

THE STRAIGHT TICKET.

MRS. S. A. WETMORE VOTES FOR HER HUSBAND.

Vaccine Business Rushing—St. John Man's Success—Civic Machine at City Hall—The House Number Puzzle—Lively Boston Letter—A Dilemma.

Boston, Dec. 18. The election over, hard times and small pox are now receiving all attention. As the weather grows cold, stories of destitution, starvation and misery turn up oftener than ever: while the police and charitable societies are establishing agencies to feed and clothe the unemployed, the board of health is grappling with a small pox scare.

Tomorrow morning about 40 doctors will begin vaccinating the people free of charge, and it is expected to inoculate about 3000 per day.

Rooms have been opened in all parts of the city, and judging from the crowds which besiege the places already opened the doctors will have a busy week.

Three or four cows out in Chelsea are furnishing the vaccine and if they are not equal to the task there are about thirty other cows ready to come to their assistance.

There is a vaccine factory out in Chelsea. It hasn't been doing much of a business during the last ten years, but just now it is working full blast. It's about the only industry which can be said to be prospering at this time.

A box of ten small ivory points dipped in virus costs \$1 and as the factory is already turning out about 5000 points a day, there is likely to be a flushness in Chelsea which will make Christmas a merry one to some of the inhabitants at least.

The cows working for the health of Boston are sorry looking creatures just at present, and had they to sit down like the people who are being inoculated with their virus, the bovines would certainly need a cushion. Every animal is inoculated five times, first having the hair shaved off the rump, and then being vaccinated in five different places, until it is a mass of sores.

After seven days the virus begins to run from the sores; the cows are taken into the operating room, strapped and held by long poles, and each animal has two men who pick up the virus on little ivory points, as it oozes from the sores. Each cow gives enough virus to charge about 1,000 tips. This takes a day, and then the usefulness of the animal is over so far as vaccination purposes are concerned. The cow is sent out to the farm, fattened up and healed, then sold to some farmer who wants a good healthy animal—one which won't catch the cow pox.

Next day the 1000 drops of virus taken from the bovine is inserted into the arms of 1000 Bostonians.

A number of people are just recovering from the effects of the recent municipal election, principally independent Democrats. It was a remarkable campaign, and being the first election at which the aldermen of Boston were elected at large with a minority representation, the politicians are now looking back upon it, and making slates for next year.

Mayor Matthews was elected but his majority was cut down from about 12,000 last year to something over 5000. The mayor is a democrat, but he received a big Republican vote from the aristocratic wards, while Thomas N. Hart, ex-mayor and a Republican received a large democratic vote.

There is a machine at City Hall, just the same as there is at nearly every city hall, St. John, I suppose included. Some people cannot get into the machine, notwithstanding the fact that they are democrats—they cannot get any plums—and as a result they become independent democrats.

There were also independent Republicans but they didn't want very much. The Republican party elected a majority, a youthful Boston Independent named Flood playing and marching with the other crowd. But the machine will still run the city and the outsiders have to do without fat contracts in the street department and everywhere else.

The fight for the school committee was equally interesting, especially as the American protective association entered into it with heart and soul, and the 10,000 women braved the storm, working like little men so to speak. They had carriages, cabs and coaches by the score, and toiled like beavers, but they only succeeded in knocking out one of the three men they set out to defeat.

And that man wasn't the St. John representative. Mr. S. A. Wetmore was one of the three not on the ladies programme, but he survived the shock.

Just here I must tell a good story. Mrs. Wetmore, wife of the candidate, registered for the election, and intended to vote the straight combination ticket. Her name was on the lists, and being a woman, the ladies' committee naturally supposed that she would vote for their side sure. So they were around bright and early with a nobby turn-out, evidently bound to carry her off to the polls by main force. Before starting there was the usual lecture in regard to the necessity of voting for the women's candidates and saving the schools.

Mrs. Wetmore succumbed to the entreaties of her callers, and rode to the polls in the committee's carriage.

If they did not happen to have the Australian ballot up this way, her escort would probably have received a surprise.

Anybody who has lived half his life in a city which never had street numbers, street signs, or letter boxes until a young man with leggings came from Toronto to supply a long filled want, is naturally at loss in a city where everybody knows the number of every house he has ever visited, and persists in designating buildings ten stories high by the number on the street.

That is about the position of a St. John man in Boston.

Everybody here knows the number of a house, or building, as well as he knows the house; he remembers the number, and I believe that if the ordinary Bostonian's mind was suddenly reflected or by some inconceivable process all he knew was thrown in bulk on a piece of paper, there would be enough numbers to obscure everything else.

The houses are numbered, the suites are numbered, the wards of the city are numbered, the precincts are numbered, and coming down to the fine point every voter is numbered. The streets are numbered at every opportunity, and so on to the end of the chapter. Yet the people thrive under it all.

Coming back to elections, I am reminded of another St. John man who came out on top of the heap in Cambridge last week. Cambridge is a city of pure politics, no license, and a whole raft of societies for the purpose of purifying the ballot box.

Mr. William Maguire, a St. John man was a candidate for the common council, received the nomination of the whole assortment and was elected hands down.

Mr. Maguire is a grandson of Mr. Daniel Deman, who will be remembered in St. John from his long connection with the DAILY TELEGRAPH.

The new councilman is in the bicycle business in Cambridge, and the endorsements he received are ample evidence of his popularity.

R. G. LARSEN.

PEWS SHOULD BE FREE.

The Stranger or the Unfortunate Will Go to Church.

The question of free seats, versus purchased or rented pews in the churches, seems to be attracting some attention, and it is only fitting that it should since the selling of seats, in God's house is scarcely a method of raising money of which he would have approved during His sojourn on earth. The idea of trade in connection with God's temple seems to have been especially repugnant to Him, as evidenced by his one exhibition of anger, in driving out the money changers who bought and sold within its sacred precincts, and in direct contradistinction to the spirit of commercial enterprise displayed by those merchants of old, is the gracious acceptance of the poor widow's humble offering, of her two mites.

It is rather a curious circumstance and one worthy of some consideration, that the money usually raised for religious purposes, is seldom quite what we should call clean money; it is to some extent obtained under false pretences. Everyone goes to a church bazaar with the idea of being politely if need, nobody makes any secret of the fact, and the good-natured explanation, "It is all for the good of the church, I suppose," seems to cover the ground, and leaves no room for adverse criticism.

In short, people go to any entertainment which is intended to raise money for the church in a spirit of tolerance, prepared to be cheated and say nothing about it, to pay their money, not willingly and as a cheerful giver should, but to be cheated out of it, with their eyes open, and then get the sum so spent, credited to their account by the recording angel, as treasure laid up in heaven, to be drawn upon when needed; a sort of capital stock, on which the interest is accumulating at compound rates.

I am afraid it speaks badly for nineteenth century religion that we should always seem so anxious to get something in return for our money. The man or woman who would feel too poor to contribute 25 cents as a free will offering, will cheerfully pay the same sum for one chance in a hundred of winning a silk patchwork quilt, which they would scarcely know what to do with if they won it. The selling of pews seems to show much the same spirit as the lottery system. All respectable people like to be seen in church, and fashionable people prefer a fashionable place of worship where they can have a little corner of their own secure from the intrusion of the common herd, and for such privilege they must of course pay. Perhaps the system may be necessary, but to some minds the idea of having to purchase the right of hearing God's word, is very repulsive, especially when the inevitable consequence of shutting out the poorer worshippers is considered.

In a church where the seats are all private property, with the exception of a few, set apart conspicuously for the stranger and the pauper, the mere occupation of which advertises the occupants at once as belonging to a lower social plane than the rest of the worshippers; there can never be the same feeling of independence, of brotherly love or of equality which should exist in the one place, where all men ought to be "equal before God."

For the stranger, the rented pew system is almost more unpleasant than for the decent poor, and the writer will long bear in mind an experience he recently had in one of St. John's most fashionable churches. Accustomed to a church well provided with ushers, who thoroughly understood their work, and showed the same courtesy to all,

he rashly entered a door which happened to face the congregation, and after walking half the length of the aisle amid the apathetic stares of the congregation and eluding the ushers, if there were any, he was so fortunate as to catch the eye of a friend, who offered him a seat in his pew, otherwise he would have had no choice but to walk straight through the church and out the other door, into the fresh air of heaven, which, if rather chilly, was at least free. There may be something to be said in favor of the pew system in churches, but there is so much more to be said against it, that considering all things the sooner all seats in all churches are made free the better. It is necessary for the support of the church to have a certain fixed sum yearly, surely the envelope system should meet all requirements, and would be fairer to the general church going world than any other. All honorable people are willing to support the church they attend to the best of their ability, and in view of the fact that a large pew is often the property of a family of two or three, the additional space gained would accommodate a much larger congregation than it would be possible for the same church to hold under the present system, and the offerings, and contributions would be increased. At least I suppose they would, because all clergymen seem anxious to have their congregation as large as possible, and it did not mean an increase in checks! I scarcely see why they should be so greatly interested in having a large flock to guide. At any rate the time seems to have come for a change, and the wide spread freedom which appears to be the feature of the closing years of the nineteenth century calls for a greater freedom and equality for all classes in public worship.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY

A Few Convincing Words on the Famous Hale Method.

It is a well known fact that those who are most desirous of saving their teeth and who give them the most care, come from among the people whose modes of life and mental conditions have a tendency to exalt the sensibilities of the nervous system. People who live by brain work, or whose occupations are indoors, reduce by these means the natural powers of emendation, especially in the case of ladies. The departure from a natural, neutral or tonic irritability renders just in its degree the person susceptible to suffering. This condition always exists in one who approaches the dentist's chair, laboring under the anxiety and apprehensions of pain they are about to endure. It should then be the first step of the dentist to calm the fears of the timid and apprehensive patient by such assurances as a full and confident belief in his own resources will permit.

The Hale method for painless filling and extracting which I have been operating for the past two months in this city has proved a revelation in the history of dentistry in this province, and hundreds are willing to testify to its merits. There is a testimonial which I received and which I present, knowing that the public will appreciate the merits, learning the very reliable source from whence it comes.

DR. MAHER.—At your request I am pleased to state that I have watched you at the chair extracting a number of teeth by the Hale method, and have heard the patients say that they experienced NO PAIN. I can for my own part state that of the many teeth which I have one that you extracted, although in a very bad condition, was the easiest I ever had taken out. I am likewise pleased with the line you did for me, and I feel much pleasure in recommending you to the best of my ability. Yours, etc., J. B. CHAMPION.

(Rev. J. B. Champion is the well-known Methodist minister stationed at Kingston, Kings Co.)

To the two dentists who travelled a couple of miles endeavoring to obtain from a patient of mine, a statement to the effect that the "Hale method" had done her harm. I can well afford to be lenient as their fruitless errand proved a splendid advertisement for me and the information they received as to the wonderful success of the Hale method, in her case was discouraging enough. Let me answer the dentist who wrote to Dr. Hale for information about the method that I have his letter in my possession and that he will have to live in blessed expectancy as "the letter that he longed for" never comes. You will surely see other methods advertised before long, but bear in mind that the famous Hale method, the best known method of dental science, is used solely at my office, and is not, nor cannot, be operated by any other dentist here, nor can they ever obtain the slightest knowledge as to its workings. J. D. M.

Holiday Cooking.

It is sound economy to have the best materials for good cooking. Pure Spices. Pure Lard. Choice Butter. Best Raisins and Currants. Sweet Cider. Apples, Grapes, New Figs, Candied Peels, prepared Mince Meat, etc. For these and all other such necessities none can serve you better than J. S. ARMSTRONG and Bro. 32 CHARLOTTE ST.

A LITTLE GIRL'S REQUEST.

A Little Girl Has Sent the Following to "Progress" to Forward to Santa Claus.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS.—I would like to have a white collar and muff I would like to have a pair of stockings and slippers. And two picture books And a hair ribbon And would you please bring Boise the following articles pair mittens a bugle a little cart. I will let you know again what Ella a new apron And don't forget mama to bring her a glove box and I will let you no by Saturday what else is wanted.

From your little girl FLOSSIE.

Evaporated Cream.

Allworth's Evaporated Cream is one of the latest additions to household necessities, and will rapidly prove a boon to those requiring cream for general table purposes. It is not a solid, but ready for use at once, of the consistency of ordinary cream, though richer, and containing no chemicals or sugar is harmless and palatable; for porridge, puddings, or coffee it is delicious; Messrs. C. Allworth & Co., of Aylmer, Ont., are the first firm in Canada to put up the cream, and their sales already are being made in carloads. Their condensed milk is highly spoken of by physicians for invalids and infants, as well as for general use. Mr. E. T. Sturdee is the wholesale selling agent.

It seems strange that a bird will sit on a roost and sleep all night without falling off, but the explanation is simple. The tendon of the leg of a bird that roosts is so arranged that when the leg is bent at the knee the claws are bound to contract, and thus hold with a sort of death-grip the limb around which they are placed.

A lesson in Simple Short-hand free; learned in a week, 100 words a minute in 3 months. Taught by mail. SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. Photo cuttings will please young and old. We have them from \$3. to \$50. Order now by mail or call. ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO., 54 GERRAIN ST., ST. JOHN. 12-23-11

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For the cure of Eczema of the Skin. If your druggist or grocer has not got it apply to the agency of the BEYSERITE COMPANY, 60 Prince William Street. 23-12-11

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Supplies of every description, Cameras, Lenses, Dry Plates, Papers, Mounts and Chemicals, Fine Lenses specially. ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO., 54 GERRAIN ST., ST. JOHN. 12-23-11

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mailed to us brings you promptly 25 samples of cloth, guaranteed self-measurement blanks, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and sent to any express or P. O. Rates \$1 to \$12. Suits from \$12 up. Agents wanted. PLYMOUTH CO., 38 Mill St. St. John N. B.

AGENTS WANTED, male and female.

Please. Patients new sets to every 4 months. Also used. Cuts and Parting Kettles, Curry, and Kettles, also used. Charges. No credit received. JAMES COOK, 111-113 St. John St. LUCKY STAR CO. Lock Box 21, Toronto, Ont.

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New Catalogue, IT'S FREE. Write for one to H. B. MOWAT & Co. TORONTO CAN.

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graduates obtain good positions in the domain of business men. Our graduates are greater than the supply. Send for our new catalogue. D. S. WHISTON, 45 Barrington St., Hal. Can., N. S. 11-12-22

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Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Developers, Toning and fixing solutions for sale. Louren PHOTO STUDIO, 54 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

A GOTTAGE in centre of Rothesay, seven minutes' walk from station; newly papered and painted; suitable for large or small family. Rent moderate. Apply D. H. BELL, Hawker Medicine Co., 104 Prince Wm. street. 13-5

FRAZEE'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 119 Hollis St., Hal. Can.

is in session day and evening. Best place to learn Bookkeeping, Steno-graphy, etc., also Stenography and Typewriting. Send for our circular. J. C. F. FRAZEE, Principal.

BOARDING A FEW PERMANENT or transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street—Mrs. McIlwain. 13-5

RESIDENCE at Rothesay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Tussock property about one and a half miles from Rothesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec wharf. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Freedy Barrister-at-Law, Pugsley Building. 24-2-11

Made Provision for his Family

Advertisement for Bill Kyle, featuring a portrait of a man and text: GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, CHICAGO, November 5th, 1891. Dr. C. E. HALE. My Dear Sir:—Before going to your office I made suitable provision for my family, and writing the hands of those I love, I paid my taxes and settled my debts. I expected to suffer the tortures of the inquisition, for my molars are the most sensitive component of my anatomy, and you will remember how I inquired somewhat minutely as to where dentists bury their drills, and what ratio of the condemned really survive; but I found your new methods make it about as pleasant to have a tooth pulled as to have a photograph taken, and puts a new lease on the whole business. Very truly yours, Bill Kyle

DR. J. D. MAHER, NORTH END, has the exclusive right to the HALE METHOD for the City of St. John and sole agency for Canada. Correspondence invited.

To Out of Town Customers.

SEND TO US for what you want, and if what we send don't suit feel free to send it back.

Kid gloves in all sizes, colored and black, 50c. This is not the fifty cent kind but the better ones being sold at 50c.

During this month our \$1.00 lacing glove will be sold for 75c. If you send for those and they don't compare with any glove you can buy elsewhere at \$1.10 we will be pleased to refund your money. Our \$1.00 and \$1.25 kid gloves are provided with the patent steel fastener, which is superior to any other fastening.

FRED. A. DYKEMAN & CO., 97 KING STREET.

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CELEBRATED CUTLERY.

Table Knives, Pocket Knives, Scissors, etc.

W. H. THRONE & CO., Market Square, St. John.

CHRISTMAS

TINWARE.

FOR the Holiday Trade, we are offering the greatest assortment of House Furnishing Goods in Tinware, Jap'd Cake Boxes, Carpet

Sweepers, Brass and Copper Hot Water Kettles, Crumb Brushes and Trays, both Brass and Japanned; Coal Vases in great variety, from \$2.00 up; Fire

Irons and Stands, Meat Choppers, &c., &c.

Emerson & Fisher, 73 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

P. S. Do not fail to see our Bargain Counters. All in plain figures, from 10c. up.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Season Tickets for SINGER SKATING RINK,

Band Orchestra, run by Electric Motor, will furnish music every Afternoon and Evening.

TICKETS GENTLEMEN'S, - - \$5.00 LADIES', - - - - - 4.00 CHILDREN'S, - - - - - 3.00

Family Tickets, admitting two, \$8.00; each additional, \$2.00.

ACME SKATES, LONG REACH SKATES, IN ALL SIZES.

St. John Cycle Co., Proprietors.

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WINDOW, HOUSEHOLD, SELF-REGISTERING. DAIRY, BATH, BREWERS.

A FULL ASSORTMENT. PRICES LOW.

T. McAVITY & SONS, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

SOMETHING NEW FOR XMAS.

Fancy Silk Ribbons @ 8 cts. a yard. 4 yards for 25. Men's Linen Collars 10 cts. or \$1 per doz.

BARGAINS IN FANCY GOODS.

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MANUFACTURER OF FINE CUSTOM SHOES, 78 GERMAIN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

WOMERS.
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MEN'S, - - \$5.00
WOMEN'S, - - - 4.00
CHILDREN'S, - - 3.00

each additional, \$2.00.

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 cts. or \$1 per doz.

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8 Main St.

BLE, Jr.,

SHOES,
EET,
INT JOHN, N- B.

IN MUSICAL CHURCHES.
 I wrote a polite note to all of the choir leaders the first of this week requesting each to be kind enough to give me a list of the Christmas music in preparation for their churches on that day. Some of them have kindly complied with my request and are given below. I presume that the rest of the churches do not propose to have special Christmas music.

AT THE CATHEDRAL.
 Grand High Mass will be celebrated at 11 o'clock, at which the choir will sing "Farmer's Mass," preceded by the anthem "Inno. De. Natus," by Diabelli. At the Offertory the "Adeste Fideles" will be sung. Sermon: "Deus Tibi, Mozart."
 Pontifical Vespers at 3.15. Psalms Gregorian. Magnificat by Mozart. O Salutaris by Himmel.
 Festus Ergo by Lambilliotte.

THIRTY CHURCH-SERVICES FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.
 8 a. m. Holy Communion. (Full choral.)
 Service Woodward in E flat.
 Pro: Hymn 90 Respons: Sancti Dimitrii J. Jones.
 11 a. m. Morning Prayer, Holy Communion and Sermon.
 Proper Psalms, xix, xlv, lxxxv. Te Deum, Tullis Triumphant.
 Anthem: "Let us now go even unto Bethlem."
 Hopkins.
 Hymns, 85, 76.
 On Sunday evening (Xmas eve) Carols will be sung by the Choir after Services.
 R. P. Straud, Organist and Director of the Choir.

CELEBRATORY CHURCH.
 The following anthems will be sung in Centenary Church on Sunday, 24th, inst., and Christmas Day.
 "It came upon the midnight clear," Sullivan.
 "Advent of the Redeemer," J. S. Frowbridge.
 "Noel," Sullivan.
 "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," Barby.
 Chant—"There were shepherds," Barby.
 Hymn—"Hark the herald angels sing," Barby.
 Hymn—"Angels from the realms of glory," Barby.
 And other appropriate Hymns.
 J. Clawson, Choir Leader.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.
 Christmas Hymns and Carols.
 Anthem: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings," Good.
 Dudley Buck's full choir setting of Gounod's "Nasareth."
 Organ selections from Handel and Pergolesi.
 Fantasia on Mendelssohn's setting of "Christus Hymn" by Frost, before the evening service.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH—MORNING SERVICE.
 Hymn—Christians, Awake! Salute the happy morn.
 Venite, Te Deum, Hosannas, Benedictus, Hallelujah, I bring you glad tidings.
 Anthem—Behold, I bring you glad tidings.
 J. Maurice Grammer.
 Hymn—Hark! The herald angels sing.
 Hymn—Angels from the realms of glory.
 Organ Voluntary.—Wiegand.

BRUSSELS ST. CHURCH—SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.
 Hymn 1—Hark the herald angels sing.
 Hymn 2—Hark! I have my soul.
 Hymn 3—When morneth on the night
 The glittering host descended from the sky.
 Anthem—Hallelujah to the King.—C. H. Gabriel.
 Hymn 4—Calm on the listening ear of night.

SANT JAMES' CHURCH—CHRISTMAS MUSIC.
 Dudley Buck's beautiful Festival Te Deum will be sung.
 Jubilate by Field and Tours Anthem, Sing O Harvest.
 The Choir will be assisted by Miss Olive and Manning, Messrs. Titus and Olive.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.
 Next week should be a harvest time for the theatrical companies. We are to have something in the dramatic and operatic line. Mr. Webber comes to us again with the Boston Comedy Company and will wish all of his friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the stage of the Mechanics' Institute. He opens his engagement with a matinee Monday afternoon and I don't think there is much to say beyond this that while Webber, and his company will be the same as ever the costumes, the special scenery and the property of the company will be new.

The star attraction of the opera company is Mamie Taylor, who seems, by the way, to have consented as a special favor to come to this city before she leaves the stage for a time to spend a period in Paris for study. Oh, these advance notices! The fact of the fiction that Mamie proposes to dwell in Paris for a time may bring dollars to the house but I doubt it. Like many other theatrical people Miss Taylor and the rest of the company were "not engaged" and too ready to take a trip to "cold and chilly" Canada. Now if those adjectives "cold and chilly" don't apply to the audiences they may really enjoy the change.

Among the Boston Playhouses.
 The week before Christmas is usually looked upon by managers as one of the most dull and unprofitable parts of the season, for people's minds are so bent upon what they have to buy for others, and what they expect others to buy for them, that there does not seem to be much room left for such mental exertion as attendance at a play necessitates. The theatres in Boston, however, have not had any reason to complain this week for the attendance has been fully up to expectations. The Grand Opera House has just concluded a week's run of *She*, the title role having been assumed by Miss Marion Booth, a niece of the late tragedian, and one who has inherited not only a goodly share of the family beauty but also an amount of the family talent as well. This week has seen a revival of *The Roman Eye*, and as an additional attraction the pugilist Charlie Mitchell who is matched to fight the great James J. Corbett in a short time.

At the Columbia the run of "The Girl I left behind me" is drawing to a close and the New Year will see a successor in the shape of "Charlie's Aunt," a farcical play which has set New York laughing for some time and which is expected to make a hit in our modern Athens.

The Hollis Street Theatre has given us John Drew this week in his last season's piece "The Masked Ball," which will be followed by a new play written for Mr. Drew by Henry Guy Carleton, called "The Butterflies," and which will have its first production on any stage on Tuesday next.
 Following Mr. Drew will be seen a recent London success "Liberty Hall" and also Mr. Sothorn in his new play "Sberidan, or the Maid of Bath."

The Globe has let us have one week of Shakesperian revival, and produced "The

Merchant of Venice," adopted to the ideas of Mr. Richard Mansfield who as Shylock rather made it difficult for the critics. He was praised and blamed, lauded and berated by turns, but the fact remains that he produces such a gem as has not been seen on the stage for some time. His make up is perfect, his reading of the lines very intelligent—but that of course for Richard Mansfield is a student and scholar as well as a good actor—his setting of the play leaves nothing to be desired and in all the performance is most enjoyable and has been fully appreciated.

At the Park, Venus begins to wane and the planet will soon cease to shine upon us here much to the regret of many who have admired Miss D'Arville's clever and conscientious work in the piece. By the way the company will hereafter be known as the Camille D'Arville Opera Company and the title of the piece will be changed to that of Prince Kam on a trip to Venus—January 6th. will be the last chance to see the bright and charming operetta and on the 8th. the curtain will be rung up on Adonis with Henry E. Dixey in the lead.

Another attraction which has held the boards for some time is drawing to a close. The Black Crook at the Boston is to be off at the end of the month and on the first day of the New Year Joe Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle will drink to "you and your family and may you live long and prosper." The lovable reprobate will be with us but for one week and then give place to the latest production of Hoyt, The Milk White Flag.

The Museum has given us a season of good plays and good actors recently—Louis and Frederic Waide have been seen in Julius Caesar, Francesco di Rimini and Damon and Pythias, all of which sterling pieces have been favorably received. This week a new comedy, The Prodigal Father, has been seen. It is a piece made for laughing purposes only, and is a long step downward from the beautiful production, at the same house, of The Prodigal Son, a short time since. In order to draw a gallery audience the current play has an addition in the person of Maggie Cline, who is supposed to be able to sing the latest popular song in a very superior manner. She is one of Tony Pastor's graduates and has a voice like a steam syren and an arm like a blacksmith, but she draws, and that is the main thing.

Away down at the pretty little Bowdoin square theatre, melo-drama is King and this week a nihilistic, anarchistic, to-Hades-with-the-Czar play called "In Darkest Russia," has captivated representative audiences and will continue to do so for the rest of the year.

STAGELETS.
 Is it not too bad to have to face the more than probability that Rosina Vokes will not act again. She has closed her season and gone back to England, from where she will have to seek a salubrious climate.

The great event of the season draws on apace—Henry Irving will make his appearance as Becket in Tennyson's play of that name, at the Tremont theatre on January 1st. He will be here for four weeks and in that time will be seen in Becket, Henry VIII, The Bells, Louis XI, Lyons Mail, and perhaps some others.
 Christmas day will be celebrated at the Tremont Theatre by the appearance of the great French artists Jean Coquelin and Jane Hading, who will be seen all of next week in a round of plays with a change of bill every night.
 Hanlon's magnificent production of *Supper* follows Mansfield at the Globe Theatre. Alexander Salvini will soon be seen here at the Grand Opera House. He has a new play called *Famar*.
 Sol Smith Russell has the ambition to be Joseph Jefferson's successor in the old comedies, but the King still lives.
 Harry Hatto, who is in the cast of *The Prodigal Father* now playing at the Museum, is well and favorably known in St. John.

PROSCENIUM.
 Kenw Whereof He Spoke.
 Bridegroom (at the end of the wedding).
 "Well, I am glad it is all over."
 Married Friend—"All over? Great Scott, man! You have only just commenced!"

For First-Class Footwear, Faultless Fit and Finest Finish, in Foremost Fashions, at Fairest Figures, Find Cranby Rubbers and Overshoes. THEY WEAR LIKE IRON.
 All Dealers Sell Them.

A MATCH FOR HIS MASTER.
 The Emperor's Tricks failed to Capture His Servant.

Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of China, does not live in Peking, but has his palace in Tien-Tsin (ninety miles from the capital), where he is surrounded by his armies, and has his fleet near at hand. It is well known that the members of the Summi Yamen (Grand Council of the Empire), who sit in Peking, have the most profound hatred for the Viceroy, and have tried several times to get rid of him by means which would recall those used in the Middle Ages. But Li Hung Chang is too well guarded in Tien-Tsin. Every attempt has been a failure, and after several of them the heathen in office came to the conclusion that the only thing to be done was to get the Viceroy to come to Peking. They demonstrated to the Emperor and his mother that Li Hung Chang's ambition might lead him to overthrow the actual dynasty and make himself a monarch, and that it was quite necessary to have him live in Peking, where the Summi Yamen would watch him. The Emperor saw the imaginary danger, and ordered the Viceroy to make his headquarters in Peking. The latter did not even answer. Two orders were sent, the last being so imperative that he answered at once—
 "I am coming. Arrange quarters for the fifteen thousand soldiers I take with me."

One can easily imagine the alarm of the Emperor and the members of the Summi Yamen when they heard of those fifteen thousand soldiers, and they answered promptly—"Stay where you are by all means, and keep your soldiers away." Li Hung Chang may be considered the most liberal and progressive man of the Chinese Empire.

Advertised Songs.
 "Yes," said a music publisher, "some vocalists during certain songs because they are paid to do so by the publishers."
 "Sometimes the payment takes the form of a royalty on each copy sold; at others, the vocalist gets a lump sum for each concert at which he sings the song."
 "It is and it is not the remuneration amount to?" asked the writer.
 "It is a royalty it may run from a penny per copy upwards; or, if it be a lump sum, it may range from a few shillings to three or four guineas."
 "Is the custom very widespread?"
 "It is, and it is not a matter to offer to pay them for advertising an indifferent song in which he had a pecuniary interest."
 "I am bound to say this, that all the 'puffing' in the world won't, as a rule, make the public take to a song unless there is something in it."
 "But the system of paying vocalists to advertise compositions is a bad one, and in the interests of the public and of art, ought to be abolished."

Mechanics' Institute, ST. JOHN.
CHRISTMAS DAY, DEC. 25TH.
BOSTON COMEDY COMPANY,
 H. PRICE WEBBER, Manager.
Grand Matinee, Commencing
 the favorite Standard Comedy, the
HONEYMOON!
 Juliana,..... EDWINA GRAY.
 —The play produced with new—
 —and elegant costumes.—
 Evening at 8 o'clock, the historical drama,
JESSIE BROWN,
 or the Relief of Lucknow.
 Jessie Brown,..... EDWINA GRAY.
Popular Prices.
MAJORITY ADMISSION, 25 CENTS to all parts of the Hall.
Evening Admission, 25 Cents.
 Reserved Seats, 35 Cents.
 Tickets for sale at A. CHIPMAN SMITH'S, who is a part of the hall may be seen and seats secured.

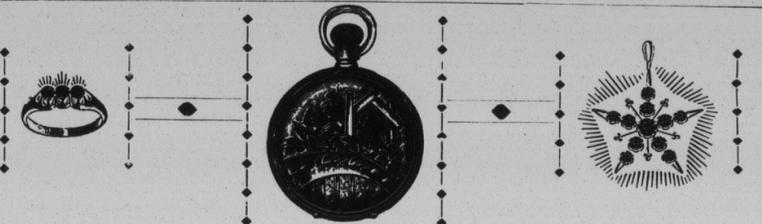
VICTORIA RINK.
Wilson Breen
 —AND—
McCORMICK
 will skate their first race
Thursday, Dec. 28, '93,
 for \$150.00 a side.
 A good programme of other races will be provided.
GIVEN AWAY!
 With every doz. Cabinet Photos.
A Handsome Cabinet Frame,
 from date, till Jan. 1, 1894.
 —AT—
ISAAC ERB'S,
 64 CHARLOTTE STREET ST. JOHN, N. B.

FOR XMAS AND NEW YEAR'S AT
W. ALEX. PORTER'S,
 Choice Confectionery, Bon Bons, Chocolate Cream Drops, Barley Toys, New Figs, Dates, Malaga Grapes, Florida Oranges, Nuts, all kinds. Fruit Syrups, Jellies and Jams, with a full line of staple and fancy groceries.
 Cor. Union and Waterloo and 72 Mill Street.

EXCHANGE LIBRARY
 Will EXCHANGE BOOKS in good condition. NEW BOOKS arriving every few days. Catalogue now ready.
NOVELTY BAZAAR!
 A large variety for the CHRISTMAS trade, some of them just arrived per S. S. Inehulva, from England, Germany and France, including:
 Tinney Boxes, Work Boxes, Shell Boxes, Engines, Railways, Mechanical Toys, Magic Lanterns, Pop Guns, Skipping Ropes, Wheel of Life, Wood Brackets, Scales, Tops, Cubes, Dolls in Wax, Wood and Rag, Children's Toys, Rubber Toys, Jack in the Box, Soap Boxes, Dominoes, Checkers, Chess, Knives and Scissors, 25c. each, your choice; Fancy Looking Glasses, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Companions, Jewelry Boxes or Cases,
 A variety of Celluloid Goods; a large assortment of German Baskets, Games, large and small; Rattles of various make; Hair and Tooth Brushes, Razor Straps, Shaving Brushes and Soap, Ball sin Rubber, Xlonite Celluloid and Leather, Dinner Table Bells, Portrait Frames, Picture Frames, Photograph Albums and Postage Stamp Albums.
 Mottoes, Christmas Cards and Booklets, a large variety.
 A large assortment of Handsome Bound Gift Books for Christmas and Birthday Presents, Pocket Books, Card Cases, Pocket Inks, Fancy Ink Stands, Fancy Pen Holders, Paper Cutters, Stationery and requisites of all kinds, Bibles, Prayer Books, a good assortment, Hymn Books, and a variety of other articles.
D. McALPINE & CO.
 Remember—70 King Street—70.

Boas, Muffs, Capes
 and small furs in great variety,
FOR LADIES' AND GENTS' WEAR.
THORNE BROS. Hatters and Furriers,
 33 KING ST.
HAY, PRESSED HAY.
 Any person requiring to purchase pressed hay should send for quotations before buying elsewhere to
J. C. MALONE & CO.,
 Three Rivers,
 P. Q.
 A permanent office is opened in St. John for the sale of Dr. J. G. Gorham Bennett's remedies, at 4 Elliot Row.
 "WITHOUT REASON, WITHOUT ACTION AND WITHOUT PEACH FOR THREE YEARS."
 Dr. J. GORDON BENNETT, Halifax.—After the remarkable cure in your treatment of my son, I would be doing wrong not to make it known to the public. He was confined to his bed three years without speech or action. He can now work, has a good appetite and reason returned. Age thirty years.
 JOHN CARLAND.
 P. S.—Mr. Carland is one of the oldest settlers in a J. P. and no one better known in the district.
 Stomach and liver pads from \$1 to \$3 absorption baths, 30 cents. Electrical belts, Digesters, Isotels, and etc. Liquid food, Suppositories, no case of disease but want will experience the benefit in a few hours and make a lasting cure in a very short time especially in the severest forms of paralysis and nervous debility.
 No. 45 Elliot Row, - - - St. John, N. B.

FERGUSON & PAGE.
JEWELLERS, ETC., 43 KING ST.



HOLIDAY GIFTS.
 THOSE TO WHOM THE APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS means the selection of DIAMONDS, GOLD, or SILVER GOODS, or any thing in the Jewelry line are invited to visit our store. Our stock is as varied as people's wants, and includes many recent and valuable importations.

Do Not Forget the Place, - - - 43 King Street.

CHRISTMAS, 1893.

This is the season for remembering your friends. It oft-times causes a great deal of thinking as to what kind of a present to select. If YOU find it so, a visit to our store, will greatly assist you and prove very enjoyable; there you will find a large and varied stock of Framed and Unframed Pictures, Mantle Mirrors and Looking Glasses. A full line of E-gers' beautiful imitation Groups and Figures, at one quarter the price dealers have asked for them in the past; an inspection of these Goods will pay intending purchasers.

Our stock of Fancy Goods is too large to enumerate, we mention a few lines only.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing Cases, Ladies' Companions, Work Baskets, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Manicure Sets, Fancy Hand Mirrors, Fancy Baskets, Etc.

We have a choice stock of Framed Etchings, Steel Engravings, and Oil Paintings, all of which we offer at a low cost; if you find nothing suitable in our framed picture display, let us show you our immense stock of unframed pictures. We make a specialty of picture framing, that may remind you of the pictures you have at home you wish to get framed for Xmas, bring them along, we will put on a frame for less money than you will get them done elsewhere. Photo Frames and Photo Albums.

DOLLS. Kid Body Dolls, Sleeping Dolls, Speaking Dolls, Jointed Dolls, Rag Dolls, Mechanical Toys, Undressed Dolls, Iron Toys, Wood Toys, Tin Toys, Woolly Dolls.

TOYS. Celluloid Balls, Framers, Sleds, Rocking Horses, Dolls Carriages, etc.

W. BRUCKHOF.

Great Bargains in
MILLINERY
 at
CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

FRY'S
PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA,
 Delicate in Flavor,
 Healthful,
 Invigorating.



Latest Award, Chicago.

FOR XMAS AND NEW YEAR'S AT
W. ALEX. PORTER'S,
 Choice Confectionery, Bon Bons, Chocolate Cream Drops, Barley Toys, New Figs, Dates, Malaga Grapes, Florida Oranges, Nuts, all kinds. Fruit Syrups, Jellies and Jams, with a full line of staple and fancy groceries.
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 A variety of Celluloid Goods; a large assortment of German Baskets, Games, large and small; Rattles of various make; Hair and Tooth Brushes, Razor Straps, Shaving Brushes and Soap, Ball sin Rubber, Xlonite Celluloid and Leather, Dinner Table Bells, Portrait Frames, Picture Frames, Photograph Albums and Postage Stamp Albums.
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D. McALPINE & CO.
 Remember—70 King Street—70.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 St. John's Street, St. John, N. B.

Discontinuance.—Except in those localities where it is mailed, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for.

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

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

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

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in favor of E. S. Carter, Publisher.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, Cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE:

KNOWLES' BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 23.

To all its readers, as well as those who do not enjoy that pleasant privilege, Progress wishes a Merry Christmas.

CHRISTMAS.

It will soon be nineteen hundred years since Jesus the Christ was born in the lowliest condition though predestinated to become King of men.

The arms which He has used are His word and His blood. A teacher and a martyr, by His truth and by His cross, He has overcome all enemies.

A nice little book of verse is that under the title of "Carols of Canada" by Mrs. Macleod of Charlottetown P. E. I., and published there by John Coombs.

A NEW GOVERNOR.

Another New Brunswicker has reached the limit of his ambition, the governorship of the province. Another man has left the bench to accept the highest provincial office in the gift of the federal government.

governor and his lady are supposed to owe to society while his experience as a legislator and as a judge should be of considerable service to him at the council board.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

"O come ye, to Bethlehem."

And now comes Christmas—one of the great festivals in the christian economy. It is the time of gifts, the time of love.

So then, let all be peace. Let us hush our strife, if only for a day, and attune our ears to the voices of the angels as they sing of Him who was born at Bethlehem, whom Christians worship, whose life was all gentleness and goodness and love, and was given for others.

Although ever since the fifth century the twenty-fifth day of December has been Christmas day and has been observed by christian people as the anniversary of the birth of Christ, it is by no means certain that this was the actual date of the Nativity.

From December 1st, or later, the storekeepers are kept busy preparing for the Xmas trade. Their windows are tastefully decorated with all the novelties of the season, as well as the regular special "holiday goods," much to the delight of the children—especially the toy and fancy goods stores.

The churches and places of worship are tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and the music is in general most excellent. Christmas services are held, and are earnestly joined in by the congregations.

Taking the Christmas season as a whole, as I have said before, it cannot be compared with any other festivity of the year.

Allidavits are curious things. It is a well known fact that a man was once induced to sign an affidavit that he had been "duly executed according to the sentence imposed by the court."

There are affidavits and affidavits, and one person in his or her time may sign many affidavits. Some affidavits remind one of that story of the colored man who was arrested for stealing a turkey from a certain farm-yard.

It so happened that the professor arrived late on the afternoon of the day before Christmas in a small Maritime Province town, intent upon visiting an old college chum, whom he had not seen for many years and with whom he was to spend Christmas.

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his host's family. When the various stains of travel were removed he descended. The drawing-room door was open but the lights were not yet lighted.

Here's wishing a right merry Christmas to all those who sometimes look over these little mixed and meagre "paragraphs" of Pelham's—and to all those who do not.

"MERRY" CHRISTMAS.

Composition written for the Closing at Grammar School.

The following gives a very good idea of Christmas from a boy's point of view. It was written by Walter Golding, of the Grammar School.

"Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes it brings good cheer," is an old and familiar saying, also a very true one. This old custom of celebrating our Saviour's birth is without doubt the most joyous season of all the year.

It comes on the 25th day of December, and although winter is at its height in one country, and summer or spring in another, yet all civilized humanity join in one song of praise and of "peace on earth, good will towards men."

From December 1st, or later, the storekeepers are kept busy preparing for the Xmas trade. Their windows are tastefully decorated with all the novelties of the season, as well as the regular special "holiday goods," much to the delight of the children—especially the toy and fancy goods stores.

Indeed, a Canadian Christmas is a season to be envied by all the other countries of the globe.

Daniel and Robertson's Crowd.

It is a grand admiring crowd is an advertisement, then Messrs Daniel & Robertson have had an excellent one all week.

The Opening of the Bicycle Ring.

The Singer bicycle ring had a great crowd at its opening this week. The ice is in splendid condition, and the arrangements are so complete that it is a pleasant place indeed for lovers of the skating rink to frequent.

A Big Business Month.

Mitchell the shoe dealer, as he calls himself has had a rushing month of business. Today will probably be the biggest day of sales, and any of Progress readers who glance at this paragraph will remember that Mr. Mitchell can still supply them with a useful present for some one.

A Woman's Feet.

An amusing story comes from the Ardennes, where, according to the tale, an agriculturalist recently died, leaving a wife, a horse, and a dog.

Good-bye.

We say it for an hour or for years; We say it smiling, say it choked with tears; We say it sadly, say it with a kiss.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS"

A Rhyme for Christmas.

It was in the merry time of old Elizabeth, Queen of light, Of the wassail bowl and the boar's head brown, And the yule log burning bright.

When Sandy Claus Cums Sneakin' Round.

When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round 'Tis his ole pants an' 'span of deer, An' all the air rings 'th' g'ol cheer—

When Sandy Claus Cums Sneakin' Round.

When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round 'Tis his ole pants an' 'span of deer, An' all the air rings 'th' g'ol cheer—

When Sandy Claus Cums Sneakin' Round.

When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round 'Tis his ole pants an' 'span of deer, An' all the air rings 'th' g'ol cheer—

An Ode to Young Men.

O the coming of the first snow, The young man's fancy shifts, From the balmy summer rambles To sad thoughts of Xmas gifts;

The Sleigh Ride.

Just room for two, not too much room; I tuck her in snug and warm; I'm conscious of her hair's perfume

Perfumes For Christmas.

Splendid perfumes are in stock at Mr. J. W. Ramsdale's, the American Hair store on Charlotte street.

A Woman's Feet.

An amusing story comes from the Ardennes, where, according to the tale, an agriculturalist recently died, leaving a wife, a horse, and a dog.

Good-bye.

We say it for an hour or for years; We say it smiling, say it choked with tears; We say it sadly, say it with a kiss.

AMHERST.

Progress is for sale at Amherst by Charles Elliott and the publishers (H. A. Elliott).

Dec. 20th.—Society in general must be charged judging from the large and particularly well dressed throng on Victoria street, but holiday purchase.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster returned on Wednesday last from their wedding trip to the United States and appeared in the Baptist church on Sunday morning and in the evening at Christ church.

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RIOHIBUTO.

Progress is for sale in Riohibuto by P. O. Graham.

Dec. 21.—The funeral of the late Miss Margaret McLeod of Halifax took place from Mr. J. F. Atkinson's residence on Sunday afternoon.

PELHAM VILLAGE.

Progress is for sale in Pelham Village, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.

Dec. 20.—A very interesting event took place at the residence of Mr. Albert Fairweather last Thursday evening when Mr. Allen E. Fairweather of St. John was united in marriage to Miss F. M. Cochran.

HAMPTON VILLAGE.

Progress is for sale in Hampton Village, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.

Dec. 20.—A very interesting event took place at the residence of Mr. Albert Fairweather last Thursday evening when Mr. Allen E. Fairweather of St. John was united in marriage to Miss F. M. Cochran.

AN OPEN LETTER.

FAREWELL "PELHAM."—The poem "Where-Away" is from the pen of Jas. Whitcomb Riley, and evidently published mistakenly by Progress as written for that journal.

"O, why, O, why did you go into dialect and thus shatter another of my fast-tethering idols? I felt myself so firmly grounded in my loyalty to the dialect that nothing could possibly shake my admiration therefor, but you happened along, with your 'Jas. Williams' orthography and a stock of apostrophical eccentricities that were completely subdued me, and have given me the anxious, haunted look of the man who has been struck in the neck with an affidavit. So, you are kindly consider me as squelched."

Good-bye.

We say it for an hour or for years; We say it smiling, say it choked with tears; We say it sadly, say it with a kiss.

Good-bye.

We have no dearer word for our best friend, For him who journeys to the world's far end And scours our soul with rapture; thus we say, As unto him who steps but o'er the way.

Good-bye.

Alike to those we love and those we hate, We say no more in parting. At life's part, To him who passes on beyond earth's light, We cry, as to the wanderer for a night:

Good-bye. Boston Traveler. Dec. 17th, 1893.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax at the following places: KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 Barrington street; MORTON & CO., 24 Barrington street; GARDNER BROS., 111 Hollis street; HARTIS & MYLERS, Morris street; CORNELL'S BOOK STORE, George street; SOCIETY'S DRUG STORE, Spring Garden road; FOWLER'S DRUG STORE, Opp. I. C. R. depot; G. J. KELLY, 107 Grafton street; F. J. GRIFITH, 17 Jacob street; CANADA NEWS CO., Railway depot; LEWIS & CO., 107 Grafton street; F. J. HORNEMAN, Spring Garden road; H. GARDNER & SON, George street; H. SILVER, Dartmouth, N. S.; J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N. S.

There has been a good deal doing this week in a quiet way, notwithstanding the preparations for Christmas which are going on in every house. And the mild weather spoiled several projected sleighing parties and other winter amusements.

On Monday evening Mr. W. H. Odell gave a small dinner for his nephew the Rev. W. H. Binney, who is making a winter visit to his native place and has been heartily welcomed by his old friends, and as a farewell to Colonel Saunders, who will be much regretted in Halifax where he has been most popular. Another event of Monday evening was a small winter dinner at the annual fortnightly institution.

On Tuesday Surgeon Major and Mrs. Archer gave a very large dinner at the Halifax hotel, a farewell to Colonel Saunders and Surgeon, Captain, and Mrs. Fowler, the table was very prettily decorated and all arranged, and the whole affair well managed. Some very smart frocks were worn by various ladies.

On Wednesday evening General and the Hon. Mrs. Montgomery Moore gave a dinner at Bellevue of a farewell character, which was as cheery as possible. I hear that the whole Bellevue party will probably go to Quebec for the carnival in January, and that a good many other people are planning to go. Winter sports are fast becoming a rare treat to a Halifaxian.

On Thursday evening still another farewell dinner was tendered to Colonel Saunders, this time by his brother officers and friends at the R. A. and R. G. mess, where he has been more than popular with every one.

On Tuesday evening a very pleasant party was given by the students of the Halifax medical college. Music and recitations were the amusements. There was a very nice little supper and the whole affair passed off delightfully. There were a good many guests, both ladies and gentlemen, and several members of the faculty were among them. I hear that this at home is to become an annual institution, as it was so successful and so heartily enjoyed.

On Wednesday a large at home was given by the students at Dalhousie, the event of which was to be the presentation of the football trophy.

Judge Hodgson, of Charlottetown, passed through Halifax last week, en route from Boston, where he had been making a short visit to the Rev. W. B. King.

Bishop Courtney spent last week at "Oaklands," the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Leach.

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Math, celebrated their silver wedding on Thursday last week, and received some charming gifts in honor of the day.

Colonel Saunders, R. A., leaves today for England. His successor has not yet been appointed. Colonel Saunders goes to the Isle of Wight, where he has received an excellent appointment.

The sale for the benefit of the school for the blind, on Saturday, went off very well, but was only slightly patronized, on account of the weather. It was therefore repeated on Wednesday afternoon. The basket work at this sale was especially good, and very cheap. The whole affair was very satisfactory, and patronized by all the leading people in spite of the weather.

A hundred donors are to be given away by St. Luke's congregation, to the poor of the parish, on Christmas day. St. Paul's church has been in the habit of distributing dinner, ever since the Rev. Dyon Hague became rector, so that a good many of the poor will be well looked after, even without considering the work done by other churches.

The concert given by the Orpheus club on Tuesday, was a very good one indeed, and a most promising inauguration of the season. The house was not as full as usual, owing to the weather and the other things doing, but the audience was smart as usual. Hats and jackets were the order of the day, and the house presented a sombre appearance on that account.

The programme was a very good one, and gave the orchestra an admirable opportunity of proving their steady gain in every way since last year. Herr Mac Well plays the first violin, and Mr. Porter himself conducts the orchestra, a vast improvement in every way. The first number on the programme was "The Three Fishers," by the club and auxiliary, not so pleasing to the audience as their other numbers, "The Parting Kiss," and "The Stars in Heaven," which last was the gem of the evening, surpassing even that well-known and favorite song, "The Last Chord," Mr. Norbert Metzler sang, "If I Were King," very effectively. Mrs. Kennedy Campbell as usual delighted her audience; she was enthusiastically recalled after singing an "Ave Maria," very beautifully, and gave "Catherine Herrin," as a second song. Mrs. Lear, whose voice had been heard in the Orpheus club for some time, also sang two songs; the first being the charming aria, "Oh Luce Quest, Anima," the encore she received for which bringing her back she gave Florina's song with much point. The orchestra deserves the greatest praise for their playing of Schubert's unfinished symphony. It was exceedingly good, especially the first part; and indeed their playing throughout the evening was very thorough and artistic. Herr Mac Well played charmingly, and was much applauded by his audience, being twice recalled. "Mas Romanza," by Mr. Porter, was followed by a "Lipsy Dance of Herr Well's other selections, though it was played in a very finished way. The concert on the whole, was a most successful one, and the second of the course will be very pleasantly anticipated. The ventilation of the hall by the way, is as usual very good.

The open skating, which was tolerably good on Monday last, came to an end with Tuesday's rain, and the sad accident which occurred on that day at Chocolate Lake by which so many lives were lost. It seems incredible that people should have trusted the ice of an open lake after the mild weather we have had since Saturday last.

There does not appear to be the usual large list of Christmas dinner parties this year; there will not be one at the government house on account of family mourning, nor as far as I have heard will there be the usual ladies' dinners given by either the officers of the R. A. and R. E. or those of the King's regiment, though I hear that the latter are really thinking of giving some sort of entertainment in the holidays.

NEW GLASGOW.

[PROGRESS is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Pritchard and H. H. Henderson.]

Dec. 20.—Miss Hyndman, of Charlottetown, who for the last two weeks has been visiting her sister, Mrs. James F. MacLean, returned home this week. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Falls, of St. John, came to town last week and were the guests of Mrs. Thompson. Mr. Falls has now gone to Ontario. Mrs. Falls will remain here until next month.

Mrs. M. H. Gahan, of Charlottetown, who spent the past few weeks with Mrs. Dixon, has gone to Boston for the winter.

Mrs. Stewart Day and Miss Marie Day, have gone to Parrsboro to visit relatives.

JESUS AT CETHSEMANE

is the name of a wonderful picture shown at PETERSEN'S PIANO, ART AND MUSIC ROOMS, 68 KING STREET.

All should see it. The finest stock of the celebrated Soule Photos, copies of the choicest Pictures from European Art Galleries at Petersen's. Excellent Xmas Presents. FINE AUSTRIAN CARD HOLDERS, will be sold very cheap. Music Dolls in great variety. Music and Music Books, Musical Instruments in great variety. Steinway, Chickering and Nordheimer Pianos sold at reasonable terms.

A. PETERSEN'S, 68 King St.

WHITE FELT SAILORS' SPECIAL SALE, -DECEMBER-

We purchased for Cash from a leading New York manufacturer a few cases White Felt Sailors' the "Mascotte" (high slanting crown) and during November and December we will forward to any address in the three provinces (charges prepaid) on receipt of 95c.

LE BON MARCHÉ. HALIFAX, N. S.

Advertisement for Le Bon Marche featuring a bicycle and the price \$37.50. Text includes: 'BEIN A GOOD ORGAN. This gives you an idea of our SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICES direct from FACTORY TO FAMILY. Write to-day for our Handsome Illustrated Catalogue Free to All. (special terms of sale.) We ship ORGANS direct to the Home on TEN DAYS TEST TRIAL, and sell on easy terms of payment as well as for spot cash. Every Instrument Fully Warranted for Six Years. Address: H. E. CHUTE & CO., YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.'

Single Sleighs, Gladstones, Ash Pungs, Painted Pungs, Grocery Sleighs.

PRICE & SHAW, 232 to 228 Main St., - St. John, N. B.

Rev. Mr. Raven, pastor of St. George's episcopal church, leaves on the 12th of next month for Birmingham, England, to visit his relatives. He expects to be away about three months. Rev. Mr. Rungles, of Halifax, will officiate in St. George's during his absence.

Dr. and Mrs. Ings expect to visit Montreal this week. The Misses Laura McNeill, Eva Grant, Ella Bowman, and Jennie Fraser, return today from Halifax ladies' college, for vacation.

Messrs. Rob McGregor, John Bell, C. M. Lean, and C. McIntosh, are home from Dalhousie college. Mr. and Mrs. James A. Fraser have returned from Goldville.

Mr. Henderson, of St. John, is in town this week. Since my last letter, the only thing in the way of large parties, was one given by Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Dixon. The music for dancing was furnished by Gordon Brothers. The invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. S. Day, Mr. and Mrs. Harley, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McLean, Dr. and Mrs. Koth, Mr. and Mrs. H. Townshend, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. Dand, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, Mr. J. B. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. J. Underwood, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Fraser, the Misses Jenkinson, the Misses McColl, the Misses Jean McDougall, Maud Balie, Maggie Smith, Ella Grey, Rose Butler, Annie C. McKay, Gene Mitchell, Minnie Hyndman, (Charlottetown) J. Cameron, Missie Fraser, Minnie Grey, Jennie Smith, Jean Bell, E. Isabel Fraser, Isabel McKay and Miss Conrod, Messrs. J. Leslie-Jennison, H. V. Jenkinson, Bois DeVeber, Dr. Wright, Dr. McKay, Arch McColl, H. R. Fitzpatrick, Ed. Fraser, C. Crockett, W. Siles, J. Grant, F. McNeill, W. Fraser, George Fraser, Wall Jackson, J. Condon, Brenton Sutherland.

Colonel Bremner, of Halifax, is visiting here this week.

Mrs. Josted, of Bridgewater, was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Ings early this week.

Rev. Mr. Grant spent last week in Halifax and Truro.

Special anniversary services were held in New St. Andrew's church on Sunday, and were very largely attended. Rev. Mr. Robertson was assisted by Rev. Mr. Carruthers and Rev. Mr. Rogers. A congregational social will be held in the hall in connection with the church on Thursday evening.

Mr. Otto Weeks of Halifax is here on a business trip.

The Misses Garvey of Toronto, were the guests of Miss Carmichael's West side this week.

Mr. Roscoe of Kentville is here attending court. Mr. Roscoe is a bookie. He is being visited by one of our "celebrities" and will soon be published, which, in the way of "Satire," will compare favourably with the one published a few years ago in Charlottetown, called "Society in Charlottetown." I do not know the title the author will give his work but understand it will treat of the "social, moral and intellectual state of New Glasgow, as it is, and should be (to the writer's estimation). Even our churches of which we are proud, will not escape.

Mr. H. Silver of Montreal spent last week in town.

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YARMOUTH, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Yarmouth at the store of E. J. Vickery, Harris & Guest, H. W. Cann and Geo. Craig.]

Dec. 19.—Rev. W. H. Langille delivered a lecture in the presbyterian church school room on Tuesday evening last on Chicago and the world's fair. The lecture was one of the most interesting that has been listened to for some time, being full of absorbing descriptions of the fair, the humor, and a hearty vote of thanks was presented to the lecturer by the chairman, Rev. E. D. Millar.

There was a choral service held in Trinity church on Sunday afternoon last, the children of the Sunday school joining in the service, and were catechized by the rector.

The members of Providence church on Sunday evening last held a "Service of Song." The church was well filled, and the music excellent, the service all through being very impressive. The choir was assisted by "Medon's" orchestra.

Councillor J. R. Wyman, Capt. Arthur McGray of steamer Yarmouth, and Messrs. T. E. Corning and George Binyon, Q. C., of Yarmouth, attended the banquet to Sir John Thompson and Sir Hilbert Tupper, at the Hotel de Ville on Monday last.

Bliss Carman, the Canadian poet, left per steamer Boston of Wednesday night. He has been spending some months at Windsor, and now returns to New York.

A. Putnam, M. P., of Hants county, was in town last week, and left for Boston by steamer on Wednesday night.

Miss Putnam, of Maitland, Hants county, who has been visiting Dr. Putnam, returned home last week (Capt. C. D. Fisher, Annapolis, left on Wednesday last for Annapolis, and returned home on Friday last. L. F. Atherton, is spending a few days in town.

Hon. N. W. White, M. P. for Shelburne, was in town last week on business, and has returned home. Freeman Fayant, of Lockport, was in town last week.

Mrs. Edgar Collett, of Parrsboro, is visiting her father, Mr. D. Cann at Milton. Judge Hodgson, of Prince Edward Island, arrived here by steamer Boston last week and proceeded to Windsor.

Mr. Arthur Cook has returned home from Boston. Mrs. C. O. H. Webster returned to college last week.

Capt. and Mrs. Gerard, of St. John, is visiting at Mrs. Henry C. Haley's.

Mr. J. A. B. B. returned home from Boston. Mrs. Sarah Dudgeon has gone to the States to spend the winter.

Miss Nellie Rogers, of Halifax, who has been a guest at Mr. S. A. Crowell's, Milton, has returned to her home in Parrsboro.

Councillor Wyman and Capt. McGray, returned last week from a trip to Halifax.

Mr. Edgar Collett, of Parrsboro, arrived in town by steamer Boston on Saturday last.

Capt. J. S. Salter, Hantsport, was in town last week. An interesting and attractive concert, is to be given at the Mission hall, when one of Edison's phonographs is to be run by electricity.

TRURO, N. S. [PROGRESS is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton and H. E. Smith & Co.]

Dec. 20.—Master Eugene Cummings is home from Montreal, for the Xmas holidays.

The Misses Hearty's invitations have been out since last week for Thursday evening of this week, for an entertainment, that promises to be very unique as well as interesting. The invitations represent the earth, eastern and western hemispheres. On the reverse side is the invitation, which requests that the recipient shall come on Thursday evening, December twenty-first, at eight o'clock, to a geography party, and that you please wear a simple accessory, and a geographical feature or designation.

Master Walter Murr is home for the holiday season, and Masters Walter Murr, Harry Kaulbach and Luther McDowell from their schools at Horton and Windsor respectively.

Mr. Medford Christie, Windsor, is spending a few days in town.

Miss Madge Donkin was in Halifax for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Farlane, wife of Senator MacFarlane, and Miss Seaman are guests of the Misses Rose, and Victoria square.

Miss Cann and her brother, Mr. Cann, have been guests of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hearty, for a few days this week, en route from Sackville.

The Misses Archibald and Miss Nellie McMillen, are home from the same seminary. Miss Nellie McMillen, of the Ladies' college, Halifax, and Miss Dollie Britton, from Mr. St. Vincent, Rockingham.

Miss J. G. Gresham, is spending a few days here visiting Mrs. R. A. Tremaine, Arlington place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Miller, the lately arrived occupants of Scortie's manse, are in St. John, where they will spend the holiday season.

Dr. and Mrs. Bath, of North Sydney, were in town for a day this week, en route to King's county, where they will remain for a few weeks with home friends.

Mr. Henson, of the Academy staff, leaves this week for Port Hastings and Mulgrave, where he will spend the Christmas recess.

Mrs. Peter Grant, Mulgrave, was in town for a few days this week.

Doctor Angwin has gone to Guysboro for Xmas.

NEURALGIA.

A WONDERFUL CURE!

Messrs. Hanington Bros: DEAR SIR:—Having suffered severely for the past eight or nine years, from that excruciating and painful disease—Neuralgia—and having tried various assortment of medicines, but to no effect, until I had the good fortune—and no doubt it was a lucky one—of obtaining possession of a package of your excellent remedy—SCIATICINE—and before it was half used I became a new creature, free from every description of pain or swelling whatever, and made a perfect convalescent. I highly recommend it to any person or persons suffering from NEURALGIA or Swelling in the Face, as one of the most sure and speedy remedies that can possibly be obtained.

Yours, &c., &c. (Signed) ELLEN CODNER. PORTLAND, ST. JOHN CO., Feb. 27th, 1878. "SCIATICINE" is for sale by all the leading druggists in the Dominion. The wholesale drug houses in the Maritime Provinces and Montreal supply the trade. If you have any difficulty in procuring it, remit us by registered letter or P. O. Order, with your address, and we will forward without delay. Price Per Package, \$1.50. ADDRESS: J. P. HANINGTON, Sole Agent, - - - MONTREAL.

WINDSOR, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Windsor at Knowles Bookstore and F. W. Dakin.]

Dec. 19.—Mr. Clarence H. Dinwock spent last week in Hillsboro, N. B.

Miss M. B. of Walton, was in town last week, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. D. H. Morris.

Mr. H. L. Silver, of Halifax, was in Windsor last week for a day or two.

Miss Vernie Lockhart, of Hantsport, who was visiting Miss Black, has returned home.

Miss Kate Smith was in Halifax for a day or two last week.

Mr. Harry Ambrose, of Digby, was in Windsor for a few days.

Miss McMullen, of Truro, was in town on Saturday.

Miss Ogilvie has returned from her visit to Halifax to resume her geographical feature or designation.

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Mrs. Peter Grant, Mulgrave, was in town for a few days this week.

Doctor Angwin has gone to Guysboro for Xmas.

STAPLE DEPARTMENT.

In this department we hold a large stock of seasonable goods. FLANNELS, BLANKETS, UNDERWEAR, TOP SHIRTS, FLANNELETTES, ETC., ETC.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

100 doz. latest American Bonnet and Hat Shapes just received.

SMITH BROS. Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX.

MAIDS MADE PLUMP AND ROSY.

Putner's EMULSION

Secures vigorous growth, averts disease, and makes weakly, and ailing children strong and healthy.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS

COMFORTING AND ROBUSTLY FEELABLE. Mr. Joseph Vennill has returned from three weeks' sojourn in Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Flagg, who have been residing in Eastport Me., the last summer have again returned to their residence on this island.

ELGIN, A. O. Dec. 20.—Mrs. J. D. Steeves returned on Wednesday from St. John, where she has been spending a few days the guest of Mrs. Elliott, German street.

A. H. Robinson, of the E. P. H. Ry., was in Sussex Friday.

The Halesforth family are registered at Beck's hotel.

Miss Minnie Goddard entertained Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Dunsart to tea on Thurs. evening.

N. W. Coates, of Hantsport, drove to River View and spent Sunday at Maple Grove cottage the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Coleman.

Chas. Coates of the E. P. H. Ry., had his hand badly crushed while coupling cars.

Mr. W. B. Jons, of Sackville, arrived on Saturday.

Invitations are out for a ball at the Havelock Springs.

Advertisement for Mott's Chocolates and Coconuts. Text includes: 'CHOCOLAT MENIER A Common Error. Chocolate & Coconuts are by many supposed to be one and the same, only that the other is not. This is wrong-- TAKE THE Yolk from the Egg, TAKE THE Oil from the Olive, A Residue. So with COCOA. In comparison, COCOA is Skimmed Milk, CHOCOLATE, Pure Cream. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR CHOCOLAT MENIER. ANNUAL SALES EXCEEDED \$8 MILLION POUNDS. If he hasn't it on sale, send his name and your address to: CHOCOLAT MENIER, Canadian Branch, 12 & 14 St. John Street, Montreal.'

ALGIA.

FUL CURE!

PORTLAND, ST. JOHN CO., FEB. 27th, 1878.

ly for the past eight or nine years, use—Neuralgia—and having tried a...

Signed) ELLEN CODNER.

is for sale by all the Dominion. The whole-Maritime Provinces and

remits by registered letter or P. we will forward without delay.

package. \$1.50.

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STAPLE DEPARTMENT.

In this department we hold a large stock of reasonable goods.

FLANNELS, BLANKETS, UNDERWEAR, TOP SHIRTS, FLANNELLETTES, ETC., ETC.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

100 doz. latest

American Bonnet and Hat Shoes

just received.

SMITH BROS.

Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX.

MAIDS MADE PLUMP AND ROSY.

Puttner's

IMMERSION

gives vigorous growth, cures disease, and makes strong and healthy.

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Regal Cyclopedia Holiday Furnishings, In Rich Silk Mufflers and Handkerchiefs. LINED AND UNLINED KID GLOVES, BLACK GLOVES. Astrachan Cloth Back Gloves. Lawn, Linen and Cotton Handkerchiefs. SUSPENDERS. Half Hose. Collars, Shirts and Cuffs. Barnes & Murray, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainer, and at the book store of G. S. Wall in Calais at O. P. Trear's.

Dec. 20—Everyone is so busy preparing for Xmas that but little is going on in way of entertaining. The current news club met at Hawthorne hall, the residence of Judge Stevens, on Thursday evening, and spent a delightful evening discussing pleasant and instructive subjects.

Mr. Charles Lowell, of Boston, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lowell. Hon. James Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, have been spending a few days in Fredericton.

Mr. Frank T. Young has been to Parrboro, N. S., on a business trip during this week. Mr. Frank A. Grimmer spent Sunday in St. Andrews.

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Mr. N. Ross Perkins, of Boston, was in Calais on Monday for a brief visit. Miss Jessie Wall's friends are sorry to learn she is quite ill with an attack of rheumatism.

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INSTRUCTION. MOUNT ALLISON ACADEMY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Sackville. General Elementary Education. Preparation for Matriculation. Complete Commercial Course. Next term begins Jan. 4th, 1894. Students are admitted any time. Write for Calendar to C. W. HARRISON, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

ST. JOHN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND ELOCUTION. 158 Prince William St. Boarding and Day School. A thorough course given in Piano, Harmony, etc., Violin, Singing, Elocution, English, French and German, Orchestral Music. M. S. WHITMAN, Director.

MRS. R. P. PORTEOUS (Frances Franklin) of London. Winner of Madame Sinton Dolby's Vocal Scholarship for Great Britain. Mrs. Porteous is prepared to receive pupils for lessons in the art of singing and advanced instruction for the pianoforte. Oratorio and ballad singing. Communications to PETERSEN'S MUSIC STORE, King Street, or HOTEL STANLEY, King Square.

ESTD 1867 Business and SHORTHAND INSTITUTE COLLEGE. We are filling up very rapidly and have now a much larger attendance than we have ever had at this time of the year. Now is a grand time to enter. No need of waiting till after New Year's. We have only one week's Christmas vacation, and that is made up to the student. New Calendar (1893-4) and samples of Penmanship mailed free to any address. Kerr's Bookkeeping, 81, and our celebrated Business College P. N. 81 per gram, mailed on receipt of price. KEER & PRINGLE, St. John, N. B.

PRICES and GOODS to Everybody. If you want to buy a CHRISTMAS BOX cheap today, come to CROCKETT'S, DRUG STORE, 162 Princess St. Some of our young men intend giving a ball in Kingston hall on New Year's night. All are invited. To Misses Purves, who have been in Boston for some time, are home for the holidays. Mr. Chas. Foster came home tonight. Miss May Brown, who has been teaching at Belleville, will be at her home in St. Martin's next week. Mr. O. Perkins is expected home for Christmas. G. W. ST. GEORGE.

ST. GEORGE. Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien. Dec. 20—The residence of Mr. H. Dow was destroyed by fire on Wednesday, without any insurance. As the province is without a governor, and a marriage license could not be obtained, the marriage of Miss Minnie Macgowan and Mr. Harry Chaffey was solemnized in Calais on Thursday. Miss Nellie Macfowan was bridesmaid and Mr. John O'Brien supported the groom. Hon. A. H. Gillmor left on Thursday for Montreal. Mr. Charles Johnson, Jr., returned last week from a business trip to the upper provinces. The Wallace-Hopper company gave an entertainment in Lyttons hall on Friday and Saturday evening. Miss Winnie Dick returned this week from Sackville seminary to spend the holidays. Among the arrivals on Monday were Mr. Geo. McIntyre and Mr. Watson from Ontario. An entertainment will be given in the Baptist church on Monday evening by the children. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McAdam have gone to Calais to spend the holidays. Miss Beattie O'Brien returns this week from St. Martin's seminary. Mr. and Mrs. Will McAdam spend Christmas with Mrs. McAdam's parents at Beaver Harbor. MAX.

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KOC. Don't selfishly deprive your friend of cheerful company by remaining a dull, gloomy dyspeptic. The best remedy is KOC, the King of Dyspeptics Cure. It cures every form of indigestion, nervousness, headache, and gloomy forebodings. It is a quick and reliable remedy for all forms of indigestion. Free sample mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, Limited, New Glasgow, N. S., Canada or 157 State St., Boston, Mass.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

Edmund Burke, son of Inspector Burke, of the inland revenue department, Douglas avenue, returned on Tuesday last from Fredericton anxious to spend the holidays.

St. John—North End. Miss Nellie Rivers spent a few days last week, the guest of Miss Minnie Nace, Douglas Ave.

Mrs. Hargraves left last week for New York. Miss Grace Simson of St. Andrews who has been the guest of Mrs. A. Patterson, Douglas Ave, for the past month returned home with her brother this week.

Dr. J. F. Sutherland, of Boston is here assisting Dr. J. D. Maher in his dental work.

Master Frank Hilsand returned home on Monday for Xmas holidays from school in Lennoxville.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McArthur are here from Newfoundland for the holidays. Mr. McArthur, is a well known contractor and after the fire received some of the largest contracts in that city and so satisfactory has this work been, that he has been kept constantly busy.

Rev. Father Trimpe returned from Boston on Monday. Rev. Fathers Sheehan and Cordake who gave a mission the past fortnight in St. Peter's left on Sunday evening for Boston.

The surprise party tendered last Thursday to Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Christie, was a highly enjoyable affair. The guests received as usual, a hearty welcome from the Dr. and Mrs. Christie, who are ever ready to give a pleasant greeting to their friends.

The large gathering testified forcibly the high esteem by which they are regarded by their many friends. Among those present were, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Chesley, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Myles, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eagles, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. G. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. E. Wasey, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Devitt, the Misses Holly, Tapley, N. Rivers, N. Nace, N. Vaughan, Ida Thompson, N. Thompson, M. Hayward, M. Peck, A. Purdy, B. Wisely, J. Bucknam, J. Hornsby, H. Earle, N. Hawthorth, L. Boyce, A. Farner, A. Farner, D. March, Broderick, Christie, Hetherington and Maher, Messrs. A. Mackay, J. Knight, J. Tapley, W. Farley, R. Kenyon, J. F. MacFarlane, Good, R. Johnston, Merritt, A. Lindsay, F. Magner, E. Travers, G. H. H. Vaughan, A. Courtney, B. Prince, W. Smith, F. Courtney, R. Farner, A. Farner, Edgewood and others.

PEANUTS.

CAMPBELLTON.

[Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, notions and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.]

Dec.—Mr. T. E. Perkins, of St. John was in town a few days last week.

Lieutenant and Mrs. E. A. Smith returned to their home in St. John on Saturday after a week's visit in town.

Mrs. Jasper Daly of Sussex who spent a few days with her sister Mrs. H. H. Bray left for home on Friday evening.

Mr. F. Stancil of Montreal visited our town last week.

Mr. G. C. McKenzie who has been on a business trip down the Gaspe coast came back last week.

Mrs. Williams, we regret to say was confined to the house for several days last week through illness.

W. Murray ex M. P. P. left last evening for Ottawa.

Dr. Sproul of Chatham spent a couple of days at the Royal last week.

The drive whist party given by Miss Alice Mowat on Thursday evening last at "Riverside Cottage" complimentary to her friend Mrs. E. A. Smith, of St. John, was a most successful affair. The game was kept up with animation until twelve, when the prizes were distributed to the fortunate and unlucky winners, the former ones Miss Annie Smith and Dr. H. Lanham, the latter Miss Maggie Harper and W. A. Mott, M. P. P. A tempting lunch was then served. Those present were Mrs. J. J. Daly, (Sussex) Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kennedy, Miss M. Barnes, Miss Annie Smith, Miss Sadie Miller, Miss Ida Nelson, Miss Maggie Harper, (Blue Verte) Miss Mattie Henderson, Miss Ruth Chandler and Messrs. F. Kennedy, (Montreal) Jasper Davison, H. H. Bray, T. W. Brown, A. Mowat, Dr. Lanham and W. A. Mott, M. P. P.

Mr. J. L. McDonald paid a short visit to Chatham last week.

Mr. H. Lingley was quite ill for a few days last week, but is, I am glad to say, able to attend to business once more.

The oyster supper given by the members of the R. C. church in Dalhousie, on Monday evening, was a grand success financially and otherwise. Among those who went down by the afternoon train I noticed Rev. J. L. McDonald, Rev. Father Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry McIntyre, Miss V. J. Verner and Miss Opal Nadeau.

Miss Jennie Thompson, who has been spending a few weeks with friends in Dalhousie, has returned home.

Miss Minnie Miller, of New Mills, is in town, the guest of her cousin, Miss Thompson.

Mr. A. J. H. Stewart, of Bathurst, spent Sunday in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Lingley.

On Thursday evening last Miss Jennie Duncan entertained the Presbyterian Sunday school teachers to a goose supper, and a most enjoyable evening was spent with music and games. Those invited were Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Firth, Miss Annie Smith, Miss Clara Kerr, Miss Evelyn Gerrard, Miss Mattie Henderson, Miss Cook, Miss McKinnon, Miss Kerr, and Messrs. D. J. Bruce, W. F. Yonson, J. C. Ferguson, A. Mott, McDonald and others.

Mr. Fred Tennant, of Moncton, was in Campbellton for a few days last week.

Miss Mamie Barber, of the girls' school at Edgill, Wilmot, N. S., is expected home tonight to spend the Christmas holidays.

Miss Corinne Verner is confined to her room with a severe cold.

Miss Mila, of St. John, who has been spending a couple of months with her sister, Mrs. Kilgour Shivers, returned home last week, accompanied by Master Reginald Shivers, who is to spend the holiday week in the metropolis.

Rev. Father Crumley, of Dalhousie, was in town for a day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. McLatchy have the heartfelt sympathy of their numerous friends in the death of their baby, Helen Frances, which occurred on Saturday morning, after only two days' illness. The funeral on Sunday afternoon was largely attended, the service being conducted by Rev. W. S. Selles.

Miss Elsie Doherty, of Exumiac, P. Q., and also Miss McNeil, of Charlo, are staying at the Lansdowne.

The first carnival of the season is announced to take place on Christmas night, in the Round rink. It is to be hoped it will be a success. A silver crest is to be given to the lady wearing the prettiest and most original costume, and a box of cigars for the most original among the gentlemen.

A number of our young ladies who are at normal school, at Fredericton, are expected home for the Christmas vacation.

The children of the Methodist Sunday school, are to have a Christmas tree and entertainment, on Friday evening, when the little ones are anticipating a rare and festive hour or so.

Miss Miranda Doherty, who has been an invalid for more than a year, died on Monday morning at the Lansdowne. Deceased was a member of the Methodist church, and a teacher in the Sunday school, and will be very much missed by the congregation, as she was a willing and energetic worker. Among the floral tributes, of which there were many, was a very handsome wreath of roses, sent by the ladies of the congregation. The funeral which took place this afternoon was one of the largest seen for some time, testifying to the respect and esteem in which deceased was held. Rev. Mr. Mathews pastor of the Methodist church, conducted the service, and the united choirs of several churches assisted in the singing, which was sweetly rendered and appropriate.

Mr. Joseph Doherty, of Exumiac, P. Q., is in town today.

After last Saturday's heavy storm our sidewalks are now free to be used. While passing down the street (in the middle of course) I overheard a conversation in which the following was remarked: "What a great favor the town council would confer on the public if they would make a search for the lost sidewalk."

For this letter reaches Progress, Miss Evelyn (termed) will have been transformed into Mrs. J. Ostrum. The ceremony takes place this evening and I hope to give an account next week.

We are also on the qui vive for another wedding which is to take place at St. Andrew's church on Christmas night.

YVOLA.

A BARGAIN IN Dress Materials.

We have secured 25 pieces NEW WINTER DRESS MATERIALS IN ALL WOOL HEAVY SCOTCH MIXTURES, in the newest and most Fashionable Makes and Colorings, and in order to close them out before Christmas we have marked them at the very low price of 35c. Yard, or \$2.00 For a Dress Pattern of 6 Yards. This will be found a rare chance to purchase a FASHIONABLE AND SERVICEABLE DRESS at almost one half the regular price. We would call attention to the importance of an early inspection, as naturally the choicest patterns go first.

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

BAIE VERTE.

Dec. 19.—Messrs. Robert Murray and Stanley Sutherland, of Amherst, spent Sunday in town, the guests of Mrs. E. C. Goodwin.

Mrs. Thompson went to Amherst on Tuesday.

Mrs. Joseph Copp, of Port Elgin, spent Monday with Mrs. Albert Copp.

Rev. Mr. Lays, of Amherst, preached in St. Luke's church on Sabbath morning.

Mrs. A. C. A. Wells returned from Cape Tormentine on Thursday. Mrs. Wells leaves on Monday for Moncton to spend the winter with Judge Wells.

Rev. L. V. Harris, of Amherst, preached in St. Luke's church on Tuesday morning and administered the holy sacrament at the close of the service.

Mrs. Robert Prescott entertained a few of her friends at a whist party on Friday evening. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all.

Members of the Baie Verte sons of temperance visited the North wave district at Tidalis on Saturday evening.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Mattie Brundage and Mr. Henry Goodwin, which takes place on the twenty-seventh.

The ladies of the Baptist church, Port Elgin, intend holding a high tea and fancy sale on Wednesday evening.

Miss Maude Goodwin, Tidalis, gave a party on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Prescott, who has been visiting her friend Mrs. James Irvine, in Tidalis, last week, returned home on Wednesday.

Messrs. Angus and Albert Avard, of Bristol, were in town on Sunday.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Maude Goodwin and Mr. Pason Atkinson, to take place on Xmas day.

Mr. William Siddall, Miss E. Siddall and Miss Maggie Prescott, spent Sunday at Aulac, the guests of James Sutherland.

Mr. W. W. Wells, M. P. P., was in town on Saturday.

SYDNEY, C. B.

Dec. 19.—Our young people are now enjoying the open air skating by moonlight.

Mrs. Chaloner gave a small whist party on Monday evening.

Mrs. Judge Dodd, who has been ill for the past fortnight, is now quite convalescent.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Mackeen, on the arrival of a baby girl.

The many friends of Mr. Clifford Brown, of Webster, Mass., are sorry to learn that he is still in a critical condition.

Mr. J. A. McKinnon, of Halifax, spent a few days in town last week.

Miss Lily Falconer entertained a number of her young lady friends at a tea on Tuesday evening.

Among those present were—Miss F. Earle, of Charlottetown, the Misses H. and R. Laway, F. Hearne, J. Peters, M. and I. Ingraham, D. Townsend and J. McKendric, later on a few young men arrived, and a very jolly evening was spent, dancing, cards and fortune telling being indulged in.

Miss Ella MacGillivray is still in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McDonald, of Amherst, are in town last week.

We are glad to learn that Mr. H. F. Donkin of Drumbray, is recovering from his recent illness.

On Thursday a number of people enjoyed a very pleasant evening at Mrs. W. Hill's. Those present were the Misses Conway, Miss Johnston, Miss Brown, Sidney Miller, Miss Hearne, Miss MacGillivray, Miss Stirling, Miss Chaloner, Messrs. Morgan, Stirling, McDonald, MacDougall, Chaloner and Stewart.

The ladies of the Baptist congregation intend holding a teasupper and fancy sale in the county hall this evening.

We are looking forward to hearing the Coovero family of Toronto on Friday evening 22nd inst.

Capt. John Lowry returned from Halifax last week.

Rumors are afoot of two or three parties to take place this week.

Wishing you all a very merry Xmas.

BRIVL.



Mrs. A. A. Williams, Lynn, Mass.

For the Good of Others

Rev. Mr. Williams heartily endorses Hood's Sarsaparilla.

We are pleased to present this from Rev. A. A. Williams, of the Sillsbee street Christian Church, Lynn, Mass.:

"I see no reason why a clergyman, more than a layman, who knows wherof he speaks, should hesitate to approve an

Article of Merit

and worth, from which he or his family have been signally benefited, and whose commendation may serve to extend those benefits to others by increasing their confidence. My wife has for many years been a sufferer from severe

Nervous Headache

for which she found little help. She has tried many things that promised well but performed little. Last fall a friend gave her a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems surprising what simply one bottle could and did do for her. The attack has been so much lessened in number and was less violent in their intensity, while her general health has been improved. Her appetite has also been better. From our experience with

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I have no hesitation in endorsing its merits."

A. A. WILLIAMS.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. Price 25c.

XMAS GROCERIES

Bonnell's Grocery. We have a complete assortment of fine GROCERIES, FRUITS, NUTS, CONFECTIONERY, LEMON, ORANGE AND CITRUS PEELS, EXTRACTS, ALL SIZES AND ASST. KINDS.

Fine Table Raisins and Valencia Layer Raisins, Pure Syrup, Preserves and Jellies at

Bonnell's Grocery, 200 Union St., St. John, N. B.

ALLWORTHS' EVAPORATED CREAM.

For Puddings, Coffee, Chocolate, Porridge, &c. Richer than ordinary Cream. Made from Pure Milk and reduced to consistency of Cream. No Chemicals. Ask your Grocer for it.

ALLWORTHS' CONDENSED MILK is specially prepared for Invalids and Infants' use. Try it.

E. T. STURDEE, Selling Agent.

\$1,000.00 WORTH

IF YOU WEAR PANTS PILGRIMS. The best value in everyday knock-about pants a man can buy. \$3.00. Pants from \$3 to \$12. Suits from \$12 up.

PILCRIM PANTS COY., 38 Mill Street, St. John, N. B.

AS TO JACKETS.

\$7.50 pays for a choice of our stock of ready-made garments, not far-lined, some of which were as high as sixteen dollars. As for cheaper jackets, we have them from three dollars up, so that we will be able to suit all purses as well as all backs.

The best evidence that our jackets are superior value is we are willing to abide by the customers' own valuation of them.

Misses Jackets That were Eleven Dollars can be bought now for \$5.00.

Children's Jackets At \$3.00.

That were seven. Sent to any address by express for examination.

GEO. H. MCKAY, 61 King St.

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS

LIGHT FOR CHRISTMAS. A large stock of Piano, Table and Banquet LAMPS at lowest prices.

J. R. CAMERON, 64 Prince William Street.

LINCOLN.

Dec. 19.—Miss Annie Woods is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rowan, Jr., are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little daughter.

Miss Annie Mitchell has returned home after a few weeks visit with friends in Fredericton.

Mrs. Charles White of Oranmore is visiting at her old home here.

Miss Julia Wisely spent a few days in Mauger this last week.

Miss Laura Currie of Oranmore visited friends last week.

Mrs. John Kelley is the guest of Mrs. John Rowan, Jr.

MAUGERVILLE.

Dec. 19.—There was a large gathering of church people at Mr. Charles Clowes' on Monday, making decorations for the church.

Miss Annie Magee, of Upper Millville, is clerking for Mr. Wm. Thurott.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McFadden drove to Fredericton last Saturday, and returned in a heavy snow-storm.

Miss Annie Stanger leaves for her home in Fredericton, on her vacation, next Friday evening.

SKINNER'S CARPET WAREROOMS.

XMAS 1893.

Having lately added two large warerooms to my present premises I will have on exhibition on Monday the 18th, a large and handsome stock of CHEMILLE PORTIERES from \$4.25 per pair up. Rugs, Art Squares, Carpet Sweepers, Chairs in Willow, Italian, and Oak, Rockers of all kinds, Derby Cabinets and a full assortment of Fancy Furniture suitable for Xmas Gifts. The Public are respectfully invited to inspect.

A. O. Skinner.

FANCY GOODS,

Books, Toys, Dolls, Musical instruments, etc. Christmas goods for the coming festive season. Ladies companions. Work boxes, Writing desks, Music rolls, Plush and Wool Cabinet frames, Leather card cases, Purses, Pocket books, Cutlery. Books of every description. Toys of every kind and for everyone from baby up. Dolls in China, Wax, Bisque, Compo, Rubber and Wood, Dolls heads all sizes. Musical instruments all prices and qualities, Fire works, Fire crackers, Chinese lanterns. Christmas candles, Christmas tree ornaments, Flags, Games in the leading lines, Wooden goods in sleds, Frames, Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Rocking horses, Hobby horses, Etc. Trumpets, Horns and Bugles in hundreds of styles, lots of very cheap toys, Etc., all goods Wholesale and Retail at

WATSON & CO., Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts. Saint John, N. B. P. S. Country orders solicited. Drop in and see our goods.

ST. JOHN HAIR STORE,

Miss K. A. HENNESSY, Proprietress, 113 Charlotte St. Opp. Dufferin Hotel, St. John, N. B.

Manufacturer and Importer of Human Hair Goods, Ladies' and Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Fronts, Switches, Bangs, &c., &c. Combing made up in any style the hair will allow.

Also a choice lot of Perfumes in Cut Glass suitable for Xmas Gifts, a full line of Fancy Hair Pins, ranging from 15c. To \$5.00. Curling Tonges from 3c. To \$1.50 each. Please call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

MISS K. A. HENNESSY, 113 CHARLOTTE ST.

\$10.00 \$10.00

This Ladies' Desk of our own manufacture will be delivered at your nearest railway station on receipt of ten dollars.

AN ACI CHRISTMAS GIFT.

J. LORDLY & SON, 93 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

THE AMERICAN

\$8.00 Typewriter.



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

Writes capitals, small letters, figures and marks—71 in all. Easy to understand—learned in 5 minutes.

Writes just like a \$100 machine. Weighs only 4 pounds—most portable.

No shift keys. No Ribbon. Compact, takes up but little room.

Prints from the type direct. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order.

Printing always in sight. Capital and lower-case keyboard alike—easily mastered!

Corrections and insertions easily made. More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work.

Takes any width of paper or envelope up to 8 1/2 inches. Takes good letter-press galleys

Packed securely in handsome case and expressed to any address on receipt of price—\$8.00, in registered letter, money order or certified check. We guarantee every machine and are glad to answer all inquiries for further information.

IRA CORNWALL, Gen. Agent for Maritime Provinces, Board of Trade Bldg., St. John, N. B.

or from the following agents: E. Ward Thorne, St. John, N. B.; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; W. B. Morris, St. Andrew, N. B.; T. Carlson, Echuam, Woodstock, N. B.; Van Meter, Butcher & Co., Moncton, N. B.; J. Fred. Benson, Chatham, N. B.; H. A. White, Sussex, N. B.; A. M. Howe, Kentville, N. S.; J. J. Burston, Amherst, N. S.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

AGENTS WANTED.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1893.

WITH THOMAS CAMPBELL

HAUNTS THAT GAVE MANY THEMES TO THE POET

Lord Ullin's Daughter—Reullura—The Wild Music of the Corrievreckan—Reminiscences of His Early Life—Selling His First Poem.

It was a memorable epoch in the writer's boyhood that ushered to him the poems of Thomas Campbell, together with a brief sketch of his life. Books with him were then as rare as gold, and became, with each successive prize, an excitement settling into a quiet, delicious dream, in that Acadian village,—distant, secluded, far;—and here was one of the most exciting books of poetry he had ever found. "The Pleasures of Hope," with its noble patriotism, its fervid enthusiasm, and general magnificence of diction, gave him a new rapture. The matchless swing of the martial lyrics so filled his ears with their sounding might that nothing could be compared to them but the sweep of winds, the rattle of the thunder, or the beating of Minas upon her stony shores. He walked the fields reciting "Lochiel's Warning," "Hohenlinden," and others of that ilk, infected with a new joy. Still, among all strains, ancient or modern, that tell of heroic action, are there any that can move us more than these? As for "Hohenlinden," it refuses to desert the school-boy memory; and, for "Lochiel's Warning," we do not wonder that Sir Walter Scott repeated the gallop-ading poem, word for word, after having read it once. Then the dreamy beauty of "Gertrude of Wyoming," with the pathetic and contemplative pieces, helped the enchantment; and as for "Reullura," in its clear, star-like beauty, it lingers still among the dim visions of childhood, with a weird, haunting loveliness that cannot pass away. After all these years, and with later loves and different impressions, he goes fondly back to the early thrill Campbell awoke; many a ringing line and stanza vibrates anew when anything recalls it; and in the oblivion of memory they must be among the latest things to fade.

Campbell was born at Glasgow [27th July, 1777.] but the house, if it exists, cannot, as we believe, be identified. Glasgow and its neighborhood with the surrounding towns, has been a garden of poets, great and small, but trade and manufacture overlie literature there except to the closest seeker. Of poets the smoke and grime smothered some—such as Tannahill and Motherwell, and the stronger who escaped to places of more generous appreciation and liberal reward, were soon forgotten in that particular metropolis. As many as forty-five years ago an English writer interested in such matters for the purpose of book making, vainly attempted to locate the place of Campbell's birth, and after reference to every authority in the city was obliged to give it up. It is pleasing to note the present interest of the public in the preservation and identification of notable buildings manifested by affixing tablets upon them, with inscriptions that not only may catch the eye of the antiquary and literary lover, but that the common traveller "who runs may read."

But the child, Campbell, traversed these Glasgow Streets, and early discovered an extraordinary intellect. At twelve years he was a good Latinist, and drank the classics as a water-famished deer might drink the streams of his ancestral Highlands. He bore an excellent name for scholarship and character in the university of his native city; where, in his thirteenth year, after formidable competition with a student nearly twice his age, he obtained the bursary on Archbishop Leighton's foundation. The seven years he passed here were marked by an earnest enthusiasm in the pursuit of classical studies, and the acquisition of various prizes. His excellence in Greek became conspicuous, so that few students had courage to compete with him, and portions of his school translations published in his works, show such ripeness and precision of style as to amaze the reader who has learned their history.

He is at this period of his life described as being "a fair and beautiful boy, with pleasant and winning manners, and a mild cheerful disposition." That he was beautiful and attractive in his childish appearance few will question who have portraits of him in his maturity. He knew himself early as a poet, and exulted in the expansion of his powers. The desire of the youthful poet to see himself in print was indulged while yet a student; and there were those who in after years remembered the handsome boy who stood at the college gate with his hands full of the slips on which his rhymes were printed, as he sold them to all the passers who would buy. It is said that in his later years he was vexed when reminded of his youthful enterprise.

The Greek chair during his attendance at the University, writes one of his biographers, was filled by Professor Young, who was a complete enthusiast in Greek literature. From him Campbell caught the same enthusiasm, which, nourished and strengthened as it was by his success at college, endured during his whole life.

Often, in his later years, has the writer of this sketch, while sitting in his company, been electrified by the beauty and power with which he recited his favorite passages from the Greek poets; with whose writings his mind was richly stored, and which he appreciated and praised with the characteristic warmth of one who was himself a master in their divine art.

But his college life was left behind, and the streets of the smoky city faded away. Nature, for a year, opened to him her great university—the poet's chief school; and his lovely perceivers, the hills, the streams, the skies, the waves, took him to themselves, and it is there we like best to see him. The estate of his paternal grandfather was the scene of his musings, and that friendly home at Kernan did its part in the nourishment of a poet. We can see him losing himself, day after day, amid the wilds of mountainous Argyleshire, or wandering along the romantic shores of Loch Ghoil, where the chieftain to the Highlands bound, cried, "boatman, do not tarry." To this birthplace of many a sweet dream, and splendid vision, he refers in the lines beginning:

"At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour, I have mused in a sorrowful mood; On the wind-shaken wings that embosom the tower Where the home of my forefathers stood. All ruined and wild is their roofless abode, And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree; And travelled by few is the grass covered road, Where the hunter of deer, and the warrior trod To the hills that encircle the sea."

To one whose own ancestral home situated among beautiful scenes, has been left to solitude and silence, these lines possess an especial pathos; and, while we may not quote them all here, we have read them through to the last familiar, but justly memorable lines,—

"Yea! even the same I have worshipped in vain Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again To bear it to conquer our fate."

Then on the lonely sea girt island he divided his time between the office of tutor and the muses. It was on romantic Mull, with the melancholy main uttering in his ear the mystic meaning of the creation, and with nature's most varied and magnificent forms all about him, that his genius was chiefly nourished. Here were conceived or born many of his finest poems and lyrics. Ideas that books could not give floated to him on the salt sea air; imaginations bright as the firmament and the under seas in summer, and awful as the shadowy autumnal mountains, gave him the material for "Lord Ullin's Daughter" and "Reullura," and for that matchless "Lochiel's Warning." It is of "Reullura" that a brother poet thus speaks, as of "one of the most exquisite poems in the language,"—

"We must agree with him. Into it, he thinks, Campbell has most thoroughly infused the spirit of the wild and romantically desolate scenery of the Western Highlands. . . . Without any apparent attempt at description either of scenery or individual character, both stand forth in strong and clear distinctness. Aodh, the far-famed preacher of the word in Iona; and Reullura, beauty's star, with her calm clear eye; to which visions of the future were often revealed; and those desolate treeless lands, the savage shores of which, riven by primeval earthquakes, will be lashed by the waves of a wild, stormy sea, to the end of time. The church of Iona again stands aloft, the Gael listens to the preaching of the Word and the heathen sea-king came from Denmark for plunder and massacre. This poem it is, above all others, into which the wild music of the Corrievreckan entered; and though it was written many years after the poet's residence amid these scenes, nothing can be clearer evidence of the deep impression they made upon his mind."

But here it was, also, that his celebrated classic poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," was conceived and partially written; and when we read such lines as the following we will know amid what scenes they were inspired:

"Iona's saint, a giant form, Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm, (When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined, The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind,) Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hear, From Elda's to the green Tarn's shore."

Himself has told us with what delight he used to listen to the "far-famed roar of Corrievreckan," heard many leagues away. "When the weather is calm," he says, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, the sound of the vortex, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent effect."

Thence from solitude, to society and from the wild "sea-beaten shore," to the streets of the Scottish Athens, a new sympathetic eye looked upon the loved "romantic town" of Scott, and the "daring sea" in the fervid imagination of Burns. In the old town, where the ancestry of Scotland mainly lingers, there is a court or square known by the name of Alison; and there with his mother, he resided, having re-engaged himself as a private tutor. Melancholy, it is to read, that she who might have soled and encouraged him at the outset of his career, and in somewhat narrow circumstances, harassed him by the infirmity of

her temper. But poetry became his solace, and the completion of his poem the occupation of his spare moments; and while the rare vintage was fermenting in the vat of his mind, he might often be seen in some solitary outskirt of the city, or lingering on the bridge in its vicinity, finding a temporary freedom from the disquieting influences that met him at home.

At length the sun of his reputation rose in an unclouded dawn. "The Pleasures of Hope," published in April, 1799, became the wonder of the day to the literary public, and was hailed everywhere with a clamorous delight of approval. Like the immortal "Childe," the Scotch tutor awoke to fame, and at once, though only twenty-two, he was ranked among the chief singers of his time. That repute became settled fame; and whatever else he wrote, he was always first and chiefly the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and the authorship of "The Pleasures of Hope" followed him to the grave.

So Campbell joined the ranks of youthful and ardent poets, with a poem that to many a bard in the morning of life is destined to be an inspiration. The majestic harmonies that sound there, and the general heroism and devotion that breathe through every line, can never fail to delight the ear and quicken the pulse of man in his first season of chivalrous endeavor. We see him, imaginatively, in the radiant company of those who, with the flush of hope and joy upon their cheeks, came to their full strength while still their boyish grace lingered;—the fair "Endymion," and he who smiles in the elysian grace of his eternal childhood. At twenty-two, Campbell sang in the ear of the world hopes never-fading pleasures; at twenty-two the chastically gorgeous "Revolt of Islam" revolted England, but revealed outline to the discerning, unprejudiced few, a master-spirit; at twenty-two the poet of "Childe Harold" drew honey instead of gall from the pen of the reviewer, distilling fame's rarest essence; and at twenty-two the "Lamia" and "Hyperion" of Keats wrote in eternal adamant the name of him, who, dying, mournfully supposed it to have been written in water.

Instantly gathered around the youthful bard the literary lights of Edinburgh; Dugald Stewart and Henry Mackenzie, the still-living links connecting the later school of poets with the time of Burns; Professor Playfair, the shaggy, stern, but generous Brougham; Jeffrey, the famous reviewer; and the wise and witty cleric, Sydney Smith. PASTOR FELIX.

A RETIRED BURGLAR'S STORY.

A Curious Happening in a House in a Pennsylvania Town. "I think that about as curious an experience as I ever had," said a retired burglar, "I had in a town in western Pennsylvania. I had got into a fine big house there without very much trouble, and had found things when I got inside about as I expected to find them. There was some silver in the dining room, and I nipped a few little things that I could get into my overcoat pockets handy, but I had other things in mind and I went on into the next room, which turned out to be the library.

"As I threw my light around this room, I saw on a table in the centre a magazine open and laying face downward. I picked up this magazine and turned my bull's-eye on it, and saw that it was open at the beginning of a story. The title caught my eye and I stood there for a moment with the magazine in one hand and the bull's-eye in the other, and read a few lines; it seemed to me a mighty interesting story. Whoever had been reading the magazine had sat in a big leather chair, which still remained alongside the table. I sat down in this big chair, stood the bull's-eye on the table at my elbow, where its light would strike the pages, and began to read, and became so interested that I forgot I was there on business.

"I don't know how long I had been reading, maybe twenty minutes or so, when I felt a hand on my right shoulder. I looked up and saw standing alongside of me a tall man in a dressing gown. He had a lamp in his right hand; he had touched me with his left, and that hand down upon me coolly. I couldn't see as far as I was concerned I was surprised, and when he asked me what I was doing there I was at first too flabbergasted to reply, but I finally told him I was reading a story in that magazine. He asked me what story I was reading and I told him. I thought I saw just the faintest flicker of a smile on his face at that, but I couldn't be certain about it.

"What do you think of it?" says he. "I had come back to myself by this time, and I told him I thought he ought to be able to see what I thought of it himself; that I was interested in it enough to let him come down and find me there reading it, but that I wouldn't undertake to say what I thought about it absolutely until I had finished reading it.

"Well," says the man, "don't let me interrupt you. Go ahead and finish it."

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON'S

Guide to Shoppers in Search of

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Silk Initial Handkerchiefs, 20c, 33c, 50c, 75c each. Lawn Initial Handkerchiefs, per box, 55c, 75c. Linen Initial Handkerchiefs, per box, \$1.25; do., per half dozen, \$1, \$1.65, \$2.50. Linen Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs, very low prices, half doz. in fancy box. Handkerchiefs for boys, Handkerchiefs for girls in boxes; special line of Silk Handkerchiefs for ladies and gentlemen on our show counter, 20, 35, 50, 65c. A Lace Handkerchief, a Gauze Handkerchief, Swiss Emb'd Handkerchiefs. Irish Hand Emb'd Handkerchiefs, Morocco Shopping Bags. Antelope Shopping Bags, the Boston Cloth Bags, Leather and Silk Bags. Opera Glass Bags, Chatelaine Bags, Ladies' Fitted Cases, Gents' Fitted Cases. Ladies' Fitted Bags, Gents' Fitted Bags, American Portmonies. Foreign Portmonies, Card Cases, Hair Brushes in leather cases, Collar Boxes. Cuff Boxes, Shaving Cases, Jewel Cases, Manicure Sets, Hand Glasses. A very choice stock of Stamped Linen Work, viz: Doylies, Centre pieces. Veil Cases, Glove Cases, Handkerchief Cases, Necktie Cases, Tea Cosie Cases. Painted Plush Cushions and Saddle Bags to match. RIBBONS for XMAS FANCY WORK. Boys' Wool and Cashmere Hose, Girl's Wool and Cashmere Hose. Ladies' Wool Hose, Ladies' Silk Hose, Ladies' Lisle Hose, Ladies' Cashmere Hose, Ladies' Black and Colored Gaiters. FANS, FANS, FANS, FANS—what is more acceptable than a pretty Fan?

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

his feet would be cold on the floor. He sat down in the big chair, put his feet up on the other, and pulled his dressing gown up around his legs, making himself quite comfortable. Then he picked up a book off the table and went to reading, while he waited for me to finish the story. When I had finished it the man said: "And I told him, and that's what I did think about it. That I thought it was immense."

"The man laid down his book and got up on his feet again. He picked up his lamp and stood there for a moment holding it and looking at me. He said nothing, but it was perfectly clear to me that he was about politely to bow me out of the house. I laid down the magazine and picked up my bull's eye, and moved toward the door just as I might have done if I had been a guest. The tall man opened the door and calmly bowed me out. As I went down the steps I heard him bolting the door after me.

"You know I wondered who he could be, but when I came to find out, I wondered that I hadn't thought of it myself before; he was the man that wrote the story."

AN EQUAL PLAY.

Once, when the late Colonel Fred Burnaby was returning to his hotel in Seville very late at night, three Spaniards of the worst type persistently followed him. The streets were dark and narrow, and he began to realize that his would-be assailants were rapidly gaining on him. The position was critical, and it became necessary to display promptitude. As he walked, he began soliloquising audibly in the native tongue, at the same time letting the moonlight flash along the barrel of a small revolver, which he always carried. His soliloquy took the form of a mathematical sum.

"How many men could I kill," he inquired, "with six bullets, which are at the present moment in my pocket, if I accept as a fact that two bullets would effectually polish off one man?"

"Answer—three. Right?" The effect of this conclusion was very remarkable. The Spaniards at once turned about, and the mathematician was left master of the situation.

Could Pronounce French. An Englishman has recently returned from a trip abroad, and has related a few incidents of his trip. He often dined at table d'hote, and opposite him sometimes sat a nouveau riche family of three—father, mother, and daughter.

This trio had evidently been making an attempt to learn a little French before their trip, and, the mother, especially, had, in her mind, succeeded admirably. It was their custom at meals when one secured a particularly choice morsel to tell those near them, so they might order likewise. One day the tourist had put before him some delicious croquettes. Mrs. New Rich leaned over and asked him what he was eating. "Chicken croquettes," he replied. But Mrs. New Rich knew better. She had studied French, and knew how to pronounce correctly. That was her strong point. "Waite," she said, in a loud voice, "bring me an order of chicken croquets." And they called them "croquets" the rest of the trip.

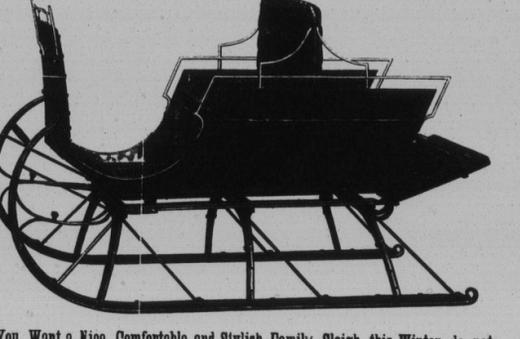
Reasonable Advice. Blobs—"I wouldn't tell a secret to Wigwag." "Slobbs—"Why not?" Blobs—"He's in charge of a bureau of information. He can't keep anything to himself."

Embroidery and Knitting Silks, a Lace Mat, a Pair Emb'd Pillow Shams. A pair Irish Open Work Pillow Shams, a dozen Doylies. A Sideboard Strip, a Bureau Strip, a Tray Cloth, a dozen Napkins. A Damask Cover, a 5 o'clock Tea Cloth, a Fancy Ajour Cloth. A Tamask Table Cloth, a dozen Towels. Fancy Damask Table Cloth and Napkins to match. Irish Cloths and Napkins to match, Irish made Pillow Slips. Irish Sheeting, Irish Pillow Linen, a Marsella Quilt, a pair Blankets. A Flannel Tea Gown, a Cashmere Dress, a Silk Dress. A Lace Dress, a Wool Dress, a Wool shawl, a Print Dress. A Cardigan Jacket, a Wool Cloud, a Wool Toque. Yards Grey Flannel, yards Fancy Flannel, yards Shaker Flannel. Yards White Cotton, yards White Sheeting, yards Grey Sheeting. A pair Boys' Gloves, a pair Girl's Gloves, a pair Ladies' Gloves. Ladies' Stuede Gloves, Ladies' Fancy Silk Gloves. Ladies' Lined Gloves. Boys' Chamoye Gloves, Boys' Calf Gloves, Misses' Kid Gloves. Ladies' Fancy Silk Dress Fronts, Boys' Collars, Ladies' Collars. Slipper Patterns, a Ladies' Umbrella, Fancy Baskets, Scrap Baskets. An Eiderdown Quilt, an Eider Cushion, a Wool Quilt, a Fancy Cushion. A Fancy Easel, an Oak Easel, an Oak Screen, a Medicino Cabinet. A Fancy Stool, an Umbrella Stand, a China Cabinet, a Oak Hat Rack.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

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ATED.

EVERLASTING HOUSES.
HOMES IN NORWAY THAT HAVE EXISTED FOR AGES.

The quaint "Stavekirker" of Central Norway and Their Weird and Picturesque Surroundings—Bonders and Udalmen and Their Village-Like Homes.

LONDON, Dec. 7.—Some of the architectural features of Norway are exceedingly distinctive and curious, when it is remembered that, contrasted with the age of civilization in southern Europe, the Norse are comparatively new comers in this Arctic land. There are what might be termed three zones of buildings and edifices, each giving an almost universally different example of structural style and material. In the remote and desolate north all ancient structures are of stone. In southern Norway oak and beech have been utilized. In the central districts everything has been, and is still built of pine.

If one has grown to believe that oak represents all that is enduring and almost everlasting among the nobler woods serviceable to man, his ideas must be modified, when he has come to know the ancient pine-built structures of central Norway.

In visiting an "agle-nes" farm above the clouds beside the gloomy Nero Fiord I noticed that the oldest portion of the farmer's home—a long, rambling structure which seemed to have been built upon it a new annex for each generation or century—was by far the stoutest, sturdiest and best. I questioned the farmer as to its age. The family legendary memories and finally the family records agreed that it must have been built some time in the sixteenth century, or perhaps three hundred and fifty years ago. In the Telemarken district are many quaint old wooden mills which I found to be from 150 to 250 years old. In a bonder's home, I visited in the Trondhjem country, the low wide living-room, around which had been added other huger modern apartments and two-storey high halls, was over 400 years old, and as perfect from decay in any of its timbers as the day it was built; and when among the seters of Romsdal and Gudbrandsdal heights, I even found seter huts, the habitation of the seter-girls who tend the mountain herds in summer, which had been built from 150 to 250 years ago.

I soon began to notice that if the oldest portion of all these structures was not the best, it was still, considering its age, incomparably the best preserved; and another curious fact, that such portions were invariably of different construction, became apparent. The pine timbers in these structural portions of greatest antiquity were invariably placed on end in the formation of walls, and never laid together horizontally. This ancient method of building, I finally learned, is what the Norse call "reisvark," that is, raised work, or "stood-up work," and in this peculiar method of building lies the secret of the astounding antiquity of the famous wooden churches of Norway. Every portion is constructed from Norwegian pine, so enduring beyond any historically known oak that it has withstood the furies of Norwegian storms, the rigors of almost Arctic winters and again the searching heat of almost tropical summers, through periods ranging from five to eight hundred years.

The most prominent object in all these huddled structures is always the farm "storbau," which rises story above story, each upper story projecting beyond the one beneath it, like a huge pagoda turned bottomsides upward and stood upon its roof. Continuous hanging balconies often extend entirely around each story. Curious outside stairs ascend to each. The quaintest of carvings of demons' heads and serpents often ornament every available portion of outer space; and fantastic carved wooden horns project from the corners of the eaves, or seem ready to blare from the peaks of the roof. In out-of-the-way places water-mills of equally curious and most barbaric design will be found. These structures are all very ancient; but the flattened arches of the Moors, the peculiar natural and reversed forms of the Chinese pagoda, and that profusion of grotesque carvings characteristic, in wood and stone, in all of the most ancient hamlets of the Mediterranean countries, reappear in this stern northern land with surprising frequency and certainty of recognition.

The ancient and tiny pine churches of Norway are regarded by travellers as among the most interesting curiosities of the country. The best examples are those of Borgund, in Laerdal, the Hitterdal church, that of Lom, near Andvord, Urnes, beside the Lyster Fiord, and that of Eidsborg in the Telemarken district. All these churches are called in Norway, "Stavekirker," or stave-churches, because all were originally constructed by the "reisvark," or perpendicular method of joining the hewn pine timbers in their walls. The same treatment extended to porches and to all portions of the superstructures. The "stavekirker" of Borgund, Hitterdal Lom and Urnes are the more noted. All are still used as houses of worship, save the Borgund church, which is now a national curiosity, protected from desecration and decay by the Antiquarian Society, or Christians.

Of these "stavekirker" the Borgund church is the tiniest, most primitive and ancient; the Hitterdal church the most

unique and symmetric, if not indeed beautiful; and the church of Urnes most interesting from its proximity to prehistoric surroundings. Borgund, in the heart of a deep valley set roundabout with snow-capped mountains, suggests a toy church dropped there in the vagrant play of some infant god of Norse mythology. It has almost the true pagoda form; diminishing square, and steep-slanted roofs, rising above each other; the third extremely protruding and prominent. This is in turn surmounted by a distinct structure with a disproportionately large roof, from which rises a central pinnacle, very like the minaret of a mosque, the peaked gables with most distinctly Oriental outwardly curving, horn-shaped ornamental. Its entire outward appearance is barbaric and grotesque, and but for its quaint half-Gothic, half-Norman porches, strikingly like the sunny south porches of the very ancient parish churches of England, would suggest that its dark interior was fitting housing only for some gigantic fire-belching Hindoo god. Its inner dimensions are ridiculously small. The nave is but twenty-three feet long, and about twenty wide; the chancel is only sixteen feet long and eleven in width; but is one mass of carvings—strange old crosses, horrible delineations of the passions, grotesque dragon heads, and loathsome intertwined serpents, interspersed with Runic inscriptions; as though in the stern olden days, none might near the sacred presences without visible tokens of those earthly powers which delight in conjuring an ever-present hell.

The Hitterdal church is more symmetric than that of Borgund. Its dimensions are somewhat greater; and its six steep shingled roofs are carried to a far greater height. Three curious towers rise at equal gradients. The lowest above the apse, and the second above the chancel are circular in form, have cone-shaped peaks, like neatly thatched English hay-stacks, and the third, above where the nave is separated from the chancel by the diminutive transept, is sharply peaked from above a square tower. The three towers sustain high carved wooden crosses. An interesting peculiarity of its interior is that the central tower is supported by wooden columns of tremendous height, each one of which is a single tree of Norway pine, stripped of its bark, and whose dimensions have never been equalled in any trees since found in Norwegian forests. Among other curiosities of the Hitterdal church is a chair of remarkably solidly, standing by the altar. Its carvings are amazing in their character and profusion; and it is pretty well settled by antiquarians that it was made in the year 900. This leaves it among the oldest, if not the oldest of wooden chairs in existence. Two facts should be kept in mind regarding these ancient "stavekirker," which certainly add greatly to their antique interest. No other material but pine has been used in their construction or restorations; and every one was originally built after the true church form. Each one possesses a nave, a chancel and side aisles, usually transepts giving the outlines of the Cross, and they all stand east and west with the altar, and apse at the head or east end of the cross.

On the east bank of the Lyster Fiord, opposite Solvora, is perched the lonely hamlet of Urnes. But a tiny patch of tillable land surrounds it, and then come the mountains which pierce the clouds above. Jutting out into the gloomy fiord is a little cone-like promontory. Upon the peak of this stands the lonely "stavekirke" of Urnes. Antiquarians tell us that here once stood a temple to Thor. Scattered all about are huge mounds, called "Kampehouge," where mighty Vikings and pre-historic heroes lie buried. One feels at weird old Urnes as though he has come to the very inner temple of Norse antiquity and mythology. The church itself intensifies this weirdly fascinating feeling. To my mind its lonely situation and sombre interior pique the fancy to a more intense and searching grasp upon the mighty past of Norseland than any other spot or scene in Norway. The pine beams of the interior are tremendous in size and black with age. The carvings are even more fanciful and grotesque than at Borgund or Hitterdal. Behind the altar are rude pictures of the twelve apostles, 400 years old. No one knows how old is that most curious candelabrum never seen, to be found here, a rudely wrought tiny iron ship; the chalice is 350 years old; beside the altar hang the priests' vestments dated 1681; but all these things are comparatively modern embellishments. A curiosity of earlier date is a huge beam across the chancel to which are yet attached some rotting pulleys. This was the ancient "gabs tok," or pillory, from which in those dear old times many long to have returned naughty children and offending parents were strung up in sight of the congregation which had gathered for consolation, forgiveness and prayer.

All lands passing out of the hands of original family ownership do not again become udal-lands until they have been in possession of a new proprietor for a period of twenty years; and the subdivision of these old Norwegian estates is largely prevented by one heir purchasing the inherited rights of the others, when their purchase of reclaimed lands, and emigration do the rest.

Like the Cumberland "statesmen's" stone-built homes, which seem to have added a new clump of rock and wall for each generation or century, the Norwegian bonder's gard or farm-house is an old jumble of structures, like a tiny huddled hamlet in itself. Whether in one continuous series of attached structures, or comprising many separate buildings, they always seem to have been gradually brought together with a view to forming an irregular sort of court, protected from the terrible winter storms. First there is the farmhouse itself, the oldest still the widest, largest and most commodious of all, with its invariable quaint, carved porch, its huge chimneys, and its roof of big scale-like shingles, or still of turf in which there are often seen growing vagrant mountain flowers. Then there are the bake-house, also used on account of the heat which can be secured and for its privacy, the family bath-house, the dairy, always an important structure and a veritable feast, in butter, cheese and milk, for city eyes; and most important of all the

"storbau." The latter is not only literally a house for stores and supplies of food, such as sugar, salt, candles, flour, dried and pickled fish, bacon, pork, and dried meat hanging from dark beams in startling variety and profusion, but it is the granary as well; and here are found in huge bins, heaps of the rye, barley and oats, the quickening sun of these northern latitudes matures in such generous measure and fine hard grain.

Besides these there are long, low sheds; a huge building similar to an American or English barn, in which every spear of precious hay, tender birch, twigs, and great quantities of reindeer moss are treasured against the long winter's needs for the herds; and often three or four comfortable, stout-walled cottages in which "housemen" or cottagers, each having the use of a portion of land, rent free for a certain number of days, labor upon the farms, live in more than ordinary comfort and content. However old or weather-beaten these farmsteads may be, they give to all this stern north land that tangible, palpable warmth of color which subdues and softens all material sterility and desolation, wherever it endures brightly built that blessed and thrice blessed earthly type of heaven, the home.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.
A TERRIBLE COMBAT.
The Battle For Life Between a Jungle Bear and a Colossal Serpent.
The following story of a good land serpent would make a good companion story—in his hands—to Rudyard Kipling's sea serpent tale; but there is this material difference—that this land serpent story has the advantage of being true. In those great primeval jungles known as the Nullamulais some Chenchus were engaged in setting their nets for game when their attention was attracted by the most hideous noises—fiere roars of rage and pain and a prolonged hissing, like the escape of steam from an engine. They hastened to the spot and beheld the progress of a Homeric conflict.

A huge jungle bear was fighting for its life with a colossal serpent. The serpent wound its enormous folds around the bear; the bear dashed itself from side to side and rolled around on the ground in frenzied endeavour to get free, roaring angrily the while and snapping its jaws like castanets at the serpent's folds, which, however, it could not reach, owing to the way they were constricted around the bear's quivering body. In this way the belligerents swayed to the summit of a hill, down which the bear cast itself with a velocity that evidently disconcerted the enveloping serpent, for it unwound a couple of folds and threw its tail around a tree evidently with the intention of anchoring the bear to the tree, and preventing the unpleasant concussion that would be engendered by tumbling down hill. This resulted in the serpent's undoing, in more ways than one. The rigid line of tail stretched out from the tree to the bear's body gave the bear a chance of seizing hold of its assailant, which up to this time had not been afforded. It was prompt to avail itself of the opportunity, and turning with a tremendous effort, latched its powerful jaws into the snake's quivering flesh. The hissing was now appalling; as the writhing serpent rapidly uncoiled its huge body and struck savagely at the clinched jaws of the bear to make it release the mangled mass of flesh between. In response, the bear roared furiously, dashing from side to side, and worrying the mouthful of serpent in its jaws in convulsions of anguished rage. Once more the serpent constricted, the bear howled and gasped and both rolled struggling out of view into the high grass of the forest.

Not a word was heard, for the bear immediately got it by the head, and dragged it about with roars of triumph. The whole of the undergrowth around was beat down flat by the convulsive strokes of the great serpent's tail as the bear crushed its head to pieces, and it ultimately lay as an inert and lifeless mass beneath the ferocious assaults of its vindictive enemy. The Chenchus believe the encounter was accidental. It occurred on a game track in the forest, and they are of opinion that the serpent was sunning itself on the path when the bear came along, and, as neither would yield the path to the other, the fight resulted.—[Madras Mail.]

A Gentleman
Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the superb hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'"
"In 1868, my affianced wife was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon it only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarum, Bastrop, Tex.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

THINGS OF VALUE.
Kindness is wisdom. There is none in life but needs it and may learn.
Assimilable Phosphorus is the brain and nerve food, par excellence. One bottle of Putner's Emulsion contains more of this invaluable element than a gallon of the much vaunted stimulants, Liquid Beets, etc., of the day.
Love is never lost. If not reciprocated it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.—Irving.
I was cured of rheumatic gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Halifax ANDREW KING.
I was cured of acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Sussex. Lt.-Col. C. CREWE READ.
I was cured of acute rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Markham Ont. C. S. BILLING.
They serve God well who serve his creatures

Chilblake and Island.
Now is the time of year when papa comes home and is greeted with kisses and caresses. And he is usually just jay enough not to see that it's all an anti-Christmas bluff, and while the girls pull his whiskers he doesn't realize that they are alter presents.
It is feared that Princess Maud of Wales will ultimately lose her bearing. Her mother, the Princess of Wales, is almost totally deaf, and the trouble is hereditary.

ALWAYS
Ask for Islay Blend.



THE ISLAY BLEND
WHISKY
MacCallum
ISLAY & GLASGOW

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T. WILLIAM BELL, - ST. JOHN, N. B.
SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

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TO stop the hard work of wash day—to stop the rub, rub, rub and tug, tug, tug, to make the clothes clean? Of course you are. Then send for "SURPRISE SOAP" and use the "SURPRISE WAY" without boiling or scalding the clothes, and save half the hard work. Have comfort and ease, with clothes neater and cleaner than the ordinary way. STOP now a moment to consider if it is any advantage to use a pure Soap like Surprise, and save yourself, your hands, your clothes.



Stop!

READ the Directions on the Wrapper.

"I AM THANKFUL"

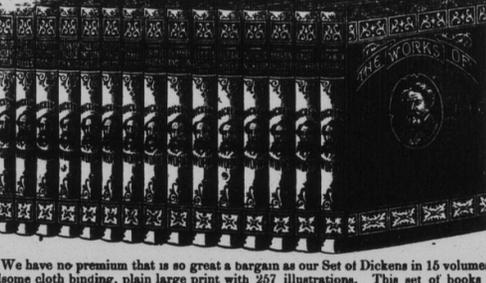
THAT UNGAR dyed my suit so well, they were so nicely done, that now I don't need a new one, and so am able to give my usual Xmas gifts, despite the hard times. I am \$20.00 in, and I guess I can call that my Xmas gift from UNGAR'S.
Go thou, and do likewise.

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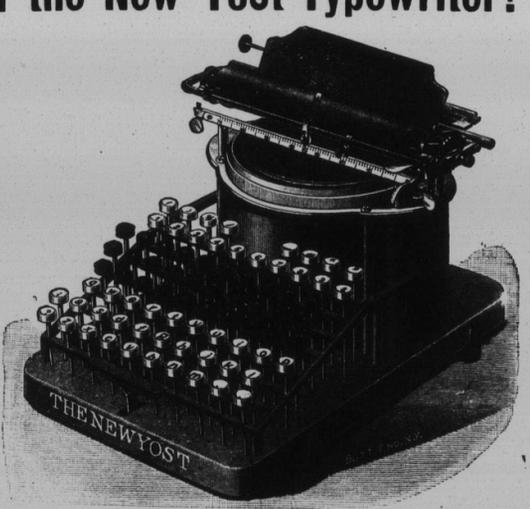


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ILLEGIBLE WORK.
FOUL INK RIBBONS.
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DOUBLE SCALES, ETC.,
are no longer to be tolerated or pardoned. **THE NEW YOST** has abolished them and no other machine can retain them and live.
Second hand ribbon and shift key machines for sale cheap.

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Sunday Reading.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

What it is composed of and how it can be made.

A man's home generally reveals what kind of a man he is. There are houses where everything in the house says: God is here. You see he is the Alpha and Omega, the real Owner and Master of the house. You see that all the things are arranged and ordered for his name and for his glory. He is consulted in the hours which are kept for his worship and the remembrance of him takes precedence of all else: the morning hour with the Lord of each dweller in the house must never be interfered with, family worship must always have its place, God is consulted in every perplexity, he consoles in every grief, the remembrance of him sanctifies every coming together of the members of the family for meal times, for conversation, for work; the books, the furniture, the pictures, and above all, the habits of those who dwell there, say: God is here. Such is a true Christian home. Such a house David declared his should be when he said: "I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way. . . I will walk within my house with a perfect heart." There are homes where everything speaks of man. The furniture tells how rich he is, the pictures tell what a taste he has for art, the formality tells of his self-importance; nothing says to a visitor: "You are welcome;" everything says: "Take notice of me and mine. Such a home is without comfort, for it is without God. All Satan's rage is concentrated against a truly godly home; he knows the power of its witness for the Lord. Any one who knows the Lord can be pious and devout, and filled with a heavenly experience in meetings, but he may be simply carried along with the real experience of others till he imagines he is even as they. It is in the home, the home life, that our knowledge of God is put to a real test: it is there that we are seen as we really are, there where all our weak points are known, there where every room has associations of past failures, and every person knows our worst side, there is the place where the true life of Jesus in us has opportunity for exercise, and where God can gain his highest victories. No wonder David's Psalms come with such divine power to us even after three thousand years: it had been his aim to walk within his house with a perfect heart, and where the fire was hottest the Lord's gold came forth.

It is in contact with others that the self-life, or the Christ-life comes out. At home, where we are constantly in contact with the same persons, and those most intimately connected with us, our real inner life is manifested. And yet to how many it seems just in the home life so impossible to serve God. It seems as though just there one were not understood, just there all one's spiritual life were crushed, just there everything combines to make our service of God and our witness for Christ impossible. Why? Can it be that all those things so apparently adverse, "work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose?" Yes, it is just this apparent impossibility which calls for the exercise of faith, and which is the precious, indispensable provision of our God for our education; he has measured and weighed every circumstance, every seeming hindrance, and provides grace for all.

PROFESSIONAL SINS.

Let Us Run With Patience the Race Set Before Us.

There are also certain sins which may be called professional sins, against which we must guard. They may become our easily besetting sins. It is exceedingly difficult for men to rise above the moral standard of their profession. A subtle and almost mysterious atmosphere surrounds most professions. They have their own standards of attainment; "The all do it" is often a dangerous law. The man who yields to a moral wrong in his profession, to which he would not yield outside, must guard himself at the point where his profession especially touches him. Every merchant, physician, lawyer and clergyman knows the significance of these remarks. They apply with equal force to farmers and mechanics, and, indeed, to all classes and conditions of men and women. We must watch lest we lose the simplicity of our faith and the spirituality of our life, lest our position as politicians, or members of any of the professions, shall reveal our weak point and cause us to fall before the onsets of Satan. Lastly, we have the exhortation, "Let us run with patience, the race that is set before us." The word here translated "patience" is more strictly perseverance, or patient endurance. This exhortation is of prime importance. It is worth much for us to know that life is a race, and that it is an appointed race, and that it must be run with great endurance else victory is impossible.

How Suffering May Enslave.

The plaintiff in a suit against a railroad company in Philadelphia has been surprised by a judge's ruling. She is a lady, who, ten months ago was traveling on a street car, over a road which crosses the railway tracks at a level crossing. Just as the car reached the tracks the passengers were horrified by seeing a locomotive approaching at full speed. Instantly there was a panic. Every one rushed to the door to jump off. The lady went with the others, but she was crowded in the doorway and pushed off the car by terrified passengers behind her. She fell and was trodden and severely injured. She therefore sued the company for damages. To her astonishment, the judge directed a nonsuit. He held that as there was no real danger of collision and the passengers would have been safe if they had kept their seats, they had no valid claim against the corporation

for injuries resulting from their own panic. In the affairs of life the Christian sometimes suffers in the same way. If when calamity seems to be impending, while he is in the path of duty, he endeavours to save himself by worldly means instead of waiting for the salvation of God he is likely to fall into mischief. (Psa. 37:7.)

OBSERVE CHRISTMAS.

It should be a Day of Thanksgiving and Blessings.

While it is ever true that the thanksgiving most acceptable to God is a humble, pure and beneficent life, no man can realize in the slightest degree his obligations to God, without desiring to offer vocal thanks to him. A human benefactor who gives a library, or a park to his town, is pleased if he sees that his gift is used and enjoyed, but he would think the beneficiaries strangely lacking in gratitude if they forgot him and took his gift without thanking the giver. We can conceive of God only through ourselves and our duty to him only as we perceive our duty to our fellow man. Toward one who confers benefits upon us we look with grateful affection and would feel ashamed of our neglect of duty if we failed to thank him for his kindness. Yet, as a great divine has said, all our thanks to man are like thanking the clouds for rain. Our thanks are due to him who sends the clouds. The Christian, who has entered into the closer relation to God, is especially under the obligation of thankfulness. He knows more of God than others do and he owes him more. He knows enough of himself to be profoundly conscious that it is not by his own merits, nor by his own power, that he has attained the high position of sonship of God. He differs from the savage, from the cultured Hindoo, from the sceptical philosopher and from the degraded criminal, not by his superior wisdom, but by the circumstances of his birth and education and by the power of his Holy Spirit, the gift of God. His position and his hope of future blessedness both urge him to offer thanks to God with heartfelt gratitude. Knowing whence his blessings come, he cannot be silent regarding them.

It is well that as a nation we set apart a day every year for this purpose and it would be still better if we did not so frequently forget the purpose for which it is set apart. As a people we should thank God for our national blessings, not taking them as matters of course or as the products of our own effort. "Except the Lord have given and the watchman waketh but in vain." Knowing and realizing this fact the Christian part of our nation ought to set the example of recognizing the Source of national blessing and offering thanks. It is not only in seasons of national and personal prosperity that thanks should be offered. Adversity in both cases calls for thankfulness. In national and personal experience the time of darkness and sorrow has again and again been the time of richest spiritual benefit, so that we have had to say, as did the patriarch, "The Lord has given and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." It is in this constant recognition of the divine nearness and unremitting beneficence, in infinite variety of forms, that faith grows and strengthens.

To forget God is to die spiritually and to come before him daily with petitions, offering no word of thanks for past and present kindnesses is to behave toward him as we would not behave toward one to whom we owe infinitely less. Therefore we adopt the words of the Psalmist and say, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord and sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High!"

Messages of Help for the Week.

"And many people shall go and say, Come let us go up to the house of God, and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths." Isaiah, 2:3.

"And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed, and all went to be taxed, everyone to his own city. And Joseph also went up into Bethlehem to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, and while they were there, she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And lo, the angel of the Lord came, and said unto him, I bring good tidings of great joy to all people. Unto you is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly hosts praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." Luke 2, 1-14.

God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess, that Jesus is the Lord." Philippians 2:9-11.

"In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made. And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us." John 1, 1-14.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." I Tim 1, 15, and Matt. 8, 13.

AN EVANGELIST'S PERIL.

Mr. J. Malcolm Sawers tells of his Gospel Car in Minnesota.

In a recent letter, Mr. J. Malcolm Sawers who has been evangelizing in the Northwestern part of Minnesota for the past month, gives an intensely interesting account of his experiences. He writes: "This part of the State has been in excitement over a number of murders which have taken place on and near the railroads. It is overrun with men out of work, most of them having gotten through with their engagements on the harvest field. While side-tracked at one of the small towns, a representative of about twenty desperate-looking characters ran after me and stopped me just before getting on the car, demanding money to buy bread, the only alternative being to grant his request. A few minutes afterward, the same request was made by another of the gang from Mr. Johnson, our present chapel car assistant, which of course had to be granted also. It was about 6:30 p. m., the night was cold. All at once the gang disappeared but two who stopped for the meeting, after which, "when night's dark mantle had covered all," in the stillness of the night, a number of those same fellows came back and congregated near the car in a deep ditch, and began talking over operations. One of them took away our coupling link, which had the effect of causing us to breathelessly await further developments, for it was now midnight. We were certain that no harm should befall us, having committed ourselves to our Saviour's care, but it sent a tremor through us which we shall not soon forget. They were laying plans to plunder the postoffice, and it needs be, do some shooting.

"The next place we came to we had a similar experience; where four murders had been committed only three weeks before, and in the morning we found that one of these murders had been committed on the very spot where we had been side-tracked, and to add to our greater horror, three desperadoes, able-bodied fellows with liquor in them, secreted themselves between the wheels, right under our living apartment at eight o'clock, but two little boys providentially noticed them, and acquainted me with the fact, when they were secured under the chief of police arrived, who took them under his affectionate care the remainder of the night, marching them out of town in the morning with a trusty promise that if they should be found in town that they should run the risk of getting five years in the penitentiary. Nearly all of the male portion of the town carry firearms, such being the necessity of the case.

The success of Mr. Sawers' work in his chapel car Evangel has exceeded all expectation. His report of September work shows: Thirteen towns visited, 701 miles travelled, 41 sermons and addresses, 45 families visited, 2 Sunday schools addressed, 64 letters written, 2527 ages of tracts distributed, and 75 professed conversions.

A WOMAN PIONEER.

She Looked Forward to the Other, the Brighter Side.

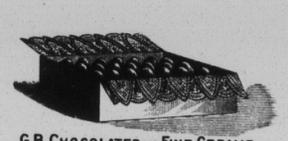
In the death of Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, at her home in Dorchester, Mass., last week, one of the most notable American women of the last half century passed away. Lucy Stone was born on a farm near West Brookfield, Mass., seventy-five years ago. Almost from childhood, she showed extraordinary intellectual capacity and as she grew to young womanhood, surprised her parents with the expression of a desire to go to college. Such a thing as a plain farmer's girl going to college was unheard of in those days, but the barefooted girl who worked on the farm had in her small frame an indomitable will and a noble, pure, consecrated purpose, and she resolved to go to college at whatever material cost. She picked berries and chestnuts and sold them to buy books, and as her knowledge grew, she taught school and studied alternately until she was twenty-five when her ambition was gratified and she was able to go to Oberlin College. Here she paid a large part of her expenses by doing housework for others and even did her own cooking. In the four years of her college life she had only one new dress—a cheap print—and she could not bear the expense of a single visit home. As soon as she was graduated, in 1847, Lucy Stone took up the work of her life as a warm and earnest advocate of the higher education and development of woman, spiritually and intellectually, and also of her right to representation in legislation and government. As one of the pioneers of the woman's movement she had to encounter much abuse and many privations, and frequently the meetings at which she spoke were broken by disorderly crowds. Although she became known as an abolitionist, she never allowed her sympathy for the negro to overshadow the subject nearest to her heart. And, at last, after years of rough experience and abuse, people began to see the real merit in this brave, little, gentle-faced woman, with quiet, unassuming manners and sweet, musical voice, and they crowded to listen wherever she appeared.

In her later life she devoted much of her energies to the work in which she, and William Lloyd Garrison and Julia Ward Howe were associated, and in the editorship of the Woman's Journal. Her husband, Henry B. Blackwell, a merchant of Cincinnati, was in full sympathy with her work. Both were staunch Christians, and only a few hours before passing away, Mr. Blackwell said to those who stood around her: "I look forward to the other side as the brightest side, and I expect still to be busy for good things."

Be Faithful in Little Things.

"The best portion of a good man's life are the little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love." Little only in the eyes of the world, where fame, power, wealth and position overshadow true nobleness of soul, and the tender sympathies that are balm to another's wounds. In the eyes of the Master, sublime. Nameless on the scroll of fame, but inscribed in imperishable characters in the recording angel's book. Unremembered by the giver, but creat-

BUY



G.B. CHOCOLATES and FINE CREAMS.

If you don't want the G. B. Chocolate Cream Drops you can have the Nougatines, Burnt Almonds, B elements, Walnut Bon-Bons, or any of the many other kinds—but all have the G. B. Mark so you can tell you are buying the G. B. brand, "the finest in the land."



GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

HERE'S A PRETTY GOOD LETTER.

Hartland, N. B., Oct. 31, 1893.

Gentlemen: Groder's Syrup still lead. I sold two half dozen lots on Friday last and one half dozen lot yesterday—yesterday I sold ten bottles, six at one sale, and two at one, and two sales of one each. I have heard good reports from former sales, and I have faith in it myself as a cure for Dyspepsia, if taken as directed.

Yours Respectfully,
WM. E. THISTLE,
Druggist.

What's the time?

If you have a Cough
it is time you were taking
GRAY'S RED SYRUP of SPRUCE GUM

THE OLD STANDARD CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA and all LUNG AFFECTIONS.

Gray's Syrup has been on trial for more than 30 years and the verdict of the people is that it is the best remedy known. 25c. and 50c. per bottle. Sold every where.

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Woolen Goods and Wool.

CASH PAID FOR WOOL.

Irish Frieze Ulsters, light grey and brown—all sizes, large stock. Reefers and Overcoats, Custom and Ready made; will suit the most fastidious taste. The most desirable Gents' Furnishings that can be procured. The high class custom work that we turn out tells its own tale. Without any exaggeration there is no finer Cloth, Cut, or Workmanship anywhere than is to be found at

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Clothing Charlotte
Hall, Street.

T. YOUNGCLAUS.

TOMORROW IS SUNDAY,
And if your home is chilly come to our store on Monday and see our heating stoves New Silver Moon, Vendome, Peri, Horicon, Tropic, Faultless, are only a few of the heating stoves we have. Come and see us.

COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.

ALWAYS INSURE your property in the PHOENIX Insurance Company of HARTFORD, CONN.

WHY? Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAYING POWER, and record FOR FAIR AND HONORABLE DEALING.

Cash Capital	\$5,000,000	D. W. C. SKILTON, President.
Reserve for Unadjusted Losses	282,831 7	J. H. MITCHELL, Vice-President.
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NET SURPLUS	1,517,979 8	CHAS. E. GALACAB, 2nd Vice-President.
TOTAL ASSETS	\$5,624,914 73	CANADIAN BRANCH HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.
		GERALD E. HART, General Manager.
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by Them
"THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE."
S. H. BROWN & SONS, St. John, N. B.
Agents for the Maritime Provinces.

ROBBING THE BANK.

The attempt to rob the Second National Bank of Hartsville was such a neat piece of work, as looked upon from the crook's standpoint, and the failure was brought about in such a strange, tragical manner, that the story, as a whole, will interest you. A year before the occurrence I was appointed night watchman at the bank. All banks of importance have a day and night watchman, though the one on day duty is generally spoken of as a porter. I came on duty at 7 o'clock in the evening, and the very first thing to be done was to see that all doors and windows were secured. Then I began in the President's room with my broom and swept and dusted and put things to rights all through the place. This took about an hour. Just to the left of the cashier's window was a small fire and burglar-proof safe, and I had to try the door of this to see if it was locked.

At the rear of the building was the vault, enclosed by iron work extending from floor to ceiling. The door opening into the vault had a heavy lock, and the door of the vault itself, which was a steel cage about 12 by 12 in size, was provided with a lock supposed to be proof against the wiles of the most skillful burglar. Inside the vault were two large fire and burglar proof safes to hold the cash and valuable papers, and being thus doubly secured, a burglar alarm connected with doors and windows, and a special wire ran from the bank to the police station. I was required to send in a signal over this wire every thirty minutes. The code of signals ran thus: One push on the button, "All is well here; two pushes, "I am ill; three pushes, "Help wanted at once."

By 9 o'clock in the evening I was through with all my work, had sent in my signal, and was seated in the President's room with a book in my hand. I would read until midnight. After sending in the signal I would fall asleep and sleep for exactly 20 minutes. When the 12:30 signal was sent in, I would slumber again until a minute to 1 o'clock. You may think this a bit odd, but I venture to say that eight watchmen out of ten do the same thing. After I had firmly impressed it on my mind that I must wake up at a certain moment it was easy enough to do so. From 12 to 6 o'clock I had twenty 20 minute naps. Sometimes I woke five seconds too soon, and sometimes five or six seconds past the 20 minutes, but I never varied over seven seconds at the furthest. My sleeping was not exactly a dereliction of duty, as the burglar alarm could be depended on to wake me up, and the signal at every half hour was proof that everything was all right in the bank.

About the time of my appointment the suite of rooms directly above the bank were vacated by a lawyer, and a dentist moved in. Before the bank would rent to him, he being a stranger, he had to secure recommendations and thoroughly identify himself. He claimed to hail from St. Louis, and he produced letters from half a dozen well-known residents of that city, all of which were afterwards found to have been forged. The man gave his name as O. L. Hildebrand, and he fitted the rooms up very handsomely and was soon established in business. This fellow's real profession was burglary and bank robbing, and his real name was Ed Williams. He did not know one dental instrument from another, but hired a fresh graduate to do all the work that came to him. There were four rooms in the suite. The front room was the parlor, the second the operating room, the third a store-room, and the fourth a bedroom. The bedroom was just above a small room at the rear end of the bank, which was used as a cloak and wash-room. In building the bank the ceiling of the first floor had been made secure by filling the spaces between the joists with brick. Over the vault there were plates of iron as a further protection.

Williams hired the rooms as a part of a plan to rob the bank. There were three men in the plot, but the other two did not appear until the last moment. After occupying the rooms for nearly a year, doing business with the bank and making himself solid all around, he was ready to spring his trap. All his work was done in the daytime. He cut a hole in the floor of his bedroom and removed bricks and mortar until only a crust remained. It was slow work, and he had to exercise great care. He knew of the small rooms below, and he knew of the burglar alarm, the police wire, and the half hour signals. He could not know of my habit of sleeping after midnight, though he probably suspected it. At any rate at 12:45 one October night the three burglars in the job broke through the crust of the ceiling, lowered themselves down by means of a rope, and at 10 minutes to 1 a strong hand clutched at my throat, the muzzle of a revolver was placed to my temple, and I opened my eyes to see three men standing before me.

"Now, then," said Williams, as he let go of my throat and stepped back, "let us understand each other. We have come to rob the bank. You cannot prevent it, and so you may as well save your skill from being cracked. We are going to bind and gag you, but unless you make a fool of yourself you will not be hurt. Do you say yes?"

"I do," I replied. "You have got me 'lead to rights, and it is no use to kick, but make up your minds that I don't answer any questions."

"We shall ask none," replied Williams as he proceeded to tie my hand and foot and insert a ready-made gag.

Just as the clock struck 1 he stepped over and pressed the button to signal the police that all was well. How he got on to the signal we never could understand, but he used it correctly, and then turned and said:

"Well boys, it's off with your coats and go to work. Our first job is to get into the vault. Bring the watchman along so that we may keep an eye on him."

Two of them carried me along in my chair, and the third man saw to the kit of tools. They placed me to the left of the door, lighted two gas jets and began work on the lock of the iron partition. I had heard the bank officials do a great deal of bragging about this lock and fondly imagined the burglars would be delayed a good half hour by it. It was done for in about five minutes, and one of the burglars added insult to injury by observing that it was one of the simplest, cheapest locks he had ever seen for such a purpose. The

door of the vault proper was a different matter however. It was a massive affair, the materials chilled steel, and the locks were warranted burglar proof. There was a combination which had to be set at certain figure before a key could be introduced. When this key had turned the bolts half way, a second had to come into play. Each of the three men carefully examined the lock in turn, and then Williams queried:

"Well boys, what do you think of it?"

"It'll have to use a drill and a blast," replied one, and the other agreed with him. At half-past 1 o'clock the "All is well" signal was sent in, and the burglars began work. They used what is called a blacksmith's drill, the frame of which had been smuggled into the dentist's office and lowered down and put together. All of them seemed familiar with its working, and they had brought along no less than six different drills for the machine. Work was begun just under the lock, the men spelling each other at intervals of ten minutes. The two o'clock signal was sent in, they had made a very slight impression on the hard metal, but at half past 2 the signs were more encouraging. The fellows must have had the idea that when they got into the vault the money would be at hand, but after sudden thought occurred to Williams. He came over to me removed the gag, and asked:

"Is there a safe inside the vault?"

"I shall answer none of your questions."

"Shif, ain't you. Perhaps you want a little thumping to humble you."

"If you want to thump I can't help myself. I am here as a watchman of the bank. If I hadn't been asleep, you wouldn't have got in, and I'm not going to make matters worse by giving away any secrets."

"What odds is the difference whether there's a safe inside or not," he growled as he replaced the gag.

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At 3 o'clock the trio were delighted with the progress of the work. At 3:30 they ceased drilling, blew a lot of powder into the hole and inserted a fuse, and in a very soon there was an explosion which tore a great piece out of the door, but did not burst it open. As a matter of fact the force of the explosion threw the locks out of gear and made the job of opening it still more difficult. Upon this being discovered the fellows began to curse and groan and lament their luck. The two of them were for throwing up the job, but Williams denounced them as cowards and quitters, and it was finally decided to continue work. They had brought down with them some bottled beer and sandwiches, and the one had had a bite and sent in the 4 o'clock alarm.

They did not use the drill again on the door, but on closer examination decided to blow it open. They had two powder canisters, each holding a pound. They debated as to how much to use, and finally decided to use two pounds, and they were in a hurry, they were reckless as to the quantity. I think the fellow who had the canisters poured in at least half a pound. What they feared was the explosion would be heard on the street. To deaden the sound as much as possible they took up the carpet in the President's room, ripped it apart, and hung it over the two windows. There was fear also that the concussion might set the burglar alarm ringing, and so Williams cut the wires.

At twenty minutes to 5 o'clock all was ready. While Williams placed the fuse the other two picked up my chair to carry me into the President's room. All were to remain there until the explosion was over. Just what happened to bring about the premature explosion could never be learned, but the probabilities are that in his haste Williams cut the fuse too short.

As he knelt kneeling at the door, and the three of us were back to it and about eight feet away when the mine was sprung. The jet of the explosion was felt two blocks away. There was a policeman on the opposite side of the street at the moment, and as the flames appeared to lift up under his feet he thought it an explosion of sewer gas.

I cannot remember that I heard the explosion. I simply remember being lifted up and hurled forward. The next thing I knew I was sitting up with a hand over either ear, and the room was in midnight darkness. I felt so stupid and dazed that it was many minutes before I could place myself. The gag was out of my mouth, and the ropes with which I had been bound to the chair were hanging loosely on my arms and legs. When I began to feel around to see where I was I discovered that I was close to the wire gate by which all employees entered the bank inclosure. The door of the vault was almost on a line with this gate, but sixty feet away. Between the gate and the vault were the compartments of bookkeeper, paying teller, receiving teller, and discount clerk, each rattled off his wood or wire.

You can judge of the strength of that blast when I tell you that everything in that sixty feet was levelled, the small safe blown over, and the counters twisted like a rail fence. As soon as I realized the situation I groped for a match and lighted a gas jet, though the room was so full of powder smoke that it was sometime before I could see a foot from my nose. I got to the police wire just in time to send in the 5 o'clock signal. I meant to send in the signal for help, but just as I touched the button I decided to wait a bit. When the smoke lifted so that I could get about, I lighted more gas and then looked for the burglars. One of them lay against the front door, a second under the counter near where I had picked myself up, and the third I could not find, though I knew he must be under the vault door, which had been blown off and lay on the floor.

The man at the front door was stone dead. The doctors said that his body must have swept down all the railings and partitions as he was hurled forward. The man under the counter began to show signs of life as I overhauled him, and thinking he might prove troublesome I tied him hand and foot. You will wonder that I was not severely hurt, but I got off with three or four painful bruises. The man under the counter had his nose broken, two ribs fractured, and received a bad sign wound, but he had no sooner recovered consciousness than he began to struggle and curse. When I told him that both his partners were dead, he was awed to silence. Then he said to me:

"This has been a bad night's work, and I wish to heaven I had not been in the job! Have you sent in a police alarm yet?"

"No."

"You are a brave, level-headed, fellow. You have saved the bank from robbery, got two dead men here to exhibit, and I hope you will let me go. I promise you that I will lead an honest life from this time on."

"Odds is the difference to me whether you are honest or dishonest," I replied.

"But I will make it an object to you. Let me go and I will put \$500 in your hands within twenty-four hours."

"What? Only \$500 for a bank burglar on whom there may be a reward of \$2,000?"

"My good friend, I will make it \$1,000. You are a poor man, and \$1,000 will be a little fortune to you."

"Couldn't you raise it to \$2,000?" I asked, appearing to have my price.

"Two thousand! Two thousand!" he repeated. "If I do, my poor old mother may have to wait for bread, but being you are such a brave and sensible fellow I'll do it. Yes, I'll say \$2,000, and you shall have the money in five days. Hurry up, untie me, for it must be near daylight."

I stepped over to the police wire and sent in the signal. "Help wanted at once!" It had never been sent in before, nor have the words gone over that were since. In five minutes there were four bluecoats knocking at the door, and when I let them in my prisoner greeted them with curses, and swore he would get even with me if it took a hundred years.

Williams, as I have told you, was kneeling at the door when the explosion occurred. We found him under it, crushed and burned and bearing little semblance to a human being. The one who escaped with his life was sent up for twelve years, and that the trio were wiped out. I have an old scrapbook in which are pasted various newspaper articles speaking in my praise, but it's not much consolation to read them. The bank officials knew that I must have been asleep on duty, and instead of patting me on the back and raising my wages they waited about a month and then gave me the grand bounce. Perhaps I had better have taken the burglar's \$2,000 and let him go. What do you think?

JURY SYSTEM TEST.

The Most Remarkable Case of "Standing out" on Record.

The most remarkable case of a jury "standing out" against what seemed to be irrefutable testimony, and all through the resolution of one man, occurred before Chief Justice Dyer many years ago, says the London News. He presided at a murder trial in which everything went against the prisoner, who on his part could only say that on his going to work in the morning he had found the murdered man dying and tried to help him, whereby he had been covered with blood; but when the man presently died, he had come away and said nothing about it, because he was known to have had a quarrel with the deceased and feared he might get into trouble. The layork with which the man had been murdered said the prisoner's name on the one hand respects his guilt appeared to be clearly established, and the chief justice was convinced of it, but the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty." This was Chief Justice Dyer's case, and he put some very searching questions to the high sheriff. The confident that I can pass the customary examinations." He did pass. It seems that this young man was the son of a white scout. His uncle had long been in search of him. The boy had been stolen by the Indians when two years old. The Kiowa came a short time ago from the north where the uncle visited their camp, and identified the nephew by a peculiar vaccination spot. The young man immediately left the tribe; wandering into some of the frontier places of dissipation, he fell in with the Salvation Army, and heard, for the first time, the story of his life. After a long struggle he was converted, and gave his life to the Saviour. He has been invited already to take charge of a Presbyterian church in Western New York.

Challenged His Adversary.

Job challenged his adversary to produce a libel or written indictment against him; he was confident it would prove no disgrace to him but an honor, as every article would be disproved and the reverse be manifested. The proprietors of Harvard bronchial syrup challenge the world to produce a remedy for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness and croup, that will act as instantaneously and effectively as their celebrated preparation. No other competing cough remedy will for a moment compare with Harvard bronchial syrup. The public have severely tested the majority of cough remedies, and today the honor of victory remains with that grand scientific production which emanated from Harvard Medical university.

The Third Hardle.

It takes the "well-brought up" child to discover the hidden meaning of things. The other evening at Mrs. E.'s, in K street, somebody was showing a picture of an artistic loving cup, which had just been presented to a famous actor by his professional brethren. One of the party remarked that it had always been a marvel to him why a loving cup had three handles.

"I can account," said he, "for one handle as belonging to the lover and the other as belonging to the beloved, but the third handle—"

The shrill little voice of Mrs. E.'s youngest, who has seen two elder sisters pass through the marriageable period, piped up:

"That's for the chaperon."

A Dilemma.

A gentleman had a coloured servant who could not be taught to serve things at the left hand of guests at the table. At length the gentleman hit upon an ingenious expedient. One day he then wore a single-breasted and he told Caesar that he must always hand the plates and other dishes to the guests on the button-hole side. This plan worked admirably for some time; but one day there came a foreign guest who wore a double-breasted coat. Poor Caesar, in dismay, looked first at one side of it and then at the other, and finally, casting a look of despair at his master, he exclaimed, "Buttons on both sides, massa!" and handed the plate right over the gentleman's head.

THE QUEEN'S DECORATIONS.

Some of the Orders which Queen Victoria can bestow.

A very common item in the newspapers runs to the effect that Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to confer the decoration of Commander of the Bath or the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George on one or other of her loyal subjects.

The popular idea is that the difference does not rest in the particular Order, but in the rank and services of the recipient, which is quite baseless. Each decoration the Queen bestows has a most distinct and appreciable value.

Thus at the head of the list stands the Order, which is one of the most ancient Orders in Christendom, and probably the most exalted and exclusive. No one who is not a Sovereign or a Prince of the Blood-Royal, or a very great nobleman indeed, can hope to gain admission to this circle, for even Prime Ministers are ineligible unless they are peers also.

After it come the Order of the Thistle and the Order of St. Patrick. To obtain one or the other of these, it is needful to belong to the highest and best circles of Scotch or Irish aristocracy.

Wales has no order peculiarly her own, but Welshmen, like other subjects of the Crown, can share the honour of the Bath, which is really the largest and most comprehensive of our Orders. Since its re-constitution in 1817, it has been so framed as to include those who have distinguished themselves in the public services, and not in the Army alone.

For those who have served the Kaisar-i-Hind in her vast Eastern possessions, there are the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India and the slightly less distinguished Order of the Indian Empire. Nor are these the sole distinctions open to Eminent colonialists. There is also the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, to enter which is said to be the legitimate ambition of every successful colonial politician.

Other decorations are the glorious Victoria Cross, given "for valour" shown on the field of battle; the Albert Medal, for those who have saved life on land or sea from dangers other than those which come from the "Queen's enemies"; the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, for native princesses; the Victoria and Albert and the Royal Red Cross, for brave women's hospital and nursing work; and the recently created Distinguished Service Order, which fills the place at present unoccupied by any of the distinctions just mentioned, and which is particularly intended for those heroes upon whom it is not desirable to grant a step in rank.

A Remarkable Conversion.

The following facts came out at a late meeting of the Buffalo Presbytery: A young man was the guest of a company of citizens. He was a stranger to all but one or two. He was a thin, pale-faced young man, with black hair and sinewy habit.

"All my life," he told them, "has been spent among the Kiowas in fishing, hunting and war. Until eight years ago, I had never read the Bible; but I have been studying the Greek testament and other books, and I am confident that I can pass the customary examinations." He did pass. It seems that this young man was the son of a white scout. His uncle had long been in search of him. The boy had been stolen by the Indians when two years old. The Kiowa came a short time ago from the north where the uncle visited their camp, and identified the nephew by a peculiar vaccination spot. The young man immediately left the tribe; wandering into some of the frontier places of dissipation, he fell in with the Salvation Army, and heard, for the first time, the story of his life. After a long struggle he was converted, and gave his life to the Saviour. He has been invited already to take charge of a Presbyterian church in Western New York.

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FREDDIE STONE.

The Remarkable Case of a Little St. John Boy.

DOCTORS ADVISED A SURGICAL OPERATION

Otherwise, They Said, He Would Die a Horrible Death from Catarrh.

DAILY-VISITS TO THE HOSPITAL AND BURNING OF TONSILS DID HIM NO GOOD.

Hawker's Catarrh Cure Cured Him.



Freddie Stone, whose portrait appears herewith, lives with his mother, Mrs. E. Stone, at 117 Acadia street, St. John, and is in his seventh year. Three years ago he was seized with that dread disease, catarrh. His trouble was accompanied by a discharge from the ears, and then from the nose and mouth. He suffered intensely, became very thin, could not sleep at night, and his breath became very offensive. His condition failed to cure. Expensive instruments should lose her child. Her family physician prescribed for him but without effect. In June, 1892, she began taking him to the general public hospital for treatment. Every day for a long time she went there. Three different doctors examined him and two of them prescribed for him. Burning of the tonsils was tried, but in short time came on. Expensive instruments were procured for use at home in giving temporary relief. One physician told the mother that nothing but a surgical operation would save her boy, but he was too weak to endure an operation which the other doctors agreed should be performed. Mrs. Stone, however, steadily refused to agree to this, and there the matter rested. On July 12th of this year she procured a box of Hawker's Catarrh Cure and began to treat the boy with it. The effect was instantaneous. A vigorous discharge of matter from nose and mouth immediately followed its application and the boy experienced great relief. She also began to give him Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic to build him up and here the effect was no less striking. In a short time the boy was able to eat and sleep well, began to attend school and was once more cheerful and happy. The delighted mother told a physician about it, and he told her to continue giving the Hawker remedies. He said they were good. She did so, and the result is seen in the fact that little Freddie Stone is able to sleep soundly and well, eat heartily and run about like other boys in all kinds of weather, attend school regularly and is practically cured of that which the doctors said would cause his death unless the surgeon's knife were applied. And only a box of Hawker's Catarrh Cure has been used. The story is a remarkable one and places Hawker's Catarrh Cure at the very head of the list of remedies for that troublesome disease. The story is told here just as it was told by the grateful mother herself, and she will gladly add her personal assurance to the genuineness of the cure. Hawker's Catarrh Cure is sold by all druggists and grocers, or sent direct postpaid, on receipt of price by the Hawker Medicine Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B. Price 25 cents treat the boy with it. The effect was instantaneous.

RIGBY WATERPROOF GARMENTS. Everybody wears them. ALWAYS ASK FOR 'RIGBY.'

ESTABLISHED 1855 Taylor's Cafes 145 & 147 FRONT ST. EAST TORONTO B. B. BLIZARD, St. John, N. B., Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces. ENGRAVING. 'PROGRESS' ENGRAVING BUREAU, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Nervous, Tired, Weak. That most dreaded disease, typhoid pneumonia left me with a cough, sore throat, tired and nervous. I could not sleep nights. To add to my many troubles, last winter I had La Grippe. It seemed I would not live until spring. I tried FATHER AND SON TOOK Skoda's Discovery. Many remedies, but got no relief until I took Skoda's Discovery. My little boy has been sickly for several years. He too has taken Skoda's and now he is as fat, rosy and healthy as you would like to see. Elmer E. Albee, 25 Pleasant St., Boston, Me. SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

STONE.
se of a Little
Boy.
GICAL OPERATION
Would Die a Hor-
Catarrh.
AL AND BURNING OF
NO GOOD.
Cure Cured

How much happier married life would
be, girls, if we only took as much pains to
rivet the chains on our husbands, as we do
to cast them around our sweethearts! The
girl, who never found it the least trouble
to dress for dear Reggie, when he used to
come and spend every evening with her,
does not consider it worth while to go
through the same performance in honor of
Reginald after she has been married to
him for three or four years;—it takes too
much time, and she has less time now, than
in the courting days, with the care of the
house, and the baby to look after, and the
thousand and one things which the mis-
tress of a house has on her mind; so Reg-
inald's own common sense should tell him
that it is impossible for her to look as she
used to do, when she was a careless girl,
with nothing to think about except her
appearance.

He was a married man, and I have al-
ways honored him for his answer—"No!"
he said emphatically "Not unless he is the
meanest specimen of a man that walks the
earth! Any fellow who marries for love,
and really cares about the girl he has mar-
ried, does not get over it very soon, and
wherever he and his wife may be, no mat-
ter how many pretty girls may be present,
he always thinks his own wife is the prettiest
girl in the room, and imagines every other
man is envying him his good luck, and he
is half inclined to feel sorry for their poor
fellows, because he carried off such a prize,
while they are still wifeless, and will be
obliged, when they do marry, to be con-
tented with some quite ordinary woman,
since the best one in the world has been
appropriated."

It was quite a long speech for a married
man to make, because married men are
supposed to have a great gift for silence,
cultured by long practice; but he was very
evidently in earnest, and I have often
thought over the words since, and decided
that his wife must have been a very uncom-
mon woman, one of those who consider a
husband just as valuable as a lover, and
who take the same pains to charm the one
as the other.

A husband may not be worth taking
much trouble to keep, once you have se-
cured him, but oh, girls, wait till you dis-
cover suddenly that you are losing your
hold on him, that he is growing indifferent
and beginning to contrast you with other
women to your disadvantage! Then you
will see your mistake and wish you had
adopted a different course, because it is so
much harder to win him back than it is
to win his affections the first time. Re-
member the bloom has been rubbed off a
little, and instead of being a fresh, pretty
girl now, you are just a trifle faded, and
not as sweet as you once were; perhaps
you have grown a little impatient, since you
have not felt obliged to be always at your
best, as you were in the first months of
wedded life, and being secure in the knowl-
edge that Reggy was all your own as long
as life lasted, you have not taken the same
trouble to consult his wishes and tastes as
you once did. You don't play and sing
for him now of an evening as you used to
do in the dear old days when you and he
were so dreadfully in love with each other;
you feel tired I dare say, and are afraid of
waking the baby; but still you must re-
member that Reggy is tired too, though he
may not say much about it and that in old
times he used to say nothing soothed his
tired nerves so much as music; it is not
likely that his taste has changed unless you
yourself have allowed him to get out of the
way of caring for music and even if the
baby is asleep the baby's father is to be
considered also, and if you are careful to
shut the door, or better still, to acustom
the baby to the sound of music, so that it
will have no effect whatever on his infant
nerves, baby's father will be able to enjoy
himself a little without being apt to feel
like a culprit in his own house, as is too
often the case, especially with the first
baby. Try it possible not to let the baby
become a nuisance, or his comfort be placed
too conspicuously before that of his father;
of course Reginald loves the baby almost
as much as you do yourself, but still, there
is nothing dearer to a man than being first
and sometimes the best of them will be a
little jealous of their own babies, if they
are perpetually made to feel that they are
out in the cold, their place in their wife's
heart filled by another, and themselves of
very little account. Never let the poor
fellow feel crowded out, and never let the
comfort and peace of a whole household be

WOMAN and HER WORK.

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be, girls, if we only took as much pains to
rivet the chains on our husbands, as we do
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inald's own common sense should tell him
that it is impossible for her to look as she
used to do, when she was a careless girl,
with nothing to think about except her
appearance.

But all the same that common sense
which she is so fond of attributing to Reg-
inald on this occasion fails to stand her in
very good stead, if Reginald should chance
to express admiration for some trim little
friend of his wife's, who visits at the house,
and daily impresses Reginald with the dif-
ference between the past and the existing
state of things, and induces him to draw
comparisons, which, in spite of his loyalty
to the lady of his choice, are not exactly
favorable to his own dear Eleanor. I
remember once, when I was a very young
and romantic girl, asking a man if men
never grew tired of their wives, and longed
for a change; or, if they never contrasted
them unfavorably with other women, and
regretted their choice when they saw
younger and prettier women around.

He was a married man, and I have al-
ways honored him for his answer—"No!"
he said emphatically "Not unless he is the
meanest specimen of a man that walks the
earth! Any fellow who marries for love,
and really cares about the girl he has mar-
ried, does not get over it very soon, and
wherever he and his wife may be, no mat-
ter how many pretty girls may be present,
he always thinks his own wife is the prettiest
girl in the room, and imagines every other
man is envying him his good luck, and he
is half inclined to feel sorry for their poor
fellows, because he carried off such a prize,
while they are still wifeless, and will be
obliged, when they do marry, to be con-
tented with some quite ordinary woman,
since the best one in the world has been
appropriated."

It was quite a long speech for a married
man to make, because married men are
supposed to have a great gift for silence,
cultured by long practice; but he was very
evidently in earnest, and I have often
thought over the words since, and decided
that his wife must have been a very uncom-
mon woman, one of those who consider a
husband just as valuable as a lover, and
who take the same pains to charm the one
as the other.

A husband may not be worth taking
much trouble to keep, once you have se-
cured him, but oh, girls, wait till you dis-
cover suddenly that you are losing your
hold on him, that he is growing indifferent
and beginning to contrast you with other
women to your disadvantage! Then you
will see your mistake and wish you had
adopted a different course, because it is so
much harder to win him back than it is
to win his affections the first time. Re-
member the bloom has been rubbed off a
little, and instead of being a fresh, pretty
girl now, you are just a trifle faded, and
not as sweet as you once were; perhaps
you have grown a little impatient, since you
have not felt obliged to be always at your
best, as you were in the first months of
wedded life, and being secure in the knowl-
edge that Reggy was all your own as long
as life lasted, you have not taken the same
trouble to consult his wishes and tastes as
you once did. You don't play and sing
for him now of an evening as you used to
do in the dear old days when you and he
were so dreadfully in love with each other;
you feel tired I dare say, and are afraid of
waking the baby; but still you must re-
member that Reggy is tired too, though he
may not say much about it and that in old
times he used to say nothing soothed his
tired nerves so much as music; it is not
likely that his taste has changed unless you
yourself have allowed him to get out of the
way of caring for music and even if the
baby is asleep the baby's father is to be
considered also, and if you are careful to
shut the door, or better still, to acustom
the baby to the sound of music, so that it
will have no effect whatever on his infant
nerves, baby's father will be able to enjoy
himself a little without being apt to feel
like a culprit in his own house, as is too
often the case, especially with the first
baby. Try it possible not to let the baby
become a nuisance, or his comfort be placed
too conspicuously before that of his father;
of course Reginald loves the baby almost
as much as you do yourself, but still, there
is nothing dearer to a man than being first
and sometimes the best of them will be a
little jealous of their own babies, if they
are perpetually made to feel that they are
out in the cold, their place in their wife's
heart filled by another, and themselves of
very little account. Never let the poor
fellow feel crowded out, and never let the
comfort and peace of a whole household be

THOUGHT SHE WAS SMART.

But the Reason was not very Apparent
to Any but Herself.
She is 4 years old, and her name is
Marie. For some weeks she had been at-
tending a parochial school. A few days
ago she came home, and undertook to tell
her papa about her experiences at school.
She rambled along at a great rate for some
time, and then startled her papa by saying:
"An' when people die they put masks on
them."

The papa had not paid much attention to
Marie up to this time, but the masks caught
him.
"Wha't that Marie?" he said.
"I have said," remarked the little
woman, "that when people die they put
masks on them."

Papa looked at mamma. Neither said a
word, and presently Marie was asleep.
"Wha't on earth did Marie mean by say-
ing when people die they put masks on
them?" asked papa.
"Wha't that's easy," said mamma. "She
has heard her teachers talk about masses
for the dead. She has mixed the words a
little, that's all."

Papa reached the conclusion that only a
mother, after all, knows how to figure out
the mysterious little thoughts that run in
her child's brain.
On another occasion Marie and her papa
were taking a walk. Little Nelly, who
lives across the street, and is, or was,
Marie's playmate, was walking with her
papa at the same time. The two parties
met and the papas had a talk. Marie's
papa noticed that the two little girls did not
appear to be as "chummy" as of yore.
When the walk was continued papa said:
"Marie, wha't the matter with Nelly and
you? Why do you not speak to her?"

Marie's little shoulders were shrugged
and her little lips took on a curl of the ut-
most disdain as she scornfully replied:
"O, she thinks she is awfully smart just be-
cause their baby died."

How the Waltz Originated.

It was Lady Jersey who introduced it,
and when later the Emperor Alexander
visited London an army of foreigners gave
a strong impetus to the movement. Its
great popularity gives rise to many disputes
as to whence the waltz originally came,
whether from old Provencal "La Sautouse"
or "Volte" or the German dance, the
"Laendler." It is most universally ascribed
to the latter name. The "Laendler" was
under the ban of the authorities as being
dangerous to both health and morals; but
in spite of prohibition it made its way to
Vienna, where it was introduced in the
opera "Una Casa Rara" by Vincent
Marx.

The character of the dance was, how-
ever, greatly changed and modified the
tempo being much accelerated. From
Vienna it quickly passed to France. Dr.
Burney saw it performed in Paris in 1780
and could not help reflecting, "How un-
easy an Englishman would feel to see
her daughter so familiarly treated, and
still more to note the obliging manner in
which the freedom is returned by the fe-
males."

Had he lived a few years longer the
good old doctor's sense of decorum would
have received a shock in the welcome ac-
corded to the dance by English women.

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I
see in regard to certain medicines perform-
ing cures, cleansing the blood, etc." writes
HENRY HEDSON, of the James Smith
Woolen Machinery Co.,
Philadelphia, Pa., "none
impress me more than my
own case. Twenty years
ago, at the age of 18 years,
I had swellings come on
my legs, which broke and
became running sores.
Our family physician could
do me no good, and it was
feared that the bones
would be affected. At last,
my good old mother
urged me to try Ayer's
Sarsaparilla. I took three
bottles, the sores healed,
and I have not been
troubled since. Only the
scars remain, and the
memory of the past, to
remind me of the good
Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now
weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and
am in the best of health. I have been on the
road for the past twelve years, have noticed
Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts
of the United States, and always take pleasure
in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in
impure blood, the best remedy is
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you.

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THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION
at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City
of Saint John, in the Province of New Brun-
swick, ON SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-
THIRD DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, at
the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to
the directions of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme
Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the 26th
day of September, A. D. 1893, in a cause there-
in pending wherein Anna M. Jordan, Admin-
istratrix of all singular the goods, chattels
and credits which were of Thomas Jordan de-
ceased, at the time of his death and Anna M.
Jordan, are Plaintiffs, and Elizabeth Sharp
and Thomas M. Sharp, I. Arthur Sharp, Anne
T. Sharp, Alonzo J. Sharp, Minnie H. Beyea,
William Sharp and Grace P. Sharp are Defen-
dants, with the approbation of the undersigned
Referee in Equity, duly appointed in and for
the said City and County of Saint John, the
mortgaged premises described in the said
Decreeal Order as:

"ALL THAT CERTAIN PIECE OR PARCEL
of land, situate and being in the City
of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick,
fronting on Queen Street, and being forty feet on
the said Street and extending back one hundred feet
preserving the same breadth to the rear, known and
distinguished on the map or plan of the said City as
lot Number One Thousand and Thirty three (1033)
the said lot being on the Corner of Queen and West-
worth Streets and having been conveyed by Timothy
Daniels and his wife to Gilbert Jordan by deed dated
the Twenty-fourth day of December, A. D. 1827."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply
to Plaintiff's Solicitor.
Dated the Tenth day of October, A. D. 1893.
CLARENCE H. FERGUSON,
Referee in Equity.
C. N. SKINNER Esq. Q. C. Plaintiff's Solicitor.
W. A. LOCKHART,
Assistant.

DOMINION EXPRESS
COMPANY,

(Via C. P. R. Short Line)
Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts
of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territo-
ries, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best con-
nections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all
parts of the world.
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swick and Nova Scotia.
Operating Canadian Pacific R'y and branches, In-
tercolonial R'y to Halifax, Jersey R'y, New Brun-
swick and P. E. I. R'y, Digby and Annapolis, con-
necting with points on the Quebec and Annapolis
Railway, Edin & Havelock R'y.
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Connect with all reliable Express Companies in
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Winter Arrangement.
TWO TRIPS A WEEK
FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING November
15th, the steamers of this
company will leave St. John
for Eastport, Portland and
Boston every Monday and
Thursday mornings at 7:25
steamer.
Returning will leave Boston
same days at 8:30 a. m., and
Portland at 9 p. m., for East-
port and St. John.

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St.
Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.
Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.
C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

Yarmouth Steamship Co.

The shortest and most direct route between Nova
Scotia and the United States.
The Quickest Time!
Sea voyage from 15 to 17 hours.

Two Trips a Week
from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamer Boston will
leave Yarmouth every Wednesday, and Saturday
Evening after arrival of Express from Halifax. Re-
turning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every
Tuesday and Friday at noon.

Steamer "Alpha"
Will leave Yarmouth Monday, Dec. 26th, at 7 a. m.,
for Halifax, calling at Barrington (where clear) Shel-
burne, Liverpool, Lunenburg. Re-
turning will leave Pickford & Black's wharf, Hal-
ifax, for St. John, via the intermediate ports,
making about 10 days' trips.
Tickets and all information can be obtained from
L. E. BAKER,
President and Managing Director.

SPECTACLES,
EYE GLASSES,
OPERA GLASSES,
CLOCKS AND BRONZES,
SILVER GOODS,
JEWELRY.

WATCHES AND DIAMONDS,
AT 43 KING ST.,
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last, and all the time, forever!

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RAILWAYS.
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
Christmas and New Year's
HOLIDAYS.
Excursion TICKETS
WILL BE ON
SALE AT
One Fare

for the round trip from noon, Dec. 22nd, until last
train of Dec. 25th, and from noon of Dec. 26th, until
the last train of Jan. 1st.
Tickets sold from Dec. 22nd to 25th, will not be
good for going passage after the 25th; those sold
from Dec. 26th to Jan. 1st, will not be good for going
passage after Jan. 1st.
A.T.I. will be good for return until Jan. 4th, 1894.
For further information of Ticket Agents.

Intercolonial Railway.
On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT.
1893, the trains of this Railway will run
daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:
Express for Campbellton, Pughwash, Pictou
and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Moncton (daily)..... 13.50
Express for Sussex..... 16.50
Express for Point duChene, Quebec, and
Montreal..... 16.55
WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains
leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00
o'clock.
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Mon-
treal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at
19.40 o'clock.
A freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every
Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock.
Express from Sussex..... 8.25
Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Mon-
day excepted)..... 10.50
Express from Moncton (daily)..... 10.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp-
bellton..... 18.40
Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.50
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. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Railway Office,
Moncton N. B., 8th Sept., 1893.
YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.
FALL ARRANGEMENT.
On and after Monday, 2nd Oct., 1893, trains will run
daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.
m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wed-
nesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis
at 7.00 p. m., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at
1.45 p. m. Arrive at Weymouth at 4.32 p. m.
LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—m.; arrive at Yarmouth
4.55 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thurs-
day and Saturday at 5.50 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth
11.16 a. m.
LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight
Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.16 a. m. Arrive at Yarmouth at
11.18 a. m.
CONNECTIONS.—At Annapolis with trains of
the Windsor and Annapolis Rail-
way. At Dieby with City of Monticello for St. John
every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. At
Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship
Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Fri-
day and Saturday evenings; and from Boston
every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday
mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted)
to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.
Through tickets may be obtained at 186 Hollis St.,
Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor
and Annapolis Railway. J. BRIDWELL,
General Superintendent
Yarmouth, N. S.



Dear Sir, what a sight these
are out on the street a day like this without
them. It takes some people a lifetime
to be comfortable. Just think how we
welter in those horrid Rubber Waterproofs,
smelling things.

Dr's
es
TORONTO
for the Maritime Provinces.

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IVING BUREAU,
N. B.

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Scrofula

is Disease Germs living in the Blood and feeding upon its Life. Overcome these germs with

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, and make your blood healthy, skin pure and system strong. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

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SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. Sold by Samuel Watters.

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Chemical Laboratory,
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St. John, N. B.,
March 30th, 1893.

COVIL, Esq.,
AGENT FOR PELEE ISLAND WINE CO.
62 Union Street.

This is to certify that I have made a Chemical analysis of the following wine, put up by the Pelee Island Vineyard and Wine Co. "V. S. No. 1" "SWIFT CATAWBA" and "CONCORD." and find these wines to be pure and unadulterated, such a composition that they may be used with advantage by persons who require a tonic to assist digestion, compared with other wines put up in Canada. Pelee Island Wines are undoubtedly the best on the market.

I remain, yours, etc.,
W. F. BEST,
Government Analytical Chemist.

For your HOUSE, your FURNITURE, your STOCK Insured?

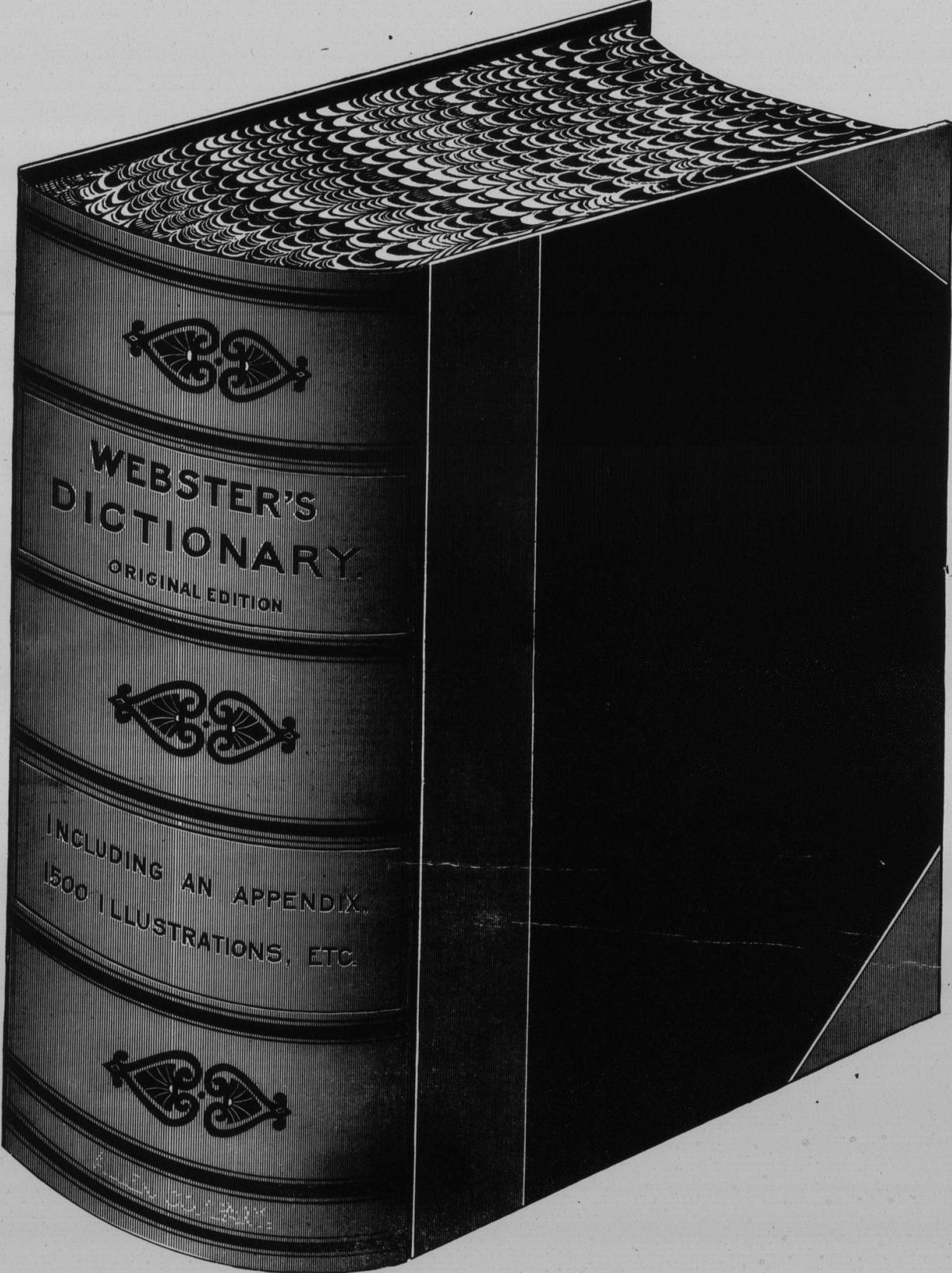
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Address: EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher "Progress," ST. JOHN, N. B.

LADY'S CHRISTMAS STORY

She walked up to the editor's desk with liquid eyes. Outside grime and fog over-spread the city, but the streets were full of the jocular noise, the rush and struggle of before Christmas traffic. The holiday, in fact, was but three days off; the editor had just sent down the very last proofs of the articles which were to make up his Christmas edition.

deed to demand—'Buy what I offer that I may have money to relieve the suffering you helped to create.' Poor Sally is the last slave born on our plantation. If—things were as they used to be, she would have grown up hale and strong with warm clothes, good food, and somebody to take care of her. She is the youngest of ten—

'Eat and wear? What is it ter come from! Ef dat what cyore sick folks, Doctor Geeble, why'n't you tote it in yo saddle-bags?' As she turned to close the door, she spied a buggy coming slowly along the miry country road which ran a little way off. A sight so unusual chained her to the spot. When a minute later the buggy halted at her door, she darted out, exclaiming: 'Howdy, mistis, howdy! Sally's better,—an' des er pinin, fer de sight er you.'

MARRIED.

- Lower Stawacks, Dec. 12, Robert E. Taylor to Alice B. Fisher. Point Wolfe, N. B., Dec. 6, William F. Matthews to Eleanor Corbett. Truro, Dec. 9, by Rev. J. Robbins, Joseph McNutt to Georgiana Ross.

DIED.

- Richibucto, Dec. 10, Mary Young. Halifax, Dec. 9, Samuel Creed, 84. St. John, Dec. 18, Robert Reed, 79.

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LET US WHISPER, not because we are ashamed of it, but to avoid hurting anybody's feelings. There is really only one soap for the nursery and that is BABY'S OWN. There is nothing like it. It is delicately perfumed and is good for the skin, keeping it fresh and soft and smooth.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH. FROM VICTORY TO VICTORY OVER HARASSING FOES. An interesting story related by E. W. Vavasour of Fredericton, N. B. E. W. Vavasour is a well known citizen of Fredericton, where he is on the staff of the postal department.

Everyone who can afford it should have a MELISSA RAINPROOF WRAP. The most fashionable comfortable and economical garment of the day.

For Neuralgia Use Minard's Liniment For Rheumatism Use Minard's Liniment For Coughs and Colds Use Minard's Liniment For Burns and Scalds Use Minard's Liniment For Aches and Pains Use Minard's Liniment For Falling out of Hair Use Minard's Liniment For Distemper in Horses Use Minard's Liniment For Corns and Warts Use Minard's Liniment

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1893

The Church School for Girls, at Edgehill, WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA.



Church School for Girls, Edgehill, Windsor, N. S., May 23, 1893.

THE Church School for Girls at Windsor closed the second full year of its establishment on the 20th June, under the auspices of the Synods of the Dioceses of Nova Scotia and Fredericton. It opened its Third Year with a large number of new pupils on September 2nd 1893. The remarkable success of this Institution leads to an inquiry as to its *clientelle*. Considering the patronage of the two Synods of the Anglican church in the Maritime Provinces, to whom this Institution owes its inception, it is to be supposed that it numbers among those who entrust their children to its training, well known and it may be distinguished names. We may gather the information sought from the beautifully illustrated "Calendar of the Church School for Girls," and the report of the Trustees and Directors just issued. An examination of the Register shows that during the last academic year 46 pupils came from Nova Scotia; 23 from New Brunswick; 6 from Quebec, 3 from New York, U. S.; 2 from Prince Edward Island, and 1 from Ontario, making 81 pupils in all.

According to the Trustees report, of the new pupils who entered the school in September last, 8 are from Nova Scotia, 10 from New Brunswick, 1 from Quebec, 3 from New York, 1 from P. E. Island, and 2 from Ontario. The reputation of the school is spreading far and wide, and there are now seven young ladies from Quebec and six from New York boarding in the school.

The Rt. Rev. Frederick Courtney, D. D., Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, is Chairman of the Board of Trustees; The Rev. Dr. Willet, President of King's College, is President of the Board of Trustees, and Dr. H. Youle Hind is Managing Director and secretary. Miss Machin is the well known Lady Principal and under her there is a Competent Staff of twelve resident and non-resident governesses and Instructors. The steady progress of the school is well shown in the following table, showing the number of Boarders.

	Number of Boarders.
Jan. 8th, 1891—Opening of the School.....	27
Sept. 1891.—First full year.....	57
Sept. 1892—Second year.....	61
Sept. 1893—Third year.....	65

Pupils may enter at half term (Oct. 26th), at New Year's and at the end of March, but the Academic year begins on the first Saturday in September.

In June last the Trustees requested Miss Machin to go to England and select experienced governesses for Music, Voice Culture, Printing, Drawing, English and Critical Literature. This difficult task Miss Machin has successfully accomplished, and Miss Manners, Miss Hunter and Miss Ashworth are the welcome additions to the staff of the Church School for girls.

The branches of education taught comprehend all that is required for the training and instruction of young ladies. The Calendar enumerates seventeen English branches in the English course. It also informs us that during the past year, there were 72 pupils who took French, 15 Latin, 6 German, 65 Pianoforte, 15 Voice Culture, 36 Class Singing, 19 Drawing, 4 China Painting, 67 Calisthenics, 11 Needlework, 33 dancing and 2 Violin. "Dressmaking" was introduced last Michaelmas term with satisfactory results.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The Trustees report announces a new departure; no less than classes of Candidates for the title of "Associate in Arts" in the University of King's College under its Royal Charter. The Trustees say:—"There are at present in the Church School for Girls several Junior and Senior Candidates preparing for the University examination appointed for candidates for the title of "ASSOCIATE IN ARTS," in connection with King's College, and also pupils preparing for Matriculation in different Universities.

The advantages of this extension of Teaching powers and privileges are obvious. Young ladies may qualify themselves for taking positions of trust in educational or other instructions, and acquire a recognized University Certificate of Competency in special departments.

THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

In order to accommodate and provide for the comfort and maintenance of eighty constant residents, commodious buildings are required. The illustration at the head of this notice, shows a part only of the handsome building which has been erected in the midst of the beautiful grounds at Edgehill at a cost of \$30,000.

But if the exterior is attractive, and leads to anticipations of what the interior may be, critical scrutiny throughout the building from roof to basement, will show that the designers have been careful in those details which parents seek, when entrusting their children to institutions far removed from home. Healthy sleeping apartments, well warmed and well lighted, are now required. All the rooms in the new building at Edgehill are twelve feet high; all are heated with hot water and



Physical Training, May 23, 1893.

lighted with electric incandescent lamps. There are open fire places in the large corridors for ventilation and comfort. In the large Dormitories every pupil has a cubicle embracing 60 square feet, which is her own little room. In the numerous lesser dormitories three and four girls, according to the dimensions of the room, are accommodated, and in all cases each girl has her own iron bedstead, wardrobe, washstand and bureau.

The illustration, from a photograph, shows the disposition of the Radiator and electric light in the bedrooms. Each Radiator is provided with a valve so that the temperature can be regulated at will, and ventilation is secured by means of adjustable transoms.

Every pupil is responsible for the neatness of her household belongings as long as she remains at the School—all being treated alike in regard to these temporary belongings; daily inspection is a gradual, but most efficient training towards habits of order, neatness and cleanliness.

THE CLASS ROOMS.

Besides the large School Room, there are seven capacious Class-rooms, in which the different classes assemble during School hours for their special work. Some of the Class-rooms are provided with "Students' Chairs," others with ordinary chairs, others with desks, according to the requirements of the studies engaged in.

THE RECREATION GROUNDS.

But something more than School-rooms and Class-rooms are required for the comfort of a large number of young ladies and children. In-door they have a capacious Gymnasium, and a pleasant Library and Reading-room. Out of doors they have extensive pleasure grounds, covering about four acres, in which are two Lawn Tennis grounds, one about 250 feet long by 100 feet broad, the other 200 feet long by 61 feet broad. They are as level as a floor and covered with a uniform sward of grass. Besides Tennis, they are used for Croquet, Crobille, Bowls, and Lawn Skittles.

For winter amusement and exercise a Skating Rink, six-hundred square yards in area, has been constructed in the School Field, adjoining the Recreation Grounds.

In addition to the Lawn Tennis Court and Croquet Lawns, the grounds South and East of the buildings are chiefly in grass plots with terraced walks on the South and East sides, extending for seven hundred and eighty feet, and communicating with the Lawn Tennis Courts by means of wooden stairways.

Rapid progress is being made in the Flower Garden and Shrubbery with a view to cultivate a taste for gardening, insensibly educate the eye and mind properly to appreciate decoration, and make the external surroundings of School life attractive and enjoyable.

THE DAIRY.

For growing children a plentiful supply of pure milk is a desideratum. To meet the School requirements in this important particular, special attention is given to the Dairy.

The Dairy has yielded upwards of 17,000 quarts of milk during the last School year, the whole of which has been consumed in the establishment, comprising 80 individuals.

A capacious Laundry has been erected on the School Grounds. It is provided with modern apparatus and drying rooms, in which all the Laundry work for the entire establishment is efficiently and speedily performed, and upwards of one hundred dozen articles are received from the School and returned to it with the utmost regularity every week during term.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

It appears from the Calendar that the Trustees are desirous that special attention be given to Physical Culture, chiefly on the ground that a good serviceable mental education is inseparable from bodily health and systematic training.

Apart from these considerations, ease and grace in movement and bearing is a most desirable acquisition, and a gift or a refinement which often produces beneficial influence. Every encouragement is therefore given to Calisthenics and out-door exercise. The instruction comprehends:

1. Arena Drill or Figure Marching.
2. Physical Drill.
3. Indian Club Exercises.
4. Dumb Bell Exercises.
5. Bar Bell Exercises.
6. Wand Exercises.
7. Fencing.

Instantaneous Photography aids in describing the Course of Physical Training at Edgehill. The illustration speaks for itself. The Gymnasium is used in Winter and in wet or damp weather, but on fine days in Summer the Exercises take place on the lawns.

THE LIBRARY.

The comforts of both pupils and teachers are attended to in another way which is specially worthy of note. Within the walls of the establishment is a large and well supplied Reading room and Library. It is situated in the old building, and commands views of both the Lawn Tennis grounds. When the pupils are at their exercises or games the Library is a delightful outlook.



Bedroom, showing Radiator and Electric Lamp.



The Library.

DELIGHT

WHISPER,
to avoid hurting anybody's feelings, nursery and that is **BABY'S OWN,** tely perfumed and is good for the both.

SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

FROM VICTORY TO VICTORY OVER HARASSING FOES.

An Interesting Story Related by E. W. Vavasour of Fredericton, N. B.

E. W. Vavasour is a well known citizen of Fredericton, where he is on the staff of the postal department.

For nine years Mr. Vavasour was afflicted with dyspepsia in an aggravated form. The symptoms, which thousands of other sufferers will at once recognize, were burning sensations of the stomach, distress and fullness after eating, headaches, and nervousness, irritability and sleeplessness. He consulted a number of local physicians and was under the care of an American specialist for several months, without receiving any permanent benefit.

During the last year however, he was induced by his druggist, to give Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic a trial. It cured him. He has since sent the company the following testimonial:—

"I have used your Nerve and Stomach Tonic and can recommend it as an excellent remedy for dyspepsia. It cured me of dyspepsia of nine years' standing. I used five bottles and found great relief before I had finished the first. My dyspepsia was of the most aggravated form, in fact a very bad case. I am pleased to say I was entirely cured by Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic."

Fellow sufferers here is encouragement for you. Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic is a perfect nerve restorer and invigorator, and blood and flesh-builder, as well as a valuable stomach tonic and aid to digestion. It is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, or an impoverished condition of the blood, such as Nervousness, Weakness, Nervous Headache, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Hysteria, and the prostrating effects of La Grippe or any nerve weakness of heart or brain arising from worry, overstrain of mind or body or excesses of any nature. Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic can be obtained from all druggists and dealers. Price 50 cents a bottle or six bottles for \$2.50.

For Neuralgia
Use Minard's Liniment

For Rheumatism
Use Minard's Liniment

For Coughs and Colds
Use Minard's Liniment

For Burns and Scalds
Use Minard's Liniment

For Aches and Pains
Use Minard's Liniment

For Falling out of Hair
Use Minard's Liniment

For Distemper in Horses
Use Minard's Liniment

For Corns and Warts
Use Minard's Liniment

Prepared by C. C. Richards & Co., Yarmouth, N. S.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

THE REAL CHRISTMAS?

HISTORY OF THE YULE TIDE, PAST AND PRESENT.

Amusing German Idea—A Real Santa Claus—Proverbs—Celebrated in April or May—Sacred Oak and Christmas Tree—Thoughts From Great Thinkers.

It is not known when Christmas was first celebrated as a festival, or as a holy day. The earliest mention that can be found is that in A. D. 138, Pope Telesphorus, ordered its observance. What day of the year was then observed as the anniversary of the birth of Christ is not definitely certain. It was confounded with the Epiphany and was often celebrated in the east in the months of April or May instead of as now in December.

The twenty-fifth day of December has however, been the day set apart since the fourth century of the Christian era. Sometimes in that century, St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, feeling that there should be no longer any doubt about the correct anniversary asked Pope Julius I, to order that an investigation be had. It was so decided and savants gathered at Rome from the east and west and after considerable study of the archives at that place, concluded that though not definitely certain the 25th day of December was the nearest correct of all the dates placed before them. Since that time this day has been duly solemnized all over the civilized world.

It is common tradition that Christ was born about midnight.

The celebration in the earliest times began with singing canticles, called carols. These were supposed to represent the songs sung by the shepherds. At a time these songs became enlivened by dances and music. Fathers, mothers and children mingled in the dance, and if at night each bore in hand a lighted taper.

The general celebration of Christmas as we now have it, as a day of feasting and good-fellowship,—more as a holiday than a church holy day, took its origin in Germany. It was then called the children's festival. The custom was to choose some man in the village, who was known for the time as Knecht Rupert. To him were all the presents given and on Christmas day, grotesquely apparelled, he drove from house to house, receiving a very cordial welcome, when he distributed the gifts that had been sent him.

The German custom was similar to the English where the celebration became of great importance and Yule was the great feast day. Then the nobles and retainers met on almost common footing, and great kegs of ale were quaffed beneath the mistletoe, and the best deer in the forest and finest fish in the streams graced the board. Hunters, hawks and hounds came into the great dining hall, and deep drinking and rousing cheer and mirth marked the passing of the day. Not only was the 25th of December duly celebrated in England but the festival often continued from Christmas eve till February, second, twelfth night. In the houses of the nobility a lord of misrule or "abbot of unreason" was appointed, whose duty it was to make the rarest pastimes and devise or invent amusement for the festival. He had full control of the household for the time being. Holly and Ivy are the evergreens used in England though the two great colleges have always decorated their chapels with laurel.

A superstition that prevailed in England and which is yet commonly believed is that the oxen go down on their knees at midnight on Christmas eve as an act of reverence, and that since the change of time from old to new style they have invariably followed the custom on the eve of old Christmas day. It is believed that this tradition took its rise from an old print, issued in the 16th century, wherein a representation of the birth of Christ, shows an ox and an ass on their knees as though worshipping the newly born Saviour. A Latin poem of Sannazaro alludes to the animals thus showing obedience to the ruler of the universe.

Coming down to later days Santa Claus (St. Nicholas) was first introduced to America by the Dutch settlers of New York. He is the representative of the German Knecht Rupert.

Supplying him with a team, which is always depicted as composed of four reindeer, took its origin in Norway where the feast of Christmas is celebrated with a great display of good will to men.

The following stanza taken from an old poem, gives a brief but vivid description of the Christmas festival in a feudal castle:

On Christmas eve the bells were rung; On Christmas eve the mass was sung; That only night in all the year, Saw the stabled priest the chalice rear. Then opened wide the baron's hall To vassal, tenant, serf and all; Power laid his rod of rule aside, And ceremony doffed his pride. The heir, with roses in his shoes, That night might village parson choose. All halled, with uncontrolled delight And general voice, the happy night That to the cottage, as the crown, Brought tidings of salvation down. England was merry England when Old Christmas brought his sports again. 'Twas Christmas brought the brightest ale, 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale; A Christmas gambol oft would cheer A poor man's heart through half the year.

All holidays have certain proverbs or sayings connected with them and Christmas is no exception. Among them are the following:

If he will bear a man before Christmas, it will not bear a man afterward.

TO SPEND LEISURE TIME.

THE HOME OF THE UNION CLUB MEN OF ST. JOHN.

Some Description of a Building that is a Credit to the City and a Club that its Members May Well be Proud of—A Holiday Residence.

The population of St. John is one of active workers. There are very few men of leisure. All of its better class are business or professional men engaged in the active duties of their occupation. There is no need here for idlers; such will find it difficult to procure companions to aid them in their efforts to kill time. The citizens of St. John are not men of leisure hours but men of leisure moments.

Before the inauguration of the Union Club, St. John lacked something which is highly necessary to the business man, a resort for his moments of leisure. And herein is the chief characteristic of this club in that it is a business man's club, one for men who have, not days to spend in repose, but only moments of idleness between the calls of duty.

Central in its location and in close proximity to the marts of commerce, neat and substantial in structure and handsome in its appointments, the club has all that

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Central in its location and in close proximity to the marts of commerce, neat and substantial in structure and handsome in its appointments, the club has all that

could be desired in the way of a club-house. Here are cool and shaded retreats with luxurious cushions to ease tired limbs; here are pleasant places for the renewal of the inner man, here are spacious and well-lighted rooms for indulgence in games of chance and skill.

The club is a thing that the city had long needed, but which it obtained only three years ago, a centre of its club life, a headquarters for the direction of that part of the day, after a closing of office doors, given to pleasure. St. John, being but a small city, has only a few modes of pleasure, and so a good club is essential to its business men.

To a certain class of unfortunate citizens the club becomes an absolute necessity. They are those poor mortals whose families desert them for the seaside or country resort, who leave them in cheerless homes, to a cheerless life. It is then the club becomes a great blessing, and the citizen feels that the summer months would be dreary and desolate were it not for the pleasant oasis of club life offering its green trees and fragrant retreats to the traveler, weary with the sands of business life.

But to cease from moralizing, and to return to matter of fact, a short description of the club house would be in order. The Union Club occupies a very neat and handsome building on the north-west corner of Germain and Princess streets. It is a very pretty piece of architecture giving an impression of combined solidity and grace.

Its interior arrangements and decorations have a view toward convenience as well as beauty. The furnishings are all of the best, and comfort is the great desirability sought.

The visitor enters a fine, commodious hallway, with a handsome staircase of oak and walnut. The floors are tiled, and the ceilings and walls beautifully tinted and frescoed, and finished with oak. One of the wall decorations is a very fine pair of antlers of the Rocky Mountain elk, the

club had its room, previously to the erection of their house, in the Stockton building on Prince William Street.

The present staff of officers consist of the following:

- President.—John McMillan. Vice President.—W. H. Thorne. Secretary-Treasurer.—J. E. Dickson. Managing Committee.—Miles B. Dixon, Howard D. Troop, Geo. McLeod, Geo. H. Truman, A. W. Lovitt and Geo. W. Jones.

Mr. Tree is the efficient steward of the club and under his clever supervision the catering and conduct of the comforts of the club is all that could be desired.

The Union Club fills a great need and under clever management financially and socially it has been a success. It has been conducted on moderate lines and has kept in sympathy with the democratic spirit of our city. Progress wishes our business men the greatest possible success in their times of business and the greatest possible enjoyment in their times of business and so it wishes well to the Union Club.

SULTAN AT THE OPERA.

When once in Cairo I went to the opera on the same night selected by the ladies of the Khedive's harem. The play was "Aida," which had been composed by Verdi expressly for the Cairo opera.

The harem boxes were a novelty to be seen in no other country. The principal one was next to the stage, on the grand tier, and opposite to the Viceroy's. Four smaller ones adjoined it.

The whole front of those boxes was covered with a network of iron, painted white and covered with flowers in gold. It had the effect of lacework, but it was all iron, and the elaborate pattern of the flowers made it more difficult to distinguish any person or thing within the boxes so covered. The harem entrance is through a small garden guarded by sentinels, and through which no person is allowed to pass.

Once in the building, there is a separate door and staircase leading to those boxes which communicates with no other part of the house. You can see very fairly in them, though of course the wire prevents you ever leaning forward.

A WESTERN MAN'S DEATH.

Leander Richardson's Graphic Description of Wild Bill's End.

I first met Wild Bill the day I reached Deadwood City with a letter of introduction to Uter from his brother whom I had met on the way in at Johnny Bowman ranch, on Hat Creek. I was up there partly from experience and partly for a journalistic kindergarten called the Springfield Republican. Mr. Uter received me with wide open hospitality, and we started out to hunt up his partner. It was about the middle of a bright sunny afternoon, and we found Wild Bill sitting on a board which was lying on the ground in front of a saloon. His knees were drawn up in front of him as high as his chin, and he was whittling at a piece of wood with a large pocket-knife.

"Get up, Bill," said Uter. "I want you to shake hands with a friend of mine." Wild Bill slowly arose. He came up like an elevator, and he came so high that I thought he was never going to stop. He was unusually tall, and quite spare as to flesh, but very brawny and muscular. His skin was pitted from the use of powerful mineral drugs, and his grayish eyes, which were just beginning to regain their power after almost being blinded altogether by a terrible illness, were rather dull and expressionless in repose. One day afterward I saw them glitter with a sudden ferocity that was strangely luminous, and I realized that this man must have looked like when his blood was up. But, at our meeting,

Deadwood City, full of overflowing with thieves, assassins, "skin" gamblers and other elements of disorder, was rapidly coming to the point where some sort of government was necessary. At such times on the frontier there is always a struggle, and usually a hand-to-hand combat between the lawless and the orderly classes. Wild Bill had been Marshall in other and similar places, and people began to talk of him for Marshall of Deadwood. That outcome, everybody knew, would mean a short shift to crooks and disturbers.

In the town there was a man named Jack McCall, living under an alias. He was in the condition technically known as "stone-broke." The agitation of the marshalship was growing warm. The thieves and "skins" saw their inevitable end drawing near. It began to go round that Wild Bill could never hold office in Deadwood City. A rumor reached Uter that the big plainsman, who had ruled half a dozen towns was to be assassinated. That evening he came over to camp looking serious.

"Bill, said he, after supper, "his pretty dull around here, don't you think?" "Wild Bill nodded, looking into the fire. "I've been considering," resumed Uter, "that we might as well take a move."

"So? Where to?" "Well, it might be a good scheme to organize a little party," continued Uter, persuasively, "and go over to Standing Rock and cut out some ponies."

By "cutting out ponies" Uter meant the swooping down of a few white men upon a herd of Indian ponies, driving them off and selling them—a plan which, in the easy morality of the prairie, is perfectly legitimate where Indians are concerned.

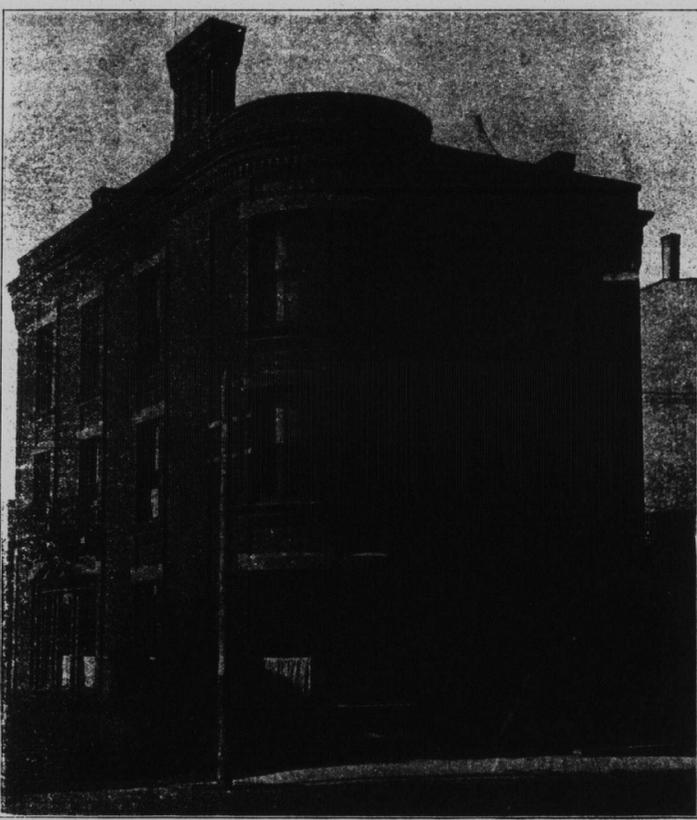
Bill was silent. "Joe will go along," resumed Uter, urgently, "and so will Richardson (I wasn't so sure about that), and a dozen others. Will you go?" "Not a d-d foot."

"Why not?" "Well, those fellows over across the creek have laid it out to kill me, and they're going to do it, or they ain't. Any way, I don't stir out of here, unless I'm carried out."

That was when I saw the quick flash of ferocity in Wild Bill's eyes. The conversation ended at this point. Everybody knew it was useless to argue with Wild Bill when his mind was set, and so everybody went on about his business as before. Two days afterward "these fellows over across the creek" carried out their proposition.

Five men, among them Wild Bill, were playing draw poker in a shanty saloon. Standing about were a dozen others looking on. Bill's back was towards the door. Seated next him to the left was an elderly man with his back against the wall. Something had been said about him changing seats with Bill, and after that hand the exchange would have occurred. Human life hangs on slender threads. With his back to the wall Wild Bill would have been safe enough, because few men would have dared to attack him openly.

Suddenly without a word of warning, without even the knowledge of those standing nearest to him, an underized man right behind Bill's chair, a man whom Bill had never seen in all his life, showed a multi-colored revolver, Bill partly straightened up, and then fell over sideways, dead. The underized man ran out. The elderly player dashed through the back door and up the side of the gulch, shouting "Murder!" The town was in an uproar. There was a "miners' jury, consisting almost solely of skin gamblers, to sit on the case. To them the assassin told a prearranged story of how his only brother had been shot by Wild Bill, and how he had nobly avenged that brother's death. It was all a wild farce, that trial, just as Uter and his friends knew it would be, and the murderer was set free. Until now he had been absolutely without money. In a few days he turned up in Laramie City with plenty of free gold in his possession, and boastfully declaring that he had slain Wild Bill in single combat. Where did he get the gold?

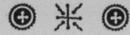


THE HOME OF THE UNION CLUB MEN.

THE YOST TYPEWRITER.

The New Yost, the only Perfect Writing Machine. The Ribbon,* the Shift Key and other antiquated devices discarded.

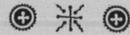
*Users Save From 10 to 20 per cent On Original Cost of Machines Annually, in This Item Alone.



The New Yost
Writes 81 CHARACTERS: capitals, small letters, figures, punctuation marks, commercial signs, etc. Height, 9 inches; width 11 inches; depth 14 inches; weight, 17 pounds. Writes a line of 70 letters (7 inches) and takes paper 9½ inches wide. Two styles of line-spacing. Furnished with hard, medium or soft platen (interchangeable—diameter 1¼ inches) and with blue-black ("indelible") or purple, red or green copying, or black record pad. Oil can, screw driver, key plate, type brush, dust brush and adjusting pin with each machine.
Besides all the popular features of the original Yost Machine, this New Yost No. 1 has widened-out keyboard, new keys, hard rubber space key, new steel base, new carriage release, round platen, new concave type and many new internal devices.



What Ails the Ancient Companies?
This is what ails them: THE FEAR OF CHANGE, which Milton says used to perplex monarchs when they saw a long tailed comet in the sky. The change is here; not heralded by a comet but by the New Yost, the perfect writing machine.
WHAT MUST GO:
Bad alignment,
Illegible work,
Foul Ink ribbons,
Bothersome Shift-keys,
Double scales, etc.,
are no longer to be tolerated or pardoned. The New Yost has absolutely abolished them, and no other machine can retain them and live.



A Word to Those Familiar With Other Typewriters.

Everybody has heard of the old veteran who had voted for Andrew Jackson for 40 years and refused to change at his time of life. There will always be a class of operators who will stick to the old style machines and decline at all hazards to endorse a new one of real superiority. Some men will write with a quill. Others are afraid of gas and continue to use oil. Some people could not feel right in a house containing modern improvements. In short, some people cannot stand prosperity.

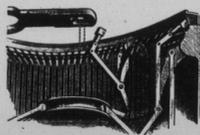
A MATTER OF GROWTH.

YEARS ago, man and his wife moved out west. Settled down on the plains. Built a house. Plenty of room at first—small family. By and bye family increased, needed more room, built an extension. Next year, more family, more room, another extension—and so on till finally that establishment looks like a disjointed telescope. Family satisfied? Oh, yes, there's a place to put everything. But TO-DAY if they were to start a new home would they put up with the accommodations of a canal boat? Oh, no! They would put the cost into a commodious modern structure, with an electric door bell.
Same way with typewriters. Years ago Mr. Yost built a typewriter.* Good enough then. But the family has increased by thousands. Other folks have hitched on extensions to hold 'em. But its the same old typewriter, same ribbon, same scales, same rickity print. WE want something modern. What do YOU think? *The Remington No. 2 and Calligraph.



ALIGNMENT.

FASHION now for all typewriters to claim "permanent alignment." Much abused phrase. In this the YOST differs radically from others. Listen: You know how ordinary type-bars work—hung in tight, finely adjusted bearings at the shoulder. Variation at shoulder multiplies by 17 at type end. And what, therefore, does wear in such a bearing mean? Simply this: perfect alignment impossible. Now, get down under and see that YOST type-bar and centre guide. First of all, constructed loose on purpose. Would't work tight at all. Wear don't count. On striking key, type-bar leaves pad, unfolds like lightning and darts type through guide, adjusting itself perfectly at PRINTING POINT. That's how WE do it. And it's the best way. Operator can change type any time. The guide will square it into line. And the punctuation marks—well, you see why they can't puncture the paper.



(Fac Simile of our Roman Type.)

The New Yost Writing Machine is made at its own factory in Bridgeport, Conn.—the largest, best-equipped typewriter factory in the world. Skilled workmen put only the finest materials into its construction.

Additional information may be obtained from our Agencies throughout the world, or by addressing

FOR MANIFOLDING the NEW YOST is unequalled. Nothing intervenes between the sharp faces of the type and the paper. It is the only machine upon which the alignment in manifolding can be preserved. The No. 1 with special platen makes 5 to 15 copies nicely. No. 2, when necessary, will do double this. The concave type conform to the curve of the platen and bring the print out clearly.

FOR PRESS COPIES the NEW YOST is unequalled. Remember: We print with a dense superior copying ink—not a ribbon.

FOR STENCIL WORK with the Mimeograph, etc., the NEW YOST is unequalled. The inkpad cleans and lubricates the type at every stroke, and prints the matter on the wax sheet so it can be read plainly as you proceed.

TENSIONS easily understood and regulated.

MARGIN stops to shorten the written line if desired at either side.

WRITES 2 to 6 more characters than any other type-bar machine.

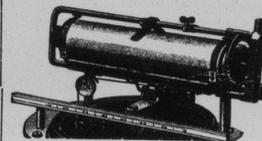
EASIEST to learn and keep in order.

FINALLY, its type-bars are built on a model designed and tested to last over 30 years; and the cost of maintaining it for beautiful work is guaranteed to be less than one-half that of any other standard type writer.

THE POINTER.

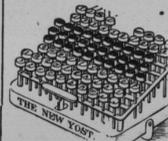
ONLY one man ever lived who disputed that the Yost Pointer was the cutest, greatest labor saver yet put on a typewriter. He has since been boiled in oil. This pointer simply rises and falls with the carriage and always points where the next letter will print. No scales, no numbers to remember, no guesses, exasperating errors and erasures. It is infallible and beautiful. Woe to the Yost enemy who tries it! He is completely captured. A little reflection shows its immense advantage. The scale on the body of the machine is used only for paragraphing, etc., with carriage down, and has no connection with the pointer.

In fact, everything about the New Yost carriage is complete and modern—made for most rapid and handy manipulation of paper of all kinds and sizes. And, best of all, the whole carriage can be quickly removed to clean and oil the working points.



INKING AND KEYBOARD.

FUNDAMENTALLY ribbons don't belong to typewriters any more than shoes or sun umbrellas. At the start there was no other way of inking. Now it's different. Now we can afford to admit that a ribbon is a disagreeable, expensive thing. Blurs print, wears full of holes, clogs type, takes power to pull it along, weakens manifolding and costs \$8 or \$10 a year. The YOST alone rises superior to these difficulties. Inks automatically. Ink-pad outlasts 20 ribbons. Can be changed in ten seconds. Never requires a thought. Nature distributes ink—by suction,—always evening up the supply all around. The thousandth "e" as good as the first. Beautiful copper-plate print direct from steel type-faces which are self-cleaning against this pad. And costs less than \$2 a year. Here's a Scientific Keyboard, too. No shift keys to puzzle. 78 keys write 81 characters. It is the universal arrangement. You can easily change from another style machine and there are only three rows to learn anyway.



Capitals black—others white.

A Word to Those Who Propose to Purchase a Machine.

ALARMED at the rapid progress of the "YOST" into public favor, our competitors use every opportunity to prejudice intending purchasers. Some of their arguments have reached our ears, and sound ridiculous in the extreme. The machine is now in operation in every section of Canada. Enquire what users say of it, and compare the statements made.

IRA CORNWALL, GENERAL AGENT FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES,

Board of Trade Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Messrs R. Ward Thorne, St. John, N. B.; A. S. Murray, Fredericton; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen, N. B.; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews, N. B.; J. Fred. Benson, Chatham, N. B.; John L. Stevens, Clifford W. Robinson, Moncton, N. B.; A. M. Hoare, Knowles' Book Store, Halifax, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. P. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, "Advocate" Office, Sydney, C. B.; Chas. Burrill & Co., Weymouth, H. A. White, Sussex, N. B.; J. Bryenton, Amherst, N. S.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; J. B. Ditmars, Clementsport, N. S.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock, N. B.; Clarence E. Casey, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.

ABOUT ADVERTISING: Most of the other Typewriter companies prefer to generalize in their advertising. The "YOST" Company state its Points of superiority prominently and open for criticism. The following statements taken from advertisements from other companies speak for themselves:—

"It is unnecessary to mention the points of superiority possessed by the _____ Typewriter." "_____ Typewriter is the standard typewriter of the world." "Do not be deceived by the glaring advertisements of other Typewriters." "_____ Typewriters have been sold to the Government." "_____ Typewriter has been awarded a gold medal at State Fair." Makes no pretensions not supported by its record.