

PROGRESS.

Board of Works

8 May 1891

VOL. IV., NO. 172.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

RAILWAYS.

ADRIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. WEST EXCURSIONS TO THE NORTH-WEST.

Stations on C. P. R. in New Brunswick,
return rates Colonist Class to

VEN,	\$33.00
NEY,	\$35.00
MIN,	\$40.00
ERTH,	

More than Rates named above.
Return until Sept. 20th, 1891.
Return until Sept. 27th, 1891.
Return until Oct. 11th, 1891.

from all points on Intercolonial, Windsor
Colts, and Prince Edward Island Railways.

\$5.00 More than Rates named above.
Return until Sept. 20th, 1891.
Return until Sept. 27th, 1891.
Return until Oct. 11th, 1891.

to any Ticket Agent Canadian Pacific, In-
land, Prince Edward Island, and Windsor
Colts Railways.

NICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON,
Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
MONTREAL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ore Line Ry.

JOHN AND ST. STEPHEN.

est, Quickest and Cheapest
Route to St. Stephen.

3 HOURS and 15 MINUTES.

nt Passenger Car,
Luxurious Smoking Car.

has lately been placed in fine condition,
rides replied by new ones.

SCENERY—The beauty of mountain and
ing this road cannot be surpassed.

PICNICS.

Inducements to Picnic Parties and Excur-
sions.

URDAY EXCURSIONS.

Tickets at ONE FARE, good to return on
Special low rates to parties of five or more.
pany has hired for the season the

of Dr. Reynolds, Lepreux.

advantages of these grounds for
not be surpassed. The Company have
and fitted up on these grounds, Tables,
seats, abundant shelter in case of rain, and
benches.

TRAIN leaves St. John (West side)
at 7.34 a. m., connecting with Ferry leaving
at 7.14 a. m., arrives St. Stephen at 10.45
a. m. Returning leaves St. Stephen at 2.45 p. m.
at St. John, at 6 p. m.

ODATION TRAIN leaves St. John
at 1.34 p. m., Ferry leaves East side at
1.14 p. m., arriving at St. Stephen
at 4.45 p. m. Returning leaves St. Stephen at
7.14 p. m., arriving at St. John at 10.45 p. m.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

for Commercial travellers' excess
received and delivered at Moulton's
office, No. 3 Pugsley's Building. Tele-
phone, 100.

Agents—Geo. Philips, 97 Prince William
Street; J. A. Windsor, Windsor Hotel,
St. John.

FRANK J. McPEAKE,
Superintendent.

Colonial Railway.

Summer Arrangement—1891

after MONDAY, 22nd June, 1891,
runs of this Railway will run daily
excepted as follows:

S WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.0
for Point du Chene..... 11.00
for Halifax..... 14.00
for Quebec, Montreal, and
Chicago..... 16.30
for St. John..... 22.30

Car runs each way on Express main
Job at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax
at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers for Que-
bec and Chicago leave St. John at 10.30
take Sleeping Car at Moncton.
are attached to Through Night Ex-
press between St. John and Halifax.

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

from Halifax (Monday excepted) 16.10
from Chicago, Montreal and
Quebec..... 12.50
from Point du Chene..... 12.50
from Halifax..... 15.30
from St. John..... 22.30

due to arrive at St. John from Halifax
will not arrive on Sunday morning
lock, along with the train from Chicago,
Quebec.

of the Intercolonial Railway to and
from Quebec are lighted by electricity
steam from the locomotive.
run by Eastern Standard time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

ST. JOHN, N. B., 17th June, 1891.

ONE MONTH Only.

A great reduction
will be made in
Hair
Switches

AT THE
ST. JOHN
HAIR-STORE

113 Charlotte St.
Opp. Dufferin Hotel

Ladies' and Gents

FINE
WIGS,
at the

AMERICAN HAIR
STORE, CHAR-
LOTTE STREET.

Up one flight

HAIR-STORE

WIGS, at the

AMERICAN HAIR

STORE, CHAR-
LOTTE STREET.

Up one flight

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Up one flight

HAIR-STORE

WIGS, at the

AMERICAN HAIR

STORE, CHAR-
LOTTE STREET.

Up one flight

HAIR-STORE

WIGS, at the

A GREAT SELF-FEEDER.

HOW THE JAIL SUPPLIES THE MA-
TERIAL FOR ITSELF.

The Surgeon and How He Makes His
Rounds—An Instance of Death in the
Prison—Spiritual Exhortation and Its
Usual Effect.

In referring to the jail rations, last week,
an unintentional misrepresentation was
made by the omission of a word or two.
What was written was that the morning
ration was half of a two-pound loaf, that is,
a loaf of the ordinary size. The types
made it read "half-a-pound loaf," a size
which is not made.

The allowance is small enough, at the
best. Many of the prisoners are abled-
bodied men with good appetites. There
are, however, some who never eat the full
allowance, simply because their systems
are in such a state that the less they take
of any kind of food that is given to them,
the better they feel. Many a man is sent to
jail when the hospital is the proper place
for him. Perhaps he does not know how
ill he is, and there is nobody in the prison
to tell him.

There is, it is true, a jail surgeon, or
physician, or whatever his title may be.
Dr. James Christie is the man, and every-
body knows that he stands well in the med-
ical profession. He is paid a salary for
his services at the jail, and as it is not a
large one, he doubtless feels that he gives
good value for it. Whether he has any
particular day, week or month, for calling
at the prison is not known. He comes oc-
casional and word is passed around to
know if anybody is ill. He does not see
the prisoners, nor do they see him unless
they make the request. He stays in the
office, and unless somebody is in a very
bad state, the prisoners do not trouble
him. If he were to make an inspection of
each cell he might find an opportunity to
enlarge his practice, as well as to suggest
better sanitary conditions.

The turnkeys say that there is very
little sickness in the jail, and they ascribe
it to the fact that they use a good deal of
copperas as a disinfectant. In the same
way they boast of the fact that there is not
as much vermin as there might be if the
blankets were not boiled in salted water.
As there is plenty of vermin, so there is
plenty of illness, if as good a physician as
Dr. Christie were to try to find it.

It is true there are not many deaths
in the jail, and if the story told of the case
of a man who died there last year can be
quoted as a sample, it is well there are not.
This man was a foreigner, a steward of a
vessel, who was doing a six-months' sen-
tence. He was afflicted with dropsy, and
during the latter part of his term his ail-
ment gave him much trouble. The jail
physician prescribed for him, and seems to
have thought this was all that was neces-
sary. Three weeks passed, and during all
that time the dying man was fed on the
miserable jail diet, and had no further
medical attendance. One evening a fel-
low-prisoner told a turnkey that the man
was so much worse that the doctor should
be sent for at once. He was summoned in
haste, but when he got there it was too
late. The poor sailor was past all human
aid. At the inquest, it is stated, that the
doctor pleaded that he had not known the
man was in such a bad state.

Now, while it is probable that this man
might have died of his disease, sooner or
later, even in a hospital, it would have been
very much more to the credit of humanity
if he had been properly fed and looked
after in his last hours.

The keeper of the jail, too, might have
seen that the body was properly prepared
for burial. Though the sailor had a bag
of clean clothes in his cell, he was confined
in the clothes he wore at the time of his
death. The body was not washed, nor
was the face shaven, though there were
several razors on the same floor, and pris-
oners who would have been willing to per-
form the task.

The sailor's clean clothes, or a portion
of the whole of them, were appropriated
by the other prisoners, who took away the
best of them when they left. A pair of old
trousers, not worth taking, were in use as
spare garments around the jail until very
recently, and are probably there yet, if no-
body has stolen them.

Such is the substance of a story of death
in the jail, current among the discharged
prisoners, and there is every reason to be-
lieve that it is true.

When a prisoner's term expires, he is
discharged as soon as the cell doors are
opened in the morning. He is not allowed
even the scanty breakfast of bread and hot
molasses-and-water. He may not have a
cent in his pocket, and usually he has not.
He may not have a home or a friend who
is willing to aid him; and he may be thus
sent out, hungry and destitute, on a Sun-
day morning, a time at which he can do
little or nothing to aid himself.

There is another piece of injustice, for
which, however, the police court is respon-
sible. When the magistrate passes sen-
tence he fines a man a certain amount, and
there is no mention of any costs. If the

HALIFAX LABOR HAPPY.

THE WORKERS ON THE WHARVES
GET \$1.35 A DAY.

Or Twenty Cents an Hour for Day and Night
Work, with Double Pay on Sunday—The
Ship Laborers Society is 300 Strong, while
the Workers Number over 1,000.

HALIFAX, Aug. 11.—The Halifax wharf
laborers are a mighty power in the working
world. They number upwards of a thou-
sand sturdy men, tanned and hardened by
rough work in all weathers; and, from
what your correspondent could glean in an
hour's ramble on some of the steamship and
West Indian wharves, where the largest
gangs of navies are employed, they consti-
tute what may be honestly called a con-
tented section of the community. Their
wages, in the light of big salaries, would
appear small; but to them steady employ-
ment at 50 cents an hour, or even \$1.25 a
day, the rate received by a large propor-
tion of the ship and sailing vessel laborers,
is adequate to support themselves and their
families.

The rate of wages paid on the Long, or
government, wharf, where the Allan line
and Dominion line weekly and fortnightly
steamers land their passengers and freight is
20 cents an hour day or night and double
rate per hour for Sunday work; but it is
only in cases of urgent necessity that work
is done on Sunday. There is a strong
Sabbath observance law on the Nova Scotia
law book which makes Sunday working
punishable, and in addition to that there is
a strong sentiment among the men them-
selves against converting the seventh day
into a working day. The same wages are
paid on Pickford & Black's wharf where
seven or eight lines of steamers have their
headquarters, on Phelan's wharf where the
Boston, Halifax and Prince Edward Island
steamers land, or Noble's wharf where the
Halifax lands, and on nearly all the other
steamer wharves.

The West Indian merchants pay their
laborers \$1.25 a day and keep them em-
ployed pretty constantly all the year
round. The same rate is paid for unload-
ing coal and loading lumber ships.

On coal steamers the men get \$1.50 a
day, and can command regular employ-
ment at that rate. Work on the wharves
during the winter months is just as brisk
as in the summer. This is due largely to
Halifax being the winter port of the Eng-
lish mails boats, and a favorite calling sta-
tion for ocean steamers on their way to
New York. A large number of these
steamers put in here every winter for coal,
or to be repaired, and this makes work for
the laborer and tends to fill in the little
gap, if any, left by the taking off of some
of the regular passenger steamers that run
here during the summer months.

The laborers have an organization, "The
Laborers' Union," but it does not interfere
with the men or their employers. It is in-
corporated under a provincial law and can-
not, therefore, recognize strikes or dictate
wages to the employers. Its membership
at present is only 300. Four years ago it
was 800. At its very birth in 1881 the
roll of members was larger than at present.
Then it did interfere in the work of the
men, dictate wages and boycott non-union
men, but this gradually died out and the
membership with it, so that today it is
merely a social society composed of
a portion of the wharf laborers of the city,
and with little, or no, influence in this im-
portant department of the marine commerce
of the port.

President John A. Mackay of the union
in conversation with a PROGRESS corre-
spondent expressed himself as a firm be-
liever in a labor society conducted on the
same plane as the Laborers' union. He
does not believe in strikes, or in an organ-
ization coercing a non-member to join the
society. There is very little discontent
among the men. PROGRESS met with
none at all, and there seems to be a strong
desire to continue in the present line so
long as work is plentiful and wages sure.

He Will Be Remembered.

An insurance man well known in St.
John shook hands with the Shore Line sta-
tion agent at Carleton the other day, and
left for Toronto. Quite a number of
people are interested in his departure. He
received many "presents" from people in
St. John and elsewhere, but the donors will
probably remember them better than the
recipient. In fact he never seemed to re-
member anything when he had money, but
his memory was constantly being
brightened, until his visits to St. John
became so unpleasant that he made
them few and far between. Although his in-
come was very much larger than that of many
of his fellow boarders, the latter were all
asked to contribute to it, and they did so
in a way that will make them remember
the absent. Some well known sporting
men found him "a hale fellow well met,"
and always ready to enter into a game or
anything that was proposed, and their
friendship reached to their pocket books.
Nothing was too trivial for the exodion to
receive as a loan, from a cane to \$100,
but he always neglected to return it. But
he has now departed, and if he returns will
probably get a good reception.

The Haec Exhibition Week.

The races at Moospath Park exhibition
week will be one of the big features of the
show. There will be ten races, and \$2,900
offered in purses. This is the largest purse
ever offered by the track and should at-
tract the attention of horsemen everywhere,
and make the park one of the points of
interest to visitors to the exhibition.

NO CUSHIONS AND SMOKE.

The Second Class Cars of the Intercolonial
Are Not Comfortable.

"Seems to me that these Canadians are
mighty particular," remarked a rather well
dressed and fairly good looking young man
on the Halifax night express the other
evening, leaving St. John, who with his
wife, presumably, was hustled out of the
first class car into the second class by the
train officials.

The remark set me thinking over the
matter, and in the main it is a little
rough on Canadians, there is room for a
radical change in matters pertaining to
this particular train, which is one of the
most important and well patronized trains
on the road.

For some time past much fault has been
found by travellers to and from points in
the U. S. going to their respective destina-
tions in the provinces, or returning there-
from, at having to go into the second class
cars on the I. C. R., which are not so luxu-
rious and soft in their make-up as the
average traveller could wish.

In coming down through the American
territory, they are provided with cushioned
seats, which are somewhat preferable as a
rule to the hard wood seats on the I. C. R.
second-class cars, hence when they have to
huddle into these cars on Canadian soil it
seems rough and will continue to cause dis-
satisfaction and grumbling while the cus-
tom is maintained.

There are a goodly number of people
who, while in every way respectable, feel
it incumbent on them to make every dollar
tell while travelling, and accordingly pur-
chase second-class through tickets. It
seems as if the custom of forcing them to
ride in second-class uncushioned seats,
might well be changed for the better, and
cause the I. C. R. to be much more favor-
ably regarded by these patrons of the road.

It certainly would not be a very expen-
sive job to fit up a few of the older first-
class cars in a comfortable manner, with
cushioned seats, for the use of these peo-
ple.

If the Chief Superintendent of the Rail-
way, or the Minister of Railways, should
happen, by some adverse fate of fortune,
to be compelled at some time to husband
their financial resources, and, with their
wives and daughters and little children, be
forced to take a journey on one of these
night trains on a second-class car, on the
completion of the trip, we have no doubt,
an order would probably issue for a more
comfortable provision for the through-
ticket travellers.

But this is not the worst feature of the
case by any means. On this night train,
which is generally always well filled, these
women and children who are compelled to
ride second-class on these cars, find them-
selves forced to sit there amid a vile and
contaminating atmosphere redolent with
the fumes of cigars and pipes.

The reason for this is that no smoking-
car or compartment is provided on these
trains, hence the annoyance which these
women and children are compelled to en-
dure.

The conductors on the road are well dis-
posed and kindly hearted men and would
no doubt willingly give these women seats
in the first-class car, but some spotter
would at once report them, and fine or sus-
pension and probably dismissal would meet
them at an early hour. Hence they have
to enforce the rule and are subjected to
much ill-natured abuse and sarcasm which
they have to endure as best they can.

It is not about time that this matter was
looked into by the railway authorities and
remedied?

There is no reasonable or valid excuse
why these trains should not be provided
with smoking cars or smoking compart-
ments.

There is no justification in the world for
the I. C. R. to force women and children
to ride in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke,
and it should be remedied at an early
day.

These are two matters which PROGRESS
believes the government and the I. C. R.
officials could wrestle with as valiantly as
they do many minor matters, which occu-
pies so much of their valuable time.

There exists no good reason why the
Intercolonial should not be made as popu-
lar with the travelling public as are other
roads, and in the matters herein outlined
is good ground for improvement.

The Magazines Disappeared.

Whenever some people see anything that
is of particular interest to themselves, they
never imagine that it will be of interest to
anybody else, or do not care. Caretaker
Steele, of the Y. M. C. A., has had many
practical illustrations of this. Time again
he has found the papers and magazines
with long extracts clipped from them, and
their usefulness to a large extent lost, but
that was as nothing compared with what
happened a short time ago. The *Cosmo-
politan* and *Scribner's* for August had not
been in their covers twenty-four hours be-
fore they had disappeared, and the mem-
bers of the association will have to do
without these interesting periodicals.

WHO WILL BE JUDGE?

SOME OF THE APPLICANTS AND
THEIR CHANCES.

Mr. B. Lester Peters Said to Have It "In
His Pocket"—Mr. Forbes' Claims and what
Will Happen if Mr. McLeod Gets It—Mr.
Quigley's Excellent Chances.

Who will be county court judge in place
of the late Honorable Charles Watters?
This question was still undecided as far as
could be learned when PROGRESS went to
press—at noon on Friday.

The wire-pullers have been more than
busy in connection with this vacancy and
it is almost impossible to say who has the
inside track.

It is alleged that Mr. McLeod, M. P.,
wants the position, and it is understood
that he insists he will get it. That
would cause a vacancy in the representa-
tion for St. John. Should this occur, one
story is that Minister of Finance Foster
will abandon Kings county and contest this
constituency. Another report is that Sir
Leonard Tilley will again take the field, or
that in the event of his not doing so, Mr.
Baird will be the conservative candidate.

Of course none of these things will hap-
pen, unless Mr. McLeod insists on the
judgeship.

The friends of Mr. James Gordon Forbes
say that his chances for the judgeship are
more than excellent. They claim that he
has a letter from Sir John Thompson, in
which the latter credits him with having
done much to secure his (Thompson's)
election in the last general contest, and
declare that Sir John would not dare to
ignore Mr. Forbes' claims at the present
time.

Friends of Mr. George Gilbert are press-
ing his claims largely on the grounds that
his appointment would be the least objec-
tionable from a party standpoint that could
be made.

Supporters of Mr. B. Lester Peters say
that he is the strongest candidate for the
judgeship, and it is hinted in many quar-
ters that he has the appointment already in
his pocket.

If Mr. Peters be not already appointed,
it is alleged by friends of Dr. Richard F.
Quigley that he never will be; that Dr.
Quigley has developed great strength
within the past few days, and that his ap-
pointment is almost certain. It is stated
that Messrs. Burns and Adams are insist-
ing upon Mr. Quigley's appointment on the
ground that at present there is no Irish
Roman Catholic on the bench in this
province, and it is also said that the arch-
bishop of Halifax and bishop of Chatham
are using their influence at court on behalf
of the young catholic St. John lawyer.
Friends of Mr. Peters point out as a weak
spot in Dr. Quigley's claim the fact that
he did not vote with his party in the last
dominion election.

The fight all round is certainly a very
pretty one.

Sleepy and Drunken Policemen.

The discipline of the police force does not
appear to be as effective as might be sup-
posed from all that has been written and
said about it, and the methods of dealing
with offending officers do not seem to have
been improved. Last Saturday there was
some excitement on King square when a
policeman in full uniform, not even lack-
ing the white gloves, was arrested by a brother
officer and taken to the central station. He
was suspended for five days. Two other
policemen occupied their time when off
duty in getting into the same condition and
had to be helped home between 5 and 6
o'clock in the evening. They went on duty
at 7 o'clock, and their condition must
have made a very remarkable impression
at the police station. This week an officer
was reported for being off his beat, and
reprimanded. The facts of the case seem
to have been that he had a good sleep in a
barn on St. James street, and this is said
to have been known to those in authority.
If this is the case it seems strange that an
officer should be suspended for over-
sleeping in the lock-up, during his "hour
in," and another should be simply repriman-
ded for sleeping in a barn. If there is
any improvement in the force, it is coming
about very slowly.

A Forgetful Cyclist.

A local bicyclist, who has been doing
the country on a solitary wheel, has a tak-
ing way with hotel people—he takes him-
self off without paying his bill. His plan
in the instance referred to was somewhat
original. His arrival at the hotel—a sum-
mer one—was quite demonstrative, and
while there he entertained those of the
guests who listened to him with stories of
his tour through the province, where he
had been and what had happened to him.
He passed a pleasant two or three days,
and sped away on his only piece of bag-
gage—his wheel—without saying good bye
to his host.

They Go to Woodstock.

The City Cornet band excursions are
always looked forward to with interest,
and are deservedly popular. The band is
always on the lookout for new ideas, and
make arrangements by which everyone is
assured of a good time. This year the
excursion goes to Woodstock, and being
in conjunction with the picnic of St.
Gertrude's church, will be of a more inter-
esting character than ever.

WHERE IT CAN BE SEEN.

The Young Memorial and Probable Reasons
Why It Will be Placed on King Square.

The council has decided that King
square is the proper place for the Young
memorial, and will have it placed on the
site of the old grand stand. This is the
position PROGRESS favored, but why it met
with the approval of the council is a ques-
tion in some quarters. The monument
will be "something to look at," and the al-
dermen have probably come to the conclu-
sion that they have as much right to look
at it as any other body of citizens, and
have decided to place it in a convenient
position. It will be always before them
when they sit at the council board, and a
splendid view will be had from the windows
of the chamber, and should be of great
benefit to the aldermen in their delibera-
tions.

Besides bringing remembrances of heroic
deeds, it will probably be of immeasurable
benefit to the citizens generally, when
weighty questions are under discussion.
If there is a possibility of the board doing
anything rash, a glance at the monument
and recollections of the hole in the old
burial ground will probably be the means
of calling a halt, and inducing the alder-
men to look into the future. If the mayor
or aldermen discover they have made a
mistake in regard to anything, and are
undecided whether it will make much
difference to the citizens if it is rectified
at once or a month afterwards a glance at
the monument will remove all doubt from
their minds.

Queen square had a number of advoc-
ates, when the matter was under consid-
eration. It was contended that the monu-
ment would show to good advantage, and
be seen by people sailing up the harbor,
giving them something to talk about be-
sides the exhibition buildings, the light-
house, and Martello tower. Then again it
was said that an attraction of some kind on
Queen square would induce visitors to
wander away from King street when the
city, and make the "points of interest" more
scattered. But all these contentions were
swept away, and the monument will be
placed where it will serve more purposes
than one.

Mistakes That Cost Much Money.

After the experience of the school board
with the reconstruction of the Bentley
school building, it is somewhat surprising
to find the same plan being followed in the
enlargement of the Victoria school annex.
The committee differs from private individ-
uals, who employ a competent architect to
supervise their work, inasmuch as the
school work is done without supervision by
a practical man. PROGRESS thinks with
many of the citizens that money would be
saved the city—and there is every neces-
sity for all saving—if there was some such
supervision. It would not be difficult to
point out bad mistakes that have already
been made. Another bungling error that
has had to be rectified lately was the heat-
ing in the Albert school, in which a second
boiler is to be placed.

A Clever Feat.

That excellent horsewoman, Miss War-
ner, was called upon suddenly a few even-
ings ago when riding her spirited horse
along Prince William street to perform a
feat that required plenty of agility and
presence of mind. When opposite the
Donville building her horse reared and
when brought down slipped upon the wet
pavement and went to earth like a flash.
Miss Warner was as quick and when the
horse was level with the curb she was
standing alongside ready to mount again.
Neither rider or horse sustained any injury
and both were away before the incident at-
tracted a group.

A Willing Endorser.

A well known Fredricton citizen en-
dorsed recently for \$150, and a local wag,
pretty well to do, who heard of it approached
him in this fashion on the street, "Excuse
me one minute, sir, but I am in rather a
hard place today and you would oblige me
by putting your name on this—only a hun-
dred and fifty." The officer looked at
him a second: "Why certainly, my
dear sir, it would give me the greatest
pleasure. D—n it if I don't think I have
anything else to do but oblige my friends
in this fashion." The joke was thoroughly
appreciated, but few can afford to take it
so stoically.

Conclusions First. Proof afterwards.

Those who read the

Peaches. In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

00.00 be sold. The Oak Hall has purchased the stock of Wm. J. Store. This stock will be a very fine stock, and discount will be made on the entire stock.

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EARLY! PERHAPS. Winter is not far off, a very few weeks hence you will get out your

COAL SCUTTLES. Winter Stock arrived this week, and EARLY PURCHASERS have dozens to select from. We commence to show them today.

PRICES ARE REMARKABLY LOW. McAVITY & SONS, 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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WOMEN'S FINE FLEXIBLE STIFF HATS. CHILDREN'S STRAW AND LEGHORN HATS.

Thorne Bros. 193 KING STREET.

MUSICAL & THEATRICAL

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES. It is really quite out of the question to attempt writing a musical letter this week, for there is nothing at all going on. I believe preparations are being made for another concert to be given in connection with the exhibition in the autumn, but I have not heard any particulars so far. Last Sunday evening, Miss Drake, of Boston, sang in the Centenary church choir. She gave the solo, "Oh! rest in the Lord," from the Eliza, very sweetly. Mr. Tipton, organist of St. Clement's church, Philadelphia, is making a short visit in the city. He is the guest of Mr. Thos-Morley. I think a great many people would be very glad if our organists would arrange for a recital to be given while Mr. Tipton is with us. But all our musicians are fearfully lazy just at present, and I am resigning the benefit. I had intended noting the masonic affair which took place in Carlton last week, but as all my work has been done, I have been obliged to leave it over again. It is hardly worth while. Miss Henderson, the leader of the Centenary choir, will spend her holidays in Gagetown. Mr. Percy Bourne, organist of St. Paul's, is again on his post, having spent his holiday in the country. TABBERT.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON. Just at present the amateur league does not appear to be in a flourishing condition, and some of the enthusiasts are getting discouraged. They can hardly be blamed, however, for the cold indifference of the public is enough to knock the life out of anybody. The action of Stewart in leaving the Lansdownes has had a good deal to do with the demoralized condition of that team, and whether he was justified in doing what he did is a questionable matter. Stewart is a very good ball player and a valuable man, and while his club is in the front rank he is all right in every way; but whenever luck (or whatever it is) is against the club, Stewart is not so agreeable, and there is usually trouble. I believe efforts are being made to get the nine together again, and some of the players who put some money into it, are more than active. I do not think that anyone ever expected to make any money out of the league, although there was a little put into it, but if the boys really care for the sport, there should be no trouble in playing out the schedule, when a player would only have to lose one afternoon a week. I understand that the Lansdownes want to go into the league again fresh, with their defeats thrown out, but it is not likely that the other teams will agree to this. The Lansdownes are a rattling good team, but have been playing in hard luck, and had no reason to be discouraged. The Thistles, too, are beginning to feel dissatisfied with things in general, and are apparently not so eager for base ball as they were at the beginning of the season.

All kinds of reasons are put forth for this indifference on the part of the public, and one often wonders what has become of all the people who last year growled about professionals and wanted to see St. John boys represent the city on the diamond. There were quite a number of people who thought that way, last year, a great many more than we see over at the league games.

"I don't think the daily papers are giving us a fair show," was the remark of a manager whose enthusiasm has survived the general indifference; "we had a very good league game Saturday and there wasn't a daily paper representative. This is not going to encourage the players or help to get the public interested, and yet some of these papers were strong advocates of amateur ball."

The Y. M. C. A.'s have set a pace that the other clubs find very fast indeed, and although every one wants to see good ball, it would have been more interesting if the teams were more evenly balanced. The Y. M. C. A.'s have a good many things in their favor. They have two or three experienced players, and what is of equal importance—good management. The Shamrocks are also very well managed, but the players are mostly new ones. The other two clubs were somewhat at sea, and now that they have lost a few games, seem to have no backing to encourage them to further efforts.

Sport of the kind that draws the crowd is at a very low ebb in St. John, and the enthusiasts are few and far between. And I do not see that it has helped business any. You know last year there was a good deal of talk about base ball and the way it interfered with business, but this summer business has everything its own way, and judging by what one hears around town it is not any better from the lack of base ball enthusiasm.

There is no doubt that a number of St. John's young men are developing more muscle this year than they did last, but they are not enthusiastic over anything in particular, and I don't think the present state of affairs has done anything to give the town a lively appearance. Anything that will keep the people on the move is a benefit to the city, and even if our last year's ball teams did cost considerable money, it showed enterprise, and made a very favorable impression on a people for whose applause provincialists are always looking, to say nothing of the advertising that city got. And it was advertising that could not fail to impress those who were attracted by it that we were a hustling people and know a good thing when we see it. Two of last year's Shamrocks are now playing in the national league, and are doing good work, while others who played in the New Brunswick league, have gained recognition that hundreds of ball players in the United States are working hard for.

There was a new man behind the bat for the Chicagoes in Boston last Saturday, and he played good enough ball to make the greater portion of an audience of over

BISHOP COURTENAY'S STORY

Of Strange Telepathic Sympathy of a Dying Person. The writer of the following account is well known to me, and permits the publication of her letter, excepting only the names. She had previously related to me much of her story, in the presence of her husband: "On the night of the 13th of March, 1879, I was going to a dinner party at Admiral's. While dressing for the same, through the door-way of my room, which led into my husband's dressing-room, I distinctly saw a white hand wave, and found no one was there or had been there, as the door on the other side was closed; and on inquiring I found no one had been upstairs. "While dressing nothing further occurred, but on arriving at Admiral's a strange feeling of sadness came over me. I could eat no dinner; nor afterwards, when we had some music, could I sing well. All the time I felt someone, or something, was near me. "We went home, and about eleven o'clock, or perhaps half-past, I commenced undressing. I distinctly felt someone touching my hair, as if they, or he, or she, were undressing it. "I was very frightened, and told my husband I felt as if he laughed at me. When saying my prayers, on praying as I always did for the recovery of a sick friend, instead of as usual asking God to make him well, all I could say was, 'O God, put him out of his misery.' "I got into bed, and a voice, the voice of my friend, distinctly said, 'Good bye, Sis' (which he used to call me). "Whether I fell asleep then or not I don't know, but I distinctly felt a kiss on

A FREE HINT!

QUESTION: How Can I Furnish a House at a Low Cost? ANSWER: To furnish a house at a low cost: The first and most important thing is to find a place, where you can purchase your materials at First Hands. When our business was established, we determined to be leaders, both in quality and price, and to this end bought all goods direct from the makers, thereby saving at least one profit to our customers. That the public appreciate this fact is plainly demonstrated, by our large and constantly increasing business. In view of these facts can it not be said with perfect truth that to furnish a house at a low cost, the materials must be bought at Headquarters,—namely

Harold Gilbert's, 54 KING STREET.



A MORNING BREAKFAST.

The Y. M. C. A.'s are talking of bringing some outside clubs to the city, and are thinking of the Lewistons for a starter. It was hoped that the Y. M. C. A.'s of Brockton, Mass., would come down this way but the managers of that team found it impossible to get four or five guarantees of \$50 each, and would not venture on the tour. A few good games with outside clubs would prove quite an attraction and an effort should be made to bring them here.

Lacrosse has taken a back seat lately, but this has largely been due to the absence from the city of a number of the most enthusiastic members of the different clubs. There are a number of men in each team who seem to keep them together, and when they are away it is almost impossible to get the rest together for practice. JACK AND JILL.

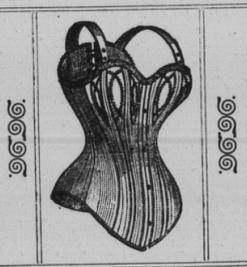
Room for Others Now. "The Willows," Hugh McCormick's new summer hotel at Reed's Point, has had an unusually successful first season. During July the rooms were all taken, and up to Thursday of this week the guests filled the house. The few rooms vacated then by those who have spent two, three and four weeks there, will no doubt be taken again when the people learn that they can be accommodated. It is a delightful place for a summer outing—convenient to the city by rail and within a stone's throw of the steamer's wharf, the boat coming and going to St. John five days in the week. Besides all this there is a warm welcome from an obliging host and hostess.

Moonlight on the River. The letter carrier's excursion up the river Tuesday evening is being looked forward to with a great deal of interest. The tickets have been sold to friends of the carriers only and in this way a select crowd is assured. The David Weston has been chartered for the occasion, the Citizens' band will furnish music, and all the other arrangements are on a scale that will be sure to make the carriers' first excursion a grand success.

Comprehensive Institutions. Mount Allison institutions are again before the people. It is almost unnecessary to speak of their work and its various branches. It is the most comprehensive institution in the maritime provinces, embracing a regular chartered college, a ladies' college and academy and a male academy. The catalogue can be had for the asking.

Get Somebody Off at Rockford. A well-known Chicago physician returned from a little visit to relatives in the interior of the State last week. He had been carried by his destination once before, so when he boarded the car in the evening he called the porter to him as soon as that dignitary's attention could be attracted and held the following conversation with him: "John, here's a dollar for you." "Yes, sah." "And I'm going to get off at Rockford tonight," continued the doctor. "Yes, sah," said John. "That means I don't want to be carried through to Dubuque." "Yes, sah." "So, if you can't wake me up in time to dress, I want you to see that you get me off anyway, no matter what happens." "Yes, sah," and they parted. In due season the medical man went to his berth with a feeling of blessed security. About daybreak he was awakened by hearing a feminine voice from the section just across say: "Porter, are we in Dubuque yet?"

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET



Made only by WARNER BROS., New York. A teacher of the D'Elsarted system says of this Corset: "It is the best Corset a lady can wear. It gives grace to the form; freedom in every movement of the body, and is more beneficial to the health of the wearer, than the great majority of Corsets in use." Ladies are cautioned to examine every pair of Corsets shown as "DR. WARNER'S CORALINE HEALTH" AND SEE THAT THIS NAME IS STAMPED ON THE INSIDE OF EACH PAIR, as a very much inferior quality, in material and construction, is shown by the trade as the "Health" Corset.

Dr. Warner's Coraline Health Corset for sale by Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

THE OTHER SIDE.

A Solid Business Man's Talk With a Tailor Who Demanded a Deposit. He was a substantial and well-known business man of the city, and when he walked into a tailoring establishment on Main street the other day, he asked in a business-like way to be shown some plain gray goods for a business suit. The second piece shown him struck his fancy and he asked the cost, told how he wanted it made, and had his measure taken. Then handing the tailor his card he said: "Your place was recommended to me by Mr. —, who always deals here. After asking when he should call for it he started out. "We always require a deposit of \$10," suggested the tailor. "A what?" "A deposit of \$10. You know, sometimes people forget to come after clothes, and they have to be sent to the misfit man."

"You mean you want me to pay \$10 down?" "Yes, sir; it's necessary in our business." "Suppose you make a mistake in the fit?" "Oh, we always make them fit before they go out."

"Now, see here, Mr. Tailor, suppose you get things mixed and cut out my cloth on the pattern of that slab-sided, slope-shouldered, bandy-legged dude you just measured, do you suppose altering would do them any good? Not much. Now you have had a square whack at me; you have gone all over my anatomy with that string and triangle. You have punched me in the side and poked around to find out where the joints were, and if you haven't done it right I don't expect to pay for it. Hear? I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I'll give you a \$500 bond to be here on time and take clothes if they fit, leaving the question of fit to a committee of three selected tailors. But you will have to pay the expenses. Or I'll do this: I'll pay you for the suit now if you will give me a bond of the same kind to make the clothes fit or return the money with interest. But you must pay all expenses. If you don't want those terms, partner, you can look me up in Bradstreet's and find out who I am and make the duds, or you can pay me for the trouble of submitting to this measuring business. See? But you don't get any contingent fee out of me on a suit of clothes." The tailor took the risk.—Ez.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 15.

NO INTEREST OR CONTROL.

Mr. MACNUTT of the Fredericton Farmer has picked up an old and groundless rumor to the effect that Mr. G. E. FENNEY, the Queen's Printer, is interested and taking part in active journalism and seeks to revive it by stating that "it is said that the old rage for newspaper writing and newspaper controlling has again struck him and that while still issuing the Royal Gazette, he has a live interest in one weekly paper and furnishes the editorial matter for another."

"Since the editor and publisher of PROGRESS is related to Mr. FENNEY who may naturally be interested by those who see the Farmer's paragraph that if it has any application at all it is to this paper. We might as well say right here that, while we think it would add to the interest of any paper to count Mr. FENNEY among its contributors, it is but simple justice to him to say that he has never written a line of editorial matter for PROGRESS, or contributed an article which he did not sign. Further than this, we can say that Mr. FENNEY is not only not interested in the success or failure of PROGRESS apart from his personal interest in the publisher, but he has no right or reason to control its editorial or business management.

We may be permitted to doubt the statement that the gentleman in question is doing any newspaper work, since he has persistently refused, for more than a year, on account of his nearness of sight, to contribute a series of short articles on well known public men for PROGRESS, and a half consent was only obtained a few days ago when we agreed to furnish him with a stenographer who would save him the pain and labor of writing.

We owe our readers an apology for taking this notice of a rumor, and that coming from the Farmer.

FAITH AND FINANCE.

The New York Observer thinks it highly immoral in a clergyman to refuse to be bound by the tenets of the church with which he is connected and yet remain in the connection. A clergyman, it says in effect, who is ordained by a christian denomination, accepts a pastoral charge and receives salary, does so on the understanding that he will accept and preach certain doctrines, and to break such an understanding is immoral; just, we presume, as it is immoral for a man who has bought his month's groceries on credit, to refuse to pay for them.

The financial side of church heresy is worrying the brethren across the line. There are many large church funds which have been devised to the organizations holding them for sectarian purposes, and it is, of course, good law that these cannot be diverted from the intention of the donors. It will be remembered that at the time of the union of the branches of the presbyterian church in Canada, a question was raised as to the right of the new body, the church temporalities fund in Quebec, which by the terms of the grant went to the established church of Scotland in Quebec, but after litigation, the legislature intervened and settled the question in favor of the united churches. No such remedy is available in the United States, owing to the provision of the constitution forbidding the change of ownership of property by legislation. Hence when by the terms of a gift or devise to a church in the United States, it is evident that the intent of the donor was to contribute to a church established upon, say, the Westminster confession, it is obvious that if the church rejects the confession, it loses its right to the gift, and

therefore when an individual clergyman declares, as a somewhat eminent presbyterian in New York lately did, that "he is not bound by the Westminster Confession," the morality of his accepting pay from funds contributed for the support of that "confession," and to a participation in which he never would have admitted, if he had not pledged himself to sustain the "confession" is at least questionable from a purely business point of view. Even a politician, and it has been alleged that too much nicely is not a universal characteristic of politicians, would be held up to the contempt of honest men, if he took pay from his party and yet repudiated the party platform.

This phase of the heresy question is not altogether new. The point upon which it turns is the same as that relied on by the plaintiff in BLISS vs. the rector, &c., of Christ church, a suit which promised at one time to be a cause celebre. There the contention was that the revenue from grants to the Church of England could not be used for the maintenance of services conducted in a manner not authorized by the Book of Common Prayer. But public attention has not yet been very generally directed to this new incentive to orthodoxy. Hereafter it will not be so generally overlooked, and the financial interest, which church organizations and clergymen have in maintaining the faith delivered to the saints, as they have agreed to understand it, will tinge all their arguments and professions with more or less suspicion. Progress is far from saying that this state of things is altogether objectionable. It is clear that we cannot arrive at the abstract truth in theology. The best we can do is to agree among ourselves to accept a certain explanation, as being near enough to the truth for all the practical purposes of life; and there would be less of heart-burning and more brotherly love if we would admit not only to ourselves, (we all do that) but to each other that what we profess to believe, we only in fact accept, as being that which comes nearest to our conception of what the truth must be.

MEN AND THINGS.

Rev. Mr. MORHAUNT, of Warwickshire, England, has tried a novel experiment. He owns a public house, where the best ale only is sold. The profits of the business are invested in village improvements. The result is alleged to be the almost entire disappearance of drunkenness from the locality.

The percentage of divorces is greatly increasing in the United States. It has been recommended that re-marriage be prohibited, in order to reduce the number of applications for divorce. A better way would be to strike from the statute books such provisions as that a judge may divorce such persons whom he thinks cannot live together, which is the law in some states. Fancy how such a provision will work in a community where the prime requisite in a candidate for a judgeship is that he is a good rustler on the canvass and has a "pull" on the saloon interest.

Thinking Americans, who understand the difference between the United States and the British constitutional system, unhesitatingly admit the superiority of the latter. Prominent among the characteristics of the United States system are: Lack of official responsibility, official tyranny, lack of uniformity in the administration of the laws, lack of respect for authority, expense out of proportion to the benefits conferred, undue interference with individual rights. Nowhere in the world is there more individual liberty than in Canada. We have all the freedom of the British constitution without the restrictions of the British social system.

A curious document is the deed from the Six Nations to the proprietors of Pennsylvania. It begins by asserting that the Creator "by parole and livery of seisin did enfeof the parents of mankind, to wit, ADAM and EVE, of all that certain tract of land known as the earth." In fee tail general forever, as by the said feoffment recorded by Moses in the first chapter of his first book of records, commonly called Genesis, more fully and at large appears." Then it recites that ADAM and EVE died seized of the premises, that ADAM and EVE subsequently divided up the premises and so on.

The court of appeals having decided that the paintings of our SAVIOUR and the VIRGIN MARY on the reredos in St. Paul's cathedral are not calculated to promote superstition, Protestantism will breathe more freely. Nevertheless what the churches all need is more faithful portraits of CHRIST in the pulpit.

And now it transpires that there is a treaty with Nicaragua which gives England control of the western terminus of the proposed Nicaraguan canal. Probably if by any one could discover a short cut to another planet, some one else would forthwith discover a forgotten treaty that gave JOHN BULL a right to watch either the entrance or the exit.

A mania for giving their "impressions of LINCOLN" has taken hold of certain prominent people in the United States. The martyred President was certainly a great

man; but it ought not to be forgotten that HANNIBAL HAMLIN, of Bangor, urged him day after day to perform the act which will hand down his name to posterity—that is, to proclaim the abolition of slavery.

Speaking of LINCOLN, what an abortion HAY and NICOLAY produced in his "Life." Considering the material at their command they prepared the worst book of the kind in the world. It is ridiculously adulatory of its hero, unscrupulously unfair to his opponents, is padded out of all reason, and is impertinent, because it presents conclusions and opinions mixed up with statements of fact.

A good biography is hard to write, even when confined to the limits available on a tombstone.

The late G. L. HATHEWAY, of Nashwaak, met the late CHARLES MCPHERSON, of Fredericton, in front of the store of the late THOMAS STEWART. There was a great coil of rope on the platform. "MAC," said HATHEWAY, "there is enough rope there to hang all the honest men in Fredericton." "Yes," replied the Frederictonian, "but not half enough to hang the rogues in Nashwaak."

THE SCIENCE OF PRAYER.

Rev. CHARLES SPURGEON was very ill. His congregation held constant prayer services for him, and although the doctors disclaimed of saving him, he got better. The claim is made that his recovery is due to prayer. Mr. SPURGEON is a good subject for prayer. He is not yet an old man; his constitution has not been undermined by youthful excesses; he himself believes in the efficacy of prayer; his life is a useful one. In fact, all the conditions necessary for a successful experiment were present, and the experiment appears to have been a success. Nothing is proved, the doubter will say, because it cannot be shown that he would have died if no prayers had been offered. It is true that this cannot be shown, but we do not argue this way on other matters. Our physicians would speedily lose their reputations if they depended upon their ability to show that their patients would have died if their services had not been called in. We do not undertake in a trial for murder to prove that the victim would have died at the identical moment he did die, even if the murderer had not touched him; and yet it is obvious that as we must all die sometime, we may all die at any time, and that a man who has been killed would have died at that instant under any circumstances. Outside of the domain of mathematics, we must accept invariable sequence as proof, and in the abstract it is as easy to demonstrate the efficacy of prayer in saving life as to prove the efficacy of electricity to destroy it. Of course the difficulty of ascertaining the exact facts is greater in the former case than in the latter, but it may not be insurmountable. Faith as a science has not yet been studied; yet, if it is anything more than a name, it is something concerning which facts can be gathered, and from these facts its rules of action may be deduced. We all accept it as established that there is such a thing as the attraction of gravitation. No man has ever seen it; but its existence is inferred from certain ascertained facts, and scientific men hold to it, although some ascertained facts are not in accordance with it. There is no inherent reason why faith may not be an efficient factor in producing results not attainable by material agency. That we cannot understand how such can be the case is neither here nor there. If we drew the line at what we really understood, all the colleges in the country would be closed. We are inclined to think that Mr. SPURGEON'S recovery was due to the prayers of his congregation, and that the experiment repeated under equally favorable conditions would produce the same result. We lay stress on the conditions. There is no more reason why faith should work well under imperfect conditions than why electricity should.

A HOLIDAY THOUGHT.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." There is no greater fallacy than that a light heart, a happy countenance, a keen appetite for innocent pleasures are things to be abhorred. There was a man, a long time ago, who was eternally snarling at people who enjoyed themselves. Everything, according to this personage, that was not absolutely necessary to eat and wear, ought to be sold and the proceeds given to the poor, and in the end he proved to be the meanest cur of whom history, sacred or profane, has anything to say. It is pretty good philosophy that the nearer we are in harmony with our surroundings the better we are. If a man had to live on the edge of the crater of Vesuvius, amid sulphurous fumes, he would doubtless be justified in feeling like—sheel, and acting accordingly; but in a land of soft summer winds, and winding rivers, and glorious sunshine, and many hued and perfumed flowers, and singing birds, and laughing children, the man who is eternally reflecting "how frail at best is dying man," and "how vain are all things here below" is out of place. He is a discordant note in a grand anthem, a skunk cabbage in a garden of roses, an eyeless button in a contribution plate. PROGRESS

knows a man who says that he is not half as proud of the thousands of dollars he has made as of the fact that every child he meets on the street greets him with a smile or a merry "holloa." He has the right view of things. A moral dyspepsia, which prevents a man from enjoying innocent pleasure, and makes him look askance at all sorts of amusement for fear they may have some wrong lurking in them, is no more a sign of spiritual soundness, than indigestion is an indication of physical health.

If anything further was needed to point out that the grand jury and the fifth wheel to a coach are very similar, it was the action of that distinguished body this week in the case of barber STEWART, against whom "no bill" was found. We do not believe that there was sufficient evidence to convict the man, but there was plenty to put him on trial.

In line with the suggestion of PROGRESS, the common council has decided to place the Young monument upon the site of the old band stand in King square. No spot more suitable could have been selected.

PLAIN TALK AT LAST.

A CATHOLIC SPEAKS HIS MIND ON SOME MATTERS.

Social and Political—A Pertinent Question. Why are Catholics Not Asked to Honor Those whom They Have Honored? To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Why were there no catholic pall-bearers at the funeral of the late Judge Watters? Perhaps this is a question of no public concern and perhaps it is not. No one doubts that the late judge, besides being a very worthy gentleman, was a man of more than ordinary ability, but would he ever have attained to such prominence had it not been for the support he received, politically, from his co-religionists? Few will charge the party who had the funeral arrangements in hand with intending to offer an affront to the catholics in thus passing them over in the selection of pall-bearers, but if he gives the matter any thought he must surely see, even though he himself courts protestant society in preference to any other, that, in the matter of Judge Watters' funeral it was very doubtful taste to ignore the catholics. I can imagine perhaps his excuse for his conduct. The deceased being a judge, the pall-bearers should be all lieutenant governors or judges of the province! I could name scores of people within the catholic congregation, any one of whom might have been selected as a pall-bearer without at all detracting from the dignity of the occasion. Who will doubt that Mr. Charles Doherty, a life long friend of Judge Watters, would have been as dignified as any one of the six gentlemen selected?

While sitting, musing, regarding the judge's funeral, this thought occurred to me: Are there not too many catholics who owe almost their existence to catholic support and patronage, who ignore the power that, in a sense, created them—when they attain to any positions of prominence? I know hundreds of good catholics in St. John and Portland whose heads have not been turned by money. They have never, to use a homely expression, "got too big for their boots." Neither do they put themselves forward as the only representative catholics. They have not attempted to ignore the people whom they knew in the days of their poverty. How different it is with some other people.

The reader could carry his mind back nearly 60 years ago in the history of St. John he would notice among the arrivals from the old country a young professional man with no other fortune than his skill and talents. The catholics of St. John took him up and in less than a quarter of a century afterwards he was rich in pocket and in honors. He probably never earned \$100 of protestant money since landing in this city. Time goes on. An important event takes place in his family. Who are invited? The catholic friends who had made him what he is? Nonsense! A handful of them were asked, but the gathering is almost entirely a protestant gathering. Why then should catholics complain, being slighted by protestants when the very persons who could scarcely have lived without their support pass them by on festive occasions?

Here is another case: For over thirty years a clever catholic newspaper man lived and grew fat in this city on catholic money. When he could not be elected here his catholic friends subscribed money and secured his election in a North Shore county. At least one banquet was given at his residence in honor of his victory. Who were the guests? Almost all were protestants, and yet our hero posed as the great catholic champion! The catholics were good enough to ask subscriptions from, but they were not good enough to be invited to this great man's house.

Will I give one case more? All right. Not half a century ago there was a liquor dealer in St. John. He had the reputation of being quite a manufacturer of liquor. Some of his stuff was so "bad" that if a man at a retail store got a very bad drink of brandy or whiskey he would draw his features together and exclaim, "That's horrible; you must have got that from—" By divers means this same individual grew wealthy and got himself appointed to a representative position. Who does he represent? Certainly not the people whom he ignores at his grand receptions. If the catholics of St. John were to be judged by the cases referred to, one might think there was something in their creed to account for it. But, as already stated, there are many good catholics here who do not lose their heads. Once a catholic thinks himself better than the power that has given any prominence he has attained he becomes a toady, the most despised of mortals.

I am sorry to be forced into speaking thus plainly. As a catholic I would have preferred remaining silent, but the conduct of some so-called leading catholics lately has been such as to require the calling of public attention to matters like the above. Future would-be leaders among my co-religionists should take warning.

A CATHOLIC. Leaves from an Album. I tell you the future can hold no terrors For any sad soul while the stars revolve, And the will stand firm on the grave of his errors And, instead of regretting, resolve—resolve! —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Casey Tap's Album.

"As I cannot successfully run your album through my type-writer, I have been compelled to attach the following dictated autograph."—Bill Nye, in Casey Tap's Album. It's Charley Burke's in town, b'ys! he's down till Jamaica's Place, He'll transverse upon him an' the whiskers 'suff his face; He's quit the section-gang last night, an' yes can chalk it down There's 'gols' to be the divel's toime—since Charley Burke's in town!

He's 'joompin' o'er the tops o' shools the both ferminat an' back; He'll lave ye pick the blissed fure an' walk the straightest crack; He's 'ilinn' borrels wid his taath, an' slagin' 'Garry Owen' Till all the b'ys be strikin' hands—since Charley Burke's in town!

An' Missus Murphy's little Kate that's comin' there Can't pay wan cint the bucketful the whilst that Charley's here! —James Walcott Riley, in Casey Tap's Album. Ladies' best linen note paper; twenty five cents per box, at McArthur, 80 King st.

Advertisement in "Progress." It pays.

NEWCASTLE.

Aug. 12.—Mrs. George Allen, of Moncton, spent Sunday in town.

There was a pleasant excursion given by Commodore Miller on board his pleasure steamer Louise last Thursday in honor of Miss Sheriff, of Cambridge, Mass. The same evening a small party went down the river on the Marie.

Messrs. Sherman and Crockett, of Fredericton, were spending a few days in town last week. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Flanagan are guests at Mr. John Fleming's.

Mr. R. B. Call spent Sunday at Jacquet river. Miss Mary Guirtz returned from Bal du Vin, where she has been spending the summer, on Saturday.

Mrs. T. V. Cooke and Miss Mamie Cooke are visiting Mrs. Ed. Sinclair at the Bridge. Miss Catherine Benson, of Chatham, spent Sunday with friends in town.

There was a jolly excursion on the Miramichi down to Bay du Vin on Thursday. The chaperons were Mrs. Harley and Mrs. Mitchell. On their return to Newcaston the party wended their way to the residence of Mrs. Harley, where they spent the remainder of the evening.

Mr. Jack Eagles of St. John spent a few days in town last week. Miss Laura Ferriss entertained her numerous young friends at a dancing party Saturday evening. There was a "small and early" at the manse Friday night in honor of Miss Hestart.

Her many friends are delighted to see Miss Mary Hestart back again in her old home, looking well and as bright as ever.

Mrs. Yeoman of Halifax is visiting friends in town. Mrs. Mitchell entertained a number of young people, at her residence, Tuesday night. Although the evening was warm, the party was kept up with interest, and an enjoyable evening spent among those present.

Mrs. Will Mitchell, Miss Sheriff, Miss Hadlow, Misses Hobart, Hobart Sargent, Miller, Seeley, St. John, Blackmore, Little, Montreal, and Messrs. Xorton, Howard, St. John; Miller, Mortimer; Sinclair, Dimmick, Seeley, St. John; Little, and others.

Miss Jean Thompson returned Monday, from Jacquet river. Mr. and Miss Little, Montreal, and Miss Blackmore, Toronto, are visiting Mrs. McLellan. Mrs. W. A. Hickson has returned from Bathurst, where she has been spending a few weeks.

The annual picnic of the church picnic place today, on Beaubien Island, and a moonlight excursion, this evening, on the Bridgetown. LARRY.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

[Progress is for sale in Charlottetown at T. L. Chappelle's bookstore and by S. Gray.] Aug. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Goff have returned from their bridal trip. Mrs. Goff appeared in church on Sunday and on following this week.

Hon. J. H. Richards, of Biddeford, passed through the city en route to New Brunswick, where he will spend some days.

Mrs. Geo. E. Full announces that she will hold a reception tomorrow evening from 7 to 10. Mr. and Mrs. Beddome, of Moncton, spent Sunday here.

Bernard Trainor has gone to Boston on a well earned vacation trip. Hon. David Laird has returned home from Bras D'Or lakes.

Mr. Herbert Binney and bride, of Moncton, arrived by steam, Northumberland, on Saturday evening, and returned on Monday. Mr. Theo. J. Chappelle has gone on a business trip to New Brunswick.

MARVILLE.

Aug. 12.—Rev. Mr. McLaughlin, of Fredericton, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church Sunday morning. Rev. Mr. Chapman exchanging pulpits with him.

Mr. F. C. Harris, of Halifax, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mrs. John Y. Gibson. Mrs. Geo. Foster, Mr. J. Robinson and his little daughter Bessie, have returned from St. Stephen, where they have been spending the past few days.

Mr. Geo. Kirkpatrick, formerly of St. John, now of Boston, is spending a few days with his sister, Mrs. James Gibson. Miss Alice Gibson entertained a number of her friends on Friday evening.

The band festival and promenade concert came off last night and was a success.

PETITCODIAC.

[Progress is for sale in Petitcodiac by W. W. Price.] Aug. 12.—The band is now in full working order, and it is rumored that regular open-air concerts will soon commence.

Miss Annie Moore is with us once again. Mr. Nelson Brown, A. B., of Woodstock, has taken charge of the High school this place.

Messrs. A. P. Estemur and J. Estemur were in Woodstock last week attending a convention of the I. O. O. F. Miss Maggie Bleakney, who has been visiting friends in Petitcodiac, has returned home. She will resume her duties as teacher in Moncton on Monday next.

Since last writing, Dr. J. H. Wilson, of Sussex, has spent several days with us. Mr. Lawrence has been visiting friends in Campbellton. FRANCIS.

BUCTOUCHE.

Aug. 12.—Rev. J. D. Murray from Red Bank occupied the pulpit in the Presbyterian Church Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Girvan, from Kingston, left on this morning's train for Dorchester, where they intend to remain a few days. They were the guests while here of Mrs. J. C. Ross.

Mr. Cornell, a veterinarian and magician from England, performed some of his magical and laughable tricks in "Leger's Hall" on Monday evening. Rev. G. Kinsear left for his home at Kinsear's Mill, Quebec, where he intends spending his vacation. Mrs. Mahony and her little daughter from St. John are staying at the Bay View. VERN.

CITY OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

The varied charm of rock and rill, Of flowing stream and rugged hill, Of steep ascent, by mountain side, Where stunted trees and shrubs abide, Presents a pleasant scene to view, Bold, brilliant, lovely ever new, On such foundation, fixed and sure, Of solid rock, firm and secure, Rests that bright eye, the home we claim Our own St. John; dear is thy name, Here breezes waft the cool sea air, O'er rocky shore and beaches fair, Here strangers from a warmer clime, Enjoy sweet rest, 'mid scenes sublime. And gaining strength by sweet repose, Send back their praise, in glowing prose. Their lot has been to mark the fall Of enterprises great and small. Disaster stern, by blood and fire, Have troubled through and ruin dire, But God in mercy stays His hand, In goodness keeps our home, our land. May He whose every thought is love, Look on our dwelling from above, To guide and guard, and ever bless With peace, content and happiness, All those who faithful to his cause, Seek Him in prayer, obey His laws. By efforts for his welfare state, Gain for his favors good and great. May all in power ordained to rule, Without respect to party, school, Condemn the wrong, maintain the right, Uphold the truth with all their might, So shall we dwell from discord free, Sustained and blessed, O God, by Thee. FENO.

Not a Tiny Show by Any Means. Prince Tiny and the parlor Muse still continues to draw crowds. It is quite evident that the people are pleased with the entertainment, because PROGRESS has seen the same persons there half a dozen times. Mr. Somerby is pleased also for the crowds are paying him. Tiny and his worth \$100,000—earned in 15 years—and proposes to retire when he leaves Mr. Somerby.

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PRICE

CONTINUED SUCCESS! THE MARKED SUCCESS OF IDEAL SOAP

It is growing in popular favor day by day, as is shown by increased and increasing sales. The women of Canada appreciate an article of real merit, and a trial of IDEAL SOAP convinces them of its many superior qualities.

WM. LOGAN, MANUFACTURER, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ENAMELLED PRESERVING KETTLES, FROM 2 QUARTS TO 20 QUARTS.

- Enamelled Saucepans, Tinned Saucepans, Ice Cream Freezers, Pic-Nic Baskets, Curling Tongs, Call Bells.

Self-Basting Roasting Pans, IN FIVE SIZES.

THE "TRIUMPH" SELF-WRINGING MOP, AND OTHER NOVELTIES TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 KING STREET, OPPOSITE ROYAL HOTEL.

Advertisement for the Caligraph Writing Machine, listing its features and results.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO. AGENTS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Seamless Waterproof Hats.



These cuts illustrate our New SEAMLESS WATERPROOF HATS, weighing only 4 ounces; made in 4 colors—Black, Blue, Brown, Light Gray—comfortable, stylish, durable. TRY THEM.

ESTEY & CO. (Rubber Goods), Sole Selling Agents, 68 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

C. FLOOD & SONS, ST. JOHN.

Keep in stock the largest variety of fine quality

Table and Floor Lamps

To be found in the city. Prices from \$4.50 to \$35.00

INDIGESTION CURED! FELLOWS' Dyspepsia Bitters



Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters are highly recommended for Billiousness, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any disease arising from bad digestion.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Summer Complaints SPEEDY RELIEF.

FELLOWS' SPEEDY RELIEF.

THE GREAT CURE FOR Summer Complaints, Cholera, Cramp in Stomach, Diarrhoea, Dysentery.

ONE DOSE IS USUALLY SUFFICIENT.

Fellows' Speedy Relief can be had of all Drug and General Dealers.

PRICE 25 CENTS.



St. John—South End. The yacht races at Bothersay last Saturday afternoon, which proved to be very exciting, drew numbers to the spot, and parties were made up to picnic there at the finish of the contest...

During the tennis tournament five o'clock tea will be provided each afternoon by the ladies of the club. Invitations have been issued for the tennis ball in the assembly rooms of the Mechanics' Institute...

Mr. W. Robinson, Royal Engineer, arrived in the city on Wednesday last to pay a visit to his mother Mrs. W. B. Robinson, Broad street. It is some years since Mr. Robinson has been in St. John...

Mr. R. T. DeVeber, formerly of St. John, now of Brantford, Ont., is in the city the guest of Mrs. R. S. DeVeber, of Boston, daughter of Mr. Charles A. Taylor, formerly of St. John, is the guest of her aunt, Miss Wright, Wright street.

Mr. W. F. Harrison and family have returned from a visit to the coast of Nova Scotia. Mr. and Mrs. Roderick McKenzie of Cornwall, Ont., are in the city the guests of Mrs. McKenzie's mother, Mrs. Wm. Jack, Wright street.

Miss Ada McNicol has returned home from a trip to Gagetown. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson and family, of Portland, Me., are the guests of Mrs. W. G. Lawton, Germain street.

Mrs. Reed, of Boston, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Gideon Prescott, Coburg street. Miss Bessie Stewart, of Boston, daughter of Mr. Henry Stewart, formerly of St. John, is the guest of her aunt, Miss Wright, Wright street.

Dr. and Mrs. McFarlane are visiting Gagetown. The marriage of Mr. Richard P. McGivern, Jr., and Miss Emma L. Taylor, daughter of Mr. Charles A. Taylor, was solemnized at St. John's church at an early hour Tuesday morning.

Mr. J. Bright Cullip, of Baltimore, has joined Mrs. Cullip in St. John. The deaths of two of St. John's best and most prominent citizens have occurred since last week...

Mr. Drury's sister, the wife of Sir John Allen, is the sole survivor of a large family who some years ago resided at Newlands on the Marsh road. Mr. Drury leaves a widow and ten children—four sons and six daughters.

Mr. Drury has been in failing health for the last year, and this year visited Point Springs for the benefit of his health. Dropsy was the ailment from which he suffered, and which caused his death at the age of 67 years.

St. John—West End. Rev. C. H. Hatheway, canon of the cathedral at Albany, is visiting Lancaster, the guest of his mother, Mrs. Charles Hatheway.

Mrs. City and children, of Hampton, are the guests of Mrs. City's mother, Mrs. Jasper Murphy, at her home on Tower street.

Mrs. William Torrance and children, of St. Stephen, N. B., are spending a few weeks here, the guests of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Shore at their home on Prince street.

Mrs. Allan and child, of New York, who have been spending some weeks at the West End, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howe Allan, Prince street, left for home Thursday morning.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Houghton, who have been spending the summer on Lancaster Heights, the guests of Mrs. Houghton's parents, Dr. and Mrs. James T. Steeves, will return shortly to their home in the States.

Rev. William Stuart, of New Jersey, not many months ago pastor of the West End Presbyterian church, has been spending a few days with his old friends in our city.

St. John—North End. Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Barnhill of Two Rivers, N. S., are the guests of Mrs. D. Nase, Douglas Avenue.

Mr. James Miller of N. S., who has been the guest of Mrs. Miller, returned home last week. Master Dave and Miss Eva Lynch returned home last week from Florenceville.

Miss Gussie Wright left on Thursday last for Boston and her first news from home will be very glad, as she left her sister in perfect health.

Rev. J. deSoyres and family are spending some weeks at Clifton. Mr. W. H. Thorne left for England on Thursday last. He will be absent about three months.

The Tennis Tournament opens at the C. and A. grounds on Tuesday next. The ladies of St. Paul's Church, Bothersay, held a most successful sale and high tea on Thursday afternoon. Numbers from the city attended it, as it is always looked forward to annually with much pleasure as one of the most enjoyable of church sales.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 AND 68 KING STREET.

Are now making a Grand Display of Real Westphalian Hand-Worked Linens. The first of the class of Fine Table Linens ever imported to St. John. Pure White decorated Linens are now the correct and accepted fashion for Dining Tables.

Table Runners, Table Cloths, Napkins, D'Oylies, Sets of Cloths and Napkins to match, 5 o'clock Table Cloths, Trays, Carvers, etc.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. DRESS SHIELDS.



A pair best quality Seamless STOCKINET DRESS SHIELDS, regular price, 25c. OUR PRICE, ONLY 10c. A PAIR. EVERY PAIR WARRANTED. A 2c. Rubber Comb for only 10c. A clear saving of 10c. on every comb; worth looking into. We solicit inspection of our Stock of Cloth Waterproof Cloaks.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

SKINNER'S CARPET : WAREROOMS, 58 KING STREET.

My Store will be Closed on FRIDAY, at 1 p. m., during July and August. A. O. SKINNER.

"LIGHTENING" ICE CREAM FREEZERS, OIL STOVES, REFRIGERATORS, BIRD CAGES, ETC.

COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.

Come to Hallett's Shoe Store, AND ASK TO SEE THE BARGAINS OFFERED THIS WEEK!

Here are a few of them: YOUTHS' BALMORALS, 50c. up. CHILD'S BUTTON BOOTS, 25c. up. BOYS' BALMORALS, 75c. up. LADIES' BUTTON BOOTS, 50c. up. MISSES' BUTTON BOOTS, 50c. up. MEN'S FINE BUFF BALMORALS, \$1.25

G. B. HALLETT, 108 KING STREET.

FLANNEL BATHING SUITS.

We have a few fine BATHING SUITS, same style as used at American resorts—correct shape, and do not cling to the body when wet.

Usual Selling Price, \$6.00. Our Price, 3.75

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

ST. STEPHEN. [Prognosis for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of C. H. Smith & Co., and G. S. Wall and H. M. Webber.]

Aug. 12.—There has been but little in the way of entertaining this week, with the exception of the frequent picnics that occur every day. I have heard that there are several parties to be given during the next two weeks, one is to be a 'cobweb' party the first ever given here. Picnics still hold sway, people and visitors like the outdoor entertainments and find them far more enjoyable than those given in the house.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. W. F. Todd gave a very pleasant picnic to a number of children, and a few lady friends, at Oak Point. Mrs. Todd has on the shore at Oak Point a neat little cottage in which are all the necessaries for a picnic. It is a charming spot for a children's picnic. The fine gravelly beach, the good boating and bathing privileges are a rare enjoyment. When at Oak Point children almost live in the water. The party left here at 2 o'clock, arriving at Oak Point in about an hour. Those who did not care for boating, sat on the piazza of the cottage and amused themselves with the ever-delightful game—whist. Supper was served at 6 o'clock. It was a most enjoyable picnic, and the beauty of the spot tempted them to remain longer, and until 9 o'clock did they reach St. Stephen. The ladies were engaged, the pleasant picnic were Mrs. S. H. Blair, Mrs. J. E. Clarke, Mrs. J. A. Mitchell, Mrs. Z. E. Taylor, Mrs. M. K. DeLoraine, Mrs. H. W. Woodcock, Mrs. W. M. DeLoraine, Mrs. Howard McAllister, Mrs. E. DeLoraine, Mrs. J. A. Mitchell, Mrs. J. E. Clarke, Mrs. J. A. Mitchell, Mrs. Z. E. Taylor, Mrs. M. K. DeLoraine, Mrs. H. W. Woodcock, Mrs. W. M. DeLoraine, Mrs. Howard McAllister, Mrs. E. DeLoraine.

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GAGETOWN.

Aug. 10.—Miss Angelina Faulkner, missionary from Congo Free States, Africa, addressed a meeting in the Methodist church on behalf of the Women's missionary society.

Miss McNeill has arrived from St. John accompanied by Mrs. Dr. Hannah, and are stopping at Mrs. Simpson's.

Mr. R. Ferguson, of Woodville, is spending a few days with his brother here. Mrs. Hatfield and her sister have been spending a few days with their aunt. Mrs. Erb returned home Monday. Mr. A. H. Gardner spent a day in the village. Mr. Walter Purdy, Mr. George Purdy and two friends are yachting and camping out at Rosemeath creek.

Mrs. Wm. F. Harrison, Miss Harrison, Master W. Harrison, Miss Smith and Master B. Harrison arrived Wednesday from St. John, and are stopping at Mrs. Simpson's.

Mr. G. H. Reid arrived home from New York Wednesday. Miss May Simpson arrived home to-day from St. John. Mrs. Tabbits and family arrived on Wednesday by steamer Fredericton from Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Babbitt, and Mrs. C. Ebbett, who went up to P. Farris', returned Thursday by the May Queen. Miss S. Farris is with her mother, Mrs. Dr. McFarlane, at Rose cottage.

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DORCHESTER.

[Prognosis for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.]

Aug. 12.—Outside of the recent epidemic of engagements, Dorchester people have not had a great deal to talk about during the past week. So those same engagements have been discussed and discussed and compared and commented upon till they have been absolutely threadbare and no longer of service as a topic of conversation. I have heard something more than in more than a simple little engagement, supposed to have been adjusted some time last week, but there is so much uncertainty about it, and the man in the case has always been known as an old bachelor of such a confirmed character that people seem a little shy about proclaiming the tidings, but are just whispering little hints to one another, and waiting for something more definite to be announced. It is my own private opinion that there is nothing in it more than a simple little summer flirtation which seems to be ended for the little while's part.

Miss Louie Crookill, of Moncton, is in Dorchester visiting her friend Miss Edna Wilbur. Miss Wilbur, of Woodstock, who has been also visiting her cousin, has returned home. The Misses Gillespie, who have been spending a fortnight or so with Mrs. John B. Foster, returned to their home in Chatham on Friday last. Judging from the number of persons who were at the depot to say farewell, people on the cars must have been very numerous. They had been indulging in a wedding, and were seeing off the "happy pair."

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HOUTLTON, N. S.

Aug. 12.—The musicals given by Miss McIntyre complimentary to Miss Estella Neuhaus will not be eclipsed for real enjoyment by anything this season.

The following programme was rendered: Scenes from popular life, Grieg (a) Norwegian Bridal Procession, (b) Carols, (c) Spinning Song (from the Flying Dutchman), (d) Le Papillon (The Butterfly), (e) Wagner's Liebeslied (Love Song), "The winds that wait my sighs to thee," Mazurka, Chopin, (f) Valse in G-flat, (g) Berceuse (cradle song), (h) Song, Magnificat, Wilbur, (i) Romance from Tannhauser, Wagner, (j) Tarentelle, (k) Valse in E, (l) Nicolo.

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A Handsome Top Phaeton.



We have been showing heavier Carriages for some time. This is a top Phaeton, so popular with many people. The advantages of such a vehicle for driving need not be spoken of here, for they are apparent. This carriage weighs 50 pounds. Among the numerous testimonials received by us from Mr. J. H. B. of Fredericton, who says: "I have been using John Edgecombe & Sons' Carriages and Sleighs for twenty years in the city and have never found any other manufacturer in the province, but I have never found any one else who can give me as good satisfaction as those manufactured by John Edgecombe & Sons."

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Manufacturers of Fine Carriages, Sleighs, and Horses, FREDERICTON. Warehouse St. John: Corner of Union and Brussels Streets.

JAPANESE GOODS, TENT UMBRELLAS

Just the thing for Lawns, this fine weather. Fans and Fire Screens, all nice, new designs; also the newest things in Birthday Rings, for each month the proper stone.

T. L. COUGHLAN, JEWELER'S HALL, 28 KING STREET. McPHERSON BROS. 181 UNION STREET.

Native Strawberries, Pine Apples, Cucumbers, Nova Scotia Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Sweet Potatoes, Peaches, and Apricots.

P. S.—CANNED GOODS SELLING AT REDUCED PRICES. TELEPHONE 506.

15 cts. Buys a "GEM" BANK.

Send stamps to H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B., and get one.

AGENTS WANTED.

back to St. John on Wednesday, and were followed on Saturday by Miss Barr and Mrs. Gwilt of Moncton. Mr. J. Robertson spent the past week at Mr. Jas. Belyea's.

Two yachts have visited us in the last few days—the "Zebra," having on board Messrs. W. A. Moore, Geo. W. Fair, and both and Walter Gilbert of Robt. and the "Maid," manned by A. McArthur and W. B. Sanger of North End. Both parties were on their way to the celestia city. Miss Helen Belyea spent a few days in St. John last week. Miss Gertrude Williams' friends were glad to welcome her back from Boston this week. They are the guests of Mrs. Jas. Belyea.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Logan, accompanied by their granddaughter, Mrs. S. Robertson, of St. John, spent last week at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hazen, of St. John, was the guest of her niece, the Misses Anderson, last week. Mr. David Knight, of Amherst, visited friends here on Sunday.

Miss Amy Gorman, of North End, St. John, was the guest of her aunts, the Misses Carmar, at the Willows, last week. Miss Anderson, of St. John, is the guest of her father, Mr. G. M. Anderson. Mr. and Mrs. James Murray, of St. John, spent Saturday at the Musquash hotel. Miss Clowes, of Ormondo, is visiting friends here. The Cobb party, of New Brunswick, returned home on Monday after a four weeks' visit at the Inglefield.

Mr. R. G. John Dunn visited his home here on Saturday and Sunday. Miss Hattie Keegan visited the city on Tuesday. Miss Knapp, of St. John, was the guest of Mrs. C. Ludgate last week. Mr. T. E. Arnold spent Sunday in St. John. Mr. Charles Stockton was in St. John a few days this week. Mrs. John Ryan and Miss Annie Ryan are visiting in the city of Millerton. Mr. Frank McCully, of Moncton was in town yesterday.

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Islay Blend Is the Finest Six Year Old Whisky in the World.

ALWAYS ASK FOR ISLAY BLEND. TAKE NO OTHER.

Sold by all the leading wholesalers and retail dealers. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

Advertisement for 'The Beef' featuring a logo with 'THE BEEF' and 'PEP-TONIZED'. Text includes 'This bottle contains product of one of a pound of Beef, thoroughly...' and 'Solely by all druggists.'

Advertisement for 'Islay Blend' whisky. Text includes 'Islay Blend Is the Finest Six Year Old Whisky in the World.' and 'ALWAYS ASK FOR ISLAY BLEND. TAKE NO OTHER.'

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Miss Louisa Tennant, of Fredericton, is the guest of Miss McArthur.

The Misses Shaw are spending a few weeks at Bay Shore.

Miss Annie Murphy left on Friday last for Boston where she will spend a few weeks.

Miss Mabel Tapley, of Woodstock, is the guest of Mrs. James Holly.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Carleton, of Boston, are the guests of Mrs. Carleton, Paradise Row.

Messrs. B. Cleveland and J. Logan invited a number of their North End friends to a picnic and dance last Friday.

Miss Bessie Stewart, of New York, is visiting Miss Coster of the North End.

FREDERICTON.

(PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Fenwick and by James H. H. Fenwick.)

At 12—Miss Madge Sterling is here from Boston visiting her cousin, Miss Nellie Sterling, at their pleasant home on Brunswick street.

The Misses Peake have returned home from their vacation.

Mrs. Foley Parker and little son are visiting Mrs. Howie in this city.

The camping party of last week have returned from Camp Comfort, very much delighted with their week's outing.

Mr. Geo. Babbitt spent Sunday at his home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt with their little son, Willie, left for St. John Monday morning, where they will spend a few days.

Mr. Loring Bailey spent Sunday in St. John with his friends.

The sympathy of the community is with Lady Allen in the loss of her brother, Mr. Chipman Drury, of St. John.

Invitations are out for a picnic to be held on Friday afternoon in the tug *Ben Johnson* for Fredericton, returning here by moonlight.

A number of young ladies and gentlemen have planned a picnic for Thursday and will also occupy the *Ben Johnson*.

The Infants School Corps have returned from their three weeks' outing at the Upper Woodville.

Miss Annie Ellis has returned to her home in Carleton Place.

Miss Mattie McLaughlin, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lee Babbitt, also returns home this week.

It is rumored that there will be two large dances ere long to gladden the hearts of the young people.

Mr. Arthur Fisher of the Merchants' bank, who is home for a fortnight's vacation.

Mrs. Payne of St. John, visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Allen, at her home on Regent street.

Capt. Roche of the Infants school has returned home from Quebec.

Miss Maggie Allen, who has been visiting friends in Newcastle, returned home yesterday.

Miss Winslow, who has been visiting in St. Andrews, returned home today after a very enjoyable trip.

Attorney-General Blair and Mr. Risteen have gone sailing on the *Merchants' bank* this morning.

Mr. Terrace of the Merchants' bank was in the city this week.

Miss Kingdon has returned from a very pleasant trip to Dalhousie.

Miss Anderson of the telephone office left for a trip through Boston and New York this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Markwald of New York are here visiting their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Beckwith.

Mrs. and Miss Montgomery Campbell are spending a few weeks at home in Moncton at the book store of W. W. H. Murray, Main street.

At 12—To begin on any other subject than the all absorbing one of the wedding, would be wanted labor, since no one would read it, but rather skip all the carefully prepared details and hurry on to the wedding, as the small boys skip the meat and vegetables on the menu, and rush headlong into the pudding.

Of course the event has been looked forward to for some time, and many society people who were at the wedding returned on Saturday in anticipation thereof.

Tuesday morning dawned bright and fair, an ideal summer's day, rather warm, but still as perfect a wedding day as the most exacting bride could wish for, and before five o'clock St. George's church had begun to fill with brightly clad guests until it resembled a garden. As usual the fair sex predominated, but yet there was a very plentiful sprinkling of black coats to preserve the solemnity of the occasion, and to prevent the scene from being too gay.

The church was intensely warm, and even the joys of anticipation failed to distract people's attention sufficiently from their immediate surroundings to keep them reasonably cool. Mr. Fred Blair, the organist of St. Andrew's church, who presided at the organ, played a brilliant voluntary before the entrance of the bridegroom, but even music failed to soothe the panting bosoms of the congregation, and fans were merely a mitigating circumstance. Fortunately the departure of the bridegroom was very imposing, played a brilliant voluntary before the entrance of the bridegroom, but even music failed to soothe the panting bosoms of the congregation, and fans were merely a mitigating circumstance.

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to say, that they took up two sides of the long drawing room in Mrs. Weldon's house, and testified in some degree to the popularity of the bride.

The groom's present was a gold watch, and his sovereign's to the bridesmaids were moonstone pins.

Among the guests who were unable to be present were Mr. and Mrs. George McEwen, Mr. and Mrs. Edward McEwen, and the Misses McEwen, who are in mourning.

Mr. and Mrs. David Dickson, who were absent from town.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. DeWolf Spurr, Mrs. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Palmer, Mrs. Upham, Mrs. Millidge, and Mrs. Boyd, of St. John, and Mrs. Bedford Dixon, of Sackville, Mr. and Mrs. John Hickman, Mrs. Joseph Hickman, Mrs. Wm. Hickman, Miss Lay and Miss Peck, of Dorchester, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, of Amherst, Mrs. Blair, mother of the groom, and Miss Helen A. Foss, Blair, of Chatham, Mr. and Mrs. James D. Weldon, Mrs. W. G. Lawton, of Shediac, Mrs. Williamson, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Beddome, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bruce, Mr. C. F. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McEwen, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Price, Mr. and Mrs. J. St. Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. Weldon, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Ryan, Mr. Taylor and Miss Watson, Mrs. P. S. Archibald, Mrs. J. L. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Chapman, Miss Chipman, the Misses McKean, Mrs. James Sayre, Mr. T. V. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wright, Miss Nellie Ryan, Miss Campbell, Miss Foster, Miss Annie Cooke, Miss Peters and Miss Greta Peters, Mrs. C. E. Wright, Mr. Dastan, Mr. George Harris, Mr. R. A. Borden and Mr. David Dickson, of Moncton, Dr. Bridges, of Oromocto, Mr. E. J. John, and Mr. J. R. Roper and Mr. Fred Blair of Chatham, brothers of the groom, and Messrs. John H. and Charles H. Hickman, of Dorchester.

The costumes worn were well worth description. Those of the bride and bridesmaids were very elegant, with court train of ruby plush, over petticoat and vest of old gold faille, with bouffant collar, and Mrs. Weldon in very pretty dress of black lace, with trimmings of pale pink and pink bonnet.

Mrs. Millidge, in a very rich and lavishly with gold passementerie; gold and black bonnet.

Mrs. Upham, black silk and lace, with lace and jet bonnet.

Miss Boyd, black velvet en traine, large black hat trimmed with white feathers.

Mrs. Bedford Dixon, a very handsome costume of rifle green faille silk, with slashed Charles the 1st coat trimmed with gold cord, and Mrs. Wm. Hickman, black satin, with black lace bonnet.

Mrs. Joseph Hickman also wore black satin, with black lace shawl and black lace bonnet.

Mrs. Wm. Hickman, very rich dress of claret colored faille trimmed with gold passementerie, and claret and gold bonnet.

Mrs. Albert Hickman, looked charming in black net with chenille spots, black and gold bonnet.

Mrs. C. E. Wright, in a very elegant dress, with vest and tablier of cream-colored silk figured with lavender flowers.

Mrs. Lay, in a colored cashmere trimmed with velvet of a darker shade.

Mrs. C. A. Palmer, cream colored silk, figured with heliopsis flowers and trimmed with heliopsis faille Francais.

Mrs. Douglas wore the most elaborate dress in the room. It was of pink satin with court train opening over a petticoat of cream-colored muslin, green colored vest, and cream-colored shawl.

Mrs. Blair, black fishers net over black satin; black lace bonnet.

Miss Flora Blair, a very charming dress of pink silk.

Mrs. James Weldon, black velvet over a petticoat of matis satin, draped with black lace.

Mrs. Williamson, in a dress of China silk in a delicate blue-grey shade figured with white.

Mrs. W. G. Lawton, pongee silk of a shade between blue and green, with a very elegant tablier and sleeves of brown velvet, cream and brown bonnet, and black chapeau.

Mrs. J. B. Bruce, in a very pretty costume of blue cashmere, with a tint of grey in it, trimmed with black and white.

Mrs. C. F. Hastings, in a dress of black and white, broadened in black chenille; bonnet to match.

Mrs. J. B. Bruce, a charming gown of blue and cream colored velvet, and scarlet flowers.

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FOR NEXT WEEK: DRESS MATERIAL

To effect a Clearance of our FRENCH and ENGLISH

We have marked the remainder of these very elegant Goods

down to prices that will command a ready sale.

We invite the attention of the Ladies and Visitors to our city

to the marvellous values we are offering. These goods are this

season's importation, and are the very latest and most fashionable.

also,

We have made a great reduction in our justly celebrated

"Eclipse" Hose. These goods are dyed by the great German dyer,

"Hermendorf" and are guaranteed fast black, and will not stain.

WELLS, BAKER & HAMILTON, 97-KING STREET, 97

Miss Mary Dibbles is spending a few days with her friends, the Misses Beardsley, at the Grove.

The foresters reception on Wednesday evening was a brilliant success.

Mrs. Wm. Hickman, in a very rich and lavishly with gold passementerie; gold and black bonnet.

Mrs. Upham, black silk and lace, with lace and jet bonnet.

Miss Boyd, black velvet en traine, large black hat trimmed with white feathers.

Mrs. Bedford Dixon, a very handsome costume of rifle green faille silk, with slashed Charles the 1st coat trimmed with gold cord, and Mrs. Wm. Hickman, black satin, with black lace bonnet.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1891.

THE ERRATIC TOLSTOI.

REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT RUSSIAN NOVELIST.

The Whittier Private Secretary to His Brother Tells His Impressions of Him—The Literateur's Likes and Dislikes—Homely Fars and Humble Garb.

We had dined, my reverend friend and I. Fond of our cigars, we had seated ourselves for their enjoyment on the balcony of our hotel overlooking the Great South Bay. It was the wretched half hour of after-glow, and the air was so soft and sedative that speech was irksome. Hence, long as the light lasted, we did not speak. Sight was then the only privileged sense, and we watched the rings of smoke lazily break as they rolled across the lawn, and beyond them—objects of our more conscientious contemplation—we gazed upon the yachts with dreamy sails as they passed into the purple harbor of the twilight. There were gurglings on the shore, and hollow splashing beneath the anchored boats. The drowned past wanted to come back again. Each wash of the incoming tide brought it nearer to us, and at length we were hemmed in by it. My friend, who is a doctor of divinity, a graduate of Berne, and a pupil of Monod and D'Aubigne, had, like myself, become lost in reverie, and it was not till the amber light faded, leaving but mist and murk upon the surface of the sea, and dull russet bands around the western margin, that he broke the silence.

of the famous Dr. Melville, who ran against a cow in the road and took off his hat to beg her pardon; regretting, at another time, when his own wife was spoken of in complimentary terms, that he had not the pleasure of her acquaintance. How far the count's peculiarities have been modified in the sixteen or seventeen years since I last saw him I can not tell. But, judging from what I read of him from time to time, I should say he had undergone but little



COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

change. His character might be summed up in the phrase, "ex abrupto." Sincere, good natured, impulsive, living for the comfort and happiness of others and the good he might do, he was, as I remember him, a rare jewel in an extraordinary setting. "I first met him at Easter 1871. We had just arrived the evening before at Arusa, the splendid country seat of his brother, Gregorief, near the village of Prischib, in the Crimea. I sat in front of the mansion, listlessly gazing about when I saw a tall athletic man with long hair, bright, earnest eyes and frank, open countenance approaching me at a rapid gate. He was, may I ask, was the oddest of them all?" "Leof Tolstoi," he replied, "the great Russian writer about whom every one talks more or less. He was the most eccentric and every way remarkable man I have ever met." My friend, who, to be explicit, was the Rev. Dr. Cornelius J. Calkoen, a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed denomination, had spent ten years in Russia, four as a pastor in Odessa, and the remaining six as the private secretary to, and tutor of the sons of Gregorief Tolstoi, the novelist's brother, who was exiled to Siberia by imperial decree in 1874.

which he had been engaged as he walked, "I do not like the pantheists, at all. Are you acquainted with the pantheists, sir?" "I know them to be a collection of Roman decisions," I answered, "digested into laws by the Emperor Justinian. But it has not fallen to my lot to study them." "The law, the law!" continued Tolstoi, indifferent to, if not oblivious of, my reply. "Christ is the law, and the Gospel ought to be the book of common and international law. Then the nations would observe justice and preserve peace. You are a clergyman, sir are you not?" I replied affirmatively.

"Then serve the poor and the unfortunate," he continued, "and you will live of the life of your Master. We may not do all the good we would, but we must try. I make shoes for the poor. I am a shoemaker and a cobbler. I answered that the divine law was undoubtedly paramount; and, as paralleling his predilections for shoemaking, instanced the case of Louis XVI., who became an excellent locksmith, and that of the son of the King of Prussia, who turned out to be a good printer.



"I HAD NO INTENTION TO STEAL."

tion. I am a pilgrim, and I wish to live as simply as possible during my pilgrimage." In October of the same year, having returned with his brother's family from Spain I met the count at Odessa. The evening

of the day was stormy, and I was engaged in studying in my own apartment, when my man servant, Alexis, came to me, saying: "Doctor, the Count Tolstoi has arrived, and as the family are not at home, it will fall to you to receive him."



"I DO NOT KNOW YOU, SIR."

"I never met with you. Who are you, and what are you doing here?" I smiled and said: "Count, do you not remember that we met at Prischib last Easter?" I recalled the incident in detail and the subject of our conversation as given above. "Well, well—possible, it is possible—*lapsus memoriae*," murmured the count. "But where do you come from?" he asked, petulantly. I told him that we had just returned from Spain, where his brother and family had been for health and recreation. "Stuff and nonsense!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "You ought not to have gone to Spain. Better, a great deal better, had you given the money to the poor." "But," he asked, with sudden irrelevance, "have you here anything to eat?" "Certainly," I replied. "Let us step to the dining room." "Brown bread and a little milk, or even water," said the count, "is all I wish for!" I remonstrated and pointed to the table on which were a dish with caviar, cold chicken, cold ham, with girkins and sundry edibles temptingly displayed. "Have the kindness to be seated and help yourself," I said, as I poured out and proffered him a glass of alcante. "No, no!" he said, impatiently. "I do

not like those things. They are too rich for me. Break your bread with the poor and calm their griefs. That is better than all this vanity." Then impulsively seizing my hand, "Spokoi ni notch gospodin!" [phrase for "Good night, sir!"] he exclaimed, and was gone.

I met him again in March of the following year, in the city of Elizabethgrad. He was in very low spirits, having been much occupied in contemplation of the miseries of mankind, which are nowhere more painfully manifest than in Russia. "Mankind is far from God; that I can see every day," he said, sorrowfully, soon after our conversation began. "Why this hopeless inequality? Why should the masters of society so greatly increase their wealth and the faces of the poor grow black with burden bearing? O, my dear sir, what riddles, what riddles! Tell me, have you any solution of them?" "Humanity and life are riddles," I answered, "but, from the christian standpoint, we must not forget that 'we now see through a glass darkly.' After this life the children of God shall see 'face to face.' If we abide in God, we who now know but in part, shall 'know even as also we are known.'"

"Yes," the Count rejoined, "you speak as out of my own heart. But we do not find an acceptance of these things by the philosophers. Philosophy, indeed, has been making me quite unhappy. I have read Lessing, Leibnitz, Kant and the rest, but none of them answers to my aspirations. I am languishing." "Count," I replied, "paper is patient. The philosophers are not philosophy. Like you, I find them unsatisfying. I rest in the declarations of Holy Scripture. You doubtless recall: 'The world passeth away and the things thereof, but he that doeth the will of the Father abideth forever.'" There was a long pause, during which he was meditative. "May I take the liberty of asking if you have business in town?" I inquired. "Yes," he answered, "I have a coat to be made. We will go to the tailor's." I accompanied him to the shop. The tailor's name was Brischnow. He was not at home, but his assistant took the Counts measure for the garment and his instructions to make it as plain as possible. "I shall be in town but two days," said the Count, "can it be ready the day after to-morrow?" The assistant assured him, and we left. Next day I heard the noise of a heated controversy in the count's room, which was near my own, and, alarmed by an occurrence so unusual, went to see what it meant. I found Tolstoi soundly berating the tailor's clerk. "I do not know you sir. You are quite mistaken. I did not order a coat. Take it away and begone!" ejaculated the count. But the tailor's assistant did not go. He saw me and at once appealed to me.

"Is it not true, sir, that his excellency came yesterday to my master's shop, and that I measured him to have a coat made?" he asked. "Yes," I replied, "the count ordered a coat yesterday. You are quite right, Count Tolstoi." I said, "this worthy tailor has but acted on your instructions."

"Is it possible that I am thus mistaken," he exclaimed. "Then, sir," he said to the tailor, "I beg your pardon. Go finish the coat and I will pay for it now." "Better not pay for it until it is finished," I suggested, and it was so agreed and both parties were satisfied. This incident reminds me of another which took place a year previously, when, as I told you, I met the Count in Odessa. Finding himself in need of that exceedingly important article of underwear, a flannel shirt, he invited me, as we walked, to accompany him into a store on Richeieu street. He there found what he sought and bought it at one ruble and twenty kopeks. He took the parcel with him, declining positively to walk out; but in his habitual abstraction halted out of the shop without settling for it. The shopkeeper, who knew him, and would not ask for his money, on the following morning sent a bill. One of the servants brought it to the count as we were at breakfast.

"Why," he said, turning to me in indignation, "here is a bill for the flannel shirt I bought yesterday, and for which I have already paid." "I beg your pardon," I replied, "the people are quite right. You did not pay that bill!" "In that case you will please come with me," he said. I begged to be excused till the afternoon, when I accompanied him to the merchant's. "Is it true," he said to the shopman, in a tone of abrupt anxiety, "is it true that I did not pay that bill?" Assured that he had not, he took from his purse a handful of gold coin, and throwing them down, exclaimed: "There, take this as forfeit. I had no intention to steal! I had no intention to steal!" "Doctor," I said, "you almost persuade me that your illustrious acquaintance was a fit subject for a guardian. Have you any explanation of these singular aberrations?" "None," amiably replied the doctor, "Tolstoi must be classed with Cincinnatus, that Roman so celebrated for the simplicity of his manners and the austerity of his morals, that, when they sought him to invest him with the purple, they found him behind the plow. Indeed it is the persuasion of his amiable simplicity, that secures him immunity in Russia. He has been fined many times, and the government shut up his school. But he loves children so well that he and his daughter receive four each morning and the same number in the afternoon for instruction. He is unquestionably a sincere christian, and, if eccentric, is but little more so than christianity." S. GIFFARD NELSON.

PIG BRAND IS THE BEST.

Bass's Ale & Guinness's Stout.

Under this old and celebrated brand of BASS & GUINNESS is bottled only the finest Ale and Stout brewed by these world-renowned firms.

It is ripened and fined in a way that can be done only by those having long experience and large capital.

It is FREE from the heavy YEASTY FROTH, so common in those brands of beer and porter usually shipped to the Colonies.

It contains nothing but Malt and Hops, being perfectly ripened it is free from elements of FURTHER FERMENTATION and does not require the addition of chemicals.

The Pig Brand Guinness's Porter will be found to be both cheaper and more wholesome than the

Extracts of Malt, many of which are mixed with Salicylic Acid, which is so injurious to the kidneys.

Physicians will find this brand of GUINNESS'S STOUT an excellent remedy in those cases of Dyspepsia arising from deficient diastasing secretions.



THE "PIG BRAND"

Bass's Ale and Guinness's Stout commands a higher price in most large trade centres, than any other brand;

but in order to give everyone an opportunity of trying this CELEBRATED BRAND, it has been arranged to sell it in Canada at as low a price as any of the cheap brands.

DON'T BE PUT OFF with any other brands of Bass's and GUINNESS'S, but insist on having

"PIG BRAND,"

and if you cannot obtain it at the dealers in your district, ask them to send, or send yourself, to Messrs.

KELLY & GLASSEY, HALIFAX, N. S.

And compare it with others, and you will be SATISFIED that

"PIG BRAND" IS SUPERIOR to anything in the market.

BASS AND GUINNESS.

Greenstone.

Birthdays Rings. Moonstones or for those... must live unloved and lone.

Watches, Bracelets, Lockets, Brooches, Ear Drops, Etc.

Goldsmith and Jeweler.

Check.

Hartford.

Statement.

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John Letter Carriers, will be held on... Aug. 18th, 1891.

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MORNING SERVICE.

MORNING.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker. For He is our God: and we are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand.

A Prayer.

Almighty Father whose grace doth ever keep, and whose love can never fail us, we would commit ourselves and our ways unto Thee in humble prayer.

HYMN.

Eternal Light, Eternal Light, How pure the soul must be; When, blest with Thy searching light, It shrinks not, but with calm delight, Can live in Thee.

The spirits that surround Thy throne, May bear the burning bliss; But that is surely theirs alone Since they have never, never known A fallen world like this.

O! how shall I, whose native sphere Is dark, whose mind is dim, Before the ineffable appear, And on my naked spirit bear That uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise That doth sublimely show; An offering and a sacrifice, A Holy Spirit's energies, An Advocate in God.

These, these prepare us for the sight Of holiness above; The sons of ignorance and night May dwell in the Eternal Light, Through the Eternal Love.

A Service Respecting Our Duty. What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. Fonder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.

Blessed are they that keep judgment, and he that doeth righteousness at all times; for the righteous Lord loveth righteousness and it is joy to the just to do judgment.

Let none of you imagine to fight against his brother in your heart, for love thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good; and bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

Thou shalt not hate thy neighbor, neither rob him; provide things honest in the sight of all men, and render to every man his due.

Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor, deceiving not with your lips, and raise no false report; for lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight.

Cease from anger and forsake wrath, for he that is soon angry dealeth foolishly, but he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.

Walk in the spirit and fulfil not the desire of the flesh; for he that soweth to his flesh will of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the spirit will of the spirit reap life everlasting.

Let brotherly love continue, as we have opportunity let us do good unto all; and let us not grow weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

who love and fear Him. All the rest of the human race are the children of the devil. Such is not the teaching of our Saviour. He represents the young man who had wandered far from home, who had spent all his substance in riotous living, who had degraded himself and brought shame upon the family name by his immorality, as being still his father's son. The son knew it, and although he confessed that he was not worthy to be called his son, yet he addressed his father as father. It was natural for the young man to think of his father as father. He was his father, and do what he might he could not get the idea out of his head. Spontaneously and without effort he said, "father."

The same may be said of the father himself. He naturally addressed the prodigal, though he had grievously offended him, and caused him much pain and sorrow, as "My son," for, notwithstanding his degradation, he was still his boy. Wrong doing does not destroy the relationship existing between father and son. If my son were to become ever so disobedient, ever so degraded—a thief, a drunkard, even a murderer, the hissing of all men, a disgrace to humanity, yet would he be still my child. And though his conduct should pierce me to the heart, though I should willingly admit that he deserved the severest punishment, yet I think I should still love him, and seek to restore him to virtue and purity. If he sought my forgiveness I should forgive him with all my heart.

So it is with God. He is infinitely more merciful and loving than the most affectionate father. He is the father of all men in a higher and truer sense than I am the father of my boy. And sin of the deepest dye can never destroy that relationship. Though I should sink to the deepest depths of degradation, of vice, of crime, of impurity; though I should break every law of heaven and earth, and should sink to the lowest hell, yet should I still be God's son, and He would be my Father. He would be displeased with me, and I would hate my sins and my conduct, and His law must take its course—the law that pain and misery dog the steps of sin and iniquity. Yet He would still love me with an infinite love, and would forgive me if I, like the prodigal in the parable, returned to Him with a contrite heart and sorrowing. I am here this morning to say that God has been misrepresented. The description which many give of God today is very unlike the description given of Him by His only begotten Son, who was sent to reveal Him to men. The picture which many draw of God is truly horrible, and repulsive. It drives men from God rather than attracts them to Him. It inspires dread and a slavish fear rather than affection and true reverence. It generates unbelief. Men say, "it that is a true picture of God, we cannot love Him." These libellers of the character of our Father teach that God was so angry with our first parents because they transgressed His law, that He would forthwith have consigned them, together with their posterity, to eternal misery, if the Son had not restrained the offended Father by His entreaties, and by the promise that He would forgive every farthing of man's hopeless debt. They declare that He will punish men with eternal torment for the sins committed during this brief life; that He will only be merciful to them and ready to forgive them if they repent during a few years of an existence to which there is no end; that they ever earnestly and importunately they may cry for forgiveness, once they have passed the boundaries of time He will be deaf to their strong crying and be deaf to their crying and tears. I contend that if any human father were to treat his children, as God is said to treat His children, he would be regarded as inhuman and heartless, and unworthy the sacred name of father. The popular teaching about God is contrary to the teaching of reason and revelation. Man has no authority for limiting the mercy and love of the people to a select few, or to any less number than the whole of his children. He has no authority for limiting God's love to the brief years of earthly life, or to say that He does not overlook the grave—that it is not everlasting. Thank God men cannot in reality limit the Divine love and mercy. It fills all space and time, and embraces the most degraded of men.

Correction, Not Revenge. A wise and affectionate father will punish his disobedient child with the view of correcting him, and it is well that he should do so, or the child would become wild, and bring upon himself, shame, misery, and ruin. So God, who is infinite in wisdom and love, punishes His children that they may bring them to obedience to holiness, to happiness and heaven. All God's dealings with men are in perfect harmony with His fatherhood. We are commanded to love our enemies. How long are we to love them? For one year? For ten years? There is no time mentioned—no period fixed—how long we may cease to love? So long, it seems, as they are our enemies we must love them, and seek to do them good and not evil. Does God love His enemies? We know He does. "God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with us all, evermore. Amen. Benediction. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with us all, evermore. Amen.

THE UNCHANGEABLE GOD. Is not God unchangeable? James says: "He is the Father of Lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither the shadow of turning." But, according to the orthodox teaching He will, half a century to come, be a totally different person, so far as the sinner is concerned. He is merciful and compassionate now, but once the sinner has departed from this world, He will be angry and unmerciful. He will be merciful to me, and forgive my sins, if, like the dying thief, I sincerely repent and confess those sins with my latest breath; but as soon as that breath is out of my body, He will be all anger, and will not forgive me, though I beseech Him with tears of repentance and earnest cries of pardon. Is not such a teaching contrary to the teaching of Scripture? The writer of the 116th Psalm calls upon us to give thanks unto the Lord for the very reason that His "mercy endureth for ever." Most firmly do I believe that God does now, and will, while sin continues, in future, punish men for their sins. Our Saviour says, "that servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to it, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For unto whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required." I believe that God has linked sin and suffering inseparably together, so that sin without suffering is inconceivable. "Man is," as John Hunter says,

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THIS is a cut of our FOSTER LACE KID GLOVE, each small hook holding the Lace in position. 1st CHOICE—87c. Dressed and Undressed—with liberty to return if not satisfactory. W. H. FAIRALL'S KID GLOVE AGENCY, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Yes, love is the magnet that draws and attracts the human heart. This is one reason why God gave man so glorious a demonstration of His love in the gift of His Son. We want to convince men that God loves them with an infinite love, and they will love Him in return. The sun will melt the thickest ice if it continues to shine long enough. Even so, if the divine Love is all permitted to shine long enough upon the hardest heart, that heart will ultimately be softened and made responsive to the Father's touch. If love does not prevail, nothing else will. Oh that we may have clearer, more noble, more elevating conceptions of God; may we see Him as He is revealed by Jesus, and, seeing Him, may we love Him.

HYMN. He prayeth well who loveth well Both man and bird and beast, For he hath offered to the Lord Who giveth to his least. He prayeth best who loveth best All things both great and small, For the dear Lord who loveth us He made and loveth all.

Let us Pray. Almighty Father, God of infinite truth and purity; let there be sorrow, not fearful and despairing, but true and tender, in our hearts, as we remember and confess in Thy presence our manifold sins and wickedness. We are much that we ought not to be; we are little that we ought to be. Life might be so noble and faithful, and we often make it so mean and false. We look back through our days and we see much weakness and failure, all our defeat. Deal with us, not according to our poor deservings and our unfaithfulness, but according to Thy goodness and mercy made known to us through Jesus Christ our Lord. O, infinite love, help us to depart from evil and to do good; purge and purify our hearts; give us a life of truth, and purity, and charity; give us grace daily to follow Thy law faithfully; to seek everything that is true, to do everything that is right, to love everything that is good. Save us from pride, perversity, and vanity; from the small and narrow mind, the unrelenting temper, the unsympathetic heart. Strengthen us to walk steadfastly in the footsteps of Thy son, the Lord of childlikeness and brotherliness of submission and self-sacrifice. May we take to our duties as He took to His; may we bear our sorrows as He bore His. In all the relations and services of life may we keep His new commandment of love; and by bearing one another's burdens may we fulfill the law of His cross, and fill up that which is behind of His sufferings. Amen.

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MIDAUGUST FASHIONS.

A FESTIVAL AND THE COSTUMES THAT APPEARED.

Handing Cakes in French Shepherdess Costumes—Garden Party Dresses and Gowns For Yachting Wear—The Summer Girl as She Looks in Morning Dressable.

NEWPORT, August 14.—All yesterday afternoon I sat under woodbine leaves and watched a fete that was interesting. I say I sat under the leaves because it is already late summer, and in the still air leaf after leaf detached itself from its ripe stem and slowly floated down upon the piazza steps or upon my shoulder. A locust in the tangle of vines overhead never ceased



TWO TROUSSEAU GOWNS.

from long, monotonous hum, and whenever I lifted my eyes I could see golden rod and girls.

The girls were about a business that in Newport is novel. Ward McAllister has familiarized the summer capital in past seasons with aesthetic picnics and supremely correct barn dances, but never so far as I knew until yesterday, have young men and young women gone out harvesting. It was oats, I believe that they supposed themselves to be getting in, but the crop doesn't matter; they did handle rakes and they did lead the hay wagon, but these pretenses of labor were excuses and nothing more for the harvest supper and the clothes.

Since it is to the clothes I must address myself it may be said that if Maud Muller had sent to Paris for her having outfit she might have spoiled a poem. In the group nearest my piazza corner was a girl with a glow on her cheeks that called, any one but a lazy cynic like myself would say, from honest exercise. Her brown hair was plaited in long braids and tied with red ribbons. It hung down over her shoulders and under a dress of cream colored gingham dotted with great red spots. The dress came only to her ankles and she sat in the shade of a gaily pear tree—for the field was well arranged for amateur harvesting operations, with a striped refreshment tent and plenty of benches—one caught, as one was meant to catch, a glimpse of red stockings and low shoes.

I won't rake, but I will smile upon your labors, said this fin de siècle Maud Muller, whose red spotted dress was laid at the throat, showing a neck of just the creamy brownness thought appropriate at this season. The dress turned back in a heart-shaped collar of guipure lace, and the trim little casaque bodice, with its narrow edgings of red velvet, opened upon a chemise of fine, cream-colored linen, which was gathered under a broad belt of deep cream-colored leather, laced with red cords. It is not so appropriate, as any woman knows, in such a dress to make as to smile. In her hand the smiling one swung by its long ribbons a flat hat of yellow open work straw, with wheat poppies and a scarf of yellow chiffon for its trimmings.

Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg was another who found it more her taste to smile upon the harvesters than to harvest smiling. She held her court under a walnut tree which lorded it quite in the middle of the field, and there gathered about her young men in tennis suits, warm, flushed, leaning on rake handles and clad in striped caps and long striped stockings. Her own costume was picturesque enough for the picturesque occasion. It was a gray sateen



A TEA JACKET.

printed with a feathery design in pink, brought out by touches of black velvet. Her wide brimmed hat was gay with garlands of pink roses.

But there were girls who really used their rakes for other purposes than to lean upon or tie up with ribbons. They wore pink and white and blue and white striped gingham dresses, with sailor hats or large white hats trimmed with flowers. Girls who were tall enough to look well in them and girls who were not, wore large red, blue and yellow checks in their plaid basistes, very cool looking, and, when trimmed with wide falling collar deep cuffs

and wide basques of a sort of coarse, guipure, not ineffective. A blue-eyed blithering girl, tanned with two months of life in the open air, wore one of these plaid dresses, but instead of the lace adornments it had a dark blue velvet corslet, and in the front of the basque a jabot of pinkish white gauze. The coarse white straw hat was trimmed with navy blue velvet and meadow flowers.

The pretense of working seemed to afford the pretenses pleasure, though why it did it would be hard saying, for everybody fully understood there was no work done. There could be indeed nothing accomplished in French dresses, be they ever so rustic and worn by damsels ever so rural. It is the proper thing to talk about Miss Sallie Hargous in this month before her marriage when, if ever, a young woman ought to be interesting. She did not present herself in the thick of the raking and the wagon loading, but at the harvest supper, which came afterward. She wore a pale green foulard, with large pink flowers setting off admirably her clear, dark skin. The skirt of her frock had a deep lace flounce about it, arranged in festoons and headed with a ruche of pale green silk. A sash of the same color was tied in long, wide ends at one side. The bodice was slightly open and edged at the neck with a lace frill, caught here and there with little bows of green ribbon.

The hat this much mentioned bride-elect wore with this toilet was a cream-colored straw, with a rose wreath tied with green ribbons. A broad ribbon was thrown over the top, brading it down at the side. Her green gloves were so pale as to be white very nearly. At the garden fetes which follow one another in rapid succession the mouseline gowns are very dainty. One worn a few days ago showed flaming meadow lilies strewn over a white ground. The skirt, which rested a few inches on the ground at the back, was bordered with three narrow ruffles. A vest of white chiffon was let into the bodice, and was edged with full ruches. The hat that completed this bright toilet was of fine white straw with a whisp of reddish brown plaited through it. The brim turned up at the back, and was held in place by upright loops of reddish-brown velvet ribbon. Resting on the straight front brim were two or three long stems of spotted lilies.

A second dress which walked up and down among the bush hollyhocks and the hedges of sweet peas is shown in the first illustration. It was of pale blue India silk, flecked with purple violets, following the novel combination of colors now beginning to be much in vogue. Broad bands of purple velvet laid about the skirt in zigzags accentuated the contrast. The bodice opened in a V at the throat, with velvet folds to border it, and across the front there spread itself a handkerchief-shaped fichu of the palest and most delicate shade of blue. The white hat worn by the slim pale blonde who did this deed of color daring was trimmed with clusters of violets peeping out from folds of pale blue chiffon. Almost equally striking was the other dress shown in the same sketch; it was of the palest shade of violet you see in the little garden periwinkle. A brilliant blonde rather tall and with the rose pink complexion so common with English girls and so



TWO YACHTING GOWNS.

uncommon here had adorned herself and the merry gathering with its straight simple folds. At the waist it lay in narrow plaits and on the hips it was caught up in small paniers; it was made to look as if it were pleased to fit her by gold brocaded galloons that crossed on the bosom and curled about the hips in a fashion that was caressing, though, perhaps, a thought snaky.

For the most part she went about with her yellow curls bare to the sunlight, but when she lifted her hat it was of white straw with a gauze bow and two sprigs of periwinkle. Her parasol had a wreath of the same flowers to edge its canopy. Yachting fetes are pretty to tell about, and the one on Thursday afternoon brought out many pretty gowns. The artist has sketched two of them, because they were in several particulars different from the yachting attire as usually worn. One of them is of rough sea-going serge, though its wearer is essentially a land-loving maiden. In spite of the large loose blouse and sleeves, and the fuller skirt than dress-makers have been cutting, she will never let the jollyboat take her aboard unless the day gives signed, sealed and delivered pledges of continuing fine. The small ruche, the belt and the band about the skirt are of white serge braided with blue. The revers of the turnover collar are braided in white, and the small blue sailor hat has a straight band of white ribbon with a bow at the side.

The other dress is a fine blue summer serge cut very gracefully. It has a cutaway coat bodice with loose fronts faced with red silk. The waistcoat is of red lively cloth, braided with black. The sleeves are turned up to the elbows and faced with red, and the undersleeves are of red braided with black. The regulation serge cap is very small and natty. One of the best times for observing the summer girl as she exists at Newport is in her hammock or piazza chair in morning dressable. The pale greens, the shades of pink and of maize color, and loose folds, the long slashes and wide sleeves make summer negligé wear fascinating. Under the blossoming trumpet creeper you may see, if you look, as I did this morning, a pink foulard spotted with white sweet peas. The vest—it has been drawn for you in the third picture—opened on a chemise with lace flounce. The little "basques" were of red sash and the sleeves had deep cuffs, and high lace jockeys. There was a plaited Medici collar and a sash of red foulard.

ELLEN OSBORN.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

I wonder if it is too late for recipes for freckles, girls? Hardly, I think, since the autumn is the time when we are most anxious to get rid of the rich endowment of sunburn and freckles we have collected during our summer rambles in the country and by the seaside, in order to be ready for the winter campaign. And so, I dare say I shall earn your gratitude by publishing a budget of recipes, which an obliging correspondent has just sent me. I do not know whether she has tried them herself or not, but we will give them the benefit of the doubt. The first remedy is the old one of washing the face in fresh buttermilk every morning, rinsing it off in tepid water, and drying with a soft towel. This is a solution of nitre—sweet spirits, I suppose, since it could hardly be nitric acid—and water applied to the face. Another wash, said to be good, is made by dissolving three grains of borax, in five drachms of rose-water, each of rose water, and orange flower water. My correspondent does not say how this is to be applied, but most of these lotions are dabbed on with a sponge.

The last is the most elaborate, and so should be the best. I suppose, I do not quite understand it myself, since I always supposed that ox-gall was a liquid. One-half pound of clear ox-gall, one-half drachm of camphor, one-half drachm of burnt alum, one drachm of borax, two ounces of rock salt, two ounces of rock candy, mix all these ingredients in a glass jar, shake well several times a day for three weeks, or until the gall becomes transparent, then strain it very carefully through filtering paper, which may be got for a trifle from any druggist. Apply it to the face during the day, washing it off at night. I really think, girls, that there are one or two improvements which I could suggest here. To begin with, if I were you I should eat the rock candy, which would certainly make the mixture sticky if applied externally, and in the second place, I should certainly reverse the method of application and put it on at night, washing off in the morning. However, it sounds as if it ought to be very good, so you had better try it.

SUNSHINE, St. John.—Thank you very much for all the freckle and sunburn remedies. You will see that I have used them at once, and I am sure the girls will be very glad to get them. You were very thoughtful to send them to me. You might have asked any questions you liked.

SWEET CLOVER, St. John.—I am glad to hear that you take an interest in our column. My dear Clover, I don't know how you can continue to like the young man in question, and yet I suppose it is our nature to love in spite of all things. You know "Ouida" who is a clever student of the law, and who does not write exactly moral stories—says that women have "dogs' hearts." I think if I were you, I should take an opportunity of being out the next time he calls, and then try to forget him as soon as possible. I think he has treated you shamefully, and I really think, girls, that there are one or two improvements which I could suggest here. My dear child, that no matter how attentive and affectionate a man may be to a girl behind backs, his intentions are not quite honest if he is ashamed to show her the same attention to her face as he would to a man may be occasionally shy and it is that case there would be every excuse for him, but if he is openly attentive to other girls, that cannot be the reason, and he has openly slighted you, so he cannot be an honorable man, and the less you have to do with him the better. I am how cold a man may be occasionally shy and it is that case there would be every excuse for him, but if he is openly attentive to other girls, that cannot be the reason, and he has openly slighted you, so he cannot be an honorable man, and the less you have to do with him the better.

ANXIOUS UNDINE AND HAZEL.—Address illegible. I hope it does not require much courage to approach me. I am a very harmless sort of person. I think you are all worthwhile. (3) Horse-dish grows in almost every garden, and it is the root which is to be grated. It is a thick white root, so pungent in odor that the tears will roll down your cheeks while you are grating it. (4) If the young man is an old friend, it is quite proper to stand and talk to him for a little while, but not if he is a stranger. (5) I do not see what you can do in the other matter. In the first place, you can only treat the young man politely, but coolly; if he really spoke against you, you have grounds for annoyance, but you do not know that what you heard was true. As for the other young man, you might have an explanation with him if you like, and tell him that he was mistaken in thinking you spoke against him. I am afraid you will not be pleased if I tell you that you have a great deal to learn, both in writing and composition; but one can always improve with practice. If you mean by "keeping company" that you are engaged, it would be quite proper. It is quite a matter of taste as to how long they should stand talking, provided it is not too late. If they know each other well enough to kiss good night, and are engaged, I should not think it was at all necessary to invite him to call again, as he will probably do so without an invitation.

ESPERANCE, Oak Point.—It will not try my patience at all; that is what I am here for. (1) There is but one permanent cure for superfluous hair, and that is the process called electrolysis, which is not a new remedy. It has been known in this country over fifty years.

How the Ladies should Order by Mail.

NEWCASTLE, N. B., July 13, 1891. Will Messrs. WATERBURY & RISING please mail "Ladies' Soft Kid Buttoned Boots (size 7); width D, with a medium heel and high instep; single sole. A lady friend got a very nice pair from you, at \$4.00. I would like the same boot, and oblige, Yours truly, MISS BLANK, 4 King Street.

Mail Orders will receive prompt attention, with liberty of returning if not satisfactory. WATERBURY & RISING.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

GET YOUR WEDDING INVITATIONS AND WEDDING CARDS NEATLY AND FASHIONABLY PRINTED BY E. J. ARMSTRONG, 85 Cerman Street, St. John, N. B.

called electrolysis, or removal by electricity. It can be done in St. John. It is almost painless, and the cure is certain. I have no idea what causes superfluous hair. It is undoubtedly a disfigurement, and not nothing to be at all ashamed of, and is generally far more prominent in the eyes of the afflicted person than of anyone else. You can tell your friend there is no doubt about the cure being permanent.

SCHRIEBLER AND SCRATCHBOK, Halifax.—I am glad to hear that you were pleased with your answers. Yes, I do think you very young, quite children, and my dear little girls, try to be children as long as you can. I know you won't believe me, but you will never be so happy again as you are now, so the longer you can remain

WANDERER, New Westminster.—Welcome, back, Wanderer! And so you are a steamboat engineer? Well, I suppose you are very fond of the varied life of an engineer, but yet it must be hard work too. I shall always be glad to hear from you whenever you write, and I was very glad to see your writing again and the pretty little panny device at the top of the paper. I think everyone likes British Columbia who goes there. I do not know who my other correspondent was, you know I seldom know anything about my correspondents beyond the names they assume. (1) It is more polite to merely bow when being introduced, but of course if the lady shows any sign of offering her hand, take it. (2) The lady who happens to be the first sign of recognition, and so you once expected to be one of the principals at that wedding? Well, never mind, Wanderer! If absence made her heart grow fonder of another, you are very well out of it, my friend; but remember that it is always the case in fact, it very seldom happens, and there are lots of dear girls in this world who cherish the absent one with tenderest faithfulness. I hope you will find some day. Your letter was begun quite correctly. I am glad to hear that "PROGRESS" is always such a welcome guest. I suppose it will be "next to a letter from home" to an absent New Brunswicker.

KEEP YOUR SHOESTRINGS TIED. How It Can Be Done so That They Will Never Loosen. The low summer shoe once more graces the pretty foot of the summer girl, and the sound of the trailing shoestring is again heard in the land. When I walk down Fifth Avenue in the wake of a young woman in trim tailor-made gown or dainty combination of lace or muslin, I hear the swish of strings and the tinkle of lines on the pavement, rising and falling with each movement of the slim, arched foot. As she glances uneasily and furtively about her, and when she is quite sure no one is looking, quickly stops and readjusts the offending tie, my manly heart is stirred with a desire to show her how she may make that tie more lasting than friendship or even matrimony. It was a very pretty lady who initiated me into the secret of this tie, warranted to hold. Shall I ever forget that she tied my shoe one day on the ocean sands to make the process more clear? I think I may say that had I received a thousand volts of electricity the shock would have been mild to that I experienced. She has since given me the right to tie her shoe for all time, and I have had the practice that makes perfect.

The simple mystery is this: Proceed exactly as if you were about to tie an ordinary bow knot, but before you draw it up pass the right-hand loop through the knot; give a steady and simultaneous pull on both loops, and you may tread the sands of time or the ocean beach all day and walk into the wee sma' hours of the next and that shoestring will never trip you up. In untying be sure to pull the right hand line and the string will readily unloosen, but if you pull the other you will find it as hard to untie as some hastily-tied matrimonial knots.—New York Herald.

Fashions for Men. The advance whispers of fall fashions come in a fugitive sort of way. The very latest designs in fancy cloth fabrics are a marked modification of the burnt umber, cinnamon and other shades of reddish brown. The finer goods for winter overcoatings are in those weaves that ruff beautifully under the hand. Smooth and dull looking at first, with a few weeks wearing the nap will fairly bristle up and show to an enhanced advantage. The texture appears to be a cross between Elyian and patent beaver. The effects are very rich but quiet. The shades are almost indefinable, and the delicate dark tintings indistinguishable. There is really a growing feeling that the coup so well managed to make the bold advance in the case of the chief features of the field of selection was flashed somewhat too early for a lasting success. They belong to the ultra school of fashions, whereof a little goes a long way, and it is intimated that their copious exploitation at the race course in England and this country have taken the edge off of their novelty for fall and winter wear. The hesitancy of the Americans to adopt the frock coat of dull, soft finest fabric is difficult to understand. This coat, with its short-waisted, long tailed look, silk facings on lapels, and the button holes and narrow single stitch finish, has been the ultra garment of demi-dress with Englishmen of rank for the past two seasons. The coats are now being made with the skirts long and loose enough to hang in graceful folds from the waist line. There is to be a most important change in the construction of the most comfortable garment in the vocabulary of men's wear, the sack coat. It is to be made to fully realize the meaning of the word "sack." That is, to be loose in fit. It has been heretofore shaped in at the back, giving an appearance of snugness. Now the back will be shaped straight down and the front will be fulsome, but the shaping will be in at the sides, and by deft manipulation under the arms secure a negligible effect, doing away with the stiff and mechanical suggestiveness of the coat as it is.—Clothing and Furnisher.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING

There is generally a connection between the color of the eyes and the hair.

The average life of a woman is 44.62 years, and that of a man 41.35.

A depth of 4,655 fathoms was once sounded off the northeast coast of Japan.

More females than males, in the proportion of about 49 to 45, have black or brown eyes.

Of the 11,900,000 square miles of Africa, not more than 2,500,000 remain to be reclaimed.

The flag known now as the complete Union Jack or flag came in on the union of Ireland in 1801.

In a ton of Dead Sea water there are 187 pounds of salt: Red Sea, 93; Mediterranean, 85; Atlantic ocean, 81; English channel, 72; Baltic, 28; Black Sea, 26; and Caspian Sea, 11.

Dr. Haughton, calculating from the observed thickness of the rocks of this earth down to the Miocene Tertiary, and assuming a period of 8616 years for each foot deposited on the ocean beds, finds, for the age of the stratified rocks, a period of 1,526,750,000 years!

A good printer will set up 8,000 ems a day, or about 24,000 letters. The distance travelled over by his hand will average about 1 foot per letter, 1 foot returning, or 2 feet per letter. This would make a distance of 48,000 feet, or a little more than 9 miles, or about 3,000 miles in a year.

Thimbles (which are claimed as a Dutch invention) have been found at Herculaneum. The etymology of thimble is from thumb-bell, as it was formerly worn, like sailors' thimble, on the thumb. The Germans call the thimble "finger-but" (finger-hat). A silver thimble is a very small thing; yet it takes more than twenty men, besides a great deal of machinery, to make one. The manufacture of thimbles was introduced into England from Holland, in 1635, by John Sothing.

It is estimated that at least 90,000 Americans annually go to Europe to make the grand tour. This army of pleasure seekers pay \$12,000,000 to the steamship companies, and \$36,000,000 in hotel bills, presents and tips, the expenses of the ordinary traveller averaging \$8 per day for forty days. Four million dollars may be safely charged to presents. It will thus be seen that the total amount expended abroad by American tourists is not \$100,000,000, as has been wildly asserted, but less than \$50,000,000.

The banana produces per acre 44 times more food than the potato, and 131 times more than wheat.

A man of about 80 years, who has shaved regularly during his lifetime, sacrifices to the razor about 35 feet of hair.

Where parents differ in the color of their eyes, De Candolle finds that 53.9 per cent follow their fathers in being dark-eyed, and that 55.9 per cent follow their mothers in being also dark-eyed.

In the early days the collecting boxes in the churches were opened on Christmas day, and their contents distributed the day after. From this gift to the poor came the Christmas box and boxing day.

The rock of Gibraltar is a peninsula about three miles in length and about seven in circumference. It hangs, nearly due north and south, from the mainland of Andalusia towards the African shore, just as a bunch of grapes hangs from a vine-branch.

The rearing of snails for cooking purposes is a thriving industry in many parts of France. Paris calls for a yearly quantity valued at more than half a million francs—no inconsiderable number, considering that the growers usually charge about five francs per hundred. The convents are good customers of the snail-farmer during Lent.

Remarkable evidence of the longevity of the clergy is afforded by the necrological roll of the Andover theological seminary for the past year, from which it appears that the average age of the 46 graduates deceased during the year was 76 years, eight months and ten days, a very extraordinary average for so large a group.

The Swedes have become very skilled in the manufacture of cutlery. The town of Eskilstuna, lying not far from the western end of Malar Lake, is now widely known as the "Sheffield of Sweden." Here are situated a dozen or more factories, which turn out the finest cutlery and tools. Eskilstuna razors, penknives, and scissors are well known and highly prized in almost every country.

The premier of England is the prime minister for the time being. If a commoner, he also fills the post of first lord of the treasury, for which he receives a salary of \$25,000 per annum. Mr. Gladstone when premier was also chancellor of the exchequer, but did not take the full salaries of both offices. The present premier is secretary of state for foreign affairs, with the annual salary of \$25,000 per annum.

Germany has added 2,265,000 to her population in five years; France, 1,000,000 in the same period; and Russia, 10,000,000.

The total number of Roman Catholics in the world is estimated at 220,000,000, of which there are in Great Britain about 5,650,000.

Upwards of one thousand million pounds of meat and one million cases of canned meat and barrels of pork are dressed in Chicago every year.

The vegetable kingdom is divided into two great groups of plants—those with flowers and those without—technically, *Phanerogamia* and *Cryptogamia*.

The British museum was visited last year by 530,172 persons, about one-seventh of whom came during the evening. This total is greater than that for any of the preceding four years, during each of which rather less than half a million passed the doors, but it is more than 54,000 less than the figures for 1885.

It is estimated that there are no fewer than 325 electric railways in the United States, England, Germany, Italy, Australia, and Japan, requiring over 4000 cars and 7000 motors, with 2600 miles of track, with a daily mileage of not less than 400,000 miles, and carrying 750,000,000 passengers annually.

A good illustration of the expansion of the world's trade during the past 30 years is afforded by the production of petroleum in the United States. In 1859, 84,000 gallons were produced in the Pennsylvania and New York oil fields, and in 1890, 689,028,966 gallons were exported from the various States which now produce the oil.

A mammal usually has several kinds of teeth in its jaw. Take the monkey, for example. Its front teeth are for catching up and snipping little parasites, the fleas, as does likewise a dog. Its incisors are for fighting, although in the carnivora they are employed to pierce the flesh deeply so as to open the veins and bleed the victim to death.

The artists who make the most money are the portrait painters. It is stated that when Prof. Herkomer went from England to the United States a few years ago he earned between \$200,000 and \$250,000 with his brush. It was a phenomenal episode in the history of art. He charged from \$1,500 to \$3,000 for a portrait. Sir John Millais is in great demand for portraits, and also W. Q. Orchardson, but these may be called kings of the profession, and even with them what they do one year is no criterion of what they may do in a year to come. It is impossible to say what the other painters make—that is, the landscape, figure and animal painters whose names are familiar to connoisseurs. Some of these artists easily dispose of their work, but such are really few. The greater number operate through dealers. Leaving out what may be called the star artists, such as the President, Millais, Tadmara, Orchardson, and Herkomer, probably \$55,000 to \$35,000 a year is about the average earnings of an R. A.

In eight countries of the old world there is an addition of over 76,000,000 of the population to be sustained by food got from the ground, without anything like a corresponding increase in the cultivable area or in its productiveness.

At Waterloo there were 120,000 soldiers of the allies under Wellington and Blucher, and 72,000 French under Napoleon. The defeated French lost from 25,000 to 30,000 in killed and wounded—probably nearer the latter number—and the allies something like 17,000.

Cabmen have to pass an examination in knowledge of London streets before they can obtain a license, and this is far more necessary than might be supposed, for 691 men in the year 1889 failed in the examination, and not a severe one at that, while 1211 were passed.

Half a century ago it is said that there were not above 8,000 Jews in Palestine; at the present moment their numbers are reckoned as not less than 100,000, of whom some 15,000 are settled in or close to Jerusalem, representing nearly half of the present population of the town.

The favorite instruments of the reigning sovereigns and princes of the day are of quite a variety: The Queen of Belgium is an admirable harpist; the Queen of Italy, to say nothing of her skill as a pianist and singer, is a graceful performer on the mandolin; almost all the English princesses play the piano; the Princess Beatrice plays the harmonium in masterly style; the czar of all the Russias has a predilection for brass instruments; the Prince of Wales is a regular virtuoso on the banjo; the princess, his wife, is an accomplished pianist; the flute beguiles the leisure hours of the Duke of Connaught; the violin is the favorite instrument of the Duke of Edinburgh; Prince Henry of Prussia both plays and composes for the piano and violin; the Empress of Japan is a highly skilled executant on the koto, a sort of harp, the national instrument of her subjects; the Queen of Rumania is a clever performer on the harp and piano; and, finally, King George of Greece devotes himself to acoustic experiments with balls and glasses, from which he obtains extraordinary results, he also plays the cymbalum, the instrument of the Hungarian gypsies.

Coffee as a Disinfectant. It has been demonstrated that coffee has disinfectant properties and is very effective in killing fever germs. Dr. Luderitz, who has paid close attention to the subject, did not use strong infusions, but found that a certain harmless micrococcus germ died in a 10 per cent coffee solution in from three to five days. The bacillus of typhoid fever perished in from one to three days under coffee influence, and the cholera bacillus in from three to four hours. The germ of anthrax or splenic fever died in from two to three hours, but the spores of certain forms of the latter germs perished in from two to four weeks only.—*Good Housekeeping*. For Cholera, Fellows' Speedy Relief stands ahead of all other preparations.

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A GUIDE TO Scientific Disinfection, a Disinfectant CHAPTER With regard to the tion, Kingzett makes marks, though I alter the somewhat, for savants a the whole world is not they are. Many infections and are caused indirectly by the human body of which crobes, or micro-organisms of minute—microscopic all supposed to grow, at the expense of the rise to all the symptoms ble complications which diseases. These disease germs widely distributed in illustrations it may be known process of pu upon the presence, gro of certain classes of substances which are at "microbes" includes no veloped organisms, but ules from which microb while the latter m destroyed by certain ch otherwise—by "Sanita ample—their spores— graftings—are endured vital. These last ar and it is practically im tion: first they have developed stage—bec fact. When certain class agents, called antisept are added to putrid m those microbes or or cised the commencement of putrefaction is bro reason why such applici cious is either that the antiseptics or disinfecta velopment of further sp of maturity—microbes kill these microbes and developed. The spores or grats, are often tim re-agents, but immediat mature stage they are Just a word or two When one remembers diseases owe their origi of microbes or organis or swimming in the exti ons, it is obvious one find and apply a disin destroying these organ ally stamp out or chie of the disease as we d the typhoid polluted wa "Again," continue "chemical re-agents or tants act in various w having the property o crobes by the oxygen infectants—constrain, of venting the access microbes, others be poisons to the others, again, by medium in which th unit for their further ment, so that they die This last named cha by the removal of ch one or more of the p upon the presence of micro-organisms or m It is believed by the infectious diseases are the action of chemical by micro-organisms, s can be called a truec does not either preven these poisons, or o formed. It may, therefore, b that if chemical re-ag which will on the one matters from passing faction, and which wil destroy the poisonous generated thereby, we ical re-agents reliable factants. I shall now briefly most common disinfect in use for many years by way of invidiously with the other, but o our choice of the best useful. I. HEAT. This is either in the form of is supposed that no m raise a temperature o or 212° F. steam. T lecting by heat may b in hospital, sanatori hardly be available in hold. Bedding, bed and carpets are so dis penetrates very slow air acts more certai II. DRY EARTH. T and deodoriser that lower animals also m cerning earth closets, good to say. In my fer them to water, and autumn of this ye and them in our cam additional provision a certain security, we u as a very efficacious restricted utility on a nfore. It is an aer saking by giving off to the gallon of water into drains and cessp gallon for steeping l small is unpleasant, gotten the chloroform properties, so it hard a pleasant disinfectant V. CARBOLIN. Thi of several proprietary poisonous, but it is s hardly be called. It and this is a strong—it soaks up oxygen of imparting oxygen VI. CHLORIDE OF the active principle of ing Fluid. It is a r No other remedy for P so many good qualities efficacious as Feltner's medicine dealers, only 50

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the above is a lot of 48 acres, primarily hotel site, with a good farm attached, presents a chance rarely met. Terms particulars address Mrs. William Graham, Wolford, F. O., Kent Co., N. B.

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B.

A GUIDE TO HEALTH.

Scientific Disinfection, and the Choice of a Disinfectant.

CHAPTER IV.

With regard to the science of disinfection, Kingzett makes the following remarks, though I alter the style of language somewhat, for savants are apt to forget that the whole world is not quite so learned as they are.

Many infectious and contagious diseases are caused indirectly by the presence in the human body of what are termed microbes, or micro-organisms, that is to say of minute—microscopical—germs, which are supposed to grow, multiply and flourish at the expense of the human system, giving rise to all the symptoms and all the terrible complications which characterise these diseases.

These disease germs or microbes are widely distributed in nature, and by way of illustration it may be stated that the well-known process of putrefaction depends upon the presence, growth and multiplication of certain classes of germs in the substances which are affected. The term "microbes" includes not only the fully developed organisms, but the spores or sporeules from which such organisms spring; and while the latter may be easily destroyed by certain chemical re-agents and otherwise—by "Sanitas" and heat, for example—these spores—call them seeds or germs—are endowed with the utmost vitality. These last are found everywhere, and it is practically impossible to destroy them until they have passed into their fully developed stage—become microbes, in fact.

When certain classes of chemical re-agents, called antiseptics and disinfectants, are added to putrid mixtures, the death of those microbes or organisms that have caused the commencement of the process of putrefaction is brought about. The reason why such application remains efficacious is either that the presence of these antiseptics or disinfectants prevents the development of further spores into their state of maturity—microbes—or else that they kill these microbes as fast as they are developed. The spores themselves, or seeds or germs, are often times not killed by such re-agents, but immediately they reach the mature stage they are destroyed.

Just a word or two pathetically here. When one remembers that all contagious diseases owe their origin to different kinds of microbes or organisms float in the air, or swimming in the excretions and secretions, it is obvious enough that if we can find and apply a disinfectant capable of destroying these organisms, we as effectually stamp out or check the further spread of the disease as we do when shutting up the typhoid polluted well.

"Again," continues our authority, "chemical re-agents or so-called disinfectants act in various ways, some substances having the property of asphyxiating microbes by the oxygen which they—the disinfectants—contain, others acting by preventing the access of oxygen to the microbes, others behaving as direct poisons to the organisms, and others, again, by rendering the medium in which the organisms float unfit for their further existence and development, so that they die off in consequence."

This last named change may be effected by the removal or chemical alteration of one or more of the particular substances, upon the presence of which the life of the micro-organisms or microbes depends.

It is believed by the best authorities, that infectious diseases are directly caused by the action of chemical poisons generated by micro-organisms, so that no substance can be called a disinfectant which does not either prevent the production of these poisons, or destroy them when formed.

It may, therefore, be taken for granted, that if chemical re-agents can be obtained, which will on the one hand prevent organisms from passing into a state of putrefaction, and which will on the other hand destroy the poisonous products that are generated thereby, we have in these chemical re-agents reliable and certain disinfectants.

I shall now briefly mention a few of the most common disinfectants that have been in use for many years—not, be it observed, by way of invidiously comparing the one with the other, but in order to guide us in our choice of the best or most generally useful.

I. HEAT. This is used in chambers either in the form of steam or hot air. It is supposed that no microbe or spore could resist a temperature of 220° F. dry heat, or 212° F. steam. The system of disinfecting by heat may be useful in barracks, in hospitals, sanatoriums, &c., but can hardly be available in the private household. Bedding, bed clothes, mats, rugs, and carpets are so disinfected, but the heat penetrates very slowly. Steam or moist air acts more certainly than a dry heat.

II. DRY EARTE. This is a disinfectant and deodorizer that has been known for ages, ever since the days of Moses, and lower animals also make use of it. Concerning earth cloths, I have nothing but good to say. In my country house we prefer them to water cloths, and all summer and autumn of this year (1889), we have had them in our camp at Deal. As an additional provision against foul air, and a certain security, we use "Sanitas" Powder.

III. CORROSIVE SUBIMATE, OR PERCHLORIDE OF MERCURY. Though a very excellent and exceedingly effective disinfectant, its terribly poisonous character precludes its use, except under the eye of a professional man.

IV. CHLORIDE OF LIME. Long known as a very efficacious disinfectant, though of restricted utility, on account of its corrosive nature. It is an aerial disinfectant, chiefly acting by giving off chlorine gas. A pound to the gallon of water is used for pouring into drains and cesspools, an ounce to a gallon for steeping linen, &c., in the smell is unpleasant, and it must not be forgotten that chlorine gas has bleaching properties, so it hardly commends itself as a pleasant disinfectant to the fair sex.

V. CHLORINE. This is the active principle of several proprietary articles. It is not poisonous, but it is sticky; its smell can hardly be called Rimmelian. Moreover—and this is a strong objection to my mind—it soaks up oxygen from the air, instead of imparting oxygen thereto.

VI. CHLORINE OF ZINC. This again is the active principle of Burnett's Disinfecting Fluid. It is a reliable disinfectant for

No other remedy for Pulmonary troubles combines so many good qualities, nor proves so generally efficacious as Putner's Emulsion. For sale by all medicine dealers, only 50 cts. for a large bottle.

many purposes, but it is also a powerful poison.

VII. SULPHATE OF IRON. Though cheap enough and useful for drains, water closets, &c., it can never become a favorite in the household. At all events it has no general use.

VIII. SULPHUROUS ACID GAS. This gas is produced by burning brimstone in a saucer placed on iron rods across a pail of water, and is often used for disinfecting sick rooms, and for destroying vermin. It tarnishes gilding, however, and rusts brass work, &c., and it has also bleaching properties; so if used, things left in the room must be guarded. It also interferes with proper respiration, and is a very offensive gas to breathe.

IX. CHARCOAL. As a disinfectant has not a great deal to recommend it. It is supposed to act by absorption of foul air. X. PERMANGANATE OF POTASH. This is the active principle of the disinfectant sold under the title of Condy's Fluid. It is useful as a disinfectant and deodoriser in a good many ways. It gives off oxygen, it purifies tainted meat, &c., but it stains linen, and stains the hands. The permanganate of potash can itself be bought cheaply enough at the druggists. If, then, you get pure water and mix it with the crystals till well or deeply reddened, you have a disinfectant solution all ready.

XI. CARBOLIC ACID. This is a very good disinfectant for a variety of purposes, but it is poisonous, and its odour is objectionable to most people.

XII. THYMOL. Introduced of late years, it is, however, almost insoluble in water.

XIII. PERFUMES. I must warn the reader against supposing that all scents and perfumes are disinfectants. The most that Eau-de-Cologne or eau-de-anything-else can do is to diffuse a nice smell throughout an apartment. Ladies who venture into unwholesome streets and dens, or cellar houses in the back slums, are often seen with their handkerchiefs held to their faces, and presumably wet with some pleasant perfume. This, however, gives them no safeguard against infection. On the other hand, that most pleasant preparation called "Sanitas" Antiseptic Toilet Fluid is both a perfume and a disinfectant combined.

FRESH AIR, or proper ventilation, and perfect cleanliness, must be adjuncts to all sorts of disinfectants. This should never be forgotten. And now we have to look around us for what may be called a generally useful household disinfectant.

I think if I were to ask some British mater-familias what she really desired that particular disinfectant to be, the pith of her reply would be somewhat as follows:

1. The household disinfectant and antiseptic should be a perfectly reliable one, a chemical re-agent capable of destroying those microbes we speak of, and their poisonous products, thereby stamping out infection and contagion, and preventing the spread, throughout the whole household, of trouble when it comes.

2. It should be non-poisonous. Fluids will sometimes get in children's way, and if they do not hesitate, when left alone, to take a drink out of the boiling kettle, they would hardly be prevented from swallowing a disinfectant, especially if it looked pretty.

3. It should be of pleasant odour, not necessarily a perfume in the strict sense of the word, but capable at all events of diffusing a smell that is pleasant, and that appeals to the senses as healthful. Some disinfectants may be effective enough, while at the same time they leave a smell in the room that suggests hospital wards, and the presence of sickness, and thus effectually scare one's friends away.

4. It is very important that this household disinfectant shall leave no stain, either upon bed clothes, carpets, or furniture.

5. It must be presentable in different forms, all having the same reliable qualities, because we shall have to use it sometimes as a powder, sometimes liquid, and sometimes as soap.

6. It should freshen the air, and not take away from it any of its vital oxygen.

7. Lastly, it must be cheap.

There is such a household disinfectant, and it is "Sanitas," but its nature and properties must be discussed in another chapter.

"Strange," said Mrs. Jones, as she looked up the house, "how old fashions come in again." "What is it now?" asked Mr. Jones, yawning. "Why, Mr. Simmons passed just now, and I guess he thought it was you he was talking to, for he called out that he was going down street to get a night-cap." And Mr. Jones didn't enlighten her, but he wished, oh, he wished, he had gone shopping with Simmons.—Free Press.

"100 Does One Dollar" means simply that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most economical medicine to buy, because it gives more for the money than any other preparation. Each bottle contains 100 doses and will average to last one month, while other preparations, taken according to directions, are gone in a week. Therefore, be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier.

Miss Breckinridge (of Virginia, to her best young man)—John, I'm afraid you will have to drive back home. I—I've left my ball-dress there. Her Best Young Man (who is driving her to the county ball)—The mischief you have! My dear little girl! Why didn't you find it out before we'd come five miles through this Virginia mud? Miss Breckinridge—Oh, I did, John! I knew it two hours ago, but I hated so much to trouble you.—Puck.



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MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The Prince of Naples, who is visiting England, is only a little fellow, but he is as smart as a mustard plaster and as full of soldierly airs as a Life Guardsman. He is thoroughly enjoying himself, and is well pleased at the courtesies which are being shown to him as the guest of the Prince of Wales.

Mrs. U. S. Grant has all the love letters written to her by the general, then Lieutenant Grant, and said of them recently that during the four years of his absence every mail brought her a letter, every one of them full of sweet nothings, love, and war, and now and then some pressed leaves and flowers.

The secret of Mr. Browning's manner, where it is involved, harsh, and crabbed, is not, probably, very far to seek. It was part of his nature; he thought in that way, he wrote as he thought, and some even of his familiar letters are extremely hard reading.—Contemporary Review.

The French preferred De Brienne to Turgot. The English will probably prefer Lord Rosebery, with his fascinating ease, to John Morley, with his tiring sense of duty. We know that Mr. Morley's speeches improve us; but it is the weakness of a democracy not to like being improved.—British Weekly.

Mrs. Alexander, the British novelist, is of Irish parentage. A pen picture represents her as tall, handsome, somewhat portly of late years, endowed with a freshness of complexion that has defied middle age, with fair hair and blue eyes; she is a striking figure, and, as a charming companion and an admirable conversationalist.

Rev. S. Baring Gould, the novelist, is nearly sixty years of age; his face is remarkably beautiful, reminding one of St. John as depicted by some of the old masters. He has a very intimate knowledge of the laboring class and the heroines of two of his strongest novels, *Melilah* and *Red Spider*, are "daughters of the people."

English statesmen have seldom been killed by hard work, though many of them have shortened their lives by hard living. The two hardest workers in the long roll of the English First Ministers, Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone, have been among the longest lived. Lord John Russell's originally frail constitution carried him through more than eighty years, of which three-score were spent in active toil.—World.

Bishop Wilberforce once came near going on a strike himself, and by a threat of doing so carried a point. Entering a crowded church in which he was to preach, one day, he escorted inside a lady whom he met at the door, but who complained that there was no room. To his order to the reader to find her a seat, that functionary replied that it was impossible. Thereupon the bishop declared: "Oh, if you don't, I won't preach!" A luxurious emphy mew was quickly discovered.

Lady Burton, Sir Richard Burton's widow, has just sacrificed a manuscript of her husband's for which she had been offered 6,000 guineas. It was his last work and was called the "Scented Garden." He was in communication with English publishers relative to bringing out the book just before his sudden death. After mature reflection, Lady Burton reached the conclusion that the work would do a great deal of harm and little or no good. She accordingly burned the manuscript.

Wendell Phillips was riding in a railroad car, when he was addressed by a man of such rotundity that he seemed to carry everything before him. The man asked Mr. Phillips what was the object of his life. "To benefit the negro," was the bland reply. "Then why don't you go South to do it?" "That is worth thinking of. I see a white cravat around your neck; pray, what is the object of your life?" "To save souls from hell." "May I ask whether you propose to go there to do it?"

Henry Labouchere, the famous free-lance London editor and member of parliament, is a little fat man who a correspondent who recently saw him describes as sitting in a leather chair, twiddling a grizzled beard. "He is a millionaire, a radical, an insufferable wag. He has an exuberant animosity for all governments; he is the mad boy of the house of commons; the fat, licensed, wicked little jester of the English press. An oily, pachydermatous little man; wayward and whimsical; staunch and true to his friends; a man who gives thousands in charity."

Justice Field is the scholar of the United States supreme court bench. Besides his Greek and Latin he is thoroughly versed in modern Greek and Turkish and can converse fluently in French and Italian. His library is one of the finest in Washington, and he himself is probably the most interesting man in public life at the capital. His extensive travels, combined with his long experience of life and his wide reading, make him a most agreeable and entertaining companion. In personal appearance he is tall, with a somewhat stooping figure and a large head that looks like Shakespeare's.

In a letter from Prince George of Greece to his father George I. of Greece, the young man tells of his adventure in Japan, and refers to the Czarowitz as "Nicky." He says that after his rescue of the Czarowitz the Russian officers "played ball" with him, which he explains is their method of showing their joy. When the Crown Prince of Russia was in this country shooting buffalo, he embraced General Fitz-Sheridan, who carried him to the hunting-grounds, and carried him fifty yards in his arms, so great was his delight over killing such big game.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" "No, my lord, there is nothing I care to say; but if you'll clear away the tables and chairs for me to trash my lawyer, you can give me a year or two extra."

"Ah!" exclaimed Scrimper, as his eyes fell on a copy of Venus of Milo, "now that's my idea of what a woman should be." "Yes," replied Brown, "that is considered a model beauty." "Oh, that is not that; I was thinking what a saving in gloves it would be to have a wife like that."—Boston Transcript.

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

Advertisement for various stores including R. B. Gilmore & Co., Opera House Music Store, Mrs. Kane, and Corbell Art Store. Lists items like China, Glass, Lamps, Oil & Kitchen Furnishings, and Sheet Music.

Advertisement for Hacknomore cough cure. Text: 'THE BEST COUGH CURE MADE IS HACKNOMORE 25 and 50c. a Bottle.'

Advertisement for Mrs. Waterbury's Dinner Pills. Text: 'MRS. WATERBURY'S CELEBRATED DINNER PILLS. Are sold and recommended by the following druggists in this city, who are reliable.'

Advertisement for Clarke, Kerr & Thorne. Text: 'FOR HOUSEKEEPERS. Plated Ware, in great variety; Cutlery, Tin and Japanned Ware, Brass and Iron Hooks, Nails and Tacks, Mixed Paints, Varnish, and large variety of Sundries, required by Housekeepers. AT THE OLD STAND. CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, - - 60 and 62 Prince Wm. Street.'

Advertisement for 'GET A WIFE AND FAMILY' cheap. Text: 'That'll help you on in life; furnish a flat—we've cheap furniture that's as good as anybody'd want—make a start. In a year or two you'll have a nice home, a good wife, would be surprised at the small cost you would be to. I tell you, you can do it awfully CHEAP.'

Advertisement for 'WE'LL MAKE THINGS BLUE!' in the way of low prices. Lots of people know that the Blue Store in Portland sells clothing awfully cheap; we're going to sell cheaper—note that. We're making some people think so; we'll make you if you buy from us. Remember it's the Blue Store that's talking. Main Street, Portland. THE BLUE STORE.

Advertisement for \$10,000 in prizes. Text: '\$10,000 IN PRIZES. NO BLANKS. NO LOTTERY SWINDLE. ALL JEWELS TO WEAR. THIS IS THE WORKING MAN'S OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE MONEY AS THE GOODS MUST BE DISPOSED OF.'

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

Advertisement for Thos. Campbell, Plumber, Hot Water and Steam Fitter. Text: 'THOS. CAMPBELL, PLUMBER, HOT WATER AND STEAM FITTER, 79 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.'

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

In order not to mislead the reader I will say at once that here we have nothing but the name in common with the conqueror of Pharsalia. The Cæsar whose death I am going to sing was, in life, an honest creature devoid of ambition, who never would have wept with jealousy at seeing the statue of Alexander.

From father to son the ancestors of Cæsar had faithfully served the house of Aubainville that held in the colony of Louisiana a position like that of the signifiers of Brittany before the Revolution. Like his ancestors Cæsar was loving, devoted, faithful. It would have been difficult to find a handsomer dog than Cæsar, for Cæsar was a dog. If he had been a man his eminent qualities must have won recognition long since and there would be no need for me to write his biography so tardily.

His full-length portrait which adorns the dining-room of Aubainville plantation shows that he was tall, with a proudly-arched head set on massive shoulders; that he had a finely moulded body and slender loins as became a strong but beautiful and graceful dog. His coat was white with brindle stripes like a tiger's; his muzzle was short, but his ears were long and silky, and without being an expert in canine physiology any one looking at this portrait may trace the noble breeds of bull-dog and greyhound which produced Cæsar.

In the winter of 1814 Cæsar was three years old. On his neck he wore a simple copper ring, polished till it shone like fine gold, and on this ring hung a little medal indicating that Cæsar belonged to Mlle. Henriette Aubainville.

At this epoch the plantation of Aubainville no longer bore the aspect of life and well-being that formerly impressed its guests in the good times when Louisiana still belonged to France. Situated three miles from New Orleans and accessible by water from the lower levee as well as by a fine road through a thickly wooded country the plantation served for a pleasure house to the noble Creoles of the city and the neighboring planters. There was perpetual carnival, the stream of guests continually arriving twice unnumbered the rivulet of those who felt reluctantly compelled to take their leave. Then the gentry when they boasted of the profuse Southern hospitality never failed to point their remarks by a reference to our dear Monsieur Aubainville and his "Chateau."

Nature and man had united their efforts to change this sort of things and to rob Aubainville of its wealth and popularity. The river had swept away the levee that formerly terminated the garden and after submerging vast rich fields now flowed within a stone's throw of the house. Men in the city and on the plantation now frowned when they heard the name of their former host pronounced. For M. Aubainville had chosen to take what the Creoles called the wrong side of a burning question. While the purchase of Louisiana by the United States was still under consideration, his arguments in its favor were heard with resignation because his auditors were persuaded that it never would be carried out.

But when the project became an accomplished fact, a storm of indignation broke over M. Aubainville's head that could scarcely have been more bitter had he been the sole agent of the sale. Old stories were dressed up to defame him; it was remembered that he had corresponded with Jefferson, that he had sent two of his sons to battle and die in the navy of the States against Tripoli and that his third and last son, instead of remaining at home to add his cry to Louisiana's indignant protest, was at the North, enrolled in the ranks of an army of merchants.

It was true, indeed, that M. Aubainville the younger was not at home by the side of his daughter and his father. The old man and Henriette lived quite alone in the ruinous old house protected only by Lapiere, a faithful servant who had refused to leave his master, and by Cæsar that was the little girl's constant companion. Henriette was a pretty child of thirteen years, whose sweet face, because of the misfortunes of her race, wore an expression of gentle melancholy. She tended her grandfather with loving care. In the morning when Aubainville awoke, the first face he saw was Henriette's, and she even learned of the colors and the names of the little family how to make some dainties, for which the old man had once expressed a liking, with her own childish hands. She read aloud to distract him, and when sad thoughts sent a cloud over her grandfather's forehead Henriette put herself at his knee and sang a gay chanson. M. Aubainville listened and the sadness of his heart dissipated little by little at the sound of the child's voice. He placed his two hands on Henriette's forehead and lifted with an absent gesture the shining bands of her blonde hair.

Later in the day M. Aubainville taught Henriette her English lesson. He liked to have her speak in that tongue to him, and he impressed upon her mind the fact that America, wherein she had been born, as well as her father before her, was her native country. At other times the old man and his grandchild knelt side by side on a beautiful ebony Pre-Dieu. The grandire prayed for the souls of his two boys slain in the holy cause of liberty and for the third who, perhaps, was awaiting the same fate. The child prayed for her father. And when this man who had given her fortune, slaves, and family to God and his country had ended what he owed to God, he cried: *Vive la liberte!* and the young girl's treble voice would repeat the loyal cry which was perhaps issuing from the dying lips of the last Aubainville after a battle which repelled the British invaders. All this time Cæsar would lie at full length in the corner of the salon, his gray eyes, reflecting the fire, fixed lovingly on his mistress. And if by chance Henriette's glance fell on him he would half rise, express two paws and beat the carpet joyously with his tail. He never lost sight of her by day and at night he slept across her threshold after the custom of the gentlemen of the bed chamber of the ancient kings of Portugal.

When Henriette went out of doors Cæsar followed in front of her. He ran wildly the length of the great walks, leaped and rolled, but his first paroxysm over he soon returned to put his muzzle in the gravel at the foot of his mistress.

Cæsar loved M. Aubainville, but he idolized Henriette. At a gesture from her he would abandon a bone and if she had ordered it, he would, no doubt, have signed a treaty of peace with a certain cat, entrenched on the ridges of the mansion, against which he carried on a hereditary vendetta. At the end of the old park of Aubainville, sadly ruined by the flood, there stood a little hermitage, where Henriette was accustomed to spend the hours while her grandfather was sleeping or reading. To escort her to and from this hermitage was Cæsar's proudest duty. As soon as he saw her turn her steps in that direction his countenance changed. A moment before he might have been racing wildly through the long, untrimmed grass, but he would moderate his excitement instantly and assume a grave manner, as if he felt the responsibility of his office as her protector. His protection was not to be undervalued; that firm jaw, piercing eye and those long cruel teeth might well frighten off an assault of wolves.

One day Lapiere, the faithful servant of Aubainville, returned from New Orleans, and he brought with him a letter which said that the lawless element of the city reinforced by renegade Spaniards and some of the hot-blooded French who preferred to consort with criminals rather than seem by silence to acquiesce in the annexation, had begun a series of depredations on the peace of Louisiana. The city which had many varied explanations as there were elements in the band. These men performed their deeds of terror at night, and no one knew exactly who or what they were, or where they would burn and intimidate next. Moreover, the approach of the British under Pakenham had aroused them to a frenzy of patriotism to spend their lives only of the best affected portion of the terrorists, whose ranks had been swollen by light-headed Creoles, who declared they would prefer the domination of even "perfidious Albion" to that of the Yankees. The city lay trembling like a man who has taken poison and yet has not yet discovered the cause to die. There were riots in every street of the French quarter nightly and these seldom terminated otherwise than in the letting of blood or the burning of a building. Several of the conservative leaders of the popular sentiment in favor of annexation had been harried by riotous mobs, their goods destroyed, their dwellings put to the torch, and themselves carried to the gates. But more than this Lapiere had to relate; not content with carrying on their internal practices within the town, the leaders were said to advocate a descent upon the outlying plantations, and Aubainville, which lay so near could hardly escape receiving a visit from them. M. Aubainville heard this news like a Christian and an old soldier. But when he looked at Henriette his eyes suddenly filled with tears. She was so young, so beautiful, so good! At her birth a smiling future had seemed to open before her. Beside her cradle a tender mother and a noble father had sat hand in hand, mapping out for their darling a brilliant and happy life. Alas, her mother was dead, her father's fate wrapped in uncertainty, and it was more than probable that all her family only one, and he only an old man, remained.

"The will of God be done!" said M. Aubainville, turvily wiping his cheek, "and *Vive la Liberte!*"

"*Vive la Liberte!*" cried Henriette. "Vive la Liberte!" repeated a third voice in a deeply barking, Cesar leaped on the new-comer and licked his hand. He was a tall man wearing a broad brimmed hat that shaded his face, while a military cloak draped around his form hid the rest of his costume. He stood on the threshold.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded the old man. The stranger gave Cæsar a caress as if to thank him for his recognition, threw his mantle over a chair and revealed himself. "Father!" "My son!" at the same instant cried Henriette and M. Aubainville.

The officer pressed them in turn to his heart, repeating in a stifled tone, "My father! my child!" He was the last heir of Aubainville. He came from the environs of New Orleans, where he had left the division he commanded in the American army under General Jackson. His boots were white with dust and his spurs bloody. When his first emotion was calmed he took his father aside and explained the motive of his visit. The depredations of the lawless and fanatical classes were deepening in horror with every day that an engagement between the British and American forces became more imminent. Even in the event of a victory for the latter the state of the country would remain dangerous to those who had openly espoused the American cause. Profiting by a moment of respite he had taken horse in order to persuade his father and retreat to a place of safety he had procured for him.

"I demand it, not solely for you, my father, but for this poor child, for Henriette, our joy, our hope. Can you refuse to save her life?" M. Aubainville at first rejected all idea of flight. Too old to resist he wished at last to face danger in the home of his ancestors, but his son was eloquent. The face of Henriette, also, which begged permission for her to approach, did the rest.

"Come, my daughter, come," said the old man tenderly. "Once in my life I will turn my back, but you shall live and may God give you happier days."

M. Aubainville the younger had taken his measures in advance. As it was more than likely the marauders would approach by boat, he had determined to draw off his family by skirting the city, and embarking them at a point above. This circuit they would make escorted by his own suite composed of six tried soldiers. He rode back to the city to bring them off and it was resolved that they should quit the plantation that night. Meanwhile Lapiere was charged to put in order one of the carriages which had stood idle for years, under the coach house, and to prepare the horses.

However courageous they may be by nature, children of Henriette's age cannot face death without flinching. But she had hardly comprehended the danger which menaced her before it was offset by the protection of her father and she felt almost gay. But it was not without a secret grief that she saw herself about to bid adieu to the old mansion where she had spent her infancy. Sorrow and care beyond her years had made her almost a woman in

feeling, and she went here and there, into every room of the old house, giving a sad look to everything and contemplating her home for what was, perhaps, the last time. Cesar followed her everywhere and looking up into her face he seemed to comprehend her sympathies with her regret. At last Henriette descended to the garden for she wished to visit once more the goal of her daily walk, the hermitage. She traversed the neglected park under the escort of Cesar, and halted on a mound at the entrance to the hermitage, casting a last look at the setting sun which lay bayou into the tangled cypress glade which concealed the river. Then she sat down on the threshold of the familiar building and gave up her spirit to revery. Cesar lay down at her feet, his head resting on his paws with his eyes half closed to avoid the setting sun which played about among his reddish eye lashes. The dog seemed half asleep.

All at once he rose and uttered a deep growl. With head erect and neck stretched forward he darted a fierce glance in the direction of the river. Henriette followed his eyes and saw a prodigious land with men coming in a canoe. She discovered the boat and her trembling limbs, but fear at length gave her strength and she ran like the wind back to the house. Cesar stopped an instant on the mound to launch a menacing growl across the water. It was answered by the voice of a blood-hound, and the canoe disappeared. Henriette, laughing and crying, embraced her father, kissed her grandfather, and ran to the window to wave her thanks to Lapiere.

"Now let us set out," said her father. The carriage stood ready at the end of the gravel walk. M. Aubainville mounted first, when Henriette, sitting on the seat herself held back by her dress and looking around she saw Cesar whose fading eyes piteously implored a farewell caress. A trail of blood on the gravel marked his progress.

"Oh, my Cesar! my Cesar!" Henriette knelt down and held to her breast the head of the faithful creature. Cesar moved his tail joyously and tried to give a bark of happiness. "We have time to dress his wound and take him with us. Oh, say yes! Papa, grandfather!" Cesar stretched her hands, looked gratefully in her face as if he understood, and he stretched his full length on the gravel and died.

Two years after, Henriette and her father returned to their old home and went at once to work to restore its ancient walls. But before any other thing was done for either comfort or ornament, Henriette caused to be painted from a sketch she drew, the portrait which hangs in the dining-room at Aubainville, the portrait of Cesar.—Willis Steel.

Look to the seaside resorts for true democracy. There every one is in the swim.—Baltimore American.

"This is very well put," remarked the editor as he dropped the poem into the waste basket.—Washington Star.

She. They say Mrs. Veriplane can hypnotize you, do you suppose it is true? He: Shouldn't wonder; she got Veriplane Life.

Do Poker—That stranger is an English lord in disguise. De Club—How do you know? Do Poker—I caught him cheating at cards.—New York Weekly.

Immigrant—"At last I am free in America. A man can do pretty much as he pleases in this country, can't he?" Native—"Y-e-s, unless he's married."—New York Weekly.

Miss Pearl White—I wish you to paint my portrait. Dobbins—I'm sorry, madam; but I can't do it. Miss Pearl White—Why not? Dobbins—I never copy other paintings.—Puck.

Mrs. Hombody—"See here! do you call this a new dress? This can't be half full!" Milkman—"That's all right, mum, it's condensed milk, you know, mum."—Boston Transcript.

"Your sword, old fellow," responded the other with a rude laugh. "We want your sword. Come on! Give us your old rapier."

"Come and take it," replied M. Aubainville who put himself resolutely on guard. The spokesman of the marauders, pleased at the prospect of an easy victory, drew and aimed a thrust at the old man, who parried feebly. Henriette, more dead than alive, threw herself before him to turn the second thrust, but Cesar planted himself in front of Henriette. It was Cesar who received the sword in his breast.

"Die!" cried the young girl, falling on her knees. The man replied with a laugh and brandished his bloody sword. "Shout for the British and I'll let you off," he said to the old man.

"Vive la Republique!" cried M. Aubainville, putting himself on guard. "Die!" cried the young girl, another voice from the threshold. The assassin's sword which was already threatening the old man's breast, fell. He turned in fear. M. Aubainville's son and six of his troop entered the chamber. In a turn of the hand the marauders were discomfited and the young girl, cornered, Henriette, laughing and crying, embraced her father, kissed her grandfather, and ran to the window to wave her thanks to Lapiere.

"Now let us set out," said her father. The carriage stood ready at the end of the gravel walk. M. Aubainville mounted first, when Henriette, sitting on the seat herself held back by her dress and looking around she saw Cesar whose fading eyes piteously implored a farewell caress. A trail of blood on the gravel marked his progress.

"Oh, my Cesar! my Cesar!" Henriette knelt down and held to her breast the head of the faithful creature. Cesar moved his tail joyously and tried to give a bark of happiness. "We have time to dress his wound and take him with us. Oh, say yes! Papa, grandfather!" Cesar stretched her hands, looked gratefully in her face as if he understood, and he stretched his full length on the gravel and died.

Two years after, Henriette and her father returned to their old home and went at once to work to restore its ancient walls. But before any other thing was done for either comfort or ornament, Henriette caused to be painted from a sketch she drew, the portrait which hangs in the dining-room at Aubainville, the portrait of Cesar.—Willis Steel.

Look to the seaside resorts for true democracy. There every one is in the swim.—Baltimore American.

"This is very well put," remarked the editor as he dropped the poem into the waste basket.—Washington Star.

She. They say Mrs. Veriplane can hypnotize you, do you suppose it is true? He: Shouldn't wonder; she got Veriplane Life.

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STEAMERS.

ON TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS the Steamer will make excursion trips to Hampton, leaving Hampton at 9 o'clock a.m. Returning will leave Hampton at half-past 3 o'clock p.m. runs days. Steamer will call at Chatham and Reid's Point both ways, giving those who wish an opportunity to stop either way.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LIMITED. "CITY OF MONTICELLO," ROBERT FLEMING, Commander. WILL, on and after 22nd June, and until 10th September, sail daily, Sundays excepted, from the company's pier, St. John, at 7.30 a.m. local time, for Digby and Annapolis; connecting at the former with the Western Counties railway for Yorkmouth, and points west; and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis railway, for Halifax and points east. Returning, due at St. John 6.30 p.m.

A WEEK'S HOLIDAY TO BOSTON FOR \$3.00. THE Boston, Halifax, and Prince Edward Island Line of Steamships offer a grand chance for a pleasant and rapid sea trip from the Nova Scotia coast to Boston, leaving Halifax at 10 o'clock every Saturday afternoon, after the arrival of all the eastern-bound trains, and Lewis' wharf, Boston, at twelve o'clock every Saturday, on the arrival of all the morning expresses from Maine and New York. They offer an excellent opportunity of enjoying a full week's holiday in the Hub of the Universe, and of returning home in good season to get back to business duty.

On the Rhine of America. STAR LINE. FOR FREDERICTON, ETC. A STEAMER of this line will leave St. John, N. B., for Fredericton, N. B., on Saturdays, leaving St. John at 9 a.m. Returning, will leave Fredericton at 9 a.m. Fare, \$1.

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

International Steamship Co. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. DAILY LINE (Sunday excepted) FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING June 22, and continuing until Sept. 12th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, as follows: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SUNDAY, and SATURDAY morning, at 7.30, standard, for Eastport and Boston; TUESDAY and FRIDAY morning for Eastport and Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. & M. FARES—St. John to Boston, \$4.50; Portland, \$4.00. Return tickets at reduced rates.

New York, Maine, and New Brunswick STEAMSHIP CO. ST. JOHN AND NEW YORK. THE S. S. "WINTHROP," of this line will re-sume weekly service between St. John and New York as follows: Leave New York, Pier 40, E. R., on SATURDAYS, at 8.00 p.m. for Eastport and St. John; and Leave St. John (New York Pier, North End), on TUESDAYS, at 3.00 p.m., for Eastport and New York.

Andrew PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR. FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUTTING WITH JAMES M. BEAY, SON, has been to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the public generally, that he may now be found at his new store.

No. 70 Prince Wm. Street. A NEW AND FRESH STOCK of Woolen Goods, personally selected in British, Foreign, and Domestic markets, suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed. First-class, at 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

THE TOILET GEM. For Chapped Hands, Cold Sores, Sore Lips, Etc. Sold at DRUGGISTS' ESTS.

For ONE MONTH Only. A great reduction will be made in Hair Switches. AT THE ST. JOHN HAIR STORE. 113 Charlotte St. Opp. Dufferin Hotel. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

RAILWAYS.

EXPRESS TRAIN will leave every SUNDAY MORNING for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate stations, West Side at 8 a.m., connecting with Ferry Boat leaving East Side at 7.20 a.m. Returning, leave St. Stephen at 5 p.m., arriving at St. John at 6.15 p.m. Standard time.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. HARVEST EXCURSIONS TO THE NORTH-WEST. From all Stations on C.P.R. to New Brunswick, return rates Colonist Class to

MEDEVEN, \$33.00. HARTNEY, \$33.00. DELORANGE, \$33.00. MOOSMITH, \$33.00. BENSINGTON, \$33.00. REGINA, \$35.00. MOOSE JAW, \$35.00. YORKTON, \$35.00. CALGARY, \$40.00. PRINCE ALBERT, \$40.00.

Apply to any Ticket Agent Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial, Prince Edward Island, and Annapolis Railways. D. MCNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l. Pass. Agent, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agt., Montreal, Que., St. John, N. B.

Shore Line Ry. ST. JOHN AND ST. STEPHEN. Shortest, Quickest and Cheapest Route to St. Stephen. ONLY 3 HOURS and 15 MINUTES. Elegant Passenger Car, Luxurious Smoking Car.

SATURDAY EXCURSIONS. Return Tickets at ONE FARE, good to return on Monday. Special low rates to parties of five or more. The Company has hired for the season the Grounds of Dr. Reynolds, Lepreau.

Intercolonial Railway. 1891—Summer Arrangement—1891. ON and after MONDAY, 22nd June, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.10. Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11.00. Fast Express for Halifax, Montreal, and Chicago, 12.00. Night Express for Halifax, 12.30.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted), 10.10. Fast Express from Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec, 12.00. Accommodation from Point du Chene, 12.30. Day Express from Halifax, 12.30.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 17th June, 1891.

For ONE MONTH Only. A great reduction will be made in Hair Switches. AT THE ST. JOHN HAIR STORE. 113 Charlotte St. Opp. Dufferin Hotel. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

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