

PROGRESS.

VOL. VII. NO. 363.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE EVE OF THE BATTLE.

THE EFFECTS OF THE REFORM MOVEMENT WORN OFF.

The election which the T. R. A. ticket... The effects of the reform movement worn off.

The opinion pretty generally prevails that the Tax Reduction Association's ticket will not get the same undivided support that it got last year.

Another thing which has operated against the association and its adherents is the manner in which their ticket is nominated.

These are the objections to the methods of the association and their ticket; now for the other side of the story.

The object of the reform movement was to decrease taxation. This is the main question before the people and the present council have done it.

On Tuesday when nominations were made there were two changes in the tickets as they appeared in last Saturday's Progress.

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THE FUN OF THE SEASON.

THE CLUBS OF HALIFAX ARE GETTING READY FOR IT.

Electing Officers of the Organizations and Settling some of the Differences—Mr. Henry is "Not on the List" This Year but he will not Abandon Sport for all that.

HALIFAX, April 12.—Athletics has a firm hold on the young men and many of the older ones in the city.

Two occurrences have led to this statement. The first was the annual meeting of the Wanderers' Amateur athletic club which took place on Tuesday evening.

It will be a safe prediction to say that Ald. McLaughlin and Ald. McCarthy will be returned at large.

Where Easter Beef is Kept. A pleasing sight indeed is that handsomely decorated part of the market where Mr. Thomas Dean is disposing of Easter beef and other good things this week.

Let There be Publicity. Now that the election is here it would be well for the candidates to consider the question of opening the doors of the committee room to the people.

A Great Variety of New Designs in Wall Paper, Borderings to Match and of Remarkably low prices, at D. McArthur's King St.

CLERK LYNAM MUST GO.

AN IMPORTANT CHANGE IN COUNTY MARKET OFFICIALS.

Mr. McGonagle will Take His Place May 1st—A Few Facts About Those People Who use the Market as a Standing Ground to Peddle Out Their Purchases.

On Monday last the treasury board decided to recommend the appointment of John McGonagle, as deputy clerk of the city market, his occupancy of the position to begin on the first of May.

It is the generally expressed opinion, particularly of those who know Mr. McGonagle, that he will control the market and will not require the aid of the lessee to have the laws carried out.

While on the subject of carrying out the laws it is perhaps safe to say that no other city the size of St. John has such antiquated regulations as are those which are supposed to be the law of the market.

MR. BULMER WAS MURDERER. He Addressed the Jury Upon the Veracity of a Witness.

HALIFAX, April 10.—The trial of Downey in the supreme court on charges, any one of which would have taken him to Dorchester, abounded in dramatic situations.

HALIFAX, April 11.—Stipendiary Fielding yesterday decided the election betting case, described by PROGRESS last week, in favor of the defendant.

THE EXPENSES OF THE HALIFAX YOUNG MAN WHO LEFT FOR THE STATES.

HALIFAX, April 11.—Auctioneer Clarke yesterday sold the effects of Michael McCulloch, who left for the States.

The Nova Scotia Telephone company at \$10 per month. The sale took place at the instance of the company and of several creditors of the young man.

Mr. Potts, the lessee, has carried it on in his own way apparently, and it is due to him to say that had he not aided Mr. Lynam to some degree there would have been a new clerk before this.

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THE BOY AND THE EASTER EGGS.

A Little St. John boy who never admits that any other thing is quite as good as his own or his family's possessions, was at home this week where a lady showed him several colored Easter eggs.

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TWAIN VERSUS O'RELL. MR. STRANGE DEFENDS THE AMERICAN HUMORIST.

The French wit's caustic remarks concerning other nations severely criticised—Blouet's Remarks Concerning the Hotel Coko de Soap.

It would almost seem as if the French nation had taken upon themselves the pleasant task of reforming England, so determinedly have French literateurs devoted themselves lately to showing the English people just how ridiculous they appear to enlightened—French—eyes! In fact England here never took a greater interest in the welfare of the benighted savages who disport themselves with undraped etourtery, and in heathen darkness "where Africa's sunny fountains, roll down their golden sand," than the modern French writer takes in setting the English nation right.

The good work was begun by a gentleman who wrote many clever books under a pen-name which showed a curious compound of Germany and Ireland—Max O'Rell, and in three of these brilliant volumes he devoted his best energies to showing England what a fool she was, and how ignorant and vulgar, not to say brutal. He did not handle that "tight little island" who has always had such a good opinion of herself, that she was sure whatever she did must be as right as herself—with gloves, and his language was sometimes plain to the verge of indecency, especially in "John Bull's Daughters." He criticised the very people who were entertaining him, and found fault with most of their dearest institutions contrasting them greatly to their disadvantage with his own countrymen and, proudly holding them up to the contempt and ridicule of other nations.

But the clever criticism took wonderfully well with the public, and Max O'Neil won fame, and shekels to such a degree that his reputation is now world wide, and he is known everywhere as "The Gilted Frenchman." M. Blouet was so successful with England that he turned his attention to other countries after a while, and gave the English a rest, in the hope, no doubt, that they would lay his advice and his criticisms to heart, and "not do so any more" until he had time to look after them again.

The people of the United States were the next objects of his attention, and he gave the world one more bitterly clever book, "Jonathan and His Continent," and made the Americans fond of him. He stated in a little preface addressed to Jonathan himself, that the book was not to be taken seriously; but some parts were difficult to look at in the light of a joke. Lately he has been turning the strong light of his observation upon Canada, and the Canadians, and only last month he lectured in Montreal, so it is now our turn to tremble; perhaps our youth may serve us in good stead, however, and be accepted as an extenuating circumstance, as well as a reason for our ignorance.

M. Blouet is a clever man, as I said before, and one must render homage to genius wherever it is found, and even when it shows a disposition to trample on one's most cherished ideals with hob-nailed boots. But still there is a limit to the allowance which ordinary mortals are prepared to make, for the little eccentricities of genius, and when the gilded Frenchman undertakes to dance upon that darling of all lovers of pure sparkling humor, and good natured fun, Mark Twain—we feel that the limit has been reached and the genius needs to be set upon. Of course it is much to be regretted that the fun loving Mark should have incurred the disapproval of Max O'Rell, but it is due to the great American humorist to say that he died so in defending his countrymen against criticisms which he considered unfair, and this, if I remember aright was the way the trouble began.

A compatriot of Max O'Rell's, M. Paul Bourget, wrote a book called "L'Autre-Mer," in which he criticised American, and American ways in such a manner that Mark Twain felt called upon to resent what he considered the unfair light in which his countrymen had been placed; and the veteran humorist wrote a scathing criticism of M. Bourget's book. This in turn called forth a spirited defence of M. Bourget, by Max O'Rell, with many slighting references to Mark Twain himself, thrown in. M. Blouet goes out of his way to refer to his own countryman as "one of the brightest ornaments of modern literature" and to Mark Twain as "professional humorist," in the same sentence, with crushing effect, and probably feels that he has disposed of the once irrepressible Mark for good and all. But somehow I think Mark Twain can stand it, and that long after "John Bull and his Island" is out of print and forgotten the children of the next generation will be laughing themselves to pieces over the picture of Tom Sawyer getting his aunt's front porch whitewashed by contract, and Huckleberry Finn and his chum listening to their own funeral service.

M. Blouet wrote a number of brilliant books, but he dipped his pen in caustic as well as ink, he saw things to be satirized not laughed at, and I am afraid the adulation he is receiving now is in danger of spoiling him. It would be a pity if his national falling of intense egotism, should develop in him thus early and dim the

brillancy of his career; therefore it might be just as well to remind him that Mark Twain was a great man before Max O'Rell was ever heard of, and that with all his cleverness and all his success, he can never hope to touch the "professional humorist" far less overtake him. Mark Twain is getting to be an old man now, and probably he has done his best work; but if Max O'Rell should ever write a book like either "The Innocents Abroad" or "A Tramp Abroad," he can afford to rest upon his laurels, and not work very hard in his old age. The witty Frenchman has made many people smile, a number more wince under the lash of his sharp criticism and he has taught more than one nation to dread his caustic pen, but so far I do not think he has ever learned the secret which nature herself seems to have taught Mark Twain, the secret of making people laugh till the tears roll down their cheeks, without saying one sharp or bitter word! There is no such medicine in the world as healthy laughter, and I have seen a weary invalid, whose life contained little enough of brightness or cheer, forget his own troubles for hours at a time and laugh as if he had not a care in the world, because some tactful friend came in and read how Mark "took it out" of his friend Harris in repeating the conversation he had with their fair traveling companion; how they both viewed an Alpine sunrise arrayed only in red blankets, at six o'clock in the evening, or how the "doctor" and his traveling companions worried their long-suffering guide, "Ferngus," and requested that "nice fresh corpses" should be substituted for the shopworn Egyptian mummies he was so very enthusiastic over.

M. Blouet says that "Mark Twain as a professional humorist does not appreciate other people's jokes. Professional humorists never do." Pray what is M. Blouet himself? Surely he would not wish to be ranked in literature as a mere amateur, a dilettante. He has been before the public quite long enough to have now his spurs as a full fledged professional man of letters; and that being the case we have no further to seek for the cause of his failure to appreciate Mark Twain. Being a professional humorist himself he cannot see the genial Mark's jokes! I don't think any of us, who have the least spark of love of country in our hearts like to bear our native land ridiculed, and M. Blouet waxes very eloquent over Mark Twain's surprise at not finding any soap on the washstand in a first class French hotel, and his remark to the waiter that soap was indispensable to an American, and only a Frenchman could do without it. He tells Mark, and the whole American nation whom he represents, that Frenchmen carry their own soap about with them when they are travelling, and would no more think of using the soap on a hotel washstand, than an old stray toothbrush they might find on the same piece of furniture! What shocking soap they must supply in the best French hotels, when they supply any, if a Frenchman speaks of it in such strong terms! It may surprise the gilded author of "Jonathan and His Continent" to know that Americans are also in the habit of carrying cakes of soap about with them when they travel, but that at the same time when they stay at a first class hotel they expect to be supplied with the best of everything, including a fresh cake of the very best soap on their washstand; and they are never disappointed.

In short Max O'Rell cannot stand one word of criticism for his own country, but he expects other countries to stand unlimited criticism from French writers in return. His Frenchman's joke about the American's lack of a grandfather is a "good humored bit of chaffing," but Mark Twain's retort about the Frenchman's father is "a gross insult" and Mr. Blouet proceeds to give proof of his utter intolerance of all criticism by a few remarks on the aristocracy of America and one anecdote in particular which I confess I find it hard to believe is founded on fact, unless Max O'Rell's experience of the upper classes of American society was singularly unfortunate.

I believe it a fact very generally conceded by those who are well qualified to judge, that an American gentleman, is a very perfect gentleman indeed, and the same may be said in all truth of an American lady; she is a lady in every sense of the word, so Max O'Rell's millionaire must have been one of the parvenu class, who are not even related to the true aristocracy, and it is scarcely fair for him to judge the many by the one! Fortunately Mark Twain is not condemned to stand or fall according to M. Blouet's judgment, and it is also a matter of congratulation that we cannot see ourselves always, just as others see us: else all the people about whose national manners and customs and feelings Max O'Rell has written, would be clamoring to renounce their own countries at once, and become naturalized citizens of the one perfect country in the world—La Belle France!

GEORFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Parrots as Railway Posters.

Parrots are being put to a practical use in Germany. They have been introduced into the railway stations, and trained to call out the name while the train stands there, thus saving people the trouble of making inquiries.

THE CITY'S CHARITIES.

Points and Figures in Which all St. John Should be Interested.

A comparison of church and charitable work in and about the city shows that the latter form of benevolent effort receives very nearly as much attention as the former. The articles and statistics respecting the churches which appeared in PROGRESS showed that the churches in the city proper possessed nearly \$1,400,000 worth of property. Of this the protestant bodies owned a million dollars worth. About \$150,000 was raised yearly for the various forms of church work, of which the protestant churches raised about \$110,000. The number of communicants enrolled in the protestant churches is about 8000.

The figures relating to the charitable institutions show nearly as large results. Against the fifty churches in the city there are seventeen charitable institutions and societies. Some of the most important ones are a short distance outside the city limit and some of them are supported by the province or municipality but that does not prevent them being reckoned in the list.

People will probably be surprised to learn how many people about the city are being supported by charity, either public or private. In the various institutions over 5000 people are cared for annually during the whole or portion of the year. A large number of them of course come from all parts of the county and province. The relief societies also give assistance to about 225 families. These are the well organized societies. There is also individual and church effort which accomplishes considerable. So it may be said that the poor are well looked after in this city and province.

The cost of maintenance of these charities is about the same as the cost of maintaining church work, about \$110,000 in both cases. The amount of money invested in the charities about the city is \$625,000. The following table will show in brief what the various charities are doing:

Table with columns: Name of Charity, Number of Beneficiaries, Cost of Maintenance, and Value of Property Possessed. Includes Provincial Lunatic Asylum, General Public Hospital, St. Vincent's Hospital, etc.

A MILLER'S STORY.

HE WAS GIVEN JUST ONE MONTH TO LIVE.

First Attacked With Inflamma or Rheumatism, and Then Stricken With Paralysis—Hope Abandoned and He Longed For Death to Release Him From Suffering—At Last He Found a Cure and Restores His Wonderful Recovery.

The benefits arising from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are well known to the Gazette. It is a frequent occurrence that people come into the office and state that they have been restored to health by their use. It occasionally happens that extraordinary instances of their curative powers come to our notice, and one of these was related to us recently, so astonishing in its nature that we felt the closest investigation was required in order to thoroughly test the accuracy of the statements made to us. We devoted the necessary time for that purpose, and can vouch for the reliability of the following facts, wonderfully passing belief as they may appear:

There are few men more widely known in this section than Mr. A. F. Hopkins, of Johnville, Que. Previous to his removal to Johnville, Mr. Hopkins resided at Windsor Mills and was for three years a member of the municipal council of that place. When a young man Mr. Hopkins was noted for his strength and his activity as a wrestler. His strength stands him in good stead for he works hard at his business, carrying heavy sacks of flour in his mill for many hours during the day and frequently far into the night. Active as he is, and strong as he is, there was a time not long distant when he was as helpless as an infant and suffered intolerable agony. About three years ago, while residing at Windsor Mills, he was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism. It grew worse and worse until, in spite of medical advice and prescriptions, after a year's illness he had a stroke of paralysis. His right arm and leg became quite useless. Sores broke out on both legs. He suffered excruciating agony, and had rest neither day nor night. He sought the best medical advice that could be obtained, but no hopes were held out to him by the physicians. "He will certainly die within a month," one well known practitioner told his friends. "He will be a cripple for life," said two other doctors. It is no wonder that, as he says, life became a burden to him and he longed for death to relieve him from his sufferings. This was in August, 1892. About October of that year he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and as a forlorn hope determined to try them. He did so, and before long was able to take out door exercise. He persevered with the treatment, closely following the directions, and is to day nearly as strong as when a young man, and is able to follow successfully and without difficulty the laborious calling by which he gets a living.

Such was the wonderful story told the

Gazette by Mr. Hopkins, who attributes his recovery solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he is willing to satisfy any person who may call on him as to their wonderful effects.

A depraved condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system is the secret of the ill that afflict mankind, and by restoring the blood and rebuilding the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system, restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, a-catica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sorrow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excess, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Scherectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

From Trivial Causes.

You would be surprised how often the most trifling accident prevents a man from winning big prizes at the shooting-ranges," said a marksman who has carried off certain great prizes.

"I remember that in shooting for the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon a few years back, a celebrated marksman, at a most critical time for him, was wholly disconcerted and lost his aim through a wasp flying from his right hand fall in the face just as he was pulling the trigger.

"A celebrated Scottish marksman was frustrated by a wretched crow, which rose from the ground straight in the line of fire just as he was firing the shot which would either make or mar him. He hit the crow, but he missed the prize.

"At Bisley once a competitor's dog was tied up near its master's tent. It somehow got loose, and it rushed to where it saw groups of men, and jumped upon his competitor's jacket just as he was firing.

"I have known even a snipe from behind to completely 'queer' a man, for contestants are far more highly strung than you would imagine. A sudden thunder-clap led the Queen's for a Middlesex man not ten years ago, and a flying mineral water cork was recently sent to have done the same for one of the greatest shots this country ever produced."

Hospital.

Sandy X. was a blunt old farmer who resided in Lanarkshire. A strange, eccentric sort of being, he was famous for his penuriousness and his "punctness. One afternoon the minister of the parish had called at the farm on his ordinary pastoral visitation, when it came on a rain heavily, and in a short time the burf which ran between the farm and the house became flooded. The only method of crossing the stream at this place was by stepping-stones, the nearest bridge causing a circuit of three miles.

The minister was unplanned by the unexpected catastrophe, and, after much cogitation, remarked—

"I think, Mr. X., I shall be obliged to spend the night here."

"Wood," returned the old fellow irascibly, "there's a burn between your house and mine, an' if I was at your house as you're at mine, I'd gang hame the night!"

The minister went home.

Many business men would be more successful if their minds were not so bound down to details doing work that can as well be done by an assistant. You are your best salesman. Write me.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

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TWO QUART FOUNTAIN SPRINGS \$1.00 at Short's Pharmacy. Another large lot of these excellent syringes just received. By mail, restricted to any part of Canada, \$1.25. C. K. Short, St. John, N. B.

PHOTO Kodaks and Cameras from \$1.00. Practical instruction ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting us. Robertson Photo Supply Co., Main Building, St. John, N. B.

TAMPS For Hand Printing. Banks, Railways, Manufacturers and Merchants supplied. Linotype, Galley, and other printing. Robertson Photo Supply Co., Main Building, St. John, N. B.

WANTED - By a young lady a situation as Companion or to wait on an invalid. Can furnish references. Write to Progress Office, St. John, N. B. 3164.

SEND 50C and a specimen of handwriting to CHARLES B. B. Chatham, N. B., and get your character card and return mail. 3163.

FOR SALE CHEAP - Desirable business premises on line of the Tropic Valley Railway. Splendid opportunity to invest small capital in general trading business. Now is the time to investigate. Address BUSINESS, P. O. Box 25, Richibucto, N. B. 3162.

WANTED - Old Postage Stamps of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, P. E. I., Newfoundland, British Columbia and the pen-provinces of Canada. Address, giving full particulars, Wm. Howitt, 44 Irving Place, New York City. 2164.

AS YEARS GO BY the public is realizing more and more the value of Short's "Dyspepsia" Pills. For dyspepsia, indigestion, headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., its curative effects are magical. Try Short's "Dyspepsia" Pills.

ONE MILLION CUSTOMERS wanted for beautiful doll parcel. We will send you post free for only 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00. Write to Mrs. G. B. Gorbelle's Art Store, 207 Union Street, St. John, N. B. 1117.

\$3 A DAY SURE Send us your address and we will send you \$3 a day absolutely guaranteed. Write to Mrs. G. B. Gorbelle's Art Store, 207 Union Street, St. John, N. B. 1117.

RUBBER GOODS. Do you want ANYTHING in Rubber Goods? If so send to us, we will send you post free for only 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00. Write to Mrs. G. B. Gorbelle's Art Store, 207 Union Street, St. John, N. B. 1117.

RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent for the summer months. The pleasantly situated home known as the "Tropic" property about one and a half miles from the Railway Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennel Club. Best reasonable. Apply to H. G. Foust, 112-1/2 St. John Street, St. John, N. B. 1117.

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Johnson's ANODYNE LINIMENT. ORIGINATED 1810. It was invented in 1810 by the late Dr. A. C. Johnson, an old-fashioned, noble-hearted Family Physician. It is recommended by physicians everywhere. All who use it are amazed at its power and speed in relieving pain. It is used and endorsed by all nations. It is the best, the only, the original. It is suitable for all ages. There is not a medicine in the world which possesses the confidence of the public more than Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is the best, the only, the original. It is suitable for all ages. There is not a medicine in the world which possesses the confidence of the public more than Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is the best, the only, the original. It is suitable for all ages. There is not a medicine in the world which possesses the confidence of the public more than Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Church's Alabastine. For use with COLD WATER. No Boiling or Hot Water Needed. 16 Beautiful Shades and White. Alabastine will stay in solution several hours, and yet sets hard on the wall finally; this gives painters and others ample time to work the same before the setting process takes place. Saves Time, Saves Waste, and is superior to Kalsomines for Plain Tinting. Also is adapted to Solid Wall Relief Work, Modelling, Combing, Stippling, Blending, etc.

W. H. THORNE & Co., Market Square. A VERY Popular Range. If you want the BEST, call and see our ROYAL AKT. It is without an equal. The oven is of full size and is the only Range with an Oven Thermometer, it also has a Patent Jack Ash Grate, and as the Range is made at home repairs can be readily supplied.

Emerson & Fisher. Mend Your Own Hose with HUDSON'S GARDEN-HOSE MENDER. Put up in boxes for family use. Each box contains 1 pair of Pliers, 6 Tubes, 20 Bands. Hose can be mended or couplings fastened on cheaper, quicker and more securely than with any other device. Sew menders tear the rubber lining from the hose. Ours will not.

T. M'AVITY & SONS, - ST. JOHN, N. B. It is impossible for a

Boiler Explosion to occur where a Babcock and Wilcox Boiler is used. I have FOR SALE one of these celebrated boilers, Second Hand 99 H. P., in first-class condition. Main features are Safety, Durability and Economy. WILL SELL FOR LESS THAN HALF THE ORIGINAL COST. Write for particulars and price.

J. S. CURRIE, 57 WATER STREET - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Mus... On Thursday... hours of this city... hour some choice... crowd. The crowd... be green, by Mr... the, under the... of St. John. Near... of the choir of... many visitors to... famous choir—... age, the tenor... known in the... the gentleman in a... and at the forth... one of his own... has never been... almost a foreign... Opera House' who... lovers on 'the... to offer his the... People' as well... recognition of his... it may... For unity... supposed to relate... "The Doctor"... been the subject... time past and will... week of May. 5... tours—such as M... Jones; and other... ing assurance of... performances. T... under "the mass... Collision.

PROGRESS

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, for \$1.00 a year, 25 to 31, Cambridge Street, N. B.

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

Advertisements are published at the rate of five cents per copy. Except in those localities where it is usually reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for.

Special notices should be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The circulation of this paper is over 12,000 copies; double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Sixteen Pages. Average Circulation 13,640. St. John, N. B., Saturday, April 13.

MAKE YOUR OWN CHOICE. Whether we will follow the advice of the T. R. A. or not is a question that has been selected for our next common council.

Whether we will follow the advice of the T. R. A. or not is a question that has been selected for our next common council. It is well that they should give careful thought to this question.

LET THEM WRITE POLITICS. An event of great interest in Canadian journalism is the publication of an issue of the Toronto Globe solely the work of women.

It would be an entertaining journalistic and political event if the two leading papers of Toronto—the Globe and the Mail and Empire—would give their managements into the hands of women for a week.

The Arabian legend of the giant in the bottle is familiar to all. Here is a modern exemplification of it: A Harvard professor, whose proudest dream was that of advantageously crossing the European moths with the American silkworm.

The Kansas courts have decided that persons who commit crimes under hypnotic influences are not responsible for their actions. Now it will be in order for a diving science to be invented which would show whether or not persons who commit crimes do so under hypnotic influence.

World which seems to be increasing and multiplying by geometrical progression.

The dates of the exhibition are announced from September 21 to October 4. The work so far has been of the most successful nature. The city has given its grant, the province has pledged its aid and it now remains for the citizens at large to back up the efforts of the exhibition association.

There has, fittingly enough, been no incumbent of the poet laureateship since the death of TENNYSON, and now another of the ancient office of England is vacant—that of censor of the stage.

One of the most entertaining contributions to the study of the silver question is the discovery made by a Cincinnati merchant while selling a dozen solid silver spoons.

It has been said by enemies of the present president of the United States that the literary excellence of his messages and other writings that come from his hand is due to his gifted sister, ROSIE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

Queen Victoria has been reported ill for some time past, and a few days ago there was a report on Wall street that she was dead.

The Ninety-Five Club is a new woman's society recently formed in Chelsea, England. It is strictly non-political, its aim being to help the progressive movement in local and municipal affairs.

The Kansas courts have decided that persons who commit crimes under hypnotic influences are not responsible for their actions. Now it will be in order for a diving science to be invented which would show whether or not persons who commit crimes do so under hypnotic influence.

is really guilty? The question is one of the important and perplexing ones of the day.

There is a male teacher in a New York grammar school who is determined that in this age of woman, downtrodden man shall have some of his rights, at any rate.

The day of discovery is not yet over. ARCHIBALD STUART, a young Scotchman, visited the region about the source of the Saguenay river a short time ago, and found large areas of valuable timber and great tracts of land eminently fitted for village.

Rev. Mr. CLEVELAND, of Watertown, N. Y., is as serene and resolute and still, and calm and self-possessed in the face of opposition as Rev. Mr. LITTLE, of Sussex.

There is one priest in Quebec that is as worthy as any canon in St. VALENTINE. He has induced four hundred couples of French extraction, who were too poor to get married, to go from Michigan to the province of Quebec.

The memorial which Bostonians propose to erect to the memory of FRANCIS PARKMAN is one in which Canadians should be interested. This tireless American has done more for Canada in the line of tireless historical research.

The following exciting item is from the Lakeville correspondence in a Kings Co., N. S. contemporary: 'On Monday evening, April 1st, Lakeville presented a scene of unusual activity.

The church of England clergymen of Great Britain retained during Lent from taking part in any movement or meeting and even from reading books having any references to controversial subjects—that is, if they obeyed the dictates of the Lenten pastoral of the Archbishop of York.

MARK TWAIN'S hands were recently photographed, and copies sent to each of four experts in palmistry. Only one of these discovered any trace of humor.

Is the Bank of England honest in not paying as near as possible fractions of a penny? In the case of dividends on government stock, the fractions have in the course of years amounted to £140,000, which amount was lately paid over to the exchequer.

Governor MITCHELL, of Florida, seems to have come to the conclusion that he is not alone sufficiently powerful to prevent prize fights in his state, and has called upon the legislature to pass a law preventing their re-occurrence.

The French intend to reduce Madagascar to the condition of a French colony. The first time they intended to do this was nearly three hundred years ago, and they have been trying it at intervals since.

A leading Boston paper gives the Queen some titles she probably never received before. They are "Her Royal Majesty the Queen" and "Her Royal Highness the Queen of England."

The Massachusetts senate is considering an amendment to the constitution by which the presiding officers of the legislature shall be elected by the people on the regular state ticket.

A United States consul in Germany has discovered the prospect of a profitable trade for his country—that of shipping horses for Europeans to sea.

FRAMES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Before coming, "Black, here!" this morning sheeps the heart, Of a valley lily-white; Covered in the earth apart.

Love's Resurrection. At every dawn of Easter-tide, When graceful lilies bloom; My love wakes up in hymns sublime, Out of a distant tomb.

A Father's Message. [The news of the sudden death of Seymour Black, who died at Mount Allison University in March, 1894, was called by Charles Tomper, who broke the news to the father, Hon. Hiram Black, who was also in London.]

The Poets and Easter. That first Easter morn, when weeping and spent, They found the tomb empty, the rock rolled rest;

Easter Lilies. O ye dear and blessed ones who are done with sighs, Do Easter lilies blow for you today?

Philanthropic Philanthropy. Saint Ludon, a Christian village on the banks of the Congo, colonized by negroes educated by the missionaries, is the product of postage stamps.

AN OLD ST. JOHN EASTER

WHEN MADAME LA TOUR DEFENDED THE FORT.

The Saneest Man and the Noblest Woman in History—Facts and Novels Their Deaths Compared—Where is the Remains of Fort La Tour?

When people are engaged with their Easter devotions tomorrow they should remember a famous Easter in St. John two hundred and fifty years ago.

It was the Easter of 1745 that saw these events enacted, scenes that have taken their place in history as being worthy to be kept always fresh in the minds of men and worthy to be placed before the young as incentives to them to seek nobility of character.

That Easter Sunday saw Madame La Tour bravely defending her fort that guarded the mouth of the St. John from the attack of her husband's rival D'Aulnay Charnisay of Port Royal.

Thus were brought together on that day the noblest woman and bravest man in history. The episode was a remarkable one and tragic in the extreme.

There has been some question as to the site of Fort La Tour. Some historians claim that Fort Dufferin was the site and others place it near Portland bridge on the point opposite Navy Island.

From maps that were prepared at the time some idea of Fort Frederick may be obtained. A survey of the harbor was made in 1761 and this shows the position and outline of this fort.

About twelve years ago some city workmen while excavating them unearthed the remains of a couple of hearts and some charcoal. They also found a rusted sword, an axe and the jawbone of an

now in the possession of Mr. Gen. Harding of the chamberlain's office.

During the first portion of this century the point was occupied by a British garrison but at last they were removed and squatters took possession of the point.

That peer among the young folk journals of America, the Youth's Companion, of Boston, Mass. numbers in its staff two rising literary men who are well known to this city.

Mr. Betts has entered various fields of literary effort and has essayed with success tales and poetry. He is a student of the Parisians and has published one or two editions de luxe with Parisian subjects.

The staff of the Companion numbers twenty-five persons and nine of these are employed in the manuscript reading division of the editorial department.

He has written for a large number of journals, including Biltmore's Magazine, Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly, Kate Field's Washington, the comic journals, etc.

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Since the practical demonstration of the value of the pigeon post during the siege of Paris in 1870, it has been widely adopted in Europe. The whole German frontier is connected by pigeon post with the military headquarters and with towns in the interior.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Fertilizers. Imperial Superphosphate, Potato Phosphate, Fruit Tree Fertilizer, Bone Meal. Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co., St. John, N. B.

The Yellow Fellow. Samples now in stock. Call and see them or send for Catalogue.

STEARNS BUILT SHERATON & WHITTAKER Earnscliffe Gardens, Plum, Peach, Pear and Apple Stock for Spring Planting.

W. C. ARCHIBALD, Wolfville, N. B.

Trade Mark THE VARNISHED BOARD. Women are not all beautiful but all women are attractive who are beautifully dressed.

Our New Spring Patterns. Have struck the popular fancy and are going with a rush. Just as Novel, Just as Pretty, Just as Good, Just as Desirable.

S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Social and Personal.

St. John—South-End. Mrs. DeWolf Spurr gave another very pleasant five o'clock tea to a number of her young lady friends on Friday evening.

St. John—North-End. Mrs. Hays of Prince Edward Island, spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Hays, Douglas Avenue.

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DON'T be misled BY GLARING ADVERTISEMENTS OF offered by inexperienced Dealers and Agents. Handle RELIABLE Lines such as The QUADRANT, ROYAL ENFIELD, &c., and understand our business. F. H. TIPPET, & Co., ST. JOHN, N. B.

HOT or COLD, WHICH? If YOU want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm. COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.

WINDOW SHADES, BRASS FIXTURES, POLES, TRIMMINGS, ROOM MOULDINGS, &c. WE ARE THE PEOPLE. MENZIE, TURNER & Co., City Sample Room, 8 and 10 Wellington St., East, Toronto, Canada.

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

All-a-Samee Cheroots 4 FOR 10c. All Imported Tobacco. Better than most 5 Cent Cigars. As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar. It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when hard times come. TAYLOR, DOCKRILL & CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Your Feet Dry Granby Rubbers. If you catch cold now it will hang on all summer. They are the best and last longest Perfect in Style, Fit and Finish. THEY WEAR LIKE ON.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine HEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVIL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N. B.



CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief...

Free from Eruptions as ever they were. My business, which is that of a calculator, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves...

Ayer's Only Sarsaparilla. Admitted at the World's Fair. Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

SAKVILLE. [Program is for sale in Sackville at Wm. I. Merritt's Bookstore. In Sackville by E. M. Merritt.]

APRIL 10.—Mrs. H. A. Powell entertained quite a number of friends to an "At Home" on Thursday evening in honor of her guests Miss Young and Miss Johnson of Fredericton. A very pleasant evening was passed by all present.

APRIL 10.—Mrs. J. S. Triles is visiting relatives in Moncton. Dr. G. F. Johnson has returned from his trip to New York.

Dr. Hester of St. John was here on Thursday. Miss Lily Mills, returned home from the Newton hospital on Thursday, on account of the illness of her father here.

Mrs. Wm. Fairweather and Chas. Kinsler have returned from Toronto where they have been spending three months at the military school.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith entertained a number of their young friends on Friday evening. Mrs. Ward Pittsford, St. John, was here on Thursday, visiting relatives.

Mrs. John Humphrey was in St. John on Thursday. There is to be special music in all the churches here on Easter Sunday.

Invitations are out for a social dance in the hall on Easter Monday. Great preparations are being made for a grand concert on Tuesday evening in the hall.

We are to have some "Stars" from Moncton, Sackville, and St. John; it will no doubt be largely attended. The basketball in the hall in aid of the Rev. H. W. Little and family, will be well patronized.

The citizens' band was present and played some good music as usual. Mrs. John Thompson is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Gilbert here.

A great many fine banquets are in the course of execution here, which bespeaks good times in Sussex. The preparatory work is being done by the ladies of the St. John's Guild, and the banquet for their agents, the St. John's Guild, is being given on Church avenue, and on the same evening Mr. C. D. Davis is to erect a neat cottage.

Mr. Paul Hayward, of St. John, was in town today. Several parties seem to be still in progress here. I asked her to remove it, please. No, the way is to arbitrate. It wouldn't pay to legislate.

Agitation in the world of homoeopathic medicine has been a very sore subject, as in politics and religion—the difficulties of opinion and the individual vanity of men have been parent to the disagreement, and which the standard of these bodies has been levated. So with most of our famous preparations—tormentum—tormentum—tormentum.

Mr. Bowman Mears principal of the Grammar school, Gagetown, Q. C., is spending his Easter vacation with his parents here. Mr. Hanscom, manager of the Havelock mill, left for his home yesterday.

BATHURST. [Program is for sale in Bathurst by Master Joe Gordon.]

APRIL 10.—The latest had among our society people here is early rising. Quite a number of our young ladies are up and out in the bracing air, before six o'clock and a walk of two or three miles is accomplished before breakfast.

Mr. J. Blackhall, Carquet, has been in town for the last week visiting friends. Miss Dwyer, accompanied by her young friend Miss C. Burns spent Friday in Carquet.

Mr. Wilson Carville, who has been the guest of Mrs. N. des Brisay "Kimwood" for the last month has taken the Hickwell cottage and will for the future reside in Bathurst.

The choir of the different churches are busy practicing for Easter. Miss Helen Meahan has returned after a pleasant visit to St. John and Moncton.

Mr. W. Doherty of St. John, spent a few days in town last week. Mr. Albert Melvin left on Monday for Boston and was accompanied as far as Moncton by his mother.

Mr. D. Doyle, Newcastle, was in town last week. The members of the Methodist choir church held a concert on Friday evening. The singing was of a most excellent character. Book free. Ad for the future reside in Bathurst.

Mr. J. Shaw, Quebec, was in town on Tuesday. Mr. Mott, Campbellton, is the guest of Mrs. A. J. H. Stewart.

Rev. Mr. Richards was assisted by his brother during Holy week. I bear of several large parties to take place after Easter.

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man, F. S. Ashley Harrison, Co. Mrs. E. Walker, A. C. Walker Raymond, I. S. H. A. Purley, O. B. Adams very members of the division paid a seasonal visit in Hargreaves division on Friday night.

FTIPODIAO. [FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

APRIL 10.—Mrs. F. W. Emerson entertained her friends at a card party on last Tuesday evening, in honor of her guests Hon. H. B. and Mrs. H. B. B. These present were Mrs. and Mrs. Estman, Mr. and Mrs. Triles, Dr. and Mrs. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Byles, Mr. and Mrs. George Smith and others.

Mrs. George Hosts and children, who have been visiting Mrs. Webster returned to Halifax, on Saturday. Mrs. George Smith spent a few days in St. John last week.

Mrs. M. A. Freeze spent Wednesday with friends in Sussex. Mr. B. A. Triles and Master Raleigh spent Sunday with Mrs. D. L. Triles.

Mr. Hugh Keith, who has been in Boston for the last two years has returned home. Miss Annie Smith has returned from St. John.

Miss F. M. Byles spent a few days in Moncton last week, the guest of her cousin, Miss Nettie Bishop. On Thursday last two parties visited the sugar camp of Colpitts Bros. at Mapleton.

Those who arrived first were Sherman Colpitts, Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. Hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Mathew, Chas. Edmund and Anala Cochrane, Alice and Julia Keith, and Miss Grace Crandall. The others were Mr. Byles and the members of his school.

The Misses Kate Fleming, Kate Magee, Grace Brown, Edie Blakely, Flo Jones, Lena Fowler, Clara Triles, Ethel and Tina Byles, Minnie Simpson, Hattie Jones, Master Roy McDonald, H. Byles, Barton Fitcholson, Clarence Simpson, Ernest McLeod, Bob Emerson, Clarence Colpitts, Harry Fawcett, Ned Walsh, and George Fowler. A very pleasant time was spent by all.

Friday afternoon at the meeting of the Lyceum (which has been organized by the pupils of the highest department) it was moved and seconded that a vote of thanks be presented to Colpitts Bros. for the kind way in which that party were received. The boys' concert on Friday evening was a success.

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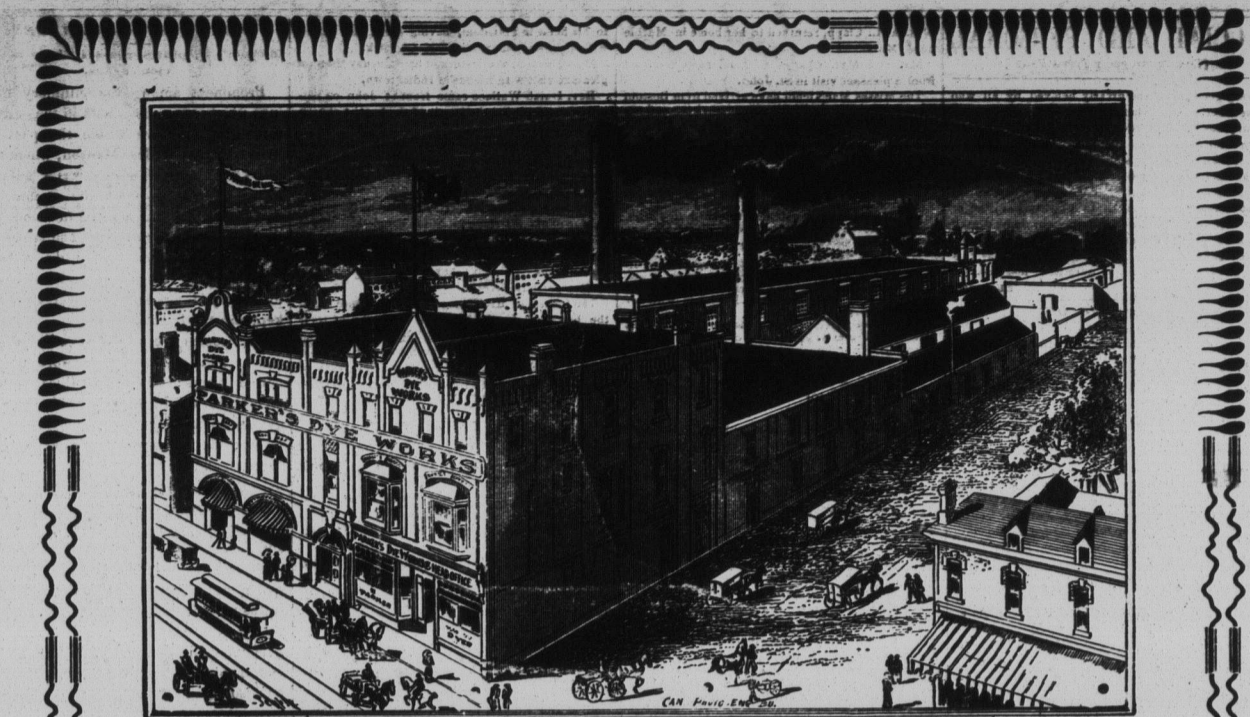
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R. PARKER & CO., Dyers, Cleaners and Finishers, Toronto, Ont.

ALTHOUGH we do not profess to defy competition nor boast of having facilities which no other tradesman can obtain and which nobody believes. We do say, that our appliances for Cleaning, Dyeing and French Cleaning Curtains, Dressing and Finishing, are the most complete and by far the most extensive in Canada.

We are prepared to do the best work, employing only first-class artisans, and using the most approved Dyes and Chemicals.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's wearing apparel, Lace, Chenille, Repp and Damask Curtains, Table and Piano Covers, Ostrich Plumes, Hose, Yarns, In order to meet the increasing demands of this part of the Dominion we have appointed Agents in all the principal cities and towns in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where goods will be received and returned at the same price as if sent direct to Toronto.

Orders left with the following Retail Agents will receive our best and prompt attention.

- A. O'Connor, 49 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S. J. D. Chambers, Yarmouth, N. S. R. W. Oliver, Fredericton, N. B. W. T. H. Fenelly, Amherst, N. S. C. R. Watson, Woodstock, N. B. L. W. B. Dyer, St. Stephen, N. B. Mrs. A. H. Brown, Moncton, N. B. Mrs. J. Wall, Chatham, N. B.

Ask for parapet containing price and color list. R. Parker & Co., Dye Works and Head Office, 787 to 791 Yonge Street; 209 Yonge Street; 59 King Street, West; 475 and 1267 Queen Street, West; 277 Queen Street, Toronto, Ont. Branch Offices at Hamilton, Brantford, London, St. Catharines, Galt and Woodstock, Ontario.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Let behind her at the play. Now note exactly what I say: I should know where to get it, she wore a seven-story hat. I asked her to remove it, please. No, the way is to arbitrate. It wouldn't pay to legislate.

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Photography.

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

HAROLD CLIMO,

55 German Street. DELICATE FEMALES. WHO ARE SUFFERING FROM General Debility, Anemia, And all Diseases of their Sex, Will derive great benefit from PUTTNER'S EMULSION.

It improves the DIGESTION, purifies the BLOOD, and repairs the waste that is constantly going on, and completely removes that Weak Languid and Worn out Feeling that women complain of particularly at this season of the year.

NOTICE. Change of Name.

In future Dr. Levers' 'Quick Cure' the great remedy for Tooth-Ache will be called Pheno-Banum

SILK ELASTIC Stockings AND ANKLETS.

Are you WEAK? NERVOUS? TIRED? SLEEPLESS? PALE? BLOODLESS? THIN? DYSPEPTIC? you need HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC.

It makes weak nerves strong, promotes sound, refreshing sleep, aids digestion, restores lost appetite, is a perfect blood and flesh builder, restores the bloom of health.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST and DRUGGIST,

16th Day of April 1895. THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, LIMITED. CAPITAL STOCK: \$150,000.

DELICATE FEMALES.

WHO ARE SUFFERING FROM General Debility, Anemia, And all Diseases of their Sex, Will derive great benefit from PUTTNER'S EMULSION.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, L'td.

Agents and information mailed free. Circulars and information mailed free. Or can be had on application at the galleries of the Company, 60 and 62 Prince William Street, St. John.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED AT T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE.

Consumption.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

INSTRUCTION. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Escholtz Method"; also "Synthetic System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELACUITO V

159 Prince William Street. Through instruction given in Piano, Singing, Violin, Elocution, English and French. M. S. WHITMAN, Director.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues.

RECEIVED THIS DAY: 15 KEGS PIGS' FEET, 3 KEGS LAMB'S TONGUES. AT 19 and 23 KING SQUARE J. D. TURNER.

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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, APRIL 13 1895.

Letters from... NANNARY

SAN FRANCISCO.—The golden city of the west I found in many ways feeling the pressure of hard times, but the city had grown wonderfully from the time I first beheld its rippling glories in the early sixties, when, with down upon my lip, less man than boy, I sailed in through the Golden Gate with little else but youth and hope and my fortune strapped upon my back, to hazard fortune amid her golden sands. Nearly thirty years had elapsed since that joyous and happy time when I became cured with what the Hoovier Post has aptly termed "the wandering foot" that has carried me hither and yon, year after year, in my wanderings over this great American continent, to land me after all the ups and downs, the shade and sunshine of so many weary wandering years. San Francisco was en fete. To offset its other little drawbacks the big Midwinter Fair was in full blast with all its attractive beauties a kind of an annex and fitting close to the wonders of the World's Fair. The avenues to wealth and fame were not wide open and strewn with the most roseate hues. The glorious climate was still in it and the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers was still smiling and hopeful through the dark misty clouds that occasionally floated in from the bubbling waters of the vast Pacific that is continuously chafing its mystic sides against its golden shores. Visions of Shanghai or Canton could be seen any day or night in the populous and overcrowded Chinese quarter where the odor, not always smelling of the Orient, assailed the nostrils and the music of the tom-tom and the squeak of the Chinese fiddle floated out upon the quiet evening air from the temples of the Eastern muses, which these pigtailed, almond-eyed sons and daughters of the moon have planted in this free American soil, which the Geary law and the long sincere silence of the redoubtable but now almost forgotten Denis Kearney, failed to banish. The smell of incense and the boom of the fire-crackers mingled with the weird chant of the devils in their pagan temples bound amid the vice, degradation and shame that the wisdom and logic of Confucius or his worthy descendants have not been able to eradicate. The children of the Mikado and the Tycoon were very much in evidence also, but a brighter and more beautiful object lesson by far than their yellow brethren of the Orient. All kinds of people and of every nationality under heaven I think were gathered here, particularly during the progress of the gorgeous fair. The Golden Gate park, one of the prettiest spots on American soil today, rich in eternal verdure and spangled with the gorgeous bloom of magnificent plants and flowers, sparkling in rainbow colored beauty, in bright sunshine, musical with bird and sensuous air of a glorious atmosphere, and all this reclaimed by proud, progressive and lordly man from the barren sand hills of a few years before that looked cheerless and desolate, as the winds from the mighty ocean sent it in whirling clouds down among the quiet walks and busy thoroughfares of the proud city; that less than a century before was the infant Mecca of a bright and busy metropolis to which the energy and enterprise of a fortune howling universe had been attracted by the marvellous stories of the heaps of yellow gold that lay slumbering in her shining sands, and to which Marshall's pick on Sutton Creek gave the impetus to a flowing tide of human life, that has peopled her hillside and valleys and made the world ring more than the fabled tales of another Eldorado. San Francisco after an absence of so many years was intensely interesting. Old landmarks that were hurriedly raised in the restless stormy past, had in most cases disappeared, and the fine public buildings, the mansions of the Bonanza kings, who had struck it rich beneath the swaying surface of the earth or extracted wealth from the quiet vales and heaven-kissing hills over which they had pushed amid the cruel snowdrifts of the frowning Sierras to meet their friends from the old homes in the east, and welcome them hither to the bright glowing feast which their skilled hands and throbbing energetic brains had spread before them in this wondrous land of the setting sun which had slumbered so long and peacefully on this side of the Great Rockies. The finest cable cars in the world fly through the busy streets and over the soaring hills. The finest ferry boats in christendom float over the waters of its magnificent bay in and around a fleet of maritime splendor, contributed by every land on earth, to take away from her shores the varied products of her forests, her seas, towering mountains, and smiling lakes, where the sheep wander in myriad herds, and the orange and the lemon and the fig and the grape vine smile upon you as you fly along through a region rich in glowing

natural beauties and wealth-producing bounties. After a very enjoyable rest with relatives, taking in everything that was worth taking in of an amusing and instructive character. I crossed the magnificent bay, in one of the finest ferry boats in the world, to Oakland, a very beautiful place, with its wide, level and well paved streets and avenues on which have been reared pretty homes and big commercial houses, where the trees give leafy shade to everything and the sweet smelling flowers scent the air in great profusion and variety, where the bloom upon their budding beauties and full-grown loveliness never dies. In January it is the same as in June, an eternal glow of vernal and floral beauty always in evidence year in and year out, a never-ending and never-dying dream of natural loveliness that can be only found in a climate so genial and so mild as is this of golden California. Oakland is styled by the hopeful and enthusiastic native the Athens of the Pacific slope, modestly claiming such a distinguished honor for a section of the country where Boston is not brought in friendly rivalry and made to excite any feeling of jealousy in the breasts of the cultured ones in the home of the adulterated baked bean in the coffee east. We then went on a short tour of the interior towns, making our first stand at Marysville, an old and much frequented place in the days of old and the days of gold, when the poor but honest miner floated around the Yuba and the Feather rivers in search of the auriferous metal that is so attractive to the average mortal in this vale of tears. Marysville was warm, very warm, and the mosquito was very much in evidence and in a very annoying quantity and quality. The flowers and the Chinamen were all in bloom, and the dust on the unpaved streets was as fine as flour. From there we pushed on to Auburn—sweet Auburn, loveliest village, not of the plain, but of the foothills of the glorious snow-crowned Sierra Nevada mountains. The gentle summer air rustled mildly through the glistening emerald foliage of the stately pines which with their hill sides and the tiny vales was crowned. Pretty hedges and flowers everywhere, and the smiling vineyards stretching over and around the base of some climbing hill was a vision to the lingering eyes of everything that was picturesque and beautiful. We pushed on to Grass Valley and Nevada city, two old and prosperous mining towns, lying only six miles apart and literally buried amid a magnificent growth of swaying pines. The main streets of both these places were always lively with the sight of the old stage coach and the sharp snap of the driver's whip that recalled the palmy days when the golden state was young and vigorous, and when the railway trains were not dreamed of by the long-bearded men in long boots and woolen shirts with the bowie knife or six shooter hanging from their belts, who were making the hillside reverberate with the sound of their picks and the little shining streams muddy and discolored as they tore away at their watery beds in their quest for yellow gold. From the hills back again to the plains we came, halting for a week at Sacramento, the capital of the golden state. Twenty-nine years before I soiled my hands with honest labor in the same old town, which at that time had only twenty-six miles of railway running out of it, and in fact that was all there was on this side of the Rocky mountains. The capital has not progressed very much; I recognized a great deal of what I remembered when I was there in the early sixties, never dreaming that I should return, after so many years, a stage player, but such is life—we know what we are, but we know not what we may become. The capitol building was new and gorgeous, modelled on the same lines as that of Washington, and one of the prettiest cathedrals I have seen anywhere has taken the place of the modest brick church where I spent many a bright Sabbath morning, a stranger in a strange land and among strangers, in the days of long ago. Marriage of the Dead. A strange custom prevails among a certain tribe in the Caucasus. When a single young man dies, someone calls upon the bereaved parents who has carried to the grave a marriageable daughter in the course of the year and says:—"Your son is sure to want a wife; I'll give you my daughter and you shall deliver to me the marriage portion in return." A friendly offer of this description is never rejected, and the two parties soon come to terms as to the amount of the dowry, which varies according to the advantages possessed by the girl in her lifetime. Cases have been known where the young man's father has given as much as thirty cows to secure a dead wife for his dead son. Not Disinterested. Quiet Man (on first night of new piece):—"Excuse me, sir, but I really do not see any occasion for such violent applause." Demonstrative Neighbour:—"I do, my friend. The author is one of my wife's boarders, and he's over two months behind with his bill."

HE SLEPT ON THE SOFA. Why he Preferred This Rather Than Sleeping in Bed. There is a certain dignified and courteous though somewhat haughty young man in a St. John boarding house who "smiles and smiles," although he is not a villain. He did not smile, however, when he met the other boarders at the table the other morning. They did all the smiling, and by the same token, have been smiling ever since. The young man frequently boasted that he had never been the victim of a practical joke—that many plans had been laid to entrap him, but that he had always discovered them in time to prevent any unpleasant consequence to himself. The other night when he arrived home at midnight's mystic hour he was wholly unprepared for the surprise in store for him. Had he been at all suspicious he might have found something strange in the fact that the gas in the hall and also in his room, which is on the first floor, adjoining the front parlor, had been extinguished. Other unusual sounds—those of scampering feet and suppressed laughter—might have warned him of impending danger; but he was unsuspecting and went headlong to his doom. When he entered his bed-room he found it illumined only "by the struggling moonbeam's misty light." He struck a match and was about to light the gas, when, happening to glance towards the bed, he beheld a sight which came near paralyzing him with terror, surprise, embarrassment and every other emotion which it is possible to experience under circumstances calculated to bring them all forth. His hand containing the burning match was held suspended in mid air; the tiny flame lasted just a moment, then collapsed; and so did the young man. The match and the moonlight had revealed to him the figure of a lady lying upon the bed. It was true that the face was turned from him; but he recognized the crimson dressing-gown as belonging to one of the lady boarders. Two slippered feet were also seen; and one arm was thrown upon the pillow in the graceful abandonment of sleep. The young man took in all these details at a single glance, and then hastened to let the door be between himself and the occupant of the bed. The delighted listener, crowded in every conceivable place of shelter, heard him give a very decided knock on the door, then pause and mutter to himself, "By Jove, she's asleep." Realizing then how embarrassed the lady would be were she to know that he had found her asleep in his room, he decided to pass the rest of the night, or until she awoke and left his room, on the parlor sofa, and accordingly provided himself with several overcoats with which he covered himself. Morning dawned at last, after a very uncomfortable night for the young man. Then, supposing that the coast was clear, he went to his room again, but there in the bed still lay the figure—but the light showed that it was not that of a lady. It was simply composed of two pillows, stuffed into a crimson dressing-gown, one slumped of which rested on the pillow, and one or two other little accessories. The modest victim of this joke was unaware that anyone knew that he had slept upon the sofa all night, and wickedly tried to give the impression that he had discovered the hoax upon entering the room, but he was obliged to confess, in an excess of shame, that he was for once the victim of a joke, when he was greeted by the rest of the boarders with the unwelcome salutation, "By Jove! she's asleep!" MEMOIRS TRICKS. Remarkable Anecdotes Concerning This Fickle Gift. Many novelists have taken advantage of the strange tricks occasionally played by the memory, especially in cases of illness or accident; but after all, fictitious narrative can hope to exceed in strangeness some actual occurrences. A man of considerable learning had a severe illness at the age of thirty years, which left him with his memory an utter blank. He had even forgotten the names of the commonest objects, and as soon as his health was restored, had to begin to learn the most simple lessons, as though he were actually a child again. One day, while his brother was teaching him, he suddenly stopped, and put his hand to his head. "What's the matter? Don't you feel well?" asked his brother anxiously. "I have a curious sensation in my head," was the answer; "and it seems to me now as if I knew all this before." And from that time he rapidly recovered the entire use of his faculties. But he was never able to comprehend how it had become necessary to teach him reading and writing over again. A young lady, shortly after marrying a man whom she passionately loved, was seized with a severe illness, which left her with absolutely no remembrance either of her marriage or of subsequent events. It was only by the combined testimony of her relatives that she was at length persuaded that she actually had a husband; and even then she believed the marriage to have taken place simply because she could not conceive that they were all lying to her. She was never able to regain the memory of that lost part of her life. A man was out driving with his wife and child when the horse ran away, rushing so violently against a wall that he was thrown out and sustained a severe concussion of the brain. After his recovery he could remember everything up to the time of his meeting with a friend a short distance from the scene of the accident. But of his efforts to stop the horse, and of the terror of his wife and child, he was perfectly unaware. Of more than one well-known author the story has been told how, when hearing carefully, he would exclaim regretfully, "Ah, if only I could have written like that!" when the extracts in question came from his own works. It was however, reserved for Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, to make his infirmity the occasion for a sardonic comment—that was both graceful and touching. One day, when he was more than ninety years of age, he was out driving with a certain lady. In the course of the conversation she asked him something about a common friend. There was a sudden pause, which was broken by a compliment, uttered in a check-string and inquiring of the coachman "Do I know Lady M—?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. It was a painful moment, both to the aged poet and to the innocent cause of his trouble. But Rogers was equal to the emergency. With a sad reminiscence of his old-time courtesy he took his companion's hand saying gently—"Never mind, my dear; I needn't stop the carriage to ask whether I know you."

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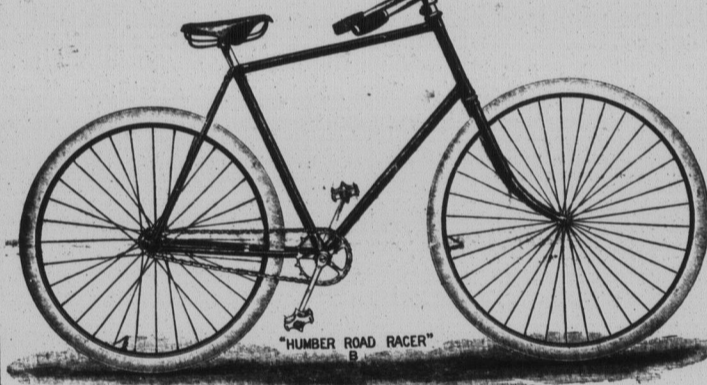
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HEART-BEATS. The Reason Why the Heart Flutters, Palpitates and is Oppressed, and How to Relieve it. The heart has a hard old time of it, and within itself does not excite much disease, but is very often called upon to display the troubling symptoms of palpitation, fluttering, labored breathing, oppression, &c., on account of diseased Kidneys offering increased resistance to the passage of the blood through their defective secretory structures, causing a morbid change in the blood unsuited to nourish the tissues and resist the passage of this foul blood, resulting in the muscular walls of the arteries and the ventricle of the heart becoming partially paralyzed, and from this cause results much of the so-called heart disease.

AN EASTER ROSE.

It had snowed all day and half the long night, and on the second morning the drifts lay deep and the feathery flakes clung to window, fence and gable and filled with their moist padding each crevice and cranny. They draped the tall old elms by the gate, so that the outlines of the great birches and the knobby apple-trees in the lane, while the lilacs in the yard looked as if June had stolen on them unaware, so like their own blooms did the powdery masses seem when the sun's first rays fell reluctantly upon them.

It was just at sunrise when the younger of the Parson sisters rolled up the white curtain and looked on their little familiar world, so dazzling in its untroubled whiteness, looking with a pleasure not less keen because she could not speak of it to her sister and lifelong companion, at the mimic blooms in the yard, and watching the furs and hemlocks shake their cumbered branches as the wind passed by. She turned presently, however, from this outlook upon sleeping pasture and orchard lands to see the more prosaic, yet perhaps more enlivening view opposite, saying, as she drew up the shade of a southern window:

"There ain't a bit o' smoke stirring over to Mis Churchill's. I'm afraid the poor creeter's sick, or something's happened. There's fires every where else, and Esther is shakin' 'em, 'specially over to Garret's. But over to Cynthia's there ain't a sign o' smoke. I s'pose she might 'a' overleapt. It's been so thick for a day or two I couldn't tell anything scarcely."

"She may be gone away somewhere," said the elder sister, Miss Parburia, familiarly known as "Thury," who was clearing the table.

"I don't know where she'd go," said the other, leaving her point of vantage at the window and coming to help her. "I do feel considerable worried. And 'a' ain't as if there was anybody else to be responsible for her; now Nathan's gone, there mightn't anyone happen in for days, 'thout' it was well, and he's apt to be forgetful."

"Well, I wouldn't git worked up, Abby. We shall bear, I guess, if anything's the matter. Sarah keeps as good a lookout as you do, and there's Eleazer to send. It is a shame and a pity, though, for anybody to live so, when they could have things different. There's Nathan, now, I don't suppose she'd hear to giving him a chance."

"And there's Esther, waiting," said Abby. "It does seem hard. They're willing to work, and be s'ving; but it does seem as though," she added, timidly, a faint color creeping into her thin, faded cheeks, "they might have the comfort of living together."

Miss Thury shook her head soberly. "I'll be a long time first, I guess, if they wait to get any kind of a start. That was the queerest muss, if 't was made out to be all straight and legal! I declare, I s'pose the law must have its way, or there wouldn't be anything to hang to, but I do think a little common sense would go a sight further sometimes."

"But I do know as Cynthia's so much to blame," said Abby, deprecatingly, as, having finished the dishes, she turned to the seemingly superfluous task of "brightening round" the already primly clear rooms, while Thury went to feed the hens; "thought 't was," she added, half to herself, raising her voice as Thury returned presently, with a handful of eggs, "a dreadful thing for her to live so. They say she ain't comfortable, no like."

"She won't make herself so," said the other taking off her hood. "She's too close to spend for't, and she never had any real faculty. An' she just scripps along this way an' that—some crackers an' a taste o' pork now and then, an' bakes bread, and a bit in the buttery—I don't see how she stood it till now. An' she with money to interest, and farms to let! It ain't Christian, no ways!"

"It she wa'n't alone, maybe she'd do different," said Abby, meekly. "I'll be one some doing for anybody's self, and nobody to care how things are."

"She wouldn't be alone," returned Parburia; "though I don't s'pose she is so much to blame. She's been through with an awful sight," she added, as having finished their "chores" they sat down to their rug-working together. "But what could she expect, 'narrin' that old skin-flint that had worn out two wives, and only wanted her to save him help, and so's he could git hold of what fell to her. And she was a likely girl!"

"Nathan's mother was a likely woman, and a good one," put in Abby timidly, as her sister passed to plan the colors of a braid. "An' she married him."

"I know it," answered Thury, waxing her thread vigorously; "but she didn't know him as Cynthia did—she came from the Ficks and had only seen him a few times. An' I guess she was thinkin' o' havin' a home for her boy, morn' a' anything. She had a girl too, then, but she died. Well, she found him out, but he wa'n't then what he was in Cynthia's time. I do as you can remember so well, but the stories they used to tell about the way he kep' her, and what he did with her property and interest money while she was a-slavin' and goin' 'round would 'a' made you shiver! An' he comes as near as a dead man can to keepin' hold of it now."

Abby sighed, but did not dispute the statement, only as the two worked on at their sober stint, she glanced up a little oftener than was her wont to look wistfully across the drifted fields to the far blue hills and the bluer skies above them, as if seeking from nature something of that of which the humanity around them had little to give. The forenoon was waning, and they had already risen to fill the teakettle for dinner, when Abby said, leaning forward eagerly:

"There's the snow-pow, and the big team following, and some o' 'em coming in here. It's Eleazer! and I'm 'raid something's happened."

"Now don't get nervous, it's only an' errand o' Sarah's, I guess," said Thury soothingly, as she opened the door and set a chair for the caller, adding, "Leazer? Your folks all right?"

"That's what we don't know," answered Eleazer. "Taint no place for her there. It's damp, and nothing to do with; no use, only a few crow-sticks. An' there's no one 'round to go. The best way is to git some one to take her and take care of her. It won't be long, I don't believe; though Jotham, he's t'urnin' 'round, pretendin' it's only a faint spell, such as they have sometimes with la grippe. I know better, and so does the doctor, and I was bound you should know how't was, 'sfore you made up your mind about it. You, they way you know if you can't feel to take her in. There ain't no other place, 'thout it's us, and Sarah ain't able; and I wouldn't ask Carew, after the way she and Jotham's done by Nathan."

"Well, what do you say, Thury and Abby?" The sisters looked at each other questioningly. The elder spoke first. "I s'pose we could."

"And the younger spoke up quickly. "I'll run and put a fire in the south bedroom, and warm the bed good. Maybe Eleazer 'd help us move the lounge in; some one 'll have to be up and down with her. You 'll want to bring her in the warm part of the day."

Eleazer nodded, and proceeded to lend the help they needed, leaving them to complete their preparations while he returned their answer.

At one o'clock all was ready, even to the basin of gruel simmering on the stove, and the blankets warming before "the air-tight" in the south bedroom. A little later came slowly up the hill the long pung which bore the widow Churchill to the shelter which had opened to her. Two or three men of the neighborhood walked beside the team, and a straight young figure sat in the forward end, stooping now and then to draw the covering closer. Storage arms lifted the shrunken form gently, but even Miss Parburia shrank a little at the first glimpse of the drawn, shrivelled, glassy face. But Abby, conquering her reluctance and leading the way, was sure that a softer look came into the feverish, headlike eyes as they laid her down. Abby was sure that it was not all bodily relief, and that her restless glance took in the flowers she had placed on the stand at the bed's head.

It was some time before the sisters could, as they expressed it, "get wonded" to this strange invalid guest. Sickness, and sorrow, too, they had accompanied with in their own household, but never in this forbidding, hopeless, uncanny guise; never in one too, so wholly irresponsible to their willing ministrations.

But, slowly, almost imperceptibly, a change came. The sick woman seemed to watch their coming, to be comforted by their tenderness, and would smile back to their greetings. She grew steadily stronger, could sit up a little, and then longer, and presently could occupy the lounge in the living-room, and move from it to the rocker, and from that to the sunny southeast corner where she insisted on remaining if able to leave her bed, would watch with wistful, hungry eyes every fall of the simple, earnest, cheerful life, that went on from day to day in the old farmhouse, where the very timbers seemed seasoned with the wholesome, peaceful living of generations of honest, God-fearing, willing-handed and open-hearted men and women. Their prudent, provident house-keeping, the little self-denials they hid from each other, or sometimes showed for a common purpose of thrift or charity, the homely pleasures they planned and enjoyed, their loving care of their simple possessions, and the touches that made beauty, their delight in common joys and their sympathy with all around them, were, to this homeless woman like a story of which she could not leave a line unread.

She took special interest in Abby's plans, though not all the good woman's transparent hints or even her open invitation to share their care could win her to any tenderness of them.

"I like to see you fuss over 'em," she said. "You make them grow and be their best. They wouldn't be for me. They leave to blossom, with you-a-lookin' for 't. But," she went on, with a ring of contradiction in her voice, that was almost plaintive despite, "I don't believe that one you're waterin' now will come to anything. You've been doin' for it ever since I come here, an' I tell you it's no good."

"Oh yes, it is," said Abby, cheerfully, stirring gently the moist earth about a scraggy rose bush as she spoke. It's picked up a lot already, an' it's goin' to bloom by-and-by. 'T will have to, you know."

The other shook her head in answer but Abby knew not a leaf came on its stunted, thorny stalk that Mrs. Churchill did not see as soon as she.

From this window she could see the Carew homestead, and, quite plainly, Eleazer's comings and goings and many of her daily doings. She could see her sometimes, on a crisp, bright morning, sharing with her young brothers the long slides the fields of crust afforded; starting them off to school with slates and dinner pails coming out to meet her father as he came on his loads of wood; and one day spreading out long lengths of cotton cloth to whiten in the March sunshine. Was it for her pleasing? It was likely to be a long time yet before it would be needed, unless something happened that no one expected.

The thin hands on the worn sill trembled uneasily as the widow Churchill sat watching Eleazer as she sprinkled her clothes that morning. The girl moved quickly, as if her heart were light. Perhaps she had had a letter from Nathan—Nathan, who had in his veins no drop of blood to make him kin to the good woman who sat there so quietly, yet who was more nearly her kindred than any other person living. And Nathan's lot had not been an easy one, nor was it like-

ly to be at best, handicapped as he was at the start by early deprivations. Still, a new world do much for him and his. Why had his step-father, her husband, had no heart or conscience in the matter, claiming even the boy's own small inheritance? Why had he made it so hard for her to do as she would with what was rightfully as well as nominally hers? She looked across the fields to another house, Jotham's, the son of Cyrus Churchill by his first wife. Was there a living hand behind the dead one which seemed to control her so mercilessly? And was she seemed very safe and wide and peaceful here, as it were, indeed, what she had been ready to doubt, as Thury sometimes called it, with homely, familiar reverence, "God's world." It seemed as if one might be free to do a just or a kind thing in it—and at the best of it.

Mrs. Churchill's improvement was a surprise to her neighbors and even her physician, who began to speak hopefully of her recovery. Thury and Abby were overjoyed, and spared no pains to guard the gains they had won. But, before any one else saw it they were aware of a change, of decline they could not stay with all their homely skill; and it was a grief to them that, though she seemed quite content with them, and appreciative of their care, there was so little they could do for her.

"Tell us something to do for you. There must be something," they would say. One day she answered. "Yes, I want you to have 'Squire Peters come over, this forenoon, if he can. 'T'll him it business. And I should like to have Eleazer Carew come over and sit with me while, some day soon, if she'll come."

They sent for the lawyer at once, and he stayed in the south room a long two hours. The sick woman could not talk continuously, she had to rest often. Before he went Thury and Eleazer Stocks were called in to write their names as witnesses to the widow's tremulous signature. Afterwards, Eleazer came and sat quietly by her. Her face had lost its hardest lines, and she looked younger and happier than the girl who ever remembered her. She smiled at Eleazer as she rose to go, and stroked her hand.

"Be good to Nathan, and be both of you as happy as you can," she whispered. "Oh yes," said Eleazer, turning to hide her tears. For answer, she smiled again, and into her eyes crept a look of inflexible content, as if someone were keeping for her what life had never brought.

The end came next night. In the morning Abby watered her plants and with her tears as that the stunted rose-bush had put forth one perfect flower, and they laid it in her hand that Easter Sunday.

When the will was read it was found that with the exception of one bequest to her "dear friends," the Pearsons, she had made Nathan her sole heir, with the result only that he restore the old farmhouse where she had lived so long. And Nathan and Esther, in grateful tenderness, have not only restored and beautified the homestead, but have made it their own dwelling, eager to bring into it what the old house had never held—warm love and household happiness, and glad, for her sake, that their home joys should flower on a grim stalk that showed no promise of such blooming.

DUTCH CIGAR SHARPERS.

A Queer Sort of Ring-in That is Practised in Rotterdam.

"Americans are apt to think that they belong to the only enterprising nation in the world," said a New Yorker lately returned from Europe. "But I had a little experience in Holland recently, which showed me that business is business all the world over. I was walking through one of the principal squares in Rotterdam smoking a cigar, when I was approached by a well-dressed, middle-aged man who had an unlighted cigar in his hand. He stopped me, and in good English asked me for a light. I gave him a light and was about passing on when he said: 'I see that you are smoking a Dutch cigar. Would you mind telling me where you bought it, and what you paid for it?' Though somewhat surprised at the request, I told him I had bought it in a large shop in Hoog Straat, and that I had paid ten cents (about three cents American money) for it. 'The reason I asked,' he said, 'is that they do not deal honestly with foreigners here. You should have got a better cigar for that money. If you wish I can show you the place where I get my cigars, and where you can get twice as good a cigar for the same as the one you are smoking.' As I had intended to lay in a supply of cigars for a few days at least, and as I had nothing else to do, I agreed to go with him.

"He led the way through quaint and crooked streets and over many canals to a tiny tobacco shop in a narrow out-of-the-way street. We entered the shop, and my new-found friend had a brief conversation in Dutch with the woman behind the counter, which resulted in the production of a box of cigars from a shelf near by. Taking my cigar gently out of my hand my mentor smiled at it, and then with a sudden gesture of disgust threw it out of doors. He then took a cigar from the box and offered it to me to try, saying that it would not cost me anything. While I was smoking this in a tentative way he had another conversation in Dutch with the shopkeeper, and then having apparently arrived at some compromise he told me with glad light in his eyes that he had agreed to let me have the whole box of fifty for four guilders (about \$1.60) and seemed very much pained when I told him I did not care for so many, as I had to pay the English custom house in a day or two. I finally bought half the box and departed.

"That afternoon I was standing in front of the statue of Erasmus, smoking one of my newly acquired cigars, when I was approached by a respectable-looking man who had an unlighted cigar in his hand, and who politely asked me for a light. When he got his light, he asked me where I had bought my cigar and what I had paid for it. It dawned upon me then that

in this country of the slow Dutch I had run up against a form of enterprise that would discredit to Baxter street in our own good town of New York, and the humor of the situation so overcame me that I laughed then and there. To the man with the cigar I explained, to his evident disgust, how I had been already taken in, and he went away after remarking that I should have got a better cigar for the money I paid. During my stay in Rotterdam I was tackled several times by these ropers-in, and hugely enjoyed telling them of the manner in which I bought my cigars; but I always made a point of letting them light their cigars first. They all seemed to have a poor opinion of the cigars I had bought."

THE KENT CASE.

A Visit to the Works of the British North American Note Company.

OTTAWA April 8.—A visit paid yesterday to the works of the British North American Bank Note Printing Company in whose employment is Mr. G. H. Kent, the reporter of whose recovery from Bright's disease with all its accompanying horrors of swollen limbs, convulsions, coma, and fearful pains, has been the cause of so much discussion in the city, showing that he is still in the enjoyment of the health which he has gained by the judicious use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. The man who may be said to have had one foot in the grave, and whose health is despaired of, is presented a remarkable picture of health and vigor, and pursued his work at the heavy presses without any indication of weakness. He is loud in his praises of the remedy which cured him.

Taken Literally.

As an example of the error of taking figuratively to those who do not appreciate, and who are apt to take everything literally, this story is worth reading. The respected superintendent of a Sunday school had told his boys that they should endeavor to bring their neighbours to school, saying that they should be like a train—the scholar being the engine and his converts the carriages. Judge his surprise when next Sunday, the door opened during lessons, a little boy making a noise like an engine ran in followed by half a dozen others in single file at his back. He came to a halt before the superintendent, who asked the meaning of it all. The naive answer was—"Please sir, the engine and them's the carriages, as you told us!"

DOCTORS AND FLY BLISTERS FAIL.

But One Dose of South American Rheumatic Cure Relieves, and Half a Bottle Cures.

Robert E. Gibson, Pembroke's well known merchant: "I contracted rheumatism in very severe form in 1888, and have suffered intermittingly each spring since. I have repeatedly applied to my own physicians but little success. Doctors whom I consulted likewise failed to relieve. I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure by Mr. W. F. C. Bethel, of the Dickson Drug Company, when the first dose gave instant relief, and half a bottle cured."

As a cure for rheumatism, this remedy is certainly peerless. Sold by H. J. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

A CAREFUL STUDENT OF SOCIAL REFORM.

Rev. W. Galbraith, LL. B., Pastor of Elm Street Methodist Church, Toronto, Has a Good Word to Say of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

The Rev. Wm. Galbraith, LL. B., is one of the thoughtful preachers of the day. The active interest he has taken in questions of social reform has given him wide reputation outside his own church, where his influence is undisputed. His mind is of the kind that thinks out a problem, and then he is able to speak with force and intelligence. He is to be credited with examining Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, with the same bent of mind. And what does he say? That in this medicine he has found a remedy that gives quick relief for cold in the head, which is so uncomfortable to everybody, and giving relief there it helps, perhaps, more than any other remedy to stave off the effects that come from catarrhal trouble.

One short puff of breath through the Bower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, To Silit's, and Deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle with blower sent free on receipt of two three cent stamps. S. G. Detohon, 44 Church St. Toronto.

Sold by H. J. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

TRIED, TESTED AND TRUE.

Thousands Know of the Quick and Certain Relief that Comes from South American Kidney Cure

This medicine will not cure all the ills the flesh is heir to, but it will cure kidney trouble of whatever kind—no case too aggravated. It will cure speedily—sure relief in six hours. It is rich in healing powers, and whilst it quickly gives ease, where pain existed before, it also gives strength to the weak and deranged organs, making the cure complete and lasting. Thousands who know what South American Kidney Cure has done for them will tell you so. Sold by H. J. Dick & S. McDiarmid.

Agonizing, Transfixing Pain.

The most excruciating pain known is perhaps caused by Agni's Pectoris, which is most to be dreaded of any of the diseases of the heart. It distinguishes itself especially by pain, and by pain which is best described as agonizing. The pain literally transfixes the patient, generally radiating from the heart to the left shoulder and down the breast. The face shows the picture of terror, and is either deathly white, or livid. To a person suffering from this species of heart trouble or from palpitation or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, or smothering spells, the value of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart cannot be estimated, as it will give relief in 30 minutes in every case, and if judiciously used, effect a cure. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the greatest life-saving remedy of the age. Sold by H. J. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

S. G. DETOHON, 44 Church St., Toronto.

Playing Surprise Soap. Wash Day seems almost more like play than work when Surprise Soap is used. Surprise greatly lightens the work; there is no need of boiling or scalding the clothes. Surprise does away with the hardest part of the washing—that rubbing and scrubbing. Surprise gives the whitest, sweetest, cleanest clothes. Follow the directions on the wrapper. The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

SOME PEOPLE Walk About Hermetically Sealed in the Old Style of Rubber Waterproof Coats. OTHERS Up to Date People, wear RIGBY Porous Waterproof Coats. Which will YOU Have?

ALWAYS ASK FOR "D.C.L." SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS' CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN. For Sale by Street & Co.



Extension Cut Under. A Handome Family Carriage. Made very light and Comfortable. Now is the time to get prices. Send for catalogue. We turn out the finest Carriages that are sold.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B. ENGRAVING. "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE SWEET ST. AND HER... 'T was about the And Athens by... Mosaic on the And touched the And the court of In grave and rest... Christmas an... A little old maid... dow polishing the pa... quaint old Easter car... centary. Outside on the m... two little girls, and a... versation reached her... "Look at these lilies... to the bow-window. "Wan't you wish... give us some of her fi... church? Let's ask her... "Not I! sting of... mean to give anybody... believe she ever gave... Miss Leahy put th... bang and the girls r... hot flush rose on her... brown eyes flashed... was it true? She crossed the roo... gloriozita; half a doz... bloom. Oas of a cr... purple throat and dain... was loaded with bloss... "You beauties!" cr... The deep bow-win... plants of rich and var... bians wreathed the ar... fragrant with the b... bouvardias. Miss Leahy sat do... chair and rolled h... apron. It seemed a... used to pick tiny B... daisies for him. She... since he went away... hade him the house... dull years of waiting... Still she waited but... and she sold the house... try village and settle... iam for life. Well, those childre... business had she to b... flowers. Raising she counted... white violets, and went... for the dinner which... was preparing. The next day would... and she knew that the... teachers would be at th... preparing for the... the Crown Prince, a li... bleasness but single... were no poor people i... or clothe, very few sc... there were many little... might run from her h... was willing. "Some of these vin... lovely flural cross it... flowers." the deacon's... Miss Leahy walked in... church, that evening, w... arm. No one could ever... been to her to out her... Easter offering. Poor... were all that she had... About twenty peop... around; some wildwo... with a stick and a strange... the stove. "I have brought you... an odd, constrained voi... How they all thank... down in a corner pew a... A young girl with long... her lilies, and a strange... cross with wet moss and... vines. Just then the organist... the choir joined in th... Fresh young voices, b... richer tone sang with th... eyes, but John's voic... John's voice she should... The yellow-haired girl... tears on the cross with... fragrant flowers that... "Christ is Risen." Ah... could have been put in... had no flock that she... born into the Lord; but... her case her best flower... awakened out of her sle... a child: "Out of the m... Henceforth Oivia has... live for herself alone. T... a thread of scarlet in th... with a firm, its new resolu... "For the Lord is grac... overlooking, and his tr... generation to generation... chanting as she slipped o... basket. The words and the tom... er's voice warmed her bra... home. When she got th... in a good cry at the si... favorites; yet she wen... gathered a bouquet of ros... and a tea-rose, that she... spared for Widow Blake... consumption. Her repentance was ge... little, old maid who had... of a flower mission. In the morning, Miss... home and let Betty go... teading the evening ser... her own long time. She... "I'll tell her-daughte... time," said the maid to... so fond of it now, I'm... Lot's wife; but anybody... shall have said enough." "Glad to see you, Miss... the sexton, obviously, an... the square entry that even... a new minister today." The new minister saw a

A FIGHTING TEACHER.

CHRIS PAGE OF THE BEST OF THE BOYS.

The Whole Crew was Aggressive, but he Managed Them All—A Gang that Used to Beat Other Teachers.

"It is owing, perhaps, to my long abode in my native State," said a Maine man residing in New York, "that I have not in recent years heard much of Chris Page. In the fifties he was a famous schoolmaster in Maine, where I have no doubt his exploits are still often recounted, as in many another part of the country to which Maine men have wandered. His specialty was the teaching of hard schools in rural districts, a vocation at that period calling for much the same qualities required in wild beast taming or the breaking of wild horses. The boys that attended these schools in winter were many of them grown men in size, and taken altogether, were as unruly a set of wrestling, fighting, hard-fisted youngsters as the world could produce. It took pluck and muscle to run a district school, and lacking these, a master would better resign his office in time than to await the indignity of being thrashed by his own pupils, or the humorous attention of being carried bodily out of doors and deposited in a snow bank.

"To undertake the hardest school that could be found was a pleasant recreation to Chris Page, and his services in this direction were much in demand. Tall, thin, and wiry, a rollicking daredevil by nature, he had a vein of quaint humor that took sometimes a grim and startling turn. Catching an offending small boy by the collar and pantaloons, he would throw him up through the open window in the ceiling, calling after him as he disappeared: 'Take him, Gabriel!'

"He delighted to open a school campaign with a surprise. Being called to a certain school, notorious for its gang of tough boys, the terror of their teachers in the past, he agreed to come under condition that his name should not be revealed by the school committee. On the opening day of school he let the scholars behave as they liked, and, in the enjoyment of the pandemonium they created, the big boys thought they had a teacher whom it would be a picnic to walk over after their usual fashion. On the second morning, after he had called the school to order, the master gave the pupils a short address on their misbehavior of the day before, and wound up by saying:

"Yesterday, boys, you ruled the school. Today Chris Page rules it."

"At that the big boys waited for no more, but jumped from their seats and made a rush for him. Chris Page, who was quicker than chain lightning, pulled from his pocket a short cowhide whip and met them on the open floor before his desk, cutting them across the face with the lash as he leaped and turned so as to keep them always in front of him. They soon fell back under his rain of stinging blows, and then, dropping the cowhide, he knocked them all down in succession with his fists. He kept them lying on the floor as they had fallen until the noonday recess, and then dismissed them with a brief lecture. After that episode he had a school of very docile pupils who, by one of the laws of human nature, soon came to idolize their fighting teacher.

THE BECCA PIORIMAGE.

The Second Frenchman to Get Through it Alive.

Not many pilgrims have hitherto succeeded in accomplishing the pilgrimage to Mecca. M. Gervais Courtellement is the third Frenchman who has done so, but he is only the second who has come back alive. M. Courtellement has just given an account of his experiences in the Holy City of Islam. During the journey he posed as an Algerian who had been lately converted to the faith of Mohammed, and arrayed himself in Arab costume. Notwithstanding his perfect command of Arabic he was looked upon with suspicion by his fellow pilgrims, and he often found it difficult to procure his bread and salt. The long journey from Jiddah to Mecca was performed on asses in a single day. Although the Mecca it was with difficulty that he avoided treading upon the myriads of sacred pigeons which swarm about the streets. He circumambulated the sacred Kaaba (cube) seven times, kissed the Black Stone, and drank of the spring Zemzem, as which Hagar is supposed to have quenched his thirst. Legend says that it is impossible for any christian to drink the water of Zemzem. Certainly such christians as Barton have maligned it and set it down as being anything but medicinal. M. Courtellement declares that he honestly liked it, but possibly this was because he felt it a pleasure to be able to do anything which would insure him the character of a good Mussulman and save him from the knife. Sanitation would appear to be making progress in Mecca. Pious notions have described its streets as filthy, but M. Courtellement found them clean. The inhabitants, too, have been pictured as a rabble of vicious and blood-thirsty fanatics, whose chief aim is backache. Strangely enough, M. Courtellement describes them as loyal and disinterested beings, and lovers of liberty and honor.

On more than one occasion M. Courtellement nearly compromised himself in consequence of his excessive thirst. The Arab custom being to refrain from drinking until the meal is ended. On entering Mecca it was with difficulty that he avoided treading upon the myriads of sacred pigeons which swarm about the streets. He circumambulated the sacred Kaaba (cube) seven times, kissed the Black Stone, and drank of the spring Zemzem, as which Hagar is supposed to have quenched his thirst. Legend says that it is impossible for any christian to drink the water of Zemzem. Certainly such christians as Barton have maligned it and set it down as being anything but medicinal. M. Courtellement declares that he honestly liked it, but possibly this was because he felt it a pleasure to be able to do anything which would insure him the character of a good Mussulman and save him from the knife. Sanitation would appear to be making progress in Mecca. Pious notions have described its streets as filthy, but M. Courtellement found them clean. The inhabitants, too, have been pictured as a rabble of vicious and blood-thirsty fanatics, whose chief aim is backache. Strangely enough, M. Courtellement describes them as loyal and disinterested beings, and lovers of liberty and honor.

There is something in Air Besides Oxygen and Nitrogen.

Thomas A. Edison has recently been reading up on argon, the newly-discovered gaseous constituent of the atmosphere, and on the experiments of Lord Rayleigh and others abroad. He said yesterday that he intended to do some experimenting himself as soon as he could get around to it. "That will probably not be before next summer," he added, "as I am still very busy with my mining operations. I do not know of any investigation into the nature of argon, and it is quite likely that in looking for it they will find other new elements in the atmosphere.

"The discovery of argon is a fresh evidence of how very little we really know. Here is a constituent existing in the atmosphere in a considerable percentage, and yet the air has been analyzed and analyzed for more than fifty years without its presence being suspected. The investigators would withdraw the carbonic acid and the oxygen and say that what was left was nitrogen. Somebody finally noticed that nitrogen possessed slightly different properties from pure nitrogen obtained in other ways, and the fact was discovered.

"My investigations will be made in connection with my incandescent lamp. Phenomena take place in the lamps which cannot be explained except on the hypothesis of a new element in the atmospheric residuum left in the bulb. Whether argon is responsible for them or not, I don't know, but I shall try to find out. It seems, from investigations already made, that argon is a perfectly inert gas. It has not been found to unite with anything. I believe it is possible, however, that it may unite with incandescent carbon. If it isn't argon that attacks the filament, it may be something else which hasn't been discovered yet."

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What St. John People Say of THE YOST Writing Machine.

ST. JOHN MERCHANT and others are obtaining a notoriety for the fine character of their typewritten letters: Compliments are constantly being received by the users of the "YOST" machine in this city from correspondents throughout Canada and from the various parts of the world, even from China and Egypt. Enquiries are being made from users of the "YOST" machine as to the kind of machine All of the leading merchants and others in St. John in their several lines, are users of the "YOST" as the following list will show:

- Manchester, Robertson & Allison, Board of Trade, Exhibition Association, Macaulay Bros. & Co., Merritt Bros. & Co., W. H. Thorne & Co., J. & A. McMillan, Massey-Harris Co., P. S. McNutt & Co., Daily "Globe," Daily "Record," "Progress," Halifax Banking Co., Hurd Peters, City Engineer, Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, T. S. Simms & Co., Hon. Wm. Pugsley, Currey & Vincent, C. A. Palmer, S. B. Bustin, A. W. MacRae, E. R. Machum, Morley & Haydon College, James Donville, J. J. McGaffigan, A. H. Chipman, Dearborn & Co., F. A. Jones, Imperial Oil Co., Cornwall & Tilley, W. Frank Hatheway, Geo. S. deForest & Sons, Jardine & Co., Smith & Tilton, Hon. A. G. Blair, Barker & Belyea, E. T. C. Knowles, G. G. Ruel, C. J. Milligan, Whitcraft & Co., Geo. O. D. Otty, Collier & Co., and many others.

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents:

Messrs. E. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; VanNieuw & Butcher, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; L. J. McGhee, 80 Bedford Row, Halifax; J. B. Dumas, Gloucester, N. B.; D. B. Stewart, Yarmouth; F. E. L. Dr. W. E. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, "Advocate" office of Sydney, C. B.; W. J. Keppel, Yarmouth; N. S.; Chas. Burdell & Co., Weymouth; H. S.; T. Carleton Fitcham, Woodstock; Clarence E. Casey, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.; T. W. Butler, Newcastle, N. B.; F. J. Goss, Saint John, N. B.; H. F. McLatchar, Campbellton, N. B.; R. B. Murray, Spring Hill, N. S.

Baby's Own Soap PRIZE COMPETITION FOR BRIGHT CHILDREN...

A handsomely framed oleograph, one which will be prized in any drawing room (it has no advertising matter on it) will be given each week by the proprietors of Baby's Own Soap to the boy or girl under sixteen years of age, who will have sent during the current week the best advertisement, illustrated or not, suitable for publication in the newspapers for advertising Baby's Own Soap. The prize winning advertisements will be one our property and no others will be returned unless they will be accompanied by postage stamps for the purpose.

The Shoe for. Your Money.

Varnish is a nice thing in a Shoe. It glosses over imperfections—creates a shining fraud—pleases superficial buyers. Material is a nice thing, too—better than varnish—it gives wear and satisfaction. Do you know the difference between a varnished fraud and a serviceable Shoe? There is one way by which you can always tell real from the imitation SEE THAT THE SOLE IS STAMPED

"The Slater \$3 00 Shoe for Men." Geo. T. Slater & Sons, Montreal. "PROGRESS" PRINT Will do your Job Work reasonably, With neatness and despatch.

Gentlemanly Burglars.

It is said that even the most gentlemanly of our burglars have much to learn from Japan in the way of politeness, if one may judge by a description of the manners of robbers in that country.

Three men broke into a dyer's house while he was away and gently asked his wife how much money there was in the place. She answered that there was just a little in the house.

The robber laughed and said—"You are a good old woman, and we believe you. If you were poor, we would not rob you at all. Now we only want some money and this," placing his hand on a fine silk dress.

An Extraordinary Memory.

There is a bank cashier in Chicago who was the hero of a wonderful performance, just after the great fire. The books of the bank in which he was employed were entirely destroyed by the flames, and with no data except the passbooks of the depositors and his memory, this man restored all the fifteen hundred accounts so successfully that every depositor was satisfied.

His Defence.

Prisoner: "Yes, sah, I tuck de chicken. I was grivin' ter make some chicken-pie, and I tuck de cook-book and read de directions, and it says, 'Tak' one chicken.' It don't say buy one chicken, or borrow one chicken, but it says, tak' one chicken. It don't say whose chicken ter tak', so I tuck de first one I could lay my han' on. I followed de directions, sah, in de book."

Ladies of Fashion are all using the New Interlining Fibre Chamois.

Puff Sleeves and Skirts, when supported by this Ideal Interlining, will retain their stylish appearance "through thick and thin," whether badly crushed by careless packing or by weight of outer garments—A slight shake and there is no trace of crease or wrinkle. Dampness does not affect it as it is not stiffened by Gum, Starch or Glee. It is strong and durable and will last as long as the garment itself. In 8 weights, 64 inches wide, 25c. per yard, at all the leading stores. Every yard of Genuine Fibre Chamois is Labelled. Beware of inferior imitations.

The wholesale trade only supplied by The Canadian Fibre Chamois Co., Montreal.

May 25, 1895 -

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I am writing most of my page today with a pair of scissors and a paste-pot, or to speak more correctly a mangle bottle, and really, though they are very poor I find them excellent servants in their way. Since I have had the honor, and I appreciate it very highly, of being a member of the editorial staff of PROGRESS, I have occupied a good many different positions, have taken turns at the society desk and the reporter's ditto, besides my own special department, but I have never been "scissors editor" before, and I didn't think I should call in the aid of the double-pointed pen now, were it not that my brains are out on strike just now. The fact is that after having passed unscathed through numerous sieges of the grapple, and sympathetically watched others writing in his grasp, so often that I fancied I bore a charmed life myself, my time has come at last, and I have been in his mysterious clutches for the past week.

Anyone who has had the grapple will retain a vivid memory of the feeling that the top of the head is entirely gone, and has taken the best of the mental power along with it? Well, I have that tender feeling in perfection today and out of tender consideration for my readers, I am serving up for their delectation the bright thoughts of others, instead of the dull, and grapple-distorted fancies of my own encephalic mind, and I am sure they will be grateful for my thoughtfulness.

The following description of an At Home I take from a wonderfully bright and up to date English paper, called the New Weekly, which is sent me by a friend, and which is fearless enough, and witty enough almost to have been published in Canada. Perhaps the fact that its manager has a goodly share of pure Canadian blood in his veins, may account in some measure for the phenomenon.

The "At Home" itself is a delightful bit of realism, and might apply to such a function on this side of the water, equally well. If you live in a flat it is well to invite three times more people than you have accommodation for. For guests to be able to move about and get in comparative comfort from one room to another is merely to give an ordinary evening party. But in giving an "At Home" there are prescribed rules to be followed. Therefore let your guests be crushed in the corridor. Let them camp on the staircase. Don't have any chairs—they take up too much space. Let the refreshments be light—certainly nothing more exhilarating than a bottle of claret doused with lemonade. Turn your husband's study into an arbor. All you have to do is to crush his manuscripts and such rubbish under the sofa, hire a few palms, stick a few nightlights covered with glass shades in red and blue and yellow—so very artistic and fairy-like,—about the place, and everybody will say it is charming.

There is a preliminary difficulty in deciding whom to invite. If you don't invite Mrs. Smythe, she is sure to observe when Mrs. Brown-Jones remarks, "I didn't see you at the Franklin's last night." "Oh dear, no! I were you there?" and then she will give a little sniff which makes Mrs. Brown-Jones feel she has rather lost social status in knowing you at all. So be sure to invite Mrs. Smythe. It is quite possible she won't come, but it prevents her making remarks on the forwardness of your daughters, the condition of your husband's banking account or the dress you wore at the Charity ball—that one with the little green shoulder bows—which she assures your dearest friend, could deceive nobody, for it was the same dress you wore at the Mayor's reception, only the bows were pink then, not green.

It is well to have one or two lions, or a new distinguished pianist, or the latest lady vocalist. They will arrive straight from a concert, and will be gratified to hear you say, "It is good of you to come; have you brought your music?" It shows you appreciate their talents. A successful novelist—whom you have cut dead for the last two years as only a miserable hack until you suddenly discovered he is indeed a successful novelist—will be delighted to accept your invitation. You edge him through the crowd. "May I introduce to Mr. Lynn C. Doyle, the author of 'Two Hearts and a Fiddlestick?' you say to Mr. Fitzherbert James, and Mrs. Fitzherbert James, looking placidly through her tortoise-shell glasses, murmurs, "I shall be delighted. I have always found his books most amusing." This is more to please Lynn C. Doyle, who prides him self on the pathos of his stories. "Who did you say that man is with the uncrowned hair?" Mrs. Fitzherbert James will afterwards ask, as the novelist moves away. You explain again that he is a rising author and write "Two hearts and a Fiddlestick." "Indeed, I never heard of the book," says Mrs. Fitzherbert James; "he is a very plain young man." Half the room hear the remark, and Lynn C. Doyle will go home and write a savage article about the ignorance of women.

When you have your rooms packed with guests, when they line the halls and sit in couples all up the staircase, you should get the famous pianist to play. He will

be a little grumpy, and growl, but this is only his affliction. As there is music, your friends will be able to chatter rather louder than they were. The fact of your young hostess asking Miss Brookescross the piano if she will come and have an ice won't disturb in any way Chopin's Nocturne. Indeed the player will rather like to know that everybody is happy and enjoying themselves and that his artistic personality does not outride on the general harmony of the evening. Pianists are like that.

"Whilst the lady who gives the [At Home] should be overwhelmingly effusive, it is advisable, if you are a guest, and especially a man guest, to be frigid. If cards are issued for 9.30 p. m. never think of turning up till after ten o'clock. It will damp any conception that you have been eager to come. If you put in an appearance just before midnight, and assume rather a bored air, with a mild stare of astonishment at so many people about, you will create a profound impression upon the hostess. The host, rather a jolly fellow with whom you were friendly in his pre-nuptial days, will welcome you cordially. "Let me introduce you to somebody," he will say; "whom shall it be—a well-known man, or a pretty woman?" You murmur a preference for the pretty woman. "There's Miss Willoughby—charming girl. No not he one in the corner; next to her, in blue. Come along!" Other people are pushed aside, and the introduction takes place. You say you are honored; she whispers she is delighted. This exhausts the conversation for a moment, and you both feel ill at ease. Then the happy idea occurs to you of remarking that there are many people present. It is obvious, and Miss Willoughby agrees with all the conscientious conviction of a parliamentary candidate. The next question is to be, "Do you know many here?" "No, not many. Do you?" You say you don't, and then comes another halt in the conversation. "Isn't this awful weather?" you exclaim, in desperation. "Awful!" sighs the lady, in relief. "Have you been to many places this season?" you venture. "Not many. Have you?" "No; not very many," you answer. "Now what on earth shall I say next?" you inwardly conjecture, while you outwardly look pleased and smile. Happy inspiration! "Have you seen the new Lycium play?" you inquire. "No, have you?" "No, I haven't; but I've read it awfully good." "Yes, I've heard so." Another awkward halt. So the conversation proceeds. It is so very entertaining.

It is supposed to show a want of taste to make comments about furniture and ornaments in the house of your hostess. This is a mistake. Of course, some discretion is required. To tell the lady that she has shown great originality is to ensure being put on her permanent list. Point out how novel it is to have a Japanese screen in one corner and Japanese fans spreading themselves over the walls. Say that so happy and unusual a thing displays the artistic sense. If she is a woman of desperate originality she will have some plants in great swollen yellow and blue tinted jars. Japanese fans and blue and yellow jars are so delightful an innovation, and so rarely seen in a house!

"Never display any sign of originality yourself. Always, however, praise the originality of other people. To pose as a mediocrity and to recognise genius in all your friends is to gain a reputation for being a remarkably clear-sighted being. Restrain any playing propensity towards sarcasm. It is not understood at "At Homes." For an "At Home" to be a success is for everybody to be thoroughly bored. You will find it expedient, nevertheless, to say to the hostess, "It has been an awfully jolly evening; I'm delighted I came."

The two following illustrations of snobbery in its highest degree of cultivation, seem to me to be companion pictures, and would be out-of-place unless side by side. The first is related by Max O'Rall, as an experience of his in the best New York society, and appears in the course of the witty Frenchman's recent castigation of Mark Twain for objecting to a Frenchman's unfair criticism of Americans. The second is taken from a late English paper, and both would seem to prove that blue blood is pretty much the same whether it flows in English, Scotch, or American veins, i. e., its owners seem to imagine that the mere possession of such an advantage frees them from all the obligations of good breeding which humbler folk consider binding.

"I was once booked by my manager to give a 'causerie' in the drawing-room of a New York millionaire. I accepted with reluctance. I do not like private engagements. At five o'clock on the day the 'causerie' was to be given, the lady sent a note to my manager to say that she would expect me to arrive at nine o'clock and then to speak for about an hour. Then she wrote a postscript. Many women are unfortunate there. Their minds are full of after thoughts, and the most important part of their letters is generally to be found a few lines below their signature. The lady's P. S. ran thus: "I suppose he will not expect to be entertained after the lecture." "I

fairly shouted, as Mark Twain would say and then, indulging myself in a bit of snobbery, I was back at her as a fish."

"Dear Madam: As a literary man of reputation, I have many times had the pleasure of being entertained by the members of the old aristocracy of France. I have also many times had the pleasure of being entertained by the members of the old aristocracy of England. If it may interest you, I can even tell you that I have several times had the honor of being entertained by royalty; but my ambition has never been so wild as to expect that one day I might be entertained by the aristocracy of New York? No, I do not expect to be entertained by you, nor do I want you to expect me to entertain you and your friends to-night, for I decline to keep the engagement."

This is the second quotation: "The way in which leading black-and-white men of the first rank, after Tenniel, D. Maurier, and Linley Sambourne, were left to the 'tender mercies' of servants at the Warwick Castle ball last week shows that the snub administered by Mr. Isidore de Lara to a Scotch earl is sadly in need of repetition. Mr. de Lara was engaged to sing for the entertainment of the evening in his lordship's London palace. When he arrived the funkier said, 'Oh, his lordship isn't ready for you yet; he hasn't done his dinner,' and left him in the housekeeper's room for an hour. Then he came back and said, 'His lordship sent for you; you're to begin now.'

"Mr. de Lara, with very proper spirit, determined to give his Lordship a lesson how to treat gentlemen, so he said "Tell Lord—that I won't sing. This is not the time for which he engaged me," and, putting on his hat, walked of the house. When his lordship found out that the entertainment for which he had invited his guests had collapsed his wrath knew no bounds. Mr. de Lara, who was then young in his profession, feared that he would not only forfeit his £10 for the evening but all future engagements of the kind. Instead of which his lordship's discomfiture proved an excellent advertisement, and engagements flowed in. Artists should remember that they have the remedy in their own hands. They can always turn a thing into a caricature which the persons concerned will recognize, but not their editors."

How surprised both the Earl and the millionairess must have been, and what a salutary lesson it was for them!

The Easter Bride's Wedding Gown.

The prospective Easter Bride in planning her wedding gown, which will be plain and simple, depending more upon the beauty of the material and graceful draping than upon elaboration of design or trimming. Heavy cream silk, with full chiffon is preferred. Short, round waists with a belt are newer than basque effects. ASTRA.

She Lost Her Vivacity.

A few days since two young ladies hailed a tramcar, entered it, and found only standing room. One of them whispered to her companion—

"I'm going to get a seat from one of these men. You just take notice."

She looked down the row of men and selected a sedate gentleman who bore the general settled appearance of a married man. She sailed up to him and boldly opened fire—

"My dear Mr. Robinson! How delighted I am to meet you! You are almost a stranger! Will I accept your seat? Well—Lido feel tired, I heartily admit. Thank you so much!"

The sedate gentleman, a total stranger, of course, looked, listened, then quietly rose and gave her his seat, saying, as he did so—

"Sit down, Jane, my girl; don't often see you out on washing day! You must feel tired, I'm sure. How's your mistress?"

The young lady got her seat, but lost her vivacity.

Safety in Thunderstorms.

Professor Arthur Schuster, in the course of a lecture on Atmospheric Electricity at the Royal Institution, London, a few days ago, mentioned as a remarkable fact that a thunder-cloud could not cross a river. Most of us know of the danger of standing under trees in a thunderstorm, but science took us further and proved that oak trees were more dangerous than beech trees, owing, probably, to the large amount of oil contained in the latter. It was also a safe plan to get wet, but the waiting ought to be thorough; for a traveller who took precaution to have dry feet, on receiving a lightning shock, had his stockings burnt.

Often So.

An old Scottish lady drove to church on Sunday and bade her coachman bring round the gig again in two hours. The coachman did as he was bidden, but there was no sign of his mistress. He waited for another half hour, but hearing nothing except the sonorous voice of the parson, he ventured inside—

"Is he no dune yet?" he whispered to his mistress—

"Daniel He's dune lang syne, but he'll no stop."

Of Two Evils.

Modern Maid: "I wish some advice." Old Lady: "Certainly, my dear. What is it?" Modern Maid: "Shall I marry a man whose tastes are the opposite of mine, and quarrel with him? or shall I marry a man whose tastes are the same as mine, and get tired of him?"

Consolations.

Guide in the Alps: "Yonder is where the celebrated Marquis d'Uri lost his life by falling into the chasm." English tourist (who is accompanied by his daughter): "Why, no; if I am not mistaken, the some of that accident is quite two hours journey from here." Guide: "You are right, sir; but I thought it was too far for your daughter to travel."

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it leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy.

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Long Waist, Correct Shape, Best Material,
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A Rough Coarse Skin,
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Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax	7.00
Express for Montreal (daily)	12.20
Express for Quebec and Montreal	12.30
Express for Sussex	12.40

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.50 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 10.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	6.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.30
Express from Montreal (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	12.20
Accommodation from Montreal	12.50

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

Dominion Atlantic R'y
LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.

THE POPULAR AND SHORTEST LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.
(Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.)

On and after WEDNESDAY, October 3rd, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY:

Leave Yarmouth, 8.10 a. m.	Arrive Halifax, 6.25 p. m.
Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m.	Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Kentville, 6.30 a. m.	Arrive Halifax, 6.45 a. m.
Leave Halifax, 8.10 p. m.	Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:

Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.50 a. m.	Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m.
Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.00 a. m.	Arrive Annapolis, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8.45 a. m.	Arrive Kentville, 7.30 p. m.
Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.30 a. m.	Arrive Yarmouth, 6.05 p. m.
Leave Kentville Daily, 6.00 p. m.	Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a. m.
Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p. m.	Arrive Kentville, 11.10 p. m.

Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cornwallis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, for all points to F. E. Island and Cape Breton, as well as Junction and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for points West.

For Tickets, Time Tables, etc., apply to Station Agents, to 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B., or W. R. Campbell, General Manager, K. Sutherland, Superintendent.

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GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, &c.

Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

May 25, 1895

WHALE STORIES WRONG.

THE NOISELESS SAIL IS USED IF THERE IS NO BREZE.

The Cry is "Oh, —, b-l-o-w-s!" Says a Veteran Whaler—Accounts in Geographies That Should be Suppressed—The Different Kinds of Spouts—Three Men Aloft.

Generally speaking, it is safe to assert that there is much misapprehension about the way in which whales are sought for and captured. Fictitious geographies are largely responsible for misinformation on the subject. Down at the Ship News office at the Battery is one of these misleading books, a dog-eared, time-worn, much-soiled, entirely dusty, and generally worthless publication, which strayed into the office so long ago that no one can tell when or whence it came.

Many seafaring folk frequent the Ship News office, and into it there strolled last week one whose career as a plain merchant seaman, now abandoned for the more showy one of literature, had been diversified with some whaling voyages in the Pacific. The visitor turned the leaves of the geography until he found on one begrimed page the picture of a harpoon, with weapon poised, ready for a fling at a whale, which was represented as standing on its head and bidding defiance to everything in the heavens above and the waters beneath.

The ex-hunter of big fishes said geographies of that sort ought to be suppressed. Then he told about whale hunting as was whale-hunting, and a reporter of the New York Times, who was there, became interested.

"There—she—blows," he says, in the way that landsman who know all about whaling from reading geographies and story books would make the hail. But those who seek the whale in his deep sea lair instead of in books tell about the sighting of the prey in these words, but with an intonation impossible to reproduce in print: "Oh, —, b-l-o-w-s!"

"It was in the old whaling bark Ohio, Capt. Ellis," said the narrator, "that I first made my whaling voyage. That was back in 1886. It is Pacific and Arctic whaling that I am speaking of."

"When cruising in those waters in search of whales, a whaler always keeps three men aloft during the daytime. An officer of the ship and that functionary of a whaling expedition known as the 'steerer' take their places in the crow's nest, on the main, and another, lookout is sent to the fore-topgallant cross-trees. All three of the lookouts are furnished with marine glasses, and throughout their tour of duty aloft they carefully scan the horizons in all directions.

"There may be days and days, with never a cry from aloft, and then, on a sudden, will be heard the welcome hail to the deck of 'Oh, —, b-l-o-w-s!' The cry electrifies a crew as does 'Sail, ho!' from a cruiser's masthead when an enemy is in the quest.

"The captain immediately goes aloft and makes an examination of the spouter through his glass. In the Pacific and Arctic waters there are two kinds that he will have nothing to do with. The species he wants is the towhead and sperm. The one he does not want are the finback, hump-back and sulphur bottom. These may have other names, but they are not known by any other to whalers.

"The captain is enabled to tell what manner of whale it is by the nature of its spout. The sperm whale is distinguished by the full, bushy sort of fountain which it projects into the air. If the spouts are at frequent intervals, and if the water is thrown high in a slender jet, the captain says nothing that is nice, depends from his perch, and the vessel plods along her way.

"But, if the stream is low and much dispersed, there is a bracing around of yards and a clearing away of whaleboats. All hands are called on deck, and four or five boats are manned and sent in pursuit of the whale. One boat is always kept in reserve in case of an emergency, but only enough men are kept on board to trim and work the ship.

"The boats set sail as soon as they have shoved clear of the ship's side, and then the real excitement of it all begins. I will tell you by-and-by where it ends. And I will tell you now where the main nonsense of this picture lies." He pointed to the misused despised geography.

"Whales have a most acute hearing, and the splash of the boat through the water, even when propelled by silent canvas, is often enough to frighten a whale, and then he is off like a locomotive. Now, as for oars and rowlocks such as are represented in this and most other pictures of whaling—capturing exploits, that is all rank absurdity. The splash of an oar would send a whale to the right about before you could get within a quarter of a mile of him. They are harder to creep up upon than are the wild deer of the forest.

"Therefore, the noiseless sail is used if there is any breeze, and if there is not, paddles such as the North American Indian uses in propelling his canoe are got out and the best boat pushed toward the leviathan; by cautious dips. Care is taken never to splash water, and the men move about in the boat in stocking feet.

LOADING A COTTON SHIP.

Those who do it are the Highest-Paid Negroes in the World.

It is a problem in mechanics to load a cotton ship—to fill every cubic foot of freight room with the awkward rectangular bales—and some men so much more skilled than others in this science that it often makes a difference of 400 or 500 bales in a 2,000-ton ship and that amount of loss in the profit of the voyage. Therefore the stevedores and screwmen receive big wages, perhaps the largest that are paid to negroes anywhere in the world, for most of the longshoremen on the South Atlantic are of that race. In New Orleans they are nearly all white men—Italians, Swedes, and Irishmen—and the riots that we read about in the papers were due to

the introduction of negro packers and screwmen from Galveston to take the place of the whites.

Each wharf and warehouse company has its own gang of packers and screwmen, and there is a good deal of rivalry among them as to the amount of work they can do and the number of bales they can get into the hold of a ship. The screwmen are divided into gangs of five, with a foreman, and the whole are under the direction of a chief stevedore, who is usually a white man, and acts as superintendent of the dock. Each gang occupies a hatchway of the steamer, and five men are all that can conveniently work in such a narrow space.

The cotton comes from the plantation on the cars or on flatboats. The bales as they leave the plantation are loosely packed—generally four feet high—and the first thing when they reach the dock is to tumble them into a hydraulic press, which reduces their bulk by one-half and makes it possible to pack twice as many in the hold of a steamer. The work is done rapidly and skilfully, and when it comes out of the press the bale is as hard as a stone wall. Then an ebony truckman, with his woolly hair filled with shreds of cotton, dettly inserts the iron prow of his truck under the bale, and with a sudden jerk throws it into position and starts with it across the planking to the ship. The truckman pass back and forth between the pile of bales and the ship in a procession, rapidly and in perfect time, and it is an awkward and "wuthless nigger," as the foreman said, who ever touches a bale with his hands. Some of them put on jaunty airs, strike attitudes, and introduce fancy steps as it they were at a cake walk, particularly when spectators are watching, but that is unprofessional, and the serious and self-respecting truckman "totes his bales" without trying to attract attention. They sing as they go, but for the life of me I could not catch the words, and when in an interval I asked one to repeat the verses he replied:

"Dayain't none. Dat wuz jes' de truckers' song."

The refrain sounded like "Oh rio rily oh oh rio rily oh," and was evidently nothing but gibberish. It appears that the several gangs have their own particular songs, and I judged from what they told me that the words were usually without meaning, or simply a series of rhythmical sounds with terminations that rhymed, invented by some one of their number and sung to familiar airs.

The truckman drops the bale at the edge of the dock, or tosses it by a jerk of the handles of his trunk over the gunwales of the vessel; then a man adjust the grappling iron and shouts a signal to the engineer at the windlass, who turns his lever, and hoisting the bale into the air, lets it swiftly down into the hold, where the five artists are waiting to pack it away. It is hot work below, and the packers and screwmen are usually barefooted and naked above the waists, while perspiration rolls down their massive muscles. Ellis has a book in his hand, and they seize and toss the 500-pound bales as a Japanese juggler plays with plates. Five books are in the cotton the instant it touches bottom, and they seem to work like a machine, for one does not pull one way and another another, but by a united, simultaneous effort the great package is lifted, and drops into the very place where the boss wants it to go.

Then at intervals they got out a big jack-screw that must weigh 500 pounds and crowd the bales together until the hold of the ship is one solid mass. One end of the jack-screw is placed against a bale and the end against a piece of heavy oak timber four or five inches square, which is notched to keep the screw from slipping, and can be inclined against the side of ship or one of its stanchions, so that a good purchase may be obtained. The screw is worked by a double crank, and one man holds it in position while the other four turn. That operation is called "hoosing up."

All this is done to a musical accompaniment—I suppose a negro always sings when he works—but the songs of the screwmen are different from those of the truckmen, and the air that goes with the jack-screw is not the same that is sung when the screwmen are placing the bale in position. The first was a monotone on a low key, like the "Oho, oho, —, ho-o-o-o" of sailors when they are hoisting sail, while the other had more melody and suggested the familiar air of,

"I lub my lub in de maw log, I lub my lub at night."

I could not get the words if there were any, but in one of the hatchways it was evident that an original genius was improving lines that contained personal allusions; and they created a great deal of amusement among the colored bystanders upon the deck and at times threw the other members of the gang into spasms of laughter until the boss stevedore came down upon them and ordered it stopped. The pronunciation and peculiar expressions of the Southern negro are almost a dialect of themselves, and cannot easily be understood by a stranger, so I lost the fun; but after the boss stopped and I was stepping away a scabious darky remarked:

"He done sing 'bout de Cap'n, and he done sing 'bout you."

creases rapidly with its tonnage. For example, a 1,000-ton ship will carry 6,000 bales, a 1,500-ton ship 9,000, a 2,000-ton ship 15,000, and a 3,000-ton ship 30,000 bales.

AN INFANT PHENOMENON.

Her Mind Taxed to Please the Curious Crowds.

A poor little infant phenomenon has been exhibited in Boston the past week. On the stage perched in a high chair one saw a tiny wisp of a yellow-haired child of four years old, whose little bare arms are hardly larger than macaroni sticks.

She proved to be in truth a phenomenon of the most marvellous type. She could remember anything, no matter how long or complicated, which she was told. It was explained that she did not understand the things she rattled off with such facility, that she did not read or write or know the difference in values of figures.

This poor little tot was called upon to answer a string of questions so long that her examiner, a grown man, was obliged to have them recorded on a voluminous scroll for he could not remember them. The child told a multitude of facts about bible history and American history, gave the population of innumerable places, the rise and fall in figures of the scale of our national debt; not forgetting the cents even, and so many other facts requiring a memory of figures that we cannot recall them. Her most astonishing feat was the recital of the capitals of all the states in the twenty-four seconds. Every nerve of the little body seemed quivering with the effort and the riding whips of the cavalry played the child had to make. Then the audience

were requested to "uk" for the capitals of any states they pleased, and in every case the little girl returned the right answer.

The man, or shall we say unnecessary and degraded creature, who exhibited this poor little unfortunate, claims that the child's brain is simply a phonograph which faithfully repeats everything spoken to it. But no one in his right senses can really believe that the delicate fibres of a little child's brain can be worked upon and taxed and no harm to the growing organ result. The brain is not an Edison machine.

The great audience applauded and laughed at the automatic wit of this pitiful atom of humanity, who was thus taxed for their amusement.

But all the while the heart of the editor of the Standard Junior was crying out: "Oh you poor little darling! Will not some one snatch you away from the curious gaze of this great gaping crowd? Is there no one to lay a wee dolly in your lap, and bid you play, as Jean Valjean once bade little Cosette in Victor Hugo's immortal book 'Les Miserables'?"

The Gerry law cannot touch this memory child, for she does not sing or dance. Yet how much more natural to a child are singing and dancing than this dreadful cramming of dead and uninteresting facts into a tiny brain. It is a well known fact that these infant phenomena rarely live to grow up, or else go through life with dwarfed intellects.

As a Means of Defence.

Some time ago, the jealousy existing between the troopers of a certain cavalry regiment and their comrades of the 41th Foot—both quartered in the same city—culminated in open encounters in the streets, in which the belts of the infantry and the riding whips of the cavalry played a prominent part. As the outcome of one

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of these encounters, about a dozen of the members of the infantry regiment appeared before their colonel one morning. The majority of the culprits confessed their guilt and threw themselves on the mercy of the court; but one, a son of Erin, on being charged, sought refuge in prevarication. "Did you use your belt in the affray?" asked the colonel. "I was not wearing it, sor," readily replied Dennis, to the evident astonishment of his fellow prisoners. "Indeed! Who gave you permission to leave the barracks without it?" "Sure I had it on, sor, when I left the barracks," was the reply. "I thought you said you were not wearing it?" thundered the colonel, in a passion. "No more I wasn't, yer 'anner," reiterated Dennis. "I was using it to defend meself wid."

The Colored Sentinel and the Password. Washington, hearing that the colored sentinels could not be trusted, went out one night to ascertain if the report was correct. The countersign was "Cambridge" and the general, disguised, as he thought, by a large overcoat, approached a colored sentry. "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel. "A friend," replied Washington. "Friend, advance unarmed and give the countersign," said the colored man. Washington came up and said "Roxbury." "No sah," was the response. "M'diord," said Washington. "No sah," returned the colored soldier. "Charleston," said Washington. The colored man immediately exclaimed, "I tell you, Massa Washington, no man go by here 'out he say Cambridge!"

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AN EASTER DREAM.

A large pleasant room, with two windows looking toward the south and through which the sun's rays are pouring down upon the head of a fair-haired woman who is reclining on a sofa...

On the music rack was a song a friend had handed her the night before with the request that she would advise him whether the following work she runs over the accompaniment, humming as she plays in the most meaningless manner possible.

"This will never do," she exclaims turning to the title page and begins against the time singing.

Behold! there she is! she day when the wistman upon the mountain top shall cry aloud: Arise, ye sons of men! for the day of the Lord is near...

A stranger would be deceived into thinking that another person was singing, so different was the voice that just declaimed the lines.

After the crescendo, "For I the Lord am with thee, and will save thee," comes with impressive solemnity: "I have loved thee, and have redeemed thee, redeemed thee."

She makes nothing of these beautiful lines and the voice that was so full of expression falls now. With her extreme sensitiveness she feels how infinitely beyond all this is the interpretation of all that is suggested here.

"I have redeemed thee, redeemed thee," she hears the refrain distinctly, but the voice is like no other she has ever heard before.

"Surely no one upon the earth can sing like that! I must be dreaming! The air is filled with splendour awakened by the vibrations of this marvellous voice!

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so kindly and with such delicacy of tenderness as to her progress, and then spoke of the officiating priest, the look of heavenly exaltation which had suffused his countenance, carrying peace and happiness to all beholders.

Myrtle had not seen him at all, and tremblingly exclaimed: "Way did I not see him?"

"Child, he reflects the glory of his Master and your eyes are not strong enough yet to lock upon even the reflection of that glory. Pray for spiritual sight, which comes when Jesus has washed all sin from the heart."

Myrtle turns dejectedly towards her abiding place, realizing for the first time her unworthiness. Two women follow her as she passes down the street and she overhears their conversation: "I have decided not to go to the chapel any more—what is the sense? We haven't discovered the right hour for service yet. It is so dreary and cold there, no music, even, and one gets tired saying one's prayers all alone in that great church—no, I shall not go again!"

"Please do not say you will not go to the chapel again," he heard you tell your friend, and it hurt me so that I tremble now with pain. Go with me to-morrow, and I am sure we shall be in time for the service. I have never seen the priest, but I have heard him intone the service many times. I have never seen the boys, but the divine music of their heavenly voices has been waiting across my soul. I was so disheartened to-day that I had never seen in the sanctuary those who wait upon our Lord. My cup seemed running over, but now I know that it is not filled to the brim. The kindest, sweetest old lady met me before I entered the chapel for the first time and told me to meditate and pray and God would grant my heart's desire. Come with me to-morrow, let me help you, and together let us wait humbly for the presence of God."

The next day they went their way to church. Myrtle's heart is overflowing with compassion for the woman at her side. She enters the chapel, falls on her knees and prays, not for herself, but that God would lighten this poor woman's burden and remove the scales from her eyes. She hears the most exalted old lady meet me before I entered the chapel for the first time and told me to meditate and pray and God would grant my heart's desire.

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downward in sin leads us away from the light, eventually bringing us to a blackness of despair which ends in total annihilation. But some there are who love the blackness, delighting to wallow in it, each succeeding accumulation of mire being more seductively, overpoweringly enjoyed than the preceding. This overwhelming sensuality of desire ever turns back but plunges steadily on to death. With horror I turned my face from what seemed to me the intensest misery imaginable, and resolved to do what I could to keep out of that terrible whirlpool of passionate sin. It was very hard to follow the path after having strayed for so many years, and temptation assailed one on every side in shades.

"But I will not weary you with all my discouraging attempts, but will tell you about a poor woman who came to my door. She had been hurried to desperation by women who prided themselves on their virginity; a virginity in name only, but that is all sufficient for some women. She had fallen before coming here and these self-righteous souls had turned their backs upon her. My heart was filled with pity for the poor creature, may she not have been more sinned against than sinning? Her repentance was so intensely real, her remorse her sin with tears of great sorrow which came from her heart. If my Master can forgive, cannot I stretch out a helping hand to make the way easier? I took her in, did my best to comfort her and the next morning awoke in Paradise. But what will become of her now that I am here?"

"God will take care of that. You have work to do here; we all have. It will reward us better than any other way, and the work that has been planned for you to do will be made known unto you."

Myrtle joins the woman the next day as she is leaving the chapel, for she knows that her heart will be filled to overflowing with disappointment. She must be sure to reach the work she had planned for you to do will be made known unto you."

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Heaven the sign of the cross; it radiates with light and Myrtle's eyes close beneath the splendor of its glory. She falls upon her knees and the bells ring out: "I have redeemed thee, redeemed thee."

"We does it mean? I must find out!" She rushes on to the street to hear that One is coming tomorrow to consecrate those who are ready and waiting for the light of His countenance, to encourage those who through the imbecilities of their worldly life are struggling for the good. She puts the desire, the longing for consecration, from her through the feeling that she is utterly unworthy to receive it. But may not He speak some little word of encouragement! She tells herself, no! What has she done to deserve encouragement! Even now she is praying that she may be allowed to gaze upon the radiance of His glory, praying for self, that she may be satisfied, when there are so many she could be helping to prepare to come into His presence.

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BORN.

- Hebron, April 2, to the wife of John Porter, a son.
Truro, March 27, to the wife of John Baker, a daughter.
Halifax, April 4, to the wife of R. S. Kettle, a daughter.
Truro, March 29, to the wife of B. D. McDouglas, a son.
Amherst, March 29, to the wife of Hiram Carter, a son.
Parish, March 29, to the wife of O. L. Price, a son.
Truro, March 24, to the wife of Geo. L. Wright, a son.
Fiction, March 23, to the wife of E. C. Headerson, a son.
Oxford, March 30, to the wife of R. K. Patterson, a son.
Digby, March 28, to the wife of A. D. Daley, a daughter.
Digby, March 29, to the wife of Fenwick Dixon, a daughter.
Woolville, April 2, to the wife of Frank Young, a daughter.
Falmouth, March 30, to the wife of C. A. Dill, a daughter.
Woodstock, March 29, to the wife of W. W. Hay, a daughter.
Carleton Place, March 24, to the wife of Medley Hulbert, a daughter.
Woolville, April 2, to the wife of Frank A. Dixon, a daughter.
Bay View, March 29, to the wife of Alex Leslie, a daughter.
Milton, April 3, to the wife of James Hunt, a daughter.
Amherst, March 31, to the wife of Walter Tennant, a daughter.
New Ross, March 29, to the wife of John Keady, twin boys.
Sydney, April 2, to the wife of Dr. L. W. Johnson, a son.
Meadowdale, March 31, to the wife of Wm. Falton, a daughter.
Indian Harbour, April 2, to the wife of J. J. Habley, a daughter.
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South Berwick, March 28, to the wife of Howard Douglas, a son.
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Cambridge, N. S., March 30, to the wife of Joseph Lyman, twin boys.
Waterville, March 29, to the wife of Anthony Bates, a daughter.
Albert, N. B., March 30, to the wife of Frank H. Tinsley, a daughter.
Calcutta, March 28, to the wife of Stephen Bradford, a daughter.
Buckley's Corner, March 28, to the wife of William Palmer, twin boys and girl.
Buckley's Corner, March 28, to the wife of Wm. Palmer, twin boys and girl.

MARRIED.

- Baldock Point, March 29, Angus D. McDonald, to Beattie Nicholson.
St. John, April 4, by Rev. E. Daley, Capt. Chas. Carter to Miss Salk.
Salmon River, March 28, Rev. W. Purvis, Wm. Taylor to Victoria Jenkins.
North River, March 27, by Rev. J. E. Spidell, George W. Higgins to Mabel Lands.
Truro, April 1, by Rev. A. L. Geggis, George Archibald to Victoria McNulty.
Salmon River, March 28, by Rev. W. Purvis, Wm. L. Taylor to Victoria Jenkins.
Stewiack, April 3, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, William Brown to Mary Olivia Bentley.
Shubenacadie, March 29, by Rev. John Murray, W. H. Leck to Martha Barnhill.
Indian Brook, March 28, by Rev. J. Fraser, Capt. John McLeod to Miss Matheron.
Truro, April 1, by Rev. John Robbins, Robert Higgins, I. C. to Jessie McKenzie.
Upper La Havelock, March 21, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, James B. Conrad to Clara A. Randall.
New Glasgow, March 28, by Rev. A. Robertson, John E. McKinnon, to Maggie McIsaac.
Fiction, March 28, by Rev. James L. Batty, Freeman Borgefield to Clarissa Fyke.
Alma, N. B., March 28, by Rev. A. E. Chapman, Joseph Campbell to Stella Boreas, of Lincoln.
Parish, March 28, by Rev. F. H. How, Burton Parker to Hattie B. Tibbets, of Fort Greenville.
Juville, March 31, by Rev. Wm. W. A. Chas. to Annie M. Bell, both of Blissville, N. B.
East Jeddore, April 5, by Rev. L. J. Sloughan, white, George A. Hardline to Eunice Arnold.
Sydney, March 29, by Rev. E. B. Rankin, Langhlin McQueen to Mary Carmichael, of St. Ann's.
Beaver River, March 18, by Rev. Ralph Gillson, Capt. B. D. Foster, of Salem, to Sadie J. Gillson.
Pugwash, April 3, by Rev. J. A. McKenna, Ephraim McIsaac to Mary McCallum, of Scotch Hill.
Grafton, N. B., by Rev. A. F. Baker, John A. Branton to Minnie McAllister, of Edmundston, N. B.
Woodstock, N. B., by Rev. A. F. Baker, Edgar H. Milville, to Eva Downey, of Liverpool, N. B.
Northfield, March 21, by Rev. G. Martell, James Sauer of Noel Road, to Emma Grant of Northfield.
Dalhousie, March 28, by Rev. Wm. Grant, Rodolphe McLeod, of Fort Morden to Catherine McDonald.
Port Hawkesbury, March 28, by Rev. C. W. Swallow, A. B. Allan McLean to Christie McKinnon.
Boston, March 27, by Rev. Scott Hershby, D. Wilson Moffat, formerly of Moncton to Lucinda Johnson.
Truro, March 29, by Rev. A. L. Geggis, Robert G. Fowley, Elizabeth, to Grace Ferguson, of River John.
Adriatic, March 29, by Rev. F. W. F. Des Barres, Wesley McBride, of Boston, to Annie Louise Cameron, of Adriatic.
Amherst Head, March 30, by Rev. W. H. Edgeway, Martin E. Chapman, of Chapman Settlement to Ida M. Field, of Liverpool.
Liverpool, April 8, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley M. A. Frederick, Keats of Dartmouth, to Josephine W. Fausse of Bidford.
Walsford, N. B., April 8, by Rev. Wm. W. W. John H. Brimley, of Walsford, to Betsa Olive, daughter of Peter Lindsay of Walsford, N. B.

DIED.

- St. John, April 7, John Porter 61.
St. John, April 4, Eliza Daley 47.
St. John, April 4, Eliza Daley 47.
St. John, April 7, John Porter 61.
Gore March 18, Robert C. Bled, 29.
Chas Hill, N. B., Billie Colpitts, 62.
Exeter, April 2, Thomas Norton, 74.
Windsor, April 1, Barbara Keith, 60.
St. John, April 3, Thomas Baboon 88.
South Bay, April 1, John A. Cane, 50.
St. John, April 6, Thomas Seely, 61.
St. John, April 6, Alex. H. Boyce, 67.
Lower Argyle, April 1, Noah Morton.

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- Pictou, March 30, James Marshall, 87.
Fairfield, April 7, James B. Brown, 80.
St. John, April, Margaret McLean, 75.
South Bay, April, Eliza Thomas, 39.
Halifax, April, Margaret Mitchell, 61.
Malind, March 25, John Whidden, 55.
Fredericton, April 4, Emma Thomas, 59.
Chatham, April 5, Patrick Anderson, 59.
Nelson, N. B., April, Mrs. O'Brien, 77.
Halifax, April, Christopher Irving, 67.
Kentville, March 23, Edward Young 22.
Newcastle, March 29, Joseph McKelvey, 65.
South Bay, April 4, Edwin C. Thomas, 39.
North Sydney, April 1, James Barnett, 29.
New Tuscans, March 27, Eliza Jones, 28.
Albert N. B., March 30, Ruth Tingley, 63.
Halifax, April 7, Frederick W. Clarke, 82.
Ingouville, March 24, Angus McDonald, 18.
Lancaster, N. B., April 5, Jennie McKee 55.
North Sydney, April 1, James Barnett, 29.
St. John, April 5, John Blackall Smith, 84.
Halifax, April 4, Agnes J. Smith, 2 weeks.
Cole Harbour, March 30, Kate T. Bissett, 4.
Herring Cove, April 7, Mrs. Bridget Green.
Richibucto, March 24, Athanasia G. Girouard, 52.
Middle River, March 23, John McLennan, 47.
Sandy Cove, March 29, Mrs. S. Eltridge, 72.
Falmouth, March 21, Herman A. Spinney, 2.
St. John, April 7, Jane, wife of Henry Baker.
Fox Brook, April 1, Donald D. McDonald, 67.
Billoway, April 6, Dawson Henry K. Eaton, 60.
Port Medway, March 25, Wm. Grant, 48.
Fort Edward, March 29, George V. Lewis, 44.
Kentville, N. B., March 25, Howard Young 29.
Point Elzevir, March 29, George V. Lewis, 44.
Hedgville, March 29, David A. Sutherland, 21.
New Glasgow, March 29, John McIsaac, 62.
Newton Mills, March 28, Elizabeth Johnson, 34.
Winnona, April 6, Mary B., wife of F. H. Pickles.
Bathurst, March 24, Athanasia G. Girouard, 52.
Sallerton, March 24, Grace Eliza Mc Donald, 71.
Shelburne, March 27, William Edgar McDonald, 67.
Carleton, N. B., Lillian, wife of Chas. J. Fisher, 24.
Halifax, April 2, James Challen, McNeil 6 weeks.
Charles Road, March 28, Alexander McDonald, 71.
Fort MacLeod, March 24, Capt. George Corning, 55.
West Paradise, March 30, Mrs. Charles Daniel, 33.
Margaretville, March 21, Capt. Charles Ferguson.
South Marguash, N. B., March 23, John Ferguson, 63.
Summersville, N. B., April 9, Rev. Ezekiel Nipprell 65.
Thorburn, March 28, Ellen, wife of Philip Elworth, 32.
Dartmouth, March 31, James Walter Brundis, 3 months.
Sky Glen, March 25, James P. son of W. and Jessie Smith, 1.
Windsor, N. B., March 23, Olive Charles Harrison, 3 months.
St. John, April 7, Magdalen Ross, wife of Wm. Patterson, 57.
Pleasant Valley, March 26, Charlotte, wife of John McDonald, 69.
Gaybrook, April 2, Ralph son of Daniel and Annie Harrison, 19.
St. John, April 5, John Wilcox, of Sussex, N. B., 66.
Lismore, March 30, Mary, widow of the late Angus McPherson, 23.
Sydney, March 28, Hattie J., wife of Wm. McE. McLeod, 41, 27.
Sonora, March 29, Susanna Penny, wife of Capt. Thos. Burns, 68.
St. John, April 3, Rosanna, daughter of Peter and Mary Costello, 31.
Amherst, March 31, Amanda, widow of the late Archibald Coulter, 57.
William's Point, March 29, Angus J., son of the late Joe. McDonald, 35.
North Sydney, March 30, Mrs. Christie McDonald, widow of the late Ross McDonald, 94.
Philadelphia, March 28, Sarah Lynch, daughter of the late Samuel Storey, formerly of Fine Hill, Halifax.

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IT BUILDS UP RUN-DOWN MEN AND WOMEN.

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Cleansing and purifying the blood, and putting the human organism in proper working order, is a work that demands very special attention in the spring season. Many of the ablest and most experienced physicians are of opinion that Paine's Celery Compound does the best and most thorough work in the way of blood-cleansing, nervous-strengthening and tissue building. No other medicine can impart to weak and run-down men and women the grand vigorous strength, robustness and general good health that Paine's Celery Compound gives.

WE DECLARE IT TO BE THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE.

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