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"I've got a pretty fair balance in  
my bank, and I want you to be my  
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"James, since you put it in that  
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Board of Works

# PROGRESS.

VOL. III., NO. 143.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1891.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## THE PIEMAN HAS GONE.

MR. SAM WAH'S NEIGHBOR AMONG THE MISSING.

He Was Original in His Methods, Especially in the Way of Advertising—His Fun With the Als 1846—Two \$11 Revolvers His Last Credit Purchase.

Since Mr. Sam Wah started his Chinese laundry on Portland Bridge, his nearest neighbor has been Thomas Norman, up to this week. Mr. Norman conducted a cake and pastry establishment of a pronounced English character, and although he was devoid of pig tail and womanish looking clothing, he succeeded in attracting almost as much attention as his more distinguished neighbors with all their advantages of oriental manners and costumes.

But if Mr. Norman did not wear the unique and fulsome dress of the Chinamen, he arranged himself in all the splendor and attractiveness of a Salvation army uniform could give; which suited his purpose almost as well as any other. The result of this has been to bring the Salvation army into disrepute in certain quarters. According to their reasoning, if Norman wore the army uniform he represented that body, and at the same time was a very bad man, all the members of the army must be equally bad. Salvationists claim that they have been wronged in this respect time and again.

Norman has not been a member of the army for some time, although he has knelt at the penitent form quite recently. His connection with the army came to an end many months ago, when he joined another religious body, and made the event one to be remembered, by causing a ripple of excitement in army circles.

This was accomplished by writing a letter to PROGRESS, in which he contended that the treatment he received from the army had driven him to drink, and whereas his home had formerly been a happy one, his "family was now forced to live in a drunkard's home," with all its horrible misery.

He became reconciled, however, and again attended army meetings, and as his uniform showed no signs of giving out at the elbows, and the hat was good for a long period of service, he wore the army clothes as before, which of course led the people to believe that he was a full fledged salvationist. But he wasn't.

Up to the time he declared himself a drunkard he was doing a good business, and his credit was of the best, but after that people refused to give him credit, and he found it difficult to carry on his cake and pastry industry. In fact he seems to have been in difficulty ever since, although he was a man with many original ideas, which he worked to good advantage, both in his business and in other ways.

He was a great advertiser, but his ventures in this respect did not involve much expense. His public announcement of being driven to drink is ample evidence of this; but those who passed his place of business every day saw more. He never allowed the frost to remain on his window, and shut out from the public his collection of cakes, pies and tarts, of wonderful and unique construction. The frost was removed by means of oil lamps, which always left the impression that there was no scarcity of lard in his wares. In summer his goods were protected from the sun by several yards of white cotton, which was much more effective from a business point of view than a common, every-day awning would have been in the way of attracting attention. When Mr. Norman had anything special on hand he made known the fact by means of bill boards outside the door. But aside from all this, the most unobservant could not pass the cake shop without knowing it was there, unless he had a very bad cold. For the door was always open, and the extensive cooking operations inside perfumed the air nearly across the street. That is, if lard can be classed among perfumes.

But Norman had an advertising dodge, which for originality excelled all others. He was anxious to work up a trade in tarts among the small boys and girls, who abound in that locality, and increased in numbers when Mr. Wah hung out his sign. Although the tarts in his window were, perhaps, tempting enough for the average small boy, they did not sell as fast as Mr. Norman wished. So he got a book and pencil and went out among the youngsters, who were amusing themselves with the Chinamen next door, and got a number of names. The next day a corresponding number of tarts appeared in the window, and each one of them bore the name of a boy in thin strips of pastry. Of course the little fellows bought the tarts with their names on them, and Mr. Norman was happy.

The genial piemman was fond of giving his opinion on other matters of business, and showing wherein his methods differed from those of other people. For instance, when he occupied the store next a tobacconist, he expressed his disapproval of keeping open on Sunday, and religiously kept his store closed. The tobacconist, who kept his store open, was at a loss to know

whether Norman locked his door from religious scruples or to prevent customers from interrupting the festivities at the back of the store, in which the proprietor and a large can of ale were the principal features.

But Norman did not confine his intimacy with the can to Sundays alone, nor did he have all his merriment in the back shop. On the contrary he went round with "the boys;" and it is well known among his friends that he could get rid of over \$100 easily on one spree.

It was this kind of conduct that made his creditors anxious. Their anxiety, however, is now at an end, and quite a number of people have had to content themselves with looking in the window of his store, at a large box of dried up lemons, with a placard offering them at a remarkably low price per dozen, and a few lonesome looking tarts.

Norman is gone. Some say he shipped on the *Emma Marr* which sailed this week, but his actions previous to departure have led others to think differently. Tuesday morning he got two \$11 revolvers in F. A. Young's hardware store on credit. Mr. Young was out at the time. When he returned he went around to Norman's store and got the revolvers back again. An hour later the piemman was among the missing.

## THE CARTMEN COMPLAIN.

That the Tariff Rates are Not What They Should Be.

This is about the time when grievances are ripe and the intending candidates for aldermanic honors have to listen to many tales of injustice. One of them which evidently needs attention is the complaint of the cartmen in reference to the tariff rates. No doubt the people will be as glad as the cartmen to have the schedule "revised and corrected."

The first and second districts in the city proper are fairly well divided off, the central point being Market Square. The other districts take in long ranges, running from City Road to Lower Cove, north of Main street, excepting District No. 7, which has a range from the corner of Clarence and St. David streets along the east side of Pitt to water line, from Courtney Bay and extending along the southern portion of the city south of Main street, starting from Charlotte and taking in the lower part of the city. This large round about route entitles a cartman to lawfully collect forty cents per load for coal. Again take for instance, the fourth district, which runs from the City road to Broad street, north side, between Charlotte and Carmarthen, the cartage rate is 33 cents per load; on the opposite side of Broad street, the rate is 40 cents.

On the east corner of Carmarthen and the north side of Broad, the rate is 35 cents. A cartman is lawfully entitled to collect seven cents more for going across Broad street, and two cents more to cross Carmarthen street. This rule applied to districts 5 and 6, on the same street, excepting that the teamster only gets five cents extra for crossing Broad street in the fifth district, and three cents in the seventh. Again, take the 5th district where it terminates on the southerly line of the General Public Hospital to Brussels street, west side, extending as far as Brunswick street, running northerly through White street to the City Road; in this district the rate is 35 cents per load. Now on the north side of White street from City Road to east side of Brussels street below Bauswick street, brings one into the 8th district which increases the rate seven cents per load more, making it 42 cents.

The cartmen complain more of this district than any other, for the simple reason that they cannot collect the lawful rate. The highest they generally get is 40 cents per load, and they have to take this price very often from people in the vicinity of the Marsh Bridge.

There can be no doubt at all of a great need of a change in the cartage districts. It is many years since the plan was laid out, and since then there have been so very many changes in the city. Attention has been called to the need of a revision of the cartage tariff. It is to be hoped that the authorities will give the matter prompt attention. There is no lawful rate in the North End. Cartmen generally get what they demand, or as near the mark as possible. After passing Portland bridge to Paradise row and south end of Main street, cartmen get from 25 to 30 cents per load; along the City road and in the vicinity of the valley City road is generally asked; Mount Pleasant, 40 to 50 cents per load, and on the Fort Howe and Rockland road, 40 to 50 cents per load is demanded. The district about the Orange corner to St. Luke's pays from 35, 50 to 60 cents on the Douglas Road from thence to Indiantown, including Adelaide Road and that portion of North End, 50 cents is the general rate obtained; along the Strait shore from Simonds street, the general rate asked by cartmen is 40 to 60 cents. There is no specific rate in any portion of the North End.

## DOUBLED ITS PREMISES.

THAT IS THE LATEST MOVE OF PROGRESS.

What The Newsdealers Say About The Sixteen Page Paper—They are Very Sanguine, and With Good Reasons—Some of Its Attractive Features.

"I have not the slightest doubt but that it will go all right," is the encouraging way that the largest dealer PROGRESS has, refers to the sixteen page paper. And 40 other replies out of between 60 and 70 country dealers send back the same cheerful message.

When the enlargement was determined upon and a part of the plans matured for the extra pages, a private letter was sent to each of the dealers who handle PROGRESS in the provinces. They number between 60 and 70, and "over ground extending from Houlton, Maine, and Campbellton to Halifax and Yarmouth. Each and every one of them has such an interest in PROGRESS that it often surprises those connected immediately with the paper, and its present success has been in no small degree, due to the energetic and faithful efforts of the newsdealers. For, no matter how good an article is, unless it is distributed properly, its sale will always be limited.

The letter was an inquiring one and asked the opinion of each on the probable reception of the larger five cent paper. More than 40 replies have been received and with the exception of one they have all been favorable. Such unanimity was hardly expected, but the dealers (save one) are not only unanimous that the sale of the larger paper will be just as great but many of them go even farther and say that the extra pages will bring them extra customers.

Among the additional features arranged for are five splendid letters which will be written by some of the cleverest contributors for the press and illustrated by the best artists.

One of these will be a general letter, and will deal with the latest event that has caused the most comment in the world; and another will take up the newest and brightest things in decoration, sometimes in dress and sometimes in household articles; another will from time to time detail mothers with articles upon children's dress and belongings; another will treat of lighter topics of fashionable men and women, their pleasures and follies, while such humorists as Howard Fielding and Opie Read will add spice and variety to the collection.

Besides these features PROGRESS has secured the maritime province right to the latest story of a popular and well-known English authoress with equally pleasant and popular fiction in the near future by such writers as "The Duchess," "Carmen Sylva," and "Fitzgerald Molloy."

These are some of the outside features with which it is proposed to make the larger paper attractive and interesting.

When PROGRESS moved to its present quarters people said that there was plenty of room in them for five years at least. Those connected with the paper agreed with them at the time, but they changed their minds since, and last Thursday an arrangement was made with the Masonic hall company whereby PROGRESS doubles the size of its present premises. The adjoining store which is exactly the same size as that occupied by PROGRESS at present, viz: two stories and a cellar, each 90 feet deep and 15 feet wide. This will give us more than 8,000 square feet of floor space which should be sufficient for some time.

Mr. Quigley's Book.

Mr. Quigley's book is out—*Ipsa, Ipsa; Ipsa, Ipsa, Ipsa: which?* and a handsome volume it is. It is quite evident that the author has spent much time and money upon its production, and the book will without doubt be considered as most valuable by students of the Bible for the copious and correct extracts from such undoubted authorities as Mr. Quigley has consulted. Those who followed the controversy in the *Globe*, will not fail to be interested in Mr. Quigley's Rebutter which appears in the book. It will, perhaps, be regretted that Rev. Father Davenport's letters could not have found a place in the same work, but that would have necessitated two volumes, for Mr. Quigley's letters alone make a book of nearly 500 pages. It is for sale at Mr. T. O'Brien's.

The Last of the Series.

Next Wednesday there will be some more delightful Mother Goose tableaux at St. Paul's Sunday school. As this is the last of the series everyone should go and take their children. Performance will begin at eight.

A Desirable Store To Let.

Any person desirous of renting the store at present occupied by Turner & Finlay, King St. will kindly apply at their office, 12 King St.

Not Till Next Week.

The prize cartoon plate, which did not arrive in time for this issue, will appear next week.

## MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME.

City Girls Who frequent the Depot and Monopolize the Bath Room.

Officers Stevens and Collins are very unpopular with the fair sex, especially that part of it represented by the girls who loiter around the depot. When it is remembered that the girls run up into the hundreds, it will be seen how very unpopular the officers are. In former times it used to be the boys and men who loitered in the depot that made life a burden to the officers, but the girls seem to be even more successful in this respect than the men and boys ever were. They make themselves perfectly at home in the depot, make their toilets in the bath room, and monopolize the rocking chair, which is generally supposed to be for the exclusive use of travelers not in the best of health. But travelers receive no consideration when the city girls have charge, and strangers who see them must be fully impressed with the large number of women who travel through St. John, if they base their calculations on the crowds in the waiting rooms. Indeed, the depot has had so many callers of late that the officers have become very active in order to receive them, but they are not as hospitable, perhaps, as the girls would like.

The girls have their opinions of officer Collins, however, and some of them are not backward in telling him just what they think. The officer has also an opinion in regard to the girls, which has been made stronger than ever since he discovered the rocking chair in the bath room in a deplorable condition.

"Not Up to Their Expectations."  
"The young lad here," writes PROGRESS Amherst correspondent, "who won the highest prize offered by the *Queen Magazine* was notified that they could not fulfil their agreement, as the response to their offer was not large enough to enable them to pay it. The lad died of consumption on the 12th instant. There are several persons in town who have been pretty well duped, not only in forwarding their dollars, but also the extra call of twenty-five cents to pay for paper, knives, and spoons, etc. I fail to see anything in the scheme but fraud, and think it should be denounced in the strongest terms."

She Wanted to be Sure.  
An incident occurred in a drug store the other day that will perhaps explain how mistakes are made which sometimes make it very unpleasant for the victim. A child was sent to buy a preparation in common use, but the druggist happened to be out, and the woman in the store did not know the article wanted when she saw it. She was anxious to make the sale, however, and showed the child several mixtures, asking her if they looked like what she wanted. But the little one was cautious, and did not want to buy from one so inexperienced, especially in a drug store, and went out of the store, saying she would call again when the druggist was in.

What the Shamrocks are Doing.  
The Shamrocks are feeling extremely good this week, since the pennant arrived. They say it is a beauty, and large enough for anything. Just now the annual bazaar is absorbing the attention of the club members. They expect to make it a greater success this year than ever. There is also some activity noticeable at the ball grounds, where cinders are being got in readiness for operations in the spring. The Shamrocks say they will have the finest cinder path in the country, and the proceeds of the bazaar will be principally devoted to this purpose.

Locked in the Sample Room.  
A commercial traveller who found himself locked in the Victoria Hotel sample rooms, across the street, attracted some attention from people going up and down King street, Wednesday evening. But he did not receive the recognition he probably wished for, as it was some time before anybody manifested enough interest to liberate him. The window was frozen, so that he could not open it, but several persons who heard him pounding at it were curious enough to enquire into the matter and let him out of bondage.

Chats with Correspondents.  
MUM, Chatham. Too late.  
MIKE, Shediac. Our regular correspondent will soon be on hand again. Thank you for your offer.  
TO A NUMBER OF CORRESPONDENTS. Be sure that your letters are mailed in such time that they will arrive in St. John Wednesday night, or early Thursday morning.

CHATTER BOX. There is no necessity to pay for the insertion of society paragraphs in PROGRESS. We are glad to print any news of that nature without charge. Send it in, but be sure and send your name at the same time.

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.

## THE CAPTAIN BOUNCED.

NO LONGER A MEMBER OF THE ORANGE LODGE.

But the Chief has Joined the Odd Fellows as an Offshoot—The Societies Going Back on the "Truthful Captain"—Not Anxious to be Identified with Him.

Men in public positions usually connect themselves with an influential body of some kind or other, and the chief of police is no exception. He joined the Odd Fellows Thursday evening. Up to a few months ago, it was unnecessary for him to join any society in order to have the force represented. Capt. Rawlings represented enough societies for the whole inner circle at the police station. But that was before the societies found out what kind of a man the truthful captain was. When they got information on this point, he received some consideration, and although the doings of secret societies are kept from the public as much as possible, the members of them do not seem to be anxious to own Captain Rawlings as a member of the order, and the action taken has become generally known.

Captain Rawlings was a free mason last summer. He is not a member of that order now.

Captain Rawlings was an orangeman this fall, but he is very anxious to find out, at present, whether he is still considered as such. And he will get all the information he wants before very long.

He joined the orange order many years ago, but his name was dropped from the books. About fifteen months ago he connected himself with Orange Lodge, No. 3, but the members now wish he had not taken the trouble to do this, as it has caused some uneasiness.

They say that his actions during the past few months have cast a reflection on the order. Men belonging to it are supposed to have a sense of honor. This appeared to be lacking in Capt. Rawlings. His brother Orangemen think that he willfully tried to injure innocent men, some of whom sat in the lodge room with himself.

Capt. Rawlings probably does not care what his brother orangemen think. He does not draw his salary from them. He is still a member of the I. O. O. F., but how long he will continue as such remains to be seen. A number of the members of that body have intimated what stand they will take if Captain Rawlings comes up for consideration, and it is quite probable, if a motion is made in this direction, that truthfulness will not be represented on horseback in the next procession.

The chief was probably aware of all this and was anxious to take time by the forelock, and joined the oddfellows before the police force was without any representative whatever in the secret societies.

Not The Man But The Recommendation.

One of the applicants for a position on the police force, a short time ago was a man named Samples. He is a very fine looking man of good stature and build, and no fault could be found with him, until he was asked his age. Samples said he was 37; and that dashed all his hopes of ever getting on the force. He was too old. The regulations distinctly said that no one over 35 years of age should be engaged as a policeman, and Samples was made aware of this fact. Not very long after this another man made application. It is said that he was recommended by a North End alderman. He got the position, and is now on the force. Whether he was asked any questions in regard to his age is a matter that is puzzling a good many people interested in the police, for it is said that policeman Gilson will never see 40 again, and has not seen it for many a day. No doubt he was recommended by the right man.

Keep Cool and Quiet.

A worthy and well known citizen of Moncton has written a long and somewhat personal account of a recent meeting of St. George's congregation. He began by calling it "noteworthy, amusing, interesting and exciting," and then proceeds to describe the people who were there rather than the proceedings of the meeting. The strangers who were present seemed to have a red rag influence upon him and he castigated them unmercifully for their audacity at doing aught but look on. He dubs one member of the assembly, a "whiskered apology for a man" and another as "ungainly, overgrown and awkward." In addition to all these he comments upon the lack of genuine oratory of some, and the "pantomimic performances of others."

The only man who gets a compliment is the chairman. There was nothing in the letter to indicate that the author has ever written to the newspapers before. If it was his first attempt it would not be a bad idea for him to abandon any further efforts in that direction for a time.

To Try It Together.

Messrs. John McKelvey and William McAnulty have gone into partnership. They have the reputation of being splendid workmen, and being well known, should do a fine business.

## THEY CAN'T HEAR THE ALARM.

Residents in the Valley Cannot Tell When There is a Fire.

The majority of the residents in the neighbourhood of the Valley, complain that excepting in a very few cases can they hear the fire alarm, and as many of them are business men, having places of business in various parts of the city, a fire may be near their shop and factory and the owners would not readily hear any alarm.

Fires have frequently occurred in the vicinity of Winter street and in Paradise Row, and residents living near by would not know of it until some time afterwards. The horn on Parks' cotton factory was very often sounded during the night time when a fire was known to be in that vicinity. An alarm bell is needed, and years ago a movement was started with the intention of petitioning the city of Portland council to take some action in the matter, but the scheme fell through.

Where are the two old fire bells that were standing, one on Smyth street and the other on Brussels street? One of them, if in possession of the city, would no doubt meet the requirements of the residents of Victoria ward. It is quite true that the engine house is in this ward, and when the alarm is sounded for fire in any portion of the North End, the firemen of No. 4 engine house, City road, respond, but no one outside of the engine room can hear the alarm, excepting when the wind is in a favorable quarter, when the faint mixed-up strains of the united big gongs are heard. Somebody ought to agitate the matter. It might be well for the voters in Dufferin and Victoria wards to bring the matter up for consideration, before the aldermanic elections.

He Fools the Machine.

The penny-in-the-slot machine at the depot is no longer able to protect itself. Although it sometimes manages to get the best of unsuspecting persons with genuine money, and refuses to give an equivalent in gum, it is no match for the small boys, who loiter about the depot. The news agents are getting a fine collection of old and curious coins without much effort, but when people go to the trouble of making lead cents for the purpose of fooling the machine and adding to the collection, it is evident to some people that the managers take a remarkable interest in seeing the collection turn out a success. One young fellow, however, takes no interest in the old coin part of the show. He devotes all his energies to the machine, and with the aid of a pin manages to get all the gum he wants. The agency people would like to know who this young gentleman is.

Last Sunday Made Him Incredulous.

At Sunday school (last Sunday).  
Teacher—Where do good people go when they die?  
A profound silence.  
"Can nobody tell me?"  
"I used to know, but I don't believe what they told me," said the little boy in the back seat.  
"Why Willie, what made you change your opinion?"  
"Because, I used to think they went to heaven, but I guess they wouldn't if they lived in this city."  
"Why?"  
"Because, how could they get up through the wires?"

A Small Piece of Business.

One of the little girls who collected money for the banquet held by the Salvation army this week, had an unpleasant experience on her rounds. In one of the stores she entered, on Charlotte street, a man whom she asked to subscribe, amused himself for a time by making fancy sketches of nothing in particular all over her subscription card, and wound up by tearing the card to pieces and not giving anything.

They Couced the Congregation.

Many of those who went to church last Sunday seem to have taken more interest in arithmetic than they did in the service, judging by the number who could tell exactly how many people were present at the church they attended. Exmouth street church was an exception in this respect, Sunday evening. It is said the reason was, because it was too dark to see the people at the other side of the chureb.

All the Work of Amateurs.

A number of the members of the Society of St. Joseph are rehearsing an Irish drama, by a St. John man, which they expect to present at the Institute about the 17th of March. There are a number of good amateurs in the company, and the play is said to have some strong features.

A Prohibitory Clause.

Another carnival will be held at the Palace rink Tuesday evening, and the managers hope to make it even a greater success than the last. It has been decided to keep all suits of cheap batting material off the ice, and the introduction of checks in connection with the cloak room, should meet with satisfaction.



**MATOES**  
good  
better  
other.  
**MATOES**  
had  
the  
Grocers.

the Clothing Business,  
ing story in this space,  
to call at our store, and  
any point relative to

question, that is you are  
at do not suit you in  
o. But if the OAK  
USE can suit you in  
y there, and no where

**MANTEL PIECES.**  
istic Open Fire Places.  
e Facings, Tile Hearths,  
Register Grates,  
Brass Andirons and Fenders,  
and  
n Fire Place Fixtures,  
of Every Description.

sollicit inspection of our extensive Stock  
ove lines, which is not equalled in Canada.  
of facilities for the manufacture and impor-  
of these goods are such that we can  
guarantee  
PRICES BEYOND COMPETITION.

**PARSONS & FISHER,**  
6 to 79 PRINCE WM. STREET.  
**FOR TABLE USE,**  
—COMPRISING THE—  
**LATEST PATTERNS**  
of  
**Useful Articles,**



**Missed**  
re and looking at our  
Don't let it happen  
a stove to heat, to  
you have read here.

**Health**  
ings: "A penny saved  
want to be in good  
be, if a little pains  
PARSONS & SHARP,  
standard Range. It

**CLAUS**  
King Street,  
surrounded with hosts of sweet things,  
RY BREAD TOYS,  
CHOCOLATE GOODS,  
M AND ALMOND CARAMELS.  
\$1.00, JUST FINE.  
a lb. of our  
20 CENTS.

**WOMEN**  
"We would say!  
Moulders in the Frame line in the United  
States, Antique, Florentine, Bronze and Con-  
tainers, the newest and latest patterns,  
we employ none but skilled workmen,  
line Mass and Mounts. We can give you  
the most prompt attention of S. B.  
are House Block.

**THE PERFECTED LIFE.**  
The Greatest Need of the World.

God is all for quality; man is for quantity. But the immediate need of the world at this moment is not more of us, but, if I may use the expression, a better brand of us. To secure ten men of an improved type would be better than if we had ten thousand more of the average Christians distributed all over the world. There is such a thing in the evangelistic sense as winning the whole world and losing our own soul. And the first consideration is our own life—our own spiritual relations to God—our own likeness to Christ. And I am anxious, briefly, to look at the right and the wrong way of becoming like Christ—of becoming better men: the right and the wrong way of sanctification.

**Fruitless Effort.**  
One of the futile methods of sanctifying ourselves is trying; effort—struggle—agonizing. I suppose you have all tried that, and I appeal to your own life when I ask if it has not failed. Crossing the Atlantic, the *Etruria* in which I was sailing, suddenly stopped in mid-ocean—something had suddenly broken down. There were a thousand people on board that ship. Do you think we could have made it go on if we had all gathered together and pushed against the sides or against the masts? When a man hopes to sanctify himself by trying, he is like a man trying to make the boat go that carries him by pushing it—he is like a man drowning in the water and trying to save himself by pulling the hair of his own head. It is impossible. Christ held that mode of sanctification almost to ridicule when he said: "Which of you by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature?" Put down that method forever as being futile.

Another man says: "That is not my way. I have given up that. Trying has its place, but that is not where it comes in. My method is to concentrate on some single sin, and to work away upon that until I have got rid of it." Now, in the first place, life is too short for that process to succeed. Their name is legion. In the second place, that leaves the rest of the nature for a long time untouched. In the third place, it does not touch the seed or root of the disease. If you dam up a stream at one place, it will simply overflow higher up. And for a fourth reason: Religion does not consist in negatives—in stopping this sin and stopping that sin.

Another man says: "Very well; I am not trying to stop sins in succession; but I am trying to copy the character of Christ, bit by bit, point by point, into my life." The difficulty about that method is, that it is mechanical. It leaves the rest of the life; and there is always the mark of the tool about such a life—about such a nature. It is like a wax-flower as compared with a natural flower.

There is another method. I suppose you have tried it. I have. It is to get a book of blank paper and make columns for the days of the week, and then put down a list of the virtues with spaces against each for marks, and then follow it up with a great many rules, and determine to live by rule. That is how Franklin did; and I suppose that many men in this day could tell how they had hung up in their bedroom, or laid away in their secret drawers, the rules they had drawn up for themselves. Again I appeal to life. You bear me witness that that method failed. And it failed for very matter-of-fact reasons—likely because you forgot the rules. As a matter of fact, that is a false method of sanctification, and, like all the others, must come to nothing.

All these methods that I have named are perfectly human, perfectly natural, perfectly ignorant, and perfectly futile. I do not say we must abandon them; but they are futile to accomplish the real end that we seek.

**The More Excellent Way.**  
Now, what is the true method? There is one method which is as simple and effectual as the others are complicated and useless. It is laid down in a single verse in the Bible; and it is so practical that any man can apply it to his own life, and as certain in its action as a law of Nature. It is a case of cause and effect. The verse I refer to is in 2nd Corinthians; and I take it from the immensely improved text in this instance of the Revised Version—the 18th verse of the 3d chapter of 2d Corinthians: "We all, with unveiled face, reflecting in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory even as by the Lord, the Spirit."

Observe: "We are changed." The mistake we have been making is that we have been trying to change ourselves. That is not possible. We are changed into the same image. Now, if we are to get the benefit of the relief that these words ought to give to the man who has been spending his nights and half his life in a frenzied struggle for holiness without having fulfilled the necessary conditions, let us carefully mark the condition demanded. For that condition being fulfilled, we are infallibly changed into the same image. The condition is that we reflect in a mirror the glory of Christ. That condition I shall refer to in a moment; but one word requires an explanation in passing. "Reflecting in a mirror the glory of the Lord." What is the glory of the Lord? The word "glory" suggests effulgence—radiance. It recalls the hallo that the old masters delighted to paint around the heads of their saints and Ecce Homos. But this is all material. What does that halo, that radiance, symbolize? It symbolizes the most radiant and beautiful thing in man, as in the Man Christ Jesus; and that is his character. Character. The glory of Christ is in character. I make a challenge. Does any man know anything more glorious in man or in God than character? God's name was his character—Himself. Do not be misled by the vagueness of that word "glory" in modern usage. We lose the force of it because we do not employ the word in current speech. When it is in your mind, substitute "character" for "glory." "We all, with unveiled face, reflecting in a mirror the character of Christ, are changed into the same image from character to character—from the character of a little better to the character of a little better still, the character getting nobler and nobler by slight and imperceptible degrees. Now, read that verse once more with all these meanings brought

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out? "We all, with unveiled face, reflecting in a mirror the character of the Lord, are changed into the same image from character to character."

**How to get the character:** Stand in Christ's presence and mirror His character, and you will be changed in spite of yourself, and unknown to yourself, into the same image from character to character.

Every man is a reflector. That is the principle upon which this is based. In your face you reflect your nationality. I ask a man a question, and I find out in ten seconds whether he is a Northerner, or a Southerner, or a Canadian, or an Englishman. He has reflected in his very voice his country. I ask him another question, and another, and another, and I see reflections fit over the mirror from all points of the compass. I find out in five minutes that he has a good mother. I see reflected in a mirror that he has been reading Herbert Spencer, and Huxley, and Darwin; and as I go on watching him as he stands and talks to me, his whole life is reflected back from it. I see the kind of set he has been living in—the kind of companions he has had. He cannot help reflecting. He cannot help himself showing the environment in which he has lived—the influences that have played around him. As Tennyson says: "I am a part of all that I have met." Now, we become like those whom we habitually reflect. I could prove from science that that applies even to the physical framework of animals—that they are influenced and organically changed by the environment in which they live. We all know how every man is influenced by the people and the things that surround him. I remember two fellow-students who lived for eight years together, and by the end of that time they had become so like one another in their methods of thinking, in their opinions, in their ways of looking at things, that they were practically one. When you asked a question it was immaterial to which you addressed it, and when you made a remark you knew exactly the impression it would make on both of them. They had been changed into the same image.

There was a savor of Jonathan about David, and a savor of David about Jonathan. You sometimes see husband and wife, after a half century of fellowship, changed entirely into the same image. They have gone on reflecting one another so often—without trying, and perhaps even trying to prevent it—that they have become largely made up of the same qualities and characteristics. That is the grand doctrine of influence—that we become like those whom we habitually associate with.

**A Personal Companionship.**  
What, then, is the practical lesson? It is obvious. Make Christ your most constant companion. Be more under His influence than under any other influence. Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning—ay, two minutes, if it is face to face and heart to heart—will change the whole day, will make every thought and feeling different, will enable you to do things for His sake that you would not have done for your own sake, or for any one else's sake. And the supreme and the sole secret of a sanctified nature and a Christ-like character and life, is to be ever with Christ and reflecting Him—catching His nature, His mind and spirit, insensibly and unconsciously, by mere proximity and contagion.

You say, "How can a man make Christ, the absent Christ, his most constant companion?" Why; friendship is a spiritual thing. Think over it for a moment, and you will find that your friend influences you just about as much in his absence as when he is with you. Christ might have influenced us more, perhaps, if He had been here, and yet I do not know. It would have been an ineffable experience to have lived at that time—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old, How when Jesus was here among men, He took little children like lambs in His fold, I should like to have been with them."

"I wish that His hand had been laid on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me; And that I had seen His kind look when He said, 'Let the little ones come unto Me.'"

And yet, if Christ were to come into the world again, few of us probably would ever have a chance of seeing Him. I have never seen my own Queen in our little country of Britain. There are millions of her subjects who have never seen her. And there would be thousands of the subjects of

the Lord Jesus who could never get within speaking distance of Him if he came to the world now. We remember He said: "It is expedient for you (not for Me) that I go away;" because by going away He could really be nearer to us than He would have been if He had stayed here. It would have been geographically and physically impossible for most of us to have been influenced by His person had He remained. And so our communion with Him is a spiritual companionship; but not different from most companionships, which, when you press them down to the roots you will find to be essentially spiritual.

**The Spiritual Character of True Friendship.**

All friendship, all love, human and Divine, is spiritual. So that it is no difficulty in reflecting the character of Christ that we have never been in visible contact with Him. He does not appeal to the eye; He appeals to the soul; and is reflected not from the body, but from the soul. The thing you love or a friend is not the thing you see. I know of a very beautiful character—one of the loveliest which had ever bloomed on this earth. It was the character of a young girl. She always wore about her neck a little locket, but nobody was allowed to open it. None of the young persons ever knew what it contained, until one day she was laid down with a dangerous illness, when one of them was granted permission to look into the locket; and she saw written there: "Whom having not seen I love." That was the secret of her beautiful life. She had been changed into the same image.

**The Effect.**

Let me say a word or two about the effects which necessarily must follow from this contact, or fellowship, with Christ. I need not quote the texts upon the subject—the texts about abiding in Christ—He that abideth in Him, sineth not. You cannot sin when you are standing in front of Christ. You simply cannot do it. "Whoever committeth sin hath not seen Him, neither known Him." Sin is abashed and disappears in the presence of Christ. Again: "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Think of that! That is another inevitable consequence. And there is yet another. "He that abideth in Me, the same bringeth forth much fruit." Sinless—answered prayer—much fruit.

But in addition to these things, see how many of the things that we see in our experiences necessarily flow from the assumption of that attitude toward Christ. For instance, the moment you assume that relation to Christ you begin to know what the child-spirit is. You stand before Christ, and He becomes your teacher, and you instinctively become childlike. Then you learn also to become charitable and tolerant; because you are learning of Him, and He is "meek and lowly in heart," and you catch that spirit. That is a bit of His character being reflected into yours. Instead of being critical and self-asserting, you become humble and have the mind of a little child. I think, further, the only way of learning what faith is, is to know Christ and be in His company. You hear sermons about the nine different kinds of faith—distinctions drawn between the right kind of faith and the wrong—and sermons telling you how to get faith. 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CANADIAN AND LITERARY NOTES.

You may not like the less, reader, to get the following paragraphs, that they were not meant for your eye. The writer gives his impressions of some of our Canadian poets, and appears to enjoy one of them, less than do I: "I cannot say I greatly care for his style of poetry. I can read half-a-dozen of his stanzas at any time, without getting an idea, or knowing in the least what he is driving at. He is on the far, lone trail of diluted rose water, and the beamy blue of ineffable unsubstantiality. Not that he has not a fine gift, it would only determine to crystallize. I like those stanzas by Duncan Campbell Scott. I must say that I think the sonnet is becoming too much of a fad,—the thing, you know,—to let a thought melt into passion, and roll out into a pearly dew-drop of song. But the dew-drop, alas! is often nothing but a glass bead. If the dew-drop always comes—all right. But it is a rare and radiant miracle, when it does come. Lampman's "Meadow" is full of fine workmanship—delicate photography, love of nature, but don't you think that poets may easily carry to excess the nature-descriptive vein? How to fuse human thought and passion with nature, is the point, so that one shall both enhance and relieve the other. After all, the wisest thing for a poet to do is to cultivate the gift, if he has it, of verses which sing themselves. Everybody, now-a-days writes poetry—good poetry, too, in a way—elaborate, ornate—word-mosaic. Yet you can count the genuine lyrics with great ease. Nobody seems to produce with spontaneity such things as Burns produced. It is the difference between nature and convention, between a growth and a fabric." Of the preacher's work he says: "It is a somewhat disheartening work to preach three times in one day to a few folk who want the gospel rough-and-tumble. I appreciate it. But then, preaching is a discouraging work, at the best: Few sheaves, much sweat."

A virile nervous pen is driven by J. Macdonald Oxley, and he has a mastery of vivid description, as appears to the reader of his "Forty Miles of Maelstrom" in The Youth's Companion. He recites the story told by Ronald Cameron, while riding through some of the noble scenery along the route of the Canadian Pacific, of how he passed the Long Canon of the Liard in a canvas boat, together with a rather helpless half-breed, Machard, and an Indian fit for that wild torrent journey, named Denzance. When they reached "Hell Gate," at the mouth of the canon the tussle commenced. "It is an awful place. The walls of the canon are two hundred feet high, and not more than a hundred feet apart. The deep water spins along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, while at the end is a sort of drop into a black dreadful pool where the whirls are the worst of all." In the midst of it, "I had given up all hope, and was about to throw away my paddle, and prepare for the last struggle, when suddenly there came a great rush of water down the canon. The whirlpools all filled up and levelled over; for one brief minute the river was on our side. With a whoop of delight Denzance dug his paddle deep into the water, and put all his strength upon it. I seconded his efforts as well as I could. The boat hesitated, then obeyed, and moved slowly but surely forward; and after some moments of harrowing suspense we found ourselves floating swiftly but safely onward, with no more dangers ahead." We are reminded of a parallel passage, in verse, by Charles Maie—the poet of our North-West,—descriptive of his descent of the Mississippian or Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan,—verse which carries in it the speed and buoyancy of the falling water:

"As dips the paddler for his prey So dips our barque amain; We sink and soar, and sink and soar again! And sink, following the foaming fall Of one lone, throbbing vein. Enrapt we glide, And seem to slide down, into its grave! "O break! O break! sweet balm, soft air!" Oh, no, we never die! And once more the dash, And once more the dash, "Till swept or mangled by a whirling swirl, The final surge is past, And life the strife Of human life, We reach calm floods at last."

Miss Agnes Maule Machar touches deftly with the pencil; and the graceful author of the little patriotic school-manual, "Raise the Flag and other Canadian songs" constitutes it a souvenir which the possessor cannot fail to prize and place among the treasures more valued than gold and silver. The maple-leaf, the curved spear of wheat, the pansies, the glimpse of the thousand islands, and the blue St. Lawrence, are all characteristic and pleasant.

One haill from New England with the assurance: "We have winter weather here in its full glory—snow, ice, frost, tinkle of sleigh-bells, steady weather, cold nights. The first winter that brings back the memories of old Nova Scotia winters." He is a native, and hence he wonders how they stand the cold weather "in grim Scotia."

A hale and cheery old age is enjoyed by our friend, G. W. Wicksteed, Q. C., of Ottawa, who has passed his 92nd birthday. Commenting on current literature, he well says: "One cannot read everything, and just now Kingsford is the writer of the day. I shall have something about his histories in the Law Journal for this month. Well, if anyone now says Canada is without a literature, let him look out, and read—if he has time. But there is so much unquestionably good in English poetry that I have not read, or have read only once, what deserves to be read a hundred times. I re-read "Antony and Cleopatra" a few days ago." His "Waits in Prospect" are taking well, and are considered both entertaining and instructive.

A very gratifying compliment was by the venerable Whittier paid to the Canadian poetess, Agnes Maule Machar, when a young lady friend of hers called recently upon him. He expressed much pleasure in her recent article in the Andover Review.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.)

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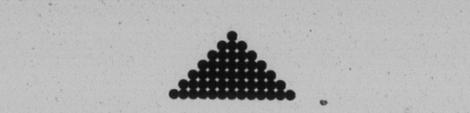
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TO PAINTERS.

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Advertisement for Fire Insurance, featuring 'MANCHESTER FIRE ASSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND'. It lists the company's capital as \$7,500,000 and mentions its long history since 1824.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, featuring 'DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE'. It describes the pills as a 'Blood Purifier' and 'Blood Builder'.

Advertisement for Photography, featuring 'CLIMO. THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY'. It mentions that the work was done at the recent exhibition in St. John.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, featuring 'DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE'. It repeats the benefits of the pills for various ailments.

Advertisement for Photography, featuring 'CLIMO. THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY'. It lists various photographic services offered.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, featuring 'DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE'. It concludes with a strong recommendation of the product.

Large advertisement for 'WHOLESALE DRY GOODS' and 'FANCY GOODS'. It lists various items like 'STRAW', 'SMITH B', 'HALIFAX', and 'TURKEY'. It also includes the text 'EASY TO USE' and 'They are Beautiful'.

Advertisement for 'If you wish to Advertise', featuring 'GEO. P. ROWELL & CO. NEW YORK'. It offers advertising services and lists various locations.

Advertisement for 'SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS', featuring '84 PRINCESS STREET'. It lists various dyeing and finishing services.

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"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

(Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Providence, St. John.)

I am sorry that a great many letters were unavoidably pigeonholed last week. From want of space, but I did the best I could, and even let my column boil over nearly a quarter of the next one.

Now that is the sort of letter that goes a long way towards smoothing out the creases worn by time and genius combined, in the brow of the weary scribbler!

TOWERS, Fredericton writes:—Should a lady allow herself to be kissed however decorously, by a gentleman who is not engaged to her, and who is not a relative?

Well, now, Towers, there are certainly some hard questions there; but, by a masterstroke of genius, or a happy (?) combination of circumstances, I know not which, I am able to combine the first and last questions into one perfect whole.

COQUETTE, Fredericton. (1) Do you know what I would do with that young man, Coquette, if he engaged to me?

CLYDE, also of Fredericton, writes:—If it is criminal for a lady to wear a bonnet adorned with a stuffed bird, would you kindly give me your opinion on a lady whose bonnet is decorated with half a dozen winged birds?

When I first read that, I began to wonder if I had ever been seen anywhere with half a dozen wings in my bonnet and "Clyde," had seen me; but as I never owned a bonnet

KATHLEEN, St. Stephen.—I have always preferred "thank you," to the more fashionable "thanks" which, to me, offends the ear by its abrupt and brusque sound.

And what can be more graciously courteous and cordial, than the answer, "thank you very much, she is better," when anyone inquires for the health of a relative.

DAVID, Fredericton.—As far as I know, Ellar Wheeler Wilcox has not published any volume of her complete poems.

VIXEN, St. John.—I was very glad to see your fine bold handwriting again, Vixen, and I thank you for your words of appreciation.

MISS VIXEN requests the pleasure of Miss Smith's, and Mr. Edgar Smith's company on Thursday evening at eight o'clock, dancing.

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not to want to kiss a girl unless he is very fond of her, fond enough to be engaged in fact, and in that case a very few words can give him the right to as many kisses as he wants.

Madge, ye hoyden, gossipe scold, For that a romping wench was she— How much she rode, "they" bade her so.

Sir Tomas from his noble halls Did tread his path a sinner's way, And these full evil words did say:

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International Steamship Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. ONE TRIP A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

ON and after JAN. 22, the Steamer "COLUMBIAN" or "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every THURSDAY morning, at 7.25.

Returning will leave Boston MONDAY, 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5.00 p. m. for Eastport and St. John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer "Chas. Houghton" for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

LANDRY & CO. 52 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PIANOS AND ORGANS, SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS, &c.

All kinds of Small Musical Instruments, STRINGS, ETC.

Everyone who can sing or play should keep posted in the New Music, by sending for our Lists and Catalogues of New Music, Music Photos, &c., which we mail free, on application. Write to us for any thing in the musical line.

LANDRY & CO. 52 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO. MONTREAL

Redpath PARIS LUMPS

RED SEAL

We are now putting up, for family use, the finest quality of PURE LOAF SUGAR in neat paper boxes.

RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, RUBBER BOOTS (These goods are first every time in wear, quality, and make).

TIDDLEY WINKS, nicely finished, only 20cts. F. S. ALLWOOD, 75 UNION STREET. P. S.—Lots of Printing Outlets.

FERGUSON & PAGE Have a large and Well Assorted Stock of all Goods pertaining to the Legal Jewelry Business, and invite the inspection of intending purchasers.

43 KING STREET. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

Ladies' and Gents' FINE WIGS, at the AMERICAN HAIR STORE, CHARLOTTE STREET. Up one flight.

CURLING. THE HISTORY OF CURLING; And Fifty Years of the Royal Canadian Curling Club. By JOHN KERR, M. A., F. S. A.

This volume has been prepared under the authority of the Royal Canadian Curling Club, and has been compiled from official sources.

EVERY GIRL should get a copy of this book. We are now taking orders for the above.

J. & A. McMILLAN, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

Intercolonial Railway. 1890—Winter Arrangement—1891

ON and after MONDAY, 24th NOV., 1890, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.30

Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 12.20

Fast Express for Halifax..... 12.30

Express for Halifax..... 12.35

Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 12.55

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex..... 8.30

Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 9.25

Accommodation from Point du Chene..... 12.20

Day Express from Halifax..... 12.30

Express from Halifax..... 12.35

Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 12.55

TRAINS WILL LEAVE SAINT JOHN STATION, at 16.30 a. m.—Flying Yankee for Bangor, Portland, Boston, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North.

17.25 a. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Boston, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

14.40 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate points.

12.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle, etc.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANBOR. 10.45 p. m.—Fast Express, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, at 17.45 p. m. Sleeping Car attached.

Bangor at 15.45 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached.

Vancouver at 11.10, 11.25 a. m.; 11.45 p. m. Woodstock at 10.00, 11.40 a. m.; 8.30 p. m. Houlton at 12.10, 11.35 a. m.; 8.30 p. m. St. Stephen at 17.45, 10.10 a. m.; 19.30 p. m. St. Andrews at 16.45 a. m.; 12.15 p. m. Fredericton at 16.20, 10.20 a. m.; 13.15 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 9.40, 9.05 a. m.; 11.30, 1.00 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.00 a. m., 13.00—For Fairville.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked \* run daily; except Sunday. 1 Day except Saturday.

For Tickets, Sleeping Car Berths, Time Tables, and all information, apply at the CITY TICKET OFFICE, CHURCH'S CORNER, or at the Station.

Shore Line Railway. ST. JOHN, ST. GEORGE and ST. STEPHEN. Until further notice Trains will leave St. John (East) at 2 p. m. West Side, 2.20 p. m. Arriving in St. George at 6.20 p. m. Leave St. George at 7.45 a. m. Arriving in St. John at 12.10 p. m. Freight received and delivered at Moulton's, Water street, Eastern Standard Time.

FRANK J. McPEAKE, Superintendent. Oct. 4, 1890.

HOTELS. HOTEL STANLEY. ST. JOHN, N. B. Terms, \$1.50. J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOUSE. ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. NIME, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL. FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

VICTORIA HOTEL. ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. MCCORMICK, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL. ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL. 28 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts. W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL DUFFERIN. ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

WILLARD'S HOTEL. WASHINGTON, D. C. The most famous and well-known Hotel in the City. Special rates by the month. The cuisine equaled by none. Homelike and convenient to all public buildings. Send two stamps for guide to—O. G. STAPLES, Proprietor.

BALMORAL HOTEL. NO. 10 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Is now open to the Public. NO better location in the city, only 4 minutes walk from the I. C. R. Depot and Intercolonial Steamboat Landing, Facing Market Square. Number the building is on the corner of KING and Prince William Streets. NO BIG PRICES, but good fare at moderate prices. Call on us and satisfy yourself that we will try to make you feel at home. Don't forget No. 10, "Blue Sign." Frequent and Transient Boarders accommodated at low rates. A. L. SPENCER, Manager.

JOHNSON'S LINIMENT. UNLIKE ANY OTHER. THE DIFFERENTIAL AS EXTERNAL USE. Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810. GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

THINK OF IT. In its every drop, there is a life-giving power. It is the only liniment that has been used for over 70 years, and is still the most popular and successful of all liniments.

THE NEW CANADIAN LITERARY MAGAZINE. CANADA will number among its contributors Charles G. D. Rowley, Archibald Lampman, J. M. Leonard, James Macdonald Ostry, James Hannay, Arthur J. Lockhart, Thomas G. Marquis, Mrs. S. A. Carleton, Mrs. Mary Barry Smith, J. Hunter Deane, Fred E. G. Lloyd, H. L. Spencer, and many other well-known names.

WANTED. BOYS and GIRLS to take orders for our new Special Line of Photographs in their own neighborhoods. Send the enclosed card to: Southern Photos, 75-77, Market Street, Montreal, P. Q. \$1.25 per doz.; 13 Best Cabinet Photos and 500 prints, \$5.00.

Any person sending picture, we will copy and return. Cash with order. 99 King Street, St. John, N. B. J. McCleure, Agent.

Could a Remedy WITHOUT REAL MERIT Have Survived for Eighty Years? Every sufferer should have a bottle of Johnson's Liniment in his household.

Every sufferer should have a bottle of Johnson's Liniment in his household. It is the only liniment that has been used for over 70 years, and is still the most popular and successful of all liniments.

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Remnants Short Lengths

DRESS GOODS ULSTER CLOTHS.

OUR entire stock of Dress Goods and Ulster Cloths will be searched for Short Lengths and Remnants.

These will be arranged on our Counters for

MONDAY, 26th Inst.

The prices, to close them out, will be made without regard to cost.

UNUSUAL BARGAINS,

can be secured. Come early! Also, seven pieces of

OPERA FLANNELS,

in blue, pink, cardinal, cream, and white, at 25c. per yard, to clear.



97 King Street.

THE TOILET GEM Phiboderma FOR CHAPPED HANDS, COLD SORES, SORE LIPS ETC. Sold by Druggists, 25c.

SECOND GRAND CARNIVAL

AT THE Palace Rink, TUESDAY, 27th INSTANT.

PRIZES: \$20.00 GOLD

TICKETS, 25 CENTS EACH. Note—Clothing may be checked at the cloak room.

BIJOU THEATRE.

First appearance of WALTER MACK AND GRACE MARSTON!

First appearance of MR. GEORGE WILSON America's Premier Sketch Artist, MISS MAGGIE BREWER!

First appearance of CONLY AND CURRAN! The Two Nondescripts, in an Act original with these gentlemen.

Immense Hit! Retained One Week Longer, MORTON, RENO AND MACK in an entire New Act!

The First Prize CAMPBELL and EVANS! Also, First Time in St. John of the Laughable Comedy, entitled

SENATOR GOTTELEIB! Don't forget our regular (Friday) AMATEUR NIGHT!

NEXT WEEK AN ENTIRE CHANGE! Look out for a Great Show!

NOTICE OF PARTNERSHIP. THE undersigned have this day entered into partnership, under the name and firm of MCKELVEY & MCANULTY.

NOTICE. THE undersigned wishes to return his sincere thanks to his friends and customers, in the City and County of St. John, and elsewhere, for the very liberal patronage extended to him, while doing business on his own account, and would respectfully ask a continuance of the same for the new firm.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Binney returned from their wedding trip on Friday afternoon, and appeared in church on Sunday. Mrs. Binney received this week. She has been unfortunate in having such a storm for the first two days of her reception, but the sun shined once more today, and may continue to shine upon her always, and upon every other bride who is receiving her wedding calls, for in my opinion had weather adds one more horror, to a most trying ordeal.

Mr. J. M. Lyons, chief clerk of the I. C. R. passenger agents force, left town yesterday for Boston, to be present at a meeting of general passenger agents in that city.

Hon. Senator Porter, of Shelburne, paid a visit to Moncton on Wednesday.

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

JAN. 21.—On Monday evening the Windsor hotel was the scene of brightness and festivity. The hall, parlors, and corridors were filled with their women and brave men. Not a trace that charming party given by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young, more than a year ago, but St. Stephen society enjoyed so brilliant an evening. It was the reception of which I spoke last week, given by Mrs. Frank Todd, for the entertainment of her niece, Miss Emma Harris, whom I regret to say ended her visit this morning and left for her home, and this trip was in New York city. Miss Harris is the most popular young lady who ever visited here, and her departure is felt most keenly among our friends. But to return to the reception, it was a most delightful affair. The visit of the three young ladies were most numerous, more than a hundred guests. Not for a long time have there been grouped together so many elegant and pretty girls. The Windsor is a charming place to have a party. The dining room was converted into a ball room, while those who did not dance enjoyed their favorite game while in the parlors. Mr. and Mrs. Todd stood in the deep bay window of the reception room to receive their guests; Mrs. Todd looked exceedingly stately and elegant in a handsome dress of black silk with hands of gold brocade. She was assisted by Miss Harris, who wore a gown of scarlet silk, and her cousin, Miss Able Todd, who was prettily attired in a white cashmere with white ribbon. Dancing began at 9 o'clock. Jigs were served during the evening, and a delicious supper was announced. Immediately after supper dancing was again resumed, and not until an early hour in the morning, did the guests who had been so long a reluctant advent. The dresses of the ladies were so bright and elegant that I must describe a few of the most noticeable.

Mrs. W. F. Todd, rich black silk with cream-colored silk sleeves, covered with black lace, beaded collar, and giraffe of jet, ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. C. W. Young, dark green velvet overdress, with skirt of pink and green plaid silk, diamonds.

Mrs. L. H. Dexter, white brocade velvet en train, corsage bouquet of pink roses, and opal ornaments.

Mrs. Henry Eaton, court train of black velvet over pale pink silk skirt, with pink ostrich feather trimming.

Mrs. James Stevens, heliotrope cashmere with velvet sleeves.

Mrs. A. S. Burdette (Mexico), black lace costume, corsage bouquet of pale pink roses, and opal ornaments.

Mrs. Wilfred Eaton, pale heliotrope satin, with trimmings of velvet.

Mrs. Percy Lord, pale blue silk, ornaments pearls.

Mrs. Frank Woods, scarlet tulle costume, with ornaments of ribbon and ostrich feathers, with Gilbert Goring, rich goblin blue silk, with diamond ornaments.

Mrs. George Pinder, black lace with yellow morie trimming.

Mrs. Henry Murdoch, cream colored silk, with trimmings of white ribbon.

Miss Fannie Jewell, pretty white striped dress.

Miss Cora Alger, pale blue and white silk, with trimmings of blue ribbon and corsage bouquet of red roses.

Miss Nettie Marchie, white cashmere, with trimmings of down and measurements.

Miss Jessie Elliot, cream and white silk with bouquet of blue ribbon and roses, and pale pink roses.

Miss Kate Washburne, scarlet china silk with sleeves of black lace, black gloves.

Mrs. Ernest Lee, garnet silk with overdress of garnet spotted net, diamond ornaments.

Miss Alice Dowling, white silk costume prettily trimmed with white silk fringe.

Miss Madeline Marchie, black lace with corsage bouquet of pink ribbon, corsage bouquet of pale pink roses.

Miss Jennie Harvey, pale mauve cashmere with trimmings of measurements.

Miss Lizzie McNeil, grey silk very heavily trimmed with steel passementerie, bouquet of red carnations, diamonds.

Miss Helen McNeil, cream silk, with white ostrich feather trimmings and corsage bouquet of the France roses.

Miss Alice Todd, pale yellow silk, with chaperon of white lace.

Miss Catherine, white silk covered with white striped lace, with trimmings of pale pink roses.

HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender SKINS are literally ON FIRE with ITCHING and BURNING ECZEMAS and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, none but mothers realize.

To know that a single application of the Cuticura Remedies will, in the great majority of cases, afford instant and complete relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because so speedy) cure, and not to use them without a moment's delay, is to be guilty of positive inhumanity. No greater legacy can be bestowed upon a child than a skin without blemish and a body nourished with pure blood.

CUTICURA

Remedies are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies, are absolutely pure, and may be used from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unailing success.

TREATMENT.—CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, externally, instantly allay the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, soothe and heal raw and irritated surfaces, clear the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, and restore the hair, while CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

"ALL ABOUT THE BLOOD, SKIN, SCALP, AND HAIR" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value to mothers.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 25c.; CUTICURA SOAP, 35c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, 50c., by POSTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Facial Blemishes, pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin and hands, and simple humors and skin blemishes of infancy and childhood are prevented and cured by that most effective of All Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, the celebrated CUTICURA SOAP. Incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivaling in delicacy and purity the most expensive toilet and nursery soaps. The only preventer of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of most facial blemishes. Price, 35c.

RUBBER CLOTHING! FOR GENTLEMEN.

We have best qualities of Tweed Coats, with and without Capes; Inverness and Military Coats—all sizes, sizes, sizes, and made with sewn seams. Also Ponchos, Fireman's Coats, Leather Jackets Oil Clothing, etc.

FOR LADIES.

The finest qualities of CLOTH SURFACE CLOAKS, with Capes, BEST QUALITIES OF AMERICAN RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES.

ESTEE & CO., - 68 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

RECIPES FOR PANCAKES. PORRIDGE.

Mr. H. P. Smith (the "mirador" of Diaby) with two gentlemen friends, returned, not long since, from a successful hunting expedition, each having killed a fine moose. Some of the meat was in the market for some time, and a good deal of it being remarkably tender and juicy.

Mr. H. P. Smith (the "mirador" of Diaby) with two gentlemen friends, returned, not long since, from a successful hunting expedition, each having killed a fine moose. Some of the meat was in the market for some time, and a good deal of it being remarkably tender and juicy.

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NEW YEAR, 1891.

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

NOTHING WILL LIGHTEN LABOR IN THE HOUSEHOLD LIKE A Cold Medal Carpet Sweeper.

IF YOU HAVE ONE, WHY BUY A HANDSOME HEARTH RUG,

A CHENILLE PORTIERE, As these make Handsome and Useful Seasonable Presents.

A. O. SKINNER.

DISHES, DISH CLOTHS, POTS, PANS, PAINTS.

SO CLEAN, SWEET, EASY.

"WHITE CROSS" Granulated Soap does it. A pure soap in fine powder. All kinds of cleansing done quickly, without injury to hands or fabric of cloth, or to anything used upon. Sets, will buy a package which will give you many dollars worth of satisfaction.

THE SUN AND MOON MITCHELL BROS. STOP.

THEY HAVE IT; they are getting too rich—having monopolized the best shoe trade for the last twenty years, they have resolved to retire from business and give the other shoe dealers a chance to scrape a few dollars together for their old age. Consequently their Entire Stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, & RUBBERS IMMENSE REDUCTION, To Clear before 1st May, next.

YARMOUTH. [Progress is for sale in Yarmouth at the stores of E. I. Vickery and Harris & Horsfall.]

JAN. 20.—Mr. Frank Flint, of Everett, Mass., is visiting Mrs. E. F. Parker.

Mrs. Thomas Corning gave a dance for her sister, Miss Baxter, on Thursday last. Those present enjoyed themselves immensely.

Mrs. B. B. Gray, was "At Home" to her friends, on Monday afternoon from 4 to 6.

Miss Jennie Purchase is visiting the Misses Taylor for a few days.

Miss Beth Lovitt, and her friend, Miss Jennie Crosby, returned to Sackville on Monday.

Mr. Herber Todd, now of Boston, has been spending a few weeks in Milltown, with his aunt, Mrs. Christina Todd.

This certainly has been the gayest week St. Stephen has known for some time.

Mrs. John E. Alger and Miss Cora Alger entertained early in the season. The meetings of the club were present. There were also several strangers, guests of those who belong to the club.

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ON THE ICE.

Like most sailors, I fell in love, but the course of my affections ran anything but smoothly. At the usual age I joined her Majesty's service as a midshipman, donning my blue jacket and anchor buttons with considerable pride. I had chosen the navy as my profession much against the wishes of my widowed mother. Though far from wealthy, she was comfortably off, so I did not consider myself bound for her sake to throw aside all the dearest wishes of my heart, and condemn myself to a stool in some merchant's office until such time as I should have made my way in the mercantile world. Quill driving was an abomination to me; and, if the truth must be told, English dictation was not my forte. My father had been a sailor before me, and for his sake I loved the service, even though it had taken him from us when I was quite a child. There was no green mound by which to linger, no white stone whereon to trace the beloved name. My father was one of those who perished in the sea, and he was buried in the Black Sea—days never to be forgotten by those who lived through them.

The Prince was my father's ship, a new magnificent steamer, conveying a cargo valued at one hundred thousand pounds—supplies well-nigh indispensable in carrying on the siege of Sebastopol, medical stores, food for want of which our unfortunate soldiers were dying—and clothing to keep out the bitter cold. All these comforts were on board the Prince; but they never reached their destination. She had carried out troops also, who had fortunately been landed, and the rest of her voyage seemed over. She was anchored in twenty-five fathoms of water outside Balalaeva harbor, when the fury of the hurricane burst upon her. In some of the reports it was stated that a transport fouled her; at any rate, in the cutting away of her masts her screw became entangled in the rigging, so that her steam-power, which might have saved her, was lost. The port-chain broke, the starboard anchor would not hold alone, and the gallant ship drifted to her doom.

It must have been an awful scene—the rugged frowning rocks around the bay of deep-blue water, generally smooth and placid, was lashed into a fury of seething foam. Thirty vessels were riding upon its bosom; none were uninjured, and many were lost. The Prince struck six times, then broke across the middle and was torn to pieces. In front of me there was nothing to be seen of the splendid vessel and her crew. Out of a hundred and fifty souls one midshipman and six sailors alone lived to tell the sad tale; and my father was not among the saved. No wonder that my mother did not love the sea—no wonder that I did!

The service suited me, and I suppose I suited the service, for at eight-and-twenty I found myself a post-captain. At thirty-one I was at home on half-pay, staying with my mother in her pretty cottage until I should be appointed to another ship. It was then I fell in love. Everybody liked my mother; she was one of those few women who are content to remain just as nature has made them, without calling in art to improve their appearance, and she never pretended to be young. She knew most of the people in the neighborhood, and was friendly with them so, that I was never without a word of advice, heavily on my hands—on the contrary, I could scarcely keep up with the engagements which poured in upon me. But I soon found that, greatly as parents may like a naval officer as a visitor, they do not care for him as a son-in-law, especially when, in answer to their questions regarding him, he is bound to confess that there is more gold on his uniform than in his pockets.

About half a mile from my mother's cottage was an unusually handsome pair of gates, with bold pillars surmounted by demigods rampant. The gates were flanked by two towers, which gave an alarming clang and brought out an old man with one arm. If they did not guess at the first glance that this retainer had been a soldier, he did not leave them long in doubt as to the cause of his misfortune; for whenever he opened his lips it was to tell the story of the charge of the Eclair, when he had ridden into the fiery jaws of death side by side with his brave comrades, led by Col. Boothby, his present master.

It was at the colonel's house that I first met Celia Blake, his niece. Celia's mother was Boothby, and she had married a rich city man, somewhat against the wishes of her family; but since she had married him they were very good friends, and Mr. Blake had built for himself a modern mansion in grounds adjoining those of the colonel.

A side further down the road, beyond the rampant lions, were two very excellent herons standing on either side of a gorgeous gate of bronze ornamented with gold. This was Mr. Blake's palatial residence. Everything about it was undoubtedly handsome; but it seemed as though it were needed to be "tuned down" the place and give beauty to the freshly-planted trees and shrubs.

There was, however, one thing beyond the bronze gates of the Herons which was quite perfect, and that was Celia. Of the Blakes my mother knew little, but she was very familiar with the Boothbys; so it was only natural that Celia and I should be thrown together. Our courtship was short, as sailors' courtship usually are. When we see a prize, we like to take possession of it at once. A very little time passed before I told Celia of my love and asked for her's in return. The dear little girl yielded up her heart without a struggle, and vowed she was ready to bear the troubles and anxieties of a sailor's wife for my unworthy sake.

Oh, how pretty my little sea queen looked, with her blushing cheeks and bonny blue eyes, bright with new-born happiness! And I was not the only one who saw the change in her. There was a twinkle of delight in the old soldier's gray eyes as he grasped my hand and told me to beware of breakers ahead. There were breakers ahead indeed! Mr. Blake would not hear of our engagement. He had a better position in view for his daughter—which meant that he was encouraging the advances of an effeminate sickly-looking, high-art baronet, whom I could have taken by the collar and shaken as a terrier does a rat. Now was this the only aspirant to the hand and heart of my Celia; for the new vicar was deeply smitten

and increasingly attentive. But Celia—Heaven bless her!—preferred her sailor to any of them.

I am afraid the poor girl had a very trying time of it in those days at the Herons—when there were not paternal storms, there were maternal contrary winds—but Celia steered through them all, exchanging now and then a silent hand-clasp with the man she loved, to keep the helm straight. As for Col. Boothby, I felt I could not be grateful enough to him for his kindness. He declined to enter into the discussion at all. As an old friend of my father and mother, he said he certainly should not shut his eyes against me for such a crime as falling in love with Celia. He agreed with me that no man could help it, and avowed that only the fact of his near relationship and the possession of a wife already kept him out of danger himself. So Celia and I still saw each other at the colonel's house, and enjoyed those clandestine meetings, which were all the sweeter for being stolen.

There was one trouble that must sooner or later come upon us—when I should be appointed to a ship, how could we communicate with each other? It would be impossible for Celia either to write or receive letters without the knowledge of her parents, unless she resorted to such duplicity as would have been repugnant to her innocent mind and incompatible with the honor of a sailor. Before our lovers were put to this terrible test, however, fortune favored me.

It was a bright winter day. Snow had fallen and lay many inches deep; the shrubs were covered with frost; the leafless branches of the trees glistened like silver in the sunshine. It was nothing to me that all the water was frozen, that bands of men were to be met with singing their motonous melancholy ditty of 'We've Got No Work to Do, that the faces of the poor were pale and pinched with the bitter cold winds. At that time I could think only of Celia, and I knew that Col. Boothby's lake was fit to bear, and that he had invited his neighbors to skate.

All the morning Celia and I glided over the ice together hand in hand. Then we went into the house to lunch, after which we started off again. It was I who fastened the skates to my darling's little feet. I who taught her how to acquire the swift even motion which she mastered so well—for Celia was only a tyro in the art which I had learned on the North American station.

In the afternoon the lake became crowded. Mr. Blake left the city early, and came down with his pet baronet and his heels. The vicar was also present, gliding quietly over the ice in straight lines, as befitted a cleric of high church views, with his coat-tails floating behind him, and his long clean-shaven face looking very placid, under his broad-brimmed corded and tasseled hat. The vicar was a very great favorite with the ladies of Silverlake, but I cannot say that I myself thought much of Mr. Morris.

The afternoon was not so pleasant as the morning had been, for I could not skate with Celia. As she whirled past me, with one admirer, then with another, a strong desire came over me to do them some bodily injury; but I was so successful in restraining my feelings that I only smiled as I passed them. One thing became evident as the afternoon wore on—a thaw set in; in which fact had the effect of making every one more eager to get as much skating as possible while the ice lasted. The branches of the overhanging trees dripped upon the passers-by; but still they continued skating. I feared to speak to my Celia; nevertheless I followed her like a shadow, ever ready to reciprocate the bright glances of content which she gave me from time to time.

Celia, although not a coquette, did not frown on anyone who worshipped at her shrine—she had a gracious smile for each and all; but I was content, knowing well that for none other than myself would the vicar's light beam from her star-like eyes, which were as beacons on a rock-bound coast, telling me where the land lay.

I did not wear the willow all that afternoon because I could not be alone with my darling. I skated with the other girls, and tried to make myself agreeable; and perhaps I succeeded, for I had no lack of partners on the ice.

"Come, Mrs. Boothby," I cried to the colonel's wife, who was sitting on a chair watching us—she was a fine aristocratic-looking woman of some fifty years—"let me put on your skates for you."

"No, no!" she cried, laughing. "So long as I stay here everyone will think I am a good skater, but, if I once begin, they will very soon see that I am not. I will let them go on believing in me."

"That is what we call 'sailing under false colors,'" I answered. "Come round with me; I'll steer you as straight as a flagstaff!"

"No, I'm not to be tempted—if I stand upon skates, I shall soon tumble down. But there is Huni with some cherry brandy; it would be a charity if you would get me a glass—I am most frozen!"

"I forgot to answer, for Celia, who had been in the house to rest, had just returned with her skates in her hand, and the baronet was by her side. He was the sort of man I despised, not because he looked as though a puff of wind would blow him across the equator—for that he could not help—but because of his languid manners and his rapid conversation. He was always talking of cracked tea-cups, stately lilies, and art draperies.

"Allow me to put on your skates for you," he said to Celia. I vowed mentally that he should do nothing of the kind while I was there to prevent it.

"No, thank you," replied my darling, glancing meaningly at me. I smiled back at her, knowing that she meant me to put the skates on for her in spite of her father's being on the ice.

"Oh, but you must!" exclaimed Sir Reginald Adolphe Bouvier. "But I won't!" declared Celia, stamping her little foot impatiently.

"What an unkind answer, Miss Blake!" said the baronet, with a reproachful glance that was meant to wither her.

"There are some people to whom one is bound to speak plainly," she answered, handing her skates to me.

With a triumphant glance in the direction of the baronet, I quickly put the skates on Celia's dainty feet.

Mr. Blake, happening to pass at that moment, glared at us both; and the baronet joined him, to lodge his complaint against Celia for her conduct towards him.

My little darling, gliding away in the opposite direction, lost her balance, and fell quietly upon her knees. I started to her assistance, but the vicar, being close at hand, was at her side before me, and I arrived to hear his words of wisdom.

"Are you humbly praying to be lifted up?" he asked, in his quiet, smooth tones. "But it was to me, not to his reverence, that Celia Blake turned for a helping hand; and I blessed her with all my heart for her staunch allegiance to the man of her choice."

Backwards and forwards skated the girls in their picturesque dresses and their pretty frocks, some in hand with each other, like twin cherries on a stem, some helped by stronger arms, and all looking exceedingly joyous and happy.

"They are wearing out my kitchen chairs," said Mrs. Boothby, as I passed again. "Why cannot you help those beggars and save my unfortunate chairs, Capt. Capel?" Then she lowered her voice and added, "I don't think Celia cares much for the baronet, after all—do you?"

Our eyes met, and the colonel's wife laughed mischievously. "I made a sign to Huni, the ice is very wet? If you are really not going to skate, I should advise you to have a chair on the bank; the soles of your boots must be under water."

"And so they are!" she exclaimed. "And a very nice cold I shall have! Help me to shore—there's a good creature—and your petitioner will ever pray—What shall I pray for you, Capt. Capel?"

Mr. Blake passed us on his way towards the farther side of the lake, behind the little arch which served as a home for the swans, who spread their white wings there when the waters were not ice-bound.

"Oh, go after him, please," said Mrs. Boothby, "and tell him that the ice is not safe round there! I thought every one had been cautioned; and we even had boards put up! What can he be thinking about? It is quite rotten under those trees!"

"Do you know, Mrs. Boothby, that the ice is going to skate, I should advise you to have a chair on the bank; the soles of your boots must be under water."

"I thought every one had been cautioned; and we even had boards put up! What can he be thinking about? It is quite rotten under those trees!"

"Do you know, Mrs. Boothby, that the ice is going to skate, I should advise you to have a chair on the bank; the soles of your boots must be under water."

I skated by his side, told him of the risk he was about to run, gave him Mrs. Boothby's message, and did all I could to per-



READY ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF FEBRUARY.

suade him to turn back, but without any good result. Opposition seemed merely to strengthen his determination to proceed. With a cold bow and colder thanks he passed on, muttering some ungracious words as to knowing the lake quite as well as I did. I relieved him of my company, but stood still and watched to see if he got over to the ait safely. He did, and returned with a triumph over me—not in words, but with contemptuous looks. Having performed his feat out of obstinacy, I thought of course that, having proved me to be wrong, he would be satisfied; and I went back swiftly to Mrs. Boothby, to finish my interrupted walk with her over the ice.

"So he would do it!" she exclaimed. "I only wonder that it bore him. He could never have realized his danger."

I carried her chair to the bank, and had just handed her to it, when the sound of many voices raised in warning reached our ears, and before we could look round there was a crash over me—not in words, but with the screams of frightened women.

I turned at once, and saw the hole that Mr. Blake had made—he himself had entirely vanished; and I noticed Sir Reginald Adolphe Bouvier going quietly off the ice in the opposite direction, while the vicar was by Celia's side, already talking to her of Christian resignation! These were Mr. Blake's two greatest friends; but neither of them offered him a helping hand in his time of need. Mrs. Boothby had turned a pale face in my direction, and had looked at me in speechless horror.

All this was the work of a few seconds. I glanced swiftly at my Celia, and then I thought suddenly of a long piece of rope which had been brought down to the lake to fasten back the branches of a weeping willow; but it could not be secured, and the rope was cast aside. I threw off my two coats and skated on, seized one end of the rope, and let the other trail behind me on the ice. As I neared the hole I slipped off my high-low shoes, skates and all—as a sailor, I had no fear of cold water—and plunged in, just hearing Celia's bitter cry of anguish as I disappeared.

I helped to carry the still insensible man to the colonel's house. Every one said he was dead, but I felt nearly sure that they were mistaken. I was acquainted with the Humane Society's directions for the restoration of life to those apparently drowned. It was fortunate that I was, for no one else present knew them.

We sent for medical assistance, but the doctor was out. We undressed the patient, wrapped him in hot blankets, cleansed his mouth and nostrils, drew forward his tongue, placed him on his back, slightly on an incline, with a firm cushion under his shoulder-blades. Then we grasped his arm above the elbow, drawing them gently and steadily upwards until they met above

his head; we kept the arms in that position for a few seconds, for the purpose of drawing air into the lungs. Afterwards we quietly drew down the arms and pressed them, with elbows bent and hands turned up towards the shoulders, against the sides of the chest, to force up the air from the lungs, repeating these actions alternately until we saw a spontaneous effort to breathe. Then we rubbed him with dry, warm flannels, from time to time dashing first hot and then cold water over his chest, and rubbing with the flannels again. Smelling-salts were constantly passed under his nostrils, but not retained there. When respiration was restored, we put him for five minutes up to his neck in a hot bath, then rolled him in hot blankets and carried him to bed, where he was again rubbed under the blankets. He was then given a little warm brandy and water in very small quantities, and large mustard plasters were placed on his chest and below his shoulders to relieve the breathing, which seemed distressed.

By the time all this was done I found I was chilled myself; and, as I prepared to leave his bedside, satisfied that all would now be well, Mr. Blake gave me a grateful look and held out a feeble hand to me to relieve the breathing, which seemed distressed.

"Will he live?" she asked, her sad eyes raised to mine. "He will be as well as ever tomorrow, my darling," I whispered, as I took her in my arms.

"Oh, Edward, how can I ever thank you for saving him?" she said earnestly. "I will tell you how," I answered, kissing her fresh young lips for the first time. "Why, Ted, how wet you are!" she exclaimed, as I clasped her in my arms. "You will catch a terrible cold, I fear!"

"I hope not," I answered, with a smile. "I must run home at once, but I shall consider my cold well earned in saving your father, my pretty one."

"It was indeed good of you when he had been so unkind." Then a mischievous smile lighted up her face. "Has anything been heard of Sir Reginald since?" Even in my terror I saw him making off.

"I think he took the first train to London, to be out of harm's way," I answered; and we both laughed as heartily as if on one had been in danger that afternoon.

I ran all the way home to warm myself, and frightened my poor old mother nearly out of her wits. "Turn on the hot water for me, mater, and bring up the salt and mustard!" I exclaimed, as I ran up stairs.

The dear old lady quickly had a bath prepared for me, after which I found a bright little fire burning on the hearth in my bedroom. The hot bath, with a couple of table-spoonsful of salt and mustard mixed in the water, saved me from having a severe cold; and the next morning I received a letter of heartfelt thanks from Celia's father, and a request that I would come round and see him. I went. The waters of the colonel's lake must have been the waters of Lethe, for not only did Mr. Blake seem to have forgotten all the objections which he had raised to my suit, but he took me by the hand and told me I had proved myself worthy of his daughter, and bade me name the wedding day.

Need I say that I took him at his word, and named a very early day indeed? On the 14th of February Celia and I were married. She was my Valentine; and neither of us has ever regretted her father's immersion in the lake.—Ed.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

A Wonderful Discovery Which Will Benefit Thousands of Sufferers.

The civilized world has recently been deeply agitated over the announcement that Dr. Koch, an eminent German physician, had discovered a lymph for the cure of consumption. This discovery has been heralded throughout the world, and is looked upon as one of the greatest achievements of modern medical science. Of equal, if not greater in importance, is a discovery made by a well-known Canadian druggist, which, while it does not pretend to cure consumption after the lungs have been affected, is offered with every confidence as a preventative of that disease. Medical testimony bears out the statement that more than two-thirds of the cases of consumption, occurring in this country annually, are of a watery and poisonous matter from a cold in the head, which the sufferer treats as a light matter, and too frequently neglects. This in time invariably develops into catarrh; the mucous membrane becomes thickened, inflamed and hardened, and there is a profuse discharge of watery and poisonous matter from the nostrils, or else the poisonous secretions become clogged and hardened. In either case the breath is inhaled over this poisonous matter, and produces baleful results. The inflammation gradually extends to the bronchial tubes, ensues thence to the lungs, which, already poisoned and weakened by the foul breath inhaled, are ripe for that dread disease—consumption, which ends in death. A remedy that will prevent these disastrous consequences must be regarded as a boon to mankind, and, as already stated, such a remedy has been discovered by a Canadian druggist. There is no case of cold in the head which it will not instantly relieve and permanently cure. Do not, for an instant neglect a cold in the head, for, by its prompt treatment, you will prevent its developing into catarrh—the second stage on the road to the grave. If, however, catarrh has already developed, the use of this great remedy will prove equally beneficial, as it affords speedy relief, and will effect a certain cure even in the most aggravated cases, if persistently used. It removes the secretions, frees the clogged nostrils, and sweetens the breath, stops the inflammation and thus saves the lungs and prevents the disease developing into consumption. This great discovery is known and sold throughout the country under the name of Nasal Balm. It is a positive and certain cure, and the thousands of testimonials in the hands of its proprietors prove that it is all they claim for it. It is sold by all dealers, and every sufferer from cold in the head or catarrh should use it.—Advt.

Where the Fun Does Not Come In.

To bogging down on a slippery slide

Is the blisfullest

kind of bliss;

But it isn't so funny when you strike a stone

And land

no

