

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ACTORS AND THE WRITS.

THE CONSTABLES WERE BUSY ON TUESDAY.

When the Local Manager Bounced His Company—The Cause of It All and the Effect of It—Some Amusing Incidents of the Affair.

The town was full of idle actors and busy constables Tuesday.

The New York Stock company received the grand bounce suddenly and their creditors were on the look out for that event. The news had hardly reached the street before the minions of the law were on the go and any amounts that were owed by actors were collected summarily.

There have been so many stories about the company and its engagement that the facts might as well have equal currency. PROGRESS proposes to give them.

Mr. F. R. Fairweather arranged with the opera house directors to secure a good company and open the new house. There were other applicants after what was thought to be a "snap" but Mr. Fairweather secured the privilege and sent a representative to New York to engage the company. Of course he was under a disadvantage, because, with every theatre in the large cities open, good actors were scarce. The never failing McDowell was just concluding a West India tour and he was wired to ship his company to St. John. Thus it was that the company which opened the opera house was in a great measure composed of McDowell's West India people.

There were a few exceptions but it is now a known fact that all the new company never rehearsed an hour before they started for St. John. It is little wonder that their later work in this city was so poor.

It is not necessary to go over the engagement. It is no secret that the opening has disappointed the opera house directors, and yet it is not their fault. They expected a good company and did their part. The good company failed to materialize, and the people soon found it out. An unfortunate selection of plays, lack of efficient management, the almost total absence of lithograph paper and many other like reasons make it easy to explain why the opera house, with a poor company, failed to draw. The directors realized the situation after the first three nights and yet were powerless to help matters. They were well pleased when the engagement was ended, though regretting that it did not finish more pleasantly and less abruptly. These are their views as expressed to PROGRESS.

Mr. Fairweather takes the only ground open to a manager who breaks an engagement when he declares that the company was not carrying out its part of the contract, in other words that they were careless and incompetent. Perhaps this language would not apply to all of them, but it certainly would to the majority. Still on Monday last the company had no idea but that they would finish the week, and some of them even hoped that some one with more cash than he could use and sufficient faith would continue their engagement.

This was not to be. They were rehearsing Tuesday for *Caste* when Mr. Fairweather arrived upon the stage. He made short work of them and was as abrupt as he was decisive. His ultimatum was, no more performances; paid up to date and return tickets to New York. That rehearsal came to a sudden termination, and after an indignant parley several of the actors started off to interview legal talent.

The "talent" was handy and were ready for interviews. Others, more practical pocketed their cash, thanked the manager for the return passage and took the night train for New York. Four or five remained in the city to look into the mysteries of the Canadian law on contracts. According to PROGRESS' understanding of it the case must come before the county court and as the usual twenty days notice cannot be given before the present sitting the case cannot come off before January. While Mr. Granville says "if it costs him thousands he will fight it out" it is not probable that his name will figure in the January docket.

The news of Manager Fairweather's call at rehearsals was soon noised abroad. Those interested found out what was new and the constables had a busy time of it. Mr. Emery was introduced to five capaises within as many hours while Mr. Granville renewed an acquaintance with the constabulary begun on the previous Saturday evening just before the performance.

Mr. E. D. Lyons, whose first introduction to the St. John public this year was in the character of Diogenes with his lantern seeking an honest man, no doubt found him in Dept. Sheriff Rankin, whose acquaintance he made in the county jail. Mr. Lyons was indignant that a restaurant keeper whom he had "blocked" for the oysters should want to be paid for them, and when city marshal John Weatherhead introduced himself on Germain street, Mr. Lyons

draw himself up, and with all the dignity of Mr. Pockett in the *Magistrate*, began to discuss the matter. Weatherhead was persistent and a few minutes later showed Mr. Lyons through the jail. When his inspection was complete the actor concluded that the open air was better for his health and paid the bill.

It would be too long a story to speak of the trials and tribulations of the other members of the company. Those people who were under the impression that they drew fat salaries had their eyes opened when they learned their financial condition.

Mr. Emery and Mr. Granville were very indignant that they should be arrested without warning on the streets, just as if they proposed to leave the town without settling their bills! The suggestion may not be amiss that all this can be avoided in future if the merchants will do business on a business like principle with strangers—cash only.

The lack of detail management during the entire engagement was too noticeable to pass unnoticed. Attention to little things is what pleases the people, and much of the success of a house depends upon that. They were not looked after during this engagement.

The steam heaters have the whole house to themselves now. The workmen are losing no time, and when the next theatrical company comes along great coats can be left at home.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

Some Unfavorable Reports From the Country—A Bankrupt's Proposition.

There is some uncertainty and considerable anxiety in business circles at present; uncertainty as to the result of good crops and anxiety as to the condition of the country trade. Those who are best informed say that the outlook might be improved, and they go farther and say they think it will be. One of the largest dry goods firms in the city tells PROGRESS that as a rule stocks have been bought carefully throughout the provinces, and that is one of the best signs. Few traders of any experience have bought more goods than they could sell, and the result is that purchases this fall and winter will probably be fairly heavy.

The reports from certain sections of the provinces have not been as good as was hoped for. Amherst seems to have fallen by the wayside to a certain extent—or, at least some of its business concerns—the town is all right. This is surprising since it was thought that there was more prosperity in Cumberland county than in any other of the maritime provinces. The census figures showed it, and the push and rapid growth of Amherst indicated it. While that is true, it must also be remembered that one of the chief causes, the construction of the ship railway and the requirement of much labor, has been removed and the natural reaction has set in. The push and prosperity of Amherst with such a work going on and the first agricultural section of Canada about it, made itself felt, and the business was overdone. The few failures now will be a lesson, and one that every prosperous community has to learn.

These failures which have taken place near at hand reveal an unhealthy business. There are too many private notes—notes which have no connection with the business; notes for loans, notes for notes and so on to the end. Instances are cropping up of money borrowed on account of friendship, but a short time before failure and not repaid. A friend's loan is any man's first liability and should be provided for first.

"How can a man who fails with a liability of \$4,000 and assets of \$3,600 only offer 40 cents on the dollar payable in 6, 12 and 18 months?" That was the query put to PROGRESS this week. It is a hard one to answer, but there are many merchants in this city who could ask tougher ones.

Paying Its Bills. Mr. Ira Cornwall was passing around the checks for exhibition bills this week, and he also bears the pleasant information that the association is paying its scores out of its receipts. The city will not be called upon for a dollar of its guarantee which is most satisfactory considering how it were persuaded to give it. Perhaps next year they may come to the conclusion that the exhibition people can make better use of the ground adjoining the barrack square than the present lease who pays \$10 a year and utilizes it as a sod ground.

Law Students Plucked. The usually mild and lenient law students examiners have braced up this year and "plucked" four of the applicants for attorneys. Three of them were from this city and one from the northern border of the province. Messrs. Jordan, Gregory, Allan and Vanwart conducted the examinations and, PROGRESS is informed, gave each applicant an hour's agony of oral examination. Four of the ten went under temporarily as well as two of those who applied to study.

PLANS FOR THE SEASON.

PROGRESS OFFERS TO SUBSCRIBERS AND NEW READERS.

How the Correspondence Prizes are Sought After More Dictionaries on Hand—The Great Books with "Progress"—Unbranded Premium Offers—Articles for the Future.

A glance at the city correspondence in this issue will show that PROGRESS' offer of \$25 in prizes has induced many correspondents to see what they can do in that direction. The result is as pleasing to the editor as it must be to the readers of the paper who, in spite of all that is said, enjoy reading about the people they know. Some outside towns made the mistake of thinking that the prizes were offered generally for the province though the proposition was quite plain and definite. There is a satisfaction for those who compete in the knowledge that whether they win the prize or not they will be paid for their work.

The last dictionary of the large number secured by PROGRESS this summer was sent out this week and the demand still continues to such a degree that another lot has been ordered. They arrived by the steamer Thursday and will be in PROGRESS office today. It is surprising how widely this book has been distributed. It has been sent to ministers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, farmers, over the whole country between Cape Breton and Vancouver. One subscriber in Missoula, Montana, sent for one. There has not been a single complaint from any of the hundreds who have secured the volume, which speaks well for its worth.

When premiums are given with subscriptions it is well to select the best. Beginning with next week PROGRESS will offer another premium, which for wonderful value and merit cannot be equalled anywhere. Who has not heard of the following ten great books?—

- EAST LYNN, by Mrs. Henry Wood.
- JANE EYRE, by Charlotte Bronte.
- JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN, by Miss Mulock.
- ADAM BEDE, by George Eliot.
- THE WOMAN IN WHITE, by Wilkie Collins.
- LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET, by Miss M. E. Braddon.
- VANITY FAIR, by W. M. Thackeray.
- THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.
- THE THREE GUARDSMEN, by Alexander Dumas.
- PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE, by Charles Reade.

Each of these great and powerful works is known the world over and read in every civilized land. Each is intensely interesting, yet pure and elevating in moral tone. They are published complete, unchanged and unbridged, in ten separate volumes, with very handsome and artistic covers, all uniform, thus making a charming set of books which will be an ornament of excellent quality. Altogether it is a delightful set of books, and PROGRESS has made arrangements to give the whole set of ten and a year's subscription to PROGRESS for two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50). This may seem incredible but any one who will call at the office can see the books and verify it for himself. Just think of getting *John Halifax, Gentleman* for five cents! That is what it amounts to for subscription price of PROGRESS is \$2 and fifty cents is the additional price for the ten books. If they are sent to the country or out of the city fourteen cents postage will be required in addition. Those who have seen the books, and they have been shown to a few, have had their names booked for a set. It is no exaggeration to say that they were astounded.

But if that is a bargain what can be thought of this. Five of Fenimore Cooper's greatest novels in one volume with PROGRESS for one year for \$2.25. Six cents additional for postage. They are called the "Leatherstocking Tales."

The first and greatest of American novelists is James Fenimore Cooper. "His popularity," says a writer in the *Century Magazine*, "was cosmopolitan. He was almost as widely read in France, in Germany, and in Italy as in Great Britain and the United States. Only one American book has ever since attained the international success of these of Cooper's—*Uncle Tom's Cabin* and only one American author, Poe, has since gained a name at all commensurate with Cooper's abroad."

The great author is dead, but his charming romances still live to delight new generations of readers. "The wind of the lakes and the prairies has not lost its balsam and the salt of the sea keeps savor," says the same writer above quoted. Beautiful indeed are Cooper's stories of the red man and the pioneer, full of incident, intensely interesting, abounding in adventure, yet pure, elevating, manly, and entirely devoid of all the objectionable features of the modern Indian story. No reading could be more wholesome for young or old than Cooper's famous novels.

An entirely new edition of the Leatherstocking Tales has just been published, in one large and handsome volume of over three hundred large quarto pages, containing all of these famous romances, complete, unchanged and unbridged, viz.:

- THE DEERSLAYER,
- THE PATHFINDER,
- THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS,
- THE PIONEERS,
- THE PRAIRIE.

This handsome edition of the Leatherstocking Tales is printed upon good paper from large type. It is a delightful book and one which should have a place in every Maritime home. It contains five of the most charming romances that the mind of man has ever conceived. A whole winter's reading is comprised in this mammoth volume. All who have not read Cooper's stories have in store for themselves a rich literary treat. Every member of the family circle will be delighted with them. Such an offer as we make would not have been possible a few years ago, but the lightning printing press, low price of paper and great competition in the book trade have done wonders for the reading public, and this is the most marvellous of all.

While making arrangements to obtain new subscribers PROGRESS proposes to interest them. In a week or two a series of articles upon Joseph Howe and his times, and the men who played a part in them, will be begun. While these articles will more especially interest our Nova Scotian readers they cannot fail to be read with eagerness by those who are interested in the history of these provinces. The articles will be illustrated by portraits of Howe in his early and later days, a portrait of Mrs. Howe and his father, John Howe. In connection with his life the home of Judge Haliburton and Judge Haliburton himself will be shown. Many other engravings will be printed which will make the series of articles more interesting.

They will be written by a gentleman who knows his subject thoroughly and is in love with it; who knew Howe intimately and followed his career with all the observation and attention of a trained journalist.

The articles will begin either next week or the week after of which further announcement will be made.

RECOGNIZED THEM AT ONCE.

A Moncton Boy who Came to St. John to See the Lunatics.

A good story is being told in Moncton at the expense of the St. John hackmen who, goodness knows, deserve it richly. A Moncton man who had some business in St. John, took his ten-year-old boy with him. During the day the father and son went for a drive, and chanced to pass the Provincial Lunatic asylum. It was a beautiful day and some of the patients were to be seen at the windows, while others strolled in the grounds behind the high walls. Jack was deeply impressed, and asked endless questions about "the lunatics." In fact he talked of little else until he got home, when he related his adventures to his younger brothers, laying especial stress upon the lunatics he had seen; probably as is the nature of boyhood he indulged in a little romance, and tinted the story rather brightly, for a consuming desire to see the lunatics arose in his youngest brother's mind, and he gave his father no rest till that indulgent parent promised to take him next time. "Next time" soon arrived, and George set forth on his journey with high hopes. Nothing of any importance happened on the way down, and the train came to a standstill in the station in its usual uneventful manner. The hackmen were howling, struggling and dancing in their accustomed manner, and George's father, rendered callous to their performance by familiarity, was passing through the crowd hurriedly, when a sudden tuck at the sleeve of George was holding checked him. The boy's brown eyes were absolutely staring out of his head with mingled curiosity and surprise. "This is the asylum, father, isn't it?" he gasped, pointing to the hackmen, and shrinking close to his father's side; "I see the lunatics! I see the lunatics!" And George came nearer the truth, in one way, than he had any idea of.

SHE IS VERY EXCLUSIVE.

A Woman Who is Never "At Home" When the Door Bell Rings.

Some time ago PROGRESS referred to an interesting little scene between a woman who lives on City Road and a constable, and from all accounts it was not the only one that the people in that vicinity have been treated to. The family referred to live a queer life, do not have intercourse with more people than they can possibly help, and have exhausted all their ingenuity to accomplish this end. The woman is evidently uncertain as to whether she is acquainted with all the constables in town, and does not seem desirous of becoming familiar with any more than are on her caller's list at present. Visitors, however, do not get a chance to leave a card and must converse with the hostess through the window. When she is out the door is locked. A number of people say they are sure of this. It is more difficult to get an interview with the woman of the house than with the Lord Mayor of London. Even the postman who is usually welcomed everywhere is not received with that expectant look which usually adorns the face of a woman when he stops before the door. He never sees her. She probably thinks that he might be a constable in disguise, and has adopted a simple device to make her mind easy on this point. A letter box has been made in the door, and all her letters is dropped into it and she gets her letters without turning the key, while the constables sigh, and walk away.

Lower Cove Corner Loafers.

The variety actors who were attacked in Lower Cove recently gave a very graphic account of the affair to the daily papers. The handful of minstrels had to contend against 30 or 40 roughs, according to their statement, but there seems to have been some uncertainty as to the time when the fracas took place. The actors, however, were in proper condition to see 45 people when half a dozen stood before them, and that is about the number who resented their cheap talk. Lower Cove is a bad place to have more to say than is necessary and the actors probably found this out. There are several gangs of loafers who frequent the corners in that vicinity at night, and peaceable citizens would feel easier if they were broken up. One of the worst crowds congregates near the gas house on Carmarthen street.

Worth a Dollar, No Doubt.

The following is a copy of a letter received by a resident of Albert County from a leading barrister of N.B.:

DEAR FRIEND M—: I have crossed the Rubicon and burned the bridge behind me, and now like a sleuth-hound I am on your trail, and will never stop until I have collected from you the amounts of the following notes in favor of ———, or throw you upon charities of the world, a homeless beggar. It is useless to dissemble longer. The goddess of justice has become enraged, the sword has been drawn and the scabbard burned and, like the sword, suspended in mid-air over the head of the false prophet. It is now hanging over you, and might but the payment of the above just claim will satiate its thirst for vengeance. In the name of your wife and family and that freedom you hold so dear I entreat thee to avert the terrible calamity and appease the gods by immediate payment of the above sums, otherwise you must bid adieu to those hills and dales upon which you have been wont to ramble.

Yours, etc.,
Sept. 15, '91.

Bibles, New Binding. McArthur's Bookstore, King street.

EVENTS IN CITY LIFE.

HOW THE CANADIAN EXPRESSMAN HELD THE FORT.

A Woman Who is Very Exclusive and Hard to Interview—Some People Who Would Like to See Her—Lower Cove Roughs.

The C. P. R. from Halifax which arrives here late at night does not stop very long before resuming its journey to Montreal, but while it is in the depot there is some bustling in the vicinity of the car occupied by the expressmen. With all their activity, however, they are unable to get the work done before the gong rings for the train to start, and it has happened that the train had to be "held" to accommodate the expressmen.

Both the Canadian and the C. P. express companies carry goods over the Intercolonial, but the Canadian Pacific has the exclusive right to run on the western road. During these last few weeks the latter company had a large quantity of perishable goods to ship, and the train had to be delayed several times on account of the extra work. This, however, did not suit the railway people, and an order was issued to the effect that the train should not be "held" on any account. The news caused a little excitement among the C. P. people, and they evidently decided to get their goods shipped at any cost, even if the messenger of the opposition company had to suffer. But the Canadian expressmen were equal to the occasion when the crisis came one night this week. The Canadian Pacific people wanted to begin to load the car the moment it stopped, and had their trucks drawn up for that purpose, but when the door opened they found that there was going to be some difficulty in carrying out their intentions. The Canadian man had all his goods at the doorway, ready to lift them on the trucks. There was a war of words in an instant. The C. P. people claimed that they had received permission to load the car the moment it stopped, while the representative of the opposition said it was against all law and reason to load a car before it was unloaded, and that he wasn't going to run the risk of being carried west with his goods. Had there been any time to spare the argument would probably have been carried on until morning, but there was none to spare, and the Canadian expressman sitting on his luggage in the doorway without doubt held the fort. There was nothing for the Canadian Pacific men to do, but move their trucks and help unload the opposition goods.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

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HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 17.

THE CONDITION IN EUROPE.

A new ruler has come upon the stage of European politics. His name is FAMINE. His surname is Southern Russia and Eastern Germany. No Dreibund or Franco-Russian alliance can stay his terrible power. From his decrees there is no appeal.

ABOUT PROPOSING.

A correspondent wants to know how often a young man ought to ask a girl to marry him, and as he desires the opinion of a male person upon the subject, his request will be dealt with in this column.

In such a case it would not be advisable to repeat the experiment at too early a day. "Smile," says a wise man, "when you propose. If the fair one says 'no,' you can then laugh and pretend it was only a joke."

There may not be a word of literal truth in it, yet it is substantially true as a portrait of society as it is. So with these ancient poems. The names of the persons figuring in them may be inventions, the incidents portrayed, the grouping of events, and the localities where they are alleged to have transpired may be purely imaginary, but something resembling them must have occurred, some such people must have lived.

MEN AND THINGS.

An engineer, who has been down in Telu, says of the silver mines lying behind the great Atacama desert: "You can chop silver out of them with an axe."

During the past summer prospecting parties have been penetrating Southern British Columbia in all directions. The reports are highly favorable. Experienced miners say the greatest silver country in America lies in "the Sea of Mountains."

Speaking of silver, one naturally thinks of the agitation for the remonetization of the shiny metal. There is no public matter which elicits more warmth of discussion than the silver question, and there is none upon which it is harder to get anything like an unbiased opinion.

GLIMPSES AFAR BACK. There is surely nothing new under the sun. Every one thought that DARWIN had discovered a new thing when he launched his theory of evolution; but he was only treading in footsteps more than thirty centuries old.

Judging from present appearances, it may be possible that the civilized nations may have some broken China to divide between them.

It is alleged that England regards with complacency the rebellion in Arabia, which bids fair to divest the Sultan of Turkey of this great appendage to his dominions. A revolted Arabia would be a fit subject for British control, which the possession of Aden and Egypt would greatly facilitate.

When the Pope gave Henry VIII. the title "Defender of the Faith," he builded wiser than he knew. Under the shadow of the English throne every kind of faith, Christian, Buddhist, Mohammedan, Jewish, pagan, and any other kind you can name, flourishes in the enjoyment of full protection of the law and absolute liberty.

There lived in the north of Ireland, a BENJAMIN DISRAELI, who was a sheriff and a very wealthy man. He was uncle to the great DISRAELI, whom he completely ignored. The latter was curious enough to send for a copy of the old gentleman's will, and not a little chagrined to find that

though his uncle had left no children not a dollar of his great wealth was devised to his illustrious kinsman.

Much sympathy has been expressed in some quarters in regard to the treatment which the Irish dynamiters received in English prisons. The sentiment which finds expression in sympathy for men who would attempt to blow up the metropolitan military trains and kill thousands of innocent people, is a poor article.

U. S. Minister EGAN was not a dynamiter, but he was a fenian, and when sent as minister to Chili he laid himself out to thwart England, instead of attending to his own business. The consequence is that the United States lost prestige and EGAN got himself into hot water, but England's plans were unaffected.

"If it had not been for PROGRESS" said a well known gentleman Monday "we would have had so and so; we would have obtained what we asked for" and so on to the end. It is not necessary to refer to the subject matter of the discussion as it has been settled, not only in the interests of the people, but we think in the interest of the speaker himself.

INSTANTANITIES.

By Myself. The reported capture of a four-inch lizard in a pint of milk in Carleton a short time ago, should be sufficient inducement for milkmen to continue in the time-honored habit of so mixing their milk that though a paid inspector visited them periodically, they would not be found wanting.

Financial Rheumatism—Cramped for money. If man was made to mourn, what a superfluous his laughing apparatus is.

The plow as a leader takes its place amongst the foremost in the land. No room for doubt here, ask any one who ever followed one.

Friend to duce.—What do you think—sentence interrupted by duce—Think, I'm too busy to think.

Friend.—Oh! all right, pray excuse me, I had not observed before that you were so busily engaged. I'll call round after you get through your present engagement, or you might call round to my office when you finish sucking the head of that cane.

Mrs. DeLane.—What beautiful twins, Mrs. Malone. Yis, indeed.

Mrs. DeLane.—What are you going to call them? Mrs. Malone.—Call them, it is; faith they are called and well called by my wayer. We called them Pro and Con.

Mrs. DeLane.—What funny names to be sure. I have a Con of my own, but I never heard of Pro in my life. What induced you to call it that?

Mrs. Malone.—Well, ye see, it's this way, I'm for them and Mr. Malone is against them, so phat [more shuteable names could I give them.

What's in a name? Why, exactly the amount you place after your I. O. U. "Allow thy electric to so illuminate" is the modern rendition of "let thy light so shine" but as an announcement preceding a silver collection the result might not be any more satisfactory.

Excuse me sir, it's none of my business, but you are an — Here the speaker was brought to a close by the quiet remark, that it was none of his business why he was so tamatam inquisitive.

Death, where is thy sting, ask not the dear little, sweet little, baby, beo the same question unless thou art protected with some anti-sting mixture.

He won it. They were jolly good fellows, and one wanted to bet that the other could not imbibe the same drink as he without it "coming up" on him. The bet was taken, so were the drinks. A drug store provided them; they were emetics, a sure bet. If you doubt it try it.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

A new set of waltzes have recently appeared which, in the writer's opinion are destined to attract some attention in the musical world and bring it not lucra, at least a need of fame to the youthful composer, who has shown so decided an evidence of talent. The waltzes referred to, are by Mr. E. B. Gilmore, a recent graduate of the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ont.; and are called the R. M. C. Waltzes. They have already received most favorable notice from some musical critics of note, in Ottawa, and are distinguished not only by their finished technique, but by an originality, and terse rather unusual in amateur composers, and they have a light and sparkling ripple, that is very charming. The fact that this young composer is a Canadian, should make his fellow countrymen very proud of him, and should insure for this, his first effort, an enthusiastic reception. These waltzes are to be obtained at all the leading book and music stores.

Mr. C. H. Logrin has accepted the position of editor of the Seattle Weekly Telegraph and editorial writer on the daily edition. L. M. Wood, formerly of the Maple Leaf, is news editor of the Daily Telegraph, which is a handsome eight-page paper running daily from 14 to 20 columns of telegrams and a 16 page Sunday edition.

The Readable Things Unpublished.

PROGRESS has a mixed and unsatisfactory note from Mr. E. J. Grant, of Sussex, in which he thanks this paper for advertising him and indulges in some insinuations against an imaginary Hampton writer in the last issue. PROGRESS has no wish to open a controversy; the most readable contribution that Mr. Grant could send this or any paper would be his sworn evidence at Hampton. Extracts from that would be interesting.

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THE GUMVILLE EXHIBITION.

A Grand Display of Hogs and a Heated Argument with Brother Glue. [From the Gumville Gimlet.] We feel perfectly clear in our conscience when we say that by common consent the great International exhibition of Gumville was not only a daisy, but a howling success.

It was by long odds the grandest object lesson and glittering moral pageant seen in these parts since the Saxby gale. There are, we regret to say, some low-lived, white-livered Philistines in Gumville who affect to sneer at the idea of such a one-horse show being called International. Such gorrilla warfare levelled against the Archives of society and the bulwarks of our land is enough to make a man wish he lived in Pennic. Uncle Nigge Whalen says that civilization runs in streaks and we sometimes think Pennic is on the main seam and what we get in Gumville is only the surface indikashuns. Out upon such ribald invectiveness and sectional gangrene. People who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds. Exasperation is the thief of time. But to resum.

When we reached the grounds a free pass was handed to us by old Absolon Slocumb in his courteous and classlike way, as the representative of the Gumville Gimlet, and we passed through the gate amid the humble bows of all present. We haven't made much in a collateral sense since we inaugurated the Gimlet, but it does our heart good, these braicn' autumn days, to see how some of the old shagbarks of this country, which formerly referred to us as a d-d fool, get down on their ham-bones and grovel as we walk by. It is a tribute to the Gimlet and a recognition of the majesty of intellect which we apprehendate. Which reminds us that when the leaves begin to fall then the fall begins to leave. But to resum:

We were particularly gratified with the display of hogs. Not less than ten of these toothsome animals was shown, and they made our mouth water as we thought of their possibilities in sausage form. We offered Deacon Whalen a paid-up subscription of the Gimlet for ten years for that nice spring pig of his, but, unfortunately, he would't bite. He said he gessed the Intelligence and Royal Gazette was about all he could stand in the way of literature. That's always the way when a man is tryin' to earn an honest livin' in the community. Grate hevins! how is the boundless possibilities of this country goin' to be bit up when a man is literally jumped on the mind he opens his mouth? Will Canada ever become a nashun while such skinflints and skates as the Whalen tribe tribe remane in our midst? Never! We say this advisedly. But to resum.

The collekshun of garden sass was apperatin' to the highest degree. Brother Gilbert Glue had a squash there which was a chip of the old block. The famerly likeness was astonishin'. We took the liberty, as a naber and a friend, of recommendin' Gilbert to preserve it in alcohol, owin' to our belief that as long as that squash lived he'd never be dead himself, but we are of the opinion, judgin' from the number of teeth we missed about the time we spoke to Brother Glue on this subject, that he felt that the references we made was personal. We have recently seen Professor Clinchem, however, our genial dentist and gum tickler and have

given him four inches in the Gimlet next to the death notices, to be taken out in trade. Brother Glue, in our opinion, is too fly with his fasts for a lengthy sojourn in Gumville. If we are guilty of havin' caved in several of his ribs with our editorial slippers in the argumt which took place on this squash bizness, we apologize to him as a gentleman and a scholar. In the nateral confusion of the occasion we probably missed his head, but it was wholly unintentional on our part. If the fiend in human shape, not to speak of sneak-thief and mongrel, who made off with our note-book during this episode will return the same to the Gimlet office, he will probably live longer than work as otherwise be the case. Thrice armed is he with his quarrel just, but four times he wight gets his blow in fast. (Spokehave). But to resum.

We went in to see Linus, after some desultory negotiations with the mutton-headed youth at work as otherwise was permitted by the grace of Providence and Mr. Eaton to gaze upon this wonderful animal. We asked Mr. Eaton why it was that Linus had such a tremendous mane and tale? He said he supposed it was because he had no mother-in-law. We were greatly tickled with Mr. Eaton both as a judge of horse-flesh and as a man. He said he had been offered a dukeship and \$50,000 by the emperor of Germany to exhibit Linus ever there next spring, but he had rejected the insultin' proposal with scorn. Brother Eaton has more genuine religion exhibuin' from his profile than any man engaged in the hoss bizness that we know of. He was obliged to decline a pastoral call to the Lower Gumville tabernakle, but has agreed to be on hand at the camp-meetin' next spring, provided a stall can be rigged on the stage for Linus. If so there will be a grate outgrowin'! But to resum.

We are a man of peace and a good naber, but we think the time has arrived when that cussed old swayback mule of Mordecai Hopper's should be called in. We have nothing against brother Hopper personally. We are simply alludin' to his horse. This venerable animal has to our mind outlived his usefulness. He was entered at the first Gumville exhibition as a two-year-old. Then he was shown as a three-year-old and four-year-old. Then he came in as a Percheron stallion, and a draft horse. Last year he come in as Miscellaneous and now he's to the front again under the head of saddle horse, gentlemen's drivin' horse and horse for all purposes. We should say he sees for all purposes. Next year the miserable old kipe will probably bob up as a bull moose ope, Drummedary.

N. B. Since the above was wrote Deacon Hopper has called and subscribed for the Gimlet. We are merely voicing the heart-felt sentiments of this hull community when we say that the Deacon's horse was the finest thing showed on the grounds. Emotional weakness of any kind is not a fallin' of ours, but when we saw that nobel animal labelled with a third-class ticket we leaned against the stall and wept convulsively. The conduct of the ignorant and brutal judges in the horse department was more than Grotesque; it was Pusillanemous and Contumacious. BILDAD.

Will Practice in St. John. Mr. H. G. Fenety, of Fredericton, who graduated from Harvard law school recently will follow his profession in this city and has opened an office in Pugsley's building. Mr. Fenety is also a graduate of the University of New Brunswick.

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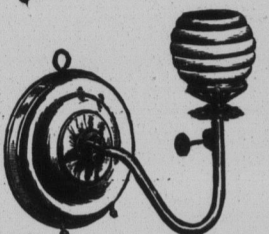
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Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings, Bruises, Slips and Stiff Joints on Horses.

Numerous testimonials certify to the wonderful efficacy of this great remedy; and every day brings fresh testimony from horsemen in all parts of the country, proving that FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE is without a rival in the cure of Lameness in Horses for which it is prescribed.

PRICE 50 CENTS.



St. John-South End.
Mrs. Gordon Pictou, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. F. Smith, Union street.
Dr. B. O. Skinner, of New York, spent this week in St. John, the guest of Mrs. G. Ludlow Robinson, Rockland Road.

Mrs. Chas. Coster was in the city this week. She was the guest of her son, Mr. G. C. Coster, Union street.
Rev. Mr. Gear, the newly appointed priest of the Mission chapel, with his wife and five children, arrived in the city from Delaware this week. They are at present staying with Mrs. George Schofield, Wright street. Mr. Gear has taken the residence and Mrs. Milledge will spend this winter at the Milledge homestead.

Mrs. Caswell, of Gagetown, spent a few days in the city this week the guest of her aunt Mrs. R. P. Starr, Carleton street.
Mr. C. D. Corey, of Halifax, passed through St. John this week.
Mr. Holden accompanied his father, Mr. John Holden to New York this week, where the latter intends undergoing an operation for cataract.

Mr. A. A. Bayard spent this week in Boston.
Rev. Benjamin F. Cooley, of Westfield, Mass., arrived in St. John this week to take the position of curate of St. Paul's church for a few months.
The Young Men's association of Trinity church held their first conversation in the school house on Thursday evening, which passed off very pleasantly. Much trouble was taken by the members to decorate the room for the occasion, while their lady friends supplied ices and other refreshments during the evening.

Mrs. Howard D. Troop entertained a few young friends at her residence in range street, on Tuesday evening. The guests, who numbered about 25, spent the first part of the evening at whist, and after enjoying a very elegant supper, finished up with a dance.
The marriage is announced this week of a young lady well known in St. John and who formerly resided here. I refer to Miss Mary Fitch, daughter of Dr. Simon Fitch, of Halifax, who was wedded on the 6th of October to Mr. George de Graw Moore at Newark, New Jersey.

Mr. G. C. Coster, Mr. E. P. Winslow and Mr. George Sanderson returned this week from a shooting expedition to the Anticosti marshes, bagging a quantity of game.
Mr. Arthur Adams joined the party who left for Boston on Saturday last and spent this week there.
Mrs. Robert Britain, who was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Douglas Smith, at Cape Breton, was suddenly summoned home in consequence of the severe illness of Mr. Britain, who is still in a very precarious condition at his residence, Queen street.

Mrs. Smith accompanied her mother to St. John, and other members of the family were telegraphed for.
Lieut. the Hon. G. A. Stanley, R. N., H. M. S. Canada, was the guest of Mrs. Drury, Coburg Cliff, last week on his way to Ottawa, on two months leave of absence.
Miss Helen Walker left this week for Digby, N. S., to be present at the marriage of Miss Sumner, to Mr. Crosskill, which takes place next week from the residence of her sister, Mrs. Lynch.

Hon. R. J. and Mrs. Ritchie are visiting friends at Quebec.
Mr. D. P. Chisholm gave a very pleasant whist party in honor of Mrs. Beddome, on Thursday evening. Invitations were given to Mrs. Beddome, Mrs. and Mr. Allan, and Mrs. Charles Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lee, Mr. and Mrs. George Coster, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Scott, Dr. Harry and Jack Travers and Mr. Walter Scott. Mrs. Beddome returns to the calico ball to be issued at the following prices: Family ticket, admitting a gentleman and two ladies, \$3.00; lady's ticket, \$1.00; gentleman's ticket, \$2.00. The following ladies are on the reception committee: Mrs. M. Smith, Mrs. J. D. Mrs. T. W. Peary, Mrs. Geo. F. Smith, Mrs. J. D. Mrs. K. Keator, Mrs. James Dever, Mrs. Geo. C. Coster, Mrs. Geo. McLeod, Mrs. R. P. Starr, Mrs. J. de Wolfe Spurr, Mrs. David McLellan.

Transients.
Sunday last had been appointed a day of thanksgiving in the Episcopal churches of this diocese. The weather was chilly and disagreeable, but that season when no longer "green things are growing." Many of the churches were decorated with white, wood and vegetable ornaments, and the lectern sprang from an artistic composition of flowers and greenery, and the altar was adorned with moss. On pulpits and chancel rails appeared grains, flowers and grasses set against a background of crab-apples. Service and sermon were appropriate to the occasion. All according with the spirit of the outward and visible sign of cause for thanksgiving.

Miss J. A. Daly has gone to Boston, where she will, for the present, make her home with her sister, Mrs. Robert Brown, Jr., the author of many of our pretty stories found in "Frost's Owners" and "Our Young Folk," and kindred publications.
Mrs. Gideon Prescott, who has been visiting in Boston accompanied by her sister, Miss Berryman. The latter's visit will probably be brief while Mrs. Prescott may spend the winter in Boston, where she has a brother and other relatives living. Her niece Miss Helen Leah Read, the talented young lady who was such a high honor at Harvard, returns to Boston shortly from a visit to England where she has been spending some months. Whichever she is Miss Berryman's literary work occupies all her time.

Miss Katie Berryman was expected to arrive in England from New Zealand on the tenth. She will spend the winter there with her brother Mr. G. S. Berryman.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Higgins are expected home from Montreal today. Mr. Higgins' friends are anxious to see him, and Mrs. Higgins has prepared a pleasant surprise for him in the shape of a handsome marble clock with bronze ornaments, which is inscribed "From his fellow-clerks" with the date of marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins will reside with the groom's father, Orange street.

Dr. J. E. Carroll, of South Boston, has been the guest of Mr. J. A. Ruddock, 98 Sydney street. He returned home Tuesday evening.
Miss Louise Lawrence and Miss Essie Thomas have gone to spend a few weeks in Boston.
Mr. Wm. Smith, of Toronto, and wife are the guests of Mrs. Fred G. Knowlton, Elliot Row.

A number of St. John people have been visiting Boston lately. Among those who returned this week were Mrs. R. B. Gillmour, Mrs. Wm. Cross, Mrs. Charles James left this city Monday evening for Montreal, where she will be the guest of her brother, Dr. Burkett.
Rev. Charles James is expected home this week. Dame rumor says that since the opening of Wycliffe college he has been prospecting for a new location.

Mr. Howard, of Robbsey church school, officiated in St. James' last Sunday, in the absence of the rector.
Rev. J. DeSoyes is away on a well earned vacation. He attended the opening of Wycliffe College and then went to Boston, where he was present at the consecration of Bishop Parry.

Miss Wetmore, teacher of the Madras School, is confined to the house through illness. Allison has prepared a pleasant surprise for her in the shape of a handsome marble clock with bronze ornaments, which is inscribed "From his fellow-clerks" with the date of marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins will reside with the groom's father, Orange street.
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Mr. E. Allison has returned from visiting friends in Fredericton.
As a meeting of St. George's society, held on Tuesday night, the resignation of Rev. J. A. Davenport, chaplain, was read, and accepted, and the Rev. W. O. Raymond appointed in his stead.
Mrs. Albion Coster has returned from a visit to Toronto.

"Boys' Brigade" is being organized in connection with St. John's (stone) church, under the efficient management of Mr. H. C. Tilley.
Mrs. James Vernon has returned to St. John. Dr. Morrison has removed from Wellington to the commodious residence of Mrs. Lawrence, Coburg street.
Mrs. James Kaye and Miss Kaye left on Tuesday evening for a trip to New York.

The many friends of Mrs. T. B. Barker will be glad to hear that she is slowly recovering; also her son, Mr. Henry Barker, who has been suffering from an attack of quinsy.
The musical circles, as well as the many friends of Mr. G. Ernest Macmichael will be glad to hear of his return from England to St. John this month. He will bring his little daughter with him, and will probably reside at Mount Pleasant.
Mrs. Thomas F. Raymond left Tuesday morning for a two weeks' visit to New Bedford, Mass.

Mrs. Joseph Chestnut, of St. John, is visiting Mrs. Gregory, of Fredericton.
If Dame rumor is correct, a young clergyman from afar will soon carry off one of St. John's brunettes.
An anniversary service will be held the last of this month on the grounds surrounding the Fred Young monument, in memory of his heroic act. His funeral services will be held on the 20th inst. His several societies in which he was interested will be present, also the Goodwillers.
Mrs. and Mrs. T. H. Hall and daughter drove through to Fredericton last week. Mr. Hall has returned in his motor car, and daughter for a visit.
Mr. Alfred Seeley's eldest daughter, Myrtle left Thursday for England, and will remain a year with her aunt.

As the editor has applied for more correspondents I have managed to "screw my courage" to the propit and dare to try my luck, as such; hoping that this may not find a home in the waste paper basket, but may be, as they say of the exhibition, a "final success."
The invitations have been issued for the calico ball, and it rumor be true we are able to have an artillery ball next month which will delight the hearts of our young people.
Mrs. Vasic and family have returned from Robbsey for the winter.

Mrs. Lawson gave a small party on Friday evening last in honor of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Foster who have returned from their wedding tour.
Mrs. R. A. Stewart, who was visiting friends here, has returned to St. Andrews.
Miss Robertson, of Boston, is visiting Mrs. J. DeWolf Spurr, German street.
Miss Warren, of Halifax, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wetmore Merritt.

Mrs. and Miss Gordon are visiting Mrs. Geo. F. Smith, Union street.
The many friends of Mr. Robt. Britain will regret to hear of his serious illness at his home on Queen street. His two daughters, Mrs. Smith and Miss Mary Britain, have come home, and the others are expected as soon as possible as the doctors give up hope of his recovery.

Mr. S. Jones and daughters have returned from a short trip to New York.
Mr. George Jones is able to be out again.
The Misses Murray, of Fairville, left last Wednesday for a visit to Boston.
Mrs. D. McLellan and Mrs. James Holly are visiting friends in Boston.
Mrs. W. C. Sterling, who has been very ill all summer, is able to be out again.

Mr. G. Engley and family will spend the winter in the city. They have taken a suite of rooms in the Clifton Hotel.
Mr. H. P. Timmerman, Miss Woods and a friend returned from Montreal last Monday.
Mrs. John Galt and family, who have been spending the summer at Red Head, have returned to their residence on Union street last Monday.
I understand that Mr. C. Flood has purchased and will shortly move into the house on German street lately occupied by Mr. McCordock, known as the Breez house.

A marriage took place in Toronto recently, the principals of which were well known in New Brunswick. A correspondent sends the following account of the ceremony:
On Wednesday, September 30th, at St. Simon's church, Toronto, were united in the bonds of holy matrimony Ernest T. Wood, son of Thomas Wood, Esq., of Richmond, Surrey, England, and Hooper, late of H. M. 76th regiment and grand-son of the late Rev. John Hooper, rector of Albany, Surrey, England, and of the late general Archdeacon Coster, of New Brunswick.

The day was spent in the most impressive manner in which the church was decorated for the occasion, and the bride and groom were accompanied by a large and distinguished company of guests.
While waiting for the bride party the organist, Mr. J. W. Harrison, played in his well known masterly way several beautiful selections. Among these were "Gleanings of the Field" with its title which Bosworth's "Gleanings of the Field" seemed to describe of the opening chapter of the two young people's lives. As the bride and groom entered the church, a fair sweet bride, the roses in her cheeks a trifle paler than usual, the rich simplicity of the white satin glimmering through the soft folds of the long veil, which fell to her feet, and was fastened on the shapely head by a spray of orange blossom, and white roses.

Entering at the west porch the choir preceded her singing hymn 279 (A. D. M.). The seven bridesmaids were: Miss Montgomery Campbell, (Fredericton, N. B.); Miss Kate Eddis, (Toronto); Miss Marian Scarnell, (St. John, N. B.); and four sweet little brides, Eleanor and Penelope Leith, and Marjorie Gambler—Bousfield, cousins of the bride, and Frances Harrison.
The service was admirably conducted by the Rev. E. Bertram Hooper, brother of the bride and rector of St. George's church, Moncton, N. B., and assisted by the Rev. T. Street Mecklem, rector of St. Simon's church and was choral throughout. The spouses of both bride and bridegroom being clear and distinct. The ceremony was followed by a celebration of which the time-honoured strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march brought the ceremony to a close, and was the signal for the invited guests to repair to the residence of Capt. Hooper, in Rosedale, there to partake of his and his wife's hospitality. Speeches were made, health's

ere's hospitality. Speeches were made, health's

ere's hospitality. Speeches were made, health's

ere's hospitality. Speeches were made, health's

ere's hospitality. Speeches were made, health's

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

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FEATHER TRIMMINGS

ARE THE NEWEST.

DRESS TRIMMINGS, See the stock now on display.

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SILVER MOON,

TROPIC,

ORIENT FRANKLINS

AND

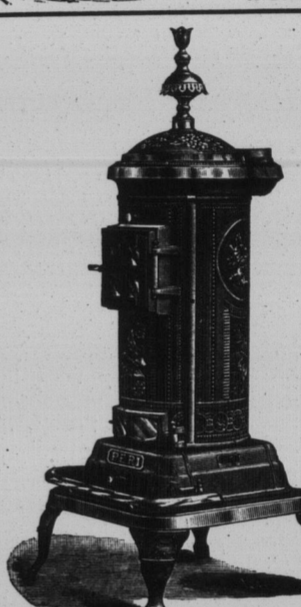
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MORAL - INSURE.

A citizen 14 years ago, on the morning of June 20th, entered an Insurance office and placed \$3,000 on his house. He simply placed the risk—got no policy, paid no premium. In the afternoon there was a heap of ashes where his house stood. He had no house, but the Company paid him \$3,000.

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KNOWLTON & GILCHRIST, Agents, 132 Prince William Street.

OPENED TO-DAY!

2 CASES CHILD'S' SPRING HEEL BUTTON BOOTS, very cheap.

1 CASE MISSES' SPRING HEEL BUTTON BOOTS,

A Large Assortment of Children's English Slippers. 1 Case Men's Balmorals at \$1.00 per pair.

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For Mantles and Jackets, are the Best Made. We have them in

5 QUALITIES,

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54 INCHES WIDE.

ALL

Trimnings and Linings

Are Quilted Satin, Seal Frogs, Olivettes and

Cords for making Frogs, Heavy Satins.

SAMPLES SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

Daniel & Robertson, - London House Retail.

WE CARRIED OVER.

From Last Season 3 Ends of

SEALETTES, in

27 INCH,

Which will be cleared out at the

following prices on account of

being SINGLE WIDTH:

\$3.00 FOR \$2.25.

4.00 " 3.00.

5.00 " 3.75.

SAME MAKE AS THE DOUBLES.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.]

FREDERICTON.

[PROGRAMS in for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Feney and by James H. Lawrence.]

Oct. 14.—The clerk of the weather proved very unkind to us Thursday of exhibition week. A wretchedly cold easterly rain storm raged nearly all day, the rain falling flooding the streets, putting a stop to all kinds of outdoor amusements, and making it almost impossible even to reach the exhibition grounds, excepting under cover of a coach. Hundreds of people were woefully disappointed, as our city was full of strangers, and the morning train brought in large numbers from St. John, who undoubtedly expected to see the sunshine in our usually bright city. One of the most brilliant features of the festive week—the firemen's parade and fireworks—had to be given up altogether, to the great disappointment of all. But even with this damper put upon it, I understand the exhibition was a great success in every respect, even financially.

We have had several new arrivals during the past two weeks, who have come to make Fredericton their future home. Among them is a young man, who has taken up his residence in the home of Mrs. and Mr. Robert Barker, corner Westmorland and Brunswick streets. He is a son of Mr. Edgar Van Velsor, and a young daughter to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. McMurray.

Last Friday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey were treated to a small surprise party. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by Mrs. Bailey and her friends. During the first eight or ten days Fredericton has contained ten very anxious young men, who have been passing the time in the city, waiting for the eye of the public, which will no doubt have become full fledged attorneys, as tomorrow all their doubts and fears on this point will end. Among these are Messrs. Stewart, Fairweather, Belyea, James Milligan, and Charles Sanford, of St. John. Mr. MacIntyre, of Sussex, also Messrs. George Wilson and O. S. Crockett of this city.

Mrs. Logan, of St. John, is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. Albert Edgecombe, and her sister, Mrs. Goding, who were here last week but has now returned home. The friends of Judge Steadman are feeling very anxious about him as he still continues very dangerously ill. The University Students have decided to hold their annual sports on Saturday, the 24th inst., weather permitting. Mrs. Bailey has been invited to present two tickets.

Prof. Stockley and Duff were in St. John, Saturday, making arrangements for the University Extension classes, which they propose to have in this city during the coming winter. There will be a variety of subjects, scientific and literary. Four of the professors—Messrs. Bailey, Stockley, Duff and Murray—will take up subjects, and they will add other specialists to their list. Mr. Loring Bailey spent Sunday with his friends in St. John, returning to his bank duties Monday morning.

Mrs. Wm. Wilson leaves home tomorrow for a visit to Boston. Miss Winslow, of Chatham, is visiting her relatives in this city. Mrs. Charles G. D. Roberts, of Windsor, is visiting her parents at Linden Hall. His Worship, Mayor Allen, Messrs. D. L. Babbitt, and J. D. McBeth, of Boston, have gone home for the holidays. Mrs. Robertson, of Boston, is here visiting her husband, Mr. Wm. Robertson, who is in the city. Mrs. L. W. Johnson has returned home from New Carlisle, Que., where she has been spending the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Frank I. Morrison are expected home on Friday from their visit to the Western States.

A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. John Black, Mr. Bristow, and Mr. W. E. Smith will tomorrow leave for Boston. Mr. George Beverly, of St. John, spent last week here, the guest of his grandmother, Mrs. Beverly, Grape cottage. Miss Edith Gregory has returned from her visit to Portland, Me. Mr. Warren C. Winslow, barrister, of Chatham, is in the city, the guest of his uncle, Mr. E. Byron Winslow, Church street. Mr. George Botsford is visiting his friends in his native city. Dr. Colter, M. P., and Mrs. Colter, of Woodstock, were in the city this week, the guest of Colter's sister, Mrs. J. J. Weddall, York street. Mrs. Jennings is visiting friends in Boston. Mrs. J. H. Hove left this morning for a visit in Boston.

Mr. George Black, of Richibucto, son of Mr. Wm. Black, has commenced the study of law in the office of Messrs. Black, Jordan & Bliss in this city. Miss Harrison has gone to Woodstock to stay until Christmas, after which she will go to Boston in company with Mrs. Winslow, where both of these young ladies will study vocal music. Mrs. Varasour has returned home from Southam, where she has been spending some weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tompkins of Hillsboro, A. C., spent a few days in this city, including Sunday. Dr. and Mrs. Hopper spent a few days in Fredericton, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James McNally, Brunswick street. They returned to St. Martins to-day.

Oct. 14.—We are soon to lose another one of our society ladies, and this time it is one of our most interesting young widows, in the person of Miss E. M. F. Randolph, who will be greatly missed. We are late to lose all our people even for a time. Her husband leaves next Friday, I believe, for Hillsboro, where she will spend the winter with her mother. Her mother, the widow of the late Sheriff Reed, of Albert county. And still another one of our teachers is to leave us, who will be sorely mourned by the young folks attending the normal school. Miss Bond, who is about to greet the house of a gentleman at Doak town. Miss Ross has been one of the most faithful of our city teachers, and for many years. Her loss will be keenly felt. We join her many friends in wishing her bon voyage through life. The display of floral decorations at the funeral of Mrs. H. Clark, St. John street, with Mrs. H. Clark, St. John street. Mrs. Edward Watts, who has been the guest of Mr. H. Porter for some weeks past, returned to her home in Boston to-day. Mrs. John B. Morgan is in the city, the guest of her mother, Mrs. Porter, Brunswick street. The many friends of Mr. John Ellis were pleased to see his genial face amongst them last week. He returned home Monday.

Mr. Martin Lemont left yesterday for a tour through the Eastern States. Mr. Llewellyn Morrison, of Toronto, spent Sunday and Monday in the city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lemont. Dr. Colter, M. P., and Mrs. Colter, have been visiting Fredericton for a few days, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Weddall. Miss Strange, who has been visiting the Misses Smith, Brunswick street, returned to her home in Carlton, St. John, first of the week. The many friends of Mrs. Horace Macklin, nee Miss Cropley, sister of Capt. Cropley of this city will regret to hear that she is lying dangerously ill at her home in Hillsboro. The display of floral decorations at the funeral of a little Freddie Edgecombe are worthy of note. The collection was the largest and finest ever seen at a child's funeral in Fredericton, showing how the bright little fellow had won the hearts of many in his young life. I counted, I think, eighteen in all. First, a magnificent cross of white roses and ferns from his Grandmother Edgecombe, from his grandmother, Mrs. Logan, of St. John, a beautiful wreath of white roses, the infant class of the Methodist Sunday school, a large wreath of roses, his little playmate, Hal Wiley, a star of rosebuds, Edna and Alberton Coburn a broken link, Mrs. Finley, of St. John, a pillow of cream roses, "Freddie" embedded in the centre, Miss McLeod, a bouquet of buds, Miss Black, a cresset of roses, Fred Edgecombe, a broken column mounted with a pure white dove, Mrs. Fred Edgecombe, a magnificent pillow of rosebuds; those were most prominent among many others, but they showed the love the dear little one had won from many. The semi-annual communion service was held in St. Paul's church last Sunday, Dr. Macdonald, of St. John, being the presiding minister. St. Paul's appears to be most unfortunate in selecting a minister. They first gave a call to Rev. Mr. McCreger, of Amherst, who declined, then after a long interval of waiting and hearing other candidates they extended a call to the Rev. Mr. Ackinson, of Pictou, who notified the session of his readiness to accept, but in the meantime the congregation overruled their minister at present, determined not to give up their minister so readily and have signified their determination to keep him, so Mr. Ackinson has had to withdraw his acceptance of the call from St. Paul's. So St. Paul's is still left without the hope of a settled pastor in the very near future, but I believe it is the intention of the session to call a congregational meeting for next Monday night to take some steps towards calling another man. Mr. and Mrs. Edgecombe have arrived from St. John, and are the guests of Mrs. Edgecombe's parents, on Carleton street, where Mrs. Edgecombe is residing this week and a very charming young guestess. She appears in her beautiful bridal robes of white silk with white ribbons in hair; her friend, Miss Louise Richey is assisting her.

Mr. Henry is very ill at the residence of his son, Dr. Henry, veterinary surgeon. Dr. Torrens leaves for Boston Thursday morning for a short holiday trip. Prof. Bristow and Mr. W. E. Smith leave tomorrow for a trip to New York. Mr. George Black, of Richibucto, son of Mr. Wm. Black, has commenced the study of law in the office of Messrs. Black, Jordan & Bliss. CARBONET.

HAVELOCK. Oct. 14.—Havelock held its annual agricultural fair yesterday and was quite successful, such gatherings generally prove. The ladies gave a dinner and tea in aid of the new hall and realized upwards of \$50.

Mr. Brown, of Pictou, lectured in the vestry of the Baptist church in the evening. He spoke earnestly and eloquently on the subject of temperance for an hour and received a hearty vote of thanks from the audience. Mr. Culbert, wife and children, of Sussex, have been visiting friends here. Mr. Abram Alward is visiting her father, Mr. Stephen Mullin.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Keith, of Salisbury, are visiting his sister, Mrs. J. H. Prior. Mrs. R. Mullin and daughter are visiting friends in Hillsboro. Mr. Keith is visiting friends in the village of the Elgin. A quiet wedding took place at Spring Hill Thursday evening, the principals being Rev. B. N. Hines pastor of the Baptist church, and Miss Melissa A. Perry, daughter of Mr. William Perry. The bride was escorted and was becomingly dressed in silk with lace trimming and gold ornaments.

Miss Greta Weldon is visiting her aunt Mrs. W. Killam. Miss Jennie Hughes is spending a few days with her sister at the U. B. Seminary, St. Martins. She also intends visiting Fredericton and Woodstock.

Mr. J. H. Crockett is visiting his friends in Fredericton. Mr. J. H. Crockett is visiting his friends in Fredericton.

VICTORIA GENERAL HOSPITAL. HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 27th, 1890. MESSRS. MANOLATE MANF. CO. Gentlemen—I have used your soap and disinfectant combined, in the laundry and for the floors of the hospital. I can testify to its good qualities as either a soap or a disinfectant. The toilet "Manolates" is especially a useful article, being convenient for the physician to carry, and economizing time in cleaning the hands before operations, only one solution being required, whereas before two were used. I find that it is grateful to the skin and also it is smooth and soft, which unfortunately is not the case with many soaps. From its use for a short time, I think it will be a valuable article for washing the scalp, as it appears to allay irritation and remove dandruff. I would cheerfully recommend its use.

Yours truly, H. S. JACQUES, M. D.

RECEIVED Ex S. S. Carthaginian: WOOLENS. MANTLETINGS. JACKETINGS. ULSTERINGS. FLANNELS. SCOTCH SHAWLS. WOOL WRAPS.

LINENS. HANDKERCHIEFS. TABBINGS. TOWELLINGS. TOWELS. CANYAS. COTTONS. HONEYCOMB QUILTS. ALHAMBRA LININGS. MUSLINS. PATCHES. MILLINERY. FELT AND STRAW HATS. PULSHES. VELVETS. VELVETEENS. SILKS.

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TO MAKE MONEY FAST Pueblo, Colorado, BUILDING LOTS. PUEBLO is a city of 40,000 population. Four years ago it contained only 18,000 people. COAL, IRON, SILVER, GOLD, COPPER, LEAD AND OIL are among the products. Pueblo is already the Greatest Smelting Centre in America. NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST. YOU LOSE BY DELAY. PRICES ARE RISING. For full information apply to G. A. HURSTIS, 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S. Any sum from \$75 up can be invested.

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Queen Hotel, HALIFAX, N. S. WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travelers and Tourist to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest bedrooms, and the best table and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces, if not in all Canada. The QUEEN contains 120 rooms, and is fitted with all modern improvements, including bath-rooms and W.C.'s on every floor. The parlors are a tract of great attention, as nothing superior in that line is to be seen in Canada. The cuisine has been made a specialty from the first, and amply justifies its reputation. One visit will satisfy any one as to the superiority of this Hotel. A. B. SHERMAN, MANAGER.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 31st, 1891. WHISTON, principal of the Halifax Commercial College, believing in the motto "improvement of the individual," will open his Typewriting Classes, 1st September, with "SMITH-PREMIER" Machine.

J. M. GELBERT, Jr., Official Reporter Supreme Court, and House of Assembly, says: "This Series-Patent 'Typewriter' has all the strong points of the 'Remington,' all the good points of the 'Caldwell,' and many advantages not found in any other machine that I am acquainted with." G. J. HERBERT, Agent, 116 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Packet No. 13 contains 100 varieties Stamps. Including Mexico, India (O. H. S. M.), Hawaiian Isles, Haiti, Hong Kong, Italy (unpaid), Heligoland, Heligoland (wrapper, 3 var.), N. S. Wales, Cape, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Montenegro, etc. POST FREE, ONLY 30 CENTS. A. E. JUBEN & CO., 38 BRENTON ST. HALIFAX, N. S.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE HAVE not seen the display of TREASURED BEANONAS and RARE PLANTS, now on exhibition at

Nova Scotia Nursery LOCKMAN STREET, HALIFAX, N. S. Tourists and the public generally welcome. Broad Dry Paths, Cool Show House, Fine View of Harbor and Surroundings from Observatory. Horse cars pass every 7 minutes. Telephone 248. ESTABLISHED 1868.

MILLER BROS. Manufacturers' Agents for the Best PIANOS, ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES. PIANOS and ORGANS TUNED and REPAIRED. Sewing Machines Repaired. 116 & 118 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S. TELEPHONE 738.

Autumn Bulbs. \$1 BULBS, FIRST QUALITY. FREE BY POST. 6 EACH, Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, 2 EASTER LILIES, TO ANY ADDRESS. HERBERT HARRIS, HALIFAX NURSERY, Telephone 252. Cor. Robt & North Sts.

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HALIFAX, N. S. [Owing to the delay of our Halifax society letter it is inserted on another page this week.—The Editors.]

AMHERST. [PROGRAMS in for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas at the Western Union Telegraph office.]

Oct. 14.—Supreme court opened on Tuesday, Judge Meagher presiding, and of course we will have the usual accompaniment, plenty of rain. Col. Stewart, of Halifax, has been spending a week in town. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas are home from their two or three weeks stay in Tracadie.

Mr. and Mrs. Barratt, of Ottawa, were in town for a few days. Rev. Simon Gibbons, rector of St. George's church, Parrboro, took the service in Christ church on Sunday last, the Rev. V. E. Harris going to Parrboro. Mr. Chas. Fawcett, of Sackville, was in town on Wednesday. Mr. John Johnson spent two or three days in town with his friends, returning to her home in Pugwash last week. Mr. Barry D. Bent spent a day or two in Pugwash last week.

The ladies of Christ's church congregation are holding a sale tonight in the school room, of hot coffee, baked beans and brown bread, etc. These indefatigable workers deserve a liberal patronage. Mr. W. T. Pipes gave a pleasant afternoon tea on Wednesday. A Mackinnon returned from Halifax last week with the latest book for a short time, visiting her mother, Mrs. Morris. Miss Ellen Purdy had a few friends on Wednesday evening in her home.

Mrs. Turner, who has been spending the summer with her friends, and Mrs. Job Embrace, expects to leave on Friday for Halifax en route for her home in England. Mr. and Mrs. Hickman expect to accompany Mrs. Turner to spend a year. Miss Lily Dakin is expected to return this week from her very enjoyable visit to England and the continent. She has been in New York for the last two or three weeks. Mr. and Mrs. R. Cruikshank, of St. John, were in town this week.

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PARRBORO. [PROGRAMS in for sale by A. C. Berryman, Parrboro bookstore.]

Oct. 14.—Mr. Inglis Craig went to Halifax Friday and returned Saturday. Mr. Craig has been appointed principal of the Dartmouth school and will remove there with his family shortly. He has been principal of the school here for quite a length of time, and there is much regret at losing him and his estimable wife. Mr. D. Richards returned from New Brunswick on Friday. Mr. C. R. Smith and Mr. Hickman, of Amherst, were in town a day or two last week. Mrs. C. E. F. Hall, one of our latest brides, is receiving this week and wears a gown of pink silk. Rev. V. Harris, of Amherst, conducted the service in St. George's church on Sunday evening. In the morning he was at Fort Greville. Rev. S. Gibbons took Mr. Harris' place in Amherst on the same day. Mr. Dever, of Economy, has been in Parrboro for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. H. Barton and family, of Halifax, who have been here for the summer, leave for home tomorrow. Mrs. Vaughan returned to St. John on Friday last. She has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Upham. The mails were distributed today for the first in the building that has been fitted up for a postoffice. It is not, of course, the handsome building that Parrboro ought to have, but it is much more commodious and respectable looking than the old one. Capt. Hill, of the S. S. Halifax, and his brother, Mr. Hill, of Boston, were in town last week. Mrs. J. L. Feakins has gone to St. John to visit her daughter, Mrs. Gilmour. CHOCOLATE.

PICOU, N. S. [PROGRAMS in for sale in Pictou by Jas. McLean.]

Oct. 14.—Miss Anderson, of Montreal, who has been visiting in Pictou returned home last Friday. Mrs. Stairs, of Halifax, spent two or three days in Pictou last week, the guest of Mrs. A. C. Macdonald. Mr. Perigo, of Westville, gave a very pleasant dance on Tuesday evening last week. Quite a number of Pictou people were there, going in the half-past eight train and returning by a special. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fraser, Mr. Snow, Miss Mary Primrose, Miss Fraser, Mr. R. Johnson, Miss Dwyer, Miss Mary Gordon, Mr. Snow, Miss Simpson, Miss Primrose, Mr. MacRae, Miss Annie Macdonald, Mr. D. Gilmour, Mr. R. Primrose, Mr. Davies, Miss Annie McMillan, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Munro. The Halifax Elite Studio. The elite photographic studio, formerly run by Kelly & Co., will still continue, and people desiring copies of their portraits may have them procured the same at any time.—GAVIN & GENTZEN, artists.

The "Holder Tree" by the girls of St. James church, held on the rectory grounds, last Friday afternoon, was a new idea in Pictou and a very good one. I believe they realized over \$20. Mrs. Snow gave a very pleasant little card party on Friday evening of last week. Mr. C. D. Macdonald of Halifax spent a day or two in Pictou last week. Miss Edith Carouchal and Mrs. Maggie Carmichael, who have been spending the summer in Charlottetown, returned home last Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Primrose and Miss Mary Primrose left last Monday for Toronto, where they intend spending the winter. For a couple of two or three days in Pictou last week, with her mother Mrs. C. Wilson. Mr. John Yerton Jr. left last week for Boston.

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I Danced For Joy

WHEN THEY TOLD ME OF THE GREAT NEW REMEDY, PEPTONIZED

THE PEP SIN CURED MY INDIGESTION, THE BEEF MADE ME STRONG, THE MALT PUT ME IN GOOD CONDITION, THE ALE PUT NEW LIFE IN ME, AND I AM DANCING YET.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. EVERY MAN should take them. EVERY WOMAN should take them. YOUNG MEN should take them. YOUNG WOMEN should take them. The Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. EVERY MAN should take them. EVERY WOMAN should take them. YOUNG MEN should take them. YOUNG WOMEN should take them.

A Good Razor is a Treasure. CRAGG BROS. & CO., HALIFAX, N. S.

The Mutual Life OF NEW YORK, Is the Oldest Company in America. Established in 1843. It is the STRONGEST COMPANY in the World. Has now OVER One Hundred and Fifty Millions of Dollars in Assets.

HALIFAX Commercial College, 65 BRIMINGTON ST., S. H. WHISTON, Principal. A LIVE SCHOOL FOR THE TRAINING OF LIVE BUSINESS MEN.

ITS PRINCIPAL DISTINCTIONS ARE: 1st—Its Perfect Purity. 2nd—Its Great Strength, cost but one half cent per cup. 3rd—Its Aroma. 4th—The care with which it is prepared. Requires no boiling. 5th—Its Perfect Digestibility and Invigorating Properties. It is unequalled on board Ships, in Restaurants, in the Camp, Hospitals, etc. 6th—Its Unequalled as a Chocolate flavor when used in Cocoa Cream, Custards, Jellies, Cakes, etc. 7th—Its Unequalled as a Chocolate flavor when used in Cocoa cream, Custards, Jellies, Cakes, etc. 8th—Its Unequalled as a Chocolate flavor when used in Cocoa cream, Custards, Jellies, Cakes, etc.

M. F. EAGAR, AGENT, 181 & 183 WATER STREET, HALIFAX, N. S. BENSOPOR'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA. Manufactured at Amsterdam, Holland. Highest Award at the International Health Exhibition, London, 1884.

REYNOLDS' EMULSION. IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER. The Confédération Life. Policies issued upon approved lives on all legitimate plans. Represented Everywhere. S. A. McLEOD, Agent at St. John. G. W. PARKER, Gen'l Agent.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

[PROGRAMS in for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Feney and by James H. Lawrence.]

Oct. 14.—The melancholy days of the past week, which have been so full of sorrow, have been succeeded by a more cheerful and bright one. The weather is now so bright and sunny that it is almost impossible to believe that it was only a few days ago that we were in the midst of a storm. The people are now so cheerful and bright that it is almost impossible to believe that it was only a few days ago that they were in the midst of a storm.

Mrs. Logan, of St. John, is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. Albert Edgecombe, and her sister, Mrs. Goding, who were here last week but has now returned home. The friends of Judge Steadman are feeling very anxious about him as he still continues very dangerously ill.

The University Students have decided to hold their annual sports on Saturday, the 24th inst., weather permitting. Mrs. Bailey has been invited to present two tickets. Prof. Stockley and Duff were in St. John, Saturday, making arrangements for the University Extension classes, which they propose to have in this city during the coming winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank I. Morrison are expected home on Friday from their visit to the Western States. A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. John Black, Mr. Bristow, and Mr. W. E. Smith will tomorrow leave for Boston. Mr. George Beverly, of St. John, spent last week here, the guest of his grandmother, Mrs. Beverly, Grape cottage.

Miss Edith Gregory has returned from her visit to Portland, Me. Mr. Warren C. Winslow, barrister, of Chatham, is in the city, the guest of his uncle, Mr. E. Byron Winslow, Church street. Mr. George Botsford is visiting his friends in his native city. Dr. Colter, M. P., and Mrs. Colter, of Woodstock, were in the city this week, the guest of Colter's sister, Mrs. J. J. Weddall, York street.

Mrs. Jennings is visiting friends in Boston. Mrs. J. H. Hove left this morning for a visit in Boston. Mr. George Black, of Richibucto, son of Mr. Wm. Black, has commenced the study of law in the office of Messrs. Black, Jordan & Bliss in this city. Miss Harrison has gone to Woodstock to stay until Christmas, after which she will go to Boston in company with Mrs. Winslow, where both of these young ladies will study vocal music.

Mrs. Varasour has returned home from Southam, where she has been spending some weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tompkins of Hillsboro, A. C., spent a few days in this city, including Sunday. Dr. and Mrs. Hopper spent a few days in Fredericton, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James McNally, Brunswick street. They returned to St. Martins to-day.

Oct. 14.—We are soon to lose another one of our society ladies, and this time it is one of our most interesting young widows, in the person of Miss E. M. F. Randolph, who will be greatly missed. We are late to lose all our people even for a time. Her husband leaves next Friday, I believe, for Hillsboro, where she will spend the winter with her mother.

And still another one of our teachers is to leave us, who will be sorely mourned by the young folks attending the normal school. Miss Bond, who is about to greet the house of a gentleman at Doak town. Miss Ross has been one of the most faithful of our city teachers, and for many years. Her loss will be keenly felt. We join her many friends in wishing her bon voyage through life.

The display of floral decorations at the funeral of Mrs. H. Clark, St. John street, with Mrs. H. Clark, St. John street. Mrs. Edward Watts, who has been the guest of Mr. H. Porter for some weeks past, returned to her home in Boston to-day. Mrs. John B. Morgan is in the city, the guest of her mother, Mrs. Porter, Brunswick street. The many friends of Mr. John Ellis were pleased to see his genial face amongst them last week. He returned home Monday.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1891.

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR.

AN HOUR'S VISIT AND CHAT WITH HIM IN THE MANSION HOUSE.

He Doesn't Dress as Gorgonally as Solomon Except on State Occasions—He Holds Court, Presides at Big Dinners, and Has no End of Other Duties.

The Lord Mayor of London is a very great man. There are those in London who believe that he sits on a small throne. There are those in the country districts who believe that he feasts on nightingales' tongues and lives a life of sybaritic ease.

He invited me to accompany him, and I was conducted to a room across the broad hallway. It was not an imposing room. It was over-crowded with spectators and lawyers, and was but dimly lighted.

One rough looking character was brought to the bar charged with the heinous crime of having stolen a pair of boots valued at four shillings.



LORD MAYOR'S COACH.

ing been drunk. The Lord Mayor remarked to William that he had no right to get drunk when in employment, and forthwith fined him 10 shillings.



JOSEPH SAVORY, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

a tiny square the Duke of Wellington sits, as he has done these many years on horseback, holding his hat in his hand, in sunshine and in showers.

"The Lord Mayor?" I say with some hesitancy. I look in the man's face to see if he isn't astonished at my temerity. But he is immovable. He beckons me to follow him into a small office near by.

"I hand him my card. He scrutinizes it closely for a moment, and then replies: 'Newspaper writer, eh? Well, well! I's Iness is in, and disengaged, I think.'"

He moves slowly toward the Lord Mayor's private office, and in a second or two I am ushered into a large luxuriously furnished and cheerful apartment.



LORD MAYOR'S STATE CARRIAGE.

man, frock coat, dark grey trousers, varnished boots, and he wore a stand-up collar and plain necktie.

The Lord Mayor is perhaps a little above the average height, and not much past middle age. There is but little hair on the top of his head.

We talked for a few minutes and then the Lord Mayor arose to go into court.

ance with an old custom, if not a rule, it is the senior alderman who is each year elected, so once an alderman—you must be worth \$2,000 at least to be one—it is only a question of time, when you will be Lord Mayor.

The Lord Mayoralty of London is a very expensive one. The man who holds it holds comparatively little political power, and as a stepping stone to a higher position it is of no consequence.

But Londoners hold the position of Lord Mayor in high respect because of its history. William Gard, a sleeping policeman, was connected with it. In a sense it represents the ancient as well as the present rights of the freemen of the city of London.

There lives in Boston a lady whose faith is firmly placed in the mind-cure, and who is endeavoring to get her children safely through the illnesses and aches of childhood by its means.

Some radicals denounce the yearly show as being useless, expensive and childish. But the great part of London likes it. Some favor it because beer and food is plenty and free, some because at the banquet which it concludes, the prime minister appears for the queen to explain what her government would like to do during the next year if it could, and some for the reason that they believe in keeping up good old customs. And so it goes.

So you can readily see that the Lord Mayor is far from being an idle man. Then on special occasions, such for instance, as the visit of a frisky monarch to London, the drafts which are made upon his time and energy and pocketbook are something enormous.

For all this, the Lord Mayor is paid \$5,000 per year, while to keep up anything like the dignity of the office he must spend at least \$25,000,—he can serve but one term of one year in duration.

The present Lord Mayor is no exception to the rule. Indeed he has more than one reason to make his incumbency noted for generous display.

He has been married but two years, and his wife is an exceedingly charming woman, with a genuine, penetrating, and a little when the German Emperor was here, and since her husband has been in office, has more than kept up the reputation of that Mansion House for hospitality.

Mr. Savory was a good while climbing to his present prominence. His father was a respectable business man in the goldsmith line. He mounted up by easy stages.

Later he was elected a sheriff. Next he was elected an alderman to represent Langbourn. All this was done slowly, but once he became an alderman his way to the Lord Mayoralty was clear, providing he could live long enough.

No one but the alderman can become Lord Mayor, and it is the aldermen who elect him. In accordance with an old custom, if not a rule, it is the senior alderman who is each year elected, so once an alderman—you must be worth \$2,000 at least to be one—it is only a question of time, when you will be Lord Mayor.

There will not be a London Mayor's day for some time, so after seeing the Lord Mayor himself I went over and saw the next important feature of the pageant on Lord Mayor's day—the great state coach in which he rides to Guildhall.

This coach was built in 1757 and was first used in November of that year by Sir Charles Agill, Knight, Lord Mayor. It was built out of a fund made up by the aldermen personally and thereafter every alderman upon his election had to subscribe 60 pounds towards another fund to keep it in repair.

But the way it is gilded and carved and decorated and painted and bejeweled would surprise you. It must in a sense be the London Mayor, together with his chaplain, and sword bearer and mace bearer, when they ride on it on Lord Mayor's day.

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Mr. Savory was a good while climbing to his present prominence. His father was a respectable business man in the goldsmith line. He mounted up by easy stages.

Later he was elected a sheriff. Next he was elected an alderman to represent Langbourn. All this was done slowly, but once he became an alderman his way to the Lord Mayoralty was clear, providing he could live long enough.

No one but the alderman can become Lord Mayor, and it is the aldermen who elect him. In accordance with an old custom, if not a rule, it is the senior alderman who is each year elected, so once an alderman—you must be worth \$2,000 at least to be one—it is only a question of time, when you will be Lord Mayor.

There will not be a London Mayor's day for some time, so after seeing the Lord Mayor himself I went over and saw the next important feature of the pageant on Lord Mayor's day—the great state coach in which he rides to Guildhall.

This coach was built in 1757 and was first used in November of that year by Sir Charles Agill, Knight, Lord Mayor. It was built out of a fund made up by the aldermen personally and thereafter every alderman upon his election had to subscribe 60 pounds towards another fund to keep it in repair.

But the way it is gilded and carved and decorated and painted and bejeweled would surprise you. It must in a sense be the London Mayor, together with his chaplain, and sword bearer and mace bearer, when they ride on it on Lord Mayor's day.

It weighs three tons 1,600 weight, and is drawn by six horses. The horses wear a superb state harness made in 1833. That on each horse weighs 100 pounds. Of course the Lord Mayor has a state coach of his own, and I was able to see that too, and it is a fine modern affair in green and gold and gilt and brass.

It is decorated with the royal crown, with the arms of London, the arms of the Lord Mayor, the arms of the various guilds to which he belongs and other things. It must have cost Mr. Savory a pretty penny.

What They Played.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARNELL.

The Uncrowned King as Justin McCarthy Saw Him.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, in giving his personal recollections of Mr. Parnell, includes a description of the man's real nature and his political life, which will be a decided revelation to the majority of the people; and at the same time the famous author and statesman treats the memory of his late friend and political opponent tenderly and expresses the greatest admiration for his better qualities.

Mr. McCarthy tells how, three weeks since, he and Mr. Parnell sat talking together until 8 o'clock in the morning. They discussed business and many things, avoiding politics and all topics upon which they were at odds.

"Mr. Parnell," smoked a cigar or two, of his own peculiar and mild flavor, during that time, declining mine, which I offered him.

"You," he said, "are a hardened smoker of strong cigars."

"He always seemed to neglect himself with reckless disregard of his health, if he were absorbed in any subject. Such details as breakfast and dinner were omitted. He started in life with a splendid physical framework, to all appearances, yet he was constitutionally weak. He was much given to manly sports until his later years, when he abandoned all exercise except his daily ride."

"Mr. Parnell was not fond of reading, except books on the applied sciences, and the result was that he was not a cultured man. He often told me that his great ambition in life was to be absolutely out of politics and to devote himself to the development of the industrial resources of his own property and of the Irish counties. He knew nothing of literature, and the popular books of our day were quite unknown to him."

"He was extremely nervous and shy and reserved. People fancied that he was proud and cold, because he could not thaw down to the atmosphere of the commonplace. In the house of commons he passed for a man of iron nerve, but I have often seen how his hands trembled behind his back, where he held them clasped in a nervous tension whenever he was speaking on a momentous subject. He could force himself over any fence which he was determined to jump, but each effort of that sort drained his nerve power beyond what he could spare."

"He told me that he gave up putting questions in the commons because he could not stand the strain of waiting until the time came to be called. He was firmly convinced that he was a very bad speaker. I once tried to encourage him in this particular, but he shook his head and replied: 'The fact is, I hate public speaking so much, and this alone shows that I have no capacity for it. Every man enjoys doing what he knows he does well.'"

"I reminded him that John Bright hated public speaking, whereupon he responded: 'If I could speak like Bright I would speak every night of my life.'"

"Mr. Parnell always abstrakt from the society of London. He thought that the English people disliked him. He told me in a sympathetic way which was one of his most winning characteristics in his intercourse with his personal friends.

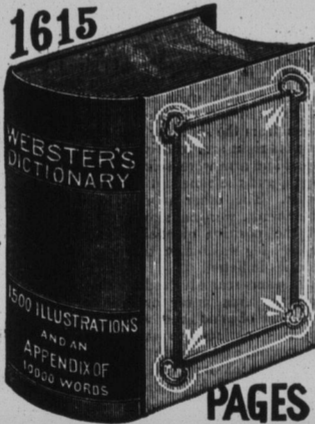
"I don't like to be disliked among my intimate associates."

"He was a sweet, genial and delightful host. Although he was rigidly abstemious, and absolutely indifferent to the delights of eating and drinking, it gave him the utmost pleasure to arrange a capital dinner, with the best wines, for his guests, and in this part of a host's duties he was particularly happy."

"I have heard him accused of coldness and haughtiness, and with assuming imperious ways toward the members of his party. Perhaps he behaved in this manner toward some of the more violent, talkative and impulsive of the Irish party, but I never saw anything of the sort. On the contrary, the youngest and most obscure of the members of the parliamentary party could address him at any moment, certain of being received with frank and cordial familiarity. He was absolutely free from affectation."

"Recently he made tremendous mistakes," said Mr. McCarthy, "but, as Dr. Johnson tenderly said about Goldsmith: 'He will do so no more.'"

A Chinese Country Home. A Chinese farm house is a curious looking abode. Usually it is sheltered with groves of feathered bamboo and thick spreading banyans. The walls are of clay and wood, and the interior of the house consists of one main room extending from the floor to the tiled roof with closet looking apartments in the corners for sleeping rooms. There is a sliding window on the roof made out of oyster shells arranged in rows, while the side windows are mere wooden shutters. The floor is bare earth, where at nightfall there often gathers together a miscellaneous family of dirty children, fowls, ducks, pigeons and a litter of pigs, all living together in happy harmony. In some districts infested by marauding bands houses are strongly fortified with high walls, containing apertures for firearms and protected by a moat crossed by a rude drawbridge. With grain, swine and a well under his roof the farmer and his men might hold out against a year's siege.—Jewish Messenger.



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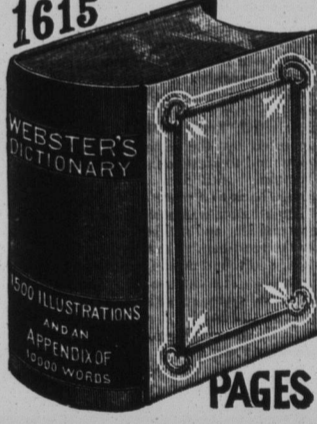
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THE BROKEN BRIDGE.

In 1875, the westward tide of emigration carried me as far toward the setting sun as the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and then, after a varied experience in the woods and mining camps of that region, I drifted into the great logging country of the Northwest. The wild, exciting adventures on the pathless prairie, the rough, eager, half-expectant work in the gold mines, the dangerous experiences with Indians and the shifting from place to place to encounter death in a hundred forms had engendered in me a restless spirit, which looked upon change and excitement as essential features of happiness. Innumerable hardships could not quell the feeling of freedom and independence which made me spurn with contempt any permanent occupation in one locality. Nothing short of a fortune could have induced me to be content with one kind of life for any great length of time, and, failing in this, I doggedly, but happily, pursued the every-varying life of the adventurous fortune-seeker.

Minors of various kinds concerning mines of wealth were influential in directing my steps northward. I accepted this direction of fate on the principle that it was the line of least resistance, and I shortly found myself travelling through unexplored regions of mountains, woods and prairies. But soon regretted my change of location, for even my hard, rugged, muscular strength was insufficient to defy the cold of a severe winter in that region when separated from all civilization by miles of rough, barren country. My foolishness became so apparent to me, that for once in my life I was willing to exchange my wild, bleak surroundings for a quiet home, with its eventless routine of work. It was in the middle of winter, and the severity of the weather seemed sufficient to freeze the barren pines and oaks down to the farthest reach of their tap-roots.

I had been wandering about for days, eagerly seeking for some sign of a village or habitation, but the varied monotony of jagged rocks, fantastically shaped mountain peaks lined against the distant sky, and leagues of forests of spruce and pine, shut me in on every side, and defied all my efforts to peer beyond the limits of my gigantic prison. A gathering snow-storm made me tremble with fear, and I hurried on, aimlessly and blindly. The rapid fall of the mercury increased my apprehensions, partly from the thought of an approaching blizzard. I was not in a condition to weather a rough storm, and the falling snow made me so anxious about my fate, that I searched around for some place of shelter among the rocks.

The topography of the country was unfamiliar to me, and I might have been within a mile of a large city and yet not have known aught of it. It was not such a great surprise to me, then, when I accidentally stumbled over the snow-covered track of a railroad, which I perceived to be a huge serpent, winding through the woods and mountains. I hailed the track as my deliverer, and with renewed energy I walked rapidly over the road bed, with the confident feeling that I would soon discover a habitation, and in half an hour I found myself on the brink of a dizzy precipice. A huge chasm was spanned by a weak suspension bridge, which, with the additional weight of the snow and heavy blasts of wind, was trembling and creaking in its dismal loneliness, as if ready to part my moment.

I started to cross it, but before I reached the middle of the bridge I gave a shriek of horror. Two of the heavy cables had parted, and the whole structure was supported by the remaining two, which threatened to yield to the additional strain. Trembling with fear and nervousness, I hurried back to a place of safety.

The blizzard was now filling the air with snow and ice, and making it difficult to follow the road-bed. Several times I lost the track, and found myself wandering far from the trail. The intense cold paralyzed my limbs, and queer sensations darted through my head and body. I realized that I was gradually succumbing to the intense cold, and when I saw a flash of light regularly appearing and disappearing before my eyes, I uttered a prayer for help. The light was the sure indication that my mind was wandering, and I watched it with a peculiar sort of fascination. It grew larger and more brilliant, and I stopped to gaze at it. One moment the showery of snow clouded it from my view; then it stood out clear and bright. A deep rumbling noise sounded above the shriek of the storm, and then I realized for the first time that the light was a real one, and that it came from an approaching engine.

"Horrors!" I gasped, partly from the fear of being run over, and partly from the terrible thought that the train was rushing on to a horrible fate.

It was the unerring prompting of instinct which made me tear off my under-jacket in an instant, strike a match, and hold the flaming torch over my head. I gave one wild flare, and then the snow extinguished the flame. The next moment, I felt myself picked up and hurled twenty feet into the air along with a cloud of snow.

I remained quiet for a moment, blinded and dumbfounded. As my wits returned to me, I concluded that the heavy snowprow of the engine had landed me on my soft bed. The desire to remain there and go to sleep stole over my senses, and I had difficulty in combating the feeling. When I finally struggled to my feet and wiped the snow out of my eyes and ears, I saw a long line of lights a short distance away. I knew that my effort had not been in vain. I had saved the train from destruction.

That terrible night of the blizzard near the bridge cured me for a time of my restless desire to roam about the country. As a reward for my work in saving the train from destruction, I was appointed station-agent at Aubrey. The superintendent of the road and his daughter Eva happened to be on the train that dark night, and I was requested to name my reward. I looked at the man, and then at Eva's beautiful, soul-pitiful, admiring eyes. My request was modest. I asked to be appointed agent at Aubrey, where the superintendent lived, until I got tired of the position.

"Why, man, you're too modest!" exclaimed the kind-hearted superintendent. "Ask for something more worthy of the act. Is it money—or what?"

"No," I replied. "I don't ask for money. Give me the request I make now, and at the end of a year I may ask for something more. For the present I am satisfied."

"Ah! Ha! I see; you want promotion, then. You want to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work up, eh? Well, you'll have a chance. I agree to the contract."

My newly made friend slapped me quickly on the shoulder, and I smiled approvingly, but made no comment.

I had no doubt of my ability to work up in the railroad company's services if I could cure myself of my restless habits. I had a fair knowledge of telegraphy, a good business head, and many other desirable qualities, but, above all, the friendship of Superintendent Auburn, whose money and influence made him a power in that region. During the first few months of my quiet life at the station-house I felt no desire to return to my former eventful existence, and I took up the monotonous routine of work daily with a self-satisfied spirit. I knew not in my own mind whether the peril of that dark night was the cause of my change of spirits, or whether it was the unconscious desire to be near Eva Auburn, whose clear, beautiful eyes had decided me in my choice.

As agent at Aubrey I saw her but little, however, as my duties kept me at the depot night and day. Occasionally she would drive down to meet her father, or to send some message to a friend. During these brief interviews I was enabled to study her carefully, and to fan into flame a passion that had been awakened from its latent condition on the first night of our meeting. She was like a wild prairie flower, lost among the great mountain peaks of a wild country, and I pictured her in the quiet drawing-room of some eastern city, resplendent with jewels and lace. Her delicate complexion, willowy form, clear, regular features, and large, innocent eyes, were all designed by Nature for captivating and entrancing the human heart. She came before me like a vision of beauty, and by a subtle, uncontrollable influence bound me to her. I was looked upon as a hero for my work at the depot, and no words of protestation on my part could convince my new friends that the brave act was unpremeditated, and done under the inspiration of the moment without a proper realization of the danger imminent. I modestly, but vainly, disclaimed all credit of having performed any act worthy of being called heroic.

The delicious sensation of being regarded as a hero by all of your townpeople is not at all repugnant, however, and I soon ceased to attempt to correct wrong impressions in this respect. My roving life had taught me the philosophy of adapting myself to my environments, and I graciously yielded a point in my friend's favor. I looked complacently upon myself as a hero by circumstance. Superintendent Auburn was one of the most enthusiastic of story-tellers, and he took special delight in relating the story of the train that was saved from destruction through my instrumentality.

In this way I became greatly interested in the bridge, and since my first impressions of it were so horrible, I could not gaze upon it in broad daylight without experiencing a mingled feeling of fear and fascination. Gradually I became impressed with the belief that the bridge was designed to play a still more important part in my life, and I never passed it without stopping to gaze long and earnestly at the frail structure. My efforts to dismiss such thoughts from my mind as relics of superstition were of no avail, and the belief became painfully oppressive. In my dreams I frequently saw visions of the bridge, and once I saw myself struggling across its stranded cables ready to plunge into the yawning abyss below. Just as a hand was stretched out to save me I awoke with a violent start, but not until I recognized the white hand of Eva.

Shortly after this strange dream a large sum of the railroad company's money was left in my possession through Superintendent Auburn, who had more confidence in my power of protecting it than he had in his own.

"I don't like to keep it in my house over night," he explained nervously. "The getting of it had a little timid, you know, such things worry me. You don't mind keeping it in the office and watching it carefully until the express comes in tomorrow, do you? I'll ship it on to headquarters then."

I disliked the idea of having such a treasure left in my possession even for one night, but I could do nothing more than express my willingness to be responsible for the money. Eva Auburn was present at the interview, and noting my hesitation, she said:

"But, papa, suppose robbers should come here to look for it. It would be dangerous for Mr. Joyson to meet them alone."

"Robbers! Who said anything about robbers?" her father asked, with a little nervous laugh. "There is no danger, for nobody knows that the money is here; and besides," waving his hand toward me—"Mr. Joyson is brave and strong enough to protect it. You forget, Eva, what he did for us once."

I smiled approvingly at this convincing argument, but Eva was still unsatisfied.

"No, papa, I don't forget that act; but isn't that all the more reason why we shouldn't put danger in his way?"

The superintendent looked perplexed, and he turned an inquiring gaze toward me to help him out of his difficulty.

"There is no danger in keeping the money here," I answered quickly, "no one would ever think of looking for it here; and besides, I'm ready to meet any one that comes to rob us of it. It will be safe in my possession."

My voice was convincing, and though Eva's troubled expression was not removed from her eyes and face, the matter was definitely decided. I kept the money, while the superintendent and his fair daughter drove back home.

It was a cold, stormy afternoon, and the rain fell in torrents. Nobody entered the depot after twelve o'clock, and I passed the dreary hours in alternately working, reading and watching the storm outside. As night approached, the storm increased rather than abated, and I prepared myself for a long, dreary evening.

I relieved the monotony of the night by communicating with my fellow-telegrapher at the other station; but this, also, became monotonous, and I closed the instrument. I gave little thought to the money and only occasionally glanced toward the package. After the first dread of keeping such a treasure in my possession had passed away I laughed at my groundless fear and banished all further thoughts of anxiety about it at the time.

The howling of the wind outside soon lost all interest to me. I set the signal-lantern in its place, closed the heavy outside shutters and prepared myself for a comfortable sleep. Early in the evening there had been some reports of bad wash-outs along the line, but they were all so far away that I did not give them much thought. I did not lie down, but made myself comfortable in my chair.

I had not been in this position long before the instrument began to tick violently. Somebody was trying to send a message over the wire, and I listened intently to catch the words. It ticked out slowly but surely these words:

"Do not leave your office tonight. Danger awaits you outside."
EVA AUBURN.

I remained quiet a full minute trying to comprehend the meaning of this mysterious message. There was no line of wires connected with the superintendent's house, and I could not understand how Eva could reach me with such a message. I remained stupefied for some time, trying to think and solve the mystery. These suddenly the instrument began to tick and rattle again, this time more loudly than before. I jumped to my feet to respond, and the start awakening me, I found that I had been dreaming.

I rubbed my eyes and recalled the words of the telegram very vividly.

"Strange—very strange," I muttered, looking around the room to see if everything was all right.

The instrument was now ticking violently, and this time there could be no doubt about its genuineness. I stepped up to it, half expecting to hear my dream-message repeated. The wires did not seem to work well at first, but after a little impatient manipulation I succeeded in describing this message:

"Bridge No. 10 has given way. For God's sake send midnight express. Answer. A. F. T."

I leaped back with the cold sweat standing in beads upon my forehead, and rushed for the door. The midnight train was due in three minutes, and as she never stopped at Aubrey she would rush past in a moment and plunge into the fearful abyss. I unlocked the door and the thought of my dream-message from Eva made me hesitate.

"Do not leave your office tonight. Danger awaits you outside," I muttered. I stood irresolute for an instant, and then whirled about.

"Superstition!"

But the dream was not entirely devoid of effect. I seized my heavy revolver from the desk, and then picking up my oilcloth coat I rushed out to signal the train.

I hurried blindly along the track to the signal tower, and set the danger light in an instant. It was at this moment that Eva's warning message and the thought of the unprotected money left in my possession occurred to me again with such force that I had a dread foreboding of some mistake. I ran rapidly back to the office and peered into the window. My blood boiled with indignation as I saw a masked man lift the valuable package from the floor and make an effort to reach the door. The whole room flashed over my mind instantly. While one of the burglars called me out of the office by a telegram from the next station, the other had entered the office and secured the money.

I was armed with my revolver, but in my anger I dropped the weapon and threw myself bodily on the burglar. He was no match for me in strength, and I soon overpowered him. I had just succeeded in binding him when the midnight express rumbled in at the depot and came to a standstill.

"What's up?" inquired the conductor, who hurried into the office to learn the meaning of the danger signal.

As soon as I could get my breath again I explained everything as intelligibly as possible, leaving out the part referring to the dream-message.

"Well, you've got your man, and he's a tough-looking one, too," he said. "The bridge is all right, then?"

"Yes—that is, I suppose so," I replied; "but it has been a fearful storm, and it might be injured. It's a weak affair anyway."

"Yes; I'll send a man ahead and let him examine it."

A couple of trainmen started off on this errand, and in half an hour they returned with the news that the bridge was too weak to hold a single car, and that before morning it would probably be down. I had, by a conjunction of circumstances, saved the second train from plunging over the precipice.

When Superintendent Auburn came down the next morning to get the money, he was astonished to see the midnight express waiting there; but when he listened to the strange tale of my adventure he could hardly believe his senses. He took my hands and pressed them silently.

Eva looked at me with large eyes as I modestly told my story, and when I finished, she added:

"I was thinking of you all last night, and could not sleep. I was afraid something would happen to you, and once I got down and looked toward the depot. I wondered if you were safe, and I felt just like coming to you to tell you to lock the doors and not go out. Then I went to bed again and fell into a troubled sleep."

Up to this time I had told no one of my dream-message, but I now made a clean breast of everything to Eva and her father.

"Strange, very strange," ejaculated the superintendent. "It is almost incomprehensible. If we had only caught the thief at the other station, everything would be fine."

"Yes," I assented, "but we can't have everything."

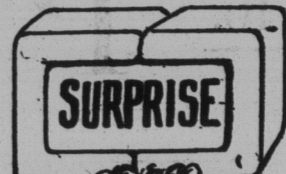
"No, no, we can't," he exclaimed. "I'm satisfied. You have done us a great favor, Mr. Joyson, and you must be rewarded for it. You remember the promise I made to you some time ago? Well, I'm ready to keep that now, and to add more to it. What shall it be? You shall have anything in my power to grant."

I was not so modest this time in my request, but as I put a conditional clause to it, he readily assented.

All uncertainties of this condition were removed when Eva Auburn consented to

be my wife, for I had requested from her father her hand in marriage as a reward for my services, on condition that she loved me.

It may be of interest to add, that the first night I met Eva I had a vague idea that she would some day be my wife, and, as a year's time in which to name the full reward I expected for my services. Circumstances helped me, and the second averted disaster at the bridge, and my work in saving the train and money emboldened me to make my daring request.



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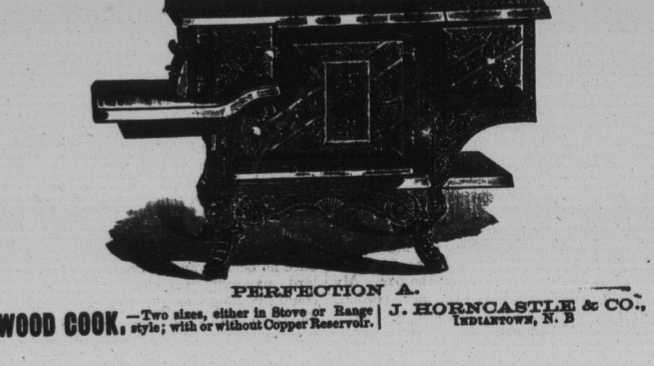
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MO
It is a good thing
Draw nigh unto
Acquaint yourself
peace.
Humble yourself
Lord, and He shall
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BY REV. W. PAT
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SUNDAY READING

MORNING.

It is a good thing to draw near unto God. Draw nigh unto God, and He will draw nigh unto you.

Thoughts of peace, saith the Lord, do I think towards you. Ye shall go and pray to me, and I will hearken to you; ye shall seek Me and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart.

Millions within Thy courts have met, Millions this day before Thee bowed; Their faces Zion-ward were set.

Lay not thy heart open to every one; but treat of thy affairs with the wise, and such as fear God.

These are examples of the power of christian love within our own times. To review its power since the coming of our Lord would be to write the history of the kingdom of God on earth.

Such are some of the achievements of christian love. But you are christians. You are the heirs of men who have wrought such glorious results.

What, then, is christian manliness? What are some of the features it exhibits? The essence of christian manliness is love.

Christian duty cannot be fulfilled without love. Read the history of those men who have been conspicuous for their possession of christian energy, and what do you discover to have been the source of

MORNING SERVICE.

the command which our Lord addresses to each of us: and, to follow Jesus, we must, therefore, love. When we study the gospels and epistles, to learn the nature of the life which as Christians we should spend, we find that it is a life of love.

Every passion has its due objects, and the passion of christian love has its objects God and Man. To love God and man is the whole of his calling. If he fulfills this duty perfectly, he is perfect. The christian loves God, for God is the author of his salvation, the source of his life, the centre of his thoughts, the inspirer of his words, the spring of his deeds.

The same necessity which constrains the christian to love God, constrains him likewise to love man. He loves man because he loves God. The christian's love to God is the source of his love to man.

These are examples of the power of christian love within our own times. To review its power since the coming of our Lord would be to write the history of the kingdom of God on earth.

Such are some of the achievements of christian love. But you are christians. You are the heirs of men who have wrought such glorious results.

What, then, is christian manliness? What are some of the features it exhibits? The essence of christian manliness is love.

TRUTH. For STRENGTH, DURABILITY, TOUGHNESS, TENACITY and VALUE FAIRALL'S GLOVES have certainly got a big HOLD upon the confidence of the public.

W. H. FAIRALL, - - 18 King Street, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

their efforts? Do not you learn that their hearts were aflame with love to God and man, and that they therefore thought, and spoke and wrote, and acted with enthusiasm? Whatever be the form of christian energy it you are to accomplish, you must be a true christian.

I have just spoken of the effect which a man's devotion to a cause has in constraining others to rally round him and take part in the movement. It is but an extension of the principle involved in this case to say that it will knit others to ourselves.

Our times demand the exercise of energetic, patient, indignant, christian love. You may be distinguished by the exhibition of these qualities.

Love is energetic and patient; it is at the same time capable of a noble wrath. Love can be terribly indignant. They know little the nature of christian love who suppose that of those chemical substances which attract others, but which impart their own character to the compound thus formed.

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prophets. This is the language used by our Lord towards the most powerful and the most learned class in this nation. No one here will question its accuracy.

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FALL SHOPPING

will study their interests by examining the goods and prices before making their selections, as we wish to dispose of the stock as quickly as possible.

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ABOUT FALL FASHIONS.

SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING OF AUTUMN'S FASHIONABLES.

The People Who Revive Trunk Hose Must Have a Sense of Humor—Panty Jackets and Cloaks—The Spanish Skirt and the Skirt with Cretaceous.

The autocracy of the tailor bodies even more ill than common this winter; for there is hardly a fashion or a fancy on the schedule for the season that does not already manifest a wild impatience to kick up its heels and run off into coltish vagaries. For example, I saw a very pretty pink-checked girl yesterday in a frock of plum color and apricot yellow. She wore a bonnet of plum colored velvet with a yellow crown overset with jet and trimmed with plum colored plumes. She had yellow gloves, a vest of yellow kid and—this was the touch of extravagance in the ensemble—to the back of her revers collar faced with yellow was pinned an apricot yellow velvet rosette with ends long enough to come forward under the arms on each side. The tie in a bow just below the bust, the loops falling quite to the hem of the gown. The ribbon, mind you, was not narrow ribbon, but broad and heavy and fully conscious of its own exceeding worth and dignity. At the early season tea to which the apricot and plum costume was

The bonnet worn with this toilet repeated the pink and grey and accentuated the colors with jet trimmings. By the way, what an amount of jet there is in this autumn and how heavy it is. I noted a costume of the same private opening of which I have told you which offered a good illustration of jet tendencies. It is figured with a long cloak in the first picture. The bell shaped skirt—to say truth that other descriptive term extinguisher is quite as appropriate—was of beige cloth bordered with a least applique in black velvet. The long coat was in deep, narrow tab all around, finished with velvet leaves and a very deep jet fringe. The coat



LONG CLOAK AND DRESS WITH FRINGE.

opened over a gathered bodice of beige silk, and was to be worn with a little black velvet turban with Mercury's wings.

It is not easy, even after long experience, to understand the absolute lack of common sense manifested by fashion. Why, for example, should anybody wear jet fringe? Most people are in the decline and fall of chignon. It costs little, but in plain truth it is good for nothing. It is not especially beautiful at its best, and its best lasts sometimes less than an hour. The woman is fortunate who can get a week's wear out of the limp, crumpled tresses of the stuff as they are useless so long as it falls from grace everybody can jump on it when it is down, though there may be a certain savor of ghoulish glee about the proceeding.

The most comical thing about the present fashion situation is the wavering between the sheath skirt and the looped skirt; between "draperies" tight as trousers and those which call for twenty yards of material. The newest sheath skirt is more of a sheath than ever. It is strained about the figure with not an inch to spare. It has a gored seam up the front and narrow gores on each side and no lullness except for four inches in the middle of the back. It is as narrow a skirt as was ever made, and makes a pocket more than ever an unattainable luxury, to be classed with the things to be looked for only in the millennium. It is absolute in its emphasis of its side of the skirt question, but on the other hand the bell skirt is now made with three flounces reaching from waist to ground and quite on friendly terms with the crinolines. We shall see what will be.

A CHANGE OF FIGURE.

Women's Hips Out of Fashion—Good News for Stout Girls.

Those to whom their fairy godmothers have been good in the matter of figure ought to be specially grateful if they happen to be poor. It makes such a remarkable difference in the cost of dress! As all the fashions are now, and have been ever since we can remember, designed for long-waisted, slight figures, it is easy for stout to look well, and a really beautiful form sets off the cheapest material, if only it be not chumpily cut. There is no doubt that hips are quite out of the fashion, and if nature has unkindly failed to fall in with this arrangement the best that can be done under such trying circumstances is to dress the maker, or better still, a la skillful dressmaker, or better still, a la skillful tailor. Hips cannot be operated upon with deleterious effect to the health; therefore it is better that fashion should settle on them for one of her vagaries than on waists. They can, however, be made to look very small, and that simply by excellent cut and sundry what we must call "dodge." known to skillful modistes.

Waists are still small, but as a good figure "up to date" requires a proper proportion between the waist and the hips it will be most undesirable for a woman to tightly lace and incase herself with the assistance of a bodice and a maid in her newness of bodice, if the only result is to show more distinctly the largeness of her hips, which will too surely be the case if she artificially decrease the size of her waist. Ribs are, unfortunately, compressible to some extent, but hip bones are obstinate as facts, and though they may be glossed over and made the best of they are quite unalterable. Very slight "people" are by nature in the van of fashion now, and well proportioned women take a good second to them. Those who have tortured themselves to secure the wasp waists, which lasted for too many seasons, may take up their position in the rear, or else use a little padding to hide what has heretofore been their pride and glory, the disproportion of their waist to their shoulders and hips.

All the new garments are being built with a view to emphasizing what may be styled the new figure. There is a rigid straight up and downness about the very recent coats which, though eminently stylish, is, for the first moment, just a little startling. Little women stand appalled before the revelations for the season, and raise a pathetic remonstrance about their own neglected case.

The Rose in the Hair.

The Spanish fashion of wearing a deep rose in the hair, just behind the ear, is being copied today by women who are inclined to picturesque hair-dressing. The American woman looks well with either a red or a white rose placed as described, as her complexion is sufficiently delicate to permit the use of either.



THE TRUNK HOSE.

invited, its wearer stepped on the velvet ribbon at least half a dozen times while alighting from the carriage and going up half a dozen steps to the front door.

I don't know that the eccentricities of fashion are of large interest and yet in a way it gratifies one's sense of humor to see what is being worn. Take as an instance the travelling cloak I have figured. It was worn by a tall and extremely handsome red-headed girl. You can imagine how long, straight lengths of it seemed to sweep down and away from her. Its fabric was tan-colored camel's hair; its back was fitted close, a deep box plait running down the middle. Its fronts were loose, bound with dark red and fastened with buttons. Over the sleeves were caps forming doubles, capes which reached to the bottom of the waist behind. It's not a bad sort of garment, and it's nothing against it if it reminds one of costume plaits of the twelfth century, but it cannot be denied that it is extreme.

Consider too the jacket that is set down in the second illustration; it too may be a very good sort of jacket but quite decidedly it is extreme. I made a study of this jacket at one of those functions called private openings, meaning displays for the benefit of invited guests chosen from the "elite directory." I am not sure that I can describe it correctly as to its details. The waistcoat with its deep basque cut in one



THE JACKET A LA MODE.

with the garment was of a dark Spanish yellow cloth inclining to brown with yellowish ivory buttons mottled with brown. The coat was of a rich dark mahogany cloth edged with a narrow band of even darker velvet. From beneath the square collar standing up the throat came the ends of a dark velvet tie expanding on the white shirt fabric frilled with white ruffles. Note the lace puffs at the wrists below the square cuffs, and tell me if the young woman who wears this jacket will yet figure bravely as a fine young cavalier. Yet I haven't commended myself to the admiration of it, mark this please. As if paniers did not announce with sufficient clearness fashion's intentions to accentuate the trip, look at the picture I give you of trunk hose. It was at one of the autumn weddings that I saw this costume worn by a piquant young matron, sister to the bride. I recollect the colors and materials, the sleeve caps and bodice belt were of pink velvet with flower brocade in gray; the bodice front was of mercury gray silk, and the double ruffle at the waist forming the curious resemblance of trunk hose was of the same material. Such a device could not be any conceivable stretch of the imagination be artistically suitable to a woman's figure, but on the young matron who wore it, she being extremely slender, it was a little objectionable, as it is capable of being.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondent seeking information in this department should address their queries to "ASTRA," Progress, St. John.]

I had such an odd little budget of letters some weeks ago, girls, that I laid them aside for a leisure time as they required a good deal both of time and patience to decipher them. And now as this is a very leisure time indeed, I thought it might amuse you if I laid aside the cares of office, so far as the apparently written with the same pencil. They are on slips of paper which not only bear every appearance of long and faithful service, but which are evidently the left over pieces of telegram blanks, or the lower portions of bill heads. Of course I do not mean to criticize the paper, if it is all that my young friends had at hand, I am merely stating the fact. The first is brief and very much to the point. I wish all my letters were as much so. And it reads thus:

DEAR ASTRA.—(1) Do you think it proper for a young lady, seventeen years of age, to be sitting on a fence with a young gentleman in the evening? SEA WEED.

Well, now, Sea Weed, that depends entirely on the meaning you wish me to ascribe to the term "on the fence," for you know that it has more than one. If you mean that the young lady referred to was metaphorically balancing herself upon a mental fence with regard to a young gentleman about whom she was unable to come to a satisfactory decision, of course it was reprehensible on her part. But if you mean that she was merely disporting herself on the ordinary post and rail fence of common, as did Artemus Ward and his Betsy Jane, why of course it is a matter of taste, and, I should think, of comfort, provided the fence is built on the old fashioned narrow gauge principles. If so take my advice Sea Weed, and go to the trusting place, provided with a cushion, and something to hold on by.

The next letter is even more marked for its tendency to reach the point as soon as possible and begins in this manner:

Are you not Miss — of — I saw your photo in Moncton, and think it a good one. LOVER OF BEAUTY.

For the gracefully implied compliment of the signature I thank you from the bottom of my heart, my child; and at the same time let me ask you, as between woman and woman, what good would it do you if I told you whether Geoffrey would charm you or not? I was that tween of some kind, at the mere suggestion of my being Miss Anybody instead of Mrs. Geoffrey. If you saw any photo at all, which you fancied was mine, I am so glad it was a pretty one. I am sorry I cannot answer the only question you asked me.

All of my young friends seem given to a slight abruptness of address, and a third starts out thus:

How is Geoffrey? What do you think of a girl that looks like a boy that looks like a monkey? (2) Do you think a girl fifteen years old is a young lady? LAR POST.

Surely my dear lamp post if you fulfil your public duties, in the way of casting light into dark places, you should be able to throw some light on these knotty points yourself. Not of course, on the question of Geoffrey's health which is far, thank you, but the others. I should think a girl, most either be fond of animals or else contemplate adopting the profession of an organ grinder. Seriously, if the boy is a nice one, it does not matter much what he looks like. To your second question, no, most decidedly. A girl of fifteen is a child, and the sooner she realizes that fact the better, because she will be grown up quite soon enough.

Mayflower launches herself into the wide sea of literature after this very sudden manner.

Do you think it correct for a young lady to send her photograph to a young gentleman? (3) What do you think of a young gentleman who asks you to go to the theatre and does not take up all too late to say? MATFLOWER.

Well, Matflower, if the young man was a friend, and asked for the photo, I don't see any great harm in her sending it, because you see it is just possible that the young man may not have had one of his own to give her. As for your second question, any young man who could suggest a girl in that manner is very far indeed from deserving to be called a "gentleman," and if I were you I would cut his acquaintance as soon as possible unless he can offer a satisfactory explanation.

We are getting near the end now, girls; only two more, and the next is from "Elephant," who is evidently struggling hard with some of the real problems of life. She says:

Do you think it right for a young gentleman to kiss a young lady good night? Give my love to Geoffrey and your dog.

If the young gentleman is the young lady's brother, my dear, of course it would be quite right, or if he was engaged to her, but not unless. So take my advice and save your kisses very carefully. Thank you for the love, Geoffrey and Jock shall have it all safe. They are always glad to get such messages.

The last correspondent on my list like the first evidently had enlarged ideas on the subject of beginning a letter than her intermediate sisters, for she begins:

DEAR ASTRA.—What would you call a man who can lift a barrel of pork with his hands? GABE. Face 2 feet long.

Good gracious, Lord Gate, I hope it is not your own portrait you are drawing in such alarming colors! If so I should be very much terrified at the prospect of meeting you, and should feel inclined to lapse into undignified shrieks for Geoffrey and the pup. A barrel of pork with his teeth, you don't say so! Why, I should call him a Hercules. How do you know his face is just two feet long, did you measure it? I think he must be a very wonderful man indeed, and might earn a lot of money by exhibiting himself.

Good bye, my dear young friends, I hope you enjoyed writing those notes as much as I enjoyed reading them and answering them. I am sure they are brief, so pointed and, above all, so direct.

BLUE EYED NUISANCE.—I have inquired for the book you asked about, and I am sorry to say that I cannot find out anything about it. ASTRA.

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Is a hundred cents, and you have a right to expect VALUE for it. To give you more, no legitimate business man can, and prosper. We realize that to do business we must give full value for every dollar received.

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IT IS SETTLED.—By the testimony of thirty odd years experience, and of thousands of reliable conscientious people, that Humphrey's Specifics are unrivaled as household remedies. The tens of thousands of families who habitually use and rely upon them, have less sickness, better general health, live longer, and pay less for it, than any other class in the land. They are not poisoned, their systems are not drugged, or depleted or undermined with medicines, their little ailments are soon cured and graver ones prevented, and every dose is a builder up of constitutional vigor and stamina. No wonder the families who have been raised upon them cling with such tenacity to their systems as not to be parted with. The diseases incident to children and location, summer complaints, diarrheas, and dysenteries, scarlet fever, and whooping cough, malaria, fever and ague or rheumatism pass off as harmless visitations or are summarily suppressed, while severer diseases find slight lodgment in organisms so fortified. Thousands also of farmers, breeders, stablemen, express, manufacturing and mining companies confess that Humphrey's Veterinary Specifics have emancipated them from the druggery of sick stock, as well as having saved them thousands of dollars.

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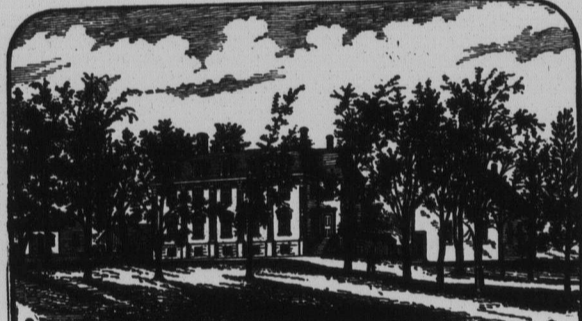
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THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The Romans used oyster shell as physic. White is the color of grief in China, Japan, and Siam.

A cross is a figure on a wreath, and a device is an emblematic representation.

The Kimberley diamond mines find work for 1,500 white men and 1200 natives.

Plants grow faster between four and six a. m. than at any other time during the day.

In Damascus there are 150,000 christians, 130,000 Mahometans, and 5,000 Jews.

The first public use of music by every people has been in religious rites and ceremonies.

One of the smallest armies in Europe is that of the Prince of Monaco. It numbers about 120 men.

A rapid penman draws his pen through 16 1/2 feet every minute. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong.

The brain of the negro, though essentially similar to that of the white man, is not so large, averaging about five ounces less than that of the white man.

Smeaton ascertained by experiment that in a canal, four miles in length, the water was kept up four feet higher at one end than at the other, merely by the action of the wind along the canal.

The number of murders and homicides reported in the United States for the year 1890 was 4290. The palm for being the most murderous civilized nation has been lost to Italy and won by the States.

Between 1841 and 1859 steam was gradually substituted for sailing vessels in the British navy; and, since 1850, armoured ships, armed with guns of enormous calibre, have been substituted for timber vessels.

Three tons of steam coal represent a man's labor for a period of twenty years, and one square mile of a seam of coal, having a depth of four feet only, represents as much work as 1,000,000 men can perform in twenty years.

Few people know the original significance of the description "spinster." Formerly women were prohibited from marrying till they had spun a regular set of bed furniture, and till their marriages were consequently called spinsters (or spinners).

Somewhere who has time on his hands has been figuring the whole thing out and finds that it costs the people of the United States \$250,000,000 a year to be born, \$300,000,000 to be married, \$75,000,000 to be buried, and \$900,000,000 to get drunk.

The average rate of speed of a man walking is, per second, 1.4 feet; of a good horse in harness, 12; of a reindeer in a sledge on the ice, 26; of an English race-horse, 43; of a hare, 83; of a good sailing ship, 14; of the wind, 82; of sound, 1038; of a twenty-four pounder cannon-ball (old style), 1300.

Of the entire human race 500,000,000 are well clothed, that is they wear garments of some kind; 250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, and 250,000,000 virtually have no shelter.

Below is a list of the names by which the fairies have been known in the various countries: Fairies, elves, elf-folks, fays, urchins, ouphes, ell-maids, ell-women, dwarfs, trolls, horns, nisses, kobolds, duendes, brownies, knocks, stromkars, fates, wights, undines, nixies, salamanders, goblins, hobgoblins, ponkes, banshees, kelpies, pixies, peris, djinns, geni and gnomes.

Buddhism was founded by Sakyami in the ninth century before Christ. It eschews all speculation about God and the universe, sets itself solely to the work of salvation, the end of which is the merging of the individual in the unity of being, and the "way" to which is the mortification of all private passion and desire. Buddha, the enlightened, was the name Sakyami assumed on his conversion.

Certain numbers have always been held to be sacred, the number 7 especially. In the belief of some of the early christians 7 was made lucky, because a human being sheds his teeth at 7, becomes a youth at twice 7, a man at thrice 7, and reaches his grand climacteric at nine times 7. 10 is also a sacred number, sanctified, it is said, in the human form by the ten fingers and toes, which, some people assert, are to be discerned in all large animals, and may even be traced in the hoof of a horse, five in each hoof.

Unlike fog, haze generally occurs during an unusually dry state of the lower stratum of air. In considering its cause it has been suggested that the small quantity of non-transparent matter required to produce the dimming effect should always be borne in mind. If the eye can observe the change that comes over a drop of water when the fifty-millionth of a gramme of fuchsine is introduced, possibly a weight of water or dust not much greater would suffice for visibility in a column of air 1,000 feet long. The air is at all times charged with dust particles to a degree difficult to realize. The purest air tested by Mr. Atkins when making his measurements on the top of Ben Nevis contained about 34,000 dust particles to each cubic inch, which would give 35,292,000 particles to every cubic foot, or 35,292,000,000 to a horizontal column of 1,000 feet. This being the case, it is manifest that a condensation upon a small proportion of these or a momentary adhesion by electrical attraction would suffice to produce the optical effect called haze or haziness.

The Roman censors frequently imposed fines on unmarried men, and men of full age were obliged to marry.

The Babylonians reckoned 365 days to a year, and had records of solar and lunar eclipses for thousands of years.

The Spartan women, at certain games, laid hold of old bachelors, dragged them around their altars, and inflicted on them various marks of infamy and disgrace.

The London docks are of immense size, covering no less than 120 acres—fifty of which are under cover, thirty-four are water, and the balance vaults.

The organization of a national naval force in England is assigned to Alfred the Great; but it was not till the time of Henry VIII. that a regular shape was given to the royal navy as a standing force.

Prose fiction written for entertainment is of considerable antiquity. Among the Greeks we find mention of a collection of stories known as the Milesian Tales, before which a sort of historical romance, the Cyropaedia, had been produced by Xenophon (445-359 B. C.).

Cabalasia is of the greatest antiquity, and

HOME LIFE OF THE PARSIS.

They Are Shy in Regard to Family and Domestic Matters.

It is frequently observed that none of the languages of the Orient have a word answering to the sweet occidental monosyllable "home." However this may be, the home in much of its truest and best sense does exist in some parts of the Orient in this day. The luxurious habits of the ancient Persians have left their impress to some extent upon their descendants in Western India, yet the loyal husband, the affectionate and devoted wife, and the respectful, obedient children are often found among them. In many of their dwellings much refined taste is manifested in the furnishings and decorations, woman is to a degree accorded her place as companion and helpmeet to her husband, and the true home atmosphere prevails.

There is, however, with the Parsis, as with all the better classes in the east, a certain shy manner of concealment with reference to family and domestic life, to intrude upon which would be rudeness. It would seem that the Aryan citizen of the Orient everywhere, the more he comes in contact with the European and the more he learns of domestic life in western lands, the more he exhibits a certain diffidence of manner toward his kinpeople from the west when the subject of the home life is touched upon.

In the larger cities of India the educated native gentlemen of all communities come into contact with English society and see not a little of English home life, and it is no doubt through this influence that the Indian home is gradually being remodeled. The English lady in her Indian home is a subject of curious interest to the intelligent native. Hundreds of these have been quick to catch from observation and from reading the idea of deference paid to

FOREIGN BANK NOTES.

The Size, Color and Shape of the Money of Other Lands.

The bank of England notes is about five by eight inches in dimensions, and is printed in black ink on Irish linen lined paper, plain white, and with ragged edges.

The German currency is rather artistic. The bills are printed in green and black. They run in denominations from five to one thousand marks. The latter bills are printed on silk fiber paper.

Italian notes are of all sizes, shapes and colors. The smaller bills—five and ten lire notes—are printed on white paper in pink, blue and carmine inks, and ornamented with a finely engraved vignette of King Humbert.

The notes of the Banque de France are made of white, water-lined paper, printed in blue and black, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures, and running in denominations from the twenty-franc note to the one thousand franc.

South American currency, in most countries, is about the size and general appearance of American bills, except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors, and the Spanish and Portuguese are the prevailing language engraved on the face.

The Chinese paper currency is in red, white and yellow paper, with gilt lettering and gorgeous little hand-drawn devices. The bills, to the ordinary financier, might pass for washing bills, but they are worth good money in the flowery kingdom.

The one hundred ruble note of Russia is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, blended as when shown through a prism. In the centre, in bold relief, stands a large, finely executed vignette of the Empress Catherine I. This is in black. The other engraving is not all

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fenimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does me more good than any other remedy. 'I have been troubled with what I call Sick Headache. A pain comes in the back part of my head first, and then soon a general headache until I become sick and vomit. At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, and sourness, when food seemed to rise up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on if I take a little August Flower it relieves me, and is the best remedy I have ever taken for it. For this reason I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c.'

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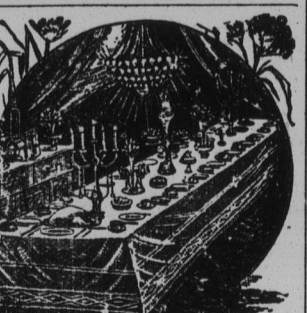
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THE Subscriber wishes to inform his lady customers, and the public generally, that he is now ready to fill their orders for Ice Cream, in any quantity desired. Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry, Pineapple, Ginger, Chocolate, Coffee, Almond, Pistachio, Tutti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

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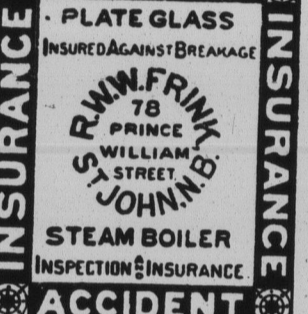
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Adjoining the above is a lot of 48 acres, principally woodland. As a country hotel site, with a good farm attached, the above presents a chance rarely met. Terms easy.

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ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS



IT MAY BE FOR YEARS.

the Pythagoreans went so far as to specify the particular character and sex of numbers. Thus 1 was male, as being the parent of all; 2 was female, as, in conjunction with 1, the two great properties of numbers, unity and multiplicity, are produced; but 3 was the first perfect number, because 3 multiplied by 3 makes more than 3 added to 3, which is not the case with 2, for 2 x 2 = 4, and 2 added to 2 = 4.

Electricity is applied to street cars by the trolley system in this way: The current of electricity is led from the generating machine at the station to a line which is conducted by a wire placed above the ground. The elements of the system consist of a generating station, line, car, motor and return circuit. At the generating station an engine and boiler furnish power to drive a dynamo. The current generated is conducted by a wire to a line which is strung on posts, and runs above and parallel with the track. The car to obtain the current makes continual contact with this overhead line by means of a trolley, this current passing down by wires to a motor which is connected with the axle of the car. After passing through this motor, the current passes into the wheels of the car, and thence into the track, and as the latter is connected near the generating station with the other pole of the dynamo, a complete circuit is thus formed. In addition to the track connection as much for the current, the earth is used as much as it is employed in telegraphy, the track being connected at intervals with large plates buried in the ground. The circuit is further aided by connecting the rails of the track with copper wires to keep up the continuous electric current.

women in England and America, and consider it an honor to be allowed to converse with the lady of the house when invited to attend social gatherings among their English friends; yet few of these accept the entire invitation and take their wives with them. At such gatherings in Bombay the Parsis are the most numerous among the native guests, and generally minus the "better half," the Hindu husband still more seldom bringing his wife—the English ladies soon learning not to push the painful subject of the wife at home.

The Parsi lady does sometimes come out, however, and is made heartily welcome by her English sisters; she is very charming in her tasteful sikhari, and with her bright but gentle manner.

The Différance.

It's nigh on thirty years or more
Since Hannah left her mother,
An' we agreed that she an' I
Could house with one another.

An' all these years of married bliss
That I have shared with Hannah
Here goes to prove the différance
Twixt man an' woman's manner.

Now Hannah has her garden beds,
An' tends her plants an' posies,
While I weed out my turnip plot,
An' hoe my early rows.

Then Hannah has her cats an' dogs,
Her Peli an' pet canary,
While I think more of my fowling beasts
Than keep the farm an' dairy.

We're both contented with our lot,
I let her have her parrots,
She never minds that I prefer
The straws, betts and carrots.

For in this life the pretty things
Are put beside the common,
An' that's the reason why a man
Was made to love a woman.
—Detroit Free Press.

intricate or elaborate, but is well done in dark and light brown and black inks. The Australian bill is printed on light-colored, thick paper, which shows none of the silk fibre marks or geometrical lines used in American currency as a protection against counterfeiting. Each one bears upon it a terrible warning to counterfeiters, threatening the penitentiary confinement "to any one who shall make, sell or have in possession any counterfeit or fac-simile of this bill."

The Face and Nose.

Faces with nose and chin both pointed are significant of cynical wit; the mouth is usually full of wit and satirical fancy, as we see in the profile of Voltaire. A great eye with a bony nose, with forked, descending wrinkles, shows great firmness and fire. The high, arched nose, "arched from the top to the point and rounding at the sides, shows great commercial capacity." The Rothschilds, Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor have this formation of nose.

Vanderbil's "nose has the executive combined with the commercial." Noses of the greatest war generals are arched and commanding. Ill formed noses are seen sometimes in men of marked ability; but a broken, deformed or an ugly nose disgraces any face. "With a wise, courageous nose," says Lavater, "you will find a deep inspecting eye. The surrounding wrinkles and the eyebrows above are in favor of wisdom and worth. I have never yet seen a nose with a broad back, whether arched or rectilinear, that did not appertain to an extraordinary man. The straight formation of the nose betokens gravity; when in bent and crooked a noble manner of thinking."

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IN PROGRESS

KEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

It is stated, on apparently good authority, that the Rothschilds have during the last 75 years furnished to the various governments, mostly in Europe, a total of about \$2,750,000,000.

Dr. Mary Walker, dressed in full male attire, is now on exhibition in a Boston dime museum. Or rather, she "holds" receptions every day and evening, and addresses the audience on the vital questions of the hour.

There are said to be about 400 gypsies in the northern states. The men are nearly all tinkers, and profess to make a living mending pots and kettles, but fortune-telling by the women is the great source of the family revenue.

Old Lady Aylesbury is one of the most extraordinary figures in London society. She is nearly 90 and wears a wig of cork-screw curls. She is noted as the possessor of a sharp tongue, and her language is at all times picturesque and vigorous.

The Shah of Persia has recently become so unpopular with his subjects that they are said to be ripe for revolt. Nar-ud-Din has never been much liked by his people, and the latest action in endeavoring to make a minister was so out of the obnoxious boy who accompanied him on his tour of western Europe has raised a Din to which even the royal ears are not deaf.

Mrs. Wagner feels that she is fulfilling a sacred mission when she presents her husband's works to the audience at Bayreuth in the most perfect settings and performed by the best of singers. It is said that over \$100,000 have been spent in bringing out Wagner alone. In every thing the great composer's widow has followed her husband's directions to the slightest detail.

Bernhardt affects a profound contempt for money. In an interview with a western reporter she said: "My earnings during my career! Nothing. Nothing, I say. It comes, it goes. I keep no account. I could not spend the money I would not earn it. Money is to spend it, to get an account, I don't bother. I have enough. I never calculate. I can't calculate. Oh, bother the money."

Patti is very fond of parrots, and when she sees one that strikes her fancy she does not hesitate to pay the price asked for it, however exorbitant it may be. Some years ago she actually paid \$5,000 for a parrot, and the loquacious bird is still to be seen and heard in her winter garden at Craig-Nos. One of the diva's parrots speaks Welsh, another French, and others English.

Rubenstein, who is in Dresden seeking the necessary quiet in which to complete his new oratorio, was induced to touch a piano for a few minutes at a musicale in that city. A young gentleman, either English or American, said to him with a patronizing smile: "Well, you play very well." With the gravest manner, and the slightest tinge of sarcasm, Rubenstein bowed low and replied: "I thank you very much for your encouragement."

Collis P. Huntington arrived in New York when a boy of fifteen, without a penny. His father was a farmer and small manufacturer. Collis early showed great shrewdness in business, and unlimited energy and resolution. But success is not usually attained without long and persistent effort, and so Mr. Huntington found to be the case. But after years of hard work his fortune was made, and now he is worth \$30,000,000. He is still, however, a hard worker, and employs, directly or indirectly, thirty thousand men.

Now that the original of "Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.," has passed away, the person of the Right Honorable William Henry Smith, First Lord of the English Treasury, has been immortalized by the fun made of him, as he certainly never would have been by his own works. Long after even the names of his colleagues in office and those of dozens of other ministers have been forgotten, the identity of Smith will spring eternally green from the limpid verse of the satiric Gilbert. Like the fly in amber he is handed down to posterity in spite of himself.

Jane, as borne by the royal families of Europe, has always been a name of illomen. Lady Jane Grey was beheaded for treason; Jane Seymour was one of the victims of King Hal; Jane Beaufort, wife of James II., was savagely murdered; Jeanne de Valois, wife of Louis XII., was repudiated for her want of personal beauty; Jeanne d'Albert, mother of Henry IV., was poisoned by Catherine de Medici; Jane of Castile lost her reason through the neglect of her husband, Philip the Handsome, Archduke of Austria; Jane I. of Naples caused her husband to be murdered and married his assassin, and Jane II. of Naples was one of the most wanton of women.

Anyone who cherishes the honor of being informally received in the boudoir of the Princess of Wales may notice, nestled in the corner of her jewel casket, a little bijou which is seldom worn by its royal owner, owing to its sacred preservation as one of the dearest relics of her happy youth. It is in the shape of a colored gold bracelet, richly set with diamonds, and comprising eight departments, each having a miniature of one of her bridesmaids, with their initials worked in enamel on blue lids, which can be closed to conceal their faces from view. This trinket was presented to the beautiful Alexandria by the eight daughters of peers who had the honor of waiting upon her at the time of her marriage, in 1863.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, looks like a sharp-witted business man. He is short of stature a trifle stooped-shouldered, and clean shaven. His hair is thin, and his clothing betokens a man of business rather than a poet. If Riley would accept of all the invitations to social pleasures extended to him in New York he would be kept busy. But, although he is a charming story teller and an easy and graceful conversationalist, he does not like to go out much. He is shy, and prefers to stay in a corner with a few friends who know and understand him. Even on the platform he is nervous and fidgety, and Mr. Riley could make \$15,000 a year by his poetry if he possessed the commercial instinct and would accept of the work tendered him. As it is, he makes \$5,000 a year from his poems, and three times that much from his readings.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

She—Can't I do something to make you look happy? He—Yes; let me marry you.

Tramp (to farmer)—Does your dog like strangers? Farmer (reassuringly)—Yes, come on—Tower never refused to eat one yet.

PRETTY SURE TO REACH HIM. "My love should reach him," the maiden said, As she sealed her letter, "it did not wait it; And her eye grew bright and her cheek grew red, And having expressed it I'll also mail it."

Mr. Tomato (to Mr. Potato, as a pretty girl goes by)—"Can the potato masher?" Mr. Potato—"No, but perhaps the tomato can."

Sanso—"There is one thing that every woman likes to have a finger in." Rodd—"What's that?" Sanso—"An engagement ring."

Jim—You say that parade of 200 men was two hours passing a given point? Impossible—what was it? Tom—Casey's saloon.

A young man who has just been "accepted" exultantly remarked that he is now a member of the weekly press.—Lowell Courier.

Old Mrs. Lyman—Oh, you wicked boy! Can I believe my eyes? Are you smoking a cigarette? Jiminy Tufnut—No, ma'am; it's the cigarette that's smoking. "I fear you won't be faithful to me," said the policeman to the housemaid. "Won't you be answered; I've got a character for faithfulness in every place I've been."

Doctor—"Did you bathe in the whisky and water, as I prescribed?" Col. Bourton—"Yes, thoroughly. I used the water on the outside and the whisky on the inside"—Puck.

"Now," said the teacher on the opening day of school, "I want you to tell me what you all enjoyed most during your vacation." "Sleeping late in the morning," was the chorus.

"Come up and see my pictures," said Mr. Newark to his friend. "I've got a pile of 'em, and beauties, too." "Any old masters?" "Nary one; they're all brand new, every one of 'em."

"Sambo, where did all those chicken feathers on your coat come from?" "Dunno, massa, but I hab my spishuns—dat messy niggab, Sam Johnson; I jes traded coats wit an none to good."

"I suppose," said the young woman, "that you college boys have lots of adventures; you have a number of close shaves, I'll warrant you?" "No," he replied with a blush, "nothing but hair cuts as yet."

Carruthers—"That scoundrel, Filkins, called me an ass!" Waite—"He didn't prove it, did he?" Carruthers—"No, but—Wah!"—"Well, then, I wouldn't say anything more to inflame him."—New York Herald.

"Marriage improves a man, I think." "Yes?" "Yes; I saw young Hymen wheeling his baby out today, and he seemed much improved by his marriage." "How so?" "Well, he seemed to have more push to him than when he was single."

"Talk about realism," remarked Mr. Barnes Turner; "why, when we showed at Jackson's Crossing, Va., we gave such a realistic arctic region scene that the town constable froze to our trunks and the audience shook us cold."—Indianapolis Journal.

A gentleman was put out of patience by some blunder of his new groom. "Look here!" he cried in his anger. "I won't have things done in this way. Do you think I'm a fool?" "Shure, sorr," said the groom. "O! can't say, sorr. O! only came here yesterday."

Peddler—"Beg pardon, ma'am, but I am agent for Dr. Feeder's Spice Root Bitters, and I'm sure if the members of your family would try them they could soon have the finest appetites." Lady at door (generally)—"This, sir, is a boarding house."—Good News.

Ambitious Maiden—It's just too mean for anything. The editor sent my beautiful and pathetic story back without reading it. Fond Mother—Dearie me! How do you know? Ambitious Maiden—I've looked all through every page, and there isn't a tear drop anywhere.

"There is one thing I like about a woman," he said, as they were strolling in the twilight. "What is that?" she asked. "An arm," he said, as he slid his around her waist. And after a little consideration she thought there might be worse things about a woman than that.—N. Y. Press.

"Young Jones has recently come into a lot of money, I hear. Where did it come from?" "He won it in a lottery." "He shouldn't be able to get much good out of money gained in that way." "It's all right. He is going to use it in a lottery again." "He is?" "Yes; he is going to get married."

"My friend," said a solemn man, "have you ever done anything to make the community in which you live the better for your living in it?" "I have done much, sir," replied the other, humbly, "to purify the homes of my fellow-beings." "Ah," continued the solemn man, with a pleased look, "you distribute tracts?" "No, I clean carpets."

Rev. Joseph Gravelly (giving his views on the evils of card-playing during a pastoral call)—"As I was saying, I am in doubt." Parrot (interrupting eagerly)—"When you are in doubt play trumps!" And no member of that family has been able to account for the parrot's utterance to the satisfaction of the pastor.—Kate Field's Washington.

George (toying with his spoon)—"I don't think much of the oysters we get out here. They're little worthless things and half of them never grow in regular oyster beds at all. They were just picked up anywhere. Oysters always ought to be cultivated." Laura (yielding to the force of the argument)—"I think I could cultivate another dish, George."—Chicago Tribune.

Little Girl (looking over advertising page)—"Mamma, why do all these boarding houses object to children?" Fond Mamma—"I'm sure I don't know. Go see what the baby is yelling about, and tell Johnny to stop throwing things at people in the street, and make George and Kate stop fighting, and tell Dick if he doesn't stop banging that Chinese gong so hard I'll take it away from him."—Good News.

PROFESSIONAL.

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J. E. WETHERINGTON, M. D., HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 72 Sydney Street, corner Princess Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 481.

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JOHN L. CARLETON, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: 72 1/2 Prince Wm. Street (over D. C. Clinch, Banker), Saint John, N. B.

DR. C. F. GORHAM, DENTIST, 121 Union Street, St. John, N. B. Crown and Bridge work a specialty.

HOSE REQUIRING SPECTACLES. Consult **D. HARRIS,** ENGLISH OPTICIAN, 53 Armarin St., St. John, N. B. NEAR MARKET.

THE TOILET GEM Phuboderma CHAPPED HANDS, COLDS, SORES, SORE LIPS ETC. Solely Dispensed by **A. & J. HAY,** DRAUGERS IN

Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED 76 KING STREET.

FURNITURE. BEDROOM SULTS, PARLOR SULTS, LOUNGES, BED ROOMS, CRUZZING TABLES, BEDSTEADS, MATTRESSES, SPRINGS, BABY CARRIAGES, ETC. Prices low as any and on easy payment if desired. **F. A. JONES, :: 34 Dock Street.**

DAVID CONNELL, Livory and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Repairs and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs on short notice.

S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE, STEEL AND IRON-CUT NAILS, AND SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, ETC. ST. JOHN, N. B.

General Machinery! MINING MACHINERY. **JOSEPH THOMPSON,** WESTFIELD, KINGS CO. Builder, and Agent for the Golden Gate Concentrator. All kinds of experimental work, model making, etc.

SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS, 84 PRINCE STREET. Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice. Feather Dyeing a Specialty. **C. E. BRACKETT, Prop.**

GORRELL ART STORE is the cheapest place to get pictures framed. 207 Union St., Opera House Block.

Estey's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil in the Best Physicians Say So.

ESTEY'S EMULSION Palatable as Milk. Sold everywhere.

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THINGS OF VALUE.

In a world of shams, even a picturesque liar has his place.

The best remedy for Summer Complaints is Fellows' Speedy Relief. Speedy in results as well as in name.

Humility is so rare that it usually gets called mean-spiritedness.

Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters is highly recommended for Indigestion, Headache, Biloousness, etc.

The love that gives all and asks nothing will never die of safety.

Chapter 1: Weak tired no appetite. Chapter 2: Take Hood's Saraparilla. Chapter 3: Strong, cheerful, hungry.

To subdue an enemy—how paltry! To conquer a friend—how soul-satisfying!

Be wise in time. You have too many gray hairs for one so young looking. Use Hall's Hair Renewer, the best preparation to accomplish it.

The recuperative force of nature works wonders—especially upon widowers.

You have catarrh, and other remedies have failed you—then give Nasal Balm a fair trial. There is no case of catarrh will not cure if the directions are faithfully followed.

To think for oneself is not achieved—it is a gift of the gods to a favorite son. . . . Ladies who are suffering from depressions bearing down pain, nervousness, any form of female weakness, will find Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an infallible cure. Try them.

The modern lady does not implore to be deeply loved; he begs not to be too much bored.

The comfort of making Soup from Kerr's Evaporated Vegetables makes soup a favorite dish in the house, the camp or the ship. The vegetables are compounded in proportions to blend all flavors, delicately.

For a woman, the temptation to sacrifice herself is strong. When it includes the opportunity to sacrifice her friends also it is irresistible.

"To all persons suffering from Kidney, Bladder troubles and Constipation I recommend Wilmot Spa Waters as a specific. I have received more benefit from them any medicine." Wm. Beardsell, Lowell, Mass.

In holiday time a man suffers a good deal, but he enjoys a good deal. And then the pleasure of the anticipation and the pleasure of the return must go for something.

Do not wait till your delicate wife or child is past hope of recovery; but take warning now, and faithfully administer Puttner's Emulsion according to the directions. It will be the best investment you ever made.

The sight of the Indian troops hurrying to the aid of the Queen's armies in the Mediterranean and in Egypt, taught the military nations of Europe a lesson as to the power and resources of Greater Britain.—Contemporary Review.

Extract from statement by John Collett Esq., Director of contracts for the British Navy—"your Evaporated Vegetables are superior to any other preserved vegetables. We find them by Analysis to contain more nutriment than the French."

Music is masculine, Art is feminine, and Poetry is their child. The baby Poetry will play with any one; but its parents observe the division of sexes. I suppose you know that Art and Music are separated now. They sometimes meet, but they never speak.—Barry Payne.

Every housewife had trouble with her wash, till "Lessive Phenix" came along. Then the misery of harsh chemicals was over. Here is an article which will make your clothes as pure and spotless as the snow; save your hands; save time save money; while, at the same time will clean everything in the house. Get out your old silverware and tinware, and anything that is dirty, and Lessive Phenix will make it like new. Remember, no soap at all in the boiling of clothes. That is the Lessive Phenix way. Ask your grocer. Full directions on wrapper.

Language, like property, has its duties as well as its rights; and in these days when education is to cost less than a raspberry caramel, it is eminently desirable that the young idea should be taught a few stock qualifying adjectives, which shall bear in some slight degree a relation or an opportunity to nouns in general.—National Observer.

Power of the Human Voice. Talmage, in order to illustrate this, tells a story of a boy who, having left home to seek a fortune, soon found himself in needy circumstances. Then he wrote his father this kind of appeal: "Dear Father: I am sick and lonely, without one single cent. Send me some money quick. Your son, JOHN." Now the father was illiterate and could not read, so he went to a great strapping butcher, and asked him to read the letter. The butcher had a gruff way of reading and a loud voice. When he had finished reading John's letter the father was furious, and declared he would not send a penny, even if the boy starved to death. He had never heard such an impudent demand for money. On his way home the father thought the butcher might have made a mistake in reading, and a desire to hear the letter read again overcame him. A baker, with a low voice and falling inflection, was next asked to read the son's letter. When he concluded the father said, with tears in his eyes, "My poor boy, I'll send him all the money he wants." The baker had read word for word the letter as it was read by the butcher—the only difference was in the tone of his voice.

The Great Benefit. Which people in run down state of health derive from Hood's Saraparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength, but a natural way all the weakened parts, purifies the blood, and assists to healthy action those latent organs, the kidneys and liver.

Ladies' Pocket Books of Dr. Arthur's, 60 King Street.

Hacknomore CURES COLDS, COUGHS, CROUP & PRICE IS AS LOW AS ANY OTHER PREPARED BY G. A. MOORE, Druggist, ST. JOHN, N. B. Sold Everywhere.

MRS. WATERBURY'S CELEBRATED **DINNER PILLS** Are sold and recommended by the following druggists in this city, who are reliable.



BARKER, T. B. & SON, CRAIBE, F. E. & CO. CLARKE, C. F. COUPE, R. E. CHRISTIE, WM. MCARTHUR, R. D. SMITH, A. C. & CO.

MCARTY, R. W. McDIARMID, S. MAHONY, E. J. MOORE, G. A. PADDOCK, M. V. PARKER BROS. SMITH, A. C. & CO.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS. Plated Ware, in great variety; Cutlery, Tin and Japaned Ware, Brass and Iron Hooks, Nails and Tacks, Mixed Paints, Varnish, and large variety of Sundries, required by Housekeepers. **AT THE OLD STAND.** **CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,** - 60 and 62 Prince Wm. Street.

CAN THE BABY WALK? With our Baby Walker they learn quickly; the latest and best, \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5.50. Some Fancy Tables in oak and other woods—new and handsome designs. **C. E. REYNOLDS, - 101 CHARLOTTE STREET.**

It'll not Bother You To pick out a Suit of our stock. We've anything and everything you want. A special lot of very handsome Tweed Suitings; will make up beautifully. **THOS. YOUNGCLAUS,** CHARLOTTE STREET.

LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS —IN THE— **Boot, Shoe, and Clothing Trade** —AT THE— **20TH CENTURY STORE, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET** (Opposite the Market). We are going to move into larger premises, in about a month, and in the interval will sell at **PHENOMENAL PRICES.** It will repay purchasers to hunt us up before buying. Our Stock is very large and we are determined to reduce our Stock, even if it must be done at a loss. **MEN'S CONGRESS, \$1.25; BROGANS, 75c.; MEN'S VERY HEAVY WORK BLUCHER BALS, \$1.25; WOMEN'S VERY FINE KID BOOTS, 95c., \$1.25 up; other goods proportionately cheap.** **TRYON M'F'G CO., Proprietors. J. A. REID, Manager.**

EXTRA VALUE IN MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS (TAILOR MADE). Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Shirts, ALL KINDS, JUST THE THING FOR THIS SEASON. ALL NEW GOODS. CALL AND EXAMINE. **JAMES KELLY,** TAILOR AND CLOTHIER, **No. 5 MARKET SQUARE.** **HOT WATER HEATING!**

THOS. CAMPBELL, PLUMBER, HOT WATER AND STEAM FITTER, 79 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. **NOTHING LIKE** making your "Ads." catchy. Have them prominent. Make everybody look at them. **MOST** advertisers have made success by using illustrations and cuts in their "ads." Do you? **MEN** who advertise and want good advertising, have original designs for their "ads." We originate designs. Make wood cuts and electrots, Reproduce, enlarge, and reduce engravings of all kinds **"Progress" Engraving Bureau,** SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Specifications and Prices Furnished on Application. ALL WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

Now is the time to prepare for comfort in your dwellings next winter. Heat your home with a Hot Water Apparatus; in point of economy, simplicity, cleanliness, and ventilation it is infinitely superior to any other mode of heating.

Specifications and Prices Furnished on Application. ALL WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

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VINCENT'S MISFORTUNE.

I'd rather not tell the story, but I suppose I must, because you heard a garbled account of it; so I've got to tell it in self-defence. I assure you there was no row of any sort.

Harry Vincent belonged to a fast set. There was nothing particularly bad about them, but they had more money than was good for them; if it had not been for that I think I would have seen more of Harry Vincent.

Then came the crash. The Wangdoodle gold mine turned out to be a swindle. Old Vincent fled to what is commonly known as "foreign parts," and then, to put it shortly, the Asyrian came down.

I lost sight of Vincent for eight years; and, to tell you the truth, though once upon a time we had been as thick as thieves, he had dropped out of my mind altogether. But I went to the Fortico theatre one night, and whom should I see but Vincent.

I looked at Vincent. I stared at him through my opera glass; then I consulted my play bill. This is what I read: "Capt. Jack Strongtharm, Mr. Vincent Malet."

There was a big swing door covered with old cloth, above which was nailed a rusty horseshoe. It did not look very inviting, that "fairy portal"; every now and again the door would swing open and some one or other would hurry out.

I was delighted to see him. I nodded, I winked; but he took not the slightest notice of me. So, directly the curtain fell, I marched round to the stage door, and sent my card in to Mr. Vincent Malet.

He seized me by the hand and told me he was uncommonly glad to see me. Let's go and have some supper at Spagnolotti's, old man," he said. We went to Spagnolotti's, and over that supper we got as thick as thieves once more.

I didn't think you had it in you, Harry," I said. And then he told me that he had drifted into the theatrical profession because there was absolutely nothing else he could turn his hand to—partly that, and partly because he was in love with a very pretty girl.

"If's hard work to make both ends meet," said Harry Vincent. "But I've saved a little money in case of a rainy day, and now I think we are all right.

"Mr. Vincent Malet, Palmerio cottage, Lath-and-plaster road, Balham," I did go down to Balham. Harry introduced me to his pretty wife, his four small children and his prize baby.

I did not see anything more of Harry Vincent for three years. That was not my fault, but because my governor sent me out to our Lisbon house under the pretext that ought to learn the business.

THE OLD SETTLER.

"Do you ever remember a cat that raised squirrels, gran' pop?" asked Peleg.

"No, sonny, I don't," he said. "No, sonny, I don't," he said. "No, sonny, I don't," he said.

"When I was a boy, in the Sugar Swamp district," Peleg, the Old Settler, began, "I was out on a hunt for plenty in the woods of chipmunks in now."

"I'm out of an engagement, old man," said poor Harry, with a dreadful smile.

"I shall never get another engagement, old man," said poor Harry, with a dreadful smile.

"It's no use, old man," he said; "it's no good my sponging on you."

"One day I went on the trail of a wolf nigh our clearin', but she were a cunning o' she one," he said.

"The day afore past gathered in the wolf cub o' our own eyes had a lamb."

"I was delighted to see him. I nodded, I winked; but he took not the slightest notice of me."

"I got my handkerchief from my coat pocket to wipe my face, for I was out of training. As I did so, and turned my back on him for an instant, I fancied I heard something snap, though I hardly noticed it at the time."

"Have at you, Jack!" he cried, as he thrust the foil into my hand and attacked me with great vigor.

I was excited, and my blood was up. I made a tremendous lunge in second; he did not attempt to parry it, but advanced a step, and I ran him right through the left breast in an instant.

"Forgive me, old man," cried Harry Vincent with an awful smile; "it wasn't your fault, I planned it."

"That's our lamb, b'gosh," he'd turned up missing."

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STEAMER CLIFTON.

COMMENCING the 1st October, this Steamer will leave Indiantown Wharf at 3 o'clock, p. m., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

International Steamship Co. AUTUMN EXCURSIONS.

Boston and Portland \$5.00 ROUND TRIP. \$5.00. COMMENCING SEPT. 16th, Tickets will be issued to OCT. 31st, inclusive, good to return 12 days from date of issue.

Eastport and Return the following day, at \$1.00. 10-19-91 C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

International Steamship Co. FALL ARRANGEMENT. THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING Sept. 16, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at 7.25, standard time.

Returning will leave Boston Saturdays, at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 9 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

On Wednesday's Trip the Steamers will not call at Portland.

Connections at Eastport with steamer for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

A WEEK'S HOLIDAY FOR BOSTON \$3.00.

THE Boston, Halifax, and Prince Edward Island Line of Steamships offers a grand chance for a pleasant and rapid sea trip from the Nova Scotia capital to Boston.

Leaving Prince Edward Island, Halifax, at 4 o'clock every Saturday afternoon, after the arrival of all the eastern boats, and Lewis' wharf, Boston, at twelve o'clock every Saturday, on the arrival of all the morning expresses from Maine and New York.

These steamers make the through trip from Boston to St. John, N. B., calling at Halifax and Port Hawkesbury en route.

The marvellously low rate (\$3) from Halifax to Boston is the cheapest of any line running out of Boston, and the accommodation by the B. H. and P. E. I. steamers is unequalled.

For freight or passage, apply to R. B. GARDNER, Manager, Fishery Wharf, Lewis Wharf (East side) Boston, Halifax, N. S.

On the Rhine of America. STAR LINE. FOR FREDERICTON, ETC.

A STEAMER of this line will leave St. John, New Brunswick, every morning (Sunday excepted) for the Celestial city at 9 a. m.

On the Romantic Blue. Belle Bay steamer, Springfield, will leave St. John, New Brunswick, for the above place every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12.30 p. m., calling at all way landings; returning on alternate days.

New York, Maine, and New Brunswick STEAMSHIP CO. ST. JOHN AND NEW YORK.

THE S. S. "WINTHROP," of this line will re-ceive Weekly Service between St. John and New York as follows:

Leave New York, Pier 40, E. R., on SATURDAYS, at 8.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John; and Leave St. John (New York Pier, North End), on TUESDAYS, at 8.00 p. m., for Eastport and New York.

The "WINTHROP" having been overhauled during the winter, now offers first-class accommodation for Passengers and Freight.

For further information apply to H. D. McLEOD, TROOP & SON, Agents, Gen'l Freight and Pass. Agt's, St. John, N. B., and 16 William Street, New York.

At the Office in the Company's Warehouse, New York Pier, North End.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA. RAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LTD. CITY OF MONTICELLO.

This steamer will, on and after the 12th Sept., and until the 14th November, sail from the Company's pier, Reed's Point, St. John, at 7.30 local time, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; re-turning from Annapolis, upon arrival of the Halifax express, due at 1 p. m., on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, calling at Digby each way.

Travellers to Halifax will please take notice that by this route they can reach that city inside of ten hours, have a greater variety of beautiful scenery, the pleasure of a delightful sail across the Bay of Fundy, and choicest meals served at reasonable rates on board the steamer.

RAILWAYS.

COMMENCING the 1st October, this Steamer will leave Indiantown Wharf at 3 o'clock, p. m., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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Leave New York, Pier 40, E. R., on SATURDAYS, at 8.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John; and Leave St. John (New York Pier, North End), on TUESDAYS, at 8.00 p. m., for Eastport and New York.

The "WINTHROP" having been overhauled during the winter, now offers first-class accommodation for Passengers and Freight.

For further information apply to H. D. McLEOD, TROOP & SON, Agents, Gen'l Freight and Pass. Agt's, St. John, N. B., and 16 William Street, New York.

At the Office in the Company's Warehouse, New York Pier, North End.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA. RAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LTD. CITY OF MONTICELLO.

This steamer will, on and after the 12th Sept., and until the 14th November, sail from the Company's pier, Reed's Point, St. John, at 7.30 local time, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; re-turning from Annapolis, upon arrival of the Halifax express, due at 1 p. m., on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, calling at Digby each way.

Travellers to Halifax will please take notice that by this route they can reach that city inside of ten hours, have a greater variety of beautiful scenery, the pleasure of a delightful sail across the Bay of Fundy, and choicest meals served at reasonable rates on board the steamer.

RAILWAYS.

COMMENCING the 1st October, this Steamer will leave Indiantown Wharf at 3 o'clock, p. m., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

International Steamship Co. AUTUMN EXCURSIONS.

Boston and Portland \$5.00 ROUND TRIP. \$5.00. COMMENCING SEPT. 16th, Tickets will be issued to OCT. 31st, inclusive, good to return 12 days from date of issue.

Eastport and Return the following day, at \$1.00. 10-19-91 C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

International Steamship Co. FALL ARRANGEMENT. THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING Sept. 16, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at 7.25, standard time.

Returning will leave Boston Saturdays, at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 9 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

On Wednesday's Trip the Steamers will not call at Portland.

Connections at Eastport with steamer for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

A WEEK'S HOLIDAY FOR BOSTON \$3.00.

THE Boston, Halifax, and Prince Edward Island Line of Steamships offers a grand chance for a pleasant and rapid sea trip from the Nova Scotia capital to Boston.

Leaving Prince Edward Island, Halifax, at 4 o'clock every Saturday afternoon, after the arrival of all the eastern boats, and Lewis' wharf, Boston, at twelve o'clock every Saturday, on the arrival of all the morning expresses from Maine and New York.

These steamers make the through trip from Boston to St. John, N. B., calling at Halifax and Port Hawkesbury en route.

The marvellously low rate (\$3) from Halifax to Boston is the cheapest of any line running out of Boston, and the accommodation by the B. H. and P. E. I. steamers is unequalled.

For freight or passage, apply to R. B. GARDNER, Manager, Fishery Wharf, Lewis Wharf (East side) Boston, Halifax, N. S.

On the Rhine of America. STAR LINE. FOR FREDERICTON, ETC.

A STEAMER of this line will leave St. John, New Brunswick, every morning (Sunday excepted) for the Celestial city at 9 a. m.

On the Romantic Blue. Belle Bay steamer, Springfield, will leave St. John, New Brunswick, for the above place every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12.30 p. m., calling at all way landings; returning on alternate days.

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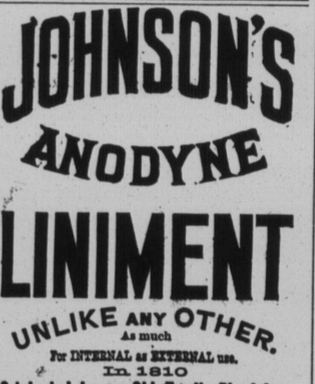
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Originated by an Old Family Physician. Think of It. Every Traveler should have a bottle in his satchel.



Is the Finest Six Year Old Whisky in the World. ALWAYS ASK FOR ISLAY BLEND. EXPORT BOTTLERS.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

Large advertisement for CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, featuring "Steamer Clifton" and "One Way Parties" on the "PACIFIC COAST!". Includes details about routes, fares, and service.

Large advertisement for ERB'S Baby, Look at the Birdie! Photography. Features artistic photography services and baby portraits. Includes contact information for 85 GERMAN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.