

PROGRESS.

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SHOULD HE BE HANGED?

THE WAY IN WHICH OLSEN WAS TRIED AND CONDEMNED.

A Good Deal of Doubt Whether He Committed a Murder—Little Doubt that He Will be Hanged if Executed—Strong Points in His Favor.

On Thursday, December first, within the walls of Dorchester jail, Robert Olsen is to be legally murdered on suspicion of having murdered Joseph Steadman.

The murder of Steadman, so-called, was the work of a moment and possibly accidental. In the midst of a scuffle in the dark several shots were fired, some of them certainly at random, and one of them went home. The murder of Robert Olsen will be a more cold-blooded, carefully designed affair, and the county of Westmorland will pay the carpenter and the hangman for their work.

The public cares little, it seems, about the matter, for the reason that the public is not being strangled unto death. But it is a rather important matter for Robert Olsen. Robert Olsen may have been a bad man, but the law recognizes that even a bad man has his rights. One of the rights that Robert Olsen had on the 14th of September last was to be fairly tried. But was he fairly tried?

Can a jury of twelve men in such a case escape the contagion of other men's opinions? Can they be chosen from a crowd of men, the most of whom openly declare their inability to try the prisoner upon the evidence, and not to be influenced by the general view? Can they read the sensational reports in the press before the trial—yes, the sensational reports of the press during the trial, and hold their judgment in suspense? Can they acquit when everybody expects them to convict? Above all, can they acquit when the learned judge positively instructs them to convict? Is not the county entitled to the worth of its money? After burning all this powder shall it not be able to bag its game?

It was a Supreme Court judge who stated to PROGRESS:—"I could have wished that Olsen had been tried less hastily and in a calmer atmosphere. It hardly seems to me that the evidence, if it is correctly given in the press, was strong enough to justify the verdict. Where public sentiment is strongly aroused by a tragedy of this kind, it is difficult to ensure an absolutely fair trial. I consider that Carroll's evidence was very dangerous evidence to admit." Was the remark of His Honor justified by the facts in the case of Olsen?

The spectator who dropped into the Court-house at Dorchester, on the 14th of September last must have noticed certain things. He must have noticed, first of all, a small, light-haired, blue-eyed man, who looked like a Norwegian sailor, sitting in the dock. Grouped around the prisoner were a number of stalwart constables who, as occasion required, hustled him in and out of the dock with scant courtesy. Immediately behind the dock, he would have seen the tall, athletic figure and somewhat dubious face of Peter O. Carroll, who having captured the luckless Jim, and having dogged the prisoners for the last four weeks, night and day, and entrapped them into conversations which he will soon retail upon the stand, is now amusing himself by taking snap-shots at the man in the dock with a kodak.

He would have seen on the bench His Honor, Mr. Justice Fraser, in whose heart there is compassion, but in whose mind there resides a strong, almost relentless sense of duty.

In the jury-box are twelve men who have been instructed to give the prisoner the benefit of every doubt, and who believe themselves capable of so doing. These twelve men have been sworn to try the prisoner upon the evidence, no matter what their present belief may be.

At the end of the long table sits the attorney general, who will use, legitimately enough, all his great ability to secure the ends of justice. Opposed to him is the prisoner's counsel, who has had no previous experience in cases of so grave a nature.

Beyond all else, the spectator would have noted the crowd that filled the court room. It was a crowd that occupied every available seat, and even all the standing room, and then poured over the judge's platform. A crowd that thronged around the barriers' table and peered over the partition behind the jury. A crowd that even surged breast-high against the dock in which the prisoner sat, and leaned upon the railing, and gazed upon him with eyes that never grew weary. A crowd that, for the most part, thirsted for his blood with a thirst that nothing but blood could satisfy.

As the trial proceeded the visitor must have noticed other things. He could hardly fail to note the eager haste, the almost feverish speed with which the work in hand was prosecuted. How the witnesses were rushed on and off the stand with scarcely a moment's pause. How the crown scolded some of its witnesses because they failed to agree with other witnesses.

THEY ARE TWO OF A KIND

BUT IN THIS INSTANCE THEY DO NOT MAKE A PAIR.

Straight Conservatives and Mugwumps Have the Fight Between Them—How the Liberals Sought to Have a Fight and Why They Failed.

Two Richmonds are in the field, but they are two of a kind that under none but the most unusual circumstances could ever be counted as a pair. Mr. Robertson stands out as the nominee of a majority of the 60 or so delegates representing the citizens, and 27 more delegates representing some 200 and odd young men of the junior liberal conservative club. Mr. Chesley claims to be as good a conservative as Mr. Robertson, and comes out as a protest against machine nomination, and represents the mugwump element in the party.

He would have taken the machine nomination if he could have got it, but neither he nor Mr. Robertson was the machine candidate. That gentleman was Mr. George McLeod, but unfortunately for his prospects the people did not want him, and he has gracefully accepted the situation.

On the face of the nomination papers, Mr. Robertson would seem to have all the odds in his favor, for his name includes some rather strong n.m. Nomination papers do not count, however, on election day, and it is suspected that a good many who did not want to come to the front will be heard from in favor of Chesley when the votes are counted.

Then there is the grit vote, represented at present by X, as an unknown quantity. Nobody can foretell much about it. If the liberal vote be given to Chesley he will sweep the field. If it is not given to him his defeat is certain. He has not anything near a majority in his own party.

He will hold the North end, of course, but the South end will be against him and so will Carleton. He will have a good show in the out parishes, where he is better known than Mr. Robertson, and altogether will do a good deal better than forfeit his deposit, as some of the Robertson workers claim will be his fate. The liberals can elect him, if they will support him.

How far they will come to the front is the question that only election day will solve. They have, at best, a choice between two conservatives, but a good many of them think that the defeat of the straight party candidate would be such a slap at the machine as to be almost equivalent to a liberal victory. If they could have nominated and elected a liberal he would have been of no use to them as the parliament is now composed, and they would at best only have the satisfaction of outgeneraling the tory ring. They may think it worth their while to consider Mr. Chesley a good enough grit for their purpose.

As PROGRESS related last week the grand Diogenes act of looking for a man, by using Mr. Weldon's dining room gas fixture as a lantern, resulted in a fizzle. Mr. Weldon did not want a contest because he could not run. Mr. Ellis did not want one because he was anxious to please Mr. Weldon. The young men of the party did want a contest, and said so.

What PROGRESS told of the dining room caucus last week was read with great interest. Those of the party who had not been in the secret were indignant that the leaders should show such a dog in the manger policy. The controlling ring was also indignant, because the secrets of the caucus were given away. They eyed each other suspiciously to know who was the traitor, and some of them most unjustly blamed the editor of the Telegraph who, PROGRESS hastens to explain, was as innocent of any share in the disclosures as was Mr. Weldon himself.

After the appearance of PROGRESS on Saturday, a spirit of mugwumpery showed indications of development in the liberal party. It was then known that Chesley was in the field, and the war liberals thought there was the opportunity to show fight with some chance of success. They decided that there ought to be a convention, and a delegation of them called on Dr. Berryman to arrange for the use of his hall for Monday night, and also to intimate that it would be wanted as headquarters until after the election.

In the meantime, Mr. Weldon, satisfied that he had killed out all prospect of a contest, had gone to Ottawa or some other distant goal. Courtesy demanded that Mr. Ellis be consulted, and he was. His answer, received on Sunday, was that it was not advisable to call a convention. This flattened out the mugwumps and they surrendered unconditionally.

Several candidates had been thought about and discussed. The name of Hon. David McLellan was one of the first suggested, but it was soon dropped. In the first place, Mr. McLellan has a snug berth which he has no wish to resign, and in the next place, if he did run, the record of 1890 would bring him disaster. He was quietly but promptly dropped.

The name of Geo. McAvity again came

THE MAYOR ON HIS EAR.

HE TRIES TO STOP DISCUSSION OF "PROGRESS" CHARGES.

That Sliced Liquor is Drunk by the Aldermen—The Inspector to Report on The Matter However—Mr. Brady at 31: Deports After All.

HALIFAX, Nov. 15th.—When the City Council met last week, Ald. Hubley set the ball a-rolling by referring to the articles published in PROGRESS in regard to the confiscated liquors that are said to be drunk by some of the aldermen and their legal adviser. The alderman, however, said very few words before Mayor Keeffe stopped him and said he would not allow the paragraphs to be read, and further said he would not put any resolution in the matter.

The mayor was soon convinced, however, that he could not do as he said, and alderman Hubley proceeded. The result was that his resolution was carried to the effect that Inspector Mackesy report to the next meeting of the council what had become of all the liquor seized by him during the past two years.

It might be said here that the Inspector cannot destroy any liquor without an order from the stipendiary magistrate.

A great many people believe that the charges in PROGRESS are true, and among that number are some aldermen, one of whom said this week, "The charges are true enough, but we object to the publicity."

Recorder McCoy admits that there is considerable liquor drunk during the sessions of the council in his office, but says it is all paid for. The Recorder further says that he has no doubt that the inspector destroys liquor from time to time without the formality of an order from the stipendiary magistrate. There is little doubt that some of it has been "destroyed," but in what way was it done?

The petition of the Sisters of the House of the Good Shepherd came up, for an allowance of \$50.00 each per year for the keep of the inmates. PROGRESS has heretofore shown how an immense laundry was run at the "Home" with prison labor, in competition with outside laundries and washerwomen. One of the main arguments used in favor of the grant from the city was that the institution was not self-supporting. Your correspondent learns that during the past two years 34 girls have been sent there. The manager of the Queen Hotel says that the "home" does his laundry work for \$25.00 per week or about \$1,500 a year including extras, and this is only a small part of that income. This one sum of \$1,500 would easily take care of 12 or 20 girls for a whole year. So it is very evident at this rate, that the institution can get along without any further help from the city. The council very wisely voted against granting the petition 11 to 7, and instead a resolution was carried that the city maintain and control a reformatory of its own.

The case of officer Brady, who had been dismissed by the police committee and reinstated by the council, was brought up for reconsideration by alderman Hubley, and the result was that Brady was dismissed this time by a vote of 11 to 7.

It is very doubtful if the St. John people will see the Baker Opera Company in that city again this year, judging from the crowds that attend the academy every night here.

THE MIKADO AND THE SHAH.

A Question of Cash that One Candidate Had and Another Wanted.

The story goes that a candidate for the city, who was elected, has been trying to extract the sum of one hundred dollars, lawful money, from a candidate for the county who was not elected, but who came nearer to it than he is likely to come again until he mends his political ways.

For the purposes of this anecdote it will suffice to term one the Shah and the other the Mikado, which, if not definite, is at least oriental. The Mikado is the man who has the money; the Shah is the man who wants to get it.

A deposit of \$100 is required from candidates in the local election and this amount was duly put up for the Mikado, but the cash came from the pocket of the Shah. After the election the sheriff properly enough handed back to each of the candidates the money put up for each of them. The Mikado got the hundred dollars and put it in his pocket.

After a day or two the Shah began to look for the Mikado, to get back the cash he had advanced. He found him and was considerably surprised to learn that the Mikado proposed to keep it in order to recoup himself for outlays he had made and which he considered were chargeable to the opposition as a party, the Shah being a big gun in that party. He claimed that the party had agreed to raise \$2,500 for the county election expenses, but through their failure to do so he had been obliged to put his hand in his pocket and pay his own bills. A warm discussion ensued between the two. The Shah thought the Mikado was a mean man, and the latter said he might be a mean man but he did not in-

THE DEER DID NOT WAIT.

While beef is sometimes sold on the foot, it is not always advisable to dispose of venison until it is dead, A Musquash man went out with his gun the other day when he saw a deer within easy range. He had left his powder at home and had only one shot in his gun, but he fired, and as he supposed, settled the fate of his game. The deer ran into a hole where only part of its body was visible, and the hunter satisfied that he had it, sent his son to the house for a knife to skin it. He stroked the sleek animal, but it did not move, and he began to think of how he could dispose of the carcass to the best advantage. In his meditations he wandered away a short distance, and when he looked again the supposedly dead deer was speeding away at a Nancy Hanks gait. The next time he gets his hand on a deer he will keep it there until the job is finished.

Two of One Mind.

Among the active workers for the straight government ticket in St. John are Drs. Gilchrist and March, who seem to be trying to outdo each other in the lustiness with which they hurrah for the old flag and G. Robertson. They are both North End men, and it might be supposed that they would be about for Chesley, but they are not for that. Rumor has it that they are real applicants for Dr. Harding's position as quarantine officer, and the man with the biggest pull will get the place. In the meantime, whether Chesley is elected or not, the only safe course for a man who wants an office is to vote as the bosses vote and keep clear of the mugwumps. That is why the two doctors are of one mind, at this crisis in the affairs of the party.

IN HONOR OF MR. COSTIGAN.

The banquet to Hon. John Costigan at the Victoria Hotel, Thursday evening, was certainly a non-political character, if one may judge by the political complexion of the guests who sat about the board. Many people have been speculating as to the exact meaning of the event, but a satisfactory solution is not easy. Such an honor extended to any man may be a recognition of past services, or a preparation for future moves. If Mr. Costigan is to be governor the banquet will show appreciation of him; in any event his colleagues in the cabinet will probably not fail to make a note of the fact that a non-political banquet was given Mr. Costigan in this city by the sea.

A VERY CHEAP CANVASSER.

In one of Mr. Pitts speeches after his election he took occasion to tell how cheaply he had got along during the campaign. He was out for four days, on a canvassing trip, and it was his proud boast that his total expense during that time was twenty-five cents. It may be that such a man will suit the people of York but PROGRESS thinks that in no other county of this province could a man do that trip and dare undertake to cover the same ground within ten years.

AS IT LOOKS IN QUEENS.

The indications are that the attorney general will be elected in Queens next Tuesday, but neither he nor his friends are taking it for granted and expecting a walk-over. The government organization is believed to be by far the most complete ever known in the county, and Mr. Blair has the aid of efficient workers. On the other hand, he is confronted by a most determined and unscrupulous opposition in which every effort is made to excite the prejudices of the people by persons who excel in the art of stirring up strife. The intelligence of Queens is with the attorney general, and his friends feel assured that the intelligent men are in the majority. Even the opponents of Mr. Blair in other places believe that Queens county would make the mistake of its history by refusing to have him as the representative of its people.

THE LOG CABIN SPORTS.

The Log Cabin Fishing Club held their annual fall sports and Thanksgiving dinner at their camp, Loch Lomond, on the 10th inst., and it was a grand success notwithstanding the storm. The following were present: Messrs. E. W. Paul, G. L. Slipp, J. W. Hazellhurst, C. A. Gurney, J. P. Till, G. R. Crawford, J. I. Noble, J. A. Dawson, C. H. Jackson, A. G. Hamm, S. J. Richey, W. S. Thomas, T. E. Everitt, H. Crawford, R. Selfridge, D. Conley, R. J. Armstrong, W. C. Gibson, R. Nichol, D. R. Willet, M. C. McRobbie, J. Whitebone, G. W. Smith, J. E. Wilson, R. S. Jackson, J. I. Noble, Jr., H. McBrine and Jno. Kerr. The all round Champion Athletic Club Medal was won by Jno. P. Till for 1892-93.

THE UNLICENSED HUCKSTER SHOULD GO.

Complaint has frequently been made to PROGRESS that a large number of itinerant peddlars, who pay no taxes or license, go from door to door every day in the business week, seeking to palm off inferior goods at ridiculous prices. This is not fair to the merchants, and it would be a popular move for Chief Clark to hunt up every pedlar and make him take out a license. The merchants themselves, who complain of them, should meet and, in an hour or two, take such vigorous and concerted action that an end would be put to the annoyance of unlicensed hucksters.

A JUDGE IS NOT A SCAVENGER.

One of the resident judges of the supreme court says it will not be well for the next lawyer he finds chasing around town after a judge before whom to make a motion, etc. The place to look for a judge is at his chambers, instead of lying in wait at Chubb's corner asking this man and that if he had seen judge so-and-so around—"just as if he were a scavenger!" comments his honor, as he grows indignant over the degeneracy of the profession. This new rule of court has not yet been published, but the lawyers will do well to bear it in mind.

HUNTING AFTER BAIL.

It is a long time since there has been such hustling to secure good men and true, on a bail paper, as there has been for that of Rev. Sidney Welton. The public had almost made up its mind that bail was not to be had, until Thursday the announcement was made that ten citizens had been induced to go bail to the extent of \$1000 each. Reverend Sidney furnishes the other \$10,000.

IS JIM A ST. JOHN MAN.

A strange story traceable to no good foundation, has been current this week that the mysterious "Jim" now in Dorchester penitentiary is a St. John man of a highly respectable family, who has been away from the city for years. If such is the case, there ought to be many in the city who could identify him, but it is very doubtful if there is any substantial ground for the rumor.

IT WAS A CONSIDERATE ACT.

When Dodge was sent to Dorchester a few days ago, instead of being taken to the depot where he would have to pass the ordeal of seeing his old associates, the prisoner was driven to Coldbrook and took the train from that point. It was a considerate act on the part of the sheriff, and was fully justified by the peculiar circumstances of the case.

WHAT "PROGRESS" IS DOING IN BOSTON.

Writing from Boston Mr. Larsen says, "The sale of PROGRESS is increasing every week at the King's Chapel news stand and people who buy it there tell the dealer that it will not be long before he sells 100 each week. You had better increase the order 15 copies."

THE "ROYAL ART" RANGE.

Messrs. Emerson & Fisher are advertising the "Royal Art" cooking range which seems to possess many advantages which are always well considered by the average housekeeper.

JUSTICE IS DEMANDED.

A CORRESPONDENT WHO DEALS WITH THE CASE OF BUCK.

His trial declared to have been a miscarriage of justice - The Fickle Ways of Tribes of Law - How the Courts are Partial in Punishment.

The letter signed "Justice" which appeared in a recent number of Progress has emboldened me to say what has been in my mind for a long time concerning the most flagrant miscarriage of justice, the trial and condemnation of the prisoners, Olsen and Jim, who are now in Dorchester, one under sentence of death, and the other condemned to the living death of twenty-five years in prison. Now that it is all over, and the excitement has subsided, an intelligent and unprejudiced public, composed of those who had nothing whatever to do with the trial, and were neither friends nor relatives of the dead policeman, but who watched the progress of the trial with impartial eyes, and carefully considered and sifted the evidence, would like to be informed what, Jim, has done.

That point, so far from having been brought out at the trial, seems to be enshrouded in greater mystery than before. True, he was suspected of many things, but what transgression was proved against him, which merited what is equivalent to a life sentence in the penitentiary, is a question that still remains unanswered. It was not proved that he was concerned in the burglary at Chatham; it was not proved that he shot or attempted to shoot Steadman, nor that it was he who fired the shots on that eventful night; it has not even been proved that he discharged his pistol, and it was most assuredly not proved that he endeavored to frustrate the ends of justice by interfering with Buck's arrest - though that was one of the counts in the indictment against him - since one of the very few points on which the witnesses were at all inclined to agree was the fact that Jim's chief concern seemed to be to scale the back fence of the Donnelly domain without attracting any more attention than was absolutely necessary and to leave the scene of action with all possible dispatch.

One other point, and I really think the only one on which the witnesses were quite unanimous, was the direction from which the bullets were fired. According to these truthful people they all came from the direction of Telegraph street, and strangely enough, this circumstance was not commented on, or even noticed by either judge, jury or lawyers, though it was one of the strongest points for the defence, while every smallest item, every jot and tittle of evidence which could possibly be wrested into a point against the prisoners was viewed through a magnifying glass. But to the impartial observer this last point is a most significant one, since, unless the luckless Jim took the trouble to run around to the front of the house and discharge his revolver, three or four times after he succeeded in getting over the fence, it is manifestly impossible that he could have fired those shots. Even if he did so, and it had been proved against him, it would be interesting to know whether in future anyone who is suddenly attacked by unknown enemies and who, on the impulse of the moment, discharges his revolver, whether in the air or not, will be liable to be sentenced to 25 years in the penitentiary for his imprudence. This is a question which concerns us all, at least those who possess revolvers and excitable dispositions.

As for the unhappy Olsen, whom a wise and merciful judge has seen fit to condemn to death, so free was he from any intention to commit murder, that even now, with the shadow of the gallows darkening the last few days left him on earth, he does not know whether he fired the fatal shot or not, and can only say that he killed Steadman he is very sorry and supposes he ought to die. This man is poor, ignorant and helpless, a stranger in a strange land, who seems to have but two friends on earth who have tried to comfort and cheer him in his dire extremity, and who are willing to use their best efforts to save his life. One of these is a noble Christian woman who has earned for herself the title of "The Prisoner's Friend," and the other is Mr. C. B. MacDougall, who has done his best to turn the tide of public opinion, and soften the hearts of the too stern Pharisees of Moncton who thank the Lord in one breath that they are not as this man is, and in the next, clamor that he may be hanged "as high as Haman." If the unfortunate Buck's sole crime consists in his having discharged a pistol at an officer of the law while in the discharge of his duty, I would like to remind the citizens of Moncton who have judged him so harshly and rejoiced so piously in his condemnation to a cruel death, of a very similar case which occurred, not in Ontario, as did the one cited by "Justice," but in our own city a few years ago, and which is still fresh in the memory of Moncton people. A man well educated and occupying a good social position, shot at an officer of the law, but the wound was not fatal. The man had influence and friends, so the attempted murder was not considered a heinous offence, and nothing was done towards punishing him.

Now where the difference exists in these two cases I fail to discover, except that one man was educated and should have

known better, while the other was densely ignorant and discharged his weapon either accidentally or at the worst at random, while it is most unlikely that the one was to any greater extent than the other under the influence of liquor, as it has been generally admitted that "Buck" had been drinking very heavily all the day and evening on which the shooting took place; and yet the educated man was allowed to go free while the poor tramp was sentenced to death.

Perhaps the strangest part of this strange trial was the fact that the same Judge who charged so strongly against the unhappy tramp, as to virtually command the jury to convict him, was the Judge who presided on the very first circuit after his elevation to the bench, at the trial of the notorious Sarah Smith of Shediac, who shot a man dead at her own door some three or four years ago and wounded another man in the leg - and was sentenced by the too lenient Justice to either two or four years in the penitentiary. I am not sure which.

Now these are well known facts, and in view of them the thoughtful person may well ask himself whether a Judge should be considered infallible, and whether such inconsistency does not savor more of the Court of Star Chamber, where the most absolute power was placed in the hands of the presiding Judge, than it does of British justice in the latter end of the nineteenth century.

ANDOVER, Nov. 15. - On the 9th inst. Geo. W. Bishop, of Perth, came to Andover and gave himself into the custody of Sheriff Tibbitts, saying he had killed his son Percy, a boy about nine years of age. Mr. Bishop's friends at once retained Thos. Lawson, barrister, to look after the case, and Bishop went home to await the result of the inquest, which Coroner Murphy was ordered to hold. Now, Mr. Geo. Murphy is much respected as a private citizen; he is also much esteemed as a "mine boss" when officiating at Murphy's hotel; but as a coroner he does not enjoy the confidence of the public in its fullest measure.

When Coroner Murphy is called upon to hold an inquest, he invariably engages an assistant to conduct, and record the proceedings, then he signs the record and files it in the office of the clerk of the peace. A search in this office brings to light records of inquests in the handwriting of Messrs. Straton, Carter, Cameron and Lawson, all duly signed "Geo. Murphy, coroner."

When ordered to hold this last inquest, Mr. Murphy's first care was to secure an assistant, and he made application on that behalf to Thos. Lawson who was already retained by Bishop's friend. Mr. Lawson accepted, and the parties to the contract were mutually well pleased. The coroner had secured the services of an assistant at a slight cost, and the assistant had virtually been appointed the coroner before whom he was to appear and defend his client.

Seven jurors were sworn, though it is said that three of them were not qualified to act as jurors. They heard the evidence and gave their verdict. Blanche Bishop, sister of deceased, testified that deceased and his brother Percy slept in a bed made on the floor in her room on the night of the 8th inst. In the morning her father called to Percy to get up. Percy did not obey; her father came into the room and seized Percy by the foot; Percy rolled out of bed on the quilt, gasped once or twice and died in less than five minutes. He did not speak after he rolled out of bed. Her father was angry and was talking loudly when he came into the room.

Dr. Moffat testified that he found no evidence of violence on the body of deceased. He found in the abdomen a foreign semi-solid substance which he considered a tumorous growth; he believed that death was occasioned by a sudden twist or wrench acting upon this foreign substance. The doctor made no internal examination of the body. Geo. W. Bishop was next called and his statement is recorded in the handwriting of Mr. Lawson, as follows: "The father of the child, Geo. W. Bishop, was called and after being duly cautioned made a statement similar to the evidence of Blanche Bishop."

Why, it is fitted just as soon as signs of winter begin to appear that the thoughts of the average man and woman who think anything of the luxury of dessert, associate with it mince pies. The mince pie season is hailed with joy in the country and not less so in the city. In both places many households, make their own mince meat, but there are hundreds who do not go to that trouble. All of the latter should remember that John Hopkins has won a provincial reputation for his mince meat, which is neatly put up in tins of different sizes all ready for use.

A gentleman who was distinguished in the War of the rebellion for his personal bravery, and who fought in some of the most bloody battles, was recently asked just how he felt to be under fire. "I shall tell you just how a battle affects me," he asked smiling. "It is not elegant, but it is at least true."

Things Worth Trying. Warming crackers in the oven, before using. Dipping sliced onions in milk before frying. Rubbing tough meat with a cut lemon. Steaming a stale loaf of bread to freshen it. Heating the dry coffee before pouring on the water. Stale cake with brandy sauce for dessert. Bacon fat for frying chicken and game. Fried sweet apples when you have liver or kidney. Hard boiled egg salad, made like potato salad. The juice of an orange and some nutmeg in stewed grapes as an appetizer. Lemon and orange next to flavor sauces. And, finally try the simple recipes you see, hoping to find, a welcome addition to the family menu.

Value of Spare Minutes. Madame de Genlis composed several of her charming volumes while waiting in the school-room for the tardy Princess, to whom she gave lessons daily. - Dagneuseau, one of the Chancellors of France, wrote an able and bulky work in the successive intervals of waiting for dinner. - Eliza Burritt, while earning his living as a blacksmith, learned eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects, by simply improving the "odd moments."

A celebrated physician in London translated Lucretius while riding in his carriage upon his daily rounds. - Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way, writing down his thoughts in a memorandum book which he carried for the purpose. - Kirke White also learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office.

A somewhat characteristic story was current in Paris many years ago of Louis Napoleon. Having been skating one afternoon, in conversation afterward with a friend he observed: "Never did I appreciate so much as I did today what it is to be an emperor: for when others fell everybody laughed, but when I happened to fall everybody at once looked serious."

IMPORTANT TO FLESHY PEOPLE. We have noticed a page article in the Boston Globe on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cent stamp for a copy to Walker Circulating Library, 10, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

STAMPS WANTED. USED before completion of a collection, of the original envelopes, preferred, I also want pairs and blocks, on and off envelopes for my collection. Actually the highest prices paid. Particularly want some New Brunswick 1/4d. provisional (rate to Great Britain). Send list of what you have for sale. Sheets of stamps sent on approval to collector, H. L. HART, 71, Gillingen street, Halifax, N.S. June 11 - 11

Salt is an important article of food, and it is obtained chiefly from the mineral kingdom. In the human body it is an ingredient of all the solid fluids. Experiments upon domestic animals show that the withdrawal of salt from their food not only makes their hides rough and causes the hair to fall out, but also interferes with the proper digestion of the food. It is withheld permanently, they become entirely unable to appropriate nourishment, and die of starvation. In choice what an important element as it is in our diet.

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MUSICAL. The City Cornet Band... some pretty good work... judge from their Tuesday... The band is fortunate in its... cornetists, and very fine... at times and all attempts... successful. There is no... improvement however in... Harrison's orchestra... on the 25th, which, promise... treat, this orchestra is... working institutions of a... that we have, and also... to interpret whatever music... heads to the best of his... orchestra did some very... special attractions are, He... ing, Fran. Dorrings, Brau... Marie, Buehlinger, of Ha... music loving people will... again hear Herr Boering... playing, as he made a ven... sion when he last played... I see that the object... to play in the Grand Open... Sunday; Mr. Leandre Olo... was very much admired... played at St. John.

AGASSIA SOCIETY. Some Details of the Progress in... This Society announces... concerts, to be given on... day, Dec. 1st and 2nd. The programme of the first... of Mendelssohn's setting... Psalm, "As the hart pants... solo in it will be taken by... Allen. This work will... Romberg's "The Lay of... every pleasing quartet was... for the Society by the late... and now given for the... composer has, in his music... spirit of Schiller's beautiful... work is sure to be popular... it will be Mrs. Allen, M... and Messrs. Kenig and... and soprano. Together... and a lovely duet, while... will exactly suit Mr. Dani... the Master's air, which con... as a sort of motif. The... dramatic, and in pleasing... in the 42nd Psalm.

Mendelssohn's "Athletic" performed on the Friday... different to the ordinary... The narrative is it is read... chorus breaking in from... rejoice at the feast of Pe... over the depolation of Jeru... Levites to the holy war, and... victory, &c. The overture... with the well-known "Fiesta"... the orchestra a splendid oppo... people heard the work when... Andrew's church, three year... may almost be considered... John. A feature in it is the... certified music, and a spe... quartette of soloists has be... Mrs. Allen, Mrs. W. S. Car... Hee and Miss Melniss.

Numerically, the chorus... be stronger than ever, and... Bourne's painstaking work... absence, they are well up... and ready for the Conductor... ing touches. The orchestra... ten or twelve pieces, and... White, (leader), Miss Currie... Miss Bowden, and Mess... Strand, Williams, C. Coster... R. Ewing. These with the... Miss Goddard at the pain... Bourne at the organ, will... accompaniment.

Mr. Ford is expected bac... on Monday to take charge... rehearsals.

TONES AND UNDER... Richard Strauss has comple... opera, "Guntram." Mme. Wagner receives 15... per year in royalties on her... Moody and Sankey are sai... received \$1,200,000 in royalti... gospel hymns.

Edgar Tinel's "St. Fran... will be the New York Orato... novelty this season. Tachikowsky, the eminent... poser, is about to produce hi... "Iolande; or, the daughter... Renato" at the Imperial Oper... Petersburg.

It is owing to the very nat... which is pervaded by the... element of love, that even... antagonism in religious, p... philosophical views vanish... Ferdinand Hiller.

Professor Crouch, the co... "Kathleen Mavourneen" and... two thousand other and lesser... is an old gentleman of eight... lives in a poor quarter of Hal... barely furnished tenement, at... his daily bread to the philan... admirer who has settled upon... allowances.

Verdi, the composer, has... on having the great Fran... Maurel, for the leading role... opera, "Falstaff." But it is

MUSIC THEATRICAL

The City Cornet Band seem to be doing some pretty good work, and if one can judge from their Tuesday evening concert, the band is fortunate in having some good cornetists, and very fine instruments, the attacks and all sorts of passages were most successful. These are some of the improvements however, in pianissimo parts. Harrison's orchestra is to give a concert on the 25th, which, promises to be a rare treat, this orchestra is one of the sharpest working institutions of a musical character that we have, and the conductor endeavors to interpret whatever music is placed in his hands to the best of his ability, the orchestra did some very creditable work at the recent Musical performances. The special attractions are, Herr Ernest Doering, Franz Doringbrauer and Pauline Marie Buehlinger, of Halifax. All our music loving people will be anxious to again hear Herr Doering's fine solo playing, as he made a very deep impression when he last played here.

I see that the best opera company is to play in the Grand Opera House, next Sunday, Mr. Laudor Moquist, the pianist was very much admired when the company played in St. John.

Some that Signor Ricci, the publisher, who was delegated to conduct the necessary negotiations, finds that the merchants will charge a fabulous price for his services, and do not seem practicable to agree to the terms demanded.

To be an artist is to be a poet, to be loaded, by all the recollections of art and nature; to love, to suffer—in one word, to live! To produce a work of art does not make an artist. First of all, an artist must be touched by all the manifestations of beauty, must be penetrated by them, and know how to enjoy them. How many great painters, how many illustrious musicians, never were artists in the deepest meaning of the word—Masseti, The Composer.

Bandmen and bandmasters for the British army are trained at the military school of music, Kneller Hall, Monnow. The students, qualifying for these two classes are admitted from the bands of different regiments, on the recommendation of the commanding officer, or the bandmaster. Boys are also admitted at the age of fifteen from Chelsea Hospital, the Royal Hibernian military school, Dublin, and many other public institutions. Bandmasters rank as first-class staff sergeants, and in addition to their regimental pay receive a fixed sum of at least \$100 a year.

A memorial tablet has recently been erected on the house in Weimar in which Sebastian Bach was born. It bears the following inscription: "In this house (Vitz-Bach) and his son John followed the trade of baker. John studied music at Gotha and pursued this art with success. Through seven generations more than a hundred members of the Bach family have given great assistance to the art, John Sebastian being one of the greatest composers that ever lived. He was the best counterpoint writer and organist of his age. Honored be his memory. Erected by the town of Weimar, and the Society, Bolander-Verein."

Fenny said, according to a Boston woman who took singing lessons of her, was a great scold. "Her temper at this time was such that she would often fly into a great rage, and her husband would have to come here out of the room to soothe her, after which she would come back with a sabbity drawn over her, wrath, so oppressive, in her courtesy that she student hardly dared to breathe or stir her off again. The American confessed she spent more of her lesson hours crying than singing, and added: "Her reprimands were often very personal. 'She would look at me and ejaculate, 'O, you look so ugly when you sing!' It was impossible to resist apologizing for one's appearance when she spoke like that, and that threw her into a new rage."

Masagni has known poverty and riches, obscurity and fame. He can tell his respective worth. His late visit to Vienna was one long spasm-out scene of enthusiasm, but perhaps Masagni now feels the truth of that mysterious saying of Victor Hugo, "Success is kidding." For during a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" which he conducted in the Austrian capital, he was repeatedly called before the curtain, "until he finally broke down in a swoon." On another occasion "his hands were seized and pressed. He was kissed and hugged by those nearest him. The cigar he was smoking was taken from his mouth and fought for as a relic of surpassing value." "His last act of hero worship brings to mind a famous episode in "The Quick and the Dead."

The N. Y. Sun says that Paderewski is progressing so rapidly toward health that there is promise of the fulfillment of all his American engagements except the earlier concerts of the series. In order to accomplish this task he will, however, be compelled to abandon the contemplated English recital. It would therefore seem that, in spite of the extraordinary social and artistic favor created by his recent performances in London, the Polish genius has something of a preference for American audiences. It has been variously hinted of late that the novelty of Paderewski being gone, his second visit may not arrive at such extraordinary results as marked his initial appearance. While there can be no question over the fact that Paderewski was a fashionable craze as well as an asset in art with us last year, it is equally without doubt that appreciation of his genius has increased rather than diminished during his absence. The interest of his return is heightened by the probability that he may be accompanied by his favorite pupil, Mlle. Szumowska.

GRAND OPERA CONCERTS

This Society announces its annual grand concert to be given on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 1st and 2nd.

The programme for the first night will consist of Mendelssohn's setting of the 42nd Psalm, "As the hart pants" (The soprano solo in it will be taken by Mrs. Humphrey Allen). This work will be followed by Romberg's "The Lay of the Bell." This very pleasing cantata was especially chosen for the Society by the late Thomas Morley, and now given for the first time. The composer has, in his music, well caught the spirit of Schiller's beautiful poem, and the work is sure to be popular. The soloists in it will be Mrs. Allen, Miss Alice Hea and Messrs. Bristow and Daniel. The soprano and tenor have some very pretty airs and a lovely duet, while the bass part will exactly suit Mr. Daniel, particularly the Master's air, which continually recurs as a sort of motif. The choruses are quite dramatic, and in pleasing contrast to those in the 42nd Psalm.

Mendelssohn's "Athalia," which is to be performed on the Friday night, is totally different to the ordinary type of oratorio. The narrative as it is read, the soloists and chorus breaking in from time to time to rejoice at the Feast of Pentecost, mourn over the desolation of Jerusalem, urge the Levites to the holy war, and exult in their victory, &c. The averture is grand and with the well-known Fugue's March will give the orchestra a splendid opportunity. So few people heard the work when given in St. Andrew's church, three years ago, that it may almost be considered as new to St. John. A feature in it is the beautiful concerted music, and a specially strong quartette of soloists has been secured in Mrs. Allen, Mrs. W. S. Carter, Miss Alice Hea and Miss McInnis.

Numerically, the chorus this season will be stronger than ever, and thanks to Mr. Bourne's painstaking work in Mr. Ford's absence, they are well up in their parts, and ready for the Conductor's final finishing touches. The orchestra will comprise ten or twelve pieces, and include Prof. White, (leader), Miss Currie, Miss Ogden, Miss Bowden, and Messrs. Watson, Strand, Williams, C. Coster, Stratton and R. Ewing. These with the infatigable Miss Goddard at the piano, and Mr. Bourne at the organ, will furnish a capital accompaniment.

Mr. Ford is expected back in the city on Monday to take charge of the final rehearsals.

TONES AND UNDERTONES

Richard Strauss has completed his latest opera, "Guntram."

Mme. Wagner receives 150,000 marks per year in royalties on her husband's opera.

Moody and Sankey are said to have received \$1,200,000 in royalties from their gospel hymns.

Edgar Tapel's "St. Francis of Assisi" will be the New York Oratorio society's novelty this season.

Tchaikowsky, the eminent Russian composer, is about to produce his new opera, "Iolande," or, the daughter of King Renato" at the Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg.

It is owing to the very nature of music, which is pervaded by the all-reconciling element of love, that even the strongest antagonism in religious, political, and philosophical views vanish before it.—Ferdinand Hiller.

Professor Crounch, the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen" and more than two thousand other and lesser-known songs, is an old gentleman of eighty-four. He lives in a poor quarter at Baltimore, in a barely furnished tenement, and he owes his daily bread to the philanthropy of an admirer who has settled upon him a small allowance.

Verdi, the composer, has set his heart on having the great French baritone, Mirel, for the leading role in his new opera, "Falstaff." But it is reported in

chance's Institute for all of December as a five weeks' season.

An attempt is being made to raise sufficient guarantee fund to bring the famous Nordica Company to this city. It is a long time since St. John has heard any singer of national reputation, and the response should be cordial and substantial.

H. Price Webber is coming to us, giving satisfaction as usual, with all his old favorite plays and other new ones.

Zera Semon has the gift of drawing the people. No other man seems to give his audience better satisfaction. Every night this week there was crowd enough for a respectable house outside the door of the Institute at 6.30. Zera's son bids fair to make a worthy successor to his successful father.

Harrison's orchestra give a Columbia concert in the Opera House, Friday evening next. Mr. Harrison has struck a new name for his concert and, Progress understands, has a surprise in store for the audience in the way of new music. The voyage of Columbus, his departure from the shores of the old world, his story of passage on the ocean and his arrival and discovery will be one musical story. These descriptions of the orchestra have added much to its reputation and the people can expect something very creditable in the present instance.

Mme. Sarah Bonhardt is writing a play. Although this will be her first attempt at writing for the stage, she is already practiced in authorship.

Maffei wrote "Clopatria," his first tragedy, at 26. It was undertaken to relieve the tedium of a self-imposed confinement to one himself of a passion for an unworthy woman.

Mrs. Dion Boucicault, the widow of the famous playwright, is about to appear in "Husband and Wife," the play in which Cora Tanner starred last year. The piece will be produced in California.

The scenic artist, Riccardo Kallana, now painting the scenery for Franchetti's new opera, "Cristoforo Colombo," shortly to be produced in Genoa, says that the scene of the sea in the second act will require over 2,000 square feet of canvas.

The ladies who go to theatres and smoke cigarettes on the acts have a new treat. They carry little scissors around with them and when the bell rings and they have to go back to the theatre, they snap off the burnt end of the cigarette and save the rest.

A story is told of the actress Mlle. Marie Maguer and her pearls. One day as she was about to appear on the scene somebody made the remark that her pearls were really of an enormous size. "It is true," she replied, "the lady whom I represent on the stage no doubt wears smaller pearls in real life. But what can I do? I have no small pearls."

Lottie Collins when in New York, not only danced at the Standard theatre between the acts of "Jane," but on the same evening danced with the "Miss Helvetic" company, in Brooklyn. In Philadelphia she doubled up also, and in Chicago opened in the second week of the new and gorgeous Schiller theatre, her receipts for the opening night being several hundred dollars greater than on the first performance at that new house.

Margaret Mather has married a colonel, who is the son of a captain, but that is the end of the titles, for both father and son are makers of Milwaukee lager. A dispatch dated last Sunday, says that Capt. Pabst, the millionaire brewer, was very much surprised to receive notice from his eldest son, Col. Gustavo Pabst, that he was married to Miss Mather, in San Francisco. This was the first family news of Col. Pabst's love affair. He is a handsome fellow, 26 years old, who has been noted for his modest bearing, attention to business, and love of outdoor sports. He is vice-president of the Pabst Brewing Company.

When farce maker Hoyt was a comic paragraph writer on a Boston paper he had an ambition to make money enough out of fun to become the proprietor of an influential daily newspaper, says an exchange. He has probably made more money out of his fun than the proprietors of a good many influential daily newspapers. With wealth came a change of ambition, and his friends have known for some time that he has had a yearning for political activity. Now that he has been elected a member of the New Hampshire Legislature he believes that he will seek further honors. Hoyt is the only successful playwright in the country who has ever gone into politics, although there have been two or three English dramatists, notably Sheridan, who have done as well in Parliament as upon the stage.

Dr. Carver has been playing to immense houses at Niblo's, New York, lately, and the great success he has met with in the depiction of scenes from wild Western life fully justifies the action of Manager Comstock in prolonging the run of "The Scout" for at least five weeks. The bridge scene is a most remarkable piece of stage mechanism combined with picturesque effect. The horse, which Dr. Carver is riding in aiding in the escape of Branda, falls a distance of some fifteen feet into a big tank of warm water. The animal seems to enjoy it, especially as it receives great attention and rubbing down after its great act.

The scene in the barroom, where Dr. Carver peppers bullets into some eighteen bottles on the shelves with unerring aim and in rapid succession, sets the house wild. The real Sioux Indians, including squaws and papposes, and the Simon pure article of cowboy are great adjuncts to the various scenes and effects.

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Marks, the Lawyer, is painting tomatoes in the canning factory. The donkey is drawing a water cart, and the bloodhounds are out after jack rabbits. A fire eater is

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going to prove as an awful example at the prohibition lecture to-night, and the Champion snare drummer is trying to beat his board bill over at the hotel. Besides these, the advance agent of the Dizzy Blondines is down at the jail numbering off the cells for his company the same as rooms at the hotel. I reckon you will feel right at home here.—Peak.



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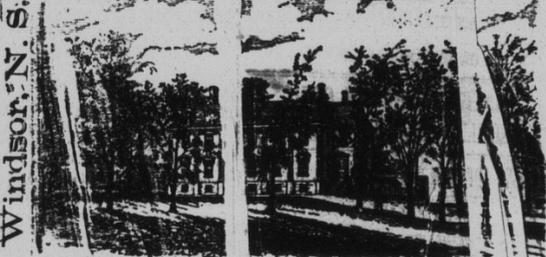
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The following well-known local talent will also assist: Miss Pilgrou, Miss Craigie, Mr. Horace Cole, Mr. Alex. Lindsay and Prof. J. M. White. TICKETS 25, 35 and 50 Cts.

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 90 Charlotte Street.



St. John—South End.
 Last Saturday being an exceptionally fine day, a number of ladies and gentlemen took advantage of it by having a Hare and Hounds chase. The party numbering about twenty took a tramp of five or six miles and were chaperoned by Mrs. E. C. Grant, Misses Eliza Harrison and Miss James Harrison. The Hares being Miss Ethel Smith and Mr. Fred Daniel.
 On Thursday last Mrs. Herbert Arnold entertained a number of her lady friends at five o'clock tea at her residence, Carlton street.
 Mr. Leonard Beaudry of Montreal, left on Wednesday night for New Westminster, B. C., where he has been transferred to the branch of the bank there.
 The Guild of St. Monica in connection with the Mission Chapel held a very successful sale on Tuesday afternoon and evening. The "Art Gallery" was one of the chief attractions of the evening but unlike most exhibitions evoked a great deal of laughter; it was arranged and presided over by the Misses Hazen; while the ladies in charge of the fancy and refreshment tables were Mrs. and the Misses King, Mrs. Boyer and Misses Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Mrs. Alfred Porter, Miss Joseph Richardson, the Misses Williams, Miss Jack and Miss Jones.
 The Missionary working party of Trinity Church held their annual sale in the school room, adjoining the Church, on Friday afternoon and evening. Despite the down-pour of rain numbers attended it and a large party sat down to high tea at six o'clock. This year the ladies in charge of the excellent with which they conducted the latter, and this year it possible eclipsed their former efforts.
 Miss Marion Jack who has been spending the summer with relatives in New York, returned to London, England, where she will spend the winter.
 Mr. and Mrs. Meyers who have been visiting Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Sherry returned to their home at Jannetta Place, New York on Monday.
 A very pleasant meeting of the Half Hour Reading Club was held last evening at the residence of Mrs. Charles Scammell, Leinster street. The readings and quotations were all taken from Tennyson's works.
 Mrs. Street who has been visiting her relatives in this city leaves tomorrow evening via New York for her home in England.
 Mrs. Beverly Robinson, of Fredericton, who has been making a visit to St. John, returned home on Saturday.
 Mr. George K. McLeod left on Tuesday morning for a trip to Halifax.
 Mrs. J. Garstner Taylor gave an afternoon at home last week in honor of her sister, Miss Drinkwater, of Montreal, who is visiting her.
 Mr. Alexander Miller left on Monday for New York, where he will take passage by the steamer "Majestic" for England.
 Mrs. Anderson (of Turry, N. S.), has been here for some weeks, the guest of her sister, Mrs. James Jack, of Paddock street.
 Mr. Carleton Kilham, is spending a few days with his father, Mr. William Kilham, of Mount Middleton. Miss Genevieve Leary, of this city, is making a visit of some weeks to relatives in Montreal.
 Mr. and Mrs. A. D. M. Boyne, entertained their friends last Thursday evening, it being the twentieth anniversary of their wedding.
 Hon. Donald Ferguson, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., spent Wednesday in our city.
 Mr. E. D. Manning the string master from the grammar school was presented at Odd Fellows hall on Tuesday afternoon by the boys with a handsome gold headed ebony cane with a suitable inscription, accompanied with an address.
 Mr. and Mrs. V. Paddock have returned home from a visit of several weeks to Boston.
 The relatives here of Mr. Robert Bayard a former well known merchant of this city, have received the news of his sudden death, which occurred on Tuesday at New York. Mr. Bayard leaves two daughters, the Misses Edna and Mary Bayard who reside with their aunt at the Bay shore.
 Captain Bloomfield Douglas R. N. has returned to St. John from his recent visit to Antigonish.
 Mrs. James Jack gave an afternoon at home on Friday afternoon at her residence Paddock street from five to seven o'clock, where her parlour was filled with a large number of lady guests.
 A large number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. William Bestley assembled at their residence at Sand Point on Thursday night to congratulate them upon the seventh anniversary of their marriage, and presented them with an address, and a very handsome wicker chair.
 Mrs. Frank B. Hazen has been for the past few weeks the guest of Mr. J. Douglas Hazen, Coburg street.
 Miss Maud Robinson of Fredericton is visiting friends in St. John.
 The marriage of Captain H. A. Henshaw of the schooner Nyasara to Miss Helena Lovely of Perth County, Victoria County, took place on Monday evening at the Waterloo street Baptist church, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. J. W. Clark, Mr. F. A. Sharp acted as groom, and Miss Ida Ferguson was bridesmaid. The bride was attired in a handsome dress of white satin. After the ceremony the party drove to the John hotel, where a reception was held. The married couple were the recipients of numerous presents, several of which were most valuable. The entertainment, with which Captain Henshaw is connected, Mrs. Henshaw will accompany her husband in the vessel, which will shortly sail for New York.
 Mr. James J. Bostwick was a passenger by the western train on Monday night for Boston.
 Miss Bairdley of Woodville is making a visit here, to her cousin Rev. W. O. Raymond.
 Mr. Murray McNeill son of Rev. I. G. McNeill of this city, is visiting his friend Mr. R. M. McGregor at New Glasgow, N. S.
 A very pleasant German reunion was held on Tuesday evening at the residence of Cousin Bury. A notable feature of the gathering being that all the conversation was carried on in the language of the fatherland.
 The friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvey Brown sympathize with them in the death of their little daughter Jessie five years of age which occurred on Sunday after a short illness of congestion of the lungs.
 Mr. J. K. Gallagher a former resident of this city, but whose home is now in New York, is visiting his relatives here.
 Mr. J. J. Forrest is seriously ill at his home on Summer street, No. 1113.
 Mr. Wm. E. Vroom has been visiting Acadia since this week.
 Rev. Thos. Fullerton has returned home from a visit to Charlottetown, P. E. I.
 Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Riddick of Lancaster celebrated their china wedding on Monday evening.
 Mr. George Stairs of Halifax spent Wednesday in St. John.
 Mr. Charles O'Brien of the Dominion Express office has returned home from a visit to Montreal.
 The house of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boddie, No. 1087 Bushwick Avenue, was prettily decorated with flags and choice plants on Thursday evening last. The occasion was a reception held by Mrs. Boddie, (nee Ella Jordan) and given in honor of a visit from Miss Edith Skinner and Miss Katie Jordan, two young and well known society women of St. John, N. B. There were about 60 friends present. Mrs. Boddie, attired in a gown of white satin, demit-train, lace trimmings, was assisted by Miss Skinner dressed in crimson crepe de chene, diamond ornaments, and Miss Jordan in pink silk with pearl ornaments. There was dancing until a late hour, music by Prof. Somer's orchestra, followed by a supper. Some of the pretty dresses were worn by Miss Thilie Marvin, Stamford, Conn., while corded silk, honton lace trimmings; Miss Violetta Tall, white satin, demit-train, pearl ornaments; Miss Maggie Suddall, Nile green crepe de chene, diamonds; the Misses Rogers, pink and blue silk; Miss Fanny Conroy, canary silk; Miss Edith Welsh, Brooklyn, pink silk; Miss Sharp, New York, white satin. The dancing of little Jennie Sandall was greatly admired. A few prominent people present were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tall, Mr. and Mrs. John Sandall, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Welsh, Mr. and Mrs. Estey, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Jones Fuller, Misses Mrs. Edith Falvey, Boston; Messrs. Chas. Hyde, Frank K. Kane, E. H. Conroy, Henry Bonville, New York; J. Clemons Parry, Will Sandall, Fred. Wilson, C. B. Clark, Harry Johnson, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Beck, New York—Brooklyn Eagle.
 The dispatches have told of the burning of the Quebec Hotel on the river Seine, with the loss of many lives. The vessel was loaded with petroleum which exploded when the flames reached it. Captain Roop, who was in command, saved his life, and also that of his crew. Mrs. Roop, who is a sister of Mrs. F. E. Craib, of this city.
 Miss Minerva Bennett, of Salmondale, is visiting St. John, and is the guest of her friend, Miss Ada Oline, St. James St.
 The H. B. S. Club gave the second of their series of dances for the winter at their assembly room, Robertson's building, Mill Street, on Monday evening last.
 Mrs. Mitchell was summoned from Boston last week on account of the sudden death of her son-in-law, Mr. John Baird, and will probably remain with her daughter for some time.
 Mrs. Arthur Sharpe who has been visiting her aunt at Weiland for the last two weeks, is not expected home until next week.
 Miss Nellie Morley, who has been paying a visit to her mother here, returned to Woodstock last Saturday.
 Mrs. E. S. Carter spent this week in Fredericton, visiting her parents.
 Mrs. Robt. Dibble, Broad Street, has been very ill for some weeks, and is still confined to her room, though no serious consequences are apprehended.
 Mrs. Wm. McKinnon, of Yarmouth, who has been spending a few weeks with Mrs. W. S. Carter here returned home last Saturday.
 Miss Alice Turner, who has been visiting friends in Boston, decided to enter a private training school for nurses there two weeks ago, and is much pleased with her work.
 Mrs. John Kerr, who has been visiting friends in Newton, Mass., has returned to the city.
 Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Carman gave a farewell supper last night, Mr. Mount Carman and a number of his friends, Monday evening—it being the eve of his departure for Chicago, his future home.
 Mr. R. O'Shaughnessy leaves next week for Boston on a brief trip.
 A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Sheldon, Charlotte Street, were entertained by Mrs. Sheldon on a surprise on Thanksgiving evening by presenting her with a life size portrait of her husband. It is finely executed by H. G. Martin & Co., and is an excellent likeness. The party was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon in their well known hospitable style.
 A number of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Bustin drove out to their residence, at Loch Lomond, Monday evening to celebrate their 25th marriage anniversary. Many handsome presents were received by Mr. and Mrs. Bustin, who entertained the guests most hospitably during the evening.
 Mr. Plumer, of Houston, is in the city for a few days.
 Gen. Warner (president of the Oratorio Society) and Mrs. Warner, have invited Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen to be their guest during her stay in this city.
 Mrs. C. T. Burns and child leave for Philadelphia on Saturday, where she intends spending the winter with her mother.

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.
St. John—North.
 Miss Taylor of St. Stephen, was visiting relatives here last week.
 Miss Currie of Amherst, who has been visiting Mrs. E. Songster, has returned home.
 Dr. Broderick returned from Fredericton last week.
 Miss Annie Purdy spent a few days at her home on Main street, before returning to St. Martins.
 Capt. John Pratt is visiting his parents this week.
 Mr. Charles Turpee of Sherfield is here, he is stopping at the "Lorne Hotel".
 Miss Van Buren who has been visiting friends in Boston and New York, returned home last week.
 Hon. J. J. and Mrs. Fraser of Fredericton, spent a few days in St. John this week.
 Mrs. Z. Price of Greenwich, Queens Co., is visiting friends here.
 Miss Steeple Stephenson and Miss Louise Lingley have returned to Normal school after spending Thanksgiving at their homes here. **ARISTOTLE.**
ST. ANDREWS.
 Nov. 14.—Mr. Sutherland of Milltown, had been spending a few days here.
 Mr. James Gallagher of New York, has been in town.
 Messrs. C. C. Grant, J. T. Whitlock and C. C. Whitlock were in town last week.
 Miss K. Morrison has been spending a week in St. Stephen.
NORTH SYDNEY.
 Nov. 14.—Messrs. Sidney Salter and G. H. Guggwell are home from Boston.
 Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Lawlor have returned from their wedding trip and are living near the Methodist church.
 F. G. Redmayne, now of Montreal, paid his many friends in North Sydney a flying visit last week.
 Miss Baker is recovering from an attack of quinsy. Miss Beatrice Vought gave a small card party Tuesday evening.
 Mrs. Bart Musgrave returned Saturday from New Glasgow.
 There is to be a concert with some tableaux at the beginning of the New Year. As the entertainment will be under the management of Mrs. Rigby and Miss Barrington its success is assured. **DALLAS.**
 (Continued on Eighth Page.)

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 Silk Neckwear,
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AMHERST.

Progress is for sale at Amherst, by George... Nov. 16.—The delightful little dance given by Mrs. A. Chapman at her handsome home last Wednesday evening was made unusually bright and enjoyable by the presence of a number of "Sackville's fairest." The hostess was assisted in her pleasant duties by Miss Chapman, for whom the party was especially given. More than thirty guests were present, but the dancing seemed to go off with great spirit and appreciation; the floor was in prime order, and the music, which was provided by the guests, was capitally rendered. A general air of beauty pervaded the merry company, which was largely made up of the younger belles and heartless swains, who bid fair to rival their predecessors in the art of dancing as well as beauty. Mrs. Chapman has certainly established herself as a most charming and untiring hostess whose hospitality will be frequently hoped for.

On Thursday evening Mrs. J. M. Townshend gave a charming party in honor of her guest, Miss St. George, Montreal, who has recently returned from a visit to friends in Halifax. Mrs. Ketchum was one of the principal hostesses of the past week, adding a pleasant little "eye o'clock" and a very enjoyable dinner party to the list of things given. Her home on Victoria street is among the prettiest and most tastefully furnished, and the guests are always sure of lots of mirth and amusement.

Thanksgiving was attended with a genuine foretaste of winter that brought out the ambitious jehus with their sleighs, but the merry jingle of bells was of rather short duration. Very many nice little home gatherings took place that went far to brighten the day despite the outside gloom. Mr. Charles Fullerton returned from Halifax to spend the day with his friends here and left again for the capital on Saturday.

Mrs. James Moffat was suddenly called to St. John on Monday to attend the funeral of a relative who died quite suddenly. Mr. Arch. Fosters' numerous friends will be very glad to hear that he is rapidly recovering from his very serious illness. His mother, Mrs. A. Foster of Bridgetown, who has been with him the past fortnight went home on Tuesday.

Mrs. Townshend, of Halifax, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred. Robb. It is always a pleasure to hear of Mrs. Townshend's arrival, as it invariably causes an extra stir in society. Mrs. Robt. Pugsley and little daughter spent a few days in Springhill, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Cove.

The Misses Ross, who have been visiting their friends in Amherst, have gone to Nappan for a short visit to Col. and Mrs. Blair at Experimental farm. They expect to return to their home in Truro, via Parrsboro, where they will make a short stay. Mrs. Black and son have returned home after a visit of several weeks to friends in Boston and vicinity.

Miss Hyde, who has been paying a pleasant visit to her numerous friends here, left on Tuesday for her home in Truro. Miss Dickie, of Sackville, spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Clarence Truitt. Mrs. J. Brown is making a short visit to Spring Hill. Mr. Brown, C.E., is engaged there at present. Miss Gibson and Miss Rowley, of Sackville, have been paying Prof. and Mrs. Sterne a very pleasant visit of a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas have returned home after a very tedious absence. We can ill afford to have their handsome home closed for very long, as they generally inspire current events in a most pleasant way. On Saturday Mrs. James Rogers gave a large tea at her house on Victoria street, the large rooms were filled with ladies who all looked exceptionally well arrayed. Although the rooms are not so well adapted for merry making as many others in town they presented a wonderfully lively appearance for a short time. Mrs. Rogers, who is a most charming hostess, was assisted in waiting upon her guests by her sisters, Mrs. T. Hamilton and Mrs. E.L. Fuller.

Mr. A. W. Bateson left us the first of the week for his home in London. Everybody breathed a sigh of regret over his departure, which has been pending so long. Just what society is going to do without him I fail to see for it is well known that his presence that he was just the right man for long experience at all occasions. It is reported he may return again in the spring if work is resumed on the Marine Railway.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. James Moffat at the death of their baby, which occurred on Saturday. I was sorry that I had overlooked the sad death of Mrs. Amos Purdy, which occurred Friday week, after a long and very painful illness of more than a year. Mrs. Purdy during her lifetime was an earnest and untiring worker in the Baptist church, of which she was a most devoted member, and many will miss her deeds of kindness. She was buried in the Highland cemetery.

The sociable at the pretty residence of Mrs. A. D. Taylor was another thing that escaped my pen last week, although not possibly on account of the lack of brilliancy for it was a grand success. The promoters were those who have fond remembrance of happy days spent at the Wolfville Seminary, for which the proceeds are to be devoted. Although the rooms were so large the capital management brought everything on the programme out in fine order. Delicious baked beans, excellent music by our local stars and a pretty and merry anecdote—what more was requisite.

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Hilton gave a most excellent dance at their spacious home on Havelock street that was in every appointment a great success, handsome gowns and pretty belles everywhere to be seen, and the beaux quite held their own among the bevy of beauty that quite surrounded them. Such a lot of good charms to the merry event, which, as usual, was fully appreciated. Miss Miriel Morse looked pretty enough to claim the honors of the belle, but I feel that Miss Gwen Main although not having made her debut in society generally was deserving of very special mention, in fact all the guests looked particularly bright, and a number of fresh gowns were added to the list for the evening. Mrs. Hilton was a pretty toilet of black silk trimmed with jet, and Miss Hilton, who assisted in receiving the guests, looked charming in a dress of white cashmere, silk trimmed. Space will not allow me to name the large number of guests present for which I am sorry.

The Misses Main give a large party to-night at their cottage. Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds. BRIDGETOWN. Nov. 13.—Mrs. John McCormack went to Annapolis on Saturday, having been summoned there by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. W. McCormack. Mrs. Hastings Freeman spent a couple of days in Annapolis last week. Miss Maggie Willett was the guest of Dr. DeBlos last week. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Murdoch are receiving congratulations this week on the arrival of a little son, a daughter.

Miss W. H. Wade has returned to Boston after a pleasant two months' visit to her aunt, Mrs. McMillan. Rev. Mr. Cowling of Annapolis, spent Thanksgiving here. Mr. and Mrs. H. Bannister and Miss Bannister came from Halifax on Tuesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Bannister's brother, who returned on Saturday. Miss Bannister is at home again after an absence of some weeks.

FREDERICTON.

Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Fenety and by James H. Hawthorne. Nov. 14.—"The Sunnyside" the beautiful residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. George, presented a brilliant scene on Friday evening last, on the occasion of the ball given in honor of their daughter, Addie, making her debut into society. A large number of invitations had been issued of which over one hundred had been accepted; with so large a number of guests, there appeared no crush after the first announcements; the house being particularly adapted for entertaining. Mr. and Mrs. George received their guests in the large drawing room to the right of the hall, the spacious parlors to the left being reserved for dancing. Among the invited guests were: The Bishop and Mrs. Kingston, Judge and Mrs. Fraser, Sir John and Lady Allen, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Munnell, Major and Mrs. Gordon, Capt. and Mrs. Hemming, Mayor and Mrs. Beckwith, Mr. and Mrs. J. Black, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hazen, St. John; Mrs. Miller, Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Miss Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mrs. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Racey, Dr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilnot, Mrs. and Miss Wetmore, St. John; Dr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, Capt. and Mrs. Loggie, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Burnside, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. Pitblado, Mr. and Mrs. Will. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Carl. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. C. Beckwith, Mr. and Mrs. George Munnell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Fisher, Miss Fenety.

Some lovely gowns were worn, Mrs. George received her guests in a handsome gown of golden brown satin, en train under brown lace. Mrs. George the debutante of the evening, looked lovely in white silk, full fringed, and over-dress of white silk crepon, trimmings embroidered chiffon and ribbon. Mrs. Hemming a beautiful gown of yellow silk and jewel trimmings. Mrs. Geo. Munnell, blue silk dress, with over-dress of black lace and velvet trimmings. Miss Munnell, coral silk white lace bodice. Mrs. Harry Beckwith, black velvet en train and jet trimmings. Mrs. Blair, black velvet and honiton lace. Mrs. Will Allen, garnet silk and black lace. Mrs. Byron Winslow, black lace and natural flowers. Mrs. Green black velvet en train and pearl ornaments. Mrs. Burnside black satin and jet. Mrs. Winslow, cream bengaline. Miss Blair, was prettily dressed in black lace and flowers. Miss Allen, white silk and white down trimming. Miss Ida Allen, a handsome dress of cream silk. Miss Wilnot, cream cashmere, and cream satin bodice. Miss Logan, yellow silk. Mrs. Brown, black silk and gold dotted lace bodice. Mrs. Charles Beckwith, lawn silk silver passementerie trimmings. Miss Sherman, black and crimson silk. Mrs. Ned Allen, broadened blue silk, white lace overdress. Miss Eady a beautiful gown of rich canary silk, with golden lace trimmings, hand bouquet of pink roses, feather fan. Miss Crookshank, broadened French grey silk, honiton lace trimmings. Mrs. McNutt, looked very pretty in white pongee silk, Miss Bessie Dabbitt, black lace. Miss Glasier; pink silk and white lace, ostrich feather. Miss Lugin, pink nun's veiling pink ribbons natural flowers. Miss Stratton; cream cashmere, black lace. Miss Sterling looked pretty in duck lace and natural flowers. Mrs. Walter Fisher; cream silk and roses. Miss Frankie Tibbits, cream bengaline and lace. Miss Burnside a beautiful dress of pale blue silk. Miss Campbell cream silk. Miss McLean; a pretty gown of heliotrope silk with over dress of heliotrope tulle. Miss Williamson, cream cashmere. Miss Florrie Powys, salmon pink silk. Miss Ethel Powys, pink silk. Miss Edith Gregory, golden silk, pink chiffon trimmings. Miss Rainford black net over blue silk and chrysanthemums. Miss Jeannette Beverly; cream crepon, embroidered chiffon trimmings. Miss Florrie Marsh, cream bengaline; bouquet of chrysanthemums. Miss Nell; pink silk. Miss Johnson blue silk. Mrs. Winifred Johnson cream bedford cord lace trimmings. Miss Hunter blue bengaline. Miss Myra Hart; figured chalice and yellow silk trimmings. Miss Cropley white lace over yellow silk. Miss Cecil Phair, crimson silk gown and crimson chiffon. Miss Bessie Hunt, cream chalice.

The gentleman were Messrs Adam, Tilley, J. W. Wainwright, St. John; Wainwright, Sharp, Sherman, Smith, Campbell, Cannon, Tibbits, Gregory, Britow, Lieuts. Ternee, Macdonald, Andrews, Prof. Duff and Dixon, D. Bridges, Mr. Powys, Chesnut, Black, Fenety, Glaizer, Boyce, McLeod, Baxter, McCullough, Aitken, Mitchell, L. Tibbits, McKnight, McLeellan and Phinney. A very recherche supper was kept running all evening. The floor in perfect order for dancing, the delightful music by the F. O. M. W. Orchestra and with so charming a young hostess it is little wonder the entertainment was a perfect success in all details. Miss Susan Robinson of St. John, is visiting the Misses Powys at Kingsclear. Mr. Henry Green left on Saturday morning for St. John where he has been appointed to the Bank of Montreal, in that city. Miss Ebbitt of the Barony, is visiting Mrs. T. W. Whitehead. Mr. Charles Polly of St. John, spent Thanksgiving day with friends here. Miss Hume has issued invitations for a large "at home" for Thursday evening. Mrs. Geo. F. Gregory has returned home from a pleasant visit to Boston. Mr. Halden spent Sunday in the city, the guest of Mrs. Galt. Miss Bois has returned home from her visit to St. John. Mr. T. W. Whitehead is expected home from Ohio on Saturday. Invitations are out for an at home, at Bishop K. agdon's on Wednesday, Nov. 23rd from 4.30 to 6 o'clock. Hon. F. P. and Mrs. Thomson arrived home on Saturday from their trip across the continent. Hon. Judge Landry, of Dorchester, is in the city, he was accompanied by his two sons, Ray and Hector who are the guests of Miss Owens and Mrs. Dever. Dr. and Mrs. Frank Brown left this morning for Sussex, to be present at the wedding of Dr. T. C. Brown, which took place to-day at 4 o'clock. Dr. Crockett was married last Wednesday in the Presbyterian church at Dalhousie. On their return here they will occupy the house on King street, lately vacated by Mrs. Fickard. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gregory have returned home from a pleasure trip to Boston and New York. The latest excitement here, is the report of the elopement of Miss Florence Randolph and Mr. Geo. Day of Sarnaby but now of Boston. Mr. Jas. S. Nell, Miss Barrett and Mrs. F. I. Morrison and child are visiting St. John.

Nov. 16.—Mrs. Richard Fairley of London, England, is here on a business and pleasure trip combined. His very many friends are pleased to see him looking so well. Mr. Charles McLagan, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, spent Thanksgiving day at his home in Blackville. I heard that a club had been formed this winter for gentlemen only, to enjoy an evening every week, generally Friday, in playing whist. The first was held at Mr. F. E. Waulson's, and the second one at Mr. S. Habberley's, while the others will follow in turn. Mrs. E. Hutchison, of Douglastown, is moving over to her town residence for the winter. The many friends of Miss Nellie Fosteringham, are very pleased to see her again after her recent and severe attack of the measles. Mrs. A. A. Anderson has returned from Upper Canada where she was visiting friends. Mr. McKave manager of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, is in town on Tuesday. Mr. James Morrison, of Halifax, was in town on Tuesday looking hale and hearty. Mrs. G. J. Sproul returned her bridal visit this week. She looked very pretty in a fawn dress, with jacket and hat to match. Mr. J. D. B. F. Mackenzie our enterprising druggist, is about to move into his new store on Water street, and which, when finished, will present a very city like appearance. Miss Mamie Russell entertained a number of her young friends at her residence, "Spring Bank," on Friday evening. It was given in honor of her birthday and a very pleasant time was spent. Miss Tremaine of Summerside, P. E. Island is here visiting her friend Mrs. D. T. Johnston at "Sunny Side."

Mr. Frank and Fred. Blair entertained a few of their friends to a "mimograph" dance at their residence, "The Cedars," on Friday evening and a very enjoyable time was spent. Mrs. John MacDonald has returned from St. John where she was visiting friends. Mrs. Joseph Leonard has returned from Boston, where she has been visiting for the past three weeks. I hear rumors of a whist party in the near future and only hope it may be true as this week has been extremely quiet. FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT. Mr. Stuart Benson and Mr. Wilson Loudon spent Thanksgiving in the country visiting friends. Mrs. Hutchison spent Friday in town, the guest of Mr. Russell. I hear there was a young lady (whose name I shall not mention) had a very narrow escape from a whist party on the night of the English church entertainment in Newcastle, by falling off the wharf; but was gallantly rescued by Mr. George Burehill. Dr. G. J. Sproul has gone to Charlott where he intends remaining a week or two. Mrs. P. H. C. Benson entertained a few friends at a whist party on Monday evening. Miss Etta Louie who has been spending the summer with her mother has returned to Boston; accompanied as far as St. John by Mr. John Beason, who has gone on his vacation. There has lately been a new style introduced into our town, viz, that of letting the young ladies who attend parties go home alone in the early hours of the morning; as was the case last week when a number of our popular young ladies had to see each other home from one of our parties. It was rumored in Progress some time ago that the engagement of one of our society belles to a Western banker was broken off, but I may say that there is no truth whatever in the statement. SLAHERN. Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

Nov. 16.—Miss Wyatt, sister of Mr. E. J. Wyatt Mr. B. Adams and Mr. Theo. Welsh, spent a few days of last week in Charlottetown. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hunt entertained the St. Eleanor's Club and a few Summerside friends on Wednesday evening. The usual jolly time was passed. Mr. McLeod's address to the scientific class was on the subject of Combustibles, and with a few experiments was made exceedingly interesting. A lively interest seems to be taken in the class. All will be glad to know that a Dramatic club is about to be organized. This is a new departure, something we have not yet attempted, but hope our local talent is sufficient to make it a success. Miss Fannie Crabbe, who has been visiting her brothers in the U.S., returned home on Saturday evening. Mrs. Crabbe is heartily welcomed by her host of friends. E. V. Dr. Doyle, of Vernon River, is in town and it is needless to say we are glad to see him. Miss Sarah Beattie, spent Sunday in Summerside. Three new engagements announced this week and all in one family. Is this not very startling? Miss Donell spent last week at her home in Charlottetown and returned to her class on Monday. Mrs. W. H. Wade has now a resting day when she will be pleased to have any one call and see the little one at work. Miss Clara McKay is assistant teacher in the Kindergarten. Rev. Mr. Thomson, of Bellevue, preaching in the Presbyterian church on Friday evening and will assist Rev. Mr. Dickie at holy communion on Sunday. Rev. D. J. G. McDonald is quite ill. Mr. J. Habberley was in town a few days last week. Mr. Haslam is looking very well and his roving life seems to agree with him. CRAMER.

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Nov. 14.—"The Sunnyside" the beautiful residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. George, presented a brilliant scene on Friday evening last, on the occasion of the ball given in honor of their daughter, Addie, making her debut into society. A large number of invitations had been issued of which over one hundred had been accepted; with so large a number of guests, there appeared no crush after the first announcements; the house being particularly adapted for entertaining. Mr. and Mrs. George received their guests in the large drawing room to the right of the hall, the spacious parlors to the left being reserved for dancing. Among the invited guests were: The Bishop and Mrs. Kingston, Judge and Mrs. Fraser, Sir John and Lady Allen, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Munnell, Major and Mrs. Gordon, Capt. and Mrs. Hemming, Mayor and Mrs. Beckwith, Mr. and Mrs. J. Black, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hazen, St. John; Mrs. Miller, Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Miss Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mrs. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Racey, Dr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilnot, Mrs. and Miss Wetmore, St. John; Dr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, Capt. and Mrs. Loggie, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Burnside, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. Pitblado, Mr. and Mrs. Will. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Carl. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. C. Beckwith, Mr. and Mrs. George Munnell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Fisher, Miss Fenety.

Some lovely gowns were worn, Mrs. George received her guests in a handsome gown of golden brown satin, en train under brown lace. Mrs. George the debutante of the evening, looked lovely in white silk, full fringed, and over-dress of white silk crepon, trimmings embroidered chiffon and ribbon. Mrs. Hemming a beautiful gown of yellow silk and jewel trimmings. Mrs. Geo. Munnell, blue silk dress, with over-dress of black lace and velvet trimmings. Miss Munnell, coral silk white lace bodice. Mrs. Harry Beckwith, black velvet en train and jet trimmings. Mrs. Blair, black velvet and honiton lace. Mrs. Will Allen, garnet silk and black lace. Mrs. Byron Winslow, black lace and natural flowers. Mrs. Green black velvet en train and pearl ornaments. Mrs. Burnside black satin and jet. Mrs. Winslow, cream bengaline. Miss Blair, was prettily dressed in black lace and flowers. Miss Allen, white silk and white down trimming. Miss Ida Allen, a handsome dress of cream silk. Miss Wilnot, cream cashmere, and cream satin bodice. Miss Logan, yellow silk. Mrs. Brown, black silk and gold dotted lace bodice. Mrs. Charles Beckwith, lawn silk silver passementerie trimmings. Miss Sherman, black and crimson silk. Mrs. Ned Allen, broadened blue silk, white lace overdress. Miss Eady a beautiful gown of rich canary silk, with golden lace trimmings, hand bouquet of pink roses, feather fan. Miss Crookshank, broadened French grey silk, honiton lace trimmings. Mrs. McNutt, looked very pretty in white pongee silk, Miss Bessie Dabbitt, black lace. Miss Glasier; pink silk and white lace, ostrich feather. Miss Lugin, pink nun's veiling pink ribbons natural flowers. Miss Stratton; cream cashmere, black lace. Miss Sterling looked pretty in duck lace and natural flowers. Mrs. Walter Fisher; cream silk and roses. Miss Frankie Tibbits, cream bengaline and lace. Miss Burnside a beautiful dress of pale blue silk. Miss Campbell cream silk. Miss McLean; a pretty gown of heliotrope silk with over dress of heliotrope tulle. Miss Williamson, cream cashmere. Miss Florrie Powys, salmon pink silk. Miss Ethel Powys, pink silk. Miss Edith Gregory, golden silk, pink chiffon trimmings. Miss Rainford black net over blue silk and chrysanthemums. Miss Jeannette Beverly; cream crepon, embroidered chiffon trimmings. Miss Florrie Marsh, cream bengaline; bouquet of chrysanthemums. Miss Nell; pink silk. Miss Johnson blue silk. Mrs. Winifred Johnson cream bedford cord lace trimmings. Miss Hunter blue bengaline. Miss Myra Hart; figured chalice and yellow silk trimmings. Miss Cropley white lace over yellow silk. Miss Cecil Phair, crimson silk gown and crimson chiffon. Miss Bessie Hunt, cream chalice.

The gentleman were Messrs Adam, Tilley, J. W. Wainwright, St. John; Wainwright, Sharp, Sherman, Smith, Campbell, Cannon, Tibbits, Gregory, Britow, Lieuts. Ternee, Macdonald, Andrews, Prof. Duff and Dixon, D. Bridges, Mr. Powys, Chesnut, Black, Fenety, Glaizer, Boyce, McLeod, Baxter, McCullough, Aitken, Mitchell, L. Tibbits, McKnight, McLeellan and Phinney. A very recherche supper was kept running all evening. The floor in perfect order for dancing, the delightful music by the F. O. M. W. Orchestra and with so charming a young hostess it is little wonder the entertainment was a perfect success in all details. Miss Susan Robinson of St. John, is visiting the Misses Powys at Kingsclear. Mr. Henry Green left on Saturday morning for St. John where he has been appointed to the Bank of Montreal, in that city. Miss Ebbitt of the Barony, is visiting Mrs. T. W. Whitehead. Mr. Charles Polly of St. John, spent Thanksgiving day with friends here. Miss Hume has issued invitations for a large "at home" for Thursday evening. Mrs. Geo. F. Gregory has returned home from a pleasant visit to Boston. Mr. Halden spent Sunday in the city, the guest of Mrs. Galt. Miss Bois has returned home from her visit to St. John. Mr. T. W. Whitehead is expected home from Ohio on Saturday. Invitations are out for an at home, at Bishop K. agdon's on Wednesday, Nov. 23rd from 4.30 to 6 o'clock. Hon. F. P. and Mrs. Thomson arrived home on Saturday from their trip across the continent. Hon. Judge Landry, of Dorchester, is in the city, he was accompanied by his two sons, Ray and Hector who are the guests of Miss Owens and Mrs. Dever. Dr. and Mrs. Frank Brown left this morning for Sussex, to be present at the wedding of Dr. T. C. Brown, which took place to-day at 4 o'clock. Dr. Crockett was married last Wednesday in the Presbyterian church at Dalhousie. On their return here they will occupy the house on King street, lately vacated by Mrs. Fickard. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gregory have returned home from a pleasure trip to Boston and New York. The latest excitement here, is the report of the elopement of Miss Florence Randolph and Mr. Geo. Day of Sarnaby but now of Boston. Mr. Jas. S. Nell, Miss Barrett and Mrs. F. I. Morrison and child are visiting St. John.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.

LARSEN'S BOSTON TALK.

WHAT THEY DO IN THE HUB AFTER AN ELECTION.

The Motions that are Worn and Discarded—Incidents of a Great Contest Graphically Told by a St. John Boy—People who are Well Known Here and There.

BOSTON, Nov. 15.—The election is over. Little tin and feathered democratic roosters have been selling like the proverbial hot cakes all the week, and the Harrison buttons and grandfather hats have disappeared.

These little things make the campaign interesting. You don't have them in St. John, because, despite all the talk made sometimes about the old flag, the people of the provinces have not that patriotism in them, which is characteristic of every true born son of the republic. It is a patriotism you cannot help admiring, although it at times goes into trivialities, which to an outsider might appear ridiculous; but it is of the kind that makes a great and prosperous country everywhere it flows.

Country first, party next! All politicians recognize that, of course, and play upon the country part of it for all they are worth; but next to the country an American is true to his party, once he has made up his mind which one he thinks will do the country the greatest good.

This is where the little tin roosters come in! Of course they did not make their appearance until after the election, and whether they were to be democratic or republican all depended on the result. But on the morning after the election the fakirs turned out in force, opened their satchels and harangued the crowds on newspaper row. The idea tickled the people and every other democrat you met had an emblem of victory pinned to his coat, while as many more bought them to take home and contemplate at their leisure, about the idea, and the inference might be drawn that people here would be apt to vote on what they felt would be the winning side; but the American voter is many sided, and there is an independent element that always bothers the politicians.

They call them "mugwumps," but it is the mugwump vote that makes the orators use their best efforts. The republican party is the G. O. P., it is a kind of national institution, and has followers who would deem it a grievous sin to vote any other way. It was the war party you know, the party with a record, which the people can point to, just the same as the conservatives do in Canada, but the democratic party hasn't had as good a chance to make a record as the liberals across the line.

But to return to the democratic roosters. The "fakirs" strike the iron while it is hot, and they keep pounding at it until it gets cold as death. They strike it on all sides and in many ways, and when the election is over the people have a great and wonderful collection of mementos of the campaign.

While the fight is on, the pictures of the candidates are trotted out in all directions, even the lesser lights coming in for more or less glory. Everybody is familiar with the countenance of the men in the field. How different from the way they do things in St. John; where the people have to depend on Progress to make them acquainted with their public men; and if everybody did not read the paper the great mass of the people would never know what the men they heard so much talk about, looked like.

Here it is different. If you buy a fan, some candidate's picture will probably be on the front of it, and then a "slight turn of the wrist," will show you how he will look before and after the election. Benjamin Harrison is supposed to wear a hat of the style in vogue when his famous grandfather was on earth, and that particular shape is worked into campaign goods of all kinds. The torch is in the shape of a hat so are the Harrison buttons and other things which, were they enumerated, would fill a column. Badges of all shapes and sizes, and of designs innumerable were sprung upon the public and quickly bought up.

And here the roosters come in again. The people show their colors before the election. Yes, thousands of them; men whom from their appearance you would expect to take a more dignified view of matters, came out with their Harrison button, or Cleveland button, and the people think it is all right. So, you see, if a man goes around with a placard on him before the election, and is subjected to more or less criticism for his views, he can hardly be blamed for buying a stuffed rooster as large as one's fist, and going about with it pinned on his coat the day after the result is announced.

Then the campaign songs and the cries of the people from different districts! A number of glee clubs showed up at the meetings and sang popular airs with new words, which sung in all kinds of hits against the opposition and delighted the people. And these songs bristled with original and timely ideas.

So did the many campaigns in vogue during the fight.

And, by the way, this is something the St. John boys never got "down fine," as they say. I remember when the Maine State College men used to play the Nationals, the crowd always waited to hear that "M. S. C. rah, rah, rah!" given with a will. It was somewhat of a novelty and the people liked the M. S. C. boys for it. Other clubs which came later had cries and some of them good ones, but the M. S. C. was always remembered. Then the St. John clubs undertook something in the same line. The Y. M. C. A.'s and Beavers, I think, both have cries, and at the Palace rink have made a good noise, but I cannot help saying that the boys in St. John would not compare with the youngsters on the streets here, either for originality in inventing a good, snappy cry, or the vim to carry it out. That "doot give a doot" characteristic of the college student, is also strongly developed in all sorts and conditions of the American people, and the kind of modesty which will not permit a man or boy to open his mouth very wide and join in with the crowd, is only seen in rare instances. No matter whether "one man is as good as another or not," he seems to feel that he is, and has as much right to shout as the next one. And they do shout, and shout all together.

That is where they differ from the St. John boys. And they are just as dignified, too, when there is need of it.

I was standing on the rear platform of a street car the other day, when the conductor was handed an envelope by another employe of the road. The conductor opened it.

"There," said he, "that is the way Canadian money comes back; and then the people on the cars grumble if I refuse to take it, and ask if it isn't good. Of course it's good, but the railway won't take it."

There is a large amount of Canadian silver float in Boston. It turns up everywhere, and, except on the street railway and in a few other places, is good at its face. And yet a dime is usually worth only eight cents in St. John! The Canadian bills are tabooed here, but isn't it queer that our country discriminates against the silver and another against the bank notes.

Rufus Somerby, whom all provincialists know as the only manager who can run a show in one city to paying business for more than a week at a time, was on newspaper row the day after the election with every pocket in his coat filled with papers. The dailies got out editions about every fifteen minutes, he thought, and the manager bought them all to get the latest.

Mr. Somerby's home is at Revere, Mass., and no matter what part of the country he happens to be in, he always turns up to vote election day. This year he came all the way from Milo, Me., to vote for Cleveland and Russell, and add another ballot toward winning \$695.

Mr. Somerby tells a good story of how he gave Russell a majority in Revere two years ago. Up to that time the place had always gone Republican, and when Mr. Somerby came a distance of 500 miles to vote for Russell it was looked upon as a pretty good joke. But, said the showman, "I had the laugh on them the next day, for when the votes were counted Russell had a majority of one in Revere, and that was my vote."

Charlie O'Rielly, whose departure from St. John was a great loss to the athletic clubs, now meets his old friends at the Parker House. He has been working long hours and has been unable to give much attention to athletics since coming to Boston, although, I understand, a number of people interested in sport have approached him with the intention of inducing him to join one of the "hub's" many athletic clubs.

DID AS HE WAS TOLD.

How Admiral Bailey Related the Story of His Bravery in the War.

Admiral Bailey of the United States navy was a fine example of the delightful combination of great courage and great modesty, according to the Youth's Companion. After the capture of New Orleans, during the civil war, he attended a dinner given at the Astor House and was called upon to reply to the toast of "The Navy." The president of the occasion prefaced the sentiment with a eulogy of the Admiral.

As in duty bound the old sailor straightened himself up for the task.

"Mr. President," he said, "and gentlemen—thank you."

Then after a lengthy pause, during which he took a fore and aft survey of the table, he continued:

"Well, I suppose you want to hear about the New Orleans affair."

"Yes! yes!" echoed through the room, amid the stamping of many feet.

EVERYONE KNOWS OF IT.

THE FAMOUS ETON COLLEGE AS IT IS NOWADAYS.

It Has Been Nurtured by Royalty for Four and a Half Centuries—The Venerable Buildings and Ancient Customs that Still Survive.

ETON, Eng., Nov. 7.—Though Eton college was founded in 1440, solemn admission was not given to the provost, fellows, clerks and scholars until December, 1443. The canons and enactments for Eton were almost a literal transcript of those at Winchester. Its incorporated name was "The King's College of our Lady of Eton beside Windsor;" and its original foundation provided for a provost, ten fellows, four clerks, six choristers, a schoolmaster, twenty-five poor and infirm men who were to "pray for the King." Its first provost was the celebrated churchman, William Waynflete, whom Henry brought from the mastership of Winchester accompanied by five fellows and thirty-five scholars from the older school, as a nucleus at the new.

The present establishment, the outgrowth of a reorganizing act of parliament in 1868, has for its actual governing body the provosts of Eton and Kings college, Oxford, the Royal Society, the Lord Chief Justice, the Eton masters and four other members elected by the former. Aside from the official governing body, the actual school officers of Eton now comprise a crown appointed provost, a similar official to our "principal" or "president," who must be a master of arts and a member of the Church of England (not necessarily in orders), over thirty years of age, ten "fellows," who are members of the governing body, a vice provost, bursars, secretaries or clerks, an auditor, a head master, a lower master, and "conducts" or chaplains.

All ordinary discipline may be said to emanate from "houses" where boys not on the foundation reside, whose masters are directly responsible to the head and lower masters for the good conduct of those in charge; to the "captains" of these "houses" who are selected from among the scholars in the houses to assist in keeping order; and, secondarily, both from "flagmasters" over their respective deputized "flags," and through the general supervision by all upper forms or divisions of the school over all members of the successive grades below them. It is an odd system to us Americans; but it is a good one here because its results are good.

The seventy free or foundation scholars are called "Collagers." Formerly they wore the black cloth gown to distinguish them, but this badge of poverty was sometime since removed. The foundation scholarships are open to all boys, British subjects, between the age of twelve and fourteen, and are only tenable to the completion of the nineteenth year. These Collagers are educated and maintained during school term or time out of the funds of the college. At the beginning of the century the collagers' routine and fair were far from enviable. They dined most meagerly at twelve o'clock every day, and supped at six on whole school days, and at five on other days. They assembled in the hall at seven every night and sat there reading for an hour under the care of their captain. At eight they proceeded to the lower school, where they recited the prayers which used, in still earlier times, to be said in the long chamber. They were then locked up for the night. On Sunday morning they went to the upper school to sing the 100th Psalm, and to join in prayers read by the Fifth Form Preceptor. Collagers and oppidians alike went to church at ten o'clock on Sundays, and they all had to sit in the upper school between two and three, while a member of the fifth form read aloud several pages of that exciting essay the "Whole Duty of Man."

The dinner consisted invariably of mutton, potatoes, bread and beer, with the addition of pudding on Sundays. As a matter of fact almost every Collager hired a room in the town, in which to get his breakfast and tea, which the college did not furnish, and in which to prepare his lessons, which rendered his expenses nearly equal to those not on the foundation, and an old Etonian vehemently states that boys unable to incur these unjust expenses underwent "privations that might have broken down a cabin boy, and would be thought inhuman if inflicted on a galley-slave." An "Ode on a Nearer Prospect of Eton," after Gray, written in 1798 was virile with satire upon this order of things, and hastened reformation. The quality of the beer was thus alluded to:

"But after that you drink in vain, still sober you may drink again, You can't get drunk in Hall!"

Everything is now different. Good food is supplied for the Hall. Breakfast and tea are furnished at trifling cost. Servants lesson the impositions of flogging. An assistant master and a matron have domestic superintendence. Long Chambers of old, famous for its fifty-two beds, fifth and frolics, has been practically abolished and a new building with separate rooms provided, chiefly by subscriptions from old

Fashionable FURS



Reasonable Prices

SPECIALTIES IN FUR CAPES, CUFFS AND COLLARS, IN

Greenland Seal, Beaver, Persian Lamb, Nutria, Astrachan, Coney,

Australian Opossum, Bear, Alaska Sable, Seal, Krimmer, Fox,



MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

REMEMBER THE SAYING, "If it came from Oak Hall IT'S ALL RIGHT."



We have some very handsome four-in-hand Ties, plain colors, Silk and Satin. Also some very pretty mixed shades, Polka dots,—all for 25 cents.

A GUESS WITH EVERY TIE!

Collars and Cuffs. Latest styles. 4 ply.

A GUESS WITH EVERY COLLAR!

25 cents.

COLLAR 18 cts.

CUFFS 25 cts

Some very nice warm Winter Gloves, fleece lined, Kid and Cloth.

A GUESS WITH EVERY PAIR!

Kn't Gloves, good and strong, colored

A GUESS WITH EVERY PAIR.

A grand good Brace for 25 cts.—just as good as a 50 ct. Brace.

A GUESS WITH EVERY BRACE!

90 cents up.

25 cents.

25 cents.

A Grand Harvest for Dealers. LATEST NOVELTY. JUST OUT.

Wizard's Purse

OR THE GREAT ORIENTAL WONDER AND MYSTERY. EVERYBODY PUZZLED AND BEWILDERED.

THE WIZARD'S PURSE, which has just been offered to the public, is without doubt, the most mysterious and remarkable production of the age; acknowledged by "puzzle experts" and leading professors of Magic. Oriental Skill that puzzles both young and old. Keller, the most wonderful magician and exponent of the Black Art, was Puzzled and mystified.

It is simple enough, but if you don't know the secret—Oh, my! Can you open it? You may say you can, but can you? A trial "at it" will convince you that it is the toughest job you ever tackled. To those understanding the secret it can be quickly and easily opened. Elegantly made of fine Morocco in a variety of handsome colors and beautifully trimmed with silk. An elegant purse, suitable for either ladies or gentlemen. Sure to please all. Full printed directions accompany each purse. Sure to be a big sale. Everybody will want one.

A WONDERFUL PUZZLE, PRICE 35 CENTS EACH.

Agents wanted in every city and town in the Maritime Provinces. Circulars free to any address. Send 35 cents and we will send you a sample purse in fine morocco, postage paid. Special prices to the trade. Address all orders to THE GLOBE NOTION & NOVELTY COMPANY, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Keate (1809-34) flogged 80 boys in one night, thus quelling an incipient rebellion. That "odious system of flogging" still remains. If your boy or mine, or the boy of the proudest earls of England, enters Eton there is no power to prevent him doing the most menial drudgery for the fifth and sixth form lads. He is their slave until he himself reaches the fagmaster's estate.

It is a wonderful reveler. Lord Salisbury, Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill, Chief Justice Coleridge, Lord Chatham, Lord Shelburne, Canning, Pusey, Hobbins, Pitt, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Horace Walpole, Fielding, Hallam, and the poets Waller, Anstey, Shelley, Broome, Fraed and Gray, were all in their time fags at Eton—carrying the beer, cleaning the boots, grilling the herring, emulating the toast, and dodging the bootjacks of their fagmasters above them. The Eton system, in brief, makes boys know how to endure and to rule. Behind all, an imperial scourge to ambitious effort, are imperishable memorials of these dead and living hosts who have made it a noble honor to have merely once been an Eton boy.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

About Drinking Healths. Here is one of the several statements made on the subject of the origin of the very common custom of "drinking healths." In the days when the Danes lorded it in England they had a very common habit of stabbing Englishmen in the throat when drinking. To avoid the villainy a man when drinking would request some of the sittersby to be his pledge or surety while taking his draft. Hence the custom.

A French Astronomer on Mars. The red glow of the planet Mars has puzzled everybody, but a French astronomer, who gives it as his opinion that the vegetation of the far away world is crimson instead of green. He also says he hasn't the least doubt but that there are single flowers on the war god's surface which are as large as the incorporated limits of Paris.

\$3.00 Parcels.

FOR the convenience of out-of-town customers, we make up \$3.00 parcels.

If you want a Dress or Jacket for a child, all that is required of you is \$3.00. Tell us age of child and what color goods is wanted whether plain or fancy. Then leave the rest to us. We will furnish the material, linings and trimmings for either dress or jacket and deliver all in your town free of any charge above \$3.00.

If everything is not satisfactory parcel may be returned, and money refunded. GEO. H. McKAY, St. John, N. B.

ASTRA AND THE BIRDS.

DIFFERENCES AND DISTINCTIONS IN FEATHERS.

Some Queries of a Correspondent Answered—Why Women Should Not Abstain from the Slaughter of Song Birds—Some Words on Parents and Children.

The following letter has been handed to me by the editor, as belonging properly to my department, dealing, as it does, with an article of mine in a recent issue, the sentiments of which the writer evidently does not approve:

DEAR PROGRESS.—Please give Astra the enclosed. I wonder if she wears kid gloves or seal skin jacket and cap. If she would use her pen in trying to make parents see the mistake they are making in letting their boys on the street until very late, it would be energy spent in a direction which might bring forth good results. It is more cruel in women to let their children run the risk of so much contamination than for the said women to wear birds on their heads—and kids on their feet.

I think the electric light is in a manner a curse to the rising generation, as some mothers do not seem to know when daylight ceases or night begins. Don't you agree with me in thinking these parents make a great mistake?

ONE OF YOUR READERS. Looking at it from my immature standpoint, I think the people who make such a fuss about birds worn on bonnets are very illogical. It cannot make the slightest difference to the bird whether it is to be worn as a "thing of beauty" after it is killed, or eaten to sustain human nature. It hurts the quail just as much to be killed for your benefit as it does the bird of beautiful plumage. We can just as well eat vegetables or cereals as quail, but the fact of the matter is man lays tribute to all other animal life, and if we would be true reformers and logical ones we would not wear the skin of the kid, or the beautiful coat of the seal, or the leather of the sheep or cow, or any of the choice fabrics that cost so many lives.

Be consistent, dear reformer, and take down the antlered stag's head from your library walls and discard the ostrich feathers from your ladylike cap or spreading fan, for ostriches are reared and kept only to provide us with these luxuries. And a bird pie is as great an atrocity as a row of stuffed humming-birds on a woman's hat.—Detroit Free Press.

The newspaper cutting which you enclose, my dear "reader" is from the Detroit Free Press I observe, but I do not know whether that fact makes the writer any more intangible than I am myself; indeed, judging from some of his arguments, I think I have rather advantage of him as his comparisons are far from logical. In the first place, he uses the quail as his chief examples, and says we can all eat vegetables or cereals as well as quails and while I am perfectly willing to admit the correctness of this statement, I scarcely think it worthy of consideration since quails form so very small a part of the average Canadian's everyday diet, that it scarcely seems fair to compare the number of violent deaths amongst the quail family with those which take place in the ranks of the singing birds, and even if they did, I referred to the wanton slaughter of birds for decorative purposes, not to those which are killed for food, to the birds which would be alive, and happy, but for woman's vanity, the millions sacrificed for millinery purposes.—It is a sad and a sorrowful thing I know, to think of the innocent lives that are sacrificed so we may be fed, the animals that die to keep us alive; and I say it in all sincerity that if my abstaining from flesh meat would make others do so, and save even a few of those defenceless lives, I would willingly promise never to taste meat again as long as I live. But, unfortunately, I am such a small unit that my objection would not be of any use, and the animals would die just the same. With regard to the skins of the calf, the cow and the kid, to which the gallant defender of the quails refers so feelingly, I think he forgets that they are only used after the animals themselves have been killed for food, that even the noble stag who once bore the antlers he refers to, was probably shot for venison, and that ostriches are not killed for their plumes, but carefully and tenderly nurtured, the plumes being removed twice a year just before moulting time and when they are what is called "ripe" so that the pain is not as great as the plucking out of 26 or 27 hairs would be to us, when the feathers are not quite ripe they are carefully cut off and the ostrich is no worse after the operation than he was before, except as far as looks are concerned. So much for the arguments of the writer in the Detroit Free Press.

As for "One of your Readers" I think I can answer her rather irrelevant letter in a very few words. She wishes to know whether I wear a seal skin jacket, and kid gloves or not; and though I cannot quite see that it is any affair of hers since she is so deeply interested in my wardrobe. I have much pleasure in satisfying her curiosity on that point, and informing her that I do not wear a seal skin jacket; I believe very few newspapers indulge in such a luxury, and though pleased gently to wearing kid gloves occasionally on Sunday I usually avail myself to a much larger extent of the product of the silkworm and cotton plant in summer, and I wear mittens a great deal in winter. I confess that I do wear shoes and even boots, but it is not considered either modest or cleanly in the best society to go about barefooted, and stockings would wear out so quickly if they were not protected by boots, that I scarcely see my way to any immediate reform in this direction, for rubbers are too unhealthy to be worn constantly. "One of your Readers," next remarks that if I would use my pen in trying to make parents see the mistake they are making in letting their children stay out so late at night, it would be energy spent in a direction which might bring forth good results. Of course I may be mistaken, but it seems to me rather a long step from the useless slaughter of birds to the subject of dictating to pa-

A CALGARY MIRACLE.

THE MOST WONDERFUL CASE EVER RECORDED IN THE NORTHWEST.

Miss Lela Cullen is Healed From What Her Physicians and Friends Thought to be her Deathbed.

Winnipeg Tribune. CALGARY, N. W. T., Oct. 20, 1892.—For some time past the residents of this town have been deeply interested in the case of Miss Lela Cullen, a young lady who had so nearly approached the portals of the great unknown, that her friends despaired of her recovery, and who has now, fully indeed almost miraculously, regained her health and strength. Having read on various occasions in the Tribune the particulars of what appeared to be miraculous cures, your correspondent determined to investigate the case of Miss Cullen, and now sends you the particulars, fully believing that you will be justified in giving the widest publication. When your correspondent visited the residence of Mrs. Cullen, the mother of the young lady, he was courteously received, and in reply to his enquiries as to whether she would be willing to give the facts of her daughter's wonderful recovery, for publication for the benefit of other sufferers, Mrs. Cullen readily assented. "My daughter's first illness," said Mrs. Cullen, "was in June, 1890, when she was taken with the measles. At that time she was seventeen years of age, tall, fine looking and exceedingly healthy, weighing about 140 pounds. All the family took the measles, and all got over them without trouble, except Lela. Her case from the first baffled all the ordinary remedies used for that disease, and as the measles did not come out, a physician was called in. He administered remedies, but with no better results, and her case seemed to baffle the physician's skill. After a few weeks, my daughter began to improve somewhat, but did not regain her former strength, and six weeks after she was first taken ill, her face, neck and limbs broke out in blotches. The doctor was again called in, and said it was the measles getting out of her system, and that she would soon be all right again. The doctor's statement was not verified, however, for not only did my daughter not improve, but she gradually grew worse. Soon after she began to swell, first the feet, then the limbs, breast and face became puffed up. Another doctor was called in, and he pronounced her trouble dropsy, resulting from the measles. The doctor attended her all winter, and although he seemed to do all in his power for her, she gradually became weaker and weaker. She did not eat, and tonics failed to improve her appetite, and as she gradually grew weaker she lost her courage, felt that hope of life was fast slipping away, and the spring the doctor's medicine having done her no good, was discontinued, and instead he gave her preparations of beef, iron and wine, hypophosphites, eggs, cream, etc. In fact, stimulants of this kind had to be constantly forced upon her to keep her alive and I gave up all hope of her recovery, and in my misery waited for her death. She was now so weak that she could not walk across the floor, and in order to rest her we would lift her into a chair, where she would sit for a short while when we would again place her in bed. She was slowly but surely dying before our eyes, and nothing we could do was of avail. She was still puffed up, and nothing the doctors could do would reduce the swelling. Her limbs would no longer support her and she could only sit up a very short time each day. In this condition she lingered on until August, 1891, some fifteen months after she was first taken ill, and while we were sorrowfully awaiting what seemed the inevitable end, a ray of hope came. I read in a newspaper of a remarkable cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and while I feared that I had heard of this wonderful medicine too late, I hoped almost against hope and sent to the headquarters of the company at Brockville, Ont., for a supply. At this time Lela was not able to be removed from bed; her weight was reduced to 90 pounds, and her lips were blue. You will thus see how little hope there appeared when she began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After she had taken the first box, although there was no visible improvement, she thought they were doing her good, and her spirits began to rise. At the end of the second box I could notice the improvement, and Lela was very hopeful, and felt life was returning to her again. After she had taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a month she was able to get up, and by October she was so well that she could superintend work about the house. She still continued taking the Pills, and rapidly recovered all her old-time health, strength and spirits. "I cannot tell you," continued Mrs. Cullen, "how deeply grateful I am for the wonderful medicine that saved my daughter's life. You may be sure that both me and mine will always warmly recommend it, as we have every reason to do."

DO NOT WALK TOO FAR.

There is Such a Thing as Overdoing This Kind of Exercise.

Few persons are aware that violent pedestrian exercise by generating more carbonic acid than the lungs can conveniently let off, fills the system with poison and stiffens the muscle. It is, for this reason, very dangerous if the heart is weak. The professional pedestrian is hardly ever lithe, whereas the equestrian is graceful because without filling his blood with the poison I have just named, the effect of which is shortness of breath, sometimes with a stitch in the left side, so says Truth of London.

Cyclists make journeys of hundreds of miles without getting knocked up. This is because the lungs are not overstrained as in a long, quick walk or pedestrian race. Alpine climbing is worse than running. It has been noticed that Alpine climbers, whose forbears were not time out of mind Switzers, begin to break down after eight or nine seasons of mountaineering and age prematurely. I am glad to know this, because I care little for mountain scenery, and feel as if in jail when Alp rises above Alp around me. The strong sunlight from dawn to dusk and the simple and reposeful horizon of the plain are far more congenial to me than the patchy lights and chillingly deep shadows of mountains.

Ladies, it also occurs to me, may be interested to know that a muddy complexion is often a consequence of violent clambering of hills, the blood losing, when overcharged with carbonic acid, its ruddy glow, and the skin delicacy in trying to aid in working off the poison. Soft, clear complexions are much more common in "rolling" countries than in highlands. The Swedish women have in this respect a great advantage over the Norwegian, and so far as I can judge from personal observation the Ayrshire girls have more to be proud of than the Highland lasses.

Those who go in for pedestrianism and lawn tennis should carefully drill their breathing organs to keep their good looks (when blessed with them) or to improve their appearance when they are not good looking. Spirits suffer just as much as appearance from the self-poisoning process of which I have been speaking. Have you ever noticed what fearful dull and cross beings gentlemen become after a hard day's deerstalking?

Whence the Water of the Great Lakes? Where do the waters of Lake Michigan come from? is an old question, and it is a question as old as the artesian wells. Where do their waters come from? Col. Foster, an eminent civil engineer, for many years in charge of government interest on the lake, was fond of talking on the first subject.

"Every drop of those waters," he was often heard to declare, "came from the Rocky mountains." His theory was that they were brought here subterraneously, but he never, to our knowledge, marked out the course of the subterranean stream. The phenomenon is the running out of this lake through the others of the easterly chain and over Niagara Falls of an incalculable quantity of water, and this continually every minute in the hour, every hour in the day, every day in the year, and every year in progressive time!

The lake has no visible inlets; where, then, does it get its replenishment? From the Rocky mountains.

Through rents and crevices, down into caverns at the roots of these mountains, pour over the waters from melting snow. Four thousand feet they sink to strike a gravity incline that levels with their floor under Chicago.

Under this city and elsewhere on the west side of lake Michigan—as this is the proved theory, theory as good as proved—the snow-covered Rocky mountains are constantly sending their waters to supply flowage and evaporation that is ever going forward in the watery expanse.—Chicago Herald.

Weather Forecast—A Wet, Cool Summer Predicted.

The Autumn of 1891 having been unusually dry, and followed by a mild winter with an extremely light snow-fall, and again by a very dry spring, it will naturally follow according to the law of compensation that we shall have a wet, cool summer. This, although an unpleasant prospect, is not as bad as it might be. Chemical science has been busy since last summer and has provided against such an unpleasant event. We refer to the recently discovered compound for water proofing known as Rigby, by which any woolen fabric may be rendered waterproof and at the same time remain perfectly porous. A Rigby proofed overcoat does not confine the perspiration like a rubber coat, consequently its wearers do not experience that clammy feeling which is always the attendant discomfort of a rubber or Mackintosh coat. If keeps out the rain, in light, dry and comfortable.

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THE MOST WONDERFUL CASE EVER RECORDED IN THE NORTHWEST.

Miss Lela Cullen is Healed From What Her Physicians and Friends Thought to be her Deathbed.

Winnipeg Tribune. CALGARY, N. W. T., Oct. 20, 1892.—For some time past the residents of this town have been deeply interested in the case of Miss Lela Cullen, a young lady who had so nearly approached the portals of the great unknown, that her friends despaired of her recovery, and who has now, fully indeed almost miraculously, regained her health and strength. Having read on various occasions in the Tribune the particulars of what appeared to be miraculous cures, your correspondent determined to investigate the case of Miss Cullen, and now sends you the particulars, fully believing that you will be justified in giving the widest publication. When your correspondent visited the residence of Mrs. Cullen, the mother of the young lady, he was courteously received, and in reply to his enquiries as to whether she would be willing to give the facts of her daughter's wonderful recovery, for publication for the benefit of other sufferers, Mrs. Cullen readily assented. "My daughter's first illness," said Mrs. Cullen, "was in June, 1890, when she was taken with the measles. At that time she was seventeen years of age, tall, fine looking and exceedingly healthy, weighing about 140 pounds. All the family took the measles, and all got over them without trouble, except Lela. Her case from the first baffled all the ordinary remedies used for that disease, and as the measles did not come out, a physician was called in. He administered remedies, but with no better results, and her case seemed to baffle the physician's skill. After a few weeks, my daughter began to improve somewhat, but did not regain her former strength, and six weeks after she was first taken ill, her face, neck and limbs broke out in blotches. The doctor was again called in, and said it was the measles getting out of her system, and that she would soon be all right again. The doctor's statement was not verified, however, for not only did my daughter not improve, but she gradually grew worse. Soon after she began to swell, first the feet, then the limbs, breast and face became puffed up. Another doctor was called in, and he pronounced her trouble dropsy, resulting from the measles. The doctor attended her all winter, and although he seemed to do all in his power for her, she gradually became weaker and weaker. She did not eat, and tonics failed to improve her appetite, and as she gradually grew weaker she lost her courage, felt that hope of life was fast slipping away, and the spring the doctor's medicine having done her no good, was discontinued, and instead he gave her preparations of beef, iron and wine, hypophosphites, eggs, cream, etc. In fact, stimulants of this kind had to be constantly forced upon her to keep her alive and I gave up all hope of her recovery, and in my misery waited for her death. She was now so weak that she could not walk across the floor, and in order to rest her we would lift her into a chair, where she would sit for a short while when we would again place her in bed. She was slowly but surely dying before our eyes, and nothing we could do was of avail. She was still puffed up, and nothing the doctors could do would reduce the swelling. Her limbs would no longer support her and she could only sit up a very short time each day. In this condition she lingered on until August, 1891, some fifteen months after she was first taken ill, and while we were sorrowfully awaiting what seemed the inevitable end, a ray of hope came. I read in a newspaper of a remarkable cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and while I feared that I had heard of this wonderful medicine too late, I hoped almost against hope and sent to the headquarters of the company at Brockville, Ont., for a supply. At this time Lela was not able to be removed from bed; her weight was reduced to 90 pounds, and her lips were blue. You will thus see how little hope there appeared when she began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After she had taken the first box, although there was no visible improvement, she thought they were doing her good, and her spirits began to rise. At the end of the second box I could notice the improvement, and Lela was very hopeful, and felt life was returning to her again. After she had taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a month she was able to get up, and by October she was so well that she could superintend work about the house. She still continued taking the Pills, and rapidly recovered all her old-time health, strength and spirits. "I cannot tell you," continued Mrs. Cullen, "how deeply grateful I am for the wonderful medicine that saved my daughter's life. You may be sure that both me and mine will always warmly recommend it, as we have every reason to do."

DO NOT WALK TOO FAR.

There is Such a Thing as Overdoing This Kind of Exercise.

Few persons are aware that violent pedestrian exercise by generating more carbonic acid than the lungs can conveniently let off, fills the system with poison and stiffens the muscle. It is, for this reason, very dangerous if the heart is weak. The professional pedestrian is hardly ever lithe, whereas the equestrian is graceful because without filling his blood with the poison I have just named, the effect of which is shortness of breath, sometimes with a stitch in the left side, so says Truth of London.

Cyclists make journeys of hundreds of miles without getting knocked up. This is because the lungs are not overstrained as in a long, quick walk or pedestrian race. Alpine climbing is worse than running. It has been noticed that Alpine climbers, whose forbears were not time out of mind Switzers, begin to break down after eight or nine seasons of mountaineering and age prematurely. I am glad to know this, because I care little for mountain scenery, and feel as if in jail when Alp rises above Alp around me. The strong sunlight from dawn to dusk and the simple and reposeful horizon of the plain are far more congenial to me than the patchy lights and chillingly deep shadows of mountains.

Ladies, it also occurs to me, may be interested to know that a muddy complexion is often a consequence of violent clambering of hills, the blood losing, when overcharged with carbonic acid, its ruddy glow, and the skin delicacy in trying to aid in working off the poison. Soft, clear complexions are much more common in "rolling" countries than in highlands. The Swedish women have in this respect a great advantage over the Norwegian, and so far as I can judge from personal observation the Ayrshire girls have more to be proud of than the Highland lasses.

Those who go in for pedestrianism and lawn tennis should carefully drill their breathing organs to keep their good looks (when blessed with them) or to improve their appearance when they are not good looking. Spirits suffer just as much as appearance from the self-poisoning process of which I have been speaking. Have you ever noticed what fearful dull and cross beings gentlemen become after a hard day's deerstalking?

Whence the Water of the Great Lakes? Where do the waters of Lake Michigan come from? is an old question, and it is a question as old as the artesian wells. Where do their waters come from? Col. Foster, an eminent civil engineer, for many years in charge of government interest on the lake, was fond of talking on the first subject.

"Every drop of those waters," he was often heard to declare, "came from the Rocky mountains." His theory was that they were brought here subterraneously, but he never, to our knowledge, marked out the course of the subterranean stream. The phenomenon is the running out of this lake through the others of the easterly chain and over Niagara Falls of an incalculable quantity of water, and this continually every minute in the hour, every hour in the day, every day in the year, and every year in progressive time!

The lake has no visible inlets; where, then, does it get its replenishment? From the Rocky mountains.

Through rents and crevices, down into caverns at the roots of these mountains, pour over the waters from melting snow. Four thousand feet they sink to strike a gravity incline that levels with their floor under Chicago.

Under this city and elsewhere on the west side of lake Michigan—as this is the proved theory, theory as good as proved—the snow-covered Rocky mountains are constantly sending their waters to supply flowage and evaporation that is ever going forward in the watery expanse.—Chicago Herald.

Weather Forecast—A Wet, Cool Summer Predicted.

The Autumn of 1891 having been unusually dry, and followed by a mild winter with an extremely light snow-fall, and again by a very dry spring, it will naturally follow according to the law of compensation that we shall have a wet, cool summer. This, although an unpleasant prospect, is not as bad as it might be. Chemical science has been busy since last summer and has provided against such an unpleasant event. We refer to the recently discovered compound for water proofing known as Rigby, by which any woolen fabric may be rendered waterproof and at the same time remain perfectly porous. A Rigby proofed overcoat does not confine the perspiration like a rubber coat, consequently its wearers do not experience that clammy feeling which is always the attendant discomfort of a rubber or Mackintosh coat. If keeps out the rain, in light, dry and comfortable.

Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excess of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Danger for danger's sake is senseless.—Leigh Hunt.

PALE ISLAND CLARET for Dyspepsia is the same Grape Cure so famous in Europe. GLASGOW, 17th December, 1891.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REPORT FOR 1891 ON ROBERT BROWN'S "FOUR CROWN" BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY.

I have made a careful analysis of a sample of 10,000 gallons of Robert Brown's "Four Crown" Blend of Scotch Whisky, taken by myself on the 9th inst., from the Blending Vat in the bonded stores, and I find it is a pure Whiskey of high quality and fine flavor, which has been well matured.

JOHN CLARK, Ph. D., F.C.S., F.I.C. Agent, E. G. SCOVILL, Teas and Wine, St. John, N. B.

When the people find out that a man is mean at home, they don't care how good he professes to be at church. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

My son George has suffered with neuralgia round the heart since 1882, but by the application of UNGAR'S LINIMENT in 1889 it completely disappeared and has not troubled him since. JAS. MCKEE.

Linwood, Ont. There are men who would not clean their nails in public, but who will shove a pewter quarter on to a blind man.

Write to the proprietors of Puttner's Emulsion for copies of testimonials to the excellence of Puttner's Emulsion from the skillful physicians and prominent citizens of Nova Scotia.

Columbus may have been as black as he is painted by his critics, but if Columbus had given his time to pointing out the sins of greater men he never would have discovered America.

Horsford's ACID PHOSPHATE. An agreeable preparation of the phosphates, for Indigestion, Nervousness, Mental and Physical Exhaustion. Recommended and prescribed by Physicians of all schools. Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all kinds of colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache HERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

HUMPHREYS' Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared for use for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every shade Specifics a special cure for the disease named. They cure without dragging, purging or reducing the strength of the system and are the most Successful Remedies of the World.

DELICATE WOMEN

who wash can use Surprise Soap for washing clothes with great ease and comfort to themselves.

There's no boiling nor scalding needed. Here's the experience of a delicate woman:

St. Croix Soap Co., TORONTO, ONT. Dear Sir, I heard a great deal about Surprise Soap, so I thought I would give it a trial. I was delighted with the results. I would recommend all delicate women to use it as it does half the work for us. Before I used SURPRISE I could not get my washing in one day. Now I get done easily clean up. It is splendid. MRS. S. STEPHENS.

Actual use is the best test of SURPRISE SOAP. Don't get it again if it doesn't please you the first time, but it will—it always does. READ the directions on the wrapper.

AT UNGAR'S!

It's Ungar's for everything in the wash line. Where do you get your laundry done? At UNGAR'S! Who dyed your suit? UNGAR! Who washes rough dry? UNGAR! UNGAR does anything in the wash line. Everything that goes there comes back sweet and clean,—white as snow! He can make that last winter's coat, faded and wrinkled as it is, look like new. Just try Ungar's. Ring the telephone, 58. Ask him to call. He'll do it; anything you want can be done.

AT UNGAR'S.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, 25 St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Granville street. They will be done right, if done at UNGAR'S.

Bisquit Dubouché & Co. COGNAC. THE SECOND LARGEST SHIPPERS OF BRANDY FROM FRANCE. THEIR BRANDIES ARE UNSURPASSED IN AGE AND QUALITY. Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

Charles Dickens' Complete Works—15 vols Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$4.50 additional. We have no premiums that we so great a bargain as our Set of Dickens in 15 volumes; handsome cloth binding, plain large type with 327 illustrations. This set of books is listed at \$15; but usually sells for the bargain retail price \$7.50. Our price to old and new subscribers with a year's subscription is \$6.50.

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THE LAW OF SPIRITUAL CAUSE... A Principle that Has Two Sides, and the Dark. The principle of Spiritual Causation, as announced by Jesus Christ in a terse, penetrating sentence, which His words live in the hearts of his disciples even the careless, callous to exclaim with one voice, "No make like this man." "Unto him that hath shall be given from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath." At this principle seems contrary to unmerciful. Yet it is neither. The partment of human life does it good. It is true in the sphere of wealth, true in the realm of knowledge, true in the sphere of the affection, true in the realm of religion. It is to have power and the possibility to have. To have means reinforcement. This principle holds pre-eminently the sphere of religion. Pre-eminently there is no such thing as a law of there, for to him that hath shall be given. That notice which meets us at the to most of our public works, "notice here, except on business," meaning in this universe or in part we have a business here, and its purpose in us that we should do a power to be wanted more and more it is a merciful law. To reverse be the death of thought and spirit work. It is poor consolation for mortals—and the majority of us mortal mortals—to be told that the thought and speech and work is its ward. The hope of a beyond, of a for labour, of a prize for excellence, mighty factors in the progress of the Crown of thorns as the sure, in universal reward of devotion to duty in the long run cripple the energies and land this earth of ours in the of despair and hopelessness. Whatever else it is, or is not, is anation, and all inspiration is merciful helpful. This principle has two bright and a dark. The bright side. "To him that shall be given." This Universe is side of the religious man, the man whose conduct in righteousness, conscious tendeth to life here and this as in all parts where God dwells that is everywhere. God is not the dead, but of the living and the giving, constitutes the basis of and getting. "To him, then, that the Spirit of Christ shall be given, more intense our life in Him, the grows our outlook, and the wider deeper our knowledge. "The heart shall see God." The most God most and best. Heaven, "the fact presence of His face," is not so reward as the evolution of all that is purest in us. To him, then, here and now shall be given here at not yonder only; but yonder only and now. Live heaven in one and you live it everywhere. Live one city, and you live it everywhere him that hath is given. Heaven is much to go somewhere as to have at something. We cannot blame God for dividing His world into holy and heaven and hell. It is we who emphasize the division. God has infinite possibilities on the side of the seed—possibilities of growth in knowledge, power, intensity, and parity. The theory of His universe is directed to the increase of good. Therefore, above the surge and fret of time coming of a purer, nobler, and Christ-like race—a race of sweet youths and maidens, abounding in hope, and love towards each other towards God. In the end, these virtues of religion win the day, and God is on their side. The dark side. We almost shrink the contemplation of it. From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. This law is not arbitrary one. It belongs to our very and the lower analogies. It is involved every fibre of our being—physical and spiritual. Our life increases decreases in love and purity. Our to be moved forth or dwindles, little hand goes grow, takes that we not its own, is drawn in again; but some hand it was before it went out, hand has lost something. Virtue is parted, and that virtue has been disseminated. The use for which God intended that has reversed. Every time we yield selfish, base desire; every time we have an unjust thought; every moment we impure life, we have stolen and cast some part of our better self. We poisoned the stream of our future the years to come our children, by very constitution, will bring our judgment for that loss. Therefore pens that you can tell where a man been eating, and drinking, and sleeping of late. They will out. Sinicide; sin means retrogression; sin loss of caste in the realm of moral life. To go from the Father's home into country is not only to lose oneself, lose all those things which go to make the joys and comforts and privileges home. And God never meant that God cannot take away from the territory of these words that "from him

SUNDAY READING

THE LAW OF SPIRITUAL CAPITAL.

A Principle that has Two Sides, The Bright and The Dark.

The principle of Spiritual Capital was enunciated by Jesus Christ in one of those terse, penetrating sentences, which made His words live in the hearts of his audience, forcing even the careless, callous multitude to exclaim with one voice, "Never man spake like this man."

"Unto him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." At first sight this principle seems contrary to fact and unmerciful. Yet it is neither. In no department of human life does it not hold good. It is true in the sphere of material wealth, true in the realm of knowledge, true in the sphere of the affections, and true in the realm of religion. To possess is to have power and the possibility of power. To have, means reinforcement. This principle holds pre-eminently good in the sphere of religion. Pre-eminently! There is no such thing as a law of trespass there, for to him that hath shall be given. That notice which meets us at the entrance to most of our public works, "no admittance here, except on business," has no meaning in this universe or in part of it, for we have a business here, and it is God's purpose in us that we should do all in our power to be wanted more and more. And it is a merciful law. To reverse it would be the death of thought and speech and work. It is poor consolation for common mortals—and the majority of us are common mortals—to be told that the virtue of thought and speech and work is its own reward. The hope of a beyond, of a reward for labour, of a prize for excellence, are mighty factors in the progress of the world.

A crown of thorns as the sure, invariable, universal reward of devotion to duty, would in the long run cripple the energies of men and land this earth of ours in the darkness of despair and hopelessness. This law, whatever else it is, or is not, is an inspiration, and all inspiration is merciful and helpful. This principle has two sides, a bright and a dark.

The bright side. "To him that hath shall be given." This universe is on the side of the religious man, the man who orders his conduct in righteousness. Righteousness tendeth to life here and now, in this as in all parts where God dwells, and that is everywhere. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living and the growing. Having, constitutes the basis of growing and getting. "To him, then, that hath of the Spirit of Christ shall be given." The more intense our life in Him, the larger grows our outlook, and the wider and deeper our knowledge. "The pure in heart shall see God." The more pure see God most and best. Heaven, "the perfect presence of His face," is not so much a reward as the evolution of all that is best and purest in us. To him, then, who hath here and now shall be given here and now, and you live it everywhere. Live hell in one city, and you live it everywhere. To him that hath is given. Heaven is not so much to go somewhere as to have and to do something. We cannot blame God for dividing His world into holy and unholy, heaven and hell. It is we who create and emphasize the division. God has bestowed infinite possibilities on the side of the good seed—possibilities of growth in knowledge, power, intensity, and purity. The whole theory of His universe is directed towards the increase of good. Therefore, we look above the surge and fret of time for the coming of a purer, nobler, and more Christ-like race—a race of sweet-blooded youths and maidens, abounding in faith, hope, and love towards each other and towards God. In the end, these great virtues of religion win the day, because God is on their side.

The dark side. We almost shrink from the contemplation of it. From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. This law is not an arbitrary one. It belongs to our very constitution. It has its place both in the higher and the lower analogies. It is woven into every fibre of our being—physical, mental and spiritual. Our life increases or decreases in love and purity. Our capacity to be moved grows or dwindles. The little hand goes forth, takes that which is not its own, is drawn in again; but not the same hand it was before it went out. That hand has lost something. Virtue has departed, and that virtue has been dissipated. The use for which God intended that hand has reversed. Every time we yield to a selfish, base desire; every time we harbour an unjust thought; every moment we live an impure life, we have stolen and cast away some part of our better self. We have poisoned the stream of our future. In the years to come our children, by their very constitution, will bring us into judgment for that loss. Therefore it happens that you can tell where a man has been eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and passing his days. There is no hiding bills of fare. They will out. Sin means suicide; sin means retrogression; sin means loss of caste in the realm of moral beings. To go from the Father's home into the far country is not only to lose oneself, but to lose all those things which go to make up the joys and comforts and privileges of home. And God never meant that. Yet God cannot take away from the terrible reality of these words that "from him who

hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Gather up the fragments of your life, then, that remain, that you may not altogether be a dead, crippled, useless thing, unfit for heaven, a withered and unfruitful flower which yourself, not God, have cast away out of the Garden of the Lord. These, then, are the two alternatives of life. We may choose to follow the stream that leads to the city of God, whose banks are fringed with flowers of beauty, whose pastures are on either side are glided by the light of God, or that dark, sullen, muddy river, along whose banks no blossom, no leaf, no bird of song ever breaks the monotony of its ceaseless roar. God never meant that.—Rev. A. J. B. Paterson.

IN THE ANGLICAN CALENDAR.

Days Remembered by the Church at this Season of the Year.

To-morrow will be the 23rd and last Sunday after Trinity, and notice of Advent is to be given. The ferial colors of green and red, in the Western and Sarum uses respectively, are used on Sunday, Monday and Thursday. On Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, all being martyrs' days, the color is red in both uses. Violet is prescribed in the Western use for vespers on Saturday. Two lights are prescribed for each day of the week.

It may here be noted that where no greater number of lights are prescribed for any occasion, two are proper for all sung services throughout the year. They are required at matins and evensong as well as at celebrations. The seven-branch candlestick has nothing to do with the regulation lights, and will not be used in the place of them by churches which are particular as to ceremonial.

Sunday will be the feast of St. Edmund, king and martyr, A. D. 870. Edmund was king of East Anglia, crowned by Bishop Havelbert in 855, when a lad of fifteen years. He was distinguished for his piety and his love for his people. It is said that for one year he lived as far as possible in solitude that he might learn the Psalter by heart so as to be able to repeat it at night when travelling. When the Danes invaded his kingdom he was taken prisoner, but was offered his liberty if he would betray his people and the christian faith. He refused and was beaten and tortured, then bound to a tree and shot to death with arrows. His head, separated from his body is said to have been guarded by a wolf and miraculously preserved. His shrine became St. Edmund's Bury.

Tuesday will be the feast of St. Cecilia, of Rome, virgin and martyr, the inventor of the organ. "Her voice," says one, "was of a ravishing sweetness, and she played on all kinds of instruments; but so full was her heart of joy that no instrument could utter it all, and so she invented the organ to pour forth in full tide the gladness of her soul in the praises of God." Cecilia married Valerian, a pagan who, was at once converted to the faith. She was martyred by the sword A. D. 230. In art, she is represented as crowned, bearing wreaths of flowers or branches. In representations with a portable organ or harp.

Wednesday will be the feast of St. Clement, pope and martyr, a famous saint, who was martyred A. D. 100, and of whom very much has been written. St. Clement was the third bishop of Rome and was banished to the Crimea in the reign of Trajan. There he made many converts. This so exasperated Trajan that he began fresh persecutions, and St. Clement was thrown into the sea with an anchor round his neck. Tradition relates that the christians having prayed for the recovery of the martyred bishop's body, the sea suddenly retired three miles, and the body of the saint was found in a white marble shrine, which the angels had built over it. Every year afterwards, at his festival, the sea retired for seven days, that the christians might worship at his tomb. The symbol of St. Clement is an anchor.

Friday will be the feast of St. Katherine, virgin and martyr, A. D. 307. She was a princess of Egypt and deeply learned in astronomy and other sciences. She became queen of Egypt at the age of 14. She became a christian and was martyred in the persecution under Maximian. She was first tortured and bound to spiked wheels between which she was to be torn to pieces. The wheels were destroyed by lightning from heaven, but she was unharmed. She was finally beheaded by the sword. Tradition has it that the angels bore her body to the top of Mount Sinai.

With the Flavor of the Mind.

When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it; who can be witty and something more than witty; who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit, it is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavour of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.—Sydney Smith.

The Rev. Dr. E. W. Donald, rector of the Church of the Ascension, New York, who succeeds to the pulpit of Trinity Church, Boston—vacant for more than a year, since the retirement of Bishop Brooks, is the son of a prominent Andover manufacturer, is 44 years old, is married, and has two children. He is very liberal in his views, and particularly interested in every kind of mission work.

NEWS AND NOTICES.

There is no shorter road to unhappiness than a habit of envying those who seem more prosperous than ourselves.

God demands an account of the past, that we must render hereafter. He demands an improvement of the present, and this we must render now.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale preached a sermon last week in the old meeting house in Berlin, Mass., where fifty years ago he delivered his first sermon.

The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix has an income from Trinity Parish, New York, estimated to be fully as large as that paid to the President of the United States.

Archbishop Vaughan of Westminster was a soldier in the Crimean war, and could handle the sword as a brave officer before he took to the canons of the church.

The kingdom of God is not a business set up in rivalry with worldly business; but a Divine law regulating, and a Divine temper pervading the pursuits of worldly business.

Mr. Saul Solomon, who died the other day in Scotland, at the age of 75, was a tower of strength to mission work in Africa, keeping open house for missionaries of all denominations.

The Rev. Walter S. Rudolph, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Denver, has severed his church relations because he cannot consistently preach the doctrine of endless punishment.

Mrs. E. B. Grannis, editor of the New York Church Union, is probably the only woman who has successfully carried for nearly twenty years the whole burden, financial and editorial, of a large religious journal.

The State Domestic Missionary society reports the result of a canvass that in Vermont there are 150,000 people who attend church, and 184,000 who do not. Half of those who do not, live two miles or more from any church.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," who lives in Newton, Mass., and does not look over 60, though really 85 years old, has in his possession the original draft of that song. It is on a piece of waste paper.

There is not a book on earth so favorable to all the kind and all the sublime affections, or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, injustice, and every form of malevolence, as the Gospel. It breathes nothing throughout but mercy, benevolence, and peace.—Beattie.

It is well known that Renan studied for the priesthood, and his perversion from the faith of his church has generally been ascribed to his study of the Oriental languages and literature. But it appears that the alterations of his opinion was the result of the perusal of Hegel's writings.

The Roman Catholics of Toronto had a memorable Thanksgiving day at the noble cathedral of St. Michael. The devotional function was two-fold—the thankful celebration of 50 years of successful work in the archdiocese of Toronto and the commemoration of the silver jubilee of His Grace Archbishop Walsh.

Make truth credible, and children will believe it; make goodness lovely, and they will love it; make holiness cheerful, and they will be glad in it; but remind them of themselves by threats or exhortations, and you may impair the force of their unconscious affections; your words pass over them only to be forgotten.

All the sermons, if so we may call the chapters of the prophet Isaiah, are short, says the New York Sun, the whole of this book can be read in a couple of hours. Here, in this small compass, you have the preaching of a lifetime, sermons of inspired eloquence, full of sublime imagery, commanding appeals and sublime warnings.

The English Churchman says that the society of St. Osmond has established a branch in Canada, and that the objects of the society are the restoration and use of English ceremonial in the English church; based in the Sarum rubrical directions the corresponding secretary for Canada is W. E. Lyman, 74 McTavish street, Montreal.

The charges of heresy brought against Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, of New York, more than a year ago, have been dismissed. The commission decided "that the catholicity of the Episcopal church was broad and sufficiently large to allow a man to preach according to his woods. The utterances of Mr. Newton must be ascribed to his wood, and we trust that he, upon consideration, will see his way clear to revoking the utterances in question."

An Englishman who recently had an audience with Leo XIII., describes his face as being quite colourless and wrinkled, his eyes dark-gray blue, gentle, yet penetrating in expression, his hair snowy, his nose aquiline, his mouth unusually wide. His thin and slightly stooped figure gave an impression of fragility and weakness which was confirmed by his gait. A member of the guard carried an ivory cane, so that the Pope might use it to support himself if necessary.

The sixty-eighth annual report of the New York Bible Society, for the year ending Oct. 1, has just been issued. It shows that with the increase of the population of the city the work for the society to do has also increased. During the year over 8,500 houses, and an average destitution of 18 per cent. has been found among these, the figures ranging from 3 1/2 to 35 per cent. of the whole number visited. Nearly 3,000 volumes of the Bible have been delivered to individuals as the result of this canvass.

A fresh effort is being made in London to extend the Sunday society movement and to establish it on a wider and more permanent basis. It is proposed to follow the method adopted on behalf of the hospitals, and to have what is called a "Museum Sunday." The clergy who are known to sympathize with the objects of the society are invited to co-operate by preaching sermons and other friends and supporters are requested to place their art collections at the disposal of the committee for the afternoon of the same day. Eighteen clergymen, it appears, have promised compliance with the request of the committee, and fourteen exhibitions are to be opened in London alone.

Worth Remembering in Election Times.

John Ruskin declares: "There is one way of wasting time, of all the vilest, because it wastes not time only, but the interest and energy of great minds; of all the ungentlemanly habits into which you can fall, the vilest is betting or interesting yourselves in the issues of betting. It unites every condition of folly and vice; you concentrate your interest upon a matter of chance, instead of upon a subject of true knowledge, and you back opinions which you had no ground of forming. So far as the love of excitement is complicated with the hope of winning money you turn yourself into the basest sort of tradesman—those who live by speculation. Were there no other ground for industry this would be a sufficient one—that it protected you from the temptation to so scandalous a vice."

"Betting and gambling," says a Scotch preacher, "are neither begging nor stealing, but they resemble both, in that they consist in getting money for which you have rendered no honest equivalent. In a business transaction you have an equivalent for so much received. The farmer gives the result of his toil in his farm produce; the mechanic the result of his skill in the workmanship of his hand; the lawyer the result of his legal acquirements; and the physician of his medical knowledge. In each case to a greater or less degree there has been honest and continuous work in order to render a given service; but no such thing occurs in betting and gambling. Where is there any honest and honorable equivalent?"

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The city of London covers 697 square miles.

Only one-half of all who are born reach the age of 17 years.

Strips of mulberry bark serve as money in some of the small towns of China.

The lava from Mount Etna has killed most of the fish in the little lake near.

It is said that blacksmiths' tools generally are those used three hundred years ago.

The saloons of London, it is said by some, would reach a distance of seventy-five miles.

The greatest weight on record of the trunk of an Indian elephant was that of one killed by the late Sir Victor Brooke. It scaled 90 lbs.

Old shoe throwing is done for many purposes. In Ireland the election of a person to almost any office is concluded by throwing an old shoe over his head.

In 1846 the population of Ireland was estimated to be a little over 8,000,000. According to the last census returns the numbers had fallen to 4,706,162.

According to the British Medical Journal, the people of Paris, in 1891, consumed 4,615 tons of meat, of horses, donkeys and mules. All but one-third was sold in sausage.

The address of any person in St. Petersburg can be procured in a few hours, for a postage stamp. The policemen have blanks for this purpose that are to be filled out and posted.

Russia has two kinds of sunflower. There are seven hundred thousand acres under cultivation. The seeds of one kind are crushed for oil and this industry is one of enormous proportions.

During a waltz of ordinary length the dancer travels about three-quarters of a mile. The girl who dances every dance will traverse a distance of from ten to fifteen miles in the course of the evening.

The new Mormon temple at Salt Lake city will be opened April 6, 1893. It has been in course of erection for forty years, has cost \$2,500,000 and will be, without doubt, the biggest architectural nightmare in the country.

In Switzerland accident insurance policies can be procured with a railway ticket by paying two cents, which insures for five hundred dollars for a day and a half, in case of serious accident, and one thousand dollars in case of death.

The "pace" or stride of the British infantry is 30 inches. The slow or parade march consists of 75 such paces to the minute; the quick march rises to 110; while the double, as its name denotes, consists of 150 paces to the minute, or a little over 4 1/4 miles in the hour.

Alaska covers an area of 575,000 square miles and has 25,000 miles of coast line. The population is probably about 30,000, of which all but 5,000 are native Indians. The United States Government derives a large revenue from its vast fisheries and its other trade alone is worth \$300,000 a year.

The derivation of the term 'troy weight,' is uncertain. It is supposed to have reference to the monkish name given to London, of Troy-Novant. It was in 1828 that a standard troy pound in brass brought from England was declared by Act of Congress the standard of the United States Mint.

The originator of the theory that the earth is round was probably Thales of Miletus about 640 B. C. He not only taught that the earth was globular in form, but of the five zones, some of the principle circles of the sphere, the capacity of the moon and the true course of the lunar eclipses.

Snake poison is a transparent fluid, of a yellowish colour, and of about the same consistency as human saliva. It is most easily examined by irritating the opthalmid and caused it to bite the rim of a saucer, thus depositing the secretion in the receptacle. After having been dried, it becomes very beautifully crystallized.

All the car works and locomotive shops in the country are busy trying to fill the orders for 1,500 new passenger coaches and 400 new locomotives to be delivered to roads centering at Chicago by May 1, 1893. It is estimated that the outlay for additional rolling stock and motive power by the Chicago roads alone will not fall short of \$7,000,000.

A San Francisco firm is about to attempt the revival of whaling in the Antarctic Ocean, which has not been carried on for as many as twenty-five years. A quarter of a century ago, the catches of sperm and right whales used to be excellent there, and many of the whalers are now of the opinion that the southern seas will again afford a profitable field for operations.

Waterloo Station, London, boasts one of the largest signal boxes in the world. In order to control the number of trains which pass in and out of the station, 18,000 distinct lever motions and 20,000 electrical signals are required. The alarming movements alone in the course of four hours number 173, the actual cause and time of each shunt being duly reported.

The festival of roses is an annual celebration in some of the rural parts of France. It consists in crowning with roses the best-behaved maiden of the town or village. The ceremony takes place in a church, whither she is conducted with great pomp by the villagers. Festivals of this description are usually celebrated in France in June. The Peruvians have also an annual festival of roses, which consists of bands of youths parading the streets with music, and offering roses to all they meet, for which they receive a trifling gratuity.

There are more than 600 different kinds of humming birds known to naturalists. The family are entirely confined to the

American continents, and reach their greatest perfection and beauty in the tropical countries. Only 17 kinds have been found within the United States; at least half of them are resident of other countries. The principal enemy of the South American humming bird is the collector who obtains them for milinery purposes. Four years ago 400,000 small birds, principally humming birds, were sold in one week in London, and at one sale 12,000 skins were sold at auction to satisfy the demands of the votaries of fashion.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

"I should call death an excellent mimic."

"Why so?" "Because it takes so many people off."

Miss June—In selecting a husband, what would you do? Miss September—Take the first that offers.

"Did you see those river mice scampering up from the water?" "Yes. They're trying to get away from the cat-fish."

Cumso—Well, McBride, is there as much billing and cooing as there was before marriage? McBride—The billing has increased largely.

"I've got a scheme," said Sellers.—"What is it?" "Why not feed sheep on the cotton plant and grow shoddy right on the animal."

Grocer—I am sorry, but our butter is just out. Landlady—Well, it's as strong as the last I got I don't see that it needs any exercise.

Rowne de Bout—Putson Call is under a cloud just now.—Upon Downes—Well, you may trust him to steal an umbrella before the storm breaks.

Mr. Ballyhoo (in his first open-back shirt)—"I hov it on, and I hov it bottoned; an' now will yez be tellin' me how to tur-r-r it round?"

"Is foot ball a gambling game?" Rusher—Well, Dodger lost \$25 in gold yesterday.

"Why didn't he leave it at home?" "He couldn't; it was in his teeth."

"I don't care nothin' about being made a lord," said Mr. Hobbs; but et the government was a mind to make my wife a lady I wouldn't put nothin' in their way."

"Where ye goin', Johnny?"—"Don't bother me. I'm a relief expedition, I am."

"Are ye playin' North pole?"—"Naw; I'm goin' to the drug store for paragon."

McCorkle—Do you know what is the best thing out? McCrackle—No; what is it? McCorkle—I haven't decided whether it's an aching tooth or a conflagration.

See things.—Rowne de Bout—Doesn't drinking affect your sight?—Old Hennessy—I should say so! I often see more in a minute than other men do in a lifetime.

Miss Faire—I do not like compliments. Please speak truthfully of me, and in plain language.—Mr. White—But language that speaks truthfully of you cannot be plain.

A merchant spending the summer at a mountain resort received a telegram saying: "The store is on fire. What shall we do?" The answer came promptly: "Put it out."

De Jinks—The tailor said I could have the suit for \$35 cash or \$50 on credit. Bioness—Of course you studied economy? De Jinks—Certainly. I took it for \$50.

"Your boy's English is rather bad, Mrs. Moriarity," said the merchant to the office boy's mother. "Thru for you Mister Smithers. He's Oirish all throo," replied the proud mother.

Zenobia—"Dia you see that horrible gown Miss Grotchesque wears?" It's the color of green apples. Penelope—"No. It must be awful." Zenobia—"It is. Just to look at it will double you up."

"Life in this country," said the philosopher, "is a heap like going to the circus. Soon as a man gets to the front all the fellows on the back seats insist on him sitting down out of the way."

Miss Battery—Do they throw old shoes at wedding parties in Chicago when the bride is leaving? Miss Canokia—Well, I rather guess not! Do you suppose they want their carriages smashed?

First Speaker—I think my opponent knows more about things that are not so than any man I ever heard.—Opponent—Well I think the speaker knows less about things that are so than any man I ever saw.

Mrs. Snooper—I wonder if it is true, as Dr. Jacob says, that the baby of to-day has a better chance of life than the baby of fifty years ago? Snooper—Certainly it is. The baby of fifty years ago is half a century old now.

Mistress—Mary! Mary! I've just broken my handglass. You know how unlucky it is.—Seven years' unhappiness!—Maid—Oh, that's nothin', ma'am; 'ow about me? I've just smashed the large glass in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Modish (after a shopping tour)—Oh, I have just struck the loveliest bargain! Mr. Modish (after a hard day on 'Change)—Why didn't you strike something that can strike back? Mrs. Modish—Wait till you get the bill.

Teacher.—"Robert, this is an example in subtraction. Seven boys went down to the water to bathe, but two of them had been told not to go in the water. Now, can you tell me how many went in?"—Robert: "Yes, seven."

Mr. Figg—H'm! I see that the loss to the people of Hamburg from the late cholera epidemic will amount to 10,000,000 marks. Tommy—If they were to take the small pox they'd get more'n 10,000,000 marks, wouldn't they, paw.

Mrs. Plainfield (proudly): "And who would have thought that I should ever be the mother of a poet?"—Her neighbor (misunderstanding): "Oh, well, I wouldn't worry about that! He'll have better sense when he gets a little older."

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. Langtry draws designs for most of her costumes.

The Queen of Italy has founded an industrial school for women.

Prince Bismarck's wife is remarkable for her simple piety and her charities.

No British sovereign has vetoed a Parliamentary bill during the past 185 years.

Mrs. Gladstone takes a deep interest in hospitals and is generous with her charities.

A first edition of Tennyson's poems was recently sold for \$550. This was before his death.

Mme. Carnot visits hospitals and showers down little acts of kindness upon all whom she encounters.

The Grand Duchess of Baden is at the head of a training school for servants and a cooking school.

Guy de Maupassant, the famous French story writer, is no longer confined in a lunatic asylum.

The Emperor of China is having a silk factory built, in order to give work to many unemployed women and girls.

No such universal homage as was shown in Paris at Renan's funeral has been paid any other man, it is said, since Victor Hugo's death.

Sarah Bernhardt's latest eccentricity is the erection of a tomb for herself—ready for use when she shall require it—in the Pere le Chasse Cemetery, Paris.

Miss Longfellow, daughter of the poet, celebrates her birthday each year by giving a feast to a number of shop girls and then taking them for a long drive afterward.

The Emperor of Austria is a very charitable man. Upon one occasion, after a flood had laid waste many villages, he donated half a million from his private purse.

Mrs. Macbeth, an Englishwoman and the wife of a member of the Royal Academy, practices riding after fox hounds astride of her horse, clad in knee breeches, gaiters and a divided skirt.

Master Baylies, of Coventry, England, is the youngest cyclist in the world. He is 2 1/2 years old and wheels around on a beautiful little tricycle weighing ten pounds. The child is already a fine rider.

The Empress Frederick has become a proverb in Germany for her generosity. She has many charities—a convalescent home for women, kindergartens, creches and a fresh air society for poor children.

Miss Chapman, the well known sculptor, has been commissioned to model the two Spanish bullocks Queen Victoria keeps in the park at Osborne. They have enormous horns and are considered remarkably beautiful creatures.

W. M. Conway, a daring English mountaineer, has succeeded in climbing to the top of one of the peaks of the Hindu Kush range, on the borders of Kashmir, to the height of 23,000 feet. This eclipses the best previous record.

The son of the King of Sweden, who some time since forfeited his right to the throne to marry Mlle. Munk, has been reconciled to his father. He and his wife live very happily together. Another proof that Swedish matches are among the best.

Miss Tate, daughter of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, devotes her whole time to the poor of London. There is no work, which she regards as too menial for her hands to do, provided it lifts a little of the burden from the poor, sick and aged.

A statue is to be erected at Bar-le-Duc, in France, to Ernest Michaux, who is supposed to have invented the velocipede, and thereby paved the way for the bicycle. Michaux was a blacksmith and constructed his first "wheel" in 1842, just a half a century ago.

Professor John Harvard Bilkes, designer of the Inman steamers City of Paris and City of New York, has been taking a glance at our new navy, and this has led him to observe that "with such vessels as are now in the service of the government the United States Navy need not take a back seat for any power on the globe."

The Earl of Dudley, like his eccentric father, is a believer in life insurance. The late Earl insured his life for a large amount—about \$4,000,000. But his present lordship, at the time of his marriage to Miss Gurney, the adopted daughter of the Duchess of Bedford, effected policies representing insurance of over \$5,000,000.

The Marquise de Blocqueville, who died a few days ago in Paris, was formerly one of the most beautiful women of her time, and like most French beauties had considerable political influence. The Marquise was a great favorite at the court of Louis Philippe and was the intimate friend of Queen Amelia and the Duchess of Orleans.

Mrs. Marshall Field, wife of the Chicago dry goods prince, has an almoner, who is also private secretary, to dispense her charity. Although provided with ready money, the almoner never bestows it. The needs of the family being known, they are often cancelled, and sympathy as well as substantial aid rendered to careworn men and women.

When at home the well-known millionaire, Baron Maurice Hirsch, lives in true baronial style in his castle on the Danube in Moravia. There are a drawbridge, portcullis, and all the medieval accessories of a once impregnable fortress. Here he hunts and shoots to his heart's content, but he is very fond of his billiard room, which contains every conceivable game of chance or skill. Madame Hirsch, who speaks four languages fluently, is a model hostess, and the baron's hospitality is unbounded.

While Eugene Tarpin, the inventor of melinite, has been confined for treason at Etampes, France, he has invented a balloon that can be guided by the aeronaut. He has also devised a new fuse for shells used at sea, and an apparatus for making inexpensive hydrogen gas for inflating balloons. Meantime Tobias F. Hudson, a prisoner in the Maryland penitentiary, has invented an improved socket for incandescent lamps and constructed a number of unique clocks, one of which, the warden says, keeps better time than the expensive French clock in the prison.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called Hoarseness, at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief."

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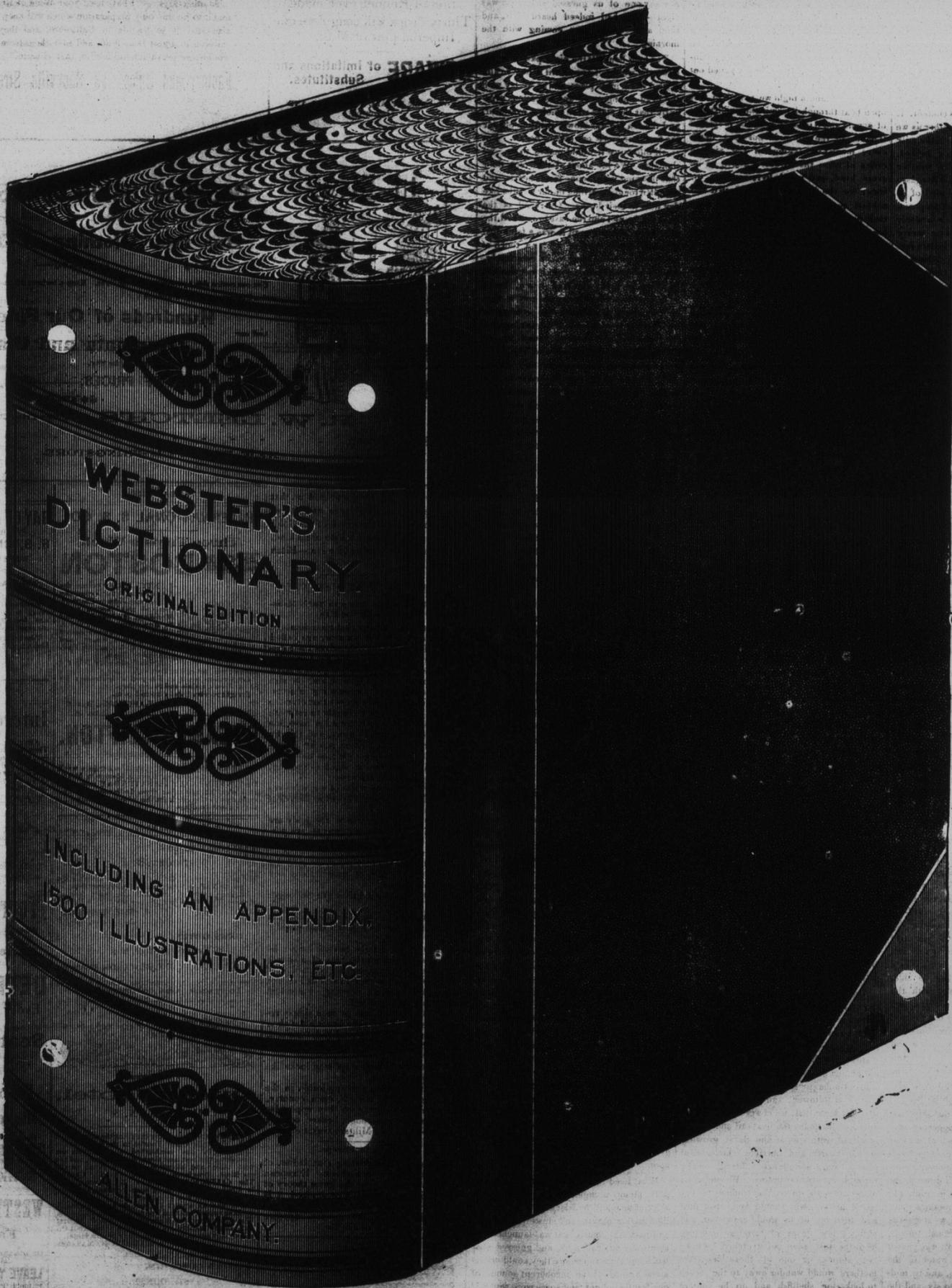
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OF THE GOLDEN VERITY.

You who sympathize with undeserved misfortune and can feel commiseration for men who, unoffending, have explored the utmost extremes of pain and sorrow to which the sensitive human mind is open...

I was second mate on a large trading schooner, with a full cargo and half a dozen passengers, among whom were some women and children, had come out of the port of Matanzas, in Cuba, with copper ore for Sweden...

We rowed hard; by noon we came up under shelter of the beach; we landed, and in the first transport of our delight knelt and thanked God for our deliverance; haggard, and cramped, and lean, with the long agony of the slow death we had passed through in our faces...

We had reached latitude ten degrees or eleven degrees and longitude somewhere high sixty degrees—the Orkneys should have been forward, and the Faeroe weed was riding in long, loose strands on the waves about us...

Then there were none of us who did not envy those who had gone down with the Golden Verity, for we soon found there was neither food nor water on the reef. The hungry soil had drunk up all the rain that had fallen on it...

An hour later it was upon the ship, and the Golden Verity was staggering and plunging through a twilight bell of waters, with the wind howling in her cordage overhead...

When we woke in the gray of the third morning we found a young Hayward, the steward, sitting among us, quite dead, as we had left him sitting alive last night...

shrill yell that cut through the bowl of the storm like a knife and turned the numb blood in our veins to ice, spun round on his heels and ran madly to the long boat. We did not stay to ask what it was he had seen...

For a day and a night we rowed in that open boat through interminable wilderness of spume and darkness, with the perpetual thunder of the storm in our ears, death every moment hanging on the singing crests of foam that towered above us on every hand...

We rowed hard; by noon we came up under shelter of the beach; we landed, and in the first transport of our delight knelt and thanked God for our deliverance; haggard, and cramped, and lean, with the long agony of the slow death we had passed through in our faces...

And overhead the sea mist eddied in smoky folds and hung like a dingy sodden curtain a few yards out at sea, cutting us off from even the faint hope of a passing sail, and the mocking cries of the unseen seafowl that that now and again flapped by...

When we woke in the gray of the third morning we found a young Hayward, the steward, sitting among us, quite dead, as we had left him sitting alive last night...

Some time that night I remember Elsie, the yellow haired delight of the crew, had begged to be taken outside, and her mother and some of us crawled with her to where the sinking wind might blow on her flushed face in the darkness...

yellow haired delight of the crew, had begged to be taken outside, and her mother and some of us crawled with her to where the sinking wind might blow on her flushed face in the darkness...

The long hours of the night passed somehow; the wind fell away until a heavy calm settled down in its place, and as we lay with the dead among us we were conscious presently that the stars were shining overhead...

And when I looked up the mist in the east was spun out so thin that it was but a fine something in the air, and through it was shining the outline of hills and trees, and—was I mad?—of gables and spires a few poor hundred yards away I glared, and rubbed my eyes, and tottered out upon a hillock...

At 100 yards all parts of the body are seen distinctly, slight movements are perceptible, and the minute details of the uniforms can be distinguished.

At 200 yards the outlines of the face are confused and the rows of brass buttons look like yellow stripes.

At 400 yards the face is a mere dot, but all movements of the legs and arms are still distinct.

At 600 yards details can no longer be distinguished, though the files of a squad, if the light be strong, can be counted.

Eagar's Wine of Rennet.

The Original and Genuine! It makes a delicious Dessert or Dish for Supper in 5 minutes, and at a cost of a few cents.

BEWARE of Imitations and Substitutes. For Sale by ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.



R. W. LEITCH'S, (The One Price Clothier), 47 King Street, NEW ROYAL CLOTHINGSTORE.

Extracts from Letters:

One says: "I would not be without your Wine of Rennet in the house for double its price. I can make a delicious dessert for my husband, which he enjoys after dinner, and which I believe has at the same time cured his dyspepsia."

Another says: "Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little dishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my friends."

Another says: "I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. — has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply gorgeous as a dessert."

Another says: "I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sent it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

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UNTIL further notice the steamer of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7.35 a.m. Return will leave Boston same days at 5.30 a.m., and Portland at 5 p.m. for Eastport and St. John.

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THE above Steamer will make three trips a week during the season, leaving Hampton MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings, at 6 o'clock; returning from Inuitawona on the same days, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, stopping at the usual landings.

QUEEN HOTEL, HALIFAX, N. S.

WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourists to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest accommodations, and the best table and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.V. Fall Arrangement.

On and after Monday, 17th Oct., 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.15 a.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 a.m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p.m. arriving at Weymouth at 4.55 a.m.

DETROIT CHICAGO. Every Wednesday at 8.15 p.m.

Seattle, Wash. Pacific Coast. Every Saturday at 11.45 a.m.

MINNEAPOLIS and St. Paul. Holders of Second-Class Passage Tickets to or through these points, will be accommodated in the Cars, on payment of a small additional charge per berth.

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had landed and despaired and died on that very threshold of abundance, and it was this which had made the wreck of the Golden Verity a story almost unique of its kind, even in the fertile annals of the sea.—Black and White.

HOW TO JUDGE OF DISTANCES.

Methods Used in the Army to Take Measurements By the Eye. It constantly happens that men detached from the main body of an army are called upon to determine for themselves their distance from an object to be fired at.

At thirty yards the white of a man's eyes are plainly seen, and the eyes themselves at eighty yards.

At 100 yards all parts of the body are seen distinctly, slight movements are perceptible, and the minute details of the uniforms can be distinguished.

At 200 yards the outlines of the face are confused and the rows of brass buttons look like yellow stripes.

At 400 yards the face is a mere dot, but all movements of the legs and arms are still distinct.

At 600 yards details can no longer be distinguished, though the files of a squad, if the light be strong, can be counted.

At 800 yards the men in a squad cannot always be counted, nor their individual movements distinguished.

At 1,000 yards a line of men simply resembles a broad belt; the direction of their march can, however, be readily determined.

At 1,200 yards infantry can be distinguished from cavalry.

At 2,000 yards a mounted man looks like a mere speck or dot.

The above rules are applicable in the beginning only to smooth, open country, but after a little practice they apply also with equal force to rough, broken country as well.—Canadian Military Gazette.

Kissing in Europe. The fall style in kissing (for ladies, of course) is one on each cheek. European writers state that since the germ theory of disease is so universally recognized it is likewise appreciated that the old manner of kissing is an unnecessary exposure to the transmission of disease.

What need to tell more! Soon some of us jolly, plump loungers on the quay caught sight of us upon the inlet at the entrance of their harbor mouth, and clustered in knots and pointed—then a boat was launched and men came off, hailed us, and guessed what had happened even before they could understand a word of the incoherent sounds of our frantic delight, and so we were rescued!

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. STILL ROLLING.

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CHESLEY CAN CROW

THE MUGWUMP KEPT THEM AND GOT THERE.

But the Liberals have the "big" upset the Mugwump. The Party Question Paled to Work and Mr. Retires From the Arena.

There have been numbers of St. John that have been away in election last Tuesday as lively, interesting and exciting events. Less than half a dozen people who had voted polled them, of those who did vote acted as though they were not particular whether their count was for or not. The only objection was after the close of the poll when it was all among Mr. Chesley's friends.

If Mr. Robertson had lived in times, and the man who invented the expression of "mad as a hatter" could see his face as it appeared Tuesday, the phrase would have been changed to "mad as a grocer." He looked mad, and there is every reason to believe that he felt very much as he had been slain by his friends in a modern martyr to the principle of office should seek the man, and should expect his friends to elect him out the expenditure of divers deacons.

There was not much enthusiasm in the crowd at the Foster's Corner meeting. Those who knew anything about the saw very early that Mr. Robertson of the fight, and after that the chief was as Mr. Chesley's majority, figures scored on the blackboard were not in solemn silence, and even Mr. Robertson's majority was marked as a district, there was only a spasmodic cheer. The greater portion of the assembly seemed to be composed of members of the Junior Liberal Council Club. It was a member of this organization who was plying Chesley last week the prospect of not getting enough to redeem his deposit. The Junior Liberal undertook to do a good deal in the election, but they are not proud of the

Mr. Robertson's word, commercial sale to be taken and relied upon, but he told the mourners that he "cheered" bowed to the result there were some almost doubted the depth of his loss. He took his defeat like a man, he and gave them to understand that he did not forsake St. John as Mr. Blair had done. "While defeated," he still continues in his capacity as a business man and a business man to do all power to advance the city's interest would be a fellow citizen. "I would not step out of the political and attend to his business."

A man with a keen eye might have there have found a conservative and cheerful crowd at the Chesley headquarters in the Old Wigwag at Berryman street. It was a straight grit crowd on the whole. The kid glove liberals were there, but Mr. Chesley had not tried for kid glove votes from either. He threw in his record as a mechanic thirty years' standing against Mr. Robertson's experience in carrying an axe shoulder to the lumber woods when a lad. But this did not have anything to do with electing him. He got in a good many liberals voted, and many straight conservatives did not up until after the polls were closed.

Monday's indications were in favor of Robertson, because Chesley had to shell out as liberally as was expected. Had the Robertson workers had \$50,000 could have won the battle. But there little shelling out on one side as other. It is understood that about "purchasable" votes were not polled, some of the booths men ready to be franchise for a beggarly dollar apiece around in vain waiting to be bought was the "purest" election that has run in St. John for many a day. It was not because the moral standard higher than it was, but because the strings were drawn tight from motives of economy.

Then, too, the Chesley workers did while it would seem that a good many of the Robertson hatters took things easy. Chairman Forbes threw the on a defective organization, and there good deal in what he said.

Before the election Carleton was to do the business of itself for the setting down Chesley, but it did not do much to say when the votes were counted. The best time to take, stock in West political predictions is after a fight is over. The hustling on Tuesday was all North End, by Chesley men. It was slow enough procession in the city. "Oh, you had better vote for Chesley. He is as good a party man as I am, and it is my favor to you I must say as I help Chesley as the other