that he has a good conscience. He probably ate his Christmas dinner with a feeling of thankfulness that he was not as some other men—distillers, for instance. This dinner seems to have set him thinking about distillers in general, and the firm of A. M. McDougall & Son in particular. Accordingly at the earliest possible moment, to wit, on the 27th of December, he jumped on the firm with both feet.

Just here a little bit of history is necessary to a clear understanding of the case. A. McDougall & Son are a firm of 25 years' standing as wholesale liquor dealers and distillers. They are well off, and even at this day show assets of a dollar and a half to a dollar of liabilities, though in property on which they cannot immediately realize. A few years ago, the Dominion government, at the instigation of the large distilleries at Ottawa, passed an order in council that all rye whiskey be kept two years in warehouse for maturing purposes. One of the laudable designs of this seems to have been to kill off any maritime province rival.

The order was a disagreeable surprise to McDougall and Son, and it put them to their trumps. They sought aid from the Bank of British North America. Such aid not proving sufficient they gave the Bank an assignment of all "book debts and other debts and sums of money, whether in or in connection with such business or otherwise," then due, owing or accruing, or which should afterwards become so. This was in July, 1891.

This assignment was not put on record by the Bank, but for eighteen months Mr. McDougall's credit held good, they doing a business of more than \$200,000 a year with a high standing on the books of Dun, Wiman & Co. It was a false credit, but the public did not know that, and were in a position to be inveigled to any extent. The first intimation the world had of such a state of things was after Mr. Ellis, having digested his Christmas dinner, inserted a notice of assignment of debts in the Halifax papers.

The Christmas season is the time when firms like McDougall's expect the best business of the year to come. In this instance the sheriff walked in and took possession. The whole transaction, from the 31st day of July, 1891 to the 27th day of December, 1892 is a graphic illustration of how the Banks sometimes try to elevate the standard of commercial morality.

It is understood now that Manager Ellis does not feel so comfortable now as he did after he had eaten his Christmas dinner. There are pictures drawn by novelists of how in Merrie England, at this festive season, is brought forth the rare old wine which has not seen the light of day for years. In the present instance the manager celebrated the day by bringing forth a bill of sale which had been hidden for eighteen months, to illustrate the idea of what constitutes commercial morality.

CIVIC EXTRAVAGANCE IN HALIFAX

The Taxes are Going Up While the Sewers are Going Down.

HALIFAX, Dec 11.—A mayor and six aldermen have to be elected here this Spring. It seems almost certain that Mayor Keefe will not get the usual complimentary second term. Alexander Stephen will be a candidate, and if a successful business career and long experience at the council board go for anything, Ald. Stephen's chances ought to be good for the mayoralty.

Ald. Pickering also has aspirations for the mayor's chair, but whether this will be a good year for Mr. Pickering to run, remains to be seen. It was generally believed that Mr. Pickering wanted to run last year, but he was persuaded by Mr. Keefe not to do so, but to support him (Keefe) instead, and in return Mr. Keefe would retire this year and let the head of the fire department have a chance. It is understood that Alderman Dennis

will not be a candidate for aldermanic honors this coming year.

The civic debt has reached such an enormous amount that a great many people are wondering what is to become of the business community, especially as the council seem inclined to continue their extravagance. Of course the people in trade suffer the most by the heavy taxation, as they are taxed for all the stock they carry, while there are hundreds of men who earn large salaries who are not taxed one cent on their incomes, there being no income tax levied.

Then again tax exemptions are in vogue to an enormous degree in Halifax. Such buildings as the Halifax and City clubs, Academy of music, Orpheus hall, St. Mary's hall, St. Patrick's hall, Masonic hall, Temperance Hall, Odd Fellows' hall and many others are exempt from taxation, and why it should be so, does not seem clear to the average citizen who has to pay taxes for something he has no interest in.

The tax rate this year will be 1.62 as against 1.49 last year, but in the face of this the board of works are going on building sewers at this time of the year when they have the report of the city engineer in front of them, stating that it costs double as much to build sewers in the winter as it does in the summer, and not nearly as good a job can be done in frosty weather.

Does it occur to anyone that the aldermen who compose the board of works, will be seeking re-election next Spring and that it is votes they are looking for and not the interests of the city.

CAN YOU WRITE POETRY?

"Progress" Will Give Its Readers a Chance to See What They Can Do.

While some of the big magazines can afford to pay fabulous sums for the offerings of famous poets, the newspaper or even the weekly literary paper is in a very different position, and rarely looks upon verse as a commodity of commercial value. It may be worth money, but it does not pay to expend money for it. Even if paid for at ordinary space rates, the amount the writer would get would be ridiculously small as compared with the value of the verse, if it was worth anything at all.

Progress, from the first, has been glad to get really good verse, and a search through its files will show some of the most choice original verse that has been published in this part of the world in recent years. Anxious to encourage the production of really good verse, it now proposes to offer a slight reward, open to all its readers.

For the next three months, as an experiment, it will give the sum of five dollars each month to the author of the best original poem published in Progress during that month. This sum may be much less than the poem will be worth, but it may be looked upon as an honorarium given in recognition of talent. The judges will be gentlemen and ladies of recognized literary ability, who are in every way qualified to judge of the merits of the verses submitted.

The offer dates from the present time, the remainder of January and all of February being counted as one month. It is advisable that the poems should be as short as is consistent with the expression of thoughts. It need not be said that all verse contributed will not necessarily be published, but every contribution will be subject to editorial discrimination as usual.

Progress hopes to hear from some of the future great poets of Canada, before the spring is over.

Go It a Little Slower.

There is no reason why the law should permit fast driving on the streets in the winter any more than it allows it in the summer. The temptation to drive fast is greater, but the public safety ought to be considered, within the bounds of the city at least. As it is now, the pedestrian crossing a street has to keep his eyes open in every direction lest one or two speeders come around a corner in racing time and knock him down. With ladies and elderly persons the risk is very serious indeed, and the reckless driver is as apt to come upon these as upon the agile jumper. One or two cases reported at the police office might have a good effect.

Not Forgotten at Christmas.

The daily papers have failed to mention one Christmas presentation to a prominent official. Magistrate, Thomas A. Peters of Hampton, was the recipient of a parcel sent by express from St. John, on which he cheerfully paid 25 cents. On opening the package he found two goose wings, not mates, but each from the same side of the birds which had worn them. This is supposed to be suggestive of his one-sided justice. The gift was accompanied by an address. As goose wings are worth five cents each, Mr. Peters may find some consolation in the fact that he is only fifteen cents out of pocket by his Christmas benevolence. PROGRESS is for sale in FORTUNE at "The G. Chapl. News" 25¢, "The G. Chapl. News" 25¢, "The G. Chapl. News" 25¢.



MUSICAL THEATRICAL

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The concert given by the Artillery band on Friday evening was of every point of view, a success, and the organization is a credit to the city.

The opening overture by the band was very good, the attack was well on to time and all the leads were taken up in a manner which did credit to Professor Foreman.

Mr. Cole was in very good voice, and sang unusually well in both his solo and encore.

The selection by the band, "A Night Alarm," was excellent, especially the passages representing the engines at work.

Miss Elliot has a sweet voice. The notes of her upper register are clear and resonant; but her enunciation is bad, and a certain method of leading up to her notes is objectionable. She received a hearty encore.

The selection from "Martin" by the band was perhaps the best number on the programme. The instrumentation and time in this is very difficult and at times rather odd.

The cornet solo was fairly good, but the tone occasionally was rather bad. The clarinet solo with accompaniment of reeds was very good, exhibiting considerable technique on the part of the performer.

St. John, N. B. is a clever composition and although rather a trumpery selection, it contains some good solid harmonization parts are well arranged. The patriotic audience demanded an encore.

Miss Watson fetched the house and received a double recall. Her execution is very good, "Queen of the Night" seemed rather an exertion, this is probably due to the extravagant manner in which she conducts her body and features.

The fantasia of Scotch air by the band was well arranged by Prof. Foreman. It had several opportunities of hearing what a fine instrument the bassoon is; in fact connoisseurs aver that the 'cello is its superior in one respect only, i. e. in sliding.

The piccolo solo was also well rendered. Mr. St. John has a very sweet tenor voice, and the song "My Love My Crown" suited him exactly, the high note was somewhat strained, his selection for an encore (that taking little song "Ode and Now") was nicely sung, there might, perhaps have been a little more feeling thrown into some passages, and his method of taking the high note was again unsuccessful, which is probably due to his use of the chest voice in the lead register.

"Waters Leading," (another of Prof. Foreman's works) in several passages surpassed the harmony instruction of St. John, N. B. The band did it full justice.

There seems to be a strong desire on the part of some of our people to inculcate the principles of right-singing into the minds of our rising youth. Both Mr. Ford and Mr. Strad have started classes in this subject. Mr. Ford in connection with the Ontario Society. It sincerely hope these classes may be well patronized.

Miss Carrie Fairweather of the Stone church choir, has returned from a long visit to New York. The letter, last week, from the genial and gentle Mrs. Fairweather, (who is a native of New York) is a gem of sunshine over an otherwise clouded horizon, as I have been accused of favoritism concerning the Stone church choir and organist. One person doesn't think so, but more of this anon.

"Looker on," (which New Year's dinner was evidently an indigestible kind) in one way threw a gleam of sunshine over an otherwise clouded horizon, as I have been accused of favoritism concerning the Stone church choir and organist. One person doesn't think so, but more of this anon.

As to the choir, containing as it does the best professional soprano soloist, excellent professional tenor and basso, one naturally expects better results than from less pretentious organizations.

The organist, although not a Stamer or a Morley, is very fair, yes, very fair. One should not expect it takes time to develop musical talent as in everything else. I really can assure my complainer that I have never given him more praise at anytime, than was his due.

I hear that Mr. Custance has succeeded in perfecting his choir. It consists of twelve men, twenty boys and twelve ladies. Ladies.

Tones and Undertones. Paderewski has come back with his hair mostly. It seems that he did not have it cut, but trimmed. He is reported to have said that it would have been a breach of contract with his managers if he had parted with his tawny mane.

The only son of Ballo, composer of "The Bohemian Girl," has been found in a refuge, a condition of the utmost distress. A committee, including Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Augustus Harris, Col. Mapleson, and G. A. Sala, has been formed to take measures for his relief.

That so great a musical genius as Beethoven wrote several pieces for the mandolin seems to be a great source of pride to the lovers of this instrument. They are also fond of recalling the fact that Mozart indicated the mandolin in the score of "Don Giovanni," in his famous serenade.

Mrs. Adeline Patti, in a letter to a Parisian friend, says that, after her present engagement, she intends to undertake a series of farewell performances throughout Europe, and finally retire from the stage and concert platform. It is her ambition eventually to give gratuitous instruction in vocalism to the country girls in the neighborhood of her Welsh home, some of whom, she believes, if properly trained, would acquire a reputation.

Lottie Collins has dressed a doll for the orphan's fair at Kansas City. She is pleased with the result and has sent a photograph of it to a New York acquaintance, with a modest outline of the doll's attractions. "The doll's costume is an exact copy of the one I wear while singing 'Te-a-re-boom-de-ay,'" explains Miss

Collins, "and I am very proud of her, for I made every stitch of the outfit myself. Every detail has been attended to and she is as perfectly dressed as a wealthy bride standing before the altar. I have christened her Miss Dolly Boom-de-ay."

Dr. Joachim, the "King of Violinists," as he is called, spends two or three months every year in England. His first visit to London having been paid when he was twelve years old. For seven months he teaches in the musical college in Berlin, which he was instrumental in establishing, occasionally playing the while in different parts of Germany. Dr. Joachim, when in London, resides with his brother, a merchant, who has a house at Kensington.

The violinists have a great admiration for many features of English life. His personal friends include many eminent Englishmen, and in Shakespeare, Byron, Thackeray, and Tennyson, he is exceedingly well read. With his shaggy hair and dark features Dr. Joachim does not look his age, which is over sixty.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

At the Mechanics Institute on Monday evening, Zera Semon opened his return engagement, with an entirely new show. With him this time he has Powell, the magician and Mlle. Vera. Many of Powell's tricks are new here, and take well; perhaps his greatest feat is the cremation trick, evolved from Rider Haggard's "She."

Of course the Professor still gives away numerous and valuable presents each evening, and altogether the performance is an entertaining one. The houses have been good since the opening, and will doubtless continue so for the balance of the season.

At the Opera House on the same evening a company of amateurs presented "Bound By An Oath." This drama—a decidedly heavy one for amateurs—is rich in thrilling situations, and affords excellent opportunities for Messrs. Duffy, Riddington, Quinn, McGrath and others, to display their talents.

If the company decides to put on "Bound By An Oath" again, it would be the better for a considerable cutting, so that the audience could get out by eleven o'clock any way. It is altogether too long as it stands.

The attendance was not so large as it should have been, and I am informed that Mr. Duffy, who was the manager and sponsor for the company, drops some \$14 on the venture.

Mr. Duffy has always stood ready to aid in any endeavour in the way of amateur theatricals, and he deserved better patronage.

The public is sometimes ungrateful however, and nearly all actors meet with just such treatment in the course of their career. Mr. Duffy should not be discouraged.

There has been a dearth of advance notices in the daily press this week regarding the extraordinary engagement of the celebrated Katherine Germaine Comic Opera company.

There is as yet also a dearth of paper around the city. No lithographs of the blonde and beautiful Katherine. As the company is to open on Monday night and as the indefatigable and gentlemanly [advancement] man has not yet put in an appearance some lively work will have to be done between now and then.

I venture to predict that the company will not open on Monday night the 16th inst.

Denman Thompson laid off his "Old Homestead" company recently, and took a brief vacation at the old homestead at Swansea, N. H.

Over 100,000 happy laughing people saw "Ali Baba" by the American extravaganza company, at the 34 performances given in San Francisco recently.

Henry C. Miner and Nat Goodwin have entered into partnership, and will build and conduct a new comedy theatre in New York, of which Mr. Goodwin will be the star.

"The Kentucky Colonel," in which McKee Rankine and Frederic Bryton were playing, has failed to keep its dates in Illinois, and is reported to have stranded at Springfield.

Odell Williams has made a distinguished hit as the Squire in "Alabama." His squire is a big bluff honest farmer and un-cultured county justice, who despises vain dress, and is a man of 50 years with the nature and disposition of a boy.

Montreal took Wilson Barrett to its bosom, so to speak, and on several occasions last week every seat in the Queen's theatre was sold hours before the doors opened. The press of the city was un-derneath in its praise of his plays "Ben My Chree," "Hamlet," "Claudian" and "Pharaoh."

A notable feat of quick scene setting took place at Kiehl's Opera House, Providence, last week, during Richard Golden's engagement. The first act, representing Prouty Tavern, was struck and the scene representing Judge Todd's court was set in 1 minute 25 seconds. From this to the Beacon Hill flats was done in 2 minutes 56 seconds. A third change to the parlor of Prouty Tavern in 2 minutes 50 seconds. To those who know "Jed Prout" these feats would seem impossible. Mr. Golden complimented Stage Manager Dunlap, and said that was the quickest time ever made in the play anywhere.

A DRAMATIC CITY.

Boston Growing in Favor as a Centre of Dramatic Production.

During the past year Boston has been making great strides as a centre to which theatrical managers look for a genuine judgment upon the merits of new plays. The causes for this are various: partly because there is so large a transient section of the public in New York whose tastes run towards the frivolous farce comedy, that a box office success there, gives no guarantee of acceptance by the general public of the continent; partly because in the deadly race for sensational news, journalistic criticism has been largely degenerated into hasty reporting and therefore unreliable as a well considered gauge of merit; partly and to a more considerable extent by the reprehensible course pursued by many road managers of keeping pieces on New York boards, which never had merits, which are condemned by New York judgment, but which are kept on at heavy expense for the purpose of claiming a "New York run," a course which has gradually made provincial audiences and provincial managers a good deal shy of all New York verdicts. One meritorious performance in a country town, which has libelled New York by a well advertised claim of metropolitan success, will freeze out the next show with the same endorsement no matter how good it may be. The constant circulation of dramatic companies of all kinds for the past ten or twelve years, has educated the common sense of the smallest towns to a sound idea of a play and the label "New York production" does not carry anything like the weight it should. As a consequence, the cities of Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, San Francisco and Boston, are beginning to be appealed to, by managers investing capital in genuine productions of the smallest towns to a sound idea of a play and the label "New York production" does not carry anything like the weight it should.

The immense and splendid New Columbia theatre is now playing A. M. Palmer's old Madison Square theatre's success: "Saints and Sinners." Three new productions have taken place here already this season: "Surrender" for the first time on any stage, "The New Wing" and "The Sportsman."

The Grand Opera house with a seating capacity of 2500, is a fair sample of the ordinary combination house, booking the most successful road companies for the short engagements without reference to their dramatic classification thus catering in turn to all tastes.

So much for the legitimate houses. The Vandeville theatres are five in number but only two of them are of importance, B. F. Keith's Bijou theatre and the Howard Atheneum. The Bijou only employs the highest grade of specialty performers, some times varying the programme with comic operas. The popularity of the house is such that the present theatre is too small for its patronage and at its rear an immense theatre is going up rapidly at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars in the construction of which many novel and scientific principles will be enlisted.

Both journalistic criticism and impartial critics as J. B. Benton, I. J. McNally, H. A. Clapp and Malcolm Ticknor, Boston, has not bowed the knee to Baal. At the head of the Boston theatres in this regard may be placed the Boston Museum, the talented stock company of which, managed under dignified and competent supervision, has made for it a national reputation, and made possible such performances as the recent production of "Agatha." That play, produced in September, ran till a few days ago to very large audiences, being witnessed by some thousands of persons; being followed by "Our Boys," which it my memory serves me rightly, had a run of over a year in London at the Vandeville theatre under Thorpe's management. The Boston Museum has a seating capacity of some 1600, and a stage upon which may be placed with equal facility a scenic display or a dainty comedy.

The sound judgment of B. M. Field in the selection of plays and the artistic conceptions of G. E. Rose, the stage manager, have combined to make this house the cynosure of authors' eyes. Finero's Mayfair had its first production here a few days back. Merrigente, Merrington's new play, written expressly for this theatre, will be produced about Jan. 15.

The next theatre to support the old ideas and the stock company is the Globe, which under the spirited management of John Stetson, has produced many important pieces—the latest of which, "The Crust of Society," a powerful drama of French origin, has made an emphatic hit, filling the theatre, which seats two thousand people. Eliza Proctor Otis made a successful debut in it.

Then comes Eugene Tompkins' Boston Theatre, which, with its seating capacity of 3000 and its stage 90 feet square is naturally a birthplace of the spectacular. "The Babes in the Wood" has been steadily filling the house for two months past.

As a critical centre the Hollis Street Theatre, which seats 1600, ranks very high being patronized uniformly by the most refined and cultured class of society of Boston's Back Bay. The most recent successes there have been the Lyceum Theatre pieces "The Grey Mare," "Squire Kate," and "Captain Letterblair," "The Fencing Master," with Marie Tempest in the cast, Fanny Davenport's "Cleopatra," Miss Helvett with Leslie Carter and Lottie Collins. W. H. Crane's "American Minister" will play there January 20th. The list indicates the superior class of plays which find appreciation at this comfortable house under the management of Isaac Rich.

The Park Theatre with its 1183 seats has been quite remarkable for long runs patronized chiefly by the middle classes. Last season, Bell Burgess with the "County Fair," and the "Circus" held the theatre from September to February followed by "McKenna's Flirtation" to the close of season.

This fall, Rice's "1492" opened the season and ran for thirteen weeks, when it had to give way to an old standing contract with Hoyt & Thomas, for the "Temperance Town," which promises to complete the season, repeatedly turning away large numbers.

The Tremont Theatre, seating two thousand, is a fashionable theatre run by the famous impresario Abbey Schoeffel and Grau, whose local manager is Nathaniel Childs. The Bostonians are playing "Robin Hood" there now; an opera which has carried all before it throughout the Continent. Among the other recent engagements, have been Rosina Vokes, who produced here a charming one act comedy by Minnie Maddern Fiske, entitled "That Lawyer's fee." On January 5th a new opera by Harry Smith and De Koven, entitled the "Knickerbockers" had its first production on any stage with Camille D'Arville, Jessie Bartlett, Miss Hawthorne and other complete artists in the cast. The plot is laid in New Amsterdam, (New York), under the Dutch Government. The Governor's daughters has a Parisian Captain, Miles Bradford for a lover. This worthy ventures into the city to see his

A ROYAL DONATION.

The Proprietors of the 20TH CENTURY KANDY KITCHEN, 12 Charlotte Street,

will give to the person who is found to have the greatest number of Ballots deposited in their name at the end of this contest.

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sweetheart, but is suspected of being a spy. Friends of his, Schermerhorn and Friscilla plan to get him away disguised in Friscilla's gown. The plot is overheard and the Governor arrests Friscilla, who is dressed in the English soldier's uniform and she is pressed into the service of the "Knickerbockers." The denouement comes about by the lovers bringing about a peace between the two armies.

The Bowdoin Square Theatre erected about two years ago, has been very carefully and under the management of C. F. Atkinson, and was chosen by James O'Neill for the first production of Fontenelle, one of the most beautiful of modern legitimate romantic dramas from the joint pens of Minnie Maddern Fiske and Harrison Grey Fiske.

This powerful and picturesque play had its literary, dramatic and artistic merits endorsed from the start and promises to be a perennial fortune for its lucky owner. Robert Mantell's strong play "The Face in the Moonlight" also had a run here. The lighter comedies and Irish dramas find a welcome at this house as a rule.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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Discontinuance. - Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be suspended at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

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

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

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

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order on the paid for. The order in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher, Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 14.

RELIGION AND THE PRESS.

The New York Sun calls attention to the wonderful change that has taken place in the last ten or fifteen years in respect to the relative positions of the religious and secular press. At that time, says the Sun, "the distinction between papers secular and religious was broad in the public mind. It was assumed that a daily newspaper was incapable of handling questions of theology and church division, and that it passed beyond its proper limitations in dealing with the subject that is of deepest interest to mankind and most momentous in its importance to them. The feeling prevailed, too, that secular editors were distinctively irreligious, and it was encouraged by the flippancy with which too many of them referred to the profoundest convictions of men and women. Nobody would have looked to a daily newspaper for a serious and an intelligent discussion of a complicated question of religion and theology. Callousness to every spiritual emotion was rather expected from it."

The rest of the Sun's article is largely devoted to a puff of itself in regard to letters, and essays on theology which have appeared in its columns. It makes the point, however that while the religious— that is to say denominational paper has and must have its field, an exponent of common religious sentiment, found by the people in the daily newspaper.

It is a very evident fact that the secular papers, daily and weekly, are made more the vehicle of religious thoughts than they were a decade ago. This does not imply that the men who conduct them are any better than they used to be, but they have discovered that such topics interest the people. They give more space to recording events in the theological world than they used to give, and when the public get into a discussion over the views thus given they choose the secular press as the medium of their controversy. They can get letters published there which the religious papers would not see its way clear to publish. By the same process of evolution the secular papers treat of religious matters from an editorial point of view, because they find the public are interested. There was a time when the ordinary newspaper man considered such topics beyond his sphere, and because he so considered, the public pronounced his paper, and possibly himself as an enemy to religion.

A good many people even now have an idea that if a newspaper man is not actually bad he is at least not good. He is usually supposed to be indifferent to the matter of religion, and to be only half in earnest when he writes about it. Perhaps this is true, sometimes, but there are many men on the press whose expression of thought is as sincere as that of the clergyman in his pulpit. Progress has heard a clergyman speak to his congregation in an apologetic way about something he happened to see in a secular paper, explaining that he did not as a rule read the secular papers. Such a man is the exception. The average clergyman of today not only reads the papers but is sometimes guided by them. He recognizes that the press and the pulpit are two great agencies for good, and that of the two, the press addresses by far the greater number of people. Therefore, upon occasion, he contributes to them, and he is right in doing so. Since Progress was started it has had many of the clerical profession, representing widely different denominational views, as occasional contributors to its columns. Everyone of them has undoubtedly recognized the fact, that any issue in which their contribution appeared has given them a many times larger congregation than they could reach from the pulpit on any Sunday of the year. In the majority of cases the articles have been over their own signatures.

Every honestly conducted paper ought to be, in a broad sense, a religious paper. It ought to be to the pulpit what the col-

legiate school is to the university. It should educate men to that standard of right by which the work of the pulpit in bringing them into a more spiritual states is made easy. The secular paper is free from sectarian bias, because it speaks to all classes. The scope of the pulpit is necessarily limited, because it is hedged around by denominational lines. The pulpit may have a higher mission than the press, but it has not a broader one.

As to the comparison of the secular with the religious paper, the advantage is greatly with the former. A religious paper must confine itself even more closely within denominational lines than the ministers of its denomination. They can preach a broad christianity while it must fight on the narrow lines of doctrine. That tells the whole story.

THE END OF A PERSECUTION.

Everybody in any way conversant with the facts will recognize the justice of the action of the attorney general in declining to give the case of Rev. FREDERICK D. CRAWLEY to the grand jury in York county. A more evident case of persecution has seldom come to light, and it would seem that if Mr. CRAWLEY is so disposed, he is in a position to recover heavy damages from his persecutor, JOHN B. GUNTER.

The facts of the case, briefly stated, are as follow: Mr. CRAWLEY is pastor of a baptist church in Fredericton, and has been so for many years past. He is and has been widely and greatly respected, not only in his own denomination but beyond it. A year or so ago a certain well known resident of Fredericton, JOHN B. GUNTER by name, was a member of Mr. CRAWLEY'S church, but seems to have had a feeling of personal enmity against his pastor and sought to injure him. In due time his opportunity came, or he thought it did.

At the time mentioned a domestic by the name of ELMIRA WESSLE was living in Mr. CRAWLEY'S family. One day, in a playful mood, the pastor being alone with her, so far forgot his position as to take some trifling familiarity with her. He put his arm around her or took some other slight liberties which would have amounted to nothing in the case of an ordinary sinner, but were decidedly improper in a minister of the gospel. There was a sudden temptation which he did not resist. Later, he realized what he had done and showed at once his honesty and his repentance by confessing to his wife what little there was to confess. The girl did not appear aggrieved, and had she been left to herself that would have been the end of the matter.

At a later date, however, the girl left Mr. CRAWLEY'S service and went to live at the house of his enemy, Mr. GUNTER. That individual soon learned from her the story of the pastor's indiscretion, and lost no time in having him arraigned before the church on a charge of immorality. The affair created a profound sensation, and the church, as in duty bound, investigated the matter. After a full and impartial enquiry they found the charge to be groundless and fully exonerated the pastor. This did not satisfy JOHN B. GUNTER. He left the church and proceeded to invoke the law and caused information to be laid before the police magistrate charging Mr. CRAWLEY with the crime of indecent assault.

In a preliminary examination the accused can give no evidence. If in the judgment of the magistrate a prima facie case is made out, his duty is to send the case to the grand jury. This is what Magistrate MARSH did, and the case was to come before that body at the term of the York county court, which opened on Tuesday last.

It did not reach the grand jury. The depositions, in the meantime, had come before the attorney general, and it was easy for him to see there was no ground whatever for allowing the case to proceed. He so reported to the judge, and His Honor fully agreed that the whole proceedings in the matter were unwarranted. The judge further stated that the court had received a statement from the girl in the case, saying that the proceedings had been instituted by JOHN B. GUNTER entirely against her wishes, that no injury had been done her and that she believed Mr. CRAWLEY had had no intention of doing her a wrong. Therefore the grand jury was dismissed and the persecution came to an end.

This terminates a very remarkable case. Mr. CRAWLEY stands before the world free from all the suspicions which so many are too ready to attach to the lives of ministers of the gospel. He has passed through the furnace and is the brighter for it. His people, more than ever, should do him honor.

But what should be done with GUNTER?

When a lie has once fairly started on its rounds, it is hard for the truth to catch up to it, especially when it is in the form of a good newspaper story. A year ago an imaginative faker in the state of Washington wrote and published an ingenious yarn, telling how JAMES WARDNER, a wealthy resident of that state was establishing a cat ranch on an island in Puget Sound, for the purpose of the cultivation of black cats, for the sake of their fur. Mr. WARDNER made a prompt denial of the alleged facts, but he was too late. The lie had started and on it went, the denial failing to catch up with it. Very soon, and for many months, Mr. WARDNER began to get letters from all

parts of the continent, inquiring as to his cat ranch and offering cats for sale. It is not recorded that specimens were sent with any letters, but that was all that was required to complete the victim's annoyance. It is now said the story has been started again, by an Iowa paper, and by the time it goes the rounds Mr. WARDNER is likely to be the sworn enemy of cats to the end of his days. CHARLES A. DANA'S rule of discharging a writer who knowingly writes a lie does not appear to obtain in the West.

The story comes from Summerside, P. E. I., that a woman, a widow, is imprisoned in the jail at that place. Her crime is that she will not pay the twenty dollars taxes owed by the estate of her late husband, because that estate has been taken from her under a mortgage. It may be that she has not the money, or it may be she does not see the justice of the demand. In either case her imprisonment is a shame and a reproach to the persons who are responsible for her being there. Imprisonment for debt is a barbarism under the best of circumstances, but it is ten times so when the victim is a woman. Let the widow go free.

There are rumors that LORD WOLSELEY is to be the next governor general of Canada. His Lordship is not a stranger to the country, and has already done the state some service. There is nothing definite about the rumor, but it may be as near correct as some of the rumors as to who will be the next governor of New Brunswick.

THEY HAVE PASSED ON THEIR WAY.

Men Who have been Claimed by Death During the Past Week.

This has been a week remarkable for the number of deaths of well known people. On Monday there was much surprise at the sudden taking off of Messrs W. F. Danaher and W. G. Matheson, two citizens whose faces have become familiar to the public for many years past.

Following this, came the word that Dr. Sidney H. Taylor had died in London, Eng. Dr. Taylor was a son of Captain Joseph Taylor, and a nephew of the late Dr. Geo. R. Hamilton. He was one of the old Valley school boys, and subsequently took high honors at McGill College and Dublin University. He had many noble qualities, which will long keep his memory green in the hearts of his friends.

A day or two later, word came from Denver, Col., that Mr. John M. Lawrence had died at that place. For months Mr. Lawrence had fought hard against incurable consumption and as a last resource tried the climate of Colorado, but without avail. He was a young man whose earnest, unaffected and in all ways thoroughly Christian nature won the love and respect of all who knew him. He will be much missed in the church to which he belonged and in the associations with which he was connected.

The death of Mr. E. H. Lester, the well known auctioneer, was no surprise, as for some time past there has been little hope of his recovery. No man's face was better known to the general public than was his, and it always had a cheery, kindly look. There was much in Mr. Lester's nature that made him popular wherever he was known, and his familiar figure will be much missed by those who know the city best.

Professor Spencer's Offer.

Professor A. L. Spencer is offering unusual inducements to those who wish to learn to dance. He not only offers the best class instruction, but four prizes to those who succeed in guessing the number of postage stamps in a sealed jar. The first prize is \$40 in gold, the second \$20, the third \$10, and the fourth \$5. Anyone who hires wigs, costumes or whiskers to the amount of \$2, buys furniture to the same amount, or purchases any other article for sale on the premises will be entitled to a guess. The prize list will be open from January 3rd to April 15th. For further particulars see Professor Spencer's advertisement on second page.

No Matter Where You Live.

A number of PROGRESS subscribers residing in the United States cities have asked whether it is possible for them to obtain the premiums offered by this paper in connection with renewal or new subscriptions, and what the charges on them are likely to be. PROGRESS has sent a large number of dictionaries across the border during the past year and the only charge on them was the expressage. This will also apply to any other premium on the list.

It is a Good Machine.

Mr. Ira Cornwall is booming the Yost type-writer among the other things he has in hand. Since he has had the agency the Yost appears to be as popular as it is good. Many provincial firms have ordered it from him in addition to the large number of city business houses in which it is already in use.

A Censor is Needed.

The directors of the Opera House should appoint a censor to read the alleged jokes in the official programme. One which appeared in the front page of the programme for Wednesday night could not fail to shock anybody who truly reverences the Trinity.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

Worthington's Illustrated Magazine and Literary Treasury for January, contains a most interesting article on the great Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, near San Jose, by Rev. George Stone, D. D., with numerous illustrations, and gives a most exhaustive account of the great telescope, and the work it is doing. "Ole Virginia"—Fifty Years ago; by Mary R. Livermore, is the first paper of a series of personal reminiscences by a very distinguished American woman, and gives a truthful and interesting picture of life in the sunny South, half a century ago. "Fame," a poem by T. V. Cook, is one of the few poems containing a really original idea expressed in musical language, which find their way into print, in these days, and is deserving of some notice of that fame of which the writer speaks half scornfully. "In Bassett's Hollow" by Helen Campbell, is a powerful, almost painful story, of a love which was faithful to the grave, and beyond it. "An Immortal Love," a poem by Lilian Whiting, is a literary curiosity, being written under the name of "A Silent Influence," is a poem by Hilary Brooke, and "How a Man Feels Under Fire," by Junius Henri Browne, an old war correspondent, is a graphic description of the average man's sensations when he smells powder for the first time. "In Death," is a poem by Mary Bradley, and "Minister-pretend" is a pretty story by Margaret Johann. The "Moose's Point of View" by Maud Wyman, is a whole sermon in verse on cruelty to animals, while "The Japanese Wedding" by Kotai Masuda, a young Japanese student, is perhaps the gem of the magazine, as a literary curiosity, being written exactly as written by the author, without revision of any kind. "Folded Hands" is an exquisitely tender poem by Albert Bigelow Paine. "Smicker's Watch" a bright little sketch by John Richard Meader. "In Dreams" a love song by Edith Scroff. "Fair as a Rose," a poem by G. D. L., the usual variety of editorial and other comments, and the regular departments.

The Dominion Illustrated monthly is gradually coming to the front as one of the magazines which are destined to take a permanent place in the literature of the country. The December number presents a very attractive bill of fare, in the literary department, while the illustrations are of a high order. The frontispiece gives a view of a street in Montreal on a winter's morning which is thoroughly Canadian and typical. Beatrice Glen More has a touching little story of French Canadian life "How Remi was Satisfied." A. C. Winton writes a clear and lucid description of that taller incognita to so many, "Newfoundland and its Capital" which will give the intelligent reader a clearer idea of Newfoundland, its people, scenery, national characteristics, and even commercial resources than has been written before. Mr. Winton gives a graphic description of the disastrous fire of last year when the business part of the city was reduced to ashes, and explains some of the reasons why that much oppressed territory has refused to enter the Dominion. A. M. McLeod concludes his readable sketch "A Summer in Canada" which is full of quaint humor. F. Blake Crofton contributes "Scraps and Snaps" which surely deserves a more ambitious title so bright and clever are those scraps and Walton S. Smith has an excellent story which is fully up to its attractive mysterious title. "The Queen's highway in the West," by Henry J. Woodside, is an article which should be of interest to all Canadians being a description of the manufacturing, industrial and resources of the north west, the country traversed by the C. P. R. and the cities and towns along the route. Helen Fairbairn has a Roundel which is a musical elegy on the world's king—Love.

Two tales for Christmas week.—Two Tales Publishing Company, 6 Beacon St., Boston, contains one of Rudyard Kipling's inimitable barrack stories "My Lord The Elephant," and "Duke's Christmas," by Ruth McEnery Stuart. Kipling's story is written in his happiest and most whimsical manner and if the language of the barrack room, is sometimes a little broad—"Wysingle men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints."

As the only Rudyard himself would say, and there is a strong fidelity to nature about his stories which makes them stand alone like clear cut mountain outlines, on a spring day. His love for "God's little beasts," especially dogs, is shown in this, as well as many of his earlier tales. "Duke's Christmas"—is one of the most readable of dialect stories, being, in spite of the dialect flavor, quite intelligible, as well as very touching, and possessing the rather unusual advantage of a happy ending.

The January number of the National Magazine, 132 Nassau Street, New York, 35 cents per copy, \$4 per annum, presents several new features, as well as many which are interesting if not new. Will Carleton contributes a poem on "Three scenes in the life of Columbus;" General James G. Wilson writes on "Lord Lovelace and the Second Canadian Campaign, 1708-1710; Mr. Lindsay contributes a very valuable paper on "The Boston Massacre," which presents that historical event in an entirely new light, and other articles by well known writers.

Messrs. T. C. Allen & Co., of Halifax, are about bringing out a posthumous poem by the late Professor James DeMill, which was found among his papers. It is over a thousand lines long, and is considered the best work Professor DeMill ever did. The book will be edited by Dr. Archibald MacMechan, Professor of English at Dalhousie College, and will be published on account of Mrs. DeMill.

EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY.

THE ENTERTAINMENT WITH THE LONG NAME A SUCCESS.

Full Description of the Great Event of the Week at the Opera House—The Ladies Who Took Part and What They Wore—Points Worthy of Note.

The Opera house was filled to overflowing on Wednesday evening with a large and respectable audience drawn thither by the faint hope which seems to animate the human breast with regard to an amateur performance, the hope that at least some hitch may occur, even if the bottom does not drop out of things generally and chaos result. Like the lady who said she did not wish her friends to do anything wrong, but in case they did she wanted to know about it, society seems to be goaded by a continual dread that something will happen, and it will be on the spot to see.

But such hopes proved vain on Wednesday evening, as the performers went through their different parts without the slightest hitch, and not the faintest hesitation, such as will often be observed in professionals, was to be detected, in spite of the lengthy and almost continuous speeches to which some of them were condemned.

The entertainment was given under the auspices of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. and for the benefit of that society. The first part consisted of a national drill in which fourteen young ladies took part, each dressed in the costume of the country she represented, carrying its flag and singing its national anthem. The drill was very intricate, some of the figures being most difficult indeed, but the young ladies went through them with the utmost ease, and the effect of the brilliant costumes passing and re-passing each other in the rhythmic movements of march, and drill, was charming. The ladies taking part were Miss Harrison, as England; Miss Tapley, as Scotland; Miss Butt, as Ireland; Miss Scammell, as France; Miss Clarke, as Austria; Miss Robertson, as Germany; Miss Nase, as Spain; Miss Payne, as Italy; Miss McLaughlin, as Switzerland; Miss Cruikshank, as Sweden; Miss Beer, as United States Navy; Miss Tuck, as United States Army; and the Misses Markham, and Schofield, as Canada; the Misses Skinner, and McKean, acted as lieutenants, dressed in the costumes worn at the artillery drill last year. This part of the entertainment was under the able direction of Mr. H. V. Cooper.

The costumes were bright and pretty carefully arranged and in the main true to nature. Of course the sterner critic might have found much to complain of; he would have missed the very badge of her nationality the mantilla, from Spain, suggested that the national costume of Switzerland was white muslin, with black velvet bodice, not buttoned, but laced, and that a scarlet skirt had no part in it; that Ireland was dressed in "Maid Marion" costume of Lincoln green and buff, and that Italy's dress so closely resembled that of a Bavarian peasant that it might well have been misnamed. But where there was so much to praise it would be invidious to say much about the defects.

The second part of the programme bore the ambitious, but unpronounceable title of the Chronothanatoletion, the meaning of which has been explained before, is the annihilation of death and time. The name is applied to a machine supposed to be the invention of a nineteenth century genius of the female sex, who has evolved it from her teeming brain, for the purpose of extracting from the obscurity of centuries the spirits of the illustrious women of the past accompanied by their bodies. The idea was skillfully originated and well carried out, but it bore too close a resemblance to the closing exercises of a girls' school, to be very interesting to the general public. The dialogue by which the different parts were connected was dull, and the misquotations such as, "as Virgil says 'try try again,'" had a forced sound, which was very tiresome, so that the interest was largely dependent upon the costumes. Cleopatra with her crown of twin serpents, and robes of barbaric splendor, was very real, and so were Queen Bess, Sappho and Sarah the wife of Abraham, while Pocahontas was by far the best represented character there, as the part was well sustained throughout. St. Cecilia was very natural and real, and the other characters were evenly balanced, and, considering their extreme difficulty, all well carried out. The greatest praise is due to Miss Forbes as the Inventress and to Miss Baird as the Genius of the Nineteenth Century, as nearly all the talking devolved upon them, and continuous as the strain was, they never once faltered in their lengthy parts, while their voices were as clear and distinct at the end of the performance as at the beginning, being perfectly audible in every part of the house. It would be hard to speak too highly of Miss Baird's recitation of Whittier's poem on Madame LaTour; it was really masterly, and showed no mean knowledge of elocution, Mother Bickerdick and Agnesia of Bologna, also took their parts exceptionally well.

The names of the ladies who took part were Miss Forbes, Inventress; Miss Baird; Miss Irvine, Sarah, wife of Abraham; Miss Quinsler, Pharaoh's Daughter; Miss Kilpatrick, the Roman matron, Cornelia; Miss Brayley, Cleopatra; Miss McMunkin, Queen Elizabeth; Miss Mosley, Mother

Bickerdick; Miss Hazelwood, St. Cecilia; Miss Williams, Agnesia of Bologna; Miss Smith, Hypatia; Miss Ungar, Pocahontas; Miss Toller, Joan of Arc; Miss Thorne, Sappho; Miss Liddle, Martha Washington; Miss Hopper, Madame La Tour; Miss Hazelwood, Priscilla. A grand march of all the characters, and a chorus finished through the machine as the Inventress turned the crank.

The grand tableau of Columbus being received at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, was the gem of the evening, the costumes being copied with absolute fidelity, and the grouping most artistic; not the smallest detail was neglected, from the jewels of the king and queen, to the smallest animals grouped around the savages, whether dogs, or pet seals, it was quite impossible to determine at a distance. It seemed almost a pity that the audience had so short a time to gaze on this beautiful "living picture," after all the time lavished upon its preparation, but, as it was, the second view granted, seemed almost too much for the endurance of the performers, some of whom were overcome by their emotions, to the extent of giving way to laughter. The names of those taking part were, Miss Wright, Queen Isabella; Mrs. Simonds, Miss Espon, Miss Eatey, Miss Robertson, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Yassie, Miss Ostram, Miss Ellis, and Miss Pindington, maid of honor; Miss Simonds, Prince John, and Mr. McMichael, King Ferdinand; Mr. Ruel, Mr. Gerard, Mr. Kirkwood, Mr. Alwood, Mr. McMillan, Courtiers; soldiers, savages, pages, etc. A fancy drill of serpents, and marches and evolutions, by young ladies in costume, all the characters coming on the stage, at the last, closed a very successful entertainment.

The music was furnished by the orchestra of the Y. M. C. A. who rendered excellent service and contributed largely to the success of the entertainment. The tableau was arranged by Miss Nicholson who has reason to feel very proud of her work.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Song of a Wedding That is to Come.

Did you hear about the wedding of our good old Uncle Sam To the rosy-cheeked Miss Canada, as coy as Mary's grand? Well, you missed it if you didn't, for I tell you it was grand, And the echoes of the festival still ring throughout the land.

This couple'd been courtin' for more than fifty years, And Canada'd been backward, more from bashfulness than fear, It really didn't look, at last, as though they'd riched at all, Though Uncle Sam was willin' to obey the slightest call.

For, you see, in this here courtin' case 'twas different from the rule, And the one that had to break the ice was Miss Canada, the cool, She truly loved our Uncle Sam, but feared to make the move, Because she really didn't think her Ma would quite approve.

But by and by she asked her Ma, and what'd ye think she said? "Why marry him at once, and my blessings on your head? I'd kind o' like to keep you, but you've grown a big girl now, And, after all, you only serve to keep me in a row."

And that is why Miss Canada, a preppin' through her hair, Asked Uncle Sam, with roguish smile, if he would not be hers, And Uncle Sam, replying, as he eyed the beauty fair, Said, "I've not the least objection to considerin' you as mine."

So the wedding feast was ordered, and the cards were scattered wide, And all the nations were on hand to greet the groom and bride, The only one that wasn't was the Isle of Borneo, Which was in a revolution, and therefore couldn't go.

There was kings and queens and princes, and dukes and counts and lords, With an asteroid and a comet and a delegate from Mars; And the party from Great Britain was particularly full, For the bride was to be given away by good old Johnny Bull.

The presents from the nations were too numerous to name, And the formal resolutions were by far too long to frame, The gifts from Johnny Bull alone, it laid upon the floor, Would reach from San Francisco clear 'up to Labrador.

The music for the wedding march was certainly unique Compared with it, a symphony is nothing but a squeak; For all the bands in Europe and America combined, Performed with such expression that the earth was undermined.

The costume of Miss Canada was such a dazzlin' sight, That a thousand press reporters failed to get it down aright, And they had to find the dressmaker, her office to seek, Before they got within a mile of writing its technique.

Her dress was made of sealskin trimmed with Nova Scotia gold, And her bonnet was of yellow wheat from Manitoba cold, Her bridal veil was fashioned fair from white Niagara's spray, Caught up with fragrant mayflowers from Evansville's Grand Prairie.

Her slippers were of crystal, carved out of Hudson Bay, And her gloves were made of deerskin caught on a stand that very day, Her jewelry was of silver from her own prolific mines, And she carried proudly in her hand a tall New Brunswick pine.

Uncle Sam, of course, looked gallus, as a bridegroom ought to be, And his buttonhole contained a California redwood tree, When the reporters were over and the guests all stayed to lunch, And there never was a bigger feast for human folk.

There were oranges from Florida and peaches raw and canned, Potatoes from Ontario and cod from Newfoundland, There were grapes from near Los Angeles, water-melons from the South, Frozen loaves from Saskatchewan that melted in your mouth;

Sardines just caught at Eastport, in California olive oil, Stirred salmon from Key West that fairly made the water boil, Salmon from the Fraser river, eggs and bacon from Quebec, Black bass from Lake Superior, and moose meat from the north;

There were twenty million canvasbacks from off the Chesapeake, The people ate and ate and drank till they could hardly speak; And he got so dark the colored waiters couldn't pass, The ground was tapped ten thousand feet and lit with natural gas.

The after-dinner speakers spoke in ninety different tongues, And nothing stopped their eloquence but exhaustion of the lungs, Each did his best both Canada and Uncle Sam to please, And voted that their union was a Pan-American success. Say, were you at the wedding when our Uncle gave the ring To the charming girl who'd loved him long without sayin' anything? If you were there and danced there, your good fortune 'twas well from this country, on Christmas mornin'.



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Call and see it; PR

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Rolled Arena or best American Oats, and  
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#### St. John—North End.

Two pleasant juvenile parties were given on  
Thursday of last week, one by Mrs. D. J. Feeley,  
Dorchester street, and one by Mrs. Amos Gooch,  
Princess Street.

On Monday evening a delightful little dance was  
given by Mrs. Jeremiah Harrison at her residence,  
Garden Street.

On Tuesday evening another of the series of As-  
semblies took place in the Papeley building, and  
like the former ones was very enjoyable.

On Wednesday afternoon the members of the  
Union Club threw their doors open to a very large  
number of their friends. About four hundred in-  
vitations were issued, and a large number of those  
invited accepted the hospitality of the meeting and  
turned out in full force. The guests, Mr. J. H.

Stone, and Mrs. Stone were unable to be present in  
consequence of the recent death of Mrs. Stone's  
mother, Mrs. Lawton, and the duties of receiving  
the guests were assigned to Mr. and Mrs. John Mc-  
Millan; Mrs. L. B. Harrison; and Mr. W. H. H.

Thorne. Delicious refreshments were served dur-  
ing the afternoon. Flowers were tastefully arranged  
in several of the rooms, and every arrangement for  
entertaining such a large number of people was  
well carried out.

On Wednesday afternoon, Dr. and Mrs. F. E.  
Baker, entertained a very large number of their  
friends at an afternoon "At home," at their resi-  
dence, Mt. Pleasant. It was a very pleasant gather-  
ing.

Miss Bessie MacLaren, left this week for Toronto  
to visit her sister, Mrs. Turner Wilson.

The Misses Kidd, Windsor, are visiting St. John.  
Mr. J. M. Lawrence, son of the late Mr. Bela M.  
Lawrence, died at Denver, Colorado, on Wednesday  
last. He had been in failing health for many  
months and a short time ago went to Colorado,  
thinking the change would be beneficial, but since  
his arrival there he has been gradually getting worse.  
His wife, nee Miss Minnie Hies of this city, to whom  
he was married only a year ago, was with him when  
he passed away and for her as well as for his  
widowed mother, much sympathy is felt. The re-  
mains will be brought to St. John for interment.

Mrs. Hilton Green, (Fraser street) is the guest of  
Mrs. Byron Taylor, Queen Square.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dearborn, leave on Monday  
for Deland, Florida, to spend the remainder of the  
winter.

Miss Grace McMillan is confined to her home  
through illness.

Mr. Charles S. Taylor has been confined to his  
residence, Queen Square, the past week from the  
effects of a dose of ammonia taken in mistake for  
cough mixture. Mr. Taylor, for a time, suffered  
extremely from the effects.

Miss Muriel Robertson, second daughter of Mr.  
David D. Robertson, Rotheray, left this week for  
Toronto, to attend school there. **TELESCOPIC.**

Mrs. John DeBoynes entertained a number of the  
friends of her daughter, Miss Muriel Carr, at a very  
pleasant party last Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace King left on Friday night by  
the C. P. R., for a trip to Duluth.

Mr. Louis Donald spent last week with Mrs.  
Donald's relatives in Montreal.

Miss Marjorie Hazen leaves this week for Lindsay,  
Ontario, where she intends spending some time with  
her friend, Mrs. Stanley Ritchie (nee Miss Fanny  
King).

Mr. James Sprout has been summoned to Boston  
on account of the serious illness of his daughter  
there.

The friends of Rev. T. F. Fotheringham and Mrs.  
Fotheringham, are congratulating them on the ar-  
rival of a little son.

Miss Amy Blair, daughter of Attorney General  
Blair, went to Fredericton on Saturday afternoon to  
resume her studies at the University.

Miss Duncan, daughter of Dr. Duncan of Bathurst,  
has lately entered the general public hospital here  
to study nursing.

Mr. Arthur A. Silver, of Halifax, is spending this  
week in St. John.

Mrs. and Miss Fownes, of this city, have been  
spending the holiday season at Havelock, with Mrs.  
E. A. Keith.

I regret to hear of the death of Mrs. James H.  
Verning, which occurred at her residence, Mount  
Pleasant, last Sunday, of congestion of the lungs.  
The deceased lady was 68 years of age and has been  
in delicate health for some years.

Mr. Frank Foster left on Sunday night for a trip  
Mississippi. He expects to be absent about three  
weeks.

Miss Forrie Twining, of Halifax, who has been  
visiting friends here, has returned home.

Mr. H. Gisel left last week for a trip to New  
York.

Mr. H. P. Timmerman, accompanied by Mr. A.  
E. Prince and Mr. A. A. Brewer, is visiting Montreal  
this week.

Intelligence has been received here of the death  
in London, England, of Dr. Sidney Hamilton Tay-  
lor who was well known in St. John, and had many  
friends here, having formerly resided for some  
years in this city in the family of his uncle, the late  
Dr. Hamilton.

Captain S. Dick left on Tuesday for New York,  
from which place he will take the steamer for Eng-  
land.

Mr. Beddome and the Misses Beddome, who have  
been spending some weeks in St. John, returned to  
their home at Moncton on Saturday.

At the Cathedral, on Tuesday afternoon at two  
o'clock, the marriage took place of Mr. P. Charles  
Millet, formerly of St. John, but now of Buffalo,  
N. Y., to Miss Alice Reynolds, second daughter of  
Mr. James Reynolds. The ceremony was per-  
formed by Rev. T. Casry, assisted by Rev. Wil-  
liam Dollard of St. Stephen. Miss Susan Reynolds,  
sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and her  
brother, Mr. Frank Reynolds attended the groom.

The bride was attired in a very handsome dress of  
white faille, with ornaments of pearls and diamonds,  
she wore a veil and wreath of orange blossoms.  
The bridesmaid's costume was heliotrope cashmere.  
A reception was afterwards held at the residence of  
the bride's father, Union street, where an elegant  
supper was served to a large number of invited  
guests. The bridal presents were in great profu-  
sion, and very handsome. Mr. and Mrs. Millet  
left by the nine o'clock train for Buffalo, and were  
attended to the station by a large party of their  
friends.

Mr. J. E. Lynch of Broadmoor Farm, is still con-  
fined to his home, from the effects of injuries re-  
ceived about three weeks ago.

Mr. P. S. McNutt and Mrs. McNutt are visiting  
London, Ont., they intend returning by the way of  
New York.

Miss Ella Richards, who has been for some time  
very ill, at the General Public Hospital, has recov-  
ered sufficiently to be removed to the Royal Hotel.

Mr. Walter White has returned to Montreal,  
where he will resume his studies at McGill College.

Mr. George W. Crutkbank left for Ottawa last  
Friday night.

The family of Mr. T. Fullerton have removed to  
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Mr. Fullerton having been  
appointed to the charge of St. James' Presbyterian  
church there.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. DeForest of this city are  
making a visit to Montreal.

Miss Grace Hamilton, left on Tuesday night by  
the C. P. R., for Montpelier, where she will spend  
some time with her friends.

Mr. Thomas McClelland, has been confined to the  
house through illness.

Miss Jessie Elpp, organist of the P. C. Baptist  
church, Charlton, has been presented by the con-  
gregation with a very handsome piano lamp.

Mr. R. B. Rankin, left on Sunday night for a visit  
to Toronto.

Miss Abbie Gilmor, is spending this winter in  
Quebec with her sister, Mrs. Jeremy Taylor.

Mr. A. F. Lee, returned on Sunday night to his  
medical studies at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mrs. Gregory, mother of Mr. J. A. Gregory, met  
with a painful accident on Tuesday, by falling on  
King street, and breaking one of her wrists.

Mr. John Gilmor has removed to New York,  
having obtained a lucrative place upon the New  
York and New England railroad.

Mr. Black Barnes left this week for Halifax,  
where she will take passage by the steamer "Alpha"  
for Bermuda.

Mr. Wm. Russell, left on Wednesday night for a  
trip to San Francisco.

Mr. Joseph T. Knight is making a visit to Boston.  
**DELTA.**

#### St. John—West End.

Dr. Day has removed to Mr. Correll's house—no  
Condit's—corner of King street.

Miss J. Olive left this week for Mexico to be  
absent about six weeks.

Miss Haisley, of Hampton, has been visiting her  
brother, Rev. C. H. Haisley and family, at the  
Methodist parsonage.

Ray, Mr. Kempton returned from Nova Scotia this  
week.

The Misses and Master O'Keefe returned to Mem-  
ranook last week.

Miss Lizette Beatey has gone back to Milltown.  
Capt. Hayes, of Lancaster Heights, who has been  
ill, is much better.

Miss Annie Jewett entertained a few friends at  
tea one evening last week.

Miss Olive returned to Mount Allison college  
this week.

Mrs. James Stewart is in town.

The whist club had their first meeting after the  
holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Chipman Olive. Next  
Monday evening the club will be entertained by  
Miss Clark, Lancaster Heights.

Mrs. E. J. Wetmore who has been ill is better.

Mr. Hunter Clark left for his home in Canis last  
week after a few days visit here and in Boston.

Miss Hattie Channon expects to leave the last of  
this week for St. Martin's seminary after a pleasant  
visit home.

Master Stanley Peters returned to his school in  
Windsor, this week.

The Messrs K. Scammell H. Scammell and Wal-  
ter Olive left for McGill college, Montreal, last  
Friday evening.

Mr. E. L. Brittain who spent a few weeks at West  
end, left on Sunday evening to resume his duties in  
the finance department at Ottawa.

Mr. Fred Thompson has returned to Hillsboro.

Mrs. Stubbs, sr., who has been staying at North  
end with her son for a few days returned last week.

Miss Pittman, who has been ill, is able to attend  
school again.

Miss Annie Sharp and Miss Louise Woodworth  
spent a day or two with Miss Sharp's sister at  
Pleasant Point.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Dunn, after spending the  
holidays very pleasantly with their son Geo. Dunn  
and family, in Houlton, returned to their home  
"River View" cottage, Lancaster Heights last week.  
(Continued on Eighth Page.)

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Those who purpose making the purchase of a Black or Colored Silk Dress  
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which is a rich, soft Corded Silk of exquisite finish and warranted perfection in weave  
at \$1.25, \$1.40 and \$1.65 per yard. All the new season's shades in Faille Francaise  
Dress Silks at \$1.25. Rich All-Silk Dress Bengalines, in all the new shades, at \$1.25.

## Macaulay Brothers & Company.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

### A FEW FLOWERS

will Always Please Your Sick Friend?

Flowers by Mail a Specialty.

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

NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY, - - - Lunenburg St., Halifax, N. S.

JAMES H. HARRIS, Manager.



THE LEADER OF THE BIG PARADE.

## J. H. CONNOLLEY, PHOTOGRAPHER,

75 CHARLOTTE ST. — — — COR. KING.  
(OVER D. O. L. WARLOCK'S.)

## PERFUMES,

Hair Brushes and Combs, Hand Mirrors, Cut and Orna-  
mental Glass Bottles, Ladies' Purses and the finest assort-  
ment of Hair Ornaments in Canada.  
If you want Perfumes we have the best that are made.

### American Hair Store,

87 Charlotte Street,  
3 Doors South of King.

Seely's Perfumes 30 cts. per oz.

LEAVE  
YOUR  
ORDERS  
at  
LONDON  
HOUSE  
RETAIL

## For Sheetings, Pillow Cottons and Linens.

Although all Cotton goods have advanced in price to an alarm-  
ing degree, we will not charge a fraction more for any you buy  
from us this month—no charge for hemming.

## DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL,

Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts., St. John, N. B.





SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Rev. Mr. Vincent, a former resident of the West end, who has been occupying the pulpit in the Carlton Baptist church during the pastor's absence, left for his home in Nova Scotia this week. Miss Mabel Thompson spent a few days last week with Mrs. G. H. Clark, assisting Mrs. Jennie Clark in receiving with the bride, Mrs. H. F. Clark.

AT THE CLUBS "AT HOME."

Complete List of the Invited Guests to the Event of the Week. The following is a list of the invitations issued to the "At Home" of the Union Club on Wednesday, the greater portion of which were accepted.

- Adams, Miss; Allen, Mrs. Harris; Alton, Mrs. Joseph; Alton, Mrs.; Allen, Mrs. T. C.; Armstrong, Mrs. John; Anderson, Miss; ...

CARQUET.

JAN. 4.—The most enjoyable function of the holiday season was the large party at the residence of the Hon. Robert Young on Friday evening, Dec. 23rd, when Mrs. Young celebrated the 35th anniversary of their marriage. The 25th being a "Linen wedding," Mrs. Young was the recipient of many elegant, quaint, and useful presents in appreciation of all kinds. Some worked d'olleys from Miss Minnie Johnson, of Fredericton, were specially admired.

St. John.—North End.

Count and Countess De Bury entertained the members of the German class very pleasantly last evening. The invited guests, of whom only four or five were detained by the severe weather, were as follows:—Mr. and Mrs. John Young, of Tracadie; Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Young, Shippegan; Mr. and Mrs. James Blackhall, Carleton; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Blackhall, Carleton; Mr. and Mrs. Philip River, Carleton; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Flett, Carleton; Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Hunter, Carleton; Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Coman, Carleton; Mr. and Mrs. John D. Hubbard, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Breen, Shippegan; Mrs. Wm. Taylor, Shippegan; Mrs. Taylor, Newcastle; Mrs. Nixon, Carleton; Miss Young, Tracadie; Miss Turner, Tracadie; Miss Ferguson, Tracadie; Miss Doran, Shippegan; Miss Blackhall, Bathurst; Miss Dwyer, Bathurst; Miss Carman, Bathurst; Miss Ferguson, Bathurst; Miss Duncan, Bathurst; Miss Louise Blackhall, Bathurst; Miss Hamilton, Bathurst; Mr. B. D. Braunscombe, Tracadie; Mr. L. W. Turner, Tracadie; Mr. Richard Young, Tracadie; Mr. Fred Le Temple, Carleton; Mr. Wm. J. B. ...

CAMPBELLTON.

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

YARMOUTH.

The Church of the Holy Trinity, at Yarmouth, was filled on Wednesday afternoon, with the elite of the town, gathered thither to witness the marriage of Miss Florence Mary Baker, daughter of Hon. L. E. Baker, of the Honourable the Hon. Walter G. Stopford, R. N., youngest son of the Earl of Courtown. The bride who was attired in ivory satin, with court train, veil and orange blossoms, was attended by the Misses Kenny, daughter of F. E. Kenny, M. P., of Halifax, and Miss Lancy, daughter of Wm. Lancy, of the same place, both of whom were bridesmaids. The groom, being groomsmen. After the ceremony which was performed by Rev. Dr. Cartwright, the wedding party returned to the home of the bride's parents, where luncheon was served. Mr. and Mrs. Baker left for their home in the evening, first for Boston, from whence they will sail for Dominica, West Indies, to visit the bridegroom's cousin, Governor Lehart, and afterwards to England.

WATERBURY.

(Progress is for sale in Waterbury at the store of A. B. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.)

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(Progress is for sale in Waterbury at the store of A. B. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.)

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

1892. HOLIDAYS. 1892. A splendid stock of Rugs, Chenille Portieres, Carpet Sweepers, Fancy Tables, Chairs, Desks, Cabinets and wicker work from which to select

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS. PRICES LOW.

English Grocery Goods at W. ALEX. PORTER'S.

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

W. ALEX. PORTER, Carleton and Waterloo Sts. Branch Store on Union and Pond Sts., St. John, N. B.

Her Christmas Present

THIS GIFT Has a value unmeasured, for it makes woman's work lighter, healthier, pleasanter. This gift is the best of its kind in the world, and all the world knows it. A Bissell Carpet Sweeper of modern style is the gift of all gifts. 'Tis a practical gift. Other Sweepers are toys in comparison. 'Tis a beautiful gift—a gift that will last a lifetime. 'Tis the Queen of all Christmas presents. Sold by

COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, 90 Charlotte St.

SEGEDIE.

(Progress is for sale in Sege die at A. Stone's store.)



SEGEE'S OINTMENT

For sale at Drug Stores, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50 cts. per Pot), by addressing JOHN A. SEGEE, Manuf., DURHAM STREET—North St. John, N. B.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mechanics' Institute.

Second Week of ZERA SEMON. Commencing Monday Jan. 16th, Introducing for the First Time in St. John, the famous Necromancer of the East, SAHIB-BEN-HOMMID in his wonderful BLACK ART.

POWELL IN NEW MAGIC. M'LE VERA IN NEW FEATURES. HILTON In His Latest Jugglery.

200 Presents Given Away at Each Performance. 200

BRICK RESIDENCE, Leinster Street, By Auction.

On SATURDAY, the 14th, inst., at 12 o'clock at Clubb's Corner: THE FINE THREE STORY BRICK RESIDENCE, No. 101 Leinster Street, known as the "Lester Property," and adjoining residence of Thos. A. Rankine and Wm. Haywood, Esqrs. Size of Lot 40x100 feet, more or less. House thoroughly well-built, with all modern conveniences and perfect drainage; desirably located and in every way suitable for a first class family residence. Can be seen on application to the auctioneer. Terms: 10 per cent. at sale. Two-thirds of purchase money can remain on bond and mortgage at 5 per cent. Possession at once.

See our Ladies' Astrakan Sacques, Thorne Bros.

Best Grad's at Low Prices for XMAS Buyers. Thorne Bros., 108 King St.

FREDERICTON.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the book store of W. T. H. Fenwick and by James H. Harwood.)

WATERBURY.

(Progress is for sale in Waterbury at the store of A. B. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.)

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1893.

A GOLD HUNTER'S LIFE.

[Australian Incidents—Written for PROGRESS.]

The Maories fell back a few yards and halted flushed with victory. Then we speculators were treated to a most interesting and exciting real native victory dance and song, still retaining their same order of position, at given signal they commenced in a low monotonous chant which increased in power and variation as their enthusiasm rose until it reached to a perfect yell which re-echoed over the gum tree clad ranges on either side of the gully and all the time brandishing in the air whatever weapon they carried at the time and every time they came to those loud yells would all give a jump two feet high and with such exact time that those fifty pairs of feet struck the ground as one and with such a thud that the very earth seemed to tremble, and with their heavily tattooed faces, arms and breasts gave to them a hideous appearance sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of the enemy. It must have been Martin and his party as there were no more attempts to jump claims on New Zealand Gully. After all was over Martin appealed to us for approval of his course insinuating that we should have come to his assistance. We could not see it in that light. Lanky Jim with that pure English characteristic of fair play summed up as follows; Martin you were in the wrong and you were served d—d well right, for those neeggers, as you call them as they pay license have just as much right here as you and if you attempt that game again you will find (slapping his brawney chest) there will be one on hand who will see fair play.

The following year I became acquainted with some of those Maories and found them very law abiding men, intelligent, independent and superior to any of the Polynesian race met with in that part of the world. The next rush Jim induced us to go to was Myeres flat a few miles from our tent and of considerable importance. The first morning as we approached the scene of the workings we observed an immense crowd of about three thousand diggers in rather an excited state listening to an harangue from a speaker on the stump of a large gum tree. The subject was anti-license. It was the beginning of an agitation by the diggers all over the colony. The tax was considered unfair and the mode of collecting obnoxious. The government at Melbourne so used to legislate particularly for the convict element, overlooked the fact of a new, young, vigorous manhood with fresh, modern ideas meeting them face to face, refused all overtures and ignored all petitions—therefore one can understand the temperance of such a meeting at that time. The speeches were good, but of an inflammatory nature. All were directed against the government. One would advise resource to arms—the next to moderation. Some would twit, others parade, the short-sightedness of the government. One speaker dwelt upon the advisability of agitation and not to let the matter drop, that by continued agitation they would ultimately gain their ends. Then up jumped a little old yankee from Vermont, who danced around the large stump, throwing his arms in the air evidently wishing to emphasize the previous speaker's idea of agitation, and without any interlude burst out in a high pitched nasal tone, the word agitate, agitate, agitate, until the vast crowd cheered then caught up the word and repeated it too—his speech was quite effective though the shortest, I think ever recorded being only one word.

This gathering at Myeres' flat was the most mixed in race and color that I had ever seen before or have since. There were men from every country in Great Britain and from every nation in Europe—natives of India and the South Seas in every shade of color from Malay to Lascar—there were Californians and South Americans—even far off Nova Scotia was represented.

To a student in Ethnology, always an interesting study, there could be no better field for learning than the diggings in the early days—meeting such a variety one naturally was induced to cultivate that science.

Once, on Ballarat, in our own party of eight, there were seven nationalities represented—I, of course, was a Yankee—Nova Scotia, being so little known, that I had ceased to claim it as my native country—many I met out there had heard of Nova Scotia, but not of Nova Scotia. To one of our party, a Cornishman, I undertook to explain that I was not a Yankee, but a British subject from Nova Scotia. "Oh," said he, I understand, then you are a Canadian—No," I persisted. "But I know better," he continued "for I am now reading Bancroft's History of America." Possibly, with prophetic vision, he foresaw the day, when I would cease to be a Nova Scotian, and become, by act of Parliament, a Canadian.

For ignoring my own country, I got nobly caught once. I was asked by a

man, whom I had fallen in with while travelling, what part of the world I was from. "America," I replied—"What part?" he asked, "Canada—"Ab Canada" what part for I am acquainted there—"Well I am not from Canada," I said but from Nova Scotia—"Indeed, what part, as I am acquainted there also," "Halifax"—"What Halifax," "why I know Halifax well" he said—"Then I had to explain that I was from Windsor—"Why, you don't say, Windsor is my native place," said he. "True our families were neighbors—but he having left home while I was a boy, of course I had forgotten him.

The Vermonters' advice of agitation was carried on. The anti-license question now became general. Meetings were held in all the principal diggings. An anti-gold license association was formed. Those in sympathy with the movement wore a red ribbon as a badge. The association was well organized. Men of cool temperament and good position in the community were selected to conduct the campaign. Every thing was carried on in order. The authorities feared a riot on the camp where the gold was held. Their fears were unfounded. No such idea was contemplated. Had there been, those very leaders would have turned round and protected the government. The diggers were fighting for a principle, not for plunder. A month after the Myeres' flat meeting a monster one was held in almost speaking distance of the commissioner's camp at Bendigo. The outcome of this meeting was a memorial signed by over thirty thousand diggers of Bendigo, Melbourne and Castlemaine, which was taken to Melbourne and duly presented to Lieut. Governor LaTrobe. His reply was "the diggers were mere grievance mongers; and he knew his duty and would do it at all risks. If they troubled the government much more he would let them bear how cannon could roar."

This reply just at that time was enough to bring about a collision, but by the wisdom of careful, temperate advisors, it was then averted, to break out a year hence at Ballarat. In a few weeks another monster meeting of nine thousand was held on the same spot. It was decided to tender ten shillings as the license fee. A delegation of the diggers was selected for the meeting to go to the gold fields commissioner and tender the amount, which was refused. Little Nova Scotia was heard from in this delegation in the person of a young enthusiast, a Dr. Archibald McDonald of Antigonish who still lives in that country. One principal objection to the tax was the outrageous and insolent manner in which it was collected. The commissioner had power to make daily visits, accompanied by police, and compel the diggers to show their licenses. They generally made their rounds near the middle of the month, though there was no certainty as to the time they would rally forth. No intimation was given—their study was to take the diggers by surprise. The first intimation they would have was a string of mounted troopers galloping up on each side of the workings and taking up positions about 500 yards apart. Then would follow the commissioner mounted, accompanied by his body guard and a posse of foot police who would go to every hole demanding to look at each license. Some without licenses would run the gauntlet and make for the bush pursued by troopers. This was called "digger hunting" and was a favorite amusement of both officers and men. It was carried out with refined cruelty in a most exasperating manner. If a digger hadn't his license on his person or had failed to take one out for want of funds or had arrived the day before or intended leaving the next day. It did not matter pay 25 fine or be marched off to the logs as it was called for ten days imprisonment. On one occasion at Eagle Hawk we were working in a small gully off the main level and did not know the force was out license hunting until a trooper was right on us, just then some of our party imagined they saw an opossum in a clump of trees up on the range and would give chase, one young fellow thought to hide in the bushy top of a small tree but he was espied by one of the foot police who rushing up sang out "come down out of that or I will take ye' up", another tall slender young fellow from Halifax and a good runner struck out at high speed but the trooper overtook him before long when he turned around and coolly asked if he knew which way he ran. "Why," said the opossum "too thin come this way and you will see him setting a horse back. I have seen men play 'possum before."

He walked along for a time in charge of the trooper, then, stopping, commenced to open his purse and asked if he would kindly take this message (handing him a 25 note) with his compliments to the commissioner and say that he would do himself the honor of calling on him tomorrow, (that was to take out a license). I question if the commissioner ever saw that 25 note.

Ten years after, when Eagle Hawk was proclaimed a separate Borough, this same young Halifaxian was elected its first Mayor and for three terms more. The other young man, who had to "come down the twenty others to the main camp, five miles away, at the point of the bayonet, and there to be treated as a criminal unless redeemed in the mean time by a mate with the fine of 25.

The lock-up was built of logs similar to a pen with a bark roof, with one seeming object in view, that of making it as uncomfortable as human ingenuity could possibly devise. A year before that time, men were chained to trees and logs without covering night or day.

Shortly after my arrival on the diggings in passing an outlying police station one morning on Fryers' Creek, I saw three men chained to a log. I supposed them to be bush rangers and probably caught during the night. It was a locality noted for its depredations and their favorite haunt as

such names as Chokem flat, Murdering flat and Dead Man's gully would suggest.

After a year's agitation of the license question the government began to show signs of weakening, and reduced the fine from 30 shillings to 15s. 4d. per month. This was not satisfactory as the root of the evil—taxation without representation—still remained; therefore the agitation was carried on demanding the extension of the franchise to the diggers, their number at that time amounting to 150,000. In the year 1854 Ballarat, then became famous for its rich deep leads which attracted a large population of hardy vigorous miners who were determined to fight for their rights. The government then concluded that the time had arrived when they would let the diggers hear how cannon could roar, about 800 soldiers were sent from Melbourne to Ballarat and took up a position beside the commissioner's camp in a defiant attitude.

The miners sprang to arms, organized, drilled and erected a large enclosure as a camp, known after as the Eureka Stockade situated on a high range, two miles from and in sight of the convict camp. Martial law was proclaimed and enforced with the savage stupidity that had always characterized the government in every movement they had made from the first. Three persons talking together would constitute a mob, and if they did not disperse when ordered to, could be fired upon by soldiers. No lights were allowed at night. There was a case of a woman with a sick child who had a candle alight when she was warned by a bullet that was sent whizzing through the tent. The Gravel Pits flat then in full work being very wet, required four men to each shift night and day to keep the water down. Their work was discontinued and the mines flooded, causing a great loss.

Anarchy reigned for a week. At Creswick 12 miles distant there was a large rush at the time, tuther emissaries were dispatched to recruit for the coming struggle at Ballarat. On a Saturday afternoon a mass meeting was held. I was there at the time and at sunset a thousand fell in and marched off being well armed. All diggers carried fire arms in those days. The next morning a collision took place. The government forces supplemented by all the police that could be gathered from outlying districts, under cover of night sallied out past the stockade, and at early dawn turned and made a sudden attack on their rear. The engagement was short and decisive. The diggers taken so by surprise were soon routed, nineteen of their number and five soldiers were killed and many wounded. This ended the long license agitation. The diggers were beaten but nevertheless they gained the point. The Melbourne press one and all denounced the government for this act of criminal blundering. Public opinion was so strong against them that in a short time a general amnesty was granted to all concerned including the head leader, a young Canadian, who made his escape disguised in female apparel and for whose capture a heavy reward was offered. The government subsequently presented the diggers in Parliament and subsequently rose to be leader of the government. His name I have forgotten. The license fee was reduced to £1 per year. New mining laws and courts were established; universal suffrage was enacted under the ballot system (which system of voting we have since) and the country was at once returned to the Ballarat riot. To-day there stands a monument on the site of the stockade in memory of those who fell on that eventful Sunday morning, 3rd of December, 1854. That event was the turning point in the history of Victoria. Reform succeeded reform. The lands were thrown open for sale, which was the chief object of the diggers. A municipal act was passed giving to county and mining towns the right to assume the responsibility of self-government. Shortly before that time the restriction of the sale of liquor was removed. In Bendigo large and respectable hotels were erected, supplying the sly grg g habit of the diggers. Confidence was assured. The one man power reign, had ceased. Hitherto the sale of spirits, wine and beer was prohibited in the diggings, and no one was allowed to keep it in his possession. A policeman could walk into a man's tent and take any liquor he could find. Seizures of grog were of constant occurrence. The sleeping places of women, who with their husbands were innocent of any offense would be invaded at all hours of the night. Men heavily fined, often kicked and beaten by the ruffianly police if they ventured to expostulate. Fences would be pulled down and the occupants marched off to the lock-up, fined for sly grg selling, and everything they possessed was taken to the police. The mode of dealing with sly grg sellers in those days would rejoice the heart of any temperance enthusiast. On Kangaroo flat one forenoon I saw a body of troopers surround a large roadside shanty or refreshment saloon. After loading a dray of goods from the place they put a lighted match to the tent, in a moment the flames caught a brush awning overhead and an enclosure of dry resinous gum tree leaves, producing a lovely bonfire which appeared to amuse the police very much. The occupants, two men and a woman were then marched off to the camp four miles distant following the cart with their effects in the capacity of chief mourners. We read of a certain hot place out of which there is no redemption, the police camp corresponded to that place. At another time and near the same place, on the main Melbourne road I saw a two horse team and a load of goods seized by the police as they had been informed that there were 10 gallons of brandy on board. The owner was allowed to go free and so escape the fine as he claimed ownership. He told me his loss would amount to over £300. All this was not done in the interest of temperance but purely a money-making scheme. The government was supposed to benefit by the confiscated goods but the public never saw or heard of any returns. The seized liquor was supposed to be destroyed, but one once saw it done; possibly the empty bottles were broken. On Eagle Hawk a neighbour of ours was taken very ill and he asked me if I could get him some brandy, I con-

EVENING WEAR. BALL DRESSES.

New Goods in all Departments.

Bengaline Silks, Faille Francais Silks, Surah Silks, Brocade Silks, Japanese Silks, Pongee Silks, Gauzes, Crepes and Crayons. Plushes, Velvets and Velvetens. Latest Evening Tints and Combination.

Nets and Flouncing Laces.

Hosiery, Gloves, Flowers and Feathers, Ribbed Silk Undervests, low necks, in Pink, Cream and Sky. White Skirts, Gauze Corsets and Corset Covers. Cream Cloth Serge for Evening Wraps.

Fans, Fans, Fans.

Feather and Incandescent Trimmings.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

RED FIGURE SALE OF MEN'S ULSTERS. The Heavy Gray Freize Driving Ulster, heavy tweed lined, high collars, will sell at \$5.50. The old price was \$6.75. Dark Tweed, ulster tweed lining, also wind-proof chamois fibre lining. Side hand warmers Worth \$10.00. Now sells at \$8.50. What few we have left of the Genuine Irish Freize Ulster we will sell at \$11.00.

SCOVIL, FRASER & COMPANY, Corner King and Germain Streets.

ulated an old resident as to the possibility of getting any. "Yes," said he, "give me a sovereign and I will get you a bottle this evening" and he did and from a tent just outside the railings of the police enclosure. I was once invited by a trooper, a Frederick man, whom I knew, to visit him in his quarters. There I had convincing evidence that all confiscated liquor was not destroyed. The police magistrate at that time was a Mr. McLachlan, or "Bendigo Mac" as he was more familiarly known. He was of an irritable and over-bearing nature, and was a terror to evil doers. His great antipathy were old lags (ex-convicts). He also took very decided action against the sly grg sellers. As it determined to purify the moral atmosphere of Bendigo, would encourage the police to make raids and justify any high-handed cruelty on their part—even to threaten them with the loss of their situations if they did not convict Mr. So-and-so of sly grg selling. This led to espionage, fraud, deceit and lying. He thought such a course justifiable in the suppression of the liquor traffic. Such proceedings coupled with the doing of the good commission in Bendigo hunting all tended to aggravate and increase the law-abiding digger and were the causes that led up to the rebellion.

The criminal laws of the colony bore specially hard on the ex-convict. Bendigo Mac in dealing with that class interpreted the law in its severest sense. The benefit of a doubt usually extended to a prisoner of a doubtful character, but I could guess his history. When evidence to convict was insufficient the prisoner was allowed to turn round, if the back of his head showed signs of a prison crop (short hair) "ah sir" you can't deceive me "you are from the other side. Sergeant see that this ruffian leaves the district within twenty four hours." would be the reply of the magistrates. In some cases a few days grace would be granted to finish up his wash dirt. Sometimes when an old hardened criminal became abusive the "gag" would be applied. Naturally such a course evoked their hatred, so that at times he feared to walk the streets. However his rigour and severity had the effect of ridding the district of many a dangerous character. During the license agitation the old hands took no part. It was not their policy to interfere. Their study was to avoid any contact with the authorities, knowing well the prejudice existing against them. This applied to the orderly, well behaved as well as to the pronounced law breaker. All ex-convicts were not bad men, like Lanky Jim, would not steal on principle; and many lived an honest life for fear of the consequences—had resolved to live on the square and not steal, like a man swearing off from drinking. Then there were others who were thieves by intention—by hereditary descent, born and nursed in crime, who with a view to outside the country for seven or fourteen years, to exist all that time in a very atmosphere of debasing influences—therefore naturally were at enmity with all mankind—and unlike a certain boodler who boasted that he had always made it a rule of his life never to tell a lie when the truth answered better, they would lie from love of stealing—would teach their children to steal—even teach their dogs to steal. Once an old hand, in telling me of the smartness of one of his children, mentioned one in particular, Mikeey, a boy of nine, for not only being smart but lucky as well. He was always finding something. He would often find tools at a hole while the men were away at dinner—was always bringing home small articles. "Yes," said he, "Mikeey is a very lucky boy. It was only this morning he brought home to me another's fine pair of scissors he found in a neighbour's tent."

Another I knew was a great dog fancier, he would talk dog by the hour. A small bull terrier of pure breed I owned was his admiration. He could trace the history of that or any other breed as far back as Burke does the nobility of Great Britain. He maintained that dogs were capable of

being taught to think and reason. "Why" said he pointing to a collie lying in the shade of a tree "I have taught that dog to steal." "I can go into a store and lay my hand on an article and he will watch his chance and carry it off to my tent." I looked at him doubtingly, but he gave me the proof as to the truth of his statement. "Yes," said he, "I am living on the square now, but my dog is on the cross" that is, would steal when an opportunity offered, or was told. Whilst in this old hand's tent I noticed quite a number of illustrated London newspapers. They were a luxury which very few cared to indulge in, the price being four shillings per number. Supposing him to be of a literary turn I looked around for the next surprise but could not see a book or other paper of any kind. Out of curiosity I ventured a remark as to his expensive tastes. "Well," said he, "you see mate, it is the only paper I can read." It was the time of the Crimean war and he was familiar with the movements of the armies from sailing to fall of Sebastopol, as much so as one who could read, all gathered from the illustration as I turned over the leaves, and at any picture where the English were getting the best in an engagement he would warm with enthusiasm. At one picture that of a country English home, he heaved a sigh, and said: Ah how I would like to see old England once more, but—and shook his head—poor fellow, I could guess his history. Though he could not read his desire for information was certainly commendable. Most every tent and store had a dog chained for protection, but an old London thief who had graduated at Tasmania laughed at dogs as does love at locksmiths. The only dog they feared was one shut up inside that they could not see. They would at times play practical jokes to show their

powers. One case I remember, it was an Eagle Hawk. There was a large store, the owner of which got from Melbourne a grindstone for the use of his customers. It was placed on a frame by the front door and at night a large mastiff dog was chained to it to guard the premises. One morning the stone was missing and the dog found tied to a post near by. They had carried it, stand as well, some distance to the police camp—there hailed the entry and informed him that they had taken it from thieves, and asked permission to let it remain there till morning.

Lanky Jim boasting of his power over dogs, but only by his strength, and not by any secret influence exerted as did the others. The second year on Bendigo I joined a party of three to erect a puddling machine on Kangaroo flat to wash earth by horse power. One Sunday afternoon Lanky Jim gave us a call—in showing him around our works we took him into the stable to show him the horses—at the door was chained a cross bull-dog and like all dogs when on chain are much more vicious—as if realizing that they are placed on special duty to watch—seeing him about to enter I sang out for him to wait until I held the dog while he passed in—Jim replied that we need not mind as he did not fear any dog. Then ordering us to stand back he approached the door "Jack" the dog made a sudden rush and with such force that he was brought up standing on his hind feet by the chain. Jim at once seized him with both hands, one on each side of the head and lifted him right off his feet and held him dangling in the air as a child would a kitten—then passed in and dropped him. "Jack" looked surprised as well as mortified but showed a great desire to have another trial with Lanky.

"Ah," said I to Jim, "that is one of your own country dogs but I have one of my country dogs, a little American pup that you can't ban that way—chained at the back of the stable."

"Bring him out," said Jim. "Neptune," a fine specimen of the Newfoundland breed, was brought round and tied at the front door. Then was repeated the same tactics as before, but Jim had met his match, though he could get a firmer hold on account of the thick hair on the sides of the dog's head, but he was powerless to lift him off his feet, therefore it became a question of strength. Nep struggling to get his mouth round to grasp Lanky by the wrist, first on one side then the other, at times his sharp white fangs would graze Lanky's bare arms in a most alarming manner. For fully five minutes they tussled, tugged and strained. Lanky thought to tire his opponent out, and as last finding that he himself was being tired out, he gave a sudden jump back out of reach of Nep's chain, and acknowledged himself beaten. "Yes lads," said he—"that is the first dog that even got the better of me."

[To be continued.]

Hard to Believe. It is not altogether pleasant to know that excellence of flour in butter or cheese depends wholly upon the pure culture of the proper bacteria. It has always been pleasanter to think that good butter depended upon sweet grass and clover for its delicious fragrance and flavor. Alas! no, it depends only upon microscopic vegetable organisms called bacteria, second cousins to the cholera germ. It has been calculated that a quart of milk will sometimes contain as many as a thousand millions of them.

On Second Thought.—Mrs. Fogg—"Miss Blank is a charming young lady and remarkably handsome." Fogg (enthusiastically)—"She is a most delightful young lady, whose beautiful gaze one never tires of gazing upon." Mrs. Fogg (with a toss of her head)—"Oh, she isn't so very pretty. She's got an awful homely nose, her mouth is a mile too big, and she hasn't got a particle of expression in her eyes. Then she's got such a disagreeable way with her."

Choice of Colored Cloths, 75c. "Black and Navy, 1.25 (Worsteds excepted). "Fancy Dress Goods, 25c. "Plain Dress Goods, 35c. (Cashmeres and one line of Serges excepted.)

You will notice that our Dress Goods are sold cheaper and cheaper as the weeks succeed each other and possibly you ask yourself the question where will this thing end.

Let us answer. The reductions will end with the goods—not before. If you are content to wait until the best are sold you will undoubtedly be able to buy what is left at lower figures than we have yet quoted.

If you buy now you can secure goods which are always certain to be sold before they are cheaper.

Geo. H. McKay, 61 Charlotte St., St. John.

SEEN IN OTHER LANDS.

ODD INCIDENTS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL AND OBSERVATION.

An Unhappy Little Nephew and His Keeper—Inhabitable Breton Lowly Folk A Wise London Raven and Its Embarrassing Pointed Queries.

LONDON, Jan. 2.—I found him all alone at a table in a snug little restaurant of shadowy Mercery Lane at ancient Canterbury. He was a mite of a thing, but an old young lad, seemingly already broken by all the sorrows of desolate old age. His attire was rich, but his back was humped, his legs were crooked and spindled, his cheeks were sunken and his eyes were crossed and queer. Tears were silently trickling down his face. I could not eat my food until I had asked him if he was in trouble.

"Oh sir," he said in the sweetest tones I ever heard from a boy's lips, and as if completely overcome by his situation and unexpected human sympathy, "I wish I was dead and buried!" Pressing him for further explanation, with the hope of allaying his childish troubles, he continued in a scared, hunted way: "I am Lord —, they tell me. But I never saw my father. My mother is a beautiful lady, but they only let me see her once a year; and then she cries and I cry, and it's dreadful when she goes away."

"May be you saw nurse Digby? Nurse Digby minds me, and they make me live with her, and she says she'll keep me until I am a great lord. But she drinks and beats me. She's drinking to day, and I'm sure she'll almost kill me. Oh, sir, do take me to America, and let me be plain and rough and happy like all the other boys!—There she is, sir! Please, please don't tell her, sir!"

As he piteously spoke a huge mountain of flesh slid down a stairway and reeled into the room. It was nurse Digby. Her dress was disheveled, her wrappings were pressed down, her hat, a tossing sea of feathers and flowers, was very much awry. She was more than "cheery." She had passed the quarrelsome stage of drink into the region of bland stupidity. In a moment we fortunately got the best of her native suspicion and cunning; she embraced me as a reward for suppositious friendliness; and it was somehow made clear that little milord had been brought down from London, ostensibly for a "outing" and to visit the cathedral, but in reality that nurse Digby might reveal, with such as she, in the brave brews of fair, hop-laden Kent.

"Share's a dear!" she blubbered, in turn falling upon little milord in imbecile protestation of affection. "Digby'll stan' by a dear agin' a world—Sho sh'will d' (hic!) arling, m'lord! A souse'n' soldiers could'n' part ush—no't hunner souse'n', phretty (hic) dear! Gen'l'm' shears me (hic) swear it!" Then nurse Digby fell in a mass upon her charge; the little nobleman shrieked with fright and pain; and his tormentor rolled into a comfortable ball beneath the table.

CASTING all thought of my own visit to the cathedral aside, I at once summoned a carriage; got the deformed boy and nurse Digby into it; drove through the quaint old city up the winding hill to the railway station; and never left the ill-assorted pair until I had seen them safely in the carriage of a London-bound train. But I can never forget that poor lad's pleadings that I should rescue him from the living death of his hopeless environment, and his white, desperate face, as he crouched in his seat like a scoured soul, still appealing while watching the human animal, his endless tremor, as she lay in temporary helplessness upon the compartment floor.

"Oh, sir, I shall remember you, if I live to be a great lord!" were his last words that I heard as the train rolled away. The hopeless tragedy it all revealed has never left my heart; and all that sunny afternoon in old Canterbury town, the brasses and effigies of the great cathedral could only be half discerned through the mists of ever-gathering tears.

If your travels ever bring you along the highways and byways of Brittany, you must never expect hospitality of the peasant people. It is the only foreign land in which I have wandered on foot where the stranger, and especially the American stranger, is not welcome among lowly folk with questioning cordiality and an almost affectionate regard.

Call at a roadside cottage in Brittany and ask for food and a night's shelter and the whole family will crowd into the door to obstruct your passage. Then they will silently and sullenly look you over. Whither from? Whither bound? If a foreigner, they are even shrewd enough to demand your passport. No vagabond, deserter, nor ticket-of-leave man will they harbor. Finally assured you are none of these, they set about bargaining for the last sou they can wring from you. The food you are set to get to the very color of the coffee is set powerfully against your money. Their own poverty, their bewildering number of children, the lonely road to the nearest village inn, the fact that at the next cottage they would probably murder as well as take you in; all and much more is set forth to make you bargain a hard one. So, too, the toothless old peasant hag mother while eyeing you askance, croons to her husband a running fire of objections to the arrangement, a few of which set you down to your face as a villainous spy; some

wretch that has cheated the gibbet; and certainly no less than the thief of Breton rogues who was caught and flogged at the last horse fair at La Folguet.

They are shrewd and canny, these simple folk, and they will make you very miserable until the price is set and paid down in hand, for they will not trust you with the sum until morning, lest your appearance belie your ability to pay; but the lugubrious transaction once settled, and a few sous scattered among the children, which are immediately snatched away and hidden in the farmer's strong box, the atmosphere suddenly changes. You are the guest now. All the inn-keeping politeness, suavity and attention of Paris itself are yours; and until you leave, every soul in the cottage puts every other duty aside to minister unto your wants and comfort.

There is a glib-tongued raven, the pride of a certain otherwise delightful, old-fashioned inn beside Covent Garden, London, much frequented by Americans, against which many of us who have suffered from its ill-timed speculations and maliciously possess feelings far from a benign and friendly character.

The morning after my first arrival at this hostelry, I wished to take an early train for Brighton; and as no one, save costermongers and market porters, is astir in London before eight or nine o'clock, I was compelled to awaken and get away without the pleasant formality of being called. Anxious not to miss my train, I hastily descended to the office floor. Here I found the street-door ajar, but the dining-room, the office, the reading room and apparently all the minor offices were still closed and dark, and no servant whatever could then be summoned by call of voice or bell.

The idea of leaving the hotel without reporting the fact worried me. I began tiptoeing about in quest of somebody. This of itself impelled a feeling of guilt and dread. I was late, but it occurred to me that I must take along my umbrella. It stood with others in the great hallway leading to the dining-room. I somehow felt like a criminal when approaching that umbrella stand. I fairly trembled lest some suddenly-appearing employe should pounce upon me when in the act of abstracting my own umbrella. Scarcely had I got a firm hold of the handle when this fairly shrieked demand rang out beside me: "Who are you?—who are you?—who are YOU?"

Ichabod Crane when pursued by the Headless Horseman never flew over old Pocomtuck bridge faster than, startled and dismayed, I plunged out of the place and into the clutches of a Southampton street police officer. Explanations followed; I missed my train; but was formerly introduced to the gleefully malignant raven whose station was in the hallway, where at night its cage was covered with some traveler's handy rag.

That is strange principle of human nature which finds mitigation of our own humiliation in the embarrassment of others; but the same evening I almost forgave the headless raven for selecting as another victim one of those particularly aggravating American females who prance and scold about the world as professional "agitators." The lady was big and broad and pouppous—a familiar figure, I am told, in the New England States. Wherever she moved she proceeded in a series of stately pauses and snorts, as if to say: "I pause that you may have opportunity to fully realize who I am!"

She was passing in this manner through the hallway to the dining-room. The raven was evidently impressed and curious. He promptly shouted, almost in her ears, "Who are you?—who are you?—who are YOU?"

The agitator was agitated. Trembling from rage he wheeled and shouted back to the office force and tittering guests: "Who am I? Bless me, everybody outside of this disgraceful country knows who I am! This is an outrage. I shall see Minister Lincoln about it!" Then she majestically snorted herself into dinner.

An irresistible but repressed outbreak of laughter followed the contempts. As it died away I noticed the raven craning its neck to this side and that, and blinking demurely. Then it gave its ugly beak a few smart raps with its claws, sent an unearthly whistle after my disappearing countrywoman, and, as it finally settled itself for a bit of reflection, purred hoarsely but still softly and ruminatively.

"Who are you?—who are you?—who are YOU?" Speaking of interesting Americans abroad, reminds me of a curious incident of my recent years' wanderings in Ireland. From the western slope I had crossed the crags of Carratuohill mountain to the Killarney Lakes, at its eastern base; crossed the vagrant Owenreagh river; and, scrambling over hill and heather, finally reached the great highway from Bantry and Glenarriff, called the "Prince of Wales' Route" from Cork to the lake region.

Just where this magnificent road first turns the mountain side, tourists by long-car, or legs, are given a first glimpse of the surpassing panorama, which at one sweep comprehends the great mountains on either side and the witching lakes between—the most entrancing of all views of Killarney. I was sitting here, rough, ragged and travel-stained, upon a ledge of rocks, resting in the sweet April day and dreamfully contemplating the scene before me, when I was pleasantly disturbed to afterwards first know by actual experience the substantial rewards of a vagrant's life in tourist lands. The long car filled with tourists and a small mountain of hampers piled above the "well" between the hanging side seats, lumbered up the southern ascent from Kenmare, and came to its customary halt to enable tourists to enjoy the unusual prospect. Among the passengers were a couple of Etonian graduates and an English milord and mildly with their children and servants, all of whom were in an aggressive-defensive

attitude of silent scorn towards an innocent pair from our own loved land.

The latter were a little bald, nut-headed gentleman with a bent, pobby body, suggesting a polished pebble set in the end of a banana, and his good, honest American wife, twice his height and four times his girth. The man was the embodiment of nervous activity and enthusiasm; the woman, of adipose and repose; and both, having duly paid their "looking," were placidly oblivious of the ethical injuries they had inflicted all the way from Cork upon their fellow travelers.

Everybody alighted but the calm American woman. In serene composure she watched her side of the long car settle nearly to the ground; but she kept her seat. "Come down, Maw, do!" urged the little man, bringing into instant use a pair of field-glasses, each tube of which was as large as the "Lone Fisherman's" stage telescope. "Maw, this is wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!"

At the sound of these last three words milord winced, mildly elevated her eyebrows, the Etonians re-adjusted their eyeglasses, and the servants looked dignified and grave. "No; gress I'll let well enough alone;" murmured the little man's large wife.

Maw, this is wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! repeated the American, sweeping the scene with his glasses, filling the English delegation with another series of shudders, and backing into me as he spoke. "You'll step on that man there, Paw, if you don't use your eyes;" cautioned the wife from the long-car.

"Bless me, yes!—wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! Feasantry right here in the mountains!—Think I'm one of them hilly rollers. Well, well, well! Pat here's a—a—guess it's a hall crown, or something 'r other. There, now, brace up. Go to my country. Get a clean shirt. Be a—a—well, 'git there!"

"God bless yer honor!" I responded, thanking him heartily. "May the top of yer head never lolly yer hair!" "Maw!—say, Maw? Did you hear that? Irish wit, by Golly! Well, well, well! Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! Live long 'round here, Pat?"

"Indade did I. For ages." "Wonderful!" The English contingent winced; the worthy man gave me another shilling; and his good wife from the tilting long-car wished the little man "would't make such a fuss over every poor creature in Ireland."

"Well, well, Pat, what's the name of that mounting?" "Carratuohill's the same, sor." "Some sort of—er—story—er—legion about it, I s'pose?" "Divil doubt that, sor. But wan mountain stud there at first, sor. St. Patrick—may all the saints bless him!—was carin' for two hills. So one five mornin' another stud bore it."

"Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!" exclaimed the American, writing the same down on a business-card as big as his hand, while his traveling companions writhed again. "And that further one?" "Tore sir. Tore because that's a wild boar, as ye'll find in there this blessed minute, with tusks on 'em the length o' yer arm, sor."

"Goodness gracious! But that is wonderful. Maw, did you hear that? And that mounting over there, Pat?" "Mangarton, sor." "Jess so! Kinder Dutch, haint it? S'pose some Dutchman settled there, and garden'd it long ago, eh? Wonderful how these things stick to places!"

He had me there, and I should have broken down entirely if milord, with a loud guffaw in which the undergraduates joined, had not ascended the car, and with ill-suppressed snorts and indignation, ordered the driver to proceed. This took my little friend from me on the run; but after his able-bodied wife had dragged him from the ground to his seat on the long-car and held him in it by one arm, he turned and gesticulating enthusiastically with the other and the field-glasses, yelled from the rapidly disappearing vehicle: "Come to my hotel, Pat! Don't know the name. Best one anyhow. Want to know more about this wonderful kentry. Make it all right. Darned if I don't!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN. CARAVANS IN THE DESERT. I have heard, says Mr. Spurgeon, that in the desert, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel with its rider some distance in advance; then, after a little space, follows another; and then, at a short interval, another. As soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts aloud "Come!" The next one, hearing his voice, repeats the word "Come!" whilst the nearest again takes up the cry, "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with the word "Come!" So in that verse, the Spirit and the Bride say, first of all, "Come!" and then let him that heareth say "Come!" and let him that is athirst let him come, and take the water of life freely.

GIVING BITTER MEDICINES. In the case of small children, or any sick person where great nausea is present, or there is a weak, delicate stomach, it is both possible and easy to administer bitter or otherwise disagreeable tonics, such as quinine, by absorption; in fact, it is sometimes much better to do so, and it is always safe. In the case of quinine, wet a triple dose with alcohol and rub it gently all along the spine, over the stomach and under the arms. This method is especially valuable to mothers and nurses in "home-doctoring," and a lesson on its practice should be taken from the family physician.

A Bue. A disagreeable husband once mis-quoted to the effect "that a thing of beauty is a jaw forever." A Rigby's coat or mantle is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and an effectual producer of good temper. Ill health and good temper cannot go together, and the most prevalent breeder of ill health is a cold. With the old-fashioned and unsightly rubber coat a damp, clammy feeling with attendant chill and cold was almost inevitable. With a Rigby's garment it is an impossibility, because Rigby's is warm, light, porous, and perfectly waterproof. P.—I please Investigate.

THINGS OF VALUE.

It is very hard for one to hold his peace when some other person persists in disturbing it.

CULLED FROM THE OLD YEAR. Lewis S. Butler, Barin, Nfld., Rheumatism. Thos. Wasson, Sheffield, N. B., Lockjaw. By. McMullin, Chatham, Ont., Goitre. Mrs. W. W. Johnson, Walsh, Ont., Inflammation. James H. Bailey, Parkdale, Ont., Neuralgia. C. I. Lague, Sydney, C. B., La Grippe.

In every case unsolicited and authenticated. They attest to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The huge Elizabethan ruff was held in place by an under propping of wire. The remarkable longevity of Cape Breton people may largely be attributed to a wholesome fish diet—the quintessence of which forms the basis of—Pattner's Emulsion. Gloves with separate fingers were unknown before the twelfth century.

A POOR MAN indeed is he whose blood is poor, who has lost his appetite and his flesh and seems to be in a rapid decline; but SCOTT'S EMULSION Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites can make it rich again by restoring appetite, flesh and rich blood, and so giving him energy and perfect physical life, cures Coughs, Colic, Consumption, Scrophula and Bronchitis. IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. Prepared only by Scott & Bown, Belleville.

CHASE LIQUID GLUE. A GLUE POT ALWAYS READY FOR USE WITHOUT HEATING. STRONG—HANDY—DURABLE. Makes everything that Glue will Mend. Small packages for household use. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers and Hardware dealers, or sample by mail for 10 cents. GILMORE & CO., MONTREAL.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE CO. 49 KING ST. W., TORONTO, Ont. G. C. PATTERSON, Mgr. for Can. Electricity, as applied by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliances, is now recognized as the greatest boon offered to suffering humanity. It is fast taking the place of drugs in all nervous and rheumatic troubles and will effect cures in seemingly hopeless cases where every other known means has failed. It is nature's remedy, and by its steady, soothing current that is readily felt, POSITIVELY CURES THE FOLLOWING: Rheumatism, General Weakness, Sciatica, Female Complaints, General Debility, Impotency, Lumbago, Kidney Diseases, Nervous Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Lame Back, Varicocoele, and many Diseases.

RHEUMATISM. It is certainly not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indelible fact that medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of rheumatism than any other means combined. Some of our leading physicians, recognizing this fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of nature's forces. To Restore Manhood and Womanhood As man has not yet discovered all of Nature's laws for right living, it follows that everyone has committed more or less errors which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing to equal Electricity as applied by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliances. Rest assured any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drugs is practicing a most dangerous form of charlatanism.

We Challenge the World to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant, by simply reducing the current. Other belts have been in the market for five or ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured than all other makes combined. Electric Insoles.—Dr. Owen's Electric Insoles will prevent Rheumatism and cure Chills and Cramps in the feet and legs. Price \$1, by mail.

Beware of Imitations and Cheap Belts. Our attention having been attracted to an imitation of the Genuine Owen Electric Belt, that is being peddled through the country from town to town, we desire to warn the public against such. Our Trade Mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen, enclosed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co. Send for Illustrated Catalogue of International Testimonials, etc. THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO., 49 King St. W., Toronto, Ont. Head Office, Chicago. Mention this paper.

A tea-kettle of hot water Gives enough hot water to do the wash when Surprise Soap is used. There's no wash boiler required. There's none of that hot steam about the house on wash day. This is a simple easy way of washing the clothes without boiling or scalding them. It gives the sweetest, cleanest clothes, and the whitest. Surprise Soap does it. READ the directions on the wrapper.

A few important points in Laundry work which should be well understood— A great many people think that a very high gloss is requisite to good work; That a shirt Collar or Cuff is NOT PROPERLY LAUNDRIED UNLESS as stiff as a board; These are mistaken ideas. WHY??

FIRST:—To obtain a high gloss, it is necessary to subject the goods to a very great pressure in the ironing, which is very hurtful, wearing them out much before their time. SECOND:—When a collar is very Stiff, it necessarily is full of Starch. NOW! when a collar is full of Starch it is Brittle and very Thick. When BRITTLE, it cannot be buttoned without breaking out the button hole. When THICK, the Collar cannot be bent into circular form without breaking the edge; for example:—Take three or four visiting or playing cards, place them together flat, and then bend in circular form—note how short the outside one is, and how long the inside one is in comparison with the others.

If dough or paste, wax or starch had been first put on the edges of these cards and allowed to dry, it would have been broken and chipped off in the bending, and probably would have torn or broken the cards. So it is with a Collar or Cuff which is made of from two to four thicknesses of material. There is a medium—an amount of Starch and Gloss consistent with FLEXIBILITY.

It IS A TRADE BE SURE and send your Parcels to Uwan's Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 55. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at UNGAR HAS THE SECRET. UNGAR'S.

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WHY LIFE IS SO. Some Reasons Why Man Dies the Age He Does.

A long life is not the present state of the world. Of the world was before the manner they lived, and how their time, we cannot tell, given no account of it; the world as it is, and as we find take to convince these men apt to complain of the state that it would not be for the ness of mankind to have it for, the world is at present divided; some have a large portion of it, others have not they can earn by very hard tort from other men's charitable importunities, or gain by arts. Now, though the rich, who have the world at live in ease and pleasure, well contented to spend years in this world, yet w fifty or threescore years ab to spend in hunger and wa who are so foolish as not enough, owe a great debt, and goodnatured man now, the greatest part of mankind reason to be contented with of life, because they have no wish it longer.

The present state of the a more quiet succession, pretty well peopled, and its present inhabitants; and in comparison, have any con in the division. Now, let that all our ancestors, who l or two hundred years ago, and possessed their old estate, and goodnatured man now, the greatest part of mankind reason to be contented with of life, because they have no wish it longer.

utterly undo our young be of a God and a Providence other things, with the sho which they have little reason they so often outlive their es

The world is very bad as that good men scarce know fifty or threescore years in it how bad it would be probably, but one righteous family in six, or hundred years. If so near the other world as forty or not restrain men from the gre what would they do if they c ably suppose death to be hundred years off? If men procreant, in which they die thirty years, what would the drede? And what a blessing would this world be to live in the old world, when the li drawn out to so great a leng ness of mankind grow so insi to rebuke them, and to be resolved to destroy that who expecting Noah and his fam most probable account that how they came to grow wicked, is the long and pro such wicked men, who by de others, and they others, but one righteous family in six, remedy left but to destroy the only that righteous family a future hopes of the new worl

And when God had dete self, and promised to Noah t the world again by his de destruction, till the last and it was necessary by degree lives of men, which was the means to make them more g to remove bad examples o which would hinder the ep infection, and people and re gain by new examples of pi For when there are such qu of men, there are few age great and brave examples, new and better spirit to Selected.

His Most Precious Tr There is a beautiful story Greek mythology, regarding the god of medicine, whose built upon hill-tops, where breezes of heaven blew, received the votive offerings were cured, from the gold the rich to the rude gifts of whose potency had not exti gratitude. A little school about in a sore fever, and peared to him one night, a bedside. The boy was no afraid, for the god appear form, and said to him:—





# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I think I mentioned some time ago my dear girls, that we were contemplating a change in this column, in fact there were serious thoughts of doing away with it altogether. Since then, the matter has been held in abeyance, but with the new year came the usual changes, and amongst others a partial reconstruction of my column, the rules of which in future will be thus and so: Any sensible, reasonable and important questions upon subjects relating to social customs, etiquette, quotations, in fact, any subject of general interest and real importance, will be answered promptly and cheerfully, but the letters beginning, "What do you think of a young man who tries to kiss a girl good-night, when he sees her home?" "What do you think of a young lady who chews gum?" etc., of which, I regret to say, I receive a great many, will in future be consigned to a peaceful grave in the waste basket. These are the words of the editor spoken from the editorial chair, and to hear is to obey!

Amongst other changes the regular cooking column will be discontinued, and short talks on cookery substituted. The receipts will be such as are suited for the family table and combine economy with, I trust, toothsome, and it anyone knows of a better way of cooking than the one I suggest, I shall be grateful for any information on the subject, as well as for any tried and reliable receipts.

I have made this change because I have been giving a great deal of thought to my large family of girls, and their future prospects, I feel confident that most of them look forward to being married some day, as all girls should, and I fully believe that no girl is eligible for matrimony, or fit to take charge of any man's house, until she has earned the right to place after her name, at least in her own conscience, the mystic letters F. W., which, being translated, mean Fit For Wives. And no woman can possibly be fit to be any man's wife unless she possesses at least a sufficient knowledge of cooking to direct her servants, if she is fortunate enough to have them, or to cook a wholesome meal for her husband in case she is obliged to do without domestic help. Few of us in these days are so fortunate as to possess trained servants, and thorny will be the path of the mistress who cannot teach her servant to do the things she would like to, for the simple reason that she knows nothing of them herself, or else so little that she is nervous about trying to impart uncertain information. Therefore I intend to do my little best to impart to my girls that glorious sense of independence which comes of knowing that if Mary, or Jane, either gives notice or takes French leave, she can do her apron and cook the dinner herself, because, dear girls, I am of the noble creature man, I know him well enough to be able to say with confidence, if you want to keep him good-natured and happy—feed him! If you want him to love you as he used to—feed him, and if you want him to think he has the best and sweetest and prettiest wife in the world, once more—Feed him!

We all love to make candy, and most of us like to make cake, while a few, but not very many are adepts at pastry, yet it is not to pies, cake or candy, that the hungry man looks for consolation and comfort, when he gets up sleepy and cross, on a bitter winter's morning, nor yet when he comes home tired and cold to tea, either in a rain or snowstorm; he wants something more savory and substantial. So, if you would give him an appetizing breakfast that is very easy to prepare why not have—

### Scalloped Turkey.

Take the fragments of cold turkey which have been left over from yesterday's dinner, chop them fine, and mix through them any dressing which may be left, and add plenty of pepper and salt. Then take a deep baking dish, and put a good layer of bread crumbs in the bottom, then a layer of the turkey, and continue with alternate layers until the dish is full; then add some hot water to the gravy left over, pour it as evenly as possible over the contents of the dish, add little lumps of butter, dotted plentifully about, and bake in a moderate oven for half to three quarters of an hour. The advantage of this dish is, that it can be prepared at night, then put in the oven in the morning almost as soon as the fire is made, and by the time breakfast is ready it will be done to a turn, crisp, brown, and inviting. Another simple breakfast dish is—

### Grated Kidney on Toast.

Take a beef kidney, which will cost you five cents, soak it for half an hour in salt and water, to cleanse it, then boil in fresh salt water until quite tender, and when cold, remove all the skin and fat, grate the kidneys carefully, add pepper and salt, and put them away till the morning; then put a good lump of butter in the frying-pan, and when it melts put in the grated kidney, stir until thoroughly hot, and then remove to a cooler part of the stove, until you toast and butter two slices of bread, dip them in hot milk or water, to soften them, place on a hot dish, and turn the kidney out on them, and you will have a breakfast fit for a king, always supposing the king liked kidneys. Another nice breakfast dish which is a little more troublesome is—

### Ham Omelette.

Mince fine, enough ham to fill a pint measure, using fat and lean; in the morn-

ing beat up six eggs, with salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper; stir in the ham, and pour into a frying-pan, in which a good-sized lump of butter has been melted, place over a good fire until "set," then roll carefully and turn out. For tea on a winter's evening an excellent dish is—

### Scalloped Cheese.

Grate some good cheese, the quantity will depend upon the size of your family, put a layer of biscuit crumbs well rolled, in the bottom of a deep dish, and a layer of the grated cheese, and continue in that order till the dish is full, finishing up with the biscuit crumbs, then add lumps of butter with a lavish hand; pour over the entire mixture a cup of milk, and bake in a quick oven for half an hour. This dish can be prepared after breakfast and put in the oven half an hour before tea. The scalloped turkey will be found equally good for a tea, or a breakfast dish.

That will do for this week, I think girls, as I have no intention of frightening you with too large doses at first. What said the little verse we used to learn in our Royal Reader days?

"One thing at a time, and that done well, is a very good rule, as many can tell."

Perhaps I will give you some good receipts for candy next week as a reward if you learn these like good little girls.

The girls who often ask me how to tell fortunes by cards, will be interested in the following description of the cards and their meanings. The ace of diamonds represents a ring; the ace of hearts, your house; the ace of clubs, a letter; the ace of spades, death, spite, or quarrelling.

Of diamonds—The deuce is money; trey, speaking with a friend; four, friends; five, a settlement; six, pleasure; seven, money—business; eight, new clothes; nine, business; ten, a journey—money; Of hearts—The deuce is a visitor; trey, a kiss; four, a marriage bed; five, a present; six, courtship; seven, friends; eight, new clothes; nine, few line and courtship; ten, a place of amusement or courtship. Of clubs—The deuce is vacation; trey, quarrel; four, a strange bed; five, a bundle or parcel; six, trouble; seven, a prison; eight, confusion; nine, a drinking-party; ten, going by water. Of spades—The deuce is a false friend; trey, tears; four, a sick-bed; five, a surprise; six, a child; seven, a removal; eight, a roadway; nine a disappointment; ten, sickness.

Of the court cards—The Kings represent males according to complexion, the Queens represent females in like manner, the Knaves the thoughts of the respective parties. The subject of cards recalls to my mind the old story that gave to the nine of diamonds its name of "The Curse of Scotland" and as it is not universally known, the old tale may interest some of my readers. After the battle of Culloden had been fought, with such disastrous results for the cause of Prince Charles, the victorious Duke of Cumberland issued an order that after the battle should be slaughtered as soon as captured, and he sent his soldiers out to scour the country, with instructions to kill all the refugees, men, women and children, without reserve. Feeling that such wholesale murder would be likely to get him into trouble with the king unless he could show good authority for committing the order, the officers to whom the duke gave the order hesitated, and at last requested that the commander-in-chief would furnish him with some written instructions to that effect, so he could show them in case he got into any trouble at court. The duke irritated at the delay began a hasty search of his apartment for some paper on which to write the fatal order, but failed to find any. Now it so happened that he and his staff were occupying the very suite of apartments in which Charles Edward and his cavaliers had been quartered the night before, and in playing a game of cards, one of the young officers had dropped a card, and after a hurried search, decided to leave the game unfinished and retire for the night. In looking for a piece of paper the Duke of Cumberland espied one end of the missing card beneath a fold in the carpet, picked it up and remarking that it would do to write the death warrant of the few miserable shivers upon, wrote the order which was to rigidly carried out, and which has since his name to obloquy, ever since. Ever after, the card was known amongst the Scotch, as "The Curse of Scotland."

Lord Byron, who was a great authority upon female beauty, and what is quite as important, female attractiveness, once said, only he made the remark in choicest verse, that if girls would only know the charm which had most effect upon the hearts of men, it was animation. Byron naturally spoke from the man's point of view, but looking at it from the woman's, animation however attractive it may be, is rather dangerous to the girl who has a constant play of expression, whose features show every emotion, is the one who first grows old, the merry laugh which comes so readily, and is so cheery, that it is better than music to those who love her, is sure to play deep wrinkles beneath her eyes, and print crow's feet at their corners, while it forms a channel imperceptible at first, but as sure as it is slow in formation, at each side of the mouth, extending from the nostrils down, and giving a peculiar, and undesired look of hardness to the face. The intelligent girl who follows the story you are telling, with such breathless interest that it is a pleasure to look at her speaking face, will soon have three horizontal wrinkles carved deeply across her white forehead, and before she realizes it, before she even notices the disfigurement it will have become permanent; and all caused by the habit of continually lifting the brows in assent, in interrogation, in surprise, or in perplexity. Some girls seem almost to speak with their eyebrows, and charming as the habit is its effects are fatal to beauty. I do not say the remedy lies in our own hands, neither do I advise the girls to cultivate a wax-doll serenity of countenance; but I do suggest that they keep these words in mind and try to avoid lifting their brows more than is absolutely necessary, or laughing just for the sake of laughing, or showing their pretty teeth. I speak as one having authority because my own forehead is crossed by two wrinkles so deep that nothing will ever eradicate them now until the angel of death touches them with that mysterious finger of his and smooths them out. I know they were caused by a senseless habit of lifting my eye-

brows, and so I warn the girls against a similar mistake.

I suppose prevention is better than a cure, but there is an excellent remedy which cures bines both. The cause of wrinkles is said to be some defect in the elasticity of the skin, caused by a lack of good circulation, and the remedy, any treatment which will stimulate the skin and bring the blood to the surface; nothing will do this so well as rubbing, and the girl who bathes her face in hot water, using good soap such as Pears, at the same time; and then rubs it well, first with a soft towel, until it glows, and afterwards with either glycerine and rose water, or vaseline cold cream, will be able to keep those "vindicative little demons" wrinkles, at bay longer than her more careless sister. Try it girls, and see.

CUPINGTON, St. John.—(1) I do not think it was a question of those who gave the dance being "out" but those who were invited, and having started out with that intention, it was impossible to break through their runs. (2) No, I do not, except when they meet at a friend's house, at some social entertainment, then, the hostess is supposed to be responsible for all her guests, and it is perfectly correct for them to engage in general conversation, but the acquaintance does not extend beyond that unless unless followed by a regular introduction. (3) I prefer to see the hair tied back even when its owner is quite a small child, the hair brought over the ears looks so untidy.

INQUIRING ONE, St. John.—I am sorry that I have no book at hand just now which gives the proper terms used in croquet; and I cannot remember them, but almost any ladies' magazine would give them. Look over the delineator for October, November, and December, and I am sure you will find them. Meanwhile I will hunt them up for you with pleasure.

BUD, St. John.—I am not versed in the language of stamps. I have always thought it too silly to take any notice of. Maxze, Carleton.—Why not give her a pretty little gold or silver pin. I mean one of the variety called "stick pins." Either that or a little silver bangle would be very suitable, and she could wear it all the time.

(1) Yes; trim them ever so slightly about once a month. Superstitious people say that the new moon. Then get your druggist to make you up an ointment of one grain of red oxide of mercury in one ounce of vaseline, and apply it very carefully each night to the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows, using a camel's hair brush, and taking care not to let the mixture get into your eyes. (2) Soap and milk is said to be an excellent combination for cleaning gloves. Rub the soap on a clean piece of flannel, then dip it in the milk and rub off quickly, using a clean place in the flannel each time. It is better to put the gloves on first, as you cannot well get at all the creases otherwise.

KNIP, St. Stephen.—You were quite right in coming back so soon, I am always glad to have my friends return to our corner as it shows they appreciate it. It was very kind of you to send me the directions for making the Aeolian harp, and I thank you very much, I am sure David will thank you too. (1) The celebration of Christ's birthday as a festival of the Christian church is attributed to Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 138, and through the subsequent history of the church, it has been one of the most noted of Christian solemnities. At first it was a movable feast, and was usually celebrated by the Eastern churches in the months of April and May. But in the 4th century St. Cyril of Jerusalem obtained an order from Pope Julius I. for an investigation concerning the day of Christ's nativity. The result of the inquiry by the theologians of the East and West, was agreed upon the 25th of December. The chief grounds for the decision were the tables of the censors in the archives of Rome; and although in the opinion of some of the fathers, there was not authentic proof of that being the day, the decision was uniformly accepted, and from that time the nativity has been celebrated throughout the church on the same day. (3) I do not know that its observance has ever been opposed, but I know that the society of friends, or Quakers do not believe in its celebration. (4) All Christian nations over the world observe Christmas Day. I think everyone who believes must both get and do a great deal of good on that day even if it is only in the blessed Christmas feeling which comes to us all. (6) I try to. I cannot tell you the author of the verses, but I will try to look them up. Write whenever you like.

### An Old Love Letter.

This is called a practical age, but certainly the age that went before was just as practical if one can judge by the combination of sentiment and honest frankness in a love letter written seventy-five years ago. Mrs. Caroline E. K. Davis Chelsea has had printed in tasty style "An Old Love Letter," written in 1817 by her father, Mr. John Kelley, to the lady whom he married, and his quaint yet genuinely heartfelt union of affection and sensible advice illustrates that our elders, or at least some of them, were conscientious men. He would not have the lady except him unless absolutely sure she was devoted; he would have her consider carefully the future possible haps and mishaps, and after mature deliberation decide not simply as the heart dictated, but also as the reason demanded. Boston Journal.

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Byron naturally spoke from the man's point of view, but looking at it from the woman's, animation however attractive it may be, is rather dangerous to the girl who has a constant play of expression, whose features show every emotion, is the one who first grows old, the merry laugh which comes so readily, and is so cheery, that it is better than music to those who love her, is sure to play deep wrinkles beneath her eyes, and print crow's feet at their corners, while it forms a channel imperceptible at first, but as sure as it is slow in formation, at each side of the mouth, extending from the nostrils down, and giving a peculiar, and undesired look of hardness to the face. The intelligent girl who follows the story you are telling, with such breathless interest that it is a pleasure to look at her speaking face, will soon have three horizontal wrinkles carved deeply across her white forehead, and before she realizes it, before she even notices the disfigurement it will have become permanent; and all caused by the habit of continually lifting the brows in assent, in interrogation, in surprise, or in perplexity. Some girls seem almost to speak with their eyebrows, and charming as the habit is its effects are fatal to beauty. I do not say the remedy lies in our own hands, neither do I advise the girls to cultivate a wax-doll serenity of countenance; but I do suggest that they keep these words in mind and try to avoid lifting their brows more than is absolutely necessary, or laughing just for the sake of laughing, or showing their pretty teeth. I speak as one having authority because my own forehead is crossed by two wrinkles so deep that nothing will ever eradicate them now until the angel of death touches them with that mysterious finger of his and smooths them out. I know they were caused by a senseless habit of lifting my eye-

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### Reforming A Parrot.

A Pittsburger who spent a part of last summer in England tells an incident which sadly disturbed the religious peace of a parish in Penzance.

A maiden lady of that town owned a parrot, which somehow acquired the disagreeable habit of observing, at frequent intervals: "I wish the old lady would die." This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it. "I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours."

The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two had become accustomed to each other, the bad bird remarked: "I wish the old lady would die."

Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents added: "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord!"

The story got out in the parish, and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the "Gloria" at the church services.—Pittsburg Chronicle.



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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Greek ladies had 137 different styles of dressing hair.

About a quarter of the people in Paris live in apartments.

There is more intoxication in Belgium than in any country in Europe.

Durable brick, formed of chipped granite and clay, is a recent Scottish invention.

Over 2,000,000,000 cigarettes are annually manufactured in the state of New York.

Some of the houses in Berlin are numbered with luminous figures, which are easily visible at night.

The Chinese, Malays, Siamese, New Zealanders, and the North American Indians, are beardless.

A recent estimate places the amount of standing timber in the state of Washington at 300,000,000 feet.

A recent invention is a cradle which rocks by clockwork mechanism and at the same time plays baby tunes.

The motion of the earth around the sun is 68,305 miles an hour; over 1,000 miles a minute or 19 miles a second.

The great anesthetic, chloroform, was discovered by Guthrie in 1831, and was first employed in surgical operations in 1847.

The number of fires in London has increased by 50 per cent. since 1882. 25 per cent. of the fires occur in uninsured premises.

The fleeces of ten goats and the work of several men for half a year are required to make a genuine cashmere shawl a yard and a half wide.

In 1841 persons in this country consumed 17 1/2 oz. of coffee against 19 1/2 oz. of tea. To-day they use only 12 oz. of coffee against 87 oz. of tea.

An average of three British seamen lose their lives every day by drowning, and three hundred British steamers and sailing vessels are lost at sea yearly.

A man's full mental power is not reached before the age of twenty-five, and the development of talent is most marked between the ages of thirty and forty-five years.

It seems that twenty-five per cent. of the women of England earn their own living, but one would scarcely believe that there are nearly 350 female blacksmiths in this country.

In the last 30 years English engineers have built 100,000 miles of railway, at a cost of £1,800,000,000 in various quarters of the globe, the capital being found in most cases by English companies.

The steam power of the world is placed at 49,000,000 horse power. This is equivalent to the working capacity of 1,000,000,000 men, which is more than double the total working population.

At Minorea the fisherman simply dives to a depth of seventy feet with a weight in one hand to carry him down. With the other hand he picks up as many pearl oysters as he can carry and brings them up the boat.

The Chinese make what is called "chiwahi" or grass cloth, from the fibres of the common nettle. It is said to form a splendid cloth for tents, awnings, etc. When woven into betting for machinery it has twice the strength of leather.

There was formerly a duty on foreign eggs; but this was reduced on June 8, 1853, from 10 1/2 d. to 4 d. per long hundred, and subsequently altered to 8 d. per cubic foot. The duty was abolished in 1860, with a loss to the revenue of about £20,000 a year.

Although Costa Rica is only about half the size of New York State, its list of birds numbers 730 species. It is a country of forests and of all sorts of climates, from the torrid sea-coast to the climate found at an elevation of 15,100 feet, the top of the volcano Irazu, where ice forms.

Marriages are not easily arranged in Borneo. Parents require a number of different presents from each other; and, as there are usually two or three suitors for each girl, and the presents are not returned, it is obviously to the interests of the parents to delay the marriage as long as possible.

Sir Walter Scott's novels are almost as popular in Paris as are those of the eminent French novelists. Translations of his romances are to be found on bookstalls in considerable numbers, and the Paris Municipal council has shown its appreciation of the author himself by naming a short street after him.

Railways were introduced into England on September 27, 1825; into Austria on September 30, 1828; into France, October 1, 1828; and into the United States, December 28, 1829. The first locomotive which ran in America was built at Stourbridge, (England), being intended for the Delaware and Hudson Railroad.

New Zealand dairy-farmers are rejoicing over the fact that their shipments of butter to this country during the past season proved more successful than in any previous year. The total quantity was 54,000 packages, averaging, it is believed, about half a hundredweight each. Australia sent 93,000 packages, making the total from Australasia 147,000 packages, as compared with 69,036 in 1890-91 and 51,470 in 1889-90.

Among the many differences between the alligator and crocodile there is this one:—The alligator never leaves fresh water, while the crocodile often goes to sea, and in the West Indies has sometimes been found many miles from land, but heading directly for an island possibly out of sight. How the creature knows the course to steer he is going, and it is believed he always gets to the place aimed at.

London is not the most over-crowded city of the country. Liverpool enjoys that enviable distinction. In the 35 great towns from which the Registrar-General receives weekly returns the average number of persons to the acre is 34. In Liverpool however there are 98 persons to the acre. In Plymouth there are 68. London comes third with 57. In no other town does the average reach 50; but Brighton, Bristol, Bolton, and Sunderland all have averages of more than 40 persons to the acre. The average for Manchester is exactly 40.

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excels all similar preparations. It is endorsed by leading physicians, is agreeable to the taste, does not interfere with digestion, and needs to be taken usually in small doses.

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"For the last six years I have been taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for lung troubles, and am assured that its use has

Saved My Life

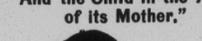
I have recommended it to hundreds. I find the most effective way of taking this medicine is in small and frequent doses."—T. M. Matthews, P. M., Sherman, Ohio.

"My wife suffered from a cold; nothing helped her but Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which effected a cure."—R. Arvon, Princeton, N. J.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prompt to act, sure to cure

"And the Child in the Arms of its Mother."



A BRIGHT, HEALTHY BOY whose life was Saved by GRODER'S SYRUP.

A Mother Speaks to Mothers.

THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO. GENTLEMEN:—My child is the picture of health to-day because I heeded THE advice of a friend and I tried your remedy. Our baby was cutting his teeth last spring, and like many other children at such a time, he became very sick and feverish. We were so anxious about him that we called in two physicians, and did all in our power to relieve him. But he grew so much worse that we feared for his life. There seemed no help for him, and the doctors gave us no hope of his recovery. It was then that a friend recommended your medicine, and we commenced using it. To our surprise the very small doses which we gave each hour brought speedy relief. Our boy rallied quickly and soon became himself again. Other mothers have children who suffer precisely as mine did. They should use your remedy and keep it constantly in the house. I would not think my children safe without it. Very gratefully yours, MRS. FRANK E. NADAU, FAIRFIELD, MAINE.

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"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

Arabella: Are you really happy in your married life? We have lots of quarrels, and I always win.

Ebel—Mr. Squibs made me an offer last night. Chrissa—Indeed? Offer you a penny for your thoughts?

Rev. Theo. Logy—The congregation at Churchville called me. Deacon Jones (absently)—What did you hold.

A Finnish woman in Minnesota has given birth to six children at one time. The father hopes that this will finish the family.

Dowell—Do you think the love of money is the root of all evil? Hardup—No; I think the want of money the root of all evil.

Maud—How do you like my new street dress? Mabel—Street dress? It looks as if you would do the serpentine dance in a high wind.

First Clothier—You're a fool to call that suit the Rip Van Winkle. Second Clothier—What would you call it?—The never Rip Van Winkle, man.

A Maine sea captain has written home to his wife that while his vessel was waiting for a cargo at Genoa he made a flying trip to Rome and visited the "currycombs."

"Stumble seems to be gaining strength very rapidly since his illness." "Have you seen him?" "No, but his wife says he is now able to hold his temper for a little time."

Mrs. Brady (proudly)—Our Mary Ann has a panny. Mrs. McNally (a rival)—Och! Yez needn't think yez can drive me trim th' neighborhood wid her outlandish n'ies.

Nippen—I tell you revolutions never go backward! Tuck—That's all both. The r'volving years have brought this old dress coat of mine into fashion seven times since I first got it.

Jings—There was supposed to be about 420,000,000 Christians in the world. Bings—There may be, but when any scandal attaches itself to your name it is mighty hard to believe it.

Mr. Honeymoon—did you see that button on that coat, darling? Mrs. Honeymoon—No, sweetheart. I couldn't find the button, but I sewed up the buttonhole. Is that all right?

"And weren't you glad when the villain was killed?" "No, I wasn't. But I would have been glad if all the others had been killed. The villain was the only good actor in the piece."

Mother—Now you have broken my cup. You deserve a whipping; come here. Tommy—No; I won't come. Mother—Come, Fritz, till I whip you, and then you shall have a slice of cake.

Mrs. Newbride (holding on hat)—Oh, this dreadful wind! What will become of my lovely new quilts? Mr. Newbride (sarcastically)—They will still remain on the goose, my dear.

"I wish I were an ostrich," said Hicks, angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's returned Mrs. Hicks. "I'd get a few leathers for my hat."

Misses—Bridget, bring me a cut glass dish for these grapes. Bridget—Shure, marm, there's not av them I could cut, but I hit won a whack wid the hammer; that has fixed it all right fur yez.

First Quiddunc—Did the town authorities take any appropriate action on the death of Scruggs the millionaire? Second Quiddunc—Yes; they had the fire bell ring while the funeral was going on.

The Husband: You're not economical. The Wife: Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is.

"Faith, an' it is there nothin' to kape cholera off!" "Indeed there is. Sure, if ye'll be safe if ye take a few drops of acid a day—carbolic acid or sulphuric acid. I dismember which, but I suppose ayther will do."

Dashaway—I left my silk handkerchief here last night, Miss Summit, and I thought I would call and get it. Miss Summit—Yes, Mr. Dashaway; I was afraid you might call, so I just sent it to you by messenger boy.

"I took the pledge against swearing last New Year's day." "Very well, but how do you get along?" "How?" "How?" "I am going to take a pious plaster off my back tonight."

Estelle—He is a perfect brute. He almost fractured my skull. Murilla—How? Estelle—I agreed to give him a kiss for every shooting star I saw, and as they were scarce he gave me a whack on the head that made me see about a million.

He (after being accepted)—And what kind of a ring am I to buy for you my darling? She—Well, I like the one I wore last year ever so much. I will give you Charlie's address. Perhaps you will be able to buy the ticket from him at a bargain.

"You say that you like Jennie," one lady writes to another in an endearing little note from the country, "because 'she never speaks ill of the absent'; but perhaps the reason why you're able to say that, is because you've never been present when you're absent!"

Excited Lady (on the beach)—Why isn't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't some of you—Coast guard (hurriedly)—We have sent the crew ashore to come ashore, marm. Excited Lady—Good gracious! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?

Jack: I hope you'll consent to a marriage between myself and your daughter Alice. Quiverful: Can't do it, young man. Weddings are too confoundedly expensive. No, sir, I refuse my consent, but, of course—er—if you and Alice should take it into your heads to elope—

Little Johnny—I guess I'll get rich of that dog I found. He's too much of a fighter. He's always burnin' other dogs like to see the poor dogs but I know, Little Johnny—No'm 'cause some of the other dogs is owned by bigger boys than I am.

PROFESSIONAL.

HENRY B. ESMOND, M. D. (NEW YORK AND LONDON.) CHRONIC DISEASES SUCCESSFULLY TREATED. No. 14 MARKET SQUARE, HULLTON, MAINE.

CONSUMPTION

can be cured by the New Treatment. Seventy per cent. of the patients treated the past year were cured. cured without the use of the knife. Write for particulars.

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DR. S. F. WILSON, Late Clinical Assistant, Holy Square Hospital for Diseases of Women etc., London, England. DISEASES OF WOMEN—A SPECIALTY. Electricity used after the methods of Apostoli. Superficial Hair removed by Electrolysis.

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HOLIDAY GOODS.

I have an elegant assortment of Leather and Plush goods in stock made especially for the Holiday trade.

A very choice assortment of English, French, and American Perfumes in stock, selected especially for the season. Call early.

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Cures COLDS, COUGHS, CROUP.

25c. and 50c. a bottle. T. B. BARKER & SONS, St. John. Wholesale and Retail. BROWN & WEBB, Halifax. SIMSON BROS. & CO., Agents.

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JAMES S. MAY & SON,

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This Season's Goods are all Personally Selected in the Foreign Markets.

First-Class Materials! Equitable Prices!

ANDREW PAULEY,

CUSTOM TAILOR, FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUTTER WITH JAR. S. MAY & SON, by leave to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the public generally, that he may now be found at his new store, No. 70 Prince Wm. Street, with a NEW AND FRESH STOCK of Woolen Goods, personally selected in British, Foreign, and Domestic markets. Suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed. First-class at 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

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A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 68 Germain St.

CAFÉ ROYAL,

Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM OLARK.

MR. AND MRS. POTTER TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. Potter Palmer is justly indignant because a brewing firm has appropriated the lac-simile of her distinguished and beautiful countenance as a trademark on a brand of beer.

Mrs. Gladstone owns property at Niagara Falls, Ont., and is consequently entitled to vote for mayor, school trustees and councilors of the town. Her name appears on the voters' list.

Dr. Moncreuf D. Conway, author of the now famous "Life of Paine," enjoys the almost unique distinction of having on one occasion ventured to tell Carlyle openly that he was wrong.

Once it was the custom for the master of the household to accompany the Queen every where; but for some years his attendance at Balmoral has been dispensed with. He has residences, however, at Osborne and at Windsor Castle.

Sardon, it is said, frequently drops into a theatre to see one of his own pieces played, and sends round word with gratifying effect—that "Sardon is in front," if the company is acting badly. This keeps the performers up to the mark during a long run.

Bismarck once said that he did not care to see himself a fossil. This remark was suggested to his mind at Kissingen, where he was much annoyed to find that a statue had been erected in his honor. When the sum of three hundred thousand marks was subscribed for a monument to him in Berlin it was at his request spent in the building of a church in that city.

It is said that Emil Zola has gone into retirement to finish his new novel, "Doctor Pascal." How many persons would be wished that this distinguished Frenchman would stay in retirement right along, if he were not so perniciouly active when in that situation. Under the circumstances the world would not be a whit the worse off if Zola never went into retirement at all.

Professor James Anthony Froude, the famous historian, would seem to be no advocate of the rights of the "sweet girl graduate." At the professor's inaugural lecture this term the attendance of the fair sex was so large that many of the dons could not find a seat, and the men undergraduates had to stand. In future no ladies are to be permitted under any pretence whatever.

A man who could make a great name for himself temporarily, if he wanted to do so, is the individual who picked the pocket of the German Emperor at a recent review of troops. The anonymous person relieved the Kaiser of a 100-mark note, some keys and a gold ring. It was a notable achievement, but the enterprising follower of the light-fingered craft is naturally modest about claiming the credit due to him.

Notwithstanding England's enormous indebtedness to her mechanics, only one mechanical working man has ever been honored with burial in Westminster Abbey, and that was Graham, the clockmaker. Graham made exact astronomy possible by his great improvements and inventions in timepieces. Graham was also a great maker of quadrants and instruments of that sort. His funeral was attended by all the members of the Royal Society.

G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia owns a silver statue, the beautifully moulded figure of a woman, exactly five feet in height. The proportions, it is said, are absolutely perfect, and all the sixty-eight requirements are fulfilled, though of course all are on a smaller scale than the real figure of a woman. The woman stands on a Mexican onyx clock four feet in height, and the pendulum of the clock is suspended from her right hand. The statue cost \$6,500.

Jean Ingelow's London home is a veritable bower, hidden from the street by trees and shrubs, and surrounded by a half acre of ground, every inch of which is made to produce some useful or beautiful form of plant life. This garden receives the poet's constant personal care in summer, and in winter all the movable plants are brought into a conservatory, where in a world of blossoms Miss Ingelow receives her callers and serves them with the great English beverage in pink egg-shell cups.

Dr. Conan Doyle, the novelist, is a grandson of John Doyle, the celebrated "H. B." (of caricature fame). The success of his previous literary efforts has induced him to abandon a lucrative practice as a physician for the more attractive pursuit of literature; but the author of "Micah Clarke" still devotes a large portion of the time to outdoor sports, and declares that his "happiest thoughts" have been inspired while thus engaged. He is an ardent tricyclist, and thinks nothing of a thirty-mile spin across country on his favorite tandem.

Stepniak, the Russian Nihilist, is about thirty-eight years of age, tall of stature, and strongly built. He writes slowly, and polishes his sentences with the greatest pains. Whole chapters of his "Underground Russia" were written and rewritten six or seven times, and even then the author was reluctant to send them to the printer. Most of his literary work is done during the watches of the night, when he retires at twelve, to rise again at two, and continue working until noon next day. Then he has three hours' sleep, after which he again takes up the tale till midnight.

The Emperor of Germany has ordered that every article of his sister's trousseau shall be supplied by her own country. According to custom, the outfit will be paid for by the state, and the thirty German people object to enriching the coffers of English or French merchants, though very generous in the matter of furnishing it increases the prosperity of their craftsmen. The wedding gown will be of satin, with a wide border of silver embroidery in the form of myrtle branches. The myrtle is symbolical of the innocence of the bride, and is jealously worn by every German bride, except in the case of women marrying for the second time.

LADIES.

THE Proper Thing FOR A CORRESPONDENCE PAPER

OUR WHITE LINE WEDDING.

Ask Your STATIONER For it. Wholesale by SCHOFIELD BROS., 25 and 27 WATER ST.

A. & J. HAY,

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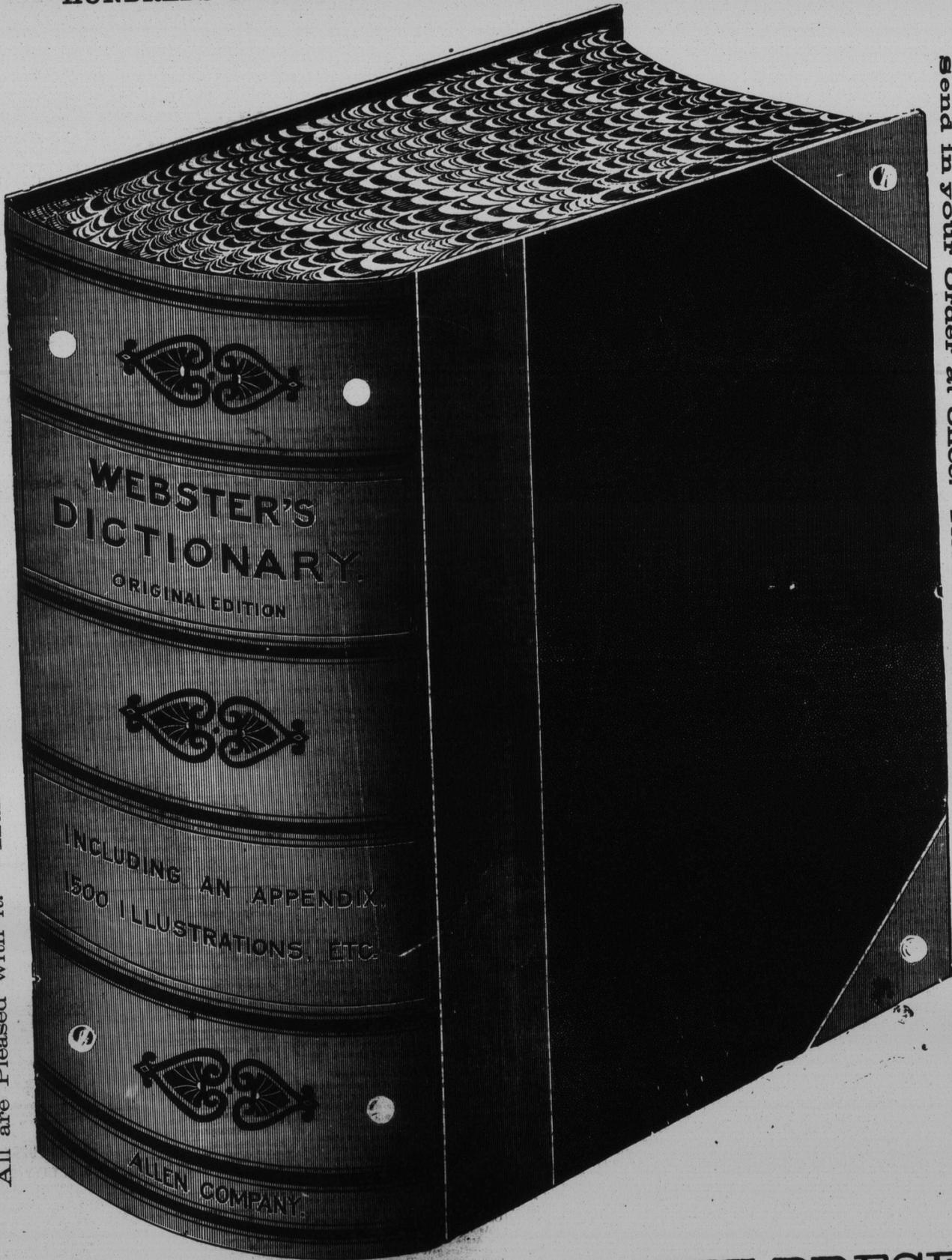
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Address: EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher "Progress,"

ST. JOHN, N. B.

LITTLE WILLIE'S GIFT.

The universal pet of our school was a beautiful child named Willie Stuart. As I write, post hoc, I see before me the little man's long flaxen curls, his wistful blue eyes, the delicate complexion that flushed and paled with each passing emotion...

One forenoon the only dull-witted one of the baseborn contingent of our schoolfellows had fallen into some ludicrous blunder, which, in spite of the stern discipline maintained, had kindled his class into an irrepressible roar of laughter, and had brought upon him condign and severe punishment from the stinging taws. During a momentary absence of the master from the school-room Willie Stuart amused himself by chaffing the perpetrator of the blunder.

"Ye cock yer head ye crouse, my bonny little man; ye that's naething but a bastard like ye!" cried the child, flashing scarlet, and bursting into a passion of tears as he flew at the throat of the other. We dragged him back just as the master returned, and the scene ended, Willie sitting white and trembling over his dictionary.

During the mid-day play-hour the boy who had assailed Willie and myself had an encounter which improved the appearance of neither of us. The same evening I related to our old nurse what had occurred in the school. To my utter astonishment she told me that the stigma which had been thrown at Willie Stuart was warranted by the facts.

For days little Willie moped about, pale and sad, all his young life seemed dead in him. The story had begun to spread, and I fancy he had heard some kind of confirmation of it. He had been shunning me; but one afternoon the poor child came to me with his sorrow. "I have a gift, a lea," said he wearily; "but God knows, I canna bring mysel' tae spier o' my mither—I wad suneer droon myself. But I'm no like the loons—it kills me to doubt that I'm an honest-born laddie."

James Whitcomb Riley owns up to being 33 years old. He says he was a painter by trade and sign maker by sign making a long time. He served an apprenticeship also as a house painter, but was never strong enough to follow the occupation steadily.

Among the presents formerly offered as New Year's gifts were pins, which were first made in the early part of the sixteenth century. However trifling such gifts might now appear, it was then highly valued, as previous to the invention of pins clamsy wooden skewers were in use for fastening garments.

THE SLAVE RAIDER.

Alone, in a dark corner of his tent, toying with the beads of his rosary, sat Osman ibn Seyt. His swarthy Arab face was lined and careworn, and his eyes were downcast in thoughtful mood.

For six weeks this nomadic slave raider had led his caravan of Manyema marauders and captives through the dismal depths of the Great African Forest in search of human prey. Day by day they had trudged through thorny undergrowth, beneath the impenetrable canopy of primeval trees; and each night they had slept, hungry, upon the sodden ground, in the vitiated atmosphere of decaying vegetation.

The night air grew cold. A storm swept over the forest. The rain filtered through the thick foliage overhead, and trickled in streams upon the naked bodies of the miserable wretches, who grumbled and crouched together in groups.

It was still dark and cheerless when Osman emerged from his tent. "Similla! Similla! Make way, there, for Bwana Osman!" he called out.

The attacking party plodded onwards over him. A common apprehension, and a common solicitude, had united the dispersed parents. He rallied under the inspiration of a great happiness; but the doctor shook his head and talked ominously of rapid wasting of the lungs.

By nightfall Willie was in peril of imminent death from violent inflammation of the lungs, and he was all but comatose for days. When he came to himself, he found his father and mother standing anxiously over him. A common apprehension, and a common solicitude, had united the dispersed parents.

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of Osman's tent, and disappear in the shadow and darkness. The night grew far advanced, and the singing and dancing ceased. The log fires burned low, casting a lurid glow upon the faces of the raiders, who, overcome with drink, now lay sleeping in all manner of grotesque attitudes.

By noon the wretched captives were herded together, and the return march to their forest encampment. The arrival in the encampment was distinguished by triumphant shouts and howls. The marauders were beside themselves with delight, and the interval between their arrival and the setting of the sun was occupied by drinking and feasting.

"Similla! Similla! Make way, there, for Bwana Osman!" he called out. "It is Allah's mercy to let this heathen say that she begged her father's life."

As a proof of the manner in which the civilization of the West is seizing hold on Japan and all that is Japanese it is stated that in a private mission school in the town of Kyoto there are 400 Japanese women. Ten years ago the fathers of these girls looked upon them as slaves, or at best as upper servants.

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of Osman's tent, and disappear in the shadow and darkness. The night grew far advanced, and the singing and dancing ceased. The log fires burned low, casting a lurid glow upon the faces of the raiders, who, overcome with drink, now lay sleeping in all manner of grotesque attitudes.

By noon the wretched captives were herded together, and the return march to their forest encampment. The arrival in the encampment was distinguished by triumphant shouts and howls. The marauders were beside themselves with delight, and the interval between their arrival and the setting of the sun was occupied by drinking and feasting.

"Similla! Similla! Make way, there, for Bwana Osman!" he called out. "It is Allah's mercy to let this heathen say that she begged her father's life."

As a proof of the manner in which the civilization of the West is seizing hold on Japan and all that is Japanese it is stated that in a private mission school in the town of Kyoto there are 400 Japanese women. Ten years ago the fathers of these girls looked upon them as slaves, or at best as upper servants.

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RAILWAYS. Intercolonial Railway. After Oct. 17, Trains leave St. John, St. John's, Moncton, and other stations. Canadian Pacific Ry. Tourist Sleeping Cars. Every Tuesday at 9 p.m. DETROIT and CHICAGO. Every Wednesday at 8.15 p.m. Seattle, Wash. Pacific Coast. Every Saturday at 11.45 a.m. Minneapolis and St. Paul.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y. Fall Arrangement. On and after Monday, 17th Oct., 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m., 12.10 p.m., Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 4 p.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p.m.; arriving at Yarmouth 4.25 p.m.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. Two Trips a Week FOR BOSTON. UNTIL further notice the steamer of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 7.30 standard time. Return will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a.m. and Portland at 9 p.m. for Eastport and St. John.

DAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LTD.) S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander. Sailings for November and December. From the Company's Pier, Red's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7.30 a.m., local time, for Digby and Annapolis. Return same days.

Have You Shaved This Morning? If not, step right in to the Royal Barber Shop, 36 King Street. The best workmen employed. RAZORS HONED TO ORDER. Face Washes Supplied for Home Use. D. J. McINTYRE, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, HALIFAX, N.S. We have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers, and Tourists to the fact that the QUEEN HOTEL has established a reputation for its excellent table and attention of any hotel in the Maritime provinces. It is situated in the heart of the city, and is fitted with all modern improvements, including electric light, hot and cold water, and is the most desirable place for a stay.

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VOL. V., NO. SIR LEONARD IS WHETHER HE WILL OR BE THERE IS UNDE Some Points About the Me Been After the Position, and Them Have Got To-Way Is Leonard May be Appointed. Who will be the next governor Brunswick? This question has been before for the past two years and have been mentioned for the one time Senator Boyd came inside 'ack. He was known friend of Sir Leonard Tilley who had done much for his party. Then, Chief Justice Allen's very prominent in connection. His appointment, it will be most satisfactory to liberals, and besides the measure, the governor would create a vacancy.

When the Allan boom height Hon. Peter Mitchell field and his friends on all sides pressed his claim. He was the only one of the "fatherhood" who had not been surrendered. The medical fraternity of St. John's concluded that they candidate in the field and agreed upon Dr. Bayard as Since then it is understood that St. John members in parliament divided between Dr. Bayard and the latter's party suffered materially by the doctor.

Mr. Temple, M. P., had a governorship, but it is said to have abandoned efforts in that is working hard for the vacant. For a time the names of Skinner and E. McLeod, M. front, but the appointment by the local government to Judge of Probates put him on and it was learned that Mr. pulling the strings for a judgeship, and was not seen successor of Sir Leonard Tilley.

During all this time it is hands that either Hon. Mr. Mr. Costigan could have the it appeared that neither of them wanted to retire from the cabinet. If not Costigan, why Adams? "thought some activities who immediately began Burns, their efforts were so Mr. Burns' appointment, to the first of the year, had been Opposition to that of Mr. came especially, and from a quarter, The French of thought their then French threatened to withdraw from the government if Mr. Burns told. They regarded him as a French and pointed to his the promotion of Judge L. County court to the Supreme in support of their chair without holding that a man public recognition, because would be pleased to note that were more evenly divided voters. Should, however, he not be appointed governor Court Judge those of that able to lay the blame upon brethren. Progress has authority that the government promoted Landry to the bench but for the opposition Adams, and it is equal Burns would now be Lie for the opposition of French friends in this province.

The statement has been well informed circles during weeks that the dead-lock norship was so great that he k (ini-bed another to October, 1890. It was Mr Costigan, finding the opposition of the French, Mr. Burns appointed, throwing his influence to aspirants and that as a cost Foster and Costigan. Sir pointment had been agreed usually made.

PROGRESS is in a position far Sir Leonard has been communication as to the position regarding the position yet made arrangements to iction during the sitting which fact would seem to not at all certain whether stin in office much longer. The very latest report Mr. Costigan is to eromship himself. It is not satisfied with in this government. With the report it is more the foundation in the room Costigan takes the gov-

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