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IT TOOK NINE MONTHS.

TO BRING FORTH THE COUNCIL'S REPORT OF INVESTIGATION.

Publicity in the Rock Over Which the Council has Spilt—Ald. Baxter Casts a Grave Reflection on the City Press, of Which He is a Member.

It took nine months of labor to bring forth the report of investigation of the common council. This week, however, it at last made its bow to the public and is ready to hear what critics have to say.

The report has been a great bone of contention among the members. Two, or three members of the council have very strongly taken an interest in its production. These are chiefly Ald. Christie, McGoldrick and Shaw. They have confined themselves to depreciating the work of the other aldermen. This is uncalled for, for no matter what people's views may be in regard to the results of the present council's work, no one can deny but what they have been the hardest worked council that was ever elected and that they have spent a great amount of time, much of it taken from their own business, on civic affairs.

They are also a board of practical business men and they have examined thoroughly into the details of civic management and in many ways have led to economy.

The work over which the council has split is publicity. Most of their aldermen did not want the proceedings made public. A few believe that from the first the meetings should have been open to the press and that the committee meetings of the council in general should be open to the press. It may be that later on a motion will be brought in to that effect, opening the door of the committee room to the press and through this agency to the public.

It appears that the latest flurry in the committee was over the publication of the report. A reporter applied for leave to inspect the report before the meeting of the council in order to publish a summary Friday morning. If this was not done, he argued, it was so lengthy and there would be such a rush of other business Thursday afternoon, that he could not prepare a synopsis for Friday.

In committee this request was considered. Ald. McRobbie thought it was a fair request to make and he moved that the papers be laid on the table to be published on condition that they agree not to publish anything concerning it before Friday morning. The other aldermen seemed favorable to this, but Ald. Baxter rose and objected. He said that the papers would not carry out this agreement. That knocked the thing on the head. Ald. McRobbie's motion did not carry and it was decided that the press should not see the report until it was laid on the table in council Thursday afternoon. This meant the prevention of a satisfactory handling of the report Friday morning and another delay for the public hearing the report.

Ald. Baxter explains his action by saying that what he wanted was to allow the papers to handle the report and publish a synopsis of it Thursday morning. He wished to go further than Ald. McRobbie in obtaining this publicity.

Probably this was Ald. Baxter's desire, but when he said that the press of St. John would not fulfill an agreement it was casting a grave reflection upon the city press, of which he happens to be a member. It is to be hoped that it was not his intention to do so.

TYPICAL JOHN BULLS.

Such are Capt. Smith and Douglas, who conduct the Pilgrage Inquiry.

The much vexed pilgrage question is being threshed out more particularly than ever. Two dominion officials, Capt. Smith and Douglas, are conducting and enquiring into the matter at the custom house. The prospects are that the court will sit for three weeks at least and a vast amount of detailed information about compulsory pilgrage and its workings will be obtained.

The enquiry is of great importance and much responsibility attaches. Large interests are at stake, for its results will not be confined to the port of St. John but will effect the system of pilgrage in the Canadian ports. The prosperity of shipping, the reputation of the port, the safety of vessels and of lives and the livelihood of quite a body of men are at stake and so the court is moving slowly and deliberately and is obtaining much information.

There are two sides arrayed. Messrs. Jarvis, Schofield, Likely and others of the board of trade want to show the necessity of establishing compulsory pilgrage. They are represented by Messrs. C. A. Palmer and G. G. Gilbert. The pilots and pilot commissioners are defending the present system and C. N. Skinner and H. H. McLean are looking after their interests. There is considerable feeling over the question and there has been some expression of animus, chiefly on the part of the pilots and commissioners.

Capt. Smith and Douglas are pretty well known here, especially the former. He recently comes to St. John in pursuance

of his official duties, holding enquiries and examinations. Capt. Douglas was here for some time when the tide gauge was placed. They both bear the title R. U. R. and are typical John Bulls in features and characteristics. They are popular men, and by their uniform courtesy and affability make friends readily. Both sides can feel that their argument will be carefully weighed and an unprejudiced decision given, for they have the judicial characteristics of being open to argument and not disposed to adhere to set views.

There have been some slight passages-at-arms between counsel and witnesses but nothing to speak of. The possession of large reserve power conduces to equanimity, and Mr. Palmer, who has a pretty thorough knowledge of marine law was not disposed, to fight.

Mr. Skinner indulged in some slight skirmishes, chiefly with Capt. Gale, master of one of Mr. Geo. F. Baird's vessels and a witness for the side of the board of trade. During these tilts some instances of Capt. Douglas' humor were given. Mr. Skinner and Capt. Gale were equally sharp in repartee. The lawyer said that the captain did not know any more about navigation than a horse. The captain mildly remonstrated against this remark, but Mr. Skinner reiterated the statement, and to prove it brought out that when Captain Gale first went to sea he had to have a "wet nurse."

To those who are unacquainted with shipping terms it might be well to remain parenthetically that by going to sea with a "wet nurse" it is implied that a captain does not know enough of seamanship to handle his vessel and so employs a sailing master to sail the vessel and to teach him. The sailing master is the wet nurse.

Captain Gale remarked in reply that when Mr. Skinner studied law he had to get a wet nurse.

A PATRIOTIC PLAY.

It is to be Produced in Several Provincial Towns.

An Annapolis friend of Progress sends a copy of a particularly patriotic play that was written by Mr. W. M. McVicar of that town, and has been considered important enough to be published by the Teachers' Association of Annapolis and Digby counties. "Imperial Britain" has been played three times—by the Annapolis, the Bear River and the Lawrence town schools, and it is intended to be introduced into many other provincial towns.

The play is not of the Shakespearean form, having only two acts. A brief synopsis of these will be of interest.

In the first scene Lady Britannia tells John Bull to prepare a royal reception for her children at their "home coming."

The second scene represents Canada and her provinces, which are supposed to be represented by young ladies, under the maternal root. The third scene shows Uncle Sam looking out for a "speculation." He meets bilious Newfoundland, carrying a large codfish. He prescribes a remedy for his biliousness and purchases his fish. Newfoundland meets West India, who puts him on to a few wrinkles concerning the selling of fish. John Bull had carried out the tractor gives him in Max O'Ball's most famous book, and had sold the fish to West India at an advanced price. Newfoundland resolves that he will do business in future without a middle-man.

The fourth scene shows South Africa grown stout. John does not recognize him as the sickly boy he had defeated against the Boers. The other scenes of the first act show the other colonies.

The first act is prolific of scenes, but the second one has only one. It is the grand finale, the crisis of crises, the point at which the audience becomes wild with excitement. It represents the grand reception in which Britannia sits upon her throne surrounded by her numerous progeny, with John Bull as the protector of all. Each of the children in turn testifies to his or her loyalty. And then comes the thrilling denouement, after which the curtain is hauled down amid enthusiastic plaudits. Uncle Sam, who at first cannot find voice for utterance, asks to be included in the happy family. Britannia is willing, and everybody sings God Save the Queen.

Not Such a Mighty Call.

An incident at the Kings' convention was at the expense of Rev. Mr. Grant and his friends. It was when they were asked how many there were at the committee meeting that chose Rev. Mr. McLeod as their nominee, and how the vote stood on the nomination. Rev. Mr. Knight replied grandly that nine-tenths of the meeting were in favor of Dr. McLeod. "Yes," remarked another gentleman, "there were ten men there and nine supported him. The other man didn't." Viewed in the light of this additional fact it did not seem such a mighty call to Rev. Mr. McLeod as Mr. Knight would have led one to suppose.

IS ST. LUKE'S VERY HIGH

SINCE REV. E. P. CRAWFORD, THE NEW RECTOR, CAME?

A Leading Member and Official of the Cathedral Thinks not—"We are Essentially a Prayer-Book Church, Nothing Else," says this Authority.

HALIFAX, Feb. 14.—An article, written in Halifax, recently appeared in a provincial paper, in which the statement was made that ritualism is fast increasing in the church of England in this city. A number of instances of this growth were given, and the inference made that the innovations were to be found in St. Luke's cathedral. To ascertain if there was any truth in this a PROGRESS correspondent called upon a leading member and official of the cathedral, to learn the facts.

"Is ritualism increasing in [St. Luke's] since the coming of Rev. E. P. Crawford, who is now rector?"

"I can see no difference in the high church practices at the cathedral compared with five years ago. Rev. Mr. Crawford had trouble with his former church in Hamilton over ritualistic innovations, but he has introduced nothing new in this respect at St. Luke's. I can see no change compared with five years ago. Rev. Mr. Crawford when he was called to St. Luke's came on the distinct understanding that matters were to remain in statu quo. The usage of the church was not to be changed in any particular, and our rector has been true to that understanding."

"But what about the ritualistic practices that are acknowledged to be present, and those which have been alleged to exist?"

"We are accused of many high church doings which actually are never seen in the cathedral. For instance there are no candles on the altar, and never were. The gas is lighted there because the altar is dark, which may have caused the candles allegation. No "holy water" is placed near the entrance to the church and there is none of that extreme sacerdotalism with which it is charged. True, there is a small section of the congregation, mostly connected with the garrison element, who are pretty far advanced, as high churchmen goes in this part of the world. A few "cross" themselves when entering the church; several bow before the altar, and at certain stages of the service perform the same observance. There are, too, those of our people here who have "conversion," one well known clergyman in our church in particular. But these people by no means represent the congregation of St. Luke's as a whole. We are essentially a "prayer-book church," nothing less, and high churchism has made no perceptible growth within at least five years. The people are against it, no matter what may be the views of the ministers. Rev. Mr. Crawford has holy communion daily.

"The rector is fond of music in the church, and his influence may have been directed to secure a brighter service in that respect. We expect to have a grand new organ in a couple of months which will cost us \$7,000 or more. It will be the best in the maritime provinces. We would feel happier if the instrument was paid for, or was likely soon to be, but it is not, and the greater part of the money will have to be borrowed. Interest charges are already far too heavy with us in St. Luke's, large, wealthy and fashionable as the congregation is."

"So you may make your mind easy about it, and can tell Progress readers that ritualism shows no recent perceptible growth in St. Luke's cathedral."

THE DEVIL AND THE SAINTS.

Liquor and Temperance People Hold Conference Together.

HALIFAX, Feb. 14.—Yesterday was the annual field day for temperance and liquor people with the city council. Applications for liquor licenses came up for action by the city council. In round numbers 130 licenses were granted. The law provides that the license inspector shall report on each application for or against. But this report now amounts to nothing. In the first place not one liquor dealer in Halifax conforms to the license law in all its particulars, and consequently the license inspector cannot rightfully report favorably upon any of the old applications. But it makes no difference about the inspector's reports anyhow, for the aldermen give licenses to whom they see fit and release them also to whom "they see fit." Several whom Mr. Banks reported against were granted licenses by the council last night, and a number whom he reported favorably upon were refused. The liquor license law of Nova Scotia is a screaming farce in this city. The public, the temperance people, the liquor dealers, the aldermen, and Inspector Banks, all know that.

The temperance people last year obtained an amendment to the law which prohibits the use of window screens in liquor saloons, or any obstruction to a clear view of the interior. From the street, to go into effect after May next. Conference are now being held between liquor dealers and temperance people with a view to the abrogation of the clause prohibiting sales

by the glass, and on the other hand the liquor people will not ask for the repeal of the screen section. Nothing could be done to make a stringent law more lax in its administration, so that it is not much difference what arrangement is come to, or what amendments are made. People will suit themselves about the observance. By the way, Inspector Banks and Alderman O'Donnell are the bitterest kind of enemies imaginable, and they tell each other so.

CITY SALARIES COMPARED.

A County Clerk Who Resembles the Provincial "Willing Horse."

HALIFAX, Feb. 14.—PROGRESS last week showed that the clerical salaries at City Hall were \$28,000 and that the taxes collected amounted to about \$400,000.

An interesting comparison is the cost of administering the affairs of the municipality of Halifax county. It does not cost \$3,800 for the same work in the county. Of course the assessment is not nearly so great, but including the amount collected by districts for schools, the amount collected by the city and paid to the county, the government grant for roads, and valuation at \$1 per day for statute labor performed upon the roads, an income of more than \$122,000 is represented. All that it costs the county for clerical salaries to collect this amount and expend it, is some \$2,800. County clerk W. H. Wiswell, who is the executive officer, receives \$1,000 per year. Collectors' commissions on county rates are about \$850, and other salaries those enumerated at City Hall amount to not more than the balance of \$350. Though the amount collected is much less than that raised in the city for taxes, the number of rate-payers in the county is equally as large as in the city. In the city there are some 30 miles of streets, while in the county the road mileage runs up to the thousands. There is no doubt about it, the county's affairs are administered economically and furnish an object lesson to our city rulers. If the same extremely thrifty care were practiced in the city there would be less complaining by poor tax-payers, but it is likely that even then some of them would not be satisfied.

It would not be just to work the officials at city hall as hard as county clerk Wiswell's labor. They could not stand it, and it must be too heavy a burden for Mr. Wiswell, accustomed as he is to heavy work. But the county incorporation act came into force in 1880, at least \$3,700 was paid to three officials to do less work than Mr. Wiswell undertakes alone for \$1,600. The difference is that he has to work night and day, and burn much "midnight oil," while his predecessors had an easy time of it. Mr. Wiswell exemplifies the truth of the old saying that the willing horse is the one which will be given the most work to do. The county councilors should look into the matter and see if they are not piling too heavy a load upon the shoulders of their clerk. Another set of men who should look into this question are the civic rulers of Halifax. Their object in the scrutiny ought to be to ascertain whether the city salary account might not be cut down without impairing the efficiency of the service. But they have no intention of doing this, for the civic estimates recently passed provided for increases in the pay of several officials. "Those that have shall receive, and from those who have not shall be taken away that which they seem to have, is about the way the verse runs which in a way illustrates the comparative condition of Halifax city and county officials.

MR. DOANE LEARNS A LESSON.

Halifax's City Engineer is Thrown Out of his Sleigh.

HALIFAX, Feb. 14.—The city engineer is the man on whom largely rests the responsibility of seeing that the streets are kept safe for pedestrians and uses the horses. In a special manner it is changed with the duty of watching the street railway, and guarding against the rendering of the streets unsafe by the company in cleaning its tracks of snow. When the plow is run along the line the snow piles up on both sides, leaving the centre of the street like the bed of an ancient river, whose banks rise perpendicularly. Mr. Doane attends to his work with some diligence, but nevertheless there are complaints on the part of citizens, who allege a degree of laxity. The city engineer will have a practical sympathy with those complainants in future, for the other day he met the late himself which has befallen many a good man in the past on those very Halifax streets. He was thrown out of his sleigh on the horse car tracks and received a bad shaking up. As he recovered himself and looked along the street with the great elevation of snow on either side, and the railway tracks in a valley-like place below, he doubtless got a new sense of the evils he is called upon to prevent. The foreman of streets was in the sleigh at the time, and the lesson received should bear good fruit upon both of them.

THEIR WORK IS CUT OUT.

THE OPPOSITION OF LIBERALS TO MR. WELDON.

He is supported by Mr. McLean—Why It is in the Interest of the Latter to Work Hard for Him—Mr. Weldon's Salary from the C. P. R.—Other Names Mentioned.

Will Charles W. Weldon, John V. Ellis, H. A. McKeown or John L. Carleton be nominated by the liberal party in this city and county?

This is one phase of the question that is disturbing a large portion of the community. Perhaps never before have the preliminary proceedings of an election been so exciting. This does not apply to the liberals alone, but to the conservatives, who are in just as much of a dilemma as their grit friends.

The fight between the friends of Weldon and Ellis and those opposed to the old men running again has raged warmly and no doubt will continue to get warmer as the day of party nomination gets nearer. Last evening the wards met to select delegates to the nominating convention—which was done however after PROGRESS was printed. So the result cannot be given. But some idea of the work that was done on both sides will give a good impression of the interest up to date in this contest.

Far from being beaten at the general meeting of the liberals in Berryman's hall, the friends of Weldon and Ellis went to work with redoubled energy. They had not believed that public sentiment was so strong against them, and every available lever was brought to bear to stem the tide as far as possible. With several of their followers defeat in the nomination convention meant so much loss of prestige, so much loss of influence and position that they resolved to come out ahead if possible.

The accounts for the strenuous efforts of Mr. Weldon and Mr. McLean, morning and night he has been in the wards, buttonholing this and that one, oftentimes having a convert, as he thought, only more emphatic in his opposition to Mr. Weldon and perchance Mr. Ellis. Mr. McLean and his friends need not be told that he is not popular. It may not be his fault or he may be unfortunate in the possession of his manner, but the fact exists, nevertheless that a public man would derive more benefit from his opposition than from his support. So when he circles around canvassing for Mr. Weldon he is not making friends for his man but developing his weakness. People not in the secret naturally ask, why is Mr. McLean so anxious? Why does he not permit the people to choose without this advance canvassing? If the people want Weldon and Ellis no doubt they will seek them first as old standard bearers. Why then is Major McLean so anxious?

The answer is ready in somebody's mouth, for by this time it is known that Mr. McLean's importance depends upon Mr. Weldon's importance. The big lawyer represents the Canadian Pacific railway in this province, he also represents the other largest corporation in the country, the bank of Montreal. These concerns do not want men in private life to represent them. They want gentlemen who are in public life and then pay them well for representing them. For example Mr. Weldon it is said, gets \$6,000 a year from the C. P. R., besides other fees incident to such an appointment. The Bank of Montreal is not niggardly with its solicitors and thus it can very readily be understood why Mr. Weldon is anxious to remain in public life. Mr. McLean is his partner and his interest is not far removed.

But if all accounts are true, Mr. Weldon and his friends will have the hardest fight in their lives to secure a nomination. They give out openly with no hesitation they have no hope of winning the election, and yet in the same breath it is whispered that a check for \$8,000 or \$10,000 will, in the event of a nomination, find its way into the funds. This brings up the question, why are Mr. Weldon and his friends, if they feel that they cannot win the seat, so desirous of contributing \$10,000 to a campaign?

There is no doubt of the fact that Mr. Ellis is stronger than Mr. Weldon. The former has been a consistent liberal and about the only thing against him is the old charge of disloyalty that springs so readily to the surface as an election war cry. Whether it has much effect on not is a question, but the liberals dislike to face it and wish, if possible, to avoid it by getting new material.

New material! That is the rub. There is plenty of it, plenty of good men who would do credit to themselves and to their constituency but the difficulty is to get them to consent to run. The names of men have been mentioned who would sweep the city, whom every one would be glad to vote for and yet they are likely to consider their business interests and their home comforts before the work and worries of public life.

Then there are such men as H. A. Mc-

Keown and John L. Carleton—young, enthusiastic and popular and yet with objections in the eyes of many, prominent in the party. In the first place those strong in support of Weldon and Ellis, are equally strong in their opposition to those two representatives of the new element in the liberal party. The Catholics, in rare cases, say that they will not support Mr. McKeown and the friends of the latter do not relish the idea of Mr. Carleton. So it goes. It seems impossible as this stage to get men free from some objections and the liberals will probably have to unite on the least objectionable. But there is no mistaking the ring in the words of these two young men. They are for the success of the party and not for themselves; if the party thinks they are the best men they will carry the standard, but, if not, they will follow the leader the party thinks can win.

Among the most favored new men mentioned is Dr. John Berryman, but, so far as PROGRESS can learn, he has not been approached by any committee, nor has he said whether he would run or not. The same cannot be said of Mr. George McAvity who has repeatedly declined to have his name put forward in this connection. But in spite of all rumors, the liberals have ten days to think about their men and when the day of the convention comes will probably be found ready.

SEVERAL KINGS' CONVENTION.

Complicated Political Emergencies in Other Counties.

Never has there been so much interest in an election in New Brunswick as is being manifested in the approaching Dominion contests. There seems to be a plethora of candidates for nomination and where usually willing candidates are hard to find this year there are all too many. In the counties which have been before the public especially there has been shown a disposition to oppose the machines on both sides of politics. In St. John, York and Kings rebellion has arisen in the ranks of both parties.

This has not been marked in York, it being merely confined to the temperance men who want to put forward a third party candidate. But in St. John both liberal and conservative machines have lost strength and there has been a determined opposition to them. In the liberal ranks the young men have been protesting and readers of this article will have had views of its culmination in the results of the ward meetings on Friday night to elect delegates to the convention. Whether the young men succeed or not they will have left their impressions upon their party politics and will in future have to be heard. The conservatives will also know what disaffection is when they hold their convention. The machine is weakening its hold and the north end wing and the orangemen will have to be heard as well as their nominees, Messrs. Chesley and Armstrong.

In Kings County there is also dissatisfaction as was plainly shown this week. The prospects now are that there will be a three-cornered fight between Dr. Pugsley, Col. Domville and Rev. Dr. McLeod. Some of the conservative prohibitionists have revolted and at their convention at Hampton on Thursday they nominated the Frederickton clergyman. Mr. Foster and Mr. McLeod are relatives but that did not prevent the former from opposing the latter's nomination. If Dr. McLeod runs it will be a serious blow to the machine and many prohibition conservative votes would be placed to the credit of the clergyman. Three quarters of the prohibitionists in Kings are conservatives, so they would lose most by Dr. McLeod running.

If Dr. McLeod runs it would be an exchange of counties with Mr. Foster, the Frederickton man going to Kings and the Kings county man to York. It is, however, improbable that the distinguished temperance man and member of the Royal commission will accept the nomination when he hears all the circumstances.

There have been many strange events arising from temperance in Kings, but none stranger than the prohibition convention that was held Saturday. For an unruly, noisy and disorderly convention it carried the palm. Into a little hall the people were wedged like sardines and there was a strong odor of whiskey discernible, indicating that some of the anti-temperance people were magnanimously assisting their opponents to settle their internal disputes. Frequently several were taken at once and not even the quiet dignity of Mr. Foster or the thunderous demands of chairman Keirstead for silence could preserve the equilibrium of affairs.

One of the features of the day was grand master Kelly's revolt from the machine and his support of Rev. Dr. McLeod's nomination. In supporting the nominee, however, he castigated the chief nominator, Rev. Mr. Grant, for his methods; which he declared hurt the temperance interests. Rev. Mr. Grant was also severely handled by Hon. Mr. Foster. Mr. Grant had been speaking frequently and when Mr. Foster arose to reply to him he rebuked once or twice to Mr. Grant by name. Mr. Grant objected to this, saying that he was not the leader in this nomination. Mr. Foster said he thought he was and asked him how he might define it. The objection could not give him any satisfaction on this point and so the finance minister continued. The invisible and unnamable element which had just spoken, it stood on its feet and said, "Of course there was a laugh."

A VERY SOLEMN MATTER.

SUCH IS THE PROVING OF A WILL IN SOLEMN FORM.

Another Plea for Sobriety. Instead of Pleas for Probate Court Judges—A Measure Having This Reform in View to be Introduced by Our Executive.

In my former communication I attributed the erroneous judgment of the judge of probate in the Gravel will case to his being paid by fees, and have shown that had he decided the paper before him was a forgery he would have lost his "perquisites" as that would have been one of the very few cases where he could not have ordered the fees to be paid out of the estate.

Proving a will in solemn form is indeed a very solemn matter for a widow, children and others interested in the estate. The proceedings are commenced by a petition to the judge which contains the names, ages and places of residence of every one mentioned in the will, and every one interested in the estate as heirs, next of kin, &c.

After the petition has been inspected by the judge he orders a citation to issue to all mentioned in it, and usually he adds that they must be served personally. It sometimes happens that the persons are scattered far and widely apart, the largest number being in Uncle Sam's Dominion, the place where you will find most of our expatriated New Brunswickers. On the return of the citation with a hundred affidavits of service, more or less, attached to it, the will is generally proved in the ordinary way, but this is only the beginning of the legal fun, as the court then adjourns again to allow the devisees and legatees to file counter allegations. These allegations are fearfully and wonderfully made, and until quite lately were in the form and language of a past age, and the more modern ones differ from them in being more lengthy. One thing the lawyers fully understand; they have thirty cents a hundred words for drawing up allegations and ten cents a hundred words for each copy filed and each copy served. (I will here say that our New Brunswick "Probate Court Statute" and the "Acts" amending it make no provision for those allegations, and that they were pinned on to our Probate Court practice without any legal authority by legal gentlemen.) Stripping these allegations of their verbiage, and reducing them to ordinary English they say in substance that the testator was as old as the hills, as deaf as an adder, as blind as a bat and had no more discretion than a new born babe, that he was induced to make his will by some wicked designing person, that the will does not contain his intended disposal of his property, and that he never made a will. They are like the borrowed sugar pill that borrower declared was "cracked when he got it, whole when he returned it and that he never had it." The counter allegations say in effect, that the testator was wise as Solomon, sharp as a weasel, sly as a cat, and firm as a rock, that no inducements were held out to him to make his will, and the persons to whom he left his property knew nothing about the contents of the will until it was read to them after their return from the funeral. In addition it will be stated that the testator was of sound and disposing mind.

The probate court has to take the allegations, sense or nonsense, just as they are, as no provision is made for testing them by demurrer or otherwise. After a number of adjournments made because it pays the legal gentlemen to have them, in nearly every case the will is declared proved, and the costs ordered to be paid out of the estate. All leave the court satisfied, the persons named in the will glad to escape, the persons who contested the will because they had their revenge in bleeding the estate, which they would as has been said, "rather see go to the devil," (I hope that don't mean lawyers,) than those named in the will. The result always pleases the lawyers engaged in the contest, who are amply consoled for their labor, care and anxiety by the large part of the estate that goes to them, although they were not named in the will.

It is to be hoped that the measure to be introduced by our executive at the present session of our legislature to reform probate courts, and which contemplates the abolition of the system of paying judges by fees, will meet with the approbation of our local representatives. It is said that at the last session when a similar measure was introduced some of the lawyers in "the house" showed their cloven feet, and were able to lobby some of the lay members into opposition to it. If so it is to be hoped that the latter are now better disposed.

Dorchester, N. B., C. E. K. February 11th. A. D. 1895.

OLD-TIME PROVINCIAL TRADE.

How It was Described by Mr. William Winterbotham.

The following extracts, which will be of interest to provincialists, are from the fourth volume of "An Historical, Geographical, Commercial and Philosophical View of the United States of America, and of the European Settlements in America and the West Indies," by W. Winterbotham, printed in New York in 1796, which was loaned to Progress by a St. John friend: "St. John's is the largest river in the province." It empties into the north side of the Bay of Fundy, and is navigable for vessels of fifty tons, and is the source of

BEATS SPARDS OF TWO HUNDRED MILES.

THIS IS A COMMON ROUTE TO QUEBEC. The banks of this river, enriched by the annual freshets, are excellent land. About thirty miles from the mouth of the river commences a fine level country, covered with large trees of timber of various kinds. Masts, from twenty to thirty inches in diameter, have been cut on this tract. The tide flows, in this river, eighty or ninety miles. It furnishes the inhabitants with salmon, bass and sturgeon. Near Fort Howe, the river suddenly narrows and occasions a fall at certain times of the tide, like that at London Bridge.

From the description of "Nova-Scotia comprehending the province of New-Brunswick and Nova-Scotia," these notes on "Indians, etc." are taken: "The Indians here are the Micmacks, and the tribes called the Marchites. The former is supposed to have about three hundred fighting men. The Marchites inhabit the river St. John, and around Passamaquoddy bay, are estimated at one hundred and forty fighting men; there are much superior in all respects to the Micmacks. The animals are the same as in the United States, though much less numerous."

All those interested in trade will read with interest the state of trade in these provinces in about the last of the eighteenth century, as viewed from an American standpoint: "The imports from Great Britain to this country consist chiefly of linen and woolen cloths, and other necessaries for wear, of fishing tackle, and rigging for ships. The amount of exports, at an average of three years before the new settlements, was about twenty six thousand five hundred pounds. The only articles obtained in exchange are, timber and the produce of the fishery, which, at a like average, amounted to thirty-eight thousand pounds. But from the late increase of inhabitants, it is supposed that they will now export sawmills, and endeavor to supply the West India islands with lumber of every kind, as well as the produce of the fishery, which will be a profitable article to both countries. The whole population of Nova Scotia and the islands adjoining, is estimated at fifty thousand. The estimate it is supposed to be considerably too large. Recent accounts of these settlements represent them as in a declining state, having great numbers of the houses built in the new towns inhabited, and considerably reduced in value."

THE LADIES RULE.

Duplicate what is the rage among the ladies of Buffalo, and the Commercial of that city says that what invitations now take this form: "Duplicate what at 8; two tables; individual scores. Husbands may be ordered at 11." Which moves the cynical Rochester Express to remark: "The breezy frankness of this is delicious, and one can imagine Buffalo husbands rubbing about in desperate haste each evening at 11. Doubtless they meet on the door-steps of the houses where the symposia are held and chat and jest together over the charms and whims of their ladies, just as their own coachmen used to do in the simple and good old days when husbands and wife went to balls together, or played "hearts," each with the other for partner. But those evenings are long past. The ladies rule, and the only comfort that the donor of the freezing Buffalo husbands have now is the remembrance that in those same old days ladies sometimes fell in love with coachmen, and so may yet smile with affection upon husbands!"

AN ARTIST'S DODGE.

How He Found a Ready Market for His Paintings. An impecunious and extravagant, but somewhat clever artist, who felt but few twinges of remorse at any unscrupulous method he employed to raise the wind, resorted to a successful though unadmitted trick, by means of which he disposed of an unusual number of pictures. An important South Yorkshire town, with, as may be expected, a goodly tribe of purse-proud individuals of great importance in their own estimation, was the scene of an exhibition of pictures. About a dozen of these local persons were selected as suitable victims, and of these some atrocious portraits of a most unflattering description were soon produced. Then, by promises of a liberal commission, our artist secured the co-operation of various dealers in second-hand furniture living in convenient proximity to the business houses or residences of the caricatured gentlemen, and the so-called likenesses were exhibited for sale in their shop windows.

The artist and his fellow-conspirators had not long to await developments, for the wrath and horror of the victimized individuals at seeing vile representations, in oils, of their own familiar countenances, offered for sale with cast-off clothing, old iron, and a medley of miscellaneous articles, are not even to be imagined. In a very few days a picture had been hastily purchased by some indignant personage, eager to cut it in shreds, and the wicked trickster laughingly acknowledged that never before had works of his found such a ready market.

Good Man for Doneybrook Fair.

A Boston newspaper says: There have been many men with curious heads, but no individual ever carried upon his shoulders such a peculiar cranium as that which adorns the body of "Billy" Wells. Where he is known they call him Hard-headed Wells, and almost from boyhood he is known to have a very tough skull. In Exhibition Hall nine times in one day Wells had large blocks of granite broken upon his skull by heavy sledge hammers handled by the strongest men to be found in the audience. The only protection to his skull is a blanket, which is used to keep the sharp edges of the stone from cutting the flesh. He is slight of build, and this tough cranium seems to be his great peculiarity.

Soiling and Soiling Plants Grow.

There are several ways of rendering the growth of plants both audible and visible, but the most operant in the "latest improved" experiments is as follows: In order to make the growth of a very vigorous plant visible, a fine platinum wire should be carefully attached to the growing part. The other end of this wire should be attached to a pencil pressing gently against a drum which is being driven by a clock work. If the growth be uniform a straight line is marked on the paper, but

BETWEEN SEX AND SEX.

THIS IS HOW HE DESCRIBES THE SUBJECT.

The Work of Women—Dr. James Watson, F.R.S.E., and Dr. John Hay, F.R.S.E., on the Subject of Having Fought Heavy and Light "Independents."

I fully appreciate the kindly and courteous tone of "Astra's" strictures on my late article on the question of women's work. As I have possibly failed to make myself quite plain on the subject, the following statements will perhaps tend to clear matters.

1st. I treated the question on the broadest ground as between sex and sex, with a tacit allowance of course for exceptional cases.

2nd. What I condemn and deplore is the far too common practice of young girls taking situations and so on, not because forced to do so by the pressure of want, but simply for the sake of having a little pocket money and being "independent." There are hundreds of such cases, especially in our western cities where the daughters of well-to-do people take situations and don't even pay their own board, and leave their mothers to slave away at home.

3rd. If the worst comes to the worst it is certainly better that women rather than men should be independent. It is better for me, as I said, to support my daughters rather than my sons in idleness.

4th. In many respects up to a certain point the movement has been a good one. What I fear and protest against is the competition of the sexes. God never intended it. And unless there be a division or re-division of territory it is bound to come. In a measure it has come already.

5th. Distinctively female employments are being abandoned by women.

6th. Why should women prefer to work for men rather than their own sex? If the house work (of which there is practically an unlimited supply) be so degrading whose fault is it—the master or mistress?

7th. On broad and general principles whether is a thorough practical knowledge of household work or of office work of more use to the average woman? What percentage of the girls (who innocently "underbid" and out men are really obliged to seek for this kind of work. The tone of your correspondent's letter is thoroughly reasonable and womanly. If all "woman rights" were and felt as she does little evil need be apprehended. I hope she is a representative but I fear she is a great distance "behind" the typical representative woman of today. Perhaps after all matters will right themselves. Let us hope so. But if things go on as they are and at the same rate, it is difficult to see how this can come about without some kind of social convulsion.

Halifax, N. S. R. F. DIXON.

THE WOMEN AT HOME.

THEY sat down to dinner—husband, wife, and three young children, all hearty, happy, and well dressed. It was seven o'clock. The meal was just on time, as meals should be. "Aren't you tired, my dear?" said the husband, kindly. "Perhaps I might say yes if I thought about it," answered the wife, "but I really don't feel tired." And yet that woman had been on her feet, working herself, and superintending half a dozen servants, for twelve hours at least. She had a big house to look after, many callers to see and that lot of things to do which count but cannot be counted. Still, she was young, strong, and cheerful, and so did not mind.

THE WOMEN AT HOME.

That is one thing and a good thing too. But the women who are entitled to credit are the ones who don't usually get it—women who do all she did, and do it under pressure—who are on time just the same and have to fight every inch of the way. Here is one of this very sort. She says: "I kept up with my daily duties, but felt no pleasure in the work I had in hand. Why not? Because she was burdened with illness, as so many are, who deserve a better fortune."

This—Mrs. Peckham, of 40, Dorset Street, London, says: "Oh and on I have suffered for twenty years from biliousness and indigestion. At first I was attacked with sickness of the stomach, frequently expectorating a gaseous or watery fluid. I had no relish for food, and what I ate gave me pain and distress at the chest and sides. As time went on and these symptoms grew worse, I became weak and nervous, and lost much sleep. I kept on with my daily duties, but felt no pleasure in the work I had in hand. I tried first one medicine and then another, taking charcoal and all the other drugs recommended for bad digestion, but nothing gave me more than temporary relief."

In this way I continued to suffer year after year, sometimes better and at other times worse. In the early part of the year my brother-in-law, of South Hackney, told me of a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I had also heard the Syrup highly spoken of by others, which induced me to try it. I procured a supply from Mr. Taylor, Chemist, Hanover Place, Regent's Park, and after having taken it for a week, felt great relief. Soon my food digested and the sickness and water-brash left me and I now feel better than I have felt for years. I am desirous that other sufferers may know the value of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and therefore give my full permission to the publication of this statement. (Signed) M. E. Peckham."

Somebody well says that it is not the way in which we meet great crises, but the way we bear the daily grind and labour of life that tells the story of courage and character. Yes, indeed. And what multitudes of faithful, patient wives and mothers do this under circumstances where one day is like ten. They carry their aches and pains without giving up until they are weighed beyond all further endurance, and are just obliged to give up. To all these there is no friend or benefactor in England, private or public, to compare with Mother Seigel, who suffered and toiled in the same way—doctors and drugs being useless—until she found a medicine to cure herself. Thank Mother Seigel who did find it at last. What a blessing it is that it has been done in this island for the past ten or fifteen years is the sequel to the story, and hosts of women know it by heart. Yes, and more are learning it with every man that rises, from every tongue that can talk.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., Editor of "Health."

THESE ARE THE WORDS OF THE GREAT DOCTOR.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

90 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

Church's Alabastine For use with COLD WATER.

No Boiling or Hot Water Needed. 16 Beautiful Shades and White.

Alabastine will stay in solution several hours and yet sets hard on the wall finally; this gives painters and others ample time to work the same before the setting process takes place.

Saves Time, Saves Waste, and is superior to Kalsomines for Plain Tinting.

Also is adapted to Solid Wall Relief Work, Modelling, Combing, Stippling, Blending, etc.

NOTE—Alabastine pleases Painters every time, as they see that with it they can do work that will enable them to receive their almost lost art from the wall paper manufacturers who have been making the painters buy and hang their chromes or printed imitations of real wall decorations.

W. H. THORNE & Co., Market Square.

A GOOD WRINGER IS A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.



THE Eureka The New Wringer

These Wringers have no equal. BEYOND QUALITY will not loosen on the shaft.

SOLD ON MERIT ONLY, and our Prices will be found Right.

Emerson & Fisher P. S. Washing Machines always on hand.

Skates. Skates.

Acme Pattern, The most and best self-adjusting Skate Made.

Long Reach Skates, Hookey Sticks, Hookey Puoks, Sleds and Framers, Sleigh Bells, &c. Sold for Prices.

T. M'AVITY & SONS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FOR SALE.

1 SMITH Patent Water Purifier and Heater, for Prevention of Scale in Boilers.

CLAIMS:

It will feed Water into Boiler at same temperature as steam in Boiler, eg. Fahr., all mineral in water is precipitated.

By means of this device all these impurities are retained within the Purifier and can be blown out several times each day, allowing only pure water to enter the Boiler. Other advantages claimed are: That being placed at water level in Boiler, makes it the best vent for blow-off valves, relieves the boiler of steam and air wastes, and prevents foaming under all circumstances. THIS DEVICE IS BRAND NEW.

WRITE FOR PRICE.

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

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The musical event of the week, per se, was the giving of Farmer's "Christ and his Soldiers" by the Ontario Society, in St. Paul's Church, last Tuesday evening.

The season of "Westward Ho" at the Boston Museum is drawing to a close. On the 18th inst. "Zig" will be revived there.

The chorus works to be performed at the Worcester, Mass., music festival this year are Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," Berlioz's "Faust," Massenet's "Eve" and Jordan's "Barbara Frischke." The rehearsals began Feb. 1.

Padernski recently refused to play at Turvey because the state was sold for \$1.25 and the audience had to go home discontented. A writer remarks, "There is nothing that is so thoroughly spoiled as a spoiled favorite."

The Sioux City Journal says of Miss Salome Thomas: "She has a voice which can be honestly called velvet. Her tones are remarkably smooth and pure, and the even registration of her voice has not been marred by stage tricks."

Egg—Yes, I know he took lessons from Liszt; but I never heard that he was Liszt's favorite pupil. Fogg—Did you ever know any man or woman whom Liszt taught for even a single hour that was not Liszt's favorite pupil?

Fran Materna, who comes to the United States in the spring, has been the most conspicuous singer at the Vienna opera house for the last quarter of a century. On her farewell performance she was presented with a silver crown. Her debut was made at that house as Solika in "L'Africaine" in April 1869.

The following pianists made their debut in London during the past year: Mabeach Dal Young, Peter and Kovacs-Mabeach, Del Young, Peter and Kovacs; Mmes. Mathis, Suro, Elischer, Angarde, Agnes Bartlett, Marie Dubois, and the sisters Suro. Violinists: Miss Maud McCarthy, Miss Schindler, Miss E. Bigh, Miss Nanney, Messrs. Argiewicz, Huberman and Rivarde.

"It is the tenor that makes all the trouble," says Jessie Bartlett Davis, the Bostonian's trump card. "Compared with him, the baritone and the bass are as cow lards. I think that big hearts go with deep voices, and I know that it is almost always the high tenor that kicks for the centre of the stage and the curtain call. Mind you, I do not refer to any particular tenor, or to any member of the Bostonians, for that is a happy family, but the tenor as I have sometimes found him."

A new opera entitled "Yorick" was recently produced at Leghorn. The scene is laid about 1600, in London, and Shakespeare appears as one of the characters. Yorick is an actor, who adopts and marries a girl, Alina, who deceives him and dies by his sword. Her lover meets the same fate, after which Yorick goes mad. The music is said to be thoroughly in keeping with the story. This is the play by Ribabenez, apparently, which Barrett played, translated by Howells, as "Yorick's Love."

Byrd Sanderson, the prima donna who recently sang in New York is thus described by one who saw her on the street. "She is the sweetest, prettiest, daintiest, creature imaginable. She has a Spanish face and a French figure, with a long slim waist and voluptuous hips and bust. Everything about her was chic, from her little hat with its clusters of violets, to the garnet-studded handle of her umbrella. Her gown was thoroughly Parisian, a soft gray cloth with long-fitting coat. She wore a cape of sable as soft and pliable as feathers. She is said to be most affable and natural and engaging of manner. The handsome, heavy-eyed Cuban who calls her "Soebel," and appears to think the universe especially created for the prima donna's benefit, was with her."

TALK OF THE THEATRE. Madame Modjeska will return to America in June. Mary Hampton has been re-engaged for next season by Charles Frohman. Miss Madeline Lucette is the author of John Drew's play "Christopher Jr."

Jennie Yeaman has sailed for England and says she is going to settle in London. Mrs. Sydney J. Harris Jr., a New York society belle, is going on the professional stage. Corbett and Brady, it is said, will clear over \$250,000, on their enterprises this season.

Sutton Vane has sold another play to William T. Brady who will call it "Under the Mask." It is again reported that Eliza Frooter Ois will star next season in a repertoire of selected plays.

The New York Journal, advises Mr. Beecham Tree not to play "The Red Lamp" in America again. The lady in question had performed a serpentine dance in the cage, the director entered it,

(Hope) are at Monte Carlo. Some of May's sketches may be posted with them.

"Sure, its nothing compared with the small-pox scare," replied the jury. And such is fame, even for actors.

Oscar Wilde has changed the title of his new play from "Lady Lanning" to "The Importance of Being Earnest." Will it draw?

Miss Annie Clarke will be seen at the Boston museum stage on the 18th inst. after an absence of three years from that house.

W. H. Crane, with his new comedy "His Wife's Father" by Martha Morton will shortly appear at the 5th avenue (N. Y.) theatre.

Cissy Fitzgerald, the London gaiety dancer, says she will never go back to England, and wants to become "an American citizen."

Mrs. Potter and Kyrie Bellow will sail for England in May, for rest and new clothes. They will henceforth tour only in America, they say.

Maud Granger was in San Francisco recently. She was at Morocco's theatre, in her version of "Article 47" which she has called "The Creole."

The Kendals recently played in New York to a \$340 house. St. John could do as well for them as that. This is probably their farewell visit to America.

James J. Wilson who is now playing in "The Girl I Left Behind Me" at the Hollis theatre, Boston, has played his part over 500 times and has never missed a performance.

Ernest Lacy, the author of "Rinaldo" Joseph Haworth's new play, has orders from Richard Mansfield, Julia Marlowe and Rose Coghlan. Haworth will produce his play on the 25th inst.

After a recent performance of "Hamlet" by Joseph Haworth the tragedian, he was presented with a gold cross about three inches in length, with a neck chain to be worn in "Hamlet," says a recent Boston paper.

Miss Lilla Vane, who was leading lady of Nat C. Goodwin's company, has been obliged to resign her position owing to illness in her family. This lady is a sister of the well known actor and popular man Will S. Harkins.

The shadowgraphs, and the ent' act speech of a Mr. Bubb during the engagement of the Bubb comedy company late in this city, which features of the show Progress found fault with particularly were eliminated from the bill of fare.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree good-naturedly told a story recently the point of which contained a rebuke to the conceit of the average actor. In Dublin he remarked tentatively to a carman that the advent of the Beerbohm Tree company seemed to cause a good deal of excitement.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, wife of the distinguished English actor now in the United States is described as a woman of exceptional seductiveness, rare tact and curious taste. Her presence on the stage is a delight. She is contenting to the eye. She is most musical. She is harmonious."

In Henderson's American extravaganza company there have been no summer seasons, no vacations, no "lay offs" for eight years. The weekly salary list will average \$3,500 and he has therefore paid out to actors singers and dancers alone during that time the sum of \$1,456,000. The company was organized in May 1887.

Cissy Fitzgerald, who came to the United States as a member of George Edwards' "A Gaiety Girl" company, is suffering with "an inflated head," says a Boston paper. Under the Edwards' management she received "ten paws a week" but said to Charles H. Hoyt she was willing to stay in the United States under his management for \$500 a week.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, to a question put to her by an American interviewer as to whether she advised the stage as a livelihood for a young girl, replied: "Yes and no." For a girl of delicate health, yielding disposition, extreme youth, and no home influence of home ties—no. For a girl with an assertive disposition, a certain knowledge of the world, much dignity, and a certain amount of happy-go-lucky camaraderie—yes.

The dramatic critic of the New York World, writing of Mr. Tree, says: "When he acts, he stands not only for himself, but as the symbol of a fixed and steady method. And his method well deserves respectful study. Reversing the accustomed course of actors, Mr. Tree has made it his great object to always an interpreter. He does not try to sink his part, whatever it may be in his own character. His constant effort is to lose himself, for the time being, in the part he plays. In other words, he is more faithful to his author—who creates—than to his own immediate interest."

While the Lions Looked on. The title of the "Lion Poet" has been earned by an Italian, Signor Polanzi, director of La Scala Illustrata, Florence, who undertook to write a ritornello in a cage, containing four young lively lions. To ensure that his work of composition should be actually performed in the presence of his ferocious companions, the subject was to be chosen on the spot by a committee of his audience. After the lady lioness had performed a serpentine dance in the cage, the director entered it,

announcing the object of his doing so to be to give the readers of his journal some idea of his impressions while in a den of lions. Upon reaching the subject for his poem, Signor Polanzi sat down at a small table, provided with writing material, and taking his pen, he opened the ritornello, quite oblivious, so far as could be observed, of the presence of the lions which were watching him. In five minutes the work was finished, and the author, stepping out of the cage, read his poem to the audience, who greeted it with deafening applause.

Resnaking old desks and garrets may be turned to advantage; Mr. Wm. Herold of 44 Irving Place, New York city, will buy old postage stamps of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, Newfoundland and the former peace issues of Canada.

"77" FOR GRIP ON EVERY TONGUE.

Seventy seven is on every tongue. Either the pleasant taste themselves or else their parents; and no wonder for "77" has saved more lives, prevented more suffering and misery, than all other remedies combined.

Experience shows that all persons are not equally susceptible to medicine. Many are benefited from which a dose can be fitted to prevent.

STUBBORN CASES. Other cases which are termed "stubborn," and do not yield until the second or even the third day. The case is in some instances, the cumulative effect of the medicine is felt at once. In either case the cure is permanent; you are sure not to be troubled with after-effects, which have been and are the cause of so many deaths.

Dr. Humphrey's specific "77" cures Croup, Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Fever and soreness in the head and chest, Cough, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever, and will "break up" an obstinate cold that "hangs on."

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Johnson's ANODYNE LINIMENT. ORIGINATED 1810. It was formulated in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old-fashioned, noble hearted Family Physician. It is recommended by physicians everywhere. All who use it are amazed at its power and praise it liberally.

Priestley's Dress Fabrics. In the long run it is the quality of the material that will determine the success of a lady's costume. Every lady who has at all studied the matter knows this. Priestley's Black Dress Goods are the best that the market affords.

Madame Warren's DRESS FORM CORSETS. EQUITY SALE. THREE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner, Prince William Street, in the city of St. John, in the city and county of St. John, and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, THE THIRTIETH DAY OF MARCH NEXT,

Beautiful Lady May. Cynos Gold's New Song, will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents, addressed to C. G. Music Office, St. John, N. B.

Patents, TRADE MARKS and DESIGNS. HANBURY A. BUDDEN, Advocate, Attorney, and Solicitor in Patent Cases. Export, 617 New York 12th Building, MONTREAL.

Advertisement for a business or service, featuring an illustration of a person at a desk. The text is partially obscured but includes phrases like "Give me the Progress" and "I have been thinking of you".

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARVER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the year 1870 to the present time. Its circulation is over 15,000 copies.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVG. CIRCULATION 13,640.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 16.

THE PEOPLE DISAPPOINTED.

The tax reduction portion of the common council have concluded their investigation into the affairs of the city and the substance of their report is before the taxpayers.

Now that the report is before the people it is open to criticism and it will be handled without gloves by the disappointed taxpayers, because all that the council can say will not convince the intelligent voters of the city that there is no chance to reduce civic expenditure and yet carry on the affairs of the community in a practical, satisfactory manner.

The Tax Reduction Association will not find it a difficult task to select the true from the false. They know the men who have carried out their ideas and those who have simply used the association for their own purposes and deserted them in the end.

But the T. R. A. has made a grand beginning. How many associations have accomplished more in a short time than it has? There is no reason, that, because some of its standard bearers have deserted its principles that it should become disheartened.

We must not be drawn away from this fact by the assertion that the council has done a great deal of work, that 15 men have done what 26 men used to do, that the investigation has been a huge affair and that it has taken up a vast amount of time.

The people are disappointed and they have a right to be. We are much mistaken if they do not emphasize their feelings at the polls.

GEOMETRICAL PROGRESSION.

One of the most surprising laws in any of the sciences or arts is that simple law of mathematics known as geometrical progression.

The postmaster of the little village of Kanerville, Illinois, is fully aware of this fact. It is because of the amazing increasing and multiplying that pertains to this law that this gentleman and his mail

clerk desire to resign, but are unable to find any persons to take their places.

Kanerville is a town of about four hundred population, and yet its mail at the present time is probably greater than that received by the largest corporation in the world. The salary of the postmaster is two hundred dollars a year, which, considering that he has to work nearly all the time, is not enough.

There is a woman at the bottom of the case. With the idea of assisting the crippled sister of the young man to whom she was engaged to be married last September, Miss EDNA BROWN began the task of collecting one million cancelled postage stamps.

The trouble with Miss Brown's plan of collecting the stamps was, as has already been hinted, the ignorance of that young lady concerning a law of mathematics. She wrote three letters to as many friends, asking that each send her ten or more cancelled stamps and also to write to three other people with the same request.

"Anyone breaking the chain will involve serious loss to the enterprise," was the postscript, which was, in the light of subsequent happenings, infinitely humorous.

Miss BROWN became Mrs. GARMAN at about the time the millionth stamp came, and a happier young couple could scarcely be found. But the stamps would not stop. The GARMAN family were in the condition of the man who wished for an immense quantity of gold, which came pouring in upon him and finally buried him.

The affair and the Kanerville mail have at length achieved such grave proportions that the United States post office department is looking into the matter. The investigation of the inspector put upon the case has developed nothing fraudulent upon the part of the promoter, and it is hoped that the department will not be content with a simple investigation, and will take some decided step to put a stop to the influx of stamps to Kanerville.

Miss BROWN evidently never read that juvenile classic, "Sanford and Merton," for in that book there is a story concerning a man who offered to sell a horse to another man for one grain of wheat for the first nail in the horse's shoes, two grains for the next, four for the next, and so on.

adverse circumstances. Each person was to contribute ten cents, and was to write three letters. The chain was to stop with "No. 20." The letter which was to be copied so many times gave this warning, which is like that of the Kanerville epistle.

It is a well-known fact that the doctrine known as Malthusianism is deduced from the fact that for some time past, the population of the world has shown a tendency to increase by geometrical progression.

"The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase. It will be safest to assume that it begins breeding when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years, bringing forth six young in the interval, and surviving till one hundred years old; if this be so, after a period of seven hundred and forty to seven hundred and fifty years, there would be alive nearly nineteen million elephants descended from the first pair.

Despite these predictions, the present inhabitants of the world that is geographically progressing may feel assured that natural and economic reasons will "break the chain" in regard to the future population of the world, even as the links became detached in the case of the Nova Scotia poet who received, instead of many millions, twelve dollars and sixty cents.

R. V. E. F. DIXON, priest's assistant at St. Luke's church, Halifax, who contributed a long article to PROGRESS on the woman question two weeks ago, evidently thinks that gentlemen of his profession should not be debarred from expressing their political opinions.

Both Canadian and American newspapers have severely censured ABERDEEN for his action in regard to the Ottawa carnival. Once a week, a leading New York journal which has hitherto been especially friendly to Canada's governor-general, is the most severe of all.

ROSEBERRY has just been made a professor of history. It will be remembered that when GLADSTONE called him "the man of the future," the new premier modestly said, "I am beginning to realize that it is easier being a man of the future than a man of the present."

"Astra" criticises one of the most glaring faults of her sex this week—the wearing of big hats at public gatherings. In connection with the United States legislation concerning the big hats, it is interesting to note that the new lady members of the Colorado legislature voluntarily took off their high hats during their first session and laid them on their desks.

THE PRIZES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Out of a Twilight Street. Out of a twilight street, Came hark a tender gleam, Laying a flower at my feet.

I was a rhymist and hope could sing, Of the old enchanting lays, And hidden of hush born ways.

Now here I take with her in faith, Out of that twilight ray, I hold her hand in mine again,

So ages sped, at last from realms of night, The "Pleasures of the Winter" comes in deedly hate.

It is the pleasure of winter! Or if you do not care to go, I'll give you back a gannet's eye, I'll give you back a gannet's eye, I'll give you back a gannet's eye.

For the earth that's on a polish like glass, As we sit down over tea, As we sit down over tea, As we sit down over tea.

Who'll all the depreeding shades of night, The quiet evening hour, How sweet to contemplate His love, Think of His gentle power.

All nature seems to rest in peace, A calm pervades the scene, A revee stee deep dwells in the heart, There's longing in the inward part, For light and life unseen.

That He will guard with outstretched wit, Our life, our work, our way, Early morn when dews are falling, Each day and hour, whatever betail, And ever be our stay.

THE PRIZES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Tommy's Grievances Against the "Veteran's" Captain. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The officers of the 66th "P. L. F." so it was stated in your paper of a recent date.

The officers of the other Halifax battalions inasmuch as they try to draw the social line between themselves and their men." Be that as it may, but facts prove that some of them differ by drawing the financial line also.

Prizes were offered (battalion and company) to encourage good shooting, and a list of prize winners with the value of the prizes was published in the morning and evening editions of most, if not all of the Halifax papers the day following.

Large number of men are wanted to complete the establishment of the regiment by the 1st of April next. It will, I think require a large number to fill up the gaps that will be made by men retiring on account of the treatment they have received.

THE BICYCLE MINSTRELS

A rare treat in the way of minstrelsy is in store for the theatre goers on Feb. 26th and 27th when the Bicycle Club minstrels make their second bow to a St. John audience.

A competent judge of this style of show who attended one of the rehearsals, said that without doubt these performances will be far in advance of anything of their kind ever put on the boards of this city.

The performance will conclude with the musical extravaganza, Christopher Columbus. Many local celebrities will make their debut in this piece. The music, costumes, stage setting, in fact all connected with this final piece will be of the highest order and entirely original.

OLD TIME TRAGEDIES.

In a series of articles contributed to PROGRESS, last year, the leading facts in connection with some old time tragedies in St. John were given. Among the notable cases dealt with were the murder of the McKenzie family by the Sla ins and Breen, the story of Roderbum the sailor, the truth about Paddy Burgan and Judge Chipman, and the murder of Clayton Tilton at Musquash.

It is not often that the quiet village of Petticoats is so infested with the unwelcome unemployed element, as it is at the present time, or at least the following facts would lead to that conclusion. On the evening of Monday, the eleventh inst, quite late in the evening, the family of the Rev. Mr. Matthews was greatly disturbed by strange sounds, which seemed to come from the vicinity of the barn. Upon the

matter, the desperadoes apparently became alarmed and fled precipitately. What brought them there at that unseasonable hour is certainly mysterious. It is presumed that they may have had it in their minds to break into the parson's barn and there, they probably were tired of tramping, and thought that a horse and sleigh would be an agreeable acquisition. At any rate they must have been interrupted, as nothing was taken. The barn was, fortunately, securely fastened on the inside. As far as can be ascertained they have been allowed to go unpunished, as no steps have been taken to trace them.

Without mentioning the work of art to the value of untold thousands which have been ruined and destroyed by war, fire and so on there have been many occasions upon which works valued at as much as \$20,000 apiece have been wholly destroyed by careless workmen and carriers.

Two at least of Turner's most magnificent works have been destroyed by ignorant workmen. In one case a man in the employ of a picture-dealer was told to rub a damp cloth over a certain oil painting. Mistaking the picture, the man rubbed a cloth absolutely wet over a water-color drawing worth a fortune-smudging the whole affair.

Farney Hall, in Yorkshire, possesses some grand "Turners," and some few years ago a workman cleaning a ceiling let the end of a ladder fall against the wall and go through a picture valued at \$12,000.

Only the other day a picture by the great French artist, Jules Carrier—its value was \$20,000—was destroyed by a boy who was "larking" and put both feet through it. A playful youth, who shot a marble through a window from a catapult, destroyed a Meissonier hanging on the wall opposite to the window.

The Archbishop's Race. The late Sir James Lacaité was quoted by Archbishop Thomson as the model of self-possession, and the instance by which the Archbishop illustrated this quality highly amusing. He and Sir James were seated in the same carriage, leaving King's Cross for the north, when, as the train slowly steamed out of the station, the portmanteau belonging to the latter was observed left behind on the platform. Without momentary delay its owner put his head out of the window and shouted "Murder!" at the top of his voice, at the same time retreating violently with his arms.

"I do not like big women," said the headless gentleman sitting next to an unusually tall lady at dinner, and then, seeing his blunder, he added, "At least, when they are young."

NORTH HYDRON. PROGRESS is for sale in North Sydney at the store of Messrs. Lupton & Co. Ltd.

Mr. McGerridge, Harry Pleading, Mrs. MacPherson, Miss M. MacPherson, Miss K. Moore, Mr. H. E. Moore, Mr. J. H. Moore, Mr. J. H. Moore, Mr. J. H. Moore, Mr. J. H. Moore.

Mr. A. G. Hamilton has gone to Antigonish for a few days. Mr. P. Christie and Mr. Arthur Boreham have gone to Halifax for a short time.

Mr. H. E. Baker was in town this week on his way home from Halifax. Some of our young people have been enjoying the snowing, but no one seems to have sufficient energy to get up a stamp—a few lack the enthusiasm which, we believe, is the result of a cold.

There were a large number of people at the rink on Tuesday to witness the skating of the best skaters of the district. The contest was a race between MacPherson and MacNeil, the Cape Breton champion.

Mr. W. Thomsen returned last week from Antigonish. Mr. A. G. Hamilton has gone to Antigonish for a few days.

HO... J. F... whe... tic... ran... RA... Al... GALV... sale at... She... C... W... We... The... Mid... New... Samp... S... 11 Cher

THE CELEBRATED



HOT or GOLD, WHICH?

If you want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm. We have a great variety. Hard or Soft Coal or Wood; all sizes, all prices. It is worth your while to see our stock of RANGES and HEATING STOVES.

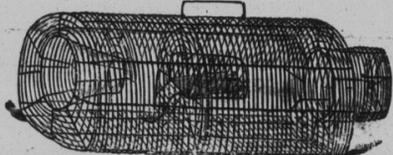
COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street

= VISIT =

J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Don't Forget the Address, 75 Charlotte St. (over Warlock's)

RATS. RATS. RATS.



Are you troubled with rats? If so call and get one of our celebrated

MARTY TRAPS.

Always set and ready for use, These Traps are GALVANIZED and will not rust in damp places. For sale at lowest prices. Wholesale and retail.

Sheraton & Whittaker.

38 KING STREET. Telephone 355.

N. W...

Cambrics and Lawns.

Our first importation of 250 PIECES of the MOST BEAUTIFUL

WASH FABRICS

We have ever shown "is now open for inspection." These goods come in small, neat effects, in Light, Mid and Dark grounds, and will be found to be the Newest and Most Stylish Goods Shown.

Sample Books of the above mailed to any address.

S. C. PORTER,

11 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Social and Personal.

A number of young people enjoyed a pleasant sleigh drive on Tuesday evening. They assembled at the residence of Mrs. J. N. Golding, Leinster street, and about half past seven o'clock, set on their drive out on the road. Returning to the house shortly after ten o'clock they found a suspicious report awaiting them, and after doing ample justice to the good things provided the young folk gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the evening. Games of all kinds were indulged in until about half past one o'clock, when the company broke up. Among those present were Misses L. DeWitt, J. Elliott, F. Tracy, Cooper, J. Sinclair, A. Sinclair, Olive Golding, Maude Stillwell, Blanche Draper, Edith Sinclair, Louise Colwell, Mabel Cowan, Maud Cavanaugh, Gertrude White, Gertrude Belyea, Emily Hays, Margaret Black, Edna Black, Louise Calder, Meena B. Stillwell, George Driscoll, George Hatfield, Walter Goddard, Ralph Davis, B. E. Ives, Harry Cowan, E. Bonnell, M. Colwell, Frank Colwell, Jack Mansbury, Walter DeWitt, Douglas Sinclair, L. Mansford, Walter Golding and J. N. Golding, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Maxwell celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding on Monday evening at their residence, Queen Square. Many of their friends were present to congratulate them and tender their wishes for the years to come. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell are both in excellent health, though now both are past eighty years of age. They have twelve children, all of whom are living except one.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Fisher have returned from their visit to New York. There was a quiet wedding in the west end on Monday evening, when Rev. W. H. Barnes performed the ceremony which united Dr. F. L. Kenny and Miss Edith Peters, daughter of the late Mr. F. M. Peters, in the holy bonds of matrimony. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's mother, and only the relatives and friends were present. Immediately after the ceremony the young couple left on the evening train for a trip to Boston and New York, and upon their return will reside in the west end. The bride received many handsome presents.

Miss Smith, of Petticoat, spent this week in the city, at the guest of Rev. Dr. Macrae, Coburg street. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Taylor, who have been making a visit to Boston, returned home this week. Mrs. S. S. deForest is making a visit to friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Forsythe, who have been visiting friends here, left on Monday evening for their home at Barre, Vermont. They were accompanied by Master Harris A. McGilley. Mr. and Mrs. George T. Higgins and Master Ernest Higgins, who spent the past week in Montreal, returned home on Monday.

Mr. S. S. Elliott left on Monday for a visit to his sister, Mrs. F. M. Peters, in Wrentham, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson and Miss Thompson, who have been on a visit to Ottawa and Montreal, returned home this week. Judge Forbes and Miss Forbes left this week for Boston. The Judge will return to the city at the end of a week, leaving Miss Forbes to spend the winter in Boston.

Miss Harris, of Moncton, who has been visiting Mrs. E. W. deForest, Coburg street, returned to her home on Wednesday. A pleasant surprise was rendered Mr. and Mrs. Gordon S. May on Monday evening at their home in the west end, in celebration of the tenth anniversary of their marriage. A number of their friends, about seventy in all, assembled at their home, and undertook the evening's entertainment. They brought with them many useful presents in kind.

The funeral of Mrs. Leitch, widow of the late Mr. James Leitch, was held on Wednesday afternoon from the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. James Lewis, St. James street, and was largely attended. The services were conducted by Rev. L. G. MacNeil.

Mrs. (Dr.) E. Milton Goodhue, once Miss Lillian Peters, is visiting her father, Mr. Albert Peters, King Street east. Mrs. Goodhue receives her friends on Mondays.

The residence of St. John who were fortunate enough to attend the winter ball given by the students of the U. N. B. at Fredericton, in glowing terms of the way in which it was carried out. "The boys" and the young ladies of Fredericton, who have a widespread reputation for treating a pleasant one for their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard G. Holder are receiving congratulations of their numerous friends on the arrival of a little stranger—a son. It was a very pleasant affair which took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Chisholm on Monday evening. The occasion being the anniversary of their wedding day of course the proverbial "due" was there in abundance. The largest piece of "ware" an immense tin boiler, bore the inscription on a card, tied with white satin ribbon from three friends called, "Faith, Hope and Charity."

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The last of the series of assemblies was held at the assembly rooms on Thursday evening and passed off with great oar. These assemblies have been a pronounced success and much is due to the young men who have managed them.

Adult forty friends of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Daley assembled at their residence City Road on Wednesday evening 12th, inst., to celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary. Some handsome presents were applied testifying to the high esteem in which they are held. Cards and dancing were the chief amusements. After a sumptuous supper was partaken of dessert was resumed until the small hours when a most pleasant event came to an end. As a host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Daley could not be more successful.

The many friends of Mr. John K. Redfield will be sorry to learn that she has been quite ill for the past few weeks. Mr. Fred Howard gave a subscription drive to a number of his friends on Monday night. Mrs. Stephen Johnson gave an enjoyable snow-shoeing party on Monday afternoon. The dance given at Overhill hall on Tuesday evening by the Misses Jones has been voted one of the most successful private dances ever given in the city.

The engagement announced of Miss Mary Hare to Mr. Dalrymple, of New York. Miss Maud Bishop, of Belhurst, has been the guest of Miss Jones at her home for the past week. A number of young folks had a delightful snow-tramp to the river every part, where they have thrown their snow away. But at Clifton it stuck they find it pay. Art Photographers, 34 Princess St., Telephone 412.

Colonial House,

MONTREAL.

Great Annual Sale.

During the month of January we will offer our

ENTIRE STOCK

at discounts ranging from 10 to 50 per cent.

5 per cent. extra for cash.

HENRY MORGAN & Co.,

MONTREAL.

WINDOW SHADES, BRASS FIXTURES, POLES, TRIMMINGS, ROOM MOULDINGS, &c. WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

MENZIE, TURNER & Co., City Sample Room, 53 and 55 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Canada. Office, Warehouse and Factory, 8, 10 and 12 Liberty Street, Late the Marlborough Block, N. Y.

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS

To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape. See Specimen Samples at our office and be convinced.

American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, North End. South Side King Square.

Honest Offer.

To those having CATARRH and desire to be cured without risk of losing their money we will send a Germicide Inhaler and Inhalant without a cent of pay in advance. After a fair trial having a bad case of Chronic Catarrh. She has had no return of the disease for seven months. REV. J. S. NORRIS, LAYMAN OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, TORONTO, ONT. writes: "The Germicide Inhaler I procured from you has been a complete success. Indeed, Toronto seems full of respectable citizens who have been cured by your remedy. I write this to inspire hope and confidence those afflicted with Catarrh, and trust they will not fail to test a genuine remedy because so many worthless nostrums flood the country."



TESTIMONIALS. REV. J. E. MAVETY, METHODIST MINISTER, MONTREAL, ONT., writes: "Your Germicide Inhaler has radically cured me. It is worth ten times your charge." MR. DOUGLAS, CONDUCTOR, 11 Ontario Street, Toronto: "It has taken two months for your remedy to cure me of Catarrh. Had the disease for several years and tried many doctors without avail. The Inhaler is pleasant to use and I can confidently recommend it to all sufferers." MR. T. QUINN, P.O. Department, Toronto: "The Inhaler cured both myself and my son of Chronic Catarrh. The one my next-door neighbor procured had worked wonders, too."

We have thousands of testimonials to the same effect. This Grand Remedy has cured thousands who have pronounced the cure a miracle. It is NO MIRACLE. It is the result of intelligent experiment resulting in the production of an instrument and medicine which destroys every vestige of Chronic Catarrh. Now, to those who suffer from Catarrh, a cure is of great moment. We give the simplest proof of our reliability, and a failure to try the remedy on above liberal terms becomes absolutely criminal. You can try it "without money and without price." This advertisement may not appear again, so write at once. Address

Medical Inhalation Co.,

Yon Street Toronto, Ont.

New Linen Goods

ADDED TO STOCK THIS WEEK

- TEA NAPKINS, 50c to \$3.00 doz. DINNER NAPKINS, \$1.15 to \$3.00 doz. TABLE DAMASK, wet, 65c up. TABLE DAMASK, unbleached, 55c up. DRAWING LINENS, 25 to 50c. HOCK, TOWELS and TOWELLINGS. LINEN SHEETING. FELLOW LINEN.

All Linen and Cotton Goods Hemmed Free.

Daniel & Robertson,

Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

FOR ANNUAL MEETING FROM THE FIFTH AND SEVENTH STREETS.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Announcement for sale in Halifax at the following... KENNEDY'S BOOK STORE, 24 George street...

Colonel Stone and the officers of the King's Regiment gave a rink party on Wednesday afternoon...

A quiet, pretty wedding was that of Miss Bertha A. Farquhar, daughter of Captain James Farquhar...

Among the many handsome presents the bride received was a handsome gold watch, set with diamonds...

At the invitation of Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Smith, promoter of the Boy's Brigade movement, is expected to Halifax in about three weeks...

So much has been said and written about the Foodie minstrel that it is quite unnecessary to make any further comment upon them...

Mrs. Leonard was in the city again this week, and on Friday evening lectured on her fifteen years' experience in Eastern lands...

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Rescued! Many have been from the Horrors of Dyspepsia by taking a food that the weakest stomach could digest and thereby gain strength. Such a Food is JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.

Four miles the party returned to Mrs. J. F. Campbell. The general advancement of the old world has been greater than that of the new world...

NEW GLASGOW. [Announcement for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Frichard and H. H. Henderson.]

BRIDGE TOWN. [Announcement for sale in Bridgetown by Miss B. Eiderlin.]

SYDNEY, C. B. Feb. 12.—Miss W. Gibbons had a party on Thursday last. Among the invited guests were Mrs. H. G. Brown, Miss Sterling, Miss M. Hill and Miss J. Stirling...

CAIRO. Feb. 12.—Sleight parties seem to be the amusement of the present. Quite a number are being planned for the next few weeks...

WANTED TO HELP. I desire to introduce a new discovery and keep our shoes laced up on trees, fences and bridges throughout the country...

CURE FITS! We have been very low in price. We carry a large stock of best makes of Linens.

Damask Tablings. Cream, Unbleached, Coloured, Bordered and Coloured. Damask Cloths. Unbleached, Bleached, Cream, Coloured, Bordered and Coloured.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL. Feb. 12.—Mr. Arthur Spence, of Yarmouth, is the guest of Mrs. Owen.

BRIDGE TOWN. [Announcement for sale in Bridgetown by Miss B. Eiderlin.]

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Smith Bros. Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery. Granville and Duke Sts. HALIFAX.

Murphy's Gold Cure INSTITUTE. FOR THE TREATMENT OF ALCOHOLISM, THE PHINE AND TOBACCO HABITS.

DRUNKENNESS. Of the most stubborn kind. It can be cured by the use of our medicine.

H. COQUELIN. The Great French Comedian. These are the features of the Prince of French Comedians, whose "Tartuffe" which he has made his own, convulses every audience which has the delight of seeing the master portray the arch hypocrite.

WINE FOR EVERYBODY. France produced three hundred million gallons more wine last year than it could consume or export.

We Ship Wedding CAKES. THE POSITION. They are of the finest quality, covered with our celebrated almond icing and handsomely decorated.

WANTED TO HELP. I desire to introduce a new discovery and keep our shoes laced up on trees, fences and bridges throughout the country...

CURE FITS! We have been very low in price. We carry a large stock of best makes of Linens.

Damask Tablings. Cream, Unbleached, Coloured, Bordered and Coloured. Damask Cloths. Unbleached, Bleached, Cream, Coloured, Bordered and Coloured.

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Murphy's Gold Cure INSTITUTE. FOR THE TREATMENT OF ALCOHOLISM, THE PHINE AND TOBACCO HABITS.

Write us now for cuts of new Carriages. 1895. Price & Shaw.

BACHELOR. IT IS THE FINEST. 10c Havana CIGAR. IN THE DOMINION.

BACHELOR CIGAR. Ask for the BACHELOR CIGAR. and be convinced that A. SAACS, - 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

DRUNKENNESS. Of the most stubborn kind. It can be cured by the use of our medicine.

Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine

USED WITH GREAT SUCCESS FOR Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c., &c.

Always Cures Ask For It From your Druggist or Grocer, who can procure it from any wholesale house or direct from the proprietor, J. GUSTAVE LAVOLETTE, M. D.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Prose is for sale in St. Stephen by Master...

Fig. 12.—The Grange club are this afternoon and evening enjoying a drive and supper at Hotel Dalmenie.

Fig. 13.—The Grange club are this afternoon and evening enjoying a drive and supper at Hotel Dalmenie.

Fig. 14.—The Grange club are this afternoon and evening enjoying a drive and supper at Hotel Dalmenie.

Fig. 15.—The Grange club are this afternoon and evening enjoying a drive and supper at Hotel Dalmenie.

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MANTON VILLAGE. [Prose is for sale in Manton Village, by...

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Fig. 38.—The Grange club are this afternoon and evening enjoying a drive and supper at Hotel Dalmenie.

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

HAROLD CLIMO, 55 Germain Street.

Fig. 39.—The Grange club are this afternoon and evening enjoying a drive and supper at Hotel Dalmenie.

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Fig. 62.—The Grange club are this afternoon and evening enjoying a drive and supper at Hotel Dalmenie.

INDISPENSIA! A PERFECT CURE WROUGHT BY KOD Rev. A. Murdoch, M. A., LL. D., Waterford, Ont. "It is only justice to you to state that in my case your K. D. C. has wrought a perfect and I believe a permanent cure. For over ten years I have been troubled with dyspepsia. Two years ago you sent me a bottle of your medicine. It gave me almost instant relief and I am still free from the complaint. I do not fail to recommend K. D. C. whenever I have an opportunity."

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W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S STOCKINGS AND ANKLETS. 35 KING STREET. T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUGSTORE.

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Nerves REGULATE and CONTROL the Brain, the Stomach, the Heart, the Lungs, the Muscles, the Intestines, the Liver and Kidneys. WEAK NERVES ARE MADE STRONG BY HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC. It gives new strength and vigor to Nerves, Brain, Stomach, and Blood, and all weakened organs.

NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, LIMITED. CAPITAL STOCK: \$150,000. Incorporated to Promote Art. This company will distribute among its subscribers on the 19th Day of March, 1895.

Grand Concert MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, TUESDAY, 5th February, 1895. Mission Church Choir.

W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S STOCKINGS AND ANKLETS. 35 KING STREET. T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUGSTORE.

My VACATION, Where? Summer, 1895. 27 days, inclusive fare, \$3.30.

Miss Ada Marie Crow, 10 Elm St., Truro, N.S.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Conservatory of Music AND ELOCUTION 15 SPRING WILLOW STREET.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. 15 KEYS PIGS' FEET, 3 KEYS LAMB'S TONGUES.

SILK ELASTIC Stockings AND ANKLETS.

W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S 35 KING STREET.

T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUGSTORE.

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1895.

TAKE OFF THAT BIG HAT

OR ELSE PAY A FINE OF TEN DOLLARS, GIRLS.

"Astra" Condenses the Theatre Hat-Legislation in the United States to Prevent the Possession of a Telling Cartoon - "Astra" Would Vote against the Hat.

A recent issue of Judge contained a cartoon which was almost too subtle in its delicate humor to be very generally appreciated. It was a very simple sketch and depended upon its own force, in presenting the idea it sought to convey, rather than upon any meretricious setting in the way of background, or accessory. It bore the title "When Greek meets Greek," and represented two girls, one of whom beheld the other in opera chairs. They are evidently at the opera, or theatre, because they both a good deal "dressed up," and their heads are embellished with enormous hats, but that part of the story they tell is left entirely to the imagination, the real motif of the picture coming out in the different expressions of the two faces. The dame in the front row wears a complacent smile—and such the largest hat. She is leaning comfortably back in her chair and surveying the stage through a pair of long handed eye glasses, while the unhappy victim of a foolish fashion, who occupies the seat behind her, leans forward in an attitude of combined dejection and indignation. She has evidently given up the effort to see any part of the performance and resigned herself to a stolid contemplation of her neighbor's hat, but her whole face from the listless eyes to the protruding lower lip, is one helpless protest against the force of circumstances which have proved too hard and too narrow from Shakespeare, host with her own petard.

I thought it about the best cartoon on the theatre hat subject that I had seen, because the general public, though it has been satiated with witty sketches of unhappy young men craning their necks to get a glimpse of the stage, from behind our enormous structures of feathers and flowers; has never had an opportunity afforded it of laughing at the author of all the mischief, when she is caught in her own net, and experiences just a little of the annoyance she so ruthlessly inflicts on others.

"This widespread and crying evil, which is devastating our land," as the temperance lecturers say, is a subject I have never touched upon before in these columns; not because I had not very strong opinions on the subject, but for the simple reason that every newspaper writer in the country had used the theatre hat as an objective point, around which to weave the choicest flowers of his playful fancy, and a morbid longing to be original kept me silent. But I see by late American papers that the theatre hat has ceased to be a joke, and assumed such proportions as a public nuisance that two American statesmen, one in the state of New York, and the other in New Jersey, have taken such a serious view of it as to introduce bills in the legislatures of the respective states to which they belong, seeking to make the wearing of large hats in theatres a misdemeanor, and punishable by a fine of from ten to twenty dollars.

The New York reformer has placed the fine at the latter figure, and added a sort of codicil to the effect that the manager of the theatre shall be compelled to refund the price of the ticket to any theatre goer whose view of the stage has been obstructed, but the New Jersey legislator considers that a fine of ten dollars will be sufficient to deter transgressors of this class from persisting in their evil ways, and abolishes the theatrical manager from all complicity in the crime, evidently regarding him as an innocent victim of feminine tyranny.

I believe the reason for this extreme measure is supposed to be a regard for public morals, as the evil passions aroused in the breast of the man who paid from one dollar to five for the privilege of gazing for two or three hours at some charming triumph of the milliner's art, and the awful language in which those feelings found utterance after the performance was over, was doing more to undermine the moral nature of the average American citizen than the combined influence of the whole Midway Plaisance, and the interdicted picture of "Love and Life" could effect in a term of years.

When I read that item, and realized that it was not a joke, but a solemn and lamentable fact that the theatre hat had made its way into the Legislature, and might get into the courts of the neighboring republic, I felt so ashamed that I positively blushed for myself, and my sex, chiefly for my sex though, because I have not got a theatre hat of my own. It did really seem a disgrace to us that we were so selfish, and so determined as to cling to a fashion universally condemned, sneered at by men, laughed at by writers, and caricatured by all the comic papers! Surely we must be either very inaccessible both to censure and ridicule, or else abnormally—I don't like to say it in cold cruel English,

but "pig-headed" is the word I had in my mind. Truth is often unpalatable but I am afraid it is the truth that for the last ten or fifteen years we women have been deliberately making ourselves obnoxious to all right thinking people, by our thoughtless and selfish persistence in a foolish fashion, and not only does that charge lie at our door, but the much graver one of causing the weaker brethren to offend, a fault we are especially warned against by St. Paul—it least I think it was St. Paul who told us to beware of causing our brothers to offend—and we all know that so far as the use of violent language is concerned, our brother has much less control over the unruly member when we have. The worst and most selfish feature of the case is the fact that our persistence would seem to be a wanton determination to have our own way, and assert that we mistakenly consider our rights more than an evidence of vanity, or a wish to be in the fashion since every fashion magazine is filled with plates and descriptions of bonnets and trques, dainty and tiny creations of the milliner's art which would be much more appropriate, and quite as becoming as the larger hats, so a lack of choice can scarcely be urged in extenuation of the custom.

I understand that the bills I have mentioned are meeting with a very favorable reception, the committees in charge having reported in favor of them, so we can judge that the measure is considered important, and the discontent the fashion has caused wide spread. Numbers of down trodden and oppressed men are rallying round the bold reformer's standard, and assuring him of their warm support; so the indications are that the day is at hand when every lady who attempts to enter a public place of amusement crowded with an immense hat, will be stopped at the door and requested to remove it or pay the fine, with imprisonment as the alternative.

I wonder if there is any prospect of the movement extending to Canada? If so, I trust it will go farther, and I will cheerfully promise the Canadian legislator who introduces the bill, with additional clause that every woman found wearing a stuffed bird, or the wings or plumage of a bird, is adjudged guilty of a penal offence, and liable to imprisonment, my warmest support. I will even pledge myself to abjure my former principles, go in for female suffrage heart, hand and pen, and give him my vote as long as I live. Such a handsome offer should surely call forth a plentiful crop of politicians all eager to win the distinction of being first in the field. ASTRA.

ROLLING DOWN SAP.

How It is Done by Steam, Giving First Class Syrup.

An evaporator similar in principle and working to the patent evaporators now in use, though quite different in detail, has been constructed. It is made entirely of wood—pine in this instance, though some other kind of wood might be equally well—its frame is bolted together and made, of course, water tight. Its inside dimensions are 8 feet in length, 2 1/2 feet in width, and 10 or 12 inches in depth. It is divided into three compartments, one of which is nearly as wide as the other two, which are of equal width. Sixteen one-inch galvanized iron pipes, aggregating 128 feet in one continuous pipe, are used—eight of these lying at the bottom of the wide compartment, into which the sap is introduced in a continuous stream, and four of each of the narrow compartments. Fifteen gallons of sap are all of the water which is needed at a time in the evaporator, or half an inch in depth, thus only half covering the pipes. With thirty to forty pounds pressure of steam admitted to the pipes, evaporation at once commences, and the compartments are filled with foam varying in depth from five to ten inches. This will explain why the partitions must be so high. Evaporation must, of course, proceed very rapidly under such favorable circumstances. With sap of average quality, four gallons of syrup per hour can be turned out or four barrels of sap boiled away in the same time, and this with about two-thirds of the fuel needed to do the same work with the ordinary evaporator. The quality of the syrup made by this process is unquestionably first class. In fact, it cannot well be otherwise, since there is no possibility of burning it, there being no fire within twenty feet of the sap.

The Value of Kisses.

They have raised the market value of Missouri kisses to such a figure that only the rich can afford to pay for them. The poor must rely upon getting them in the same old ways, begging or borrowing. At St. Louis Saturday Mrs. Sarah M. Pierce secured a verdict of \$2500 for a kiss stolen from her by A. B. Carpenter. The offense occurred nearly three years ago, and the legal proceeding arising from it has been dragging along ever since. Mrs. Pierce sued for \$5000. Carpenter is a wealthy contractor and has a wife and several children.

Dog Killed while Doing His Duty.

A very intelligent Newfoundland dog, belonging to James H. Pratt, of Waterford, Me., which had been taught many useful things, among which was to go to the railroad, back of the house, and bring down the evening paper to the hotel, when it was thrown off to him by the messenger, was run over and killed on Monday evening by a southbound train, which he did not notice, while he was waiting for the up train to bring him the paper.

YOUNG BLOOD WANTED.

PARTY NOMINATION BY DELEGATE CONVENTION.

The Voters Would Have a Chance if the System Were in Force, and So Would the Young Men—Why a St. John Journalist in Boston Resigned.

BOSTON, Feb. 12.—If the present movement in St. John for party nomination by delegate convention is nothing more than a spasmodic reform, very little will be accomplished in the way of lessening the influence of any ring or clique which may now have control.

While it would perhaps be impossible to devise a more unfair method of making nomination, or one better suited for lucky politicians, than the old burrah-boys-meeting, with its voters simply curious to know what the self constituted leaders intended doing—it will only be a matter of time when the wild caucus will be made equally pliable, if the politicians are at all smart.

The present method of making party nominations comes as near to the old town meeting under which Massachusetts towns are governed as anything I know of; and this is generally considered the ideal form of government.

It is all right for a small town.

If you have ever attended a town meeting; spent a day in the town hall, where all the villagers and farmers have gathered to discuss the articles on the warrant, where every man comes prepared to have a say in all that is going on and says it, no matter whether he is in the front row or in the rear of the hall—you could not help being impressed with the fact that the great secret of success in the town meeting lies in this interestedness in the part of the voter. There is a public spirit manifested in regard to the most trivial matters, which is only found in large cities in times of great excitement over some great question.

Public spirit!

That's what you want, an awakening on the part of the individual to his responsibility as a voter. This is what Boston reformers have been trying to do for years, but I suppose most of us will be in our graves before the average voter in this city is on a par with his country cousin in this respect. The everyday man in the city is a nonentity, in the country town even the farm hand realizes that his vote counts, that he is a part of the community, and has as much right to speak as anybody else.

This, I think, is the reason so many young men become prominent when they come to the city. They have confidence in themselves, they have become accustomed to think and act for themselves, to play a part in the life of the community in which they lived, they bring that spirit with them and enter into the public life of the city with an assurance which only those of great strength of character and superior intelligence could possibly have if subjected from childhood to the subordinating influence of the metropolis.

The average city youth is dazed by the intricacies and red tape of government, by the great buildings with innumerable rooms and departments. He takes it for granted at the outset that all this is beyond his comprehension, and thinks that any attempt to master any part of the details of such a system would be futile. The present methods of city government are so vast and complicated that few business men attempt to keep posted on the trend of affairs.

The suburban youth, on the other hand, has an opportunity to learn the first principles of government. He sees nothing he cannot understand, and as he grows older becomes familiar with the details.

When he comes to the city he realizes that the methods here are simply those he has become familiar with, worked out and broadened, and it is easy for him to follow the different lines and in a short time become familiar with the entire system.

So with the state and national government. He knows the representatives of congressmen from his district, has met them at the town meeting and in the village store, talked with them, found they were only human, and perhaps knew very little more than he did. This gave him confidence in himself.

But I am drifting away from my subject. Returning to the old method of making nominations in St. John, and its likeness to the town meeting, I am reminded of an address I heard a few evenings ago, on the evolution of Boston's city government.

In the early days the citizens of Boston used to hold their town meetings in old Fanning's hall, and while the hall was large enough to hold them, and a voter in the rear of the hall could catch the chairman's eye as easily as one in the front row, everything was satisfactory. When the community became large, however, and the hall too small to accommodate all the voters, the politicians made it a point to get up front, where they could control the meeting, for the noise made by the great crowd was such that everybody in the rear of the hall who wanted to talk would be

Our Annual Mid-Winter Sale of WHITE-WEAR For LADIES and CHILDREN is now on. NEVER HAS IT BEEN POSSIBLE to show such values in the present season. Prices of materials are at the lowest, and the wonderful rapidity with which skilled labor turns out quantities of beautifully made garments, on the constantly improved electric power sewing machines, is the great factor which has cheapened the cost of production, and thus enables us to place a Ready-Made Garment before our patrons at the bare cost of materials. We are showing a magnificent range of Ladies' Underskirts, from 35c. to \$4.00, but particularize the illustration AS BEING OF Exceptional Value. Full Size, Good Cotton, Yoke Band, 10 INCH TUCKED CAMERIC FRILL. At 75c. With Embroidery Frill at 95c. Ladies' Drawers, 23c. to \$3.45. Chemise, 25c. to \$3.25. Nightgowns (special prices for this sale), 45c., 60c., 90c., up to \$6.25. Corset Covers: High, Round Low, Square and V Neck, 30c. to \$1.80. Sizes 32 to 44 inch Bust Measure.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

she seems obliged to maintain, the relics of old times, and such, the removal of any one of them would probably bring a protest from the humblest citizen. The city council does not dare make recommendations which would require the removal of any one of them, without providing another position equally as good. Why is it? They have given the best years of their lives to the city, you say. How long would you or anybody else remain in the employ of the city if you could get a better job? That is what we are all looking for, and if a firm has a higher opinion of a man who sees a chance to better himself, and lets it glide by, I miss my guess. So why should there be any more hesitation in making a change in an office with \$3000 salary than there is in discharging a man earning \$300 a year working on the street.

The latter goes on the least provocation; the former, never. It is in the same spirit that some of our "best families," who met with misfortune 18 years ago, are supported today upon a charity fund unknown to the world, so that they can retain their social positions, other worthy, respectable people who have met with misfortune within recent years were in want, or the objects of ostentatious charity.

This weakness is not confined to St. John alone, but, to my mind, it has been a cancer that has taken a good deal of the life and energy out of the city. The new blood did not get a chance to flow except perhaps in the direction of the United States.

Speaking of this reminds me of a St. John man here in Boston, who after holding one of the most responsible positions on the Boston press, two or three years, went to the proprietors and offered to resign. He had been more than ordinarily successful in the position, and his declaration naturally came as a surprise, but he argued that three years was as long as any man could hold the position without falling into ruts which would preclude him from giving the public that newness that novelty demanded.

In this city the political axe has been going with lightning rapidity for several weeks and an official head goes into the basket at every clip. With delegate conventions, and strong organizations the young men of St. John should make a move on their own account, and make an attempt to run the ship, or at least act as first mate. R. G. LARSEN.

Awkward For Both.

As showing the independent disposition of the Orosadians, the following story is told: Some years ago an English tourist, while on a visit to Orkney, having listened to a dreadful account of gales and rough weather on those coasts, which was poured into his ears by a native, thus addressed him: "It must be very awkward for you all when communication with the south is cut off for lengthened periods, is it not?" "Oh, well," he replied, "it must be just as awkward for the folk in the south."

HOW IT IS DONE. "I don't see how Mrs. Brown does it," remarked Mrs. Smith to her friend. "I'm sure my husband makes more money than Mr. Brown, who is only a clerk, and yet that woman dresses better and has more clothes than I could begin to think of buying."

Now, Mrs. S., we'll tell you how it's done. Whenever Mrs. B's clothes get a little worn, she don't rush into a dry goods store and buy new material, but neither does she want to appear shabby. So she sends the dress to UNGAR'S and has it dyed some pretty shade. An with a little alteration, behold, "Another new dress," as you remarked.

Why not do likewise?

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S. WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

FORTIFY YOUR SYSTEM against PNEUMONIA and LA CRIPPE by using ROYAL EMULSION. For Chest, Lung and Bronchial Troubles has never been equalled. A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN PHYSICIAN STATES: I cheerfully recommend the Royal Emulsion; I have suffered from a yearly attack of Bronchitis but this year, for the first time, I have escaped and I attribute it to the use of ROYAL EMULSION. Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00. Wallace Dawson, CHEMIST, Montreal. A Word in Your Ear, Madam! Are you not feeling as well as usual this year? Is that tired, run-down feeling going the upper hand? Do you sometimes feel nervous enough to fly? Are you sometimes even cross with the children? Not to mention that poor, patient husband of yours? Get a half Dozen Bottles OF PUTTNER'S EMULSION. take it freely, and see what a charm will come over your existence. Read this to your husband this evening, and he will bring you the medicine when he returns from the club. It is pleasant and safe to take. Six bottles for \$3.00.

HINDOO BASKET TRICK.

PROF. HERMANN SAYS THERE ARE TWO BOYS.

One is in the Basket and the Other is Not—Thomas Stevens Thought it Super-natural—Another Remarkable Trick Explained by the Famous Magician.

Thomas Stevens, who first won fame by making a bicycle tour around the world, wrote about the Indian basket trick some time ago, and was inclined to believe that there was something supernatural in it. Prof. Hermann, who should be at least as good an authority on magic as Mr. Stevens, gives the following explanation of it and other Indian tricks:

Where, if not in India, should we turn for the weird and mysterious, for the wonderful, for that which may not be understood by any one, even those who profess to understand everything? India, with a civilization that was older than Europe's when civilization began. What is developed in naturally more fully developed in India than in any younger country. What has been made a study for years must be surpassed by that which has been made a study for centuries. Although the magic of the Hindoos is by far the most celebrated, it is not the most scientific magic in the world. While they were undoubtedly causing flowers to grow and blossom at the word of command, rearing trees and plucking ripe mangoes from them, from the seed, in a few minutes' time; doing decapitation tricks, aerial suspension and others equally as marvellous, centuries before any part of the Caucasian race ever attempted to entertain an audience with anything of the kind, they, the yogis and magicians that appear before the general public, continue to do exactly the same things in exactly the same way that they did centuries ago, if the tales of old travellers may be relied on to any extent.

Since Marco Polo's account of the miracles performed by the jugglers of the East, daily journals, periodicals, books of travel, and, I am sorry to say, standard works, too often considered authorities, bristle with long, elaborately written accounts of the performance of impossibilities by the jugglers of India. But, while all India is now open to Europeans and Americans, and has been carefully canvassed by the agents of the greatest showmen in all countries, not any one of these has thus far succeeded in obtaining a single novelty; in other words, it has never been possible for a European or American manager to import any sort of performance from Hindoostan sufficiently interesting to entertain an intelligent audience. The attempts to transplant the magic of the East, as done by the magicians of the East, to European, American or Australian fields have invariably proved decided failures, in many cases wrecking their managers.

There is no doubt but what there is performed by certain members of certain societies of India, and in India alone, experiments so truly wonderful as to astonish modern scientists, and performed as to prevent reasonable solution. With this I have nothing to do at present other than to frankly admit that I do not understand the workings of the theosophists of India any more than they understand many natural effects caused by natural causes in this country. But the magic of the Hindoos is not difficult for one less schooled in the black art than I claim to be to understand and explain, provided the necessary amount of study and attention is given to it.

One of the most interesting experiments done by the natives of India is known as the Hindoo box and basket trick. This is done by a tribe of travelling fakirs with no other apparatus than a large basket having but a small mouth or top opening, over which a lid or cover fits tightly. The opening in the top is so much smaller than the basket itself as to leave plenty of room around the sides when anything just fitting the top is placed in the basket. In going through the Suez Canal shortly before the uprising of Arabi Pacha our steamer halted at Ismailia, I, in company with the other passengers, went ashore and saw a troupe of Hindoo fakirs do the basket trick. There must have been at least a dozen natives of India in the troupe. One old fellow seemed to be the principal performer. He was dressed in the costume usually worn by the high caste natives of the Bombay Presidency, which consists of many yards of white cotton cloth gracefully draped around the figure in such a manner as to leave nothing but the arms, from the elbows to the hands, and the legs, from the knees down, exposed; his feet were thrust into great red slippers, the toes of which turned up like the point of an old fashioned skate, while on his head was an enormous turban, tied in such a manner that two long, flowing, scarlet-like ends hung below the middle of his back. He wore an enormous snow white beard, which set off his swarthy countenance and gave his small beady black eyes a truly demoniacal glitter.

At the beginning of the entertainment the principal members of the troupe seated themselves in a circle on the bare ground, when different members of the group entertained the audience with vanishing cups and balls and exhibitions of their proficiency in palming and disappearing small articles, all of which they did fairly well. After this a small boy, nearly naked, came into the centre of the circle and addressed a few words to the

chief performer, when this dignitary flew into a rage, summoned two attendants, who brought the above described basket and placed it before him. He removed the lid, seized the lad and thrust him into the basket, after which the lid was firmly replaced and tied with leather thong. The shaking of the basket proved to a close observer that the boy, instead of remaining quiet after being thrust into it, was carefully placing himself in such a position as to insure his safety during what was to follow.

The old magician continued to rave in his native language, and finally drawing a sharp tular, or native sword, thrust it through and through the basket at different places, causing the boy to shriek in a fish-like manner and the blade of his sword to fairly drip with blood.

I, intent on observing his manner of doing the trick, rather than the effect it produced on the spectators, noted that the sword was carefully inserted in certain little apertures in the basket, intended to receive it. The cries and moans of the boy grew fainter and fainter, and finally ceased altogether, when the magician, wiping the blade of his sword, returned it to its scabbard and seated himself on the ground.

His attendants all assumed a horror stricken look and sat as motionless as stone statues for a moment, when a boy's voice was heard calling, at a distance, and growing stronger and stronger as apparently the same lad that had been so ruthlessly slaughtered in the basket came running right into the centre of the group and embraced the magician. At this juncture every one of the performers arose, two of them seized the basket and carried it away to where all their belongings were deposited.

Now, no attempt was made to open the basket after the performance and allow it to be examined, and the explanation of the trick is undoubtedly this:—There were two boys, almost exactly the same in appearance, as no one appreciates the value of doubles so much as does your Indian magician. The first boy lay in the basket in such a manner as to escape the thrust of the sword, which was made through openings and which he had been instructed to keep clear of. While concealed in the basket he undoubtedly applied a sponge or cloth dipped in goat's blood or some chemical preparation resembling it to the sword, and he acted his part so well as to almost prove to the spectators that he was really being murdered. Instead of the same boy escaping from the basket and coming in, the double put in his first appearance, and the thing was done.

Now, in order to find out exactly what impression had been made on the non-professional portion of the audience, I conversed with several of them, and in every case was informed that it was the most wonderful thing they had ever witnessed. Without exception they marvelled as to how the boy could have been gotten out of the basket and placed at such a distance from the performers without being seen. Not one of them suggested the possibility of the double, and I am satisfied that there was not one person in the audience, myself, that did not firmly believe that the boy who entered the circle was the same one that was placed in the basket, and I am certain that none of them suggested having the basket brought back and examined.

European and American magicians, a few years since, introduced an illusion called the Hindoo box trick, for no other reason than that Hindoo is a very good word to tack on any illusion, as it is to a certain extent mystifying. This trick was performed in the following manner:—A large box capable of holding a human being was brought in, and an assistant, a committee invited on the stage for the purpose of making this inspection. It was found to be a strongly built iron bound box, with great hump hinges fastening one side of the lid to the box, the other side of which was held down with a hump and staples, firmly riveted through the wood, and any one in the audience was called upon to secure it with a padlock. This was done. Then the box was placed on two trestles sufficient high to sustain it about eighteen inches from the stage floor; a coil of rope, usually about a hundred feet in length, was handed to the committee and they were requested to tie the box, which was invariably tied by lashing it so securely as to render it an impossibility to open the lid in any way without destroying the rope. The knots of this rope were often sealed with sealing wax, and with rings and charms worn by members of the committee in such a manner as to prevent the seals being tampered with without a discovery.

After this was done to the satisfaction of the committee the assistant, generally a young woman dressed in a page's costume, was called in. This assistant was placed in a strong linen bag drawn up over her head and securely tied with a stout string, the knots of which were sealed in the same manner as those on the box. The page was then taken and seated on the box, a screen drawn around both the box and the performer, when in an incredibly short space of time, never exceeding thirty seconds, a smart tap on the box announced that all was ready; the screen was hastily drawn aside, and the empty bag, still sealed exactly as left by the committee, with every seam intact, would be found lying on top of the box, the page having disappeared entirely.

A rapping on the inside of the box proclaimed the fact that the performer was inside of it, and after the seals and knots were inspected and untied and the network of rope wound around it removed, the key was produced and the box unlocked. The performer would step out as cool and unruffled as though she had been lying on a sofa during the whole affair.

Now, unexplained, this appears truly wonderful, but the explanation is so simple as to be ridiculous. The box, carefully corded and locked, of course could not have been opened at the top, the bottom was resting on the trestles, and we naturally turn to the sides for an opening. The front side of the box, just below the hump,

was so arranged that an invisible hinge or rod running through the bottom of the lower half of the box front allowed this to drop down inside the box, leaving no obstacle in the way of the performer's entering it but the ropes, which, of course, were pushed aside to allow the small body of the page to pass through.

Once inside the box she simply rolled to the back of it, raised the front lid and with a small flat, knife-like instrument shot two tiny bolts into place, rapped on the box, concealed her instruments to open it and was ready for the inspection of the committee. The bolts were hid by the other half of the box lid, they being set into the upper edges of the board and the smallness of the cracks prevented their discovery.

But how about the bag? you ask. That was managed in this way:—There were two bags, one inside the other. The performer was placed in the outer bag, leaving an empty one exactly like the outer one flat against the back of the bag. When the magician was pulled in the bag over the young lady's head, ready to be tied and sealed, he simply brought the tops of the two bags to be sealed up, that of the empty one above that of the one containing the page, and held it in his hand to be tied and sealed, the hands clasped around the top of the outer bag concealing his mouth so that the committee working above his hands really tied and sealed the top of the empty bag. When this was done he would pick up the slight figure of the page and seater on the box, quickly draw the screen around her, and she would slip the outer bag down from her shoulders, draw up and shake out the inner or empty one and lay it on top of the box. The inner bag would, then be wound around her body inside a blouse waist or outer garment; she would then open the box, crawl into it, fasten the front and call for "light."

CALLER FOR MR. DE MEDICI. This American Art Lover Proposes to see him in Person.

There is a lady tuit-hunter in an uptown boarding house who has the foreign title fever of the most pronounced type. She paralyzes the other roomers by the easy, matter-of-fact way in which she tells the names and titles of her distinguished callers.

One night it was the Prince Bombastes Deadbeast. The night before it was the "Dood" Indebto and the next night it will be the Count Freakivitch. She has been across our great salt water privilege several times, and has contracted the broad-gauge style of murdering the English language. There is no reason to believe that she bewails her fate at having been born in plebeian America.

The other evening, while her parlor was filled with princes, potentates, "dooks," counts and half-heads in the absence of crowned heads, she incidentally remarked that on her next visit to civilization she would get more works of art, and among them a work of "Venus de Medici."

"You must be vorse particulare and not let 'em clever," Paris vandlers sell you as imitation," said a "dook" by way of precaution. "O, I shall guard that," she replied, gaily. "I shall call upon Mr. De Medici himself. I can get letters of introduction to the greatest artists in Europe."

And then she looks like that before a storm, and the titled admirers of the tuit-hunter could scarcely conceal their laughter.

Street-Cleaning in New York. New York street-cleaning reformers are enthusiastic over the snow-melting machines and they say when the idea is fully developed the snow on the streets will be converted into water, not at three or four central points in the city, but at literally hundreds of places. There is no jobbery in the snow melting problem. There are so many inventions that the department engineers have practically decided to construct their own melter. Through innumerable patents have been taken out for melting snow, the principle adopted in all of them is such that simple machines can be constructed without infringing in any way upon existing claims. The most important item of expense in getting rid of a large fall of snow in New York is the long distance which the carts have to travel from the big central avenues of the city to the dumping piers on the river front. The short trips to the ice-melting machines, which it is the purpose of the street cleaning reformers to locate a few blocks apart, will require the assistance of a comparatively small number of carts. Street-cleaning is a subject very near to the hearts of an astonishingly large number of New Yorkers. The ordinary business man who ploughs through the mud and slush as a matter of course, and who devotes very little attention to the streets aside from an occasional muttered ex-creation, will be surprised at the number of societies, vigilance leagues, associations, and reformatory agencies, with intensely earnest presidents, enthusiastic and industrious secretaries, elaborate headquarters, and big stationery bills, all used in the effort to make the streets cleaner.

Old Families. The most ancient family in France, in so far as the tracing back of the ancestry in an unbroken line is concerned, is the royal house of Bourbon, which goes back to Robert le Fort, in the year 861. Next in point of antiquity comes the Roban family, which for the last century, however, has been settled in Austria, the so called Robans in France being not really Robans but merely Chabots, their only connection with the house of Roban being by marriage. Then comes the house of Narbonne-Felt, the head of which is the Duc de Narbonne who can trace his lineage back without interruption to the year 910. Of course in ascertaining this in relation to the Duke of Levis-Mirepoix do not mind considering the some what mythical claim of the Duke of Levis-Mirepoix to be descended in a direct and unbroken line from Jacob's son, Levi. He has among his family pictures the old painting in which the Holy Virgin is represented as requesting the former Duke of Levis-Mirepoix to put on his hat, which he had doffed in salutation, she being depicted as uttering the words "Couvrez vous, mon cousin." Another picture represents an ancestor of the Dukes of Levis-Mirepoix navigating a

small boat on the waters of the deluge, he being too exclusive and high-toned to share the ark with the Noah family and its belongings.

Utility of Compressed Air.

In the West Shore shops, at New Durham, N. Y., compressed air is utilized in various ways. Oil is emptied from barrels into tanks by its means, and cars are rapidly and effectively cleaned. It is the most thorough duster, reaching every crack and crevice and rooting out dust, dirt and shreds with lightning rapidity. It even penetrates to the depths of upholstery and tufting. There is talk of introducing it into the hotels, where, instead of the maid with broom and dust pan, we may soon see a stalwart man with a hose blowing the dust out of the rooms and cleaning them as heater and whisk broom have never been able to do.

Clever Detectives.

A short time ago a man who had committed a serious offence was "wanted" by the police, and it being suspected he was in hiding in one of the busy towns in the English Midlands, photographs were sent to the various provincial police centres. It so happened that the man in question was very vain, and when a detective secured an album in which were six photographs, each representing a different view of the face, the authorities thought they had got a "find," and they made sure that detection would follow if they sent copies of each of the six photographs to the country stations. The result—in one instance, at all events—was totally unexpected. Imagine the feelings of the chief of the Criminal Investigation Department on receiving the following message from a certain town:—

"We have already in custody, four of the persons whose photographs you sent us, and we believe we have a certain clue as to the whereabouts of the other two."

The New French President.

The father of M. Faure, the new French president, was an upholsterer in Paris, and he himself was born in the Faubourg St. Denis. He was educated at a private commercial school, and was then sent to England for two years to learn the language and get a knowledge of English methods of business. On his return he went to Amboise to master the business of a carrier, and there married the daughter of the mayor, M. Gairot, who afterwards became a senator. After his marriage M. Faure settled at Havre as a fellow-agent and commission agent, and soon became a leading merchant and shipowner. He first acquired the gift of public speaking by lecturing on history to an evening class for adults.

Fought With Ropes' Ends.

An extraordinary duel has taken place in Brussels between two young men. They were enamoured of the same young lady, who, after considerable hesitation, made her choice. The unsuccessful suitor challenged his rival to a duel and proposed that each should be armed with a piece of rope, and that they should thrash each other as long as they could hold on. The challenge was accepted. The fight, however, had not been long in progress when the police came up and stopped it. Both "duellists" were considerably bruised, but the challenger is said to have got the worst of the encounter.

The Baby in the Bath.

Try some way of amusing your child if he cries during his bath—a cork which will bob about with every movement of the water, or an egg with the contents blown out. In fact, any little thing which will amuse a child will attract his attention and prevent his crying during the process of bathing. Once the child is broken of the habit of crying, this trifling amusement will be unnecessary.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made at the next Session of the New Brunswick Legislature for an Act to incorporate a Company to be called "The Colonial Iron and Coal Company, Limited", with a capital stock amounting to one million of dollars, having power to increase to two millions, one-half the shares to be preferred and the remainder common stock, and having authority to issue bonds to the amount of the capital paid up. The objects of the Company are to acquire coal, mineral and other lands in any of the Colonies of this Province or elsewhere; work mines and deal in minerals; build and operate coke and smelting works of all kinds; manufacture and deal in all the by-products of coal; sell and supply gas produced therefrom for heating power and lighting purposes; laying down pipes and mains wherever necessary therefor generally; carry on the trade in iron, coal and coal owners, chemical and gas manufacturers, iron-masters, founders and smelters of metal and ore and metal dealers, and in connection with their business to lay down and operate railways and establish lines of steamers, barges and vessels of all kinds for the transport of freight and passengers; and for the purposes aforesaid to acquire compulsory powers and incorporate the provisions of the New Brunswick Railway Act, the New Brunswick Joint Stock Companies' Act; to acquire patent rights and the good will of any existing business carried on for any of the above named purposes, and also the shares, stock and bonds, of any company; to construct and maintain telegraph and telephone lines and carry on the business of telegraph and telephone Company on their line of works and railways. Dated at St. John the 25th day of January, A. D. 1895. R. G. LOCKE.

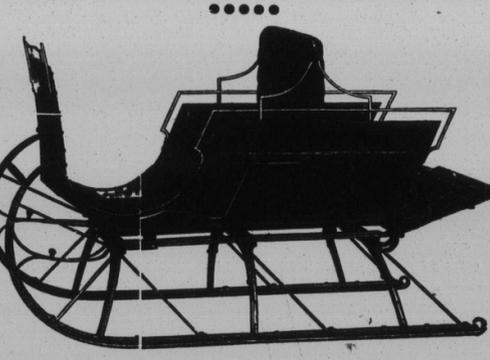
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Sunday Reading.

SELF-CONQUEST.

A Few Words on a Celebrated Command of Christ. That remark of Christ, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," is often misinterpreted. He was not here teaching the importance of benevolence, but the duty of self-conquest.

It does not follow that we must all do the same, any more than because belladonna or arsenic is administered in one case of illness we should therefore all go to taking belladonna or arsenic.

We want our pride killed, and we read an essay on that sweet grace of humility, and we go on as proud as ever.

Deal with your avarice in the same heroic style. Having heard the charitable cause presented, at the first right impulse thrust your hand in your pocket where the money is, and pull it out though it half kills you.

AMONG THE RAMBLE LEPEERS.

Their State is Worse Than That of Those of Ramble. One of the deceases of Midway Park, who is now in the Holy Land, writes that she recently held a service among the lepers of Ramble.

"Abou Ibrahim went to look for the lepers in their different haunts and collected them together under some trees outside the town. A stone in the centre of the circle was spread with a red pocket-handkerchief for me to sit upon."

"All forms of disease were exhibited among them. The blurred features, the rustled hands and feet, the hoarse rasping voice, the hidden wounds. Some, like Hissias, who carried Fatmah, bore no outward tokens; others were painfully disfigured."

Fatmah was a middle-aged woman who had been thirty years, fifteen with her husband and fifteen after his death. One of the men had lately come, and one, Salah, had just left them for the leper hospital in Jerusalem.

NAGGING MEN AND WOMEN.

A nervous man or woman who is anxious, discontented, gloomy, dissatisfied, worried from any cause, cannot enjoy good health. This mental turmoil produces as one of its primary effects on the body an inability to digest food properly.

I have seen two cases of what Shakespeare calls "these cursed shrews" who died really as the result of the violence of their own tempers.

As over two-thirds of their grievances are imaginary—that is, over two-thirds of the grievances for which they scold have no existence except as inventions in their own disordered brains—the inability of insanity to distinguish between the real and the unreal has begun to show itself.

When a man comes home from his office he must have rest. This is not a thing he may dispense with; he must have it. When he takes his food he must be let alone, so that the blood will find its way to the stomach and there enable him to properly digest that food, so that he may acquire a fresh store of force for use on the morrow.

The man comes home and the nagging wife begins. If the man be physically strong, fair-minded and just, his mind will revolt in time from the injustice of his wife's accusations. It is the peculiarity of the nagger to enormously exaggerate everything, even if she does not invent her grievances.

He may not actually beat her, because the restraining influences of his training have not lost their hold on him. Perhaps it would be better for her if he did, for physical fear of a whipping might be sufficient to make her control herself. While he may not lift his finger to her, he will invariably become brutal.

The nervous condition the woman has created in herself by her nagging, itself renders her powerless. Such a family is a hell on earth.

I know of a case once where the nagging of a wife drove her nervous husband to an asylum, where he died, the victim of melancholia, brought on by ceaseless nervous irritation, produced by his wife's tongue, yet, to the day of his death, he worshipped that woman.

It sometimes happens that a woman is the nagger owing to causes which she cannot control. There are diseases which affect women that have a most disastrous effect on the nerves, and therefore on the temper.

What shall be said of a nagger who distorts and twists and misshapes the mind of a child? What shall be said of the woman who cripples all the moral innocence and mental powers of the little ones committed to her care? Is not this damnable, devilish? Does not such a woman deserve the execration of all men and women?

It seems to me that the spectacle of one of these nervous children, timid, affectionate, in the grasp of a nagging mother, is the most pitiable I know of, the little one is so helpless, the torture is so fiendish. Often a child is simply nagged to death, and one is bound to feel only joy over the deliverance, for, if it lives, it only inherits manhood or womanhood with shattered nerves and a ruined constitution.

Children have a far keener sense of justice than the majority of people believe.

but so far as the expression of this feeling is concerned they are dumb. Under the torture of nagging, more than often emphasized by slapping or whipping, they must suffer in silence.

Not only is the child's physical health ruined, its mind is injured more than I can easily explain. The constant exaggeration inseparable from nagging prevents the growth in the mind of the child of mental perspective. Its mind grows one-sided.

The effect of nagging on the child's moral qualities is extremely bad. The constant, unceasing injustice warps the better nature. The dumb anger induced through so many years stimulates the growth of passion in the mind of the child; in time it becomes absolutely unable to do justice to others, simply because its sense of justice, naturally strong in all children, is destroyed. In order to shield itself from the intolerable torture, the child naturally resorts to lies.

What remedy is there? I say regretfully there is none whatever, except public opinion. Those who suffer, if they be adults, shrink from facing their misery, and if they are children they know of no appeal. There is, however, a duty which should be regarded as sacred. If there are children, and if the wife or husband be a nagger, then the other should do something to protect the little ones. He or she who refuses is as guilty towards them as is their torturer.

Laughter as a Moral Tonic.

Foreigners traveling in this country have more than once commented upon the singular gravity of Americans as a race, observes Golden Days. The Puritans were inclined to frown upon laughter as frivolous, and therefore wicked. Life was a very grave affair to them, and an almost constant struggle for existence, and they had no time to make merry.

There can be no enjoyment of vocation to one whose whole life is vocation. People who do not work do not know what rest is. Those who have no regular employment find their leisure a burden, and their life is full of ennui and restlessness. A daily task is a sure preventive of such a result. It is, in great part, the divine ordinance of six days' work which makes the day of rest so great a blessing to man.

The Chinese Emperor and the Bible.

On receiving the testament recently presented to her on her birthday the dowager Empress of China began to read it. The Emperor wished to see the book, and, growing impatient, sent a servant named Li to buy at the American Bible repository on Old Testament and one New Testament, writing the titles down with his own hand.

Pilgrims in Feil.

The risk of a pilgrimage to Mecca may well make the most earnest Mussulman hesitate to undertake that pious duty. Of the 66,000 pilgrims who have sailed from various Oriental ports for this sacred spot during the last six years, 22,000 have never returned. A few, it is thought, may possibly find their way back by other routes.

Messages of Help for the Week.

"Their voice was heard, and their prayer came up to his holy dwelling place, even unto heaven."—2nd Chronicles 30:27. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy path."—Prov. 3:5, 6.

"In these days came John the Baptist, preaching . . . and saying, repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."—Matt. 3:1, 2.

"Then cometh Jesus . . . and, lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."—Matt. 3:13-17.

"His disciples came unto him, and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us: We perish. And he saith unto them, only ye are so fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm."—Matt. 8:26.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."—Matt. 26:41.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—John 12:32.

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Many of the remedies now administered are simply appetizers. They are a stimulant for the time being. They give temporary strength possibly, but are not system-builders. The constitution that has become run down through trouble, overwork, disease, or from whatever cause, cannot become itself again except where the system of building-up is begun as the foundation.

PROBATE COURT.

City and County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, or any Constable of the said City and County: Greeting: Whereas, William R. Russell, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, deceased, and Testament of John Logan, late of the said City of Saint John, Carpenter, deceased, and a legatee under said last Will and Testament, hath by his petitions dated the eighteenth of December, A. D. 1894, and presented to this Court, and now filed with the Registrar of this Court, prayed that the said last Will and Testament may be proved in solemn form; and an order of this Court having been made that such prayer be complied with, YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUIRED to cite the following next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, namely:—

- William Duncan, aged 68 years, Car Inspector, resident in the City of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick. Mary Ann Duncan, aged 61 years, Saleswoman, now resident in the said City of Saint John. Charles H. Duncan, aged 53 years, Clerk, resident in the City of New York, in the State of New York, one of the United States of America. Hunt-Duncan, aged 53 years, Medical Doctor, resident in the said City of New York. Walford Duncan, aged 53 years, Clergman, resident in the said City of New York. Susan Duncan, aged 30 years, Spinster, resident in the said City of New York. Robert Hunter, aged 54 years, John, Sophia McManus, aged 52 years, wife of Charles McManus, resident in the said City of New York. Mary Hunter, aged 53 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick. Lillie Maud Hunter, infant, aged 14 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick. Laura Louise Arnett, infant, aged 11 years, Spinster, resident in the said City of Saint John. Frederick John Arnett, infant, aged 3 years, resident in the Parish of Simonds. Leonard Hunter Moore, aged 57 years, Moulder, resident in the said City of Saint John. John D. Moore, aged 21 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John. Robert Moore, aged 21 years, Machinist, resident in the said City of Saint John. Both McConeil, aged 56 years, Widow, House-keeper, resident at Charlottetown in the State of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America. Jane Lacey, aged 49 years, wife of George Lacey, resident in the Parish of Lancaster, in the said City and County of Saint John. Dora Boyd Grant, aged 34 years, wife of Frank Grant, resident at Madonia, in the State of Maine, one of the United States of America. George Henry Hunter Eaton, aged 31 years, Bookster, resident at Calais, in the said State of Maine. Eva Maud Eaton, aged 17 years, Housekeeper, resident at Calais, in the said State of Maine. Samuel O'Brien, resident in said City of St. John. Sarah Howarth, aged 70 years, widow, resident in the City of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, one of the United States of America. Margaret Roxborough, aged 65 years, widow of Jasper Roxborough, resident in the City of Boston, in the said State of Massachusetts. Elizabeth Lynce, aged 60 years, Spinster, resident at Sours, in the Province of Prince Edward Island. Maida McKenna, aged 58 years, wife of Archibald McKenna, Farmer, resident at San Diego, in the State of California, one of the United States of America. James Burke, aged 51 years, a Member of the Mounted Police, in the Northwest Territories, in the Dominion of Canada. Mary Burke, aged 32 years, Spinster, resident at Edward Island. Martha Davison, aged 27 years, wife of John Davison, Farmer, of Bay Fortune, in the said Province of Prince Edward Island. Frederick Burke, aged 27 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, or, resident at Bay Fortune, aged 23 years, Farmer, resident at Sours, in the Province of Prince Edward Island. Maida McKenna, aged 58 years, wife of Archibald McKenna, Farmer, resident at San Diego, in the State of California, one of the United States of America. James Burke, aged 51 years, a Member of the Mounted Police, in the Northwest Territories, in the Dominion of Canada. Mary Burke, aged 32 years, Spinster, resident at Edward Island. Martha Davison, aged 27 years, wife of John Davison, Farmer, of Bay Fortune, in the said Province of Prince Edward Island. Frederick Burke, aged 27 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, or, resident at Bay Fortune, aged 23 years, Farmer, resident at Sours, in the Province of Prince Edward Island. 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Notes of Provincial Industries.

Lumber Manufacturers Organized. Following the recent organization of the Maine Lumbermen's and Land Owners' Association at Bangor, an association of lumber manufacturers has been formed, embracing in its membership most of the leading mill men of northern New England.

The present condition of the spruce lumber business, the immense amount of lumber now being used for wood pulp and paper, the unusually short crop of logs being harvested this year, the present low prices prevailing for spruce, the improved methods of manufacture and transportation, cooperation in the sale and distribution of lumber products, questions of transportation and delivery, schedule of prices the coming season, relative value of dimension orders and random lumber were among many subjects discussed.

Haley Bros. & Co., St. John, are doing an active winter business, employing about thirty men, at their planing and wood-working mill in Broad street. They manufacture all kinds of interior house finish, including doors, sashes, wainscoting, hardwood flooring, mouldings, stairwork, etc., using up about a million feet of pine and half a million feet of other woods yearly.

The plaster quarry at Edgett's Landing is being worked this winter, by King and Howell.

The Amherst, N. S., car works have an order for a large lot of car wheels for the Quebec Central Railway.

George Nelson and William Bray have leased the Bray Bros' lower mill on Calkin's creek, Albert county.

J. F. Black, Richibucto, has placed a new engine in his carriage factory, from the Robb works at Amherst, N. S.

The contract to build a public wharf at Bass River, N. S., has been awarded to John McMillan of Port Hops, at \$2500.

C. W. Wiggin's hoop factory at Young's Cove, Queens county, is running full time, and will turn out half a million hoops this season.

At Stanley, York county, Dr. Moore intends building a brick residence in the spring, and Andrew Douglass will erect a brick building for a store and offices.

William H. Murray, of Marble Cove, St. John, is to add to the equipment of his saw mill a new and improved saw carriage from the Watson Engine Works of Brantford, Ont. A. A. Benson, representing the Watson company, was in the city last week.

The Spanish West India market for potatoes has proved very attractive to the Nova Scotia farmers during last season, Kings county alone sent to Havana over 30,000 barrels, besides those which were shipped by way of Halifax and Annapolis.—Truro News.

J. Dix Fraser, of the Nova Scotia Iron Works, Ferrons, has returned from Newfoundland, where he has been superintending the sinking of shafts and tunnels on the iron property at Belle Isle, owned by the New Glasgow Iron and Railway Company. They will commence to ship iron to Nova Scotia in July.

The Havelock Mineral Springs Company held their annual meeting at Petticoat last week and elected officers as follows:

lows: Geo. W. Fowler, president; Rev. W. Keith, secretary, Geo. Trueman, treasurer; directors, Geo. W. Fowler, Geo. Trueman, E. F. Estman, C. B. Keith and F. W. Emmerson.

The Woodstock board of trade urgently advocates the formation of a maritime board of trade, and suggests St. John as the place of meeting and the latter part of April as the time for holding the same.

S. B. Hunter, Harvey Station, is doing a lively business in hoop poles, railway ties and hemlock laths this winter. He is sending large quantities of poles to G. F. Beach's hoop-shaving establishment at Vanceboro, and shipping laths to various American markets.

R. Phinney & Co., Richibucto, who commenced the manufacture of men's heavy hand-made boots in connection with their tanning business two years ago, are having more orders for their now famed "North Shore" boot than they can fill with present facilities, and are making arrangements to enlarge their business.

The Bridgetown Driving Park Company, of Bridgetown, N. S., has been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$1000 and the following incorporators: Leander R. Miller, J. Warden Beckwith, merchants; John L. Cox, stipendiary magistrate; Orlando T. Daniels, barrister, and Elwin Ruggles, barrister, all of Bridgetown.

Gillmore Bros., new sawmill at Esdracelon is receiving its equipment of machinery and will soon be in readiness to start up. It will contain a rotary, shingle, lath and clapboard machines, planer, and a wainscoting and matched-flooring machine. It is located on the Cold stream, convenient to Glassville, Knowlesville, Windsor and Coldstream, and is an enterprise long needed in that section.

The Halifax Electric Tramway Company, Limited, has been incorporated, for the purpose of acquiring the Halifax street railway and converting it into an electric road. Prominent in the new company are H. M. Whitney of the Dominion Coal Company, and formerly president of the West End street railway, Boston; G. B. M. Harvey, Boston; James Ross, Montreal; M. Dwyer, David McKeen, J. Y. Payzant, Allan Haley, Thomas Lynch, A. Burns, and W. B. Ross, Q. C., of Nova Scotia.

The Caledonia gold mines appear to be on the eve of a boom, says the Gold Hunter. The old Brookfield mine, under the management of W. I. Libby, is now turning out good ore, and about forty-five men are employed. This mine is run on a most economic scale, one engine and boiler doing the whole business, and the company are continually improving their plant. A new dry-house has been built, and the old one fitted with a furnace and all appliances for assaying the gold. T. Foster has arrived to start up the old Philadelphia company's property, which will make matters still more lively.

The business depression existing all over the country this winter does not seem to be very badly felt in Fredericton. All of the factories are running on full time and appear to have all the work they can handle. The stores also are apparently well patronized. In the New Brunswick Foundry this is one of the busiest winters they have had for some time. They are busily engaged at present getting machinery for a new mill at Blackville ready, and repairing and putting in new machinery at the Shogomac mill. They will also manufacture a large number of mowing machines, probably turning out about the same quantity as last year.—Gleaner.

The Golden Lode Gold Mining Company of South Uniacke, N. S., held their annual meeting recently, at which the reported development of the mine during the year was highly satisfactory, and Manager Hayward was highly complimented for the intelligent and skillful way in which he had operated this mining property. A shaft 7 x 14, 403 feet deep, has been sunk and timbered during the past five months at a cost of but \$11.18 per foot. The output of gold averaged seven ounces per ton, and it is estimated that the company have fully \$30,000 worth of the precious metal in sight. This property adjoins the well known Thompson-Quirk mine at South Uniacke, and is considered by experts as one of the best gold mining areas in Nova Scotia.

James Fleming, proprietor of the Phoenix Foundry and Locomotive Works in this city, has just sent out from his shops a new handsome and powerful locomotive for Canada Eastern railway. Although this is the dull season in the foundry and machine line, Mr. Fleming is employing upwards of fifty men, and his establishment is a busy place. Among other work in hand they are building a large boiler and engine for the Fredericton Boom company, an engine for L. M. Jewett's tugboat, Fancho's and a compound engine for the steamer Hero, and owned by D. D. Glazier & Co. They have also just turned out all known Thompson-Quirk for a new tugboat being built by Mr. Snowball at Chatham and are constantly doing a large amount of mill and steamboiler repairing.

Armstrong Bros' foundry at Broad and Charlotte streets, this city, employs eight or ten hands and uses about 150 tons of iron yearly in making all sorts of castings and general foundry work. They have been twenty-five years established, and have a large and well equipped plant, including machine shop 45x30 feet, and foundry of about the same dimensions. Their business consists largely of building

work, and general repairing. This being the dull time for orders in the building line they are principally engaged in making up stock for next season. This firm formerly manufactured soil-pipe as an important branch of their business, but the American manufacturers finally cut them out, so the latter get their iron for \$11 a ton, whereas it costs the St. John manufacturer about \$18. But this is one of the drawbacks that will be remedied in time, when St. John manufactures her own iron, from the ores that lie in such profusion near at hand.

JOE PALMER'S GOOD FIGHT.

The Latter Part of it was Without Thanks, But he Won.

"In those days," said the man with the broad white hat who is spending a few days in Louisville, "Creede was a booming camp. You can make books on that. And it was a camp that it pleased an old-timer to set foot in. Tenderfeet were not stacking up against the fellows then. It was a reminiscence of '49."

"But, as I was saying, that fight that Joe Palmer made against the 'Orleans Kid' was as good and game a fight as a man ever saw. Palmer is in Denver now."

"What does he do? Well, everything; for Joe is an all-around gambler. Down in Creede he ran a house and got noisy. The Kid came in there one night and got noisy and abusive. The fact that he had killed four men didn't cut any figure with Joe, who politely but firmly told him to get out of the shadow of the stores. Both of them were blazing away at less than thirty paces. The Kid's second bullet struck Joe in the thumb of his pistol hand, and the gun fell to the ground. Joe picked it up with his left hand and went on shooting. Another bullet from the Kid struck Joe's left thumb and the six-shooter dropped again. We all thought Joe would run then sure, but because we couldn't see how he could cock his gun to keep up the fight. He stooped over, as cool as you please, grabbed his gun in his right hand, and cocked it by rubbing it downward against his leg. When the two men had used up all their cartridges and the fight was over, the Kid staggered away. He had lost. Four of Joe's six bullets had hit him. He went out, though, in his lingering six weeks' game with death, and got well enough to kill a man up in Duluth, and go to the Minnesota pen."

College Girls Coasting on Palm Leaves.

Wellesley College girls are having a very good time nowadays, and if you see any of them in town with battered cheeks, skinned noses and bruised hands you need ask no questions as to why they have been coasting! Splendid opportunities there are for coasting at Wellesley; there are plenty of hills and plenty of room right there on the grounds. I was greatly amused when they told me about sliding down that hill exactly in front of the college on dusters! It all came about this way: One inventive genius did not have a sled and did not know where to borrow one; but the crust was perfection and of short duration, so while she stood, with her task of sweeping just concluded, with dustpan in hand, she thought, "Why not use the dustpan?" In the next instant, and out she skipped to the top of the hill, and down she sped, seated in state in her dustpan! The news spread and the craze grew until every dustpan on the premises was well worn out. After that, palm-leaf fans were pressed into service, and it is whispered that pillows have now and then proved the most agreeable and satisfactory of conveyances.

Lady Franklin in Wood.

What is said to be the figurehead of the old English bark Lady Franklin, which was lost while rounding Cape Horn ten or fifteen years ago, was exhibited in front of the marine junk shop of Peter Fryall, Pratt street, New York, last week. It is stated that the figure drifted about the Atlantic for years, until covered by Baltimore picked it up and brought it into port. The figure's history is obscure, but it is so old that it is decaying, and is an exceptionally fine piece of work. It is a full-length figure about five feet high, of a woman in white robes. Her features are plump, smooth and delicately marked. Her black hair is parted in the middle, and falls in a plait down her back. Her head is crowned with a wreath. A graceful, well formed figure is enveloped by the white robes which fall in folds, suggestive of carelessness, as they are swayed by the breeze. The right hand of the figure is resting on the woman's breast, while her left hand holds back her skirt. The woman is supposed to be Lady Franklin, wife of Sir John Franklin, lost in Arctic exploration.

A Duel to the Death.

Some Frenchmen were boasting of their "affairs of honor," when one of them, a Marseillais, declared that he had inflicted upon an antagonist the most dreadful fate that a duelist had ever met. "How was it?" asked everybody. "I was at a hotel, and I chanced to insult a total stranger as he passed. He was known to me as a fencing master. It turned out that he was a fencing master. 'One or the other of us,' he declared in tearful wrath, 'will not go out of this room alive!'" "So let it be!" I shouted in response, and then I rushed out of the room, locked the door behind me, and left him there to die!

Prince Bismarck's Number.

Prince Bismarck has a curious superstition in connection with the number "three." He has served three German emperors, fought in three wars, signed three treaties of peace and established the Triple Alliance. The arms of the family bear the motto, "In Trinitate Robur," the trefoil leaves and oak leaves. All car-

tures represent him with three hairs on his head. He has three children, Herbert, William and Marie. He has three estates, and finally he has under him three political parties, the conservatives, the national liberals and the ultramontanes. It is not astonishing, under the circumstances, that he should entertain a particular regard for the figure "3."

THE SKINDRIFT OF BEAUTY.

A Young Woman of Observation Says the Scientists Go Too Deep.

"I wish science would mind her own business," said a young woman of observation as she laid aside her wraps. "I have just come from a class lecture on women given up at Waldorf, and the lecturer told us that beauty is not skin deep at all. She wanted us to believe—it was a lecture—that the charm of our pretty faces depend upon our muscles and nerves and when we look particularly charming it is because we have had these muscles and nerves given well under control—that they twitch and pull just the way we want them to."

"That's all right. I mean I know perfectly well that I couldn't cooly drop my eyelids if you were to tell me I was the sweetest thing in the world, and modestly blush up to the roots of my hair at the compliment if I didn't work the eyelid muscles, and squeeze the blood up into my head by closing my larynx for time. Beauty is skin deep for all that. The science or no science. Why take my skin off and I couldn't blush at all, and a nice-looking object I'd be with my skinless eyelids, wouldn't I? Fancy Venus as a physiological chart displaying the uncovered muscles, or Helen of Troy showing the nerves and muscles that brought out her killing smile. I don't believe Paris would have tumbled head over heels in love with that sort of living picture, do you?"

OUR YOUNG GIRLS.

OVERSTUDY AND TOO RAPID GROWTH OF TEN PROMOTE DISEASE.

We See Sallow and Bloodless Faces and Attenuated and Lank Bodies.

others Not Sufficiently on the Alert to Guide and Counsel their Daughters.

Paine's Celery Compound The Great Brain Food and Flesh-builder for all Young Girls.

Overstudy in school and in the home, confinement for hours each day in badly ventilated buildings, and a too rapid growth of body, very often promote disease and suffering. Thousands of young girls are suffering to-day. They may be seen going to and coming from school. Their sallow, bloodless faces, their attenuated or lank forms indicate disease.

Mothers are to blame for the unhappy and dangerous conditions of their girls. They strongly encourage their daughters in one direction—cranning the brains; but neglect to warn them of the rocks and quicksands on which many precious lives are wrecked. The results are often terrible. Headache, nervous prostration, debility, irregularities of the system, dyspepsia, liver troubles, and other forms of disease, bring quite an army of young girls to the grave every year.

Wise and prudent mothers, when any symptoms of danger assail their girls, invariably use the great brain food and flesh-builder, Paine's Celery Compound. This wonderful medicine enriches the blood and gives it a free and healthy circulation; it braces the nerves, gives physical strength, promotes good digestion, and gives sweet natural sleep.

No other medicine in the world can give the satisfactory results that flow from the use of Paine's Celery Compound. It should be the chosen medicine for every young girl who is delicate, weak and sickly. Mrs. A. R. Stinchcombe, 19 William St., London, Ont., writes as follows:— "DEAR SIR—I think it a duty to write you for the benefit of all who have delicate children, and to make known what Paine's Celery Compound has done for my girl. She has been delicate all her life. I have tried my medicine, and have had her under allopathic and homoeopathic treatment, with but little benefit. Almost in despair, and as a last resort, I tried Paine's Celery Compound, and after using three bottles she is now perfectly well and strong. I have also used your medicine myself for complications arising from overwork and loss of rest, and am greatly benefited thereby. I would strongly urge all who are in any way afflicted to do as I have done, 'try Paine's Celery Compound,' and be convinced of its wonderful curing power."

Whiskey as an Anesthetic.

There are cases in which whiskey beats either chloroform and the like all out. A big red faced fellow, who was suffering from a long spell of enforced abstinence as



YES, I Tell you Children will grow up to have a clear and healthy skin if they use

and don't you forget it and get some cheap substitute.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Advertisement for Norway Pine Syrup. Features a globe with the text 'ALL OVER THE WORLD NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURES COUGHS & COLDS'. Price 25¢/50¢.

Advertisement for E. G. Scovill's Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. Text: 'Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.'

Advertisement for Minard's Liniment. Text: 'MINARD'S "/>

Advertisement for Consumption. Text: 'Consumption. It is a very common sight in Galveston, Texas, to move a house. Even two story frame houses by the liberal use of mules and wooden rollers are moved from their sites to vacant lots many blocks distant. This fact explains what a leading disease meant, when after an oyster supper he started for home and was discovered by a policeman holding on to a lamp-post and saying: "Whip up them mules." "What do you mean?" asked the policeman. "What do you 'spose I mean. How can I cross street lit dat house gets pushi? Whip up yer mules. I shay." The house which the reveller imagined was moving was a brick building six stories high, and held down by a \$400,000 mortgage. At the Opera. Mrs. Blackroods (watching some fashionable ladies in the boxes)—The brass creatures! How dare they show themselves in that disgraceful condition? Mr. B.—Eust's Maria! Don't show your ignorance! These 'ere livin' pictures we've heard so much about.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Algood many people seem to be under the impression that there is nothing in the world easier than making and baking cake. One would almost imagine, to hear them talk, that cake was a thing that almost made itself, you need only throw a w

bought at the baker's simply because the mistress of the house was either not strong enough, or not willing to undertake the work of making those luxuries, and the servants never know how. So I think the art of cake making is a very desirable ac-

quite unnecessary to take the trouble of flouring that same fruit. And we don't hear about the plain cake which sank in the middle and was all sticky and soft because the flour was not accurately measured, and so there was too little to keep the other ingredients together. These are little accidents scarcely worth mentioning—spots on the sun, as it were. But all the same they need never have happened if the cake baker had paid strict attention to business.

Every housekeeper should possess scales if possible, and a thermometer is also a good thing to have, but both of these can be dispensed with if the pantry contains a measure glass, which is one of the most useful things imaginable.

It is a good thing to remember that a pint is always a pound, and that "a cup" should mean half a pound, or half a pint liquid measure. Half a cup is a gill, or four ounces, four teaspoons are one tablespoonful, and two tablespoonfuls equal one ounce. These proportions are recognized as accurate, by all bakers. All the materials that the successful cake baker uses, must be of the best. It will not do to use eggs which are not fresh enough for the table, or that horror, to which some housekeepers seem so wedded, "cook-

They... Have.... Got to.... HUSTLE.

I dare say many of my readers will smile at the minute directions I have given for such a simple matter as taking a cake; but they must remember that I am writing today not for those who know all about cake making, but for the very large proportion of people who don't.

I am very often asked for good recipes

WE Are now taking stock and as we come to any slow selling or lazy shoes we will Hustle them out at a price that will make them go.

WE HAVE NO RESPECT FOR Anything Lazy.

And no room for slow stock. Our patrons can expect Bargains in every department.

WATERBURY & RISING,

61 King Street, Telephone 525.

212 Union Street, Telephone 525 B.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.



SOME UP-TO-DATE COIFFURES.

These figures represent the newest styles for dressing the hair for opera or ball. The small ornament is to be worn just over the coil. Floral garniture should match on the hair and corsage.



ATTRACTIVE HOME TOILETTES.

The figure on the right is a bonole chemise draped over black velveteen, tailor stitched on all edges. The central figure shows a slate whipped gown bordered with black fur. The figure on the left is a pruned colored tulle silk bordered with ostrich plume. The figure on the right is of black velvet, as are also the sleeves.

materials together in the most promiscuous manner imaginable, and if you were what is called "lucky" you could place the mixture in the oven—any kind of an oven so long as it was not perfectly cold, and the result would be all that could be desired in the way of cake. "She is not much of a cook," says one veteran housekeeper, in speaking of a contemporary, "she never seemed to take to it, could not make a good baking of bread if her life depended on it, and knows very little about cooking meat or vegetables. Of course I know she has great luck with cake and pastry; but then that does not amount to much in housekeeping!" It does amount to a good deal nevertheless. For this reason servant girls who cannot make fairly good bread, and biscuit, roast a joint of meat, or cook a plain dinner are comparatively rare. Such

compliment for any lady to possess. I think one of the first steps for the amateur cake maker to take is to get over the idea that the pastry cook's trade is all a matter of luck. As well say that the dressmaker who designs and makes a beautiful costume, is a "very lucky fitter." Cooking, like everything else, is a matter of skill and experience, and anyone who depends on accident or good fortune to help them out will probably learn experience through many annoying failures. Numbers of experienced housekeepers will tell you in a boastful tone that they never go exactly by a recipe, they "use their own discretion, and even when they have a recipe they improve on it as they go along, or change to suit themselves, but usually they just guess at the "quantities" but "sugar to taste" or "enough flour to make a pretty thick batter" and as much

ing butter." The butter used must be perfectly sweet, fresh, and free from salt, the eggs fresh, and the flour of the best. The pans must be perfectly clean and well buttered; the practice of lining the latter with paper is not only unnecessary, in my opinion, but very annoying as it is difficult to remove and one is very apt to get a mouthful of paper more frequently than is at all pleasant, when eating the cake. The same cup should always be used for a measuring, so the quantities will be the same.

The rule in mixing cake is, first the butter, which should be thoroughly creamed then the sugar, then the yolks of the eggs, then the milk, then the flour, a handful at a time, next the flavoring, and the fruit or nut which should invariably be well sprinkled with flour, to prevent them from sinking to the bottom of the cake, and last of all, the whites of the eggs which have been beaten until they can be cut into slices with a knife. The baking powder should, always be sifted with the flour, and it is best to sift it two or three times. All cake—except, of course, sponge cake—should be thoroughly well beaten, otherwise the texture will be coarse and rough, instead of that velvet smoothness as much desired.

Square tins are preferable to round for all loaf cakes, and they should never be filled above an inch from the top else there is danger of the latter overflowing. The temperature of the oven is the most important part of cake baking, and if it is not just right the cake is apt to be all wrong. Too cool an oven will cause it to fall at once and one that is too hot scorches it before it has begun to cook properly. A very good test is to drop a little water on the bottom of the oven if it hisses, the temperature is just right for baking. Loaf cakes require twenty minutes each, to bake, and loaf cakes vary from an hour to three hours, according to size, and kind. A broom straw is still considered the most reliable test, of the proper degree of baking. If it comes out clean the cake is done, but if any dough adheres to the end it requires more cooking.

Many recipes recommend the frosting of a cake while still hot, but this I think is a decided mistake, and the cake is much improved by being kept till the next day, before being frosted.

for angel cake—so called—and though it is far from being an easy task for a beginner to compound one of these indigestible confections, I submit two very good recipes.

Angel Cake.

Beat the whites of 11 eggs to a stiff froth; sift into them, a little at a time, 10 ounces or 1 1/2 tumblerfuls of powdered sugar, mixing carefully and lightly; then sift 5 ounces or 1 tumblerful of flour 4 times; add a level teaspoonful of cream of tartar to the flour; sift it again, and then sift it into the eggs and sugar a little at a time, mixing very lightly; when the flour is used, add a teaspoonful of vanilla, and put into an unbuttered pan; bake the cake in a moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour; do not open the oven door for fifteen minutes; let cool slowly when taken from the oven.

Here is a good recipe for using the yolks that are left: Sunshine cake—Yolks of 11 eggs, 2 coffee cups of sugar, 1 coffee cup of butter, 1 coffee cup of milk, 3 coffee cups of flour, 1 teaspoon of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoon of saleratus. Flavor with vanilla.

Another Recipe.

Whites of eleven eggs, one and a half cups of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of essence of vanilla. Sift the flour four times before measuring, add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar to the flour, and sift twice more, sift the sugar, and add to the flour. Then stir flour, sugar, and cream of tartar very gradually to the eggs which have been beaten until they can be turned upside down without spilling. Pour into a tin which has not been greased, and bake for fifteen, or twenty minutes.

Fruit Cake.

Two cups of dark brown sugar, 1 1/2 cups of butter, 4 eggs, 1 1/2 cups of molasses, 1/2 cup of sweet milk, 2 1/2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoon of soda and 1 teaspoon each of all kinds of spices, to suit the taste; mix all together, and add 1 1/2 pounds of raisins (seedless), 1 1/2 pounds of currants, 1 pound of citron; chop fine, add more flour if needed, a wineglass of wine or cider will improve it. This will make 4 small or 2 medium loaves. Bake 1 1/2 hours in a slow oven.

Orange Cake.

Cream 1/2 of a cupful of butter and 2 cups of fine granulated sugar together; add 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder to 3 cups of pastry flour and sift; then add 4 eggs beaten light and 1 cup of milk flavored with extract of orange; bake in two pans about 35 minutes and frost with this orange frosting. Mix together the yolk of 1 egg and 1 tablespoon of water, 1/2 a teaspoon of orange extract and



BALL GOWNS FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTERS.

The figure on the right shows a cream pean de sole trained gown with sleeves and skirt ornamented with gorged tails tabs. Ribbon and jewel passementerie trim the corsage. The central figure shows a royal costume of figured pean de sole bordered with ermine, which also trims the corsage. The train is of royal purple plush, flat bows of which are set on the ermine. The figure on the left is of blue Brussels gauze with diagonal silver stripes. The ribbon and sprang sleeves are of two shades of blue silk.

a one would be considered too incompetent to expect good wages, and therefore it is to the interest of all domestics to learn at least that much. But how many "girls" can make really good cake or pastry? Very few, I think, and I have known many households where both pastry and cake were unknown quantities except when they were

butter as they think necessary. But all the same these experienced housekeepers say nothing about their failures. They don't think it necessary to make any reference to the fruit cake they made last Christmas, in which all the fruit "pitched" to the bottom of the cake tin and remained in a soggy layer because they thought it

children have a y skin AP, and get

Manufacturers MONTREAL

Wines. JUICE. PE. Street, St. John time Province Registered at

DS. ANT

Etc. diate re-onchitis, t Sussex, our Min- E-READ. HERE. ion.

Galveston, two story of miles and their sites to ing citizen or he start- by a police- and saying: the police- How can cote pass? imagined six stories 000 mort-

IT WAS DYNAMITE.
And Nitro-Glycerine and a Jag Don't go Well Together.
Twenty years ago an oil operator in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, had some difficulty with a driller about his charge for sinking a well. While the matter never got into the courts a very bitter feeling was engendered between the two men, which increased in bitterness until a battle was imminent every time they came together. They parted, and had never been thrown together for over fifteen years until the other day they met at a Smithfield street bar.
The operator was disposed to let bygones be bygones, and approached the driller in a friendly manner, but the latter held back and seemed determined that the enmity should not cease. After a little friendly talk the driller finally consented to shake hands and that they both be friends once again. As the proper trimming to the reconciliation, the operator proposed a drink. The driller taking up a package from the lunch counter, put it under his arm and accompanied the operator to the bar. They stood there drinking and talking over old times. The driller continued to hold his package under his arm. When he would take a drink he would shift it nervously to his other arm, but he would not place it on the bar. The more whiskey the man got the more he shifted his bundle, until it made his friend, the operator, decidedly nervous.
"What have you got here?" the operator finally asked.
"Oh," replied the driller, "I'm going to shoot a well to-morrow morning, and I am just taking these twenty pounds of dynamite to do it."
It just took above five seconds to clear that barroom, and no one would recall till the man with the dynamite left. Twenty pounds of dynamite makes a very dangerous companion with which to go on a jag.

Fired by a Spider!
Spiders, ever since the time of King Robert the Bruce, the hero-king of Scotland, have had many of their acts recorded in history, and a curious circumstance, which recently occurred at Cape Town, and of which the spider was the hero, is worthy of record. The inhabitants of that South African city were greatly surprised at the firing of the mid-day gun long before the proper time, and for a period the officials were equally puzzled at the extraordinary occurrence. The time (electric) current for firing the gun is supplied by the Royal Observatory, and goes from there, into an instrument called a "relay," in the Central Telegraph Office, Cape Town. The action of this current going through the instrument main moves a light tongue, which is very finely set, and this sends the current direct into the time fuses which fire the gun at the Castle. It is said that a spider found its way through one of the openings in the instrument, and whilst exploring, he must have touched this tongue sufficiently to move it, and thus fired the gun. The spider paid the penalty, and is now an object of general interest in the Cape Town Museum.

HURRAH FOR DIAMOND DYES.
Ain't HURRAH FOR CANADA.
Hurrah! hurrah! for Diamond Dyer,
So honest, fast and pure;
Hurrah for dyer the ladies prize;
Grand colors that endure.
No other make with them compare,
None need with so much ease;
They work with wonders everywhere,
They never fail to please.
Hurrah! hurrah! for Diamond Dyes,
A million voices sing;
The "Diamond" brand, so say the wise,
To household pleasures bring.
Lone may these "Diamonds" live to bless
With re-creating powers;
Lone may they show their usefulness
In this Canada of ours.

THE PRINCESS Complexion Purifier.

Guaranteed to cure Freckles, Tan, Liver Spots, Sallowness, All Discolorations of the Skin. Express prepaid. \$1.50. Best Remedy in the world for Freckles, Tan, Liver Spots, Sallowness, Pimples, Acne, Blackheads, Etc. For sale by Druggists, Wholesale and Retail at THE GERVAISE GRAHAM INSTITUTION, 51 Avenue St. Jacques, Montreal.

"RUBA PADDLY YARRA"

THIS WAS THE OBT OF THE PUR- SUED "INJINS"

Who Were Driven About Two Thousand Miles One Morning by the Major, Right Into the Gulf of Mexico—The Terrible Blood From Warrior.

The major was in Cape Breton looking up mining matters; but it was quite evident that his heart and soul were in Arizona.

The Cape Breton prospector came in numbers and heaped samples around the major's feet, but "Arizona" was the major's theme.

"Arizona," the major contended, "was the finest spot on earth for mineral deposits."

Prospector Robertson hinted that Cape Breton was, at least, a safer country to roam through, but the major protested that now "Arizona" was just as safe, yet he saw the day when there was some danger of being scalped in Arizona.

"I was the first white man to tread Arizona soil," began the major, as he laid back into his favorite attitude when about to tell a whopper. "Injins were tolerable tough them days. However, I 'scaped 'em, I travelled all over the territory and knew every inch of the ground; been there five years, then came back to the east along in the forties."

"Have you visited the petrified forest in Arizona?" interrupted prospector Robertson.

"Have I? Lord bless you, man. I was right on the spot when that air forest was petrified."

"As I was a-saying," continued the major, "I came back to the east in the forties, and pretty soon the Injins began to put colored mud on their faces and kick up shins—killed a few hundred whites, mostly prospectors. Pretty soon I got a commission from the United States government to go out there and teach 'em to act civilly. I had one hundred men—picked men, sir, and went out to subdue 70,000 dusky braves."

We got out there and camped on a little creek called Snake Run.

Injins! Why, sir, the country was swarming with 'em. We did our best to keep 'em down, but Lord, sir, for every one we would kill there seemed to be a hundred to take his place. Then the red devils would not fight fair—first lay behind boulders and sage grass and peg away at us from behind cover; my men were getting thinned out from poisoned arrows that every now and then would fall upon us from the hands of the pesky varminns."

One day, the boys—or what was left of 'em came to me and asked, "Major, are you going to allow the red beggars to pop us all off?"

"I said, I am going to stop it right here and now, once and forever;—bring me all the sheet iron in camp. The boys did so, and I rivetted a sheet iron man together. Made him so he would walk automatically; dressed him up in the full uniform of my battalion: ran a platinum wire out into the open country for a half mile—in the night of course—fixed my "man" so I could pull him back and forth on the wire, and waited for the morning."

At about eight o'clock I began to "pay" my man out in front of the red skins, and bless you, sir, in less than ten seconds that man was as big as a hay stack. Arrows, sir, poisoned arrows sticking into his clothing, but he kept right on his course; after a while I turned him on the home stretch; ten braves made a dash for him with tomahawks—a volley of musketry from a half a dozen of my men in ambush and ten braves lay stretched upon the Arizona plains."

In five seconds a scout came into camp with the information that the "medicine men" were mix'n up stuff, trying to get the right poison to lay out my sheet iron man; so I ran my man out into the open—another shower of arrows, but like death that man kept right on in calm indifference.

In less than two seconds another spy brought in word that there was wild commotion in the encampments—the old men and women were massacred, the children's bras' dashed out against the rocks, for the "medicine men" had made the announcement that the "sheet iron man" was a spirit that no poisoned arrow could affect, and even now they were flying for life.

My scheme was working like a charm;—I formed my men into a semi-circle—stood ten twenty five yards apart—gave orders to shoot first man who spoke above a whisper, and then the sixty of us dashed after the flying redskins.

They flew across the plains but we kept right at their heels.

"Ruba paddly yarra!" went up in one wild yell from that scudding horde. "Ruba paddly yarra!" echoed the Arizona canyons, and the dusky multitudes fairly flew across the alkali. Now and then they would look back to see if "Ruba paddly yarra"—the immortal spirits—were still on their trail—and they were. On, on we went in wild career, without gun or blade—sixty of us pursuing fifty thousand redskins.

The "Ruba paddly yarra"—brothers to my sheet iron man—we were all dressed just like him—were at their heels and they must scud.

It was a fine bit of military strategy, but we had no time to think of it in that head-long rush. The sun poured down—or seemed to pour down, red hot ashes on the Arizona moor, but on we went like mad;

nor did we slack our pace until three o'clock that afternoon when we drove forty thousand of 'em headlong into the Gulf of Mexico.

"You started from Snake Creek in Arizona at eight in the morning and at three o'clock the same afternoon you were on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico?" asked prospector Robertson, while an eternity of doubt lingered in his tone.

"Yes, sir," affirmed the major with emphasis. "A heavy day's march," commented the prospector. "A heavy day's march," said the major. "About two thousand miles from Snake Creek in Arizona to the Gulf of Mexico," persisted the prospector. "About two thousand miles between the two points," agreed the major without finching in a single muscle. "and more, there is more," went on the major in a solemn tone, "more than forty thousand miles between you and the \$5,000 I meant to pay you tomorrow morning for that prospect pole of yours."

THE JUGGLER IS BORN.

Cinquevalli Explains What are His Trade Requisites.

"A juggler, I think, like a poet, must be born, not made. All the same, it is not easy to learn the art, even if you are to the manner born." Thus spoke M. Paul Cinquevalli, the juggler whose marvellous feats are the feature of the entertainment at Koester & Bial's just now.

"You would hardly believe me," he continued, "if I told you the amount of time I have to spend upon a new trick, and yet it comes so naturally to me that as a boy running about the streets I was always juggling or balancing something, to the admiration of my playmates."

M. Cinquevalli is, indeed, a born juggler. A native of Poland, the son of a steady going merchant who afterwards lived in Berlin, the boy ran away from home at the age of 12 because his father would not hear of his joining a traveling company of acrobats. Although Cinquevalli was always expert at juggling it was as a trapeze and aerial performer that he spent the first seven years of his professional life.

A terrible fall which Cinquevalli received when he was 19 years old, and which confined him to the hospital for eight months, resulted in his giving up his elevated sphere of activity and becoming the foremost juggler of the world.

Cinquevalli is now about 40 years of age, with a form splendidly trained and developed, and a pleasant, smiling face, adorned with a curling mustache. He has traveled all over the world and speaks six or seven languages.

"The juggler who is to attain to any success in his profession," says M. Cinquevalli, "must have, first, perfect steadiness of nerve; next, unwavering patience; next, a quick and accurate eye, and an equally agile and dexterous hand. Even having these, he must work hard, very hard, indeed, to become proficient."

"I try to make my feats as novel and difficult as possible, and I use the most unusual implements I can find. Some of my tricks, of course, I can master in a few weeks or months, but most of them I work over for years. It took me two years, working probably over an hour every day on the average, before I was able to do that little trick of tossing a billiard ball in the air and catching it accurately in the pocket fastened to my back."

"For seven or eight years I practiced the balancing two billiard balls on the end of a cue and the cue in turn on a ball placed in a cup which I held in my mouth. Several times I gave it up and then returned to it again. I do a trick in juggling cigars, and catching them in cigar holders held in my mouth, which looks quite simple, I have no doubt. It took me over two years to learn that."

"Once I have learned a trick perfectly, so to do it, in public I do not need to practice it; the stage performance keeps me in trim, but I am constantly at work several hours a day on new feats."

"While I was learning the way to catch the 48-pound steel ball which I throw in the air and balance on my neck, I had several mishaps. Once the ball knocked me senseless and I lay unconscious for over an hour. It took years to master that feat perfectly."

"May the juggler drink or smoke?" asked a reporter.

"Drinking and smoking in great moderation are not tabooed," was the reply. "but he must be very careful not to do either to an excess which may affect his nerves. I smoke two or three cigarettes a day and take a drink or two, but never more."

"What nations produces the most good jugglers, M. Cinquevalli?"

"The Japanese, undoubtedly," he replied. "They are so wonderfully patient and agile. But they are never original. They use only the same properties their forefathers used, and do the same time-worn feats. They have no invention in their art. Among Caucasian people, there is not much to choose. Different nationalities possess various necessary qualifications, and the union of them may occur in one country as well as another. It is the man, not the nationality he belongs to."

Monstrous Experiments.

The astonishing and inhuman possibility of building up living animals from parts of several animals has been demonstrated by Dr. C. Born, a German physiologist. The experiments were made with tadpoles and other larvæ of amphibians. Each of these was cut in two, and different parts were placed together in various ways, when some of them united, the hinder more readily than the fore parts. Two hinder parts, each with or without a heart, united in twenty-four hours, the monstrosity living and growing for a week or more.

He Had More Sheep than Job.

An old Scottish squatter in New South Wales (a widower, with an only daughter) and began to give him a few of her ideas. She let him have enough to make him tired, and wound up with: "Sir, I am an emancipated woman."

seated in the verandah, not only with the bible in his hand, but with a pencil and paper—evidently taking notes. "I am delighted," said the clergyman, "to see you so profitably employed."

An Impossible Poker Situation.

A company of gentlemen assembled in a Washington hotel recently fell to relating poker stories, and several of rare excellence even if not of the latest vintage, were recounted.

"The late Jim Wintersmith," said one of the party, "unwittingly told the very best poker yarn I ever listened to. He was the hero of his own story, and laid the scene at Hot Springs, Ark. According to Mr. Wintersmith, he had experienced extremely bad luck in a series of plays and made up his mind to try one more sitting, after which, if he failed, he would never more touch a card. Likewise if he won out enough to get even he would cease the fascinating pastime."

"He weighed in, so to speak, and there was a good big jack pot opened while the game was still young. Wintersmith observed that his own hand contained a straight flush of ten to the ace."

"When Mr. Wintersmith had ended his story here one of the group to whom he was narrating it innocently inquired, 'What did the other fellow hold?'"

"Four jacks," replied Wintersmith. "The gentleman broke into a laugh, and the gentlemen from Kentucky had to own up that he had indulged in romance."

Put to Many Uses.

Sharks furnish quite a number of valuable products. The liver of the shark contains an oil of a beautiful color, that never becomes turbid, and that possesses medicinal qualities equal to those of cod-liver oil.

The fins of the shark, after being dried, takes the place of a mother-of-pearl, and is used as a substitute for the pearl in jewelry. The fins are always highly prized by the Chinese, who pickle them and serve them at dinner as a fine hors d'oeuvre.

The Europeans, who do not yet appreciate the fish of the shark as a food product, are content to convert them into fish glue, which comports with the sturgeon glue prepared in Russia. As for the flesh of the shark, that, despite its oily taste, is eaten in certain countries. It is employed, also, along with the bones, in the preparation of a fertilizer. The Icelanders, who do a large business in shark's oil, send out annually a fleet of a hundred vessels for the capture of the great fish.

An Unlucky Number.

Dumas, the elder, had a dog as hospitable as his master, and that dog once invited twelve other dogs to Monte Cristo, Dumas' palace, named after his famous novel. Dumas' taciturn-in-chief wanted to drive off the whole pack, but his master was obdurate.

"Michel," he said, "I have a social position to fill. It entails a fixed amount of trouble and expense. You say I have thirteen dogs, and that they are eating me out of house and home. Thirteen! That is an unlucky number."

"Monseigneur, if you will permit me, there is nothing left for me to do. I must chase them all away."

"Never Michel! never," answered the great romancier: "go at once and find me a fourteenth."

Electricity in False Teeth.

A case of electricity generated by a plate of false teeth occurred recently in England. A man feeling a severe pain in his tongue consulted a doctor and a dentist, neither of whom could find anything wrong. He then went to an electrician, who found that his false teeth were fastened to the complete plate with two metals; they were connected by wires to a galvanometer, which, as soon as the metals were moistened by the saliva, showed a current strong enough to cause ulceration and severe pain. The plate was covered with an insulating varnish, which put an end to the trouble.

A Hungry People.

The Australians pass the greater part of their time at the table. At seven they take tea and bread and butter. At 8:30 they breakfast off cold meats, chops or steak, eggs and bacon and tea. At eleven most of them take a light lunch of beef and biscuit, or tea and bread and butter, according to their sex. At 1 or 1:30 they dine, and again the tepid comes in requisition. At 3 afternoon tea is served and swallowed. From 6 to 7 an Australian, broadly speaking, is taking his third meal, and again drinking tea. Those who stay up at all late sometimes supplement this with a light collation at 10.

Hunting the Hunters.

Mr. Scott Elliot, who is exploring the country of Ruwenyori in Central Africa, reports a curious fact in natural history. The cattle there having all been eaten up, lions and leopards have taken to man-hunting, and have changed their habits in consequence. Instead of robbing on the trail, as is their custom elsewhere, they do not utter a sound. Mr. Scott Elliot had two men injured and another carried away within a hundred yards of him without hearing any noise.

A Strange Lease.

Some of the local usages of Cornwall are rather extraordinary. There is, for instance, an hotel in Falmouth, the lease of which is dependent upon the lives of the duke of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, and Adolphus, son of the Duke of Teck. The lease lasts just as long as one or other of these illustrious personages remains alive. When the last of them dies the lease expires.

The Emancipated Woman.

She was an advanced woman, and in the crowd she came across an old lawyer and began to give him a few of her ideas. She let him have enough to make him tired, and wound up with: "Sir, I am an emancipated woman."

"Is that so?" he said. "When did your husband get his divorce?"

LETTERS FROM NANNARY.

No. 6.

[Descriptive of a sail on the Pacific from San Francisco to Honolulu.]

It was simply grand and majestic in its vast loneliness and loveliness. Not a sail from day to day the blaze upon the waters to the east, the bias upon the waters to the west, and in our little floating world, "cribbed, cabined and confined," within the four walls of an ocean steamer, happier and more favored far than poor Enoch Arden, shielded from the scorching sunshine of those glorious watery solitudes by the shady palm tree under which the brilliant fervid imagination of Trnysson placed him on one of those tropical Isles that burst out of the silvery sea in all the gorgeous eternal summer bloom and loveliness that we have either seen or read of as we journey on this vast ocean of life, that is even lavishing its troubled and tumultuous sides against the shores of eternity.

The patient and persevering Genoese sailor, who first set foot upon the verdant beauties and shifting sands of a New World, peered more anxiously, perhaps, from the storm washed decks of the Santa Maria, four hundred years ago, when surrounded and harassed by his mutinous and discontented crew and unreasonable comrades, than we did from the starboard side of the gun ship Mariposa, as the gentle trade winds blew their perfumed breath from some tropical isle, planted by an Omnipotent hand in this great waste of waters through which we were steaming slowly, but surely.

We knew of the places, although unseen and, in a measure, unknown, which such noble spirits as Columbus could only, after all, surmise existed, and instead of scowls and frowns and fault findings with which his great mind and noble nature was ruffled, as a pleasing contrast everything on board our ship was apparent joy and unalloyed happiness. The smooth waters and the lovely air of the tropics together made a grand opportunity to indulge in a little graceful indolence and nurse that tired feeling which overtakes us sooner or later; besides the festive board was ever groaning with the choicest viands, where there ever was a feast of reason and a flow of soul, and amid all this combination of happy and pleasant surroundings the man or woman who could, or would, complain would be, I imagine, a little less than human.

Early in the morning of the seventh day, when the misty clouds were vainly trying to veil the green hills of Hawaii from our anxious gaze, we peered through the mist and the bloom like Cabot's sailors on the rocky, iron-bound coast of Newfoundland, centuries ago, and we descried the land at last! Late poor Queen Lil was in a sense a prisoner in her own home and the audacious stranger sat upon her unwillingly came down to her, wielding the sceptre that came down to her from her naked and uncivilized ancestors, who were then the undisputed monarchs of all they surveyed in this paradise of the Pacific. Away to the left of us are the sloping hills of Molokai, where the sainted Father Damien went down to his living death amid the leprosy stricken natives, and yielded up his pure and unselfish spirit in as noble a martyrdom as the rolling centuries have ever known.

Nearer and nearer we come as the sun breaks through the rifted clouds and shows off its regality in heaven. Steaming slowly along, the quiet of the town is trying to force itself from beneath the gorgeous wealth of evergreen and bright flowers under which it seemed to be literally buried. The white foam of the surf as it broke over the coral reefs or upon the sandy shores shone like a silver thread upon the glorious blue of these sunlit waters. The natives were paddling their canoes and the Portuguese fishermen were casting their nets in the smiling sea, as we were gliding peacefully on our moorings, where a host of youthful dark-skinned natives had jumped overboard to meet us and catch the ponderous nickel or glittering dime that was thrown to them, like bread upon the waters, and which they never failed to bring smilingly to the surface as it reached the shining sands beneath. These people probably are the most expert swimmers in the world and the aquatic wonders of this youthful band of amphibious humanity was one of the first wonders of a new and strange but beautiful panorama that was just unrolling itself to our wondering eyes.

The harbor is an open roadstead. As the eye wanders one way in a southerly direction, there is nothing to be seen but the vastness and majesty of Neptune's great ocean and as it rolls in towards the town in swelling beauty, it breaks into feathery foam over the coral reefs and shining sands that fringe the living and eternal green of the quiet plain upon which the town lies buried beneath the cocoanut and the palm and the bread fruit and an endless variety of tropical growth and verdure that floods the place with a glorious emerald shade that flows back to where the green hills in the background smile down in haughty beauty upon the people of the plain below.

The town cannot be even seen from the towering heights behind it, you can only see it by wandering through its walks and drives and avenues, but as it is too warm we grew luxurious all at once and hire a carriage, a one-horse affair perhaps, and they are all alike in that respect, and withal comfortable, neat, clean and even elegant. The climate will not admit of covered carriages and what we have is just the same as other people who are wealthier and prouder than we are ride around in. The business houses of Honolulu are not soaring into the air like the sky scraper that have raised their brazen fronts over crowded and busy thoroughfares in New York, Chicago and other cities in the neighboring republic, for you must know Hawaii is now designated as such, although lying in isolated insular beauty, twenty-one hundred miles away. But I was talking of the town and the business houses and I wanted to say that they are modest and unassuming enough in every way to accommodate the trade and commerce of the place. They are one and two stories and perhaps in some cases three in height and flat roofed. They are tenanted by people from many lands or from every land on earth, the Chinese element being particularly strong and correspondingly influential. They seem to have invaded every branch of trade and industry and are very interesting, as much so, perhaps, as one could see them on their native heath in Shanghai or Hong Kong. There are Japanese and Portuguese and Singalese and other people of easy including English, Scotch, American and other nationalities, not forgetting, of course a small contingent of the ubiquitous Irish, to give this little human panorama of all nations this great spice and variety. And all this strange mixture, for they are so mixed now by intermarriage, one nation with another, that really it must seem difficult for some of them to know exactly what they are or as they say away down South in Dixie, where "they are at."

This state of affairs has perhaps broken down to a certain extent those frowning and unpleasant barriers of social life and manners, which exist so conspicuously in other places. A Chinaman marries a native or an Englishman an American, or perhaps an Irishman weds a Japanese maiden and very often makes no mistake in doing so, for I have seen in the Hawaiian capital some of these fair daughters of the Mikado's land of flowers, wandering around the streets of the town or in carriages or beneath the shady piazzas of the hotels arrayed in the quaint and picturesque garb of their native land not only fair but beautiful to look upon. This strange and at times perhaps embarrassing mixture of men and women appear to live together pleasantly and refreshingly agreeably. They meet upon the level and part upon the square, and seem all the better for it.

ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

A Thrilling Adventure of Two Lumbermen below Grand Falls.

"We were rolling logs down a bluff into the St. John River, below Grand Falls," said a lumberman. "The bluff was about forty rods up from the river, steep and worn pretty smooth by the log rolling. A log started over the brink would roll with tremendous velocity down the steep descent. Toward the foot of the bluff there was a slight ridge, and now and then a log would strike it and go bounding into the air and land well out into the river. "It was a dry time that May, and the rolling log made dusty work. The dust was so thick suggestive of prompt mortuary possibilities. The table of London employment of this grim device as an adjunct to English gastronomic hilarity. One was at a country house at a dinner of thirty covers. The centre of the table for its entire length was a bed of frozen snow, a sort of bright red blossoms separating the snow from the table cloth. On the crisp white surface were many white human skeletons in every attitude; leafless trees covered with snow, miniature fur trees with an open umbrella beside them, while red pom-poms capered on the snow, a large red cap of Folly lying on the ground, bon-bons gnoming from it in lavish profusion. The second occasion on which this mortuary scheme of decoration was employed was a supper. This time it was the design of an artist of distinction. It portrayed a skeleton skating on a pond, with a churchyard and illuminated church at the side in a set scene for the centre of the table. To have carried this weird decorative scheme to the full limit the guests, at the conclusion of the supper, should have been included to accept for the balance of the night the use of hammocks swung in a cemetery."

produced. Of course we could not along without a grave, so a section of the stage was sawed out and some workmen with crowbars and picks dug down about three feet.

Both knew nothing about this until the grave diggers' scene was on. I was the First Grave Digger and as Hamlet approached I lifted my pick and began digging for keeps. You know we usually lift the pick aloft and 'do business' of digging, letting the pick fall lightly in a box of earth which is on the trap platform which we stand. But I pitched in and picked like a good fellow, and when Booth heard the steel ring out from my hard knocks against the honest rock he was the most surprised looking Hamlet I ever saw. He got between the grave and the footlights, facing up stage, and looked down into my real grave with a puzzled smile and whispered:

"What have we here, Grave Digger?" "We're going in for Shakespearean realism," I whispered back, throwing out a shovelful of rock I had loosened. "Booth went on with the scene all right, but whenever he faced up stage he would look down into that real grave and smile curiously. After the show he examined it more carefully, and got down into the grave."

A GREAT PLAN OF ESCAPE.

The Gigantic Tunneling Accomplished by the Mexicans.

A well-planned attempt at a wholesale jail delivery was discovered by Col. Simon Sautella, Warden of Belem Prison, City of Mexico, last week.

Suspicion was aroused some days ago that an effort on the part of the thousands of inmates to break jail at the earliest possible opportunity would be made. Day before yesterday, summoning his sub-wardens, Sautella repaired to the department assigned to the night school. This was minutely examined by the Warden and his assistants. The search was continued for several hours, and although nothing was discovered that would strengthen the warden's theory, the latter issued orders to follow the matter up. The work was proceeded with for two days, when at 11 o'clock the discovery was made of an entrance into the monster tunnel close to the door of the school room. A depth of three yards to the right of the tunnel the foundation upon which rests the walls of the gallery where the condemned, 800 in number, are confined, had been cut through. The subterranean passages were thence continued toward the left some ten or twelve yards, perforating the foundations of other walls which are one metre in thickness and are built of sandstone. The underground works were still continued to the left, where some more foundations equally as thick as the former were encountered. The foundations sustain the weight of the walls that lodge the hundreds of prisoners that are awaiting trial.

The skill displayed in the engineering feat which has fortunately miscarried is wonderful, and a few months of labor would have placed the prisoners in communication with the street. This would have released 3,000 criminals, as the tunnel had been planned to pass under the department of the prison so that it could have been reached by digging a few feet beneath the floors of the various wards. The prisoners, under pretence of attending night school, have been at work on the great tunnel for a period of two years, working secretly, in regular shifts. The conception of the mammoth and daring undertaking is due to a desperate criminal named Jose Vicente, who was under sentence of death, but who was shot some time ago, before his elaborate schemes for the salvation of himself and comrades could be put into effect.

A Skeleton at the Feast.

The use of the human skeleton is the latest development in the way of dinner table decoration in England. It's appropriateness ther- will not be questioned, as the average English cookery is of a quality suggestive of prompt mortuary possibilities. The table of London employment of this grim device as an adjunct to English gastronomic hilarity. One was at a country house at a dinner of thirty covers. The centre of the table for its entire length was a bed of frozen snow, a sort of bright red blossoms separating the snow from the table cloth. On the crisp white surface were many white human skeletons in every attitude; leafless trees covered with snow, miniature fur trees with an open umbrella beside them, while red pom-poms capered on the snow, a large red cap of Folly lying on the ground, bon-bons gnoming from it in lavish profusion. The second occasion on which this mortuary scheme of decoration was employed was a supper. This time it was the design of an artist of distinction. It portrayed a skeleton skating on a pond, with a churchyard and illuminated church at the side in a set scene for the centre of the table. To have carried this weird decorative scheme to the full limit the guests, at the conclusion of the supper, should have been included to accept for the balance of the night the use of hammocks swung in a cemetery."

Press Censorship in Russia.

There is another cause for revolution in Russia. This time the revolt is to be led by women entirely. Not long ago a St. Petersburg journal reported a festival at which members of the imperial family were present. The reporter evidently understood little about women's fancies, and made the dress of Czarina, by his description, one long out of fashion. The result was a clash from the Consul of the Press— one of the most powerful men in Russia—that Russian newspapers in the future must refrain from describing, or attempting to describe, the dresses of her Majesty. This naturally deprives the Russian women of an interesting subject for discussion and criticism, and they are extremely angry at the Consul.

Where's God?

Rev. Joseph Cook still has the faculty of greatly working upon the religious feelings of his Boston auditors. The other day he drew a picture of Turkish atrocities in Armenia that was so horribly realistic that one woman went into hysterics and another cried out, "Where's God?"

A MODERN BLUEBEARD.

I didn't like his appearance from the first moment I set eyes on him, though he was handsome. He was tall, had broad shoulders, heavy black hair and mustache and piercing blue eyes.

A PAIR OF CYNICS.

"Tonight, Theatre Lohengrin. First appearance of Miss Iolanthe Gray as 'Ela.'"

DIED.

Chatham, Feb. 3, John Brown, 81. Feb. 4, Daniel Gibson, 78. Back Bay, Feb. 3, Isiah Dean, 64.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red.

RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC. Tourist Sleepers. Seattle, Wash. and points on the Pacific Coast.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

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

DOMINION ATLANTIC R.Y.

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. TWO TRIPS A WEEK. For Boston. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lunenburg, and Boston, every Monday and Thursday.

WARNING. \$100 REWARD. We are informed that unscrupulous dealers are in the habit of selling plugs and parts of the genuine 'T. & B.' Myrtle Navy.

MARRIED. Preston, Feb. 5, by Rev. L. Dixon, William Henry Cain to Charlotte West.