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FINES ARE IN SEASON.

HALIFAX MEN DISCOVER THIS TO THEIR SORROW.

A Young Professional Man Wound up a Foolish Night by a Foolish Act—Another Follows His Example Without Knowing It—Betters on the Game.

HALIFAX, November 22.—There are a couple of little sensations in Halifax this week which have been pretty well hushed up, except in the charmed circle which hears and knows everything that happens—good, bad and indifferent. The first affair is one of which the man's friends will hear with sorrow. He is a young man who has attained some position in the city, and is comparatively well known as a medical practitioner; the Fielding government appointed him coroner, and most of the inquests recently held have been conducted by him. The gentleman is energetic in the pursuit of his profession, or of the money obtainable by it, and has plenty of push. An instance of his determination to accomplish his purpose was some time ago the subject of amusement. Dr. Jones, a son of Hon. A. G. Jones, was a candidate for some position at the disposal of the Fielding government. The doctor in question also wanted the place, and to obtain it for one thing he most assiduously canvassed Hon. Mr. Jones to use his influence with Mr. Fielding in favor of him and against his own son. But that is not the point just now.

This city, like all others, is unfortunately not free from places where liquor is sold without license and contrary to law, and what is equally sad, is the fact that many young men, and older ones, too, frequent them though they would not for the world have it known. One of these establishments is situated at No. 90 Grafton street. It was there that the gentleman, who is the subject of this article, was the principal figure at three o'clock one morning several days ago. The story is a short one, though the after consequences have caused many a long hour of anxious thought to the doctor, who, by the way, was married less than three years ago. With a couple of friends he called at the house in question. The company was pleasant, and they stayed long. The cheering cup flowed. Towards morning it had an effect not counted upon, and the doctor waxed noisy. He became worse, even, and caused a tremendous disturbance in a place where the voice is not always toned down to a whisper. The proprietor refused to give him more liquor, though the entreaties for it were urgent. This gave rise to more trouble. All other means failing to secure peace, the proprietor of the house blew a whistle for the police. Two officers quickly responded.

They had some trouble in quieting matters. The meeting was accordingly adjourned by the force of the policeman's right arm. That is the end of the first chapter. The second began next day, when a summons was issued against the proprietor for selling liquor without license. There was only one subpoena issued for witnesses, and that went to the doctor. It was a terrible situation for him. In ordinary circumstances the fine would have been paid by the violator of the law without coming to a trial. But this was a different case. A lawyer was engaged for the defence and preparations were made for a legal fight. A day was set for the trial. But the witness was the only man who really feared the result. He could not bring himself to stand up and admit that he was drinking at three in the morning. There was only one thing for him to do, a course the proprietor of the house knew the doctor would be sure to follow. "It was to approach the proprietor's lawyer, prevail on him to get his client to plead guilty, and furnish the amount of the fine. The affair was arranged in that way. The doctor's name did not appear in the transaction, but it is perfectly well known that the \$50 fine and \$10 for lawyer Fielding's fee came from the doctor's pocket. He is now a sadder and it is fervently hoped a wiser man.

He May Pay the Fine, Too.
The other case is a laughable one, and concerns two young men who are leaders in a certain class of so-called swell society. They are high-toned bloods. One of them is a new-fledged lawyer, and a member of the famous "Hillside Perfect Ladies' Baseball Club," and the other is also a resident of the fashionable hotel which gave its name to the players at that Sunday ball game on the island. Two or three days ago the young men came into the police station, late at night, in a high state of duddage. They stalked up to the officer, and the lawyer said he wanted to make a charge against a liquor seller for violation of the license law. The police saw the state in which the young men were, and urged them to defer the charge to some other time. They absolutely refused to do so, and not only that, but the lawyer insisted on being furnished with a police book in which to commit his complaint to writing. At last the officer consented, and the charge was set forth in grandiloquent language, but in tones none the less unequivocal. It read something like this,— "I, ———, of 21 South street, do hereby charge that on a certain night, (naming it) Thomas Keating of 7 Cornwallis street, did furnish me with a bottle of whiskey, after the hours of legal selling had expired, etc., etc." The other blood also indicated his readiness to substantiate the charge. Now they were satisfied, and they started off to make their way south, serenely pleased with themselves at having performed their duty as citizens. Next day, the chances are, they had forgotten all about the charge they made, but its recollection came upon them like a flash, when, in due course, they each received a subpoena to appear on November 30th, to give evidence in the case of "the Queen vs. Keating," for selling liquor after hours. The youthful lawyer sent in to the police a long letter begging that his charge be withdrawn, and asserting that he would be the last man in his sober senses, to complain of any liquor dealer, and that he was truly sorry that he had been so foolish as to be the possible means of convicting a thoroughly respectable man, who conducted as fine a saloon as any in town. So thought the other, though he did not write. But it was unavailing, and the case will proceed on Thursday of next week, two of the warmest friends of the liquor business the witnesses for the prosecution. The disciple of Blackstone and his mercantile friend, do not know what an effort to do about it. PROGRESS has no advice to give, unless it be, like the doctor, to pay the fine for Mr. Keating in case of a conviction.

MR. CONNOR HAS THE KEY

TO THE WHARF RAILWAY AT SAND POINT.

He Made a Good Speculation when He Bought the Lots Sold by the City for a Wharf—An Illustration of the Present Situation.

As yet there appears no easy solution for the city in the matter of acquiring suitable approaches to the new wharves at Sand Point. It must be taken for granted that such extensive wharf property as this, at which it is hoped big steamers will lie and discharge and receive their cargoes, is comparatively useless without a wharf railway, by which loaded and empty cars can be run within easy reach of ships and steamers.

To build a railway to a wharf, however, and especially a wharf like this, requires an approach. Cars cannot turn a corner as easily as a carriage, and, consequently, the approach must be such that the cars can be run back and forth without too much trouble. The Canadian Pacific railway is so well aware of this that they have intimated that the approach by way of Protection street alone makes too sharp a curve, that it would be impossible to place cars on the wharf without the constant use of a shunting engine and, it is almost needless to say, that while the C. P. R. is quite willing to place cars there they do not propose to keep a special engine backing them up there all the time.

The trouble all lies in a nutshell. Mr. Connor has the lease of the land adjoining the wharf property and he wants something like \$5,000 for it. Considering the fact that the city disposed of this same lot to him some two years ago at a rental of about \$50 a year, it is not necessary to add that the public works department does not feel like paying that amount.

The illustration presented in this article shows the position of affairs—the new wharf property with the elevator, the site of the proposed warehouse and the proposed railway by way of Protection street, just touching the corner of the Connor lot and curving sharply down to only a part of the face of the wharf.

Those who have looked over the situation are asking the question. Why was it necessary to build so much wharf if it is proposed only to build a warehouse at one end of it? It is quite evident that that portion of the wharf between the warehouse, as marked on the plan, and the Connor lot, will not be much good for anything. It is not possible to construct a Y railway along there, for the length of the wharf, from the point where the proposed railway strikes the face of it to the end, is not long enough to permit a whole train to back in and then run along the face of the wharf.

The city authorities see quite plainly that they could get a much better wharf railway and a far more suitable approach by acquiring the Connor lot—only the \$5,000 stands in the way. They also see that it would be still more to their interest to obtain the Mayes' lot as well, but it is stated that Mr. Mayes, who paid some \$3,200 for the lease and has spent a good deal on it in improvements, values his at about \$10,000.

Two years ago the city disposed of the lots held by Mr. Connor at public auction. They were put up at the request of some people on the west side and there was a division in the council committee as to the wisdom of disposing of them. Mr. Connor, it so happens, opposed the sale but he was outvoted and the sale ordered. But that did not prevent the acute alderman from Stanley from seeing that there was a future for a lot that adjoined property upon which the city proposed to spend \$250,000 and when the day of sale came around his agent made the highest bid and secured the property. PROGRESS saw something in it at the time and commented upon the fact but the alderman, who also favored the sale did not imagine then that they would in so short a time be called upon to buy back a lot they had been so eager to dispose of at a figure that astonishes them now.

It was a good stroke of business on the part of Mr. Connor and a poor one on the part of the city and that is about the whole

NOW COMES THE REPORT.

THE A. A. CLUB'S RESUME OF THE YEAR'S EVENTS.

A Successful Year for Cricket and Football—Comments on Many Things Interesting to All Athletes—The Bicyclists and the Club—Many Topics Touched Upon.

The annual meeting of the St. John A. A. Club was held last week, and though PROGRESS was printed at the time, it is able to present the report of the managing committee through the kindness of the secretary.

First a most gratifying reference was made to the increase in the membership for the season, and the committee expressed the hope that the same manifestation of interest would be maintained for the coming year. The interest, however, in the different branches of athletics could not be said, they noted, to have improved over the previous years. In fact, if anything, there was a decrease, for outside of some youthful athletes it seemed impossible to awaken any enthusiasm whatever, and very great difficulty was experienced in getting a match on in the different branches of sport represented by the club. One encouraging feature of the membership of this year was the large number of juniors, and the committee expressed the feeling that if the interest of the young members could be kept up, the future of the club was assured. Referring to the different sports a brief synopsis of the success or failure of each for the year was given. The fact was noted that cricket took a decided boom, and the club put one of the very best elevens they ever had in the field. It was also noted that matches were played with the Cotton Mill, the Eleven from the warship "Blake," the Wanderers of Truro, Moncton, and again the Wanderers of St. John. And it was somewhat remarkable that the club won every match but one, which was lost to the Wanderers, and that only by fourteen runs. "No such record as this was ever made by the club in a previous year without the aid of a professional, and should the interest in this branch be increased it is a question whether it would not be advisable to obtain the services of a good bowler for next season."

Speaking of lacrosse, there has been but three matches played with the Wanderers of Truro, Moncton, St. John, winning two and playing draw game with the Wanderers. In this connection a decided rebuke is given to the lacrosse players who did not turn out and give more attention to the game.

The fact that lawn tennis was not so successful in 1893 as in previous years is also noted and accounted for in a measure by the fact of a large number of people going out of the city for the summer months, though the chief reason assigned for the decline of the game here is that few players are now developing anything like true form. Reference is made to the success of the electric light sports in point of attendance, but the fact that the athletes did not turn out as they expected them too is also noted, and that this caused the public to lose interest in the meeting, though the events themselves were well contested by those athletes who competed.

The apparent breach of contract by the bicycle club in not taking membership in the association is also spoken of, and for this reason the managing committee justify themselves in not going to the trouble and expense of making a track suitable for bicyclists.

The success of football, and the matches played with Mt. Allison, with the university here and at Fredericton, and the winning of three games out of four was given a place in the report, and the comment made that a few more such matches would make football a favorite game with the public. St. John has excellent material for a first-class football team. A little more weight in the forward, and a little more training in the team and we could give the very best club in the maritime provinces a good contest.

After a brief reference to the game of golf, kindly mention was made of the loss of an active member in the person of Mr. J. S. Eason, as well as to the performances of the amateur minstrel club, and the Mile Tesser concerts, and the report ended with the statement that the managing committee had made an offer to the Agricultural society for one year or for a term of five years to lease the grounds at an annual rental of \$200, the society to take over the house and barn, and pay taxes and water rates. An answer to their proposition would not be received before the 30th of this month.

A statement of the receipts and expenses show that at the beginning of the year there was a balance on hand of \$48.23; that \$961.50 had been collected from membership dues; that \$349.95 had been the gate receipts; from rents \$74.75; subscriptions, \$81.74, and proceeds from entertainments, \$710.40, making a total of \$2226.67. The expenditure was \$2191.86, leaving a balance on hand of \$34.71.

CHARLOTTETOWN BLACKBALL.

An Officer of the R. N. Find Social Limits on the Island.

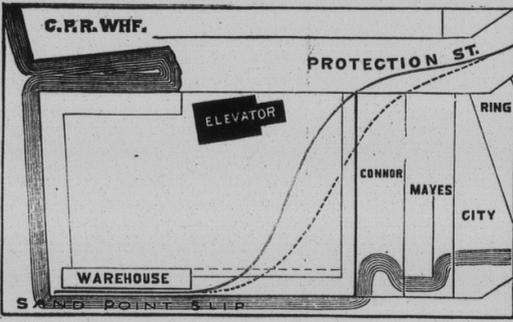
A piece of news that the local papers have not discussed, has been going the rounds of the town, during the past week and has occasioned a great deal of talk and excitement among all classes and conditions of society here. The facts of the case are these: There is existent in this city a gentleman's club. It has not been an institution of the town for any length of time; it is like all other clubs, subject to certain rules and regulations; has a certain form of application for would-be members to comply with, a said number of black-balls constituting a vote against a proposed member.

The club is intended to be a select one, and no efforts are spared to exclude any element that would serve in any way to detract from its good standing in the city. A recognized gentleman, a member of H. M. S., applied with several of his brother officers, for admission to the club. The regular formula of being proposed by a member was complied with and the result in all cases but one a unanimous election as members, while the one was a universal (or almost universal) black-ball. Of course there are two sides to the story, and the fellow-officers of this recognized gentleman have refused to accept their election as members of the club since he has been refused admittance to it. They are very wroth at the idea of a naval officer being treated in such a way, and show their resentment of what they call an insult to one of themselves right royally.

The members of the club claim they have every right to do all they can to make their club as select as possible, and if they know anything against the character of any man, that they think sufficient to render him not an addition to their club, they have a right to use their liberty of knowledge to such an extent that it becomes liberty of action, and black ball a man if they so wish. Of course the inference to be drawn in the case is that something detrimental to the man's character is known, and a few words might be said here, which may serve to put the action of the club men in a different light to that in which some people view it. A man does not need to be a man of openly bad morals to be one in bad favor with the public. He can have irreproachable morals, yet be himself much disliked. He can keep himself "unspotted from the world" but he can convey the impression to others that he plays he is the only one that does so. He can accept a man's hospitality and then laugh about it afterwar's. He can dub a club "a club of mechanics" and then apply for admission to it afterwards, and be indignant because he was let see what so-called "mechanics" can do. He can say that the club is "the only run shop in the city open after six o'clock on a Saturday night," and then ask to be a member of what he is pleased to term a "rumshop." He can address remarks in French to women he does not know, and he can boast that he can kiss any woman he takes a fancy to; and then he expects gentlemen friends of those women to jump at the opportunity of associating with him. He can be querulous at the card table that he terrorizes all who have the bad luck to play with, or against him, and then expect to be taken in as a member of a club where cards are the principal amusement. In fine, he can be a man who takes pains to express himself as satiated with all classes of society, women especially, and who renders himself intensely disagreeable with his cynicism and open admiration of himself. If he is fitted to be a member of the R. N. it does not follow that he is as well fitted to be a member of a society club, or an acknowledged addition to society itself. The better part of valour in this instance would have been silence, as it is, every one knows of it, and, of course, the tale does not lose any in the repetition. The action of the club men is a brave one, and it is time some men were taught their places. Success to the club members courage! and may they always show as much good sense, is the wish of many, heartily seconded by the writer of this.

Their Lot Not a Happy One.
That an executor's lot is not a happy one has been shown this week in the suit brought by the Messrs. Carvill to prevent the present executor from continuing in office or to appoint some one to assist him. Mr. George Carvill, the defendant, may not be the most methodical business man in the world, but his reputation for honesty and straight-forwardness cannot be questioned. PROGRESS, with many of the friends of both parties, trusts that an agreeable settlement, rather than a tedious, disagreeable and expensive law suit will be the outcome.

The Elby Circle's Gifts.
Christmas is coming and on the 28th and 29th inst. the Elby Circle of Queen Square Methodist church, intend holding a bazaar, and high tea. All those interested in purchasing appropriate Christmas gifts should attend.



THE SAND POINT WHARVES AND ADJOINING LOTS.

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FAR BELOW THE SURFACE

UNDERGROUND LIFE IN THE CAPE BRETON COAL MINES.

How the Seams Slope—Villages at the Pit's Mouth—Underground Stables—Darkness That May be Felt—Karlises and Railways—Amusing Children.

The block house mine at Cow Bay, has not been worked for some years, and houses, works and shipping pier are going to ruin, for the management was so extravagant and the cost of keeping up the pier, which is exposed to the full force of the sea, so great, that more money was spent than made. The coal is of fine quality, free from impurities and leaving but little ash, and was formerly used in the gas works of New York and Boston. It is said to yield 10,500 cubic feet of gas per ton. The seam affords nine feet of solid coal free from partings and is well situated for working. It is the highest of the basin, so that at the lowest point there is probably too little depth between sea bottom and the seam to permit of safe working in the submarine area.

On the first day at Cow Bay, I walked along the shore towards the mine, the cliffs were composed chiefly of coarse beds with few fossils till within a short distance of the seam where there occurred a band abounding in plants chiefly long, narrow leaves and fragments of ferns, which were scattered thickly over boulders on the shore. Thence, rounding a projecting rock, brought me to the outcrop of the block house seam. Here at the base of the cliff were sandstone beds resting on the first plant layer, above them a thin coal seam four inches thick with a covering of crumbling shale considerably washed out by the weather. Above this, nine feet of sandstone and then the main seam and a shallow pit where some one had been digging his private supplies of fuel. The upper sandstone layer projected somewhat from the coal to carry the remains of a light railway which the person had used; and a four wheeled tub that had once belonged to the mine, still on the track, and another tumbled to the shore below, showed the extent of the rolling stock employed. Beyond was the old wharf, in great parts washed away but still protecting the little beach below the cliffs, and on it a high chimney and remains of the engine room, for the seam dips to the level of the wharf so that coal was hauled from the mine and loaded directly into vessels, thus saving extra handling at the pit's mouth. In the nine foot sandstone layer were the trunks of three large trees, their roots ramifying through the shaly band below. On the table is a small piece of one of the roots showing the scars where the rootlets were attached. Such scarred roots of the coal formation have the generic name Stigmara which includes many species.

The largest of the trees was about six feet in circumference, and from the bottom of it came this cast of a small stem which had fallen into the hollow trunk. The sea, which, perhaps in the first place, preserved these trunks by filling and surrounding them with sand, will shortly bring them down from their perches, for the encroachment on the cliffs is going on rapidly. The shaly layer in which their roots are imbedded, is full of fossils but the rock crumbles on exposure to the atmosphere so it is hard to find good specimens.

In a walk up the bay I came upon the outcrop of another coal bed, probably the McAulay seam. Above it were a few feet of shale which was stocked with beautiful ferns, and blocks fallen to the beach were covered with large specimens of the genera neuropteris and alethopteris. Besides these the round stems of calamites were common, standing upright in the coarser beds above the fern-bearing shales. Generally the shales crumble on exposure but in parts they are hardened by the presence of lime or iron and then afford clear and lasting specimens—about 14 species were noticed here which with those from the Block House mine would make about 24 different species from Cow Bay.

The McAulay seam has been worked at the Gowrie mines since 1864, indeed this and the Block House seam were mined by the French in the old days of their occupation of the island. It lies 540 feet below the Block House and contains about five feet of good coal. The pit from which the seam is now reached is 205 ft. deep and from it a railway about a mile and a half long leads to the shipping pier at Cow Bay village. The pier is guarded by a strong breakwater which is very necessary as it is said that in one storm some years ago about 24 vessels were driven ashore in the bay. In 1890 about 160,000 tons were raised at this colliery.

Taking the post road from Cow Bay to Glace Bay we cross the low ridge of Millstone Grit, separating the two coal basins. This road is wretched in spring when thaws and rain raise the mud, and bring the corduroy patches into undue prominence, and generally uninteresting, especially now that fires have so destroyed the woods on both sides. Approaching the shore we are again among the coal measures, here concealed under the marsh and salt water lake at the head of Glace Bay. On the eastern side is Fort Caledonia, an artificial harbor dredged out of the shallow bay, surrounded by loading wharves, and protected by piers, but all now going to destruction and quite useless. The Ontario and Schooner Pond mines used this

harbor, but they have not been working for some years. The Caledonia Company shipped their coal here also, when the Little Glace Bay Co., owned Little Glace Bay Harbor and charged excessive tolls. The Caledonia Company's old trestle still runs along the sand bar. It is filled up with slack and fine lump coal for half a mile and 16 feet high, and forms a mine from which farmers can get their coal cheaply. The man who owns it charges 25 cents a load, but is not always successful in collecting it, for he only obtained 25 cents from this source last winter.

Crossing the Bay we come upon the main area of the Glace Bay basin. The highest beds of the basin are at Table Head, and either way from this fine headland there is a descending section of the strata exposed in the cliffs.

Near the top of the section are soft green and red beds, then shales and sandstones with ferns in one layer at least.

Then the Hub Seam, formerly mined at the Root Pit. Below this are thin seams of canal coal, separated by beds of shale and sandstone.

Little Glace Bay harbor here makes a break in the cliffs, but beyond, at McPherson's Point, the harbor seam appears and near the horizon of this seam are several beds filled with fossil shells of the species, nauidites elongata, a brackish or fresh water form, and containing also scales and spines of fish. Next below is the Bouthillier seam, then the Back pit, Phelan, Ross, and lastly the Loryway seam of the Millstone Grit. Of these seven—one, the Hub seam, has been worked, though not for some years. Two, the Bouthillier and Black Pit, have not been touched, though of sufficient thickness to be available when the thicker seams are exhausted, while the remaining four are being steadily mined, the Loryway furnishing coal at the Gardner mines, the Ross or Emery seam at the Emery, the Phelan supplying the Old Bridgeport, Reserve and Caledonia mines, while International and Little Glace Bay coals are drawn from the Harbor seam.

The Hub seam, the highest of the basin, underlies an area of about one-quarter of a square mile, cropping out on the shore, a short distance to each side of Table Head. It is said to have been mined by the French and to have been set on fire by them on the subjugation of the island by the English. At Burnt Head, near its western outcrop, are the remains of earthen works, perhaps of old French fortifications. Whoever it was who set fire to the mines, the fact that the seam has been burnt at both its sea outcrops is apparent. On the Glace Bay side the rocks above have been altered for a distance of 500 feet and from 15 to 25 feet in thickness above the seam, which being burnt away, the rocks have descended, distorted in all directions, the grey slates burnt to a bright red, so hard as to ring when struck, and the carbonaceous beds changed to a porous cinder and coke conglomerate, having numerous pieces of the bright red slates mixed up in the black matrix. Large boulders of this curious conglomerate are strewn about the shore and the cliff, themselves, are a fine sight from the brightness and variety of their color and irregularity of their form. This seam has been mined considerably since 1860, but not recently. It is nine feet two inches of coal of excellent quality and very easily mined. The outcrop of the seam was struck near the centre of the heaviest cutting on the new railway, and for three or four hundred feet about six feet in depth of the coal was taken out and used to form the embankment across a hollow.

The strata above the coal were chiefly a dark shale in places entirely wanting. One section was as follows, in descending order:—Fine layered sandstone, one foot; argillaceous shales, one foot; impure coal six inches; grey and yellow fire clay with thin coal streaks and filled with a large leaved fern, nine inches; fine grained black shale, three feet; and below, coal cut down from four to six feet, without reaching the bottom of the seam. The black shales abounded in fish scales chiefly very small but a few of some large kind; also several teeth were found, one of them a three pronged grinder very like a kind that Sir William Dawson has described from the Pictou coal measures.

The next railway cutting exposes a bed of shales almost entirely made of the bivalve shells of a minute crustacean, and again deeper beds exposed in another cut consist of red and green material so soft as to be readily ploughed but having large ironstone nodules, scattered through one layer, which contained small fossils, shells of serpulæ.

A short distance below these beds is the harbour seam which is worked at the Little Glace Bay mine, and I will now describe this mine, taking it as an example of the rest; for I was about the Sterling Pit, as the present workings are called, more than any other mine; surveyed the tracks and buildings above ground and went through the underground works. At the pit's mouth is a roughly framed building—the "Bank Head" raised on timbers. Above the building are two large pulley wheels around which the wire rope passes that raises the coal. The pulleys run in opposite directions one hoisting while the other lowers and the work of the engine is thus assisted by the

weight of the empty tub in the descending cage. The cage comes up at a rattling speed, stops suddenly, and falls noisily a couple of inches on a spring catch. The cage door is opened and the tub pulled out, an empty one inserted from the other side, and down it goes again. The loaded tub is pushed over scales, the second or two occupied in passing being sufficient for the expert weighman, who also takes the number of the miner who produced the coal, as it is called out. The tub passes to the shoots and is dumped into cars on the tracks below the building. If screened coal is wanted, it passes over the screens sliding down the shoots and the slack falls into other cars and is deposited in piles along some out of the way siding until needed.

In winter when the harbours are closed by ice the coal is dumped near the pit in a high pile called the "bank" which contains generally 20,000 or 30,000 tons. Next the "bank head" is the engine house, with hoisting engines and winding drums. Then there are the machine shop, carpenter shop and locomotive shed, the pumping engine occupies another building. The great slow-working pumps lift the water from the level to which it is raised by the force pump in the mine. There are sidings for empty tars and black pile, and a railway half a mile long leading to the harbour near which it divides, running out on three trestles to the wharf; along side of which vessels lie and are loaded from the cars by shoots.

The harbour has been formed by dredging a small mud flat where a stream enters the sea. Two piers guard the entrance which is only sixty feet wide, but inside the harbor is wider and a place has been dredged crosswise for turning so that large steamers can turn with care. The Caledonia coal is shipped on one side and Glace Bay on the other. The disadvantage of the shallow harbour and bay was seen after the storm last summer which blocked the entrance with help, so that while empty steamers could enter, loaded ones could not get out until a passage was dredged for them. The seam crops on both sides of the harbour, and near the crop is the fan-shaft and above, an engine house and large fan which forces fresh air into the mine.

Near the mine are rows of low buildings for the miners, all of a dirty red colour and very unattractive. The streets are the playgrounds for numerous dirty children and lean pigs. One village is noted for the number of goats which here take the place of the dairy cow. The towns of Glace Bay and Cow Bay are quite distinct from the miners villages, they have grown up from the shipping and from trade with the miners. I went to see the mine with the underground manager and at the pits mouth we got into the cage with about eight miners and were lowered at a moderate rate, the 230 feet.

The light of day lingered more feebly about the damp walls as we descended and at length we were left in total darkness. Arriving gently at the bottom, the manager guided me through the blackness to a bench near by, where I sat down and waited for 15 minutes to accustom my eyes to the feeble light. At first nothing was visible lamps and dusky faces moving here and there, bringing up tubs from different passages and taking the empties from the cage, the lights occasionally showing some part of the black wall or bringing into view the form of a horse or tub in some further passage.

Gradually I became less afraid of knocking my head against the air in front of me and the form of the room and direction of the passages grew clearer. The manager explained the working of the mine during the time he made me sit still. Then, each carrying a lamp, we started. First, taking the passage to the left and opening an air-tight door in the face of the coal wall we enter the stables; in which is a long row of stalls with a walk on either side. The posts to which the framework of the stalls is nailed support what would be otherwise a dangerously wide roof—and so it is all through the mine, rows of wooden posts support the rock wherever passages are more than a few feet wide. On one side are rooms for the storage of feed, etc. The air of the stables was surprisingly fresh and cool, and the horses seemed to fare very well though in that occupation they cannot hold their heads very high. They get fat and well conditioned while living in the dark, and often stay underground for years or in fact till worn out.

Leaving the stables we are again in the first passage, which is here rather low and forces us to stoop for some distance. It is what is called a level, from being cut horizontally through the coal, and since the seam slopes down towards the sea, the levels here all run parallel to the sea shore, while slopes, so-called, run from the bottom of the shaft up towards the crop of the coal, and deeps follow the vein downwards towards and under the sea. Horses are used to take coal out of the working rooms, along the levels of the main slopes and deeps along which the tubs are let down to the shaft by gravity or are hauled up by an underground engine and wire rope.

But to proceed with our journey. Turning from the level we walk along the slope, which is of comfortable height and studded with posts. Growing accustomed to the feeble light from our lamps we can now see about quite well, and for some little distance. On each side are passages in the

wall which lead to old workings, but which are now shut up to keep the air supply in proper channels. Within an inch or two of our heads is the sandstone roof that caps the seam, but in one place the roof ascends, forming a regular dome 15 or 20 feet high, from which a mass of rock had once fallen, blocking the passage. Another such hole in the rock of this slope, though insignificant in size, was of sadder interest, for the mass fell on a young driver sitting on the front of the tub, and crushed him, though sparing the horse but a foot or two ahead. On this slope there is a line of rails laid, and loaded tubs descending draw up the empties by a rope running around a pulley. The track is a quarter of a mile in length, and the present workings half a mile further on.

Returning we pass the hoisting shaft again, and descend by the engine deep, by which cars are drawn up to the pit. Men, horses and fresh air descend by a passage parallel to this one and the air here is thick with coal dust and smoke from the lamps. We pass the wall of a dam that keeps water out of the lower works and from which it is pumped to the surface. Soon we hear the sound of a blast and shortly after, a thick volume of smoke reaches us through which we pass fearful of our heads and careful of the sleepers and rails below. It passes as suddenly as it came and we are near the workings and hear the sound of picking and voices of the men.

Through an opening in the passage wall we enter a room where two men are at work. They always work in pairs and with their light picks, squatting down in the queerest positions, undermine the coal for two or three feet. Then channelling it out at the sides, and drilling two holes near the roof for the blasts, they take out large masses at each operation. They are paid so much per ton, the union regulating the amount for a day's work; so that, going into the mine at 7 in the morning, they mine nearly two days' amount, and leave about 4 p. m. Next day they break up the large lumps, and load into the tubs finishing at the same early hour, and this allows them very good wages.

Back to the passage again, we leave it through an air door and by some round-about way arrive at the dam, from which a large pipe extends to the pumping engine, which we reach through tumble-down passages and air doors. Here we are in used up air, being close to the pump shaft by which it rises to the surface, and in addition to dust and oily smoke, steam from the engine is discharged into it so that one can scarcely see even the wall on each side. With lowered head and careful steps I follow in faith the light ahead, dim through the mist, and coming to a small door step, out into the clear air near the bottom of the main shaft.

Then, thanking my conductor, I am raised to the surface and dazzled by the bright sunlight.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE:

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 25.

TIME BRINGS MANY CHANGES.

With, we may say, a few days, there have been change and movement among three of the oldest and largest firms in St. John. MR. SIMON JONES has transferred his business to his sons and removed to New York to reside. So prominent a citizen as MR. JONES will be missed in other ways than in the good round amount which he was wont (willingly or unwillingly) to contribute for the benefit of civic finances. But it is not at all likely that MR. JONES removed from St. John to escape taxation. Let the truth be told. MR. JONES goes to New York because he prefers living there to living in St. John. He cannot be greatly blamed for this. To a man of wealth and leisure, interested in stocks and bonds, New York offers many attractions which St. John does not possess. MR. JONES will no doubt enjoy residing in such an attractive city as New York—and his bewery is still here and turning.

Yesterday the firm of TURNBULL & Co. ceased to exist after a most successful career of thirty-nine years. MR. W. W. TURNBULL goes to Florida for the winter and will get a well-earned rest. It is not, however, reported that he intends residing there permanently, notwithstanding his vigorous protests against the amount which the hard-hearted assessors of taxes extract from him annually. His property is still here and his tax-bill goes on just the same as ever.

The third firm, to which we refer, is that of MESSRS TROOP & SON, but the change in their case is, unfortunately, one of a different character from the others referred to above, as they have been compelled, owing to heavy losses, to suspend payment. Their failure has evoked a great deal of sympathy, as the partners were well known men and liberal to all St. John enterprises and charities, in their time of prosperity. General regret is felt at their want of success. Thus does time, in its cycles, bring always change and sometimes misfortune.

Football men are in their glory at present. The season has been a fine one for the game. There have been numerous exciting matches especially between the United States college teams. On Saturday next the great Yale-Harvard struggle takes place. It is to be supposed that boys still study a little, at intervals, in college, but there is very little heart of their mental achievements, while page after page of description and illustration is devoted to their various athletic contests; and just how the match was lost or won is gone into scientifically and with the greatest detail. The "pale student" is nowhere. The great "quarter-back" of the football team or the wonderful stroke-out of the crew is the hero both in and out of the college.

Athletics are good. Everybody likes to see the glow of health and the indications of physical strength about the college youth, and to have him able to give his "yell" with the proper ten horse power. The fact, however, should not be entirely lost sight of, that Colleges were originally intended as places of study. It is a question, whether what might be termed the worship of athletics is not carried to an extreme at the present time.

The bicycle is to have a competitor. An Englishman has invented pneumatic skates, which, it is said, skim over ordinary roads with as much ease as one can skate on ice. They are larger than the ordinary roller skate, and, of course, much simpler and cheaper than the bicycle. A good rate of speed has been developed on them.

Progress has printed many interesting and instructive articles, included in which must be those appearing in the present issue, one of which gives so much information respecting the coal mines of Cape Breton, and the other describes in so entertaining and graphic a manner bush life in Australia.

The membership of the tax reduction association has been swelled by the addition of a few people who opposed it at the start, said nothing when they saw it was sure to carry and now are enthusiastic in its interests—or their own.

THEY WILL SAY AMEN.

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Not long ago—to return to the city of mills and patent medicines—the Lowell high school, a magnificent building, was handed over to the city by the contractors. Early in the year, the American mechanics, a "protective" association, the head or tail of which I was never able to find, sent a petition to the school board asking that they be allowed to hoist an American flag on the building when it should be opened. The flag to cost somewhere in the vicinity of \$1000.

At the next meeting of the board a petition was read from the Catholic Union asking that it be allowed to present a Massachusetts state flag to float over the building. Both offers were accepted in the ordinary business routine, and nobody paid much attention to them.

When the building was completed the lands and buildings committee had a meeting one night, an apparently innocent communication was read to the effect that the American mechanics would like to hoist the flag on the following Saturday.

A motion to grant the request came near going through, but somebody remembered the Massachusetts state flag, and somebody else understood that the American mechanics had made preparation for a parade and dedication services on its own account. The result was that the request was not granted—"in the interest of harmony."

No flags were accepted at all. When Saturday arrived American mechanics from different parts of the state turned up in Lowell, and were very much disappointed at not being able to parade. Well, the pastor of the church I attended Sunday night was urging the woman of the congregation to register, and vote early, not often. The common schools, he claimed, were the sheet anchor of the nation, and the schools gone, the nation would soon follow. This was the election address made from the pulpit.

The service that evening had special reference to the Sunday schools, and after the pastor had introduced the superintendent, the latter made lengthy and eulogistic remarks about another gentleman who was to address the congregation on the "home department of the schools." This was something new in connection with the work; it was for the benefit of those who could not attend the schools; they could study the lessons at home and fill in reports to be collected by "visitors."

The gentleman introduced looked familiar. He made a long address explaining the work, and was listened to with attention. Then when he informed us that the cards to be used in the home department could be found in the pews, we learned his name. It was Mr. A. J. Hea, formerly in Macaulay Bros., or Manchester, Robertson & Allison's, I forget which, and at one time a prominent member of the Queen Square Methodist church in St. John.

One may expect to find a St. John man bob up about anywhere or on any occasion in Boston. A young St. John man I met to-day gave me a forcible illustration. Wilson Barrett plays at the Globe theatre this week, and an advertisement to-day called for men to wear tin armour, fancy dress and all that sort of thing to fill up the stage. My young friend went down there this morning to see the crowd of applicants, nearly a hundred of them. He got a surprise.

One of the would-be actors was an elderly

THEY WILL SAY AMEN.

KEEP AWAY FROM THE UNITED STATES AT PRESENT.

Larsen's Interesting Letter on Matters in the "Hub"—The Advice to Women to Vote—Some Occupations of St. John People in Boston.

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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

[Progress is for sale in Charlottetown at 5 Grey Banner Co., and Carver's Bookstore. Nov. 21.—An exceedingly pleasant "at home" was given by Mrs. John Longworth, last Wednesday afternoon to a large number of guests. Judging from the many people present, every invitation must have been accepted, and every one enjoyed themselves to the utmost. Where there were so many present it would be impossible to remember the names of all, but below is given as many as I can call to mind just now: Mrs. Tooker, Mrs. Bullman, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. James Warburton, Mrs. Bancroft Warburton, Mrs. Brenton F. Longworth, Mrs. Strickland, Miss Hazzard, Miss Palmer, Mrs. Ebel Palmer, Miss Strickland, Miss Bertie Jenkins, Miss Sullivan, Miss Sarah Green, (summerside), Mr. W. I. Strickland, Mr. Howard Hazzard, Mr. Hedley Palmer, Mr. Eneas McDonald, Mr. Bullman and Miss so many others that I get confused when I attempt to enumerate them. Mr. A. E. Andrew has returned to town. Mr. and Mrs. John Ings, who have been to the Northwest visiting two of their sons, have returned home again. They arrived in town last Saturday evening. An organ recital will be held in St. James church on Thursday evening, Thanksgiving day. The sewing club met at Mrs. Henley's, last Monday week, and the meeting of this week was held at Mrs. Sullivan's. This club is a very great acquisition to the ways and means of finding amusement for the young ladies who belong to it. Each member brings her own work, and a different one each day reads to the others while they work. The male element is entirely excluded; but the young ladies do not appear to be any the less pleased with their amusement and apparently enjoy themselves immensely, despite the absence of the stronger sex. A walking party met at Mrs. Bullman's, last Saturday afternoon and started from there to the ferry wharf, leaving this side of the river about half past three, and on making the trip across in the steamer "Edith" returned on the other side about a lengthily tramp through the country. They finally stopped at a country farmhouse, and after doing ample justice to the delicious country fare, returned to the city about six o'clock. The persons comprising the party were: Mrs. George MacLeod, Mrs. Bullman, Mrs. Tooker, Miss Gertrude Davies, Miss Sullivan, Miss May Sullivan, Miss Berrie Jenkins, Miss Strickland, Miss Ebel Palmer, Miss Isaac, Miss Bullman, Mr. W. Lee Strickland, Mr. Hedley Palmer and one or two other gentlemen whose names were not given. A tea and fancy sale in order for Thanksgiving day is the Philanthropic hall. The proceeds are to go to the funds of the upper price street church. A certain member of society here, has expressed a very decided disapproval of "Progress." He has given some parties of his own, and in consequence, his name has appeared in the society columns, whenever any notice was taken of his hospitality. As a result, some persons have got it into their heads that he or someone belonging to him, is the correspondent who is not in the position to be a society correspondent, may I state that neither he nor his name is directly or indirectly the correspondent of "Progress." I am quite capable of both writing the notes and obtaining information for them without their assistance. But then he has gone to a great deal of trouble to write the notes, I will say this in a friendly way, I cannot understand, for his word in the matter as to the authorship of the articles printed in "Progress" is without anything further being necessary. But he seems to think, not hence his disapproval of "Progress" society club. 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of Master Sandy's birthday. Ouellette drove to St. Mary's on Sat. and the Misses Bishop, of Moncton, with Mr. and Mrs. Bejra, of Montreal, in town. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, of Moncton, visited Shediac last here she was the guest of Miss Riverside. Russell went to St. John on Monday. of Bristol, spent Sunday at the Wel- guest of his cousin, Mr. E. J. Newman, of Moncton, was in town at Elgin, Albert county, in Moore, of Moncton, is spending a Burke, of Cape Bald, spent Tuesday traveller for Greenfield, Montreal, usual amount of pretty samples. en, of the I. C. R., is able to be out attack of la grippe. up placed by Mr. R. C. Talk on the street, opposite the baptist church, ated by the citizens. upper, gotten up by the ladies of the ch on Tuesday evening, was well a goodly sum realized. Gen.

Sterling SOAP

THREE DOLLARS FOUND.



A man told us the other day after buying and paying for one of our \$3.00 Mackintoshes that he had been offered a coat "claimed to be just as good" as ours for \$12.50, he said he had found three dollars and got a reliable Mackintosh that he could depend on. Ladies, call and have a look at our New Euro Gum Rubber. THEY CANNOT slip at the heel as they have a deep heel and patent to prevent slipping off. Have you ever tried the Lightning Mender, Mending Tissue? It only costs 10 cents and will save you many dollars. Ask your friends about it. By Mail for 12 cents in stamps.

American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

A CHAPTER ON PICKLES.

Few Housewives can get along at all times without something in the line of pickles and sauces. Some of them make their own, but nowadays when the very best are sold at such low prices the inducements to expend much time in making the home article are not great. Canadian pickles are cheaper than English. We can sell you a pint bottle of Canadian pickles for 14 cents—remember only 14 cents—and the English article at 15, 20, 22 and 30.

Then the Yorkshire Radish and Cetchup and sauces in half pint bottles can be had at 12 cents. Of course such articles as these are but "a drop in the bucket" in a first class grocery. We keep them because many of the people want them and we think more would want them if they realized how good they were.

HARDRESS CLARKE,
73 and 77 Sydney Street. (near Princess)
Cash Grocery.

THE RAISIN SEEDER.

The great objection to the free use of raisins is the trouble of seeding them. This trouble is done away with by using our GEM RAISIN SEEDER, which, with a little practice, will seed a pound of raisins in ten minutes.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER,

WE FEEL SURE That our Melton Overcoat at \$25 is the Best Value in the City.

GILMOUR, Tailor,
72 Germain St.

Social and Personal.

St. John—South End.

Mr. Alexander Berryman, son of Dr. John Berryman, of this city, has entered the Toronto medical college, where he will take a course in veterinary surgery. Dr. Thomas Walker, sr., left on Thursday for Peabody, Mass., to join Mrs. Walker. They are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Lord. Mr. and Mrs. James H. Harding arrived home on Wednesday from a trip to Montreal. Mr. Robert Thorne, formerly of this city, now of Chicago, is here on a visit. At the sale in Trinity church school house last week, by the ladies missionary working party, the handsome sum of \$480 was realized. It has been divided between the diocesan church society and the Algoma mission.

The young people of St. Andrew's church, held a most enjoyable social on Monday evening, which was well attended by members of the association and others. A programme of vocal and instrumental music was gone through, and light refreshments served in its class. The young people of St. Andrew's church, held a most enjoyable social on Monday evening, which was well attended by members of the association and others. A programme of vocal and instrumental music was gone through, and light refreshments served in its class.

Mr. George S. Fisher has been making a visit to St. John. Rev. J. J. Ryan was recently presented by his parishioners at Silver Falls, (with whom he is most popular,) with a fine horse and carriage. The Y. P. U. of the Main street, baptist church held a social gathering on Wednesday evening at the residence of their pastor, Rev. J. A. Goodwin. An excellent programme of music and recitation was carried out, and refreshments served through out the evening.

Miss Beattie Seely of Dorchester street, has been visiting in St. John. Mr. Thomas Rankine departed a few days ago for Pennsylvania, where I understand, he will take a position with a leading concern company. Mr. Rankine will be much missed here in musical and dramatic circles. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cornfield of Carleton, celebrated the twenty fifth anniversary of their wedding day recently, and entertained a number of their friends upon that occasion. During the evening, Rev. Mr. Sampson, on behalf of the other guests presented Mr. and Mrs. Cornfield with two very handsome pieces of silver plate, accompanied by a congratulatory address.

The members of the Shakespeare club held a pleasant reunion on Thursday evening at the residence of R. W. Walker Frink. Rev. Irvin Harwood of White Head, Grand Manan, has been sojourning in St. John. The engagement is announced of a gentleman in this city to a young lady residing in the neighborhood here, but is now absent in the neighboring republic. The friends of Dr. Neville Parker, of St. Andrews, were pleased to see him in town this week. The congregation of St. Andrew's church are much disappointed to learn that their former rector, Rev. Mr. Crisp, of London, Ont., will not be able to accept the charge of their church, as they had hoped. Miss Nellie Wetmore, who has been so ill with nervous prostration, is now staying at Margaret's home, Boston, and will probably spend the winter there.

Mr. J. H. Kelley has returned home from his visit to New York. Mr. F. E. Winslow, of the bank of Montreal, Chatham, spent part of this week in our city. A very pleasant at home was given recently at the residence of Rev. Mr. Simpson, on behalf of the other guests presented Mr. and Mrs. Cornfield with two very handsome pieces of silver plate, accompanied by a congratulatory address.

Mr. Leonard F. Tilley has returned home from a tour in Toronto. Mrs. William M. Lauchlan has come back from a visit to her mother at Andover. Mr. James T. Harty sustained considerable injuries last Saturday afternoon, by being thrown from his carriage while driving on the Marsh road. The ladies of the Centenary church are preparing for a fancy sale, which is to be held in their school room on December 7th, and a good musical programme will be carried out during the evening.

Mr. Samuel Drury, who has been absent for several months in Newfoundland, is making a visit to his friends in St. John. Mr. Joseph Allan entertained about fifty of his friends on Friday evening at his residence, Carleton, the occasion being Mr. Allan's birthday. He received many congratulations, and a valuable souvenir in the shape of a handsome banquet lamp. Miss Charlotte Smith, of Dorchester street, has returned from a visit to Mr. Sherman Eaton, at Gagetown, bringing with her Miss Peters, who is her guest here.

Miss Ward, of this city, has been engaged as teacher in the primary department of the Mark's street school, St. Stephen, and will enter upon her new duties at once. Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Tufts intends leaving on Sunday evening for their home in Chicago, after a pleasant visit to their former home in this city. Mr. C. E. McPherson has returned from a trip to Montreal. Mr. W. C. Fitzfield spent a few days in Halifax, this week. Miss E. Beattie, of Carleton, who has been teaching in St. Stephen has obtained leave of absence on account of illness. Mr. S. M. Stakley has returned from the Canadian north west, where he has been engaged in surveying Dominion lands. Mr. J. DeVeber Neale, of Gagetown, was in this city on Tuesday. He intends practicing law in Moncton in future, and will reside there. Mr. W. P. King, of Truro, spent Monday in this city. Miss Lizzie Carleton, left on Thursday morning for New York, where she intends spending the winter, much to the regret of her many friends here. The birthday party given by Mrs. Robt. Carleton, Waterloo street, was very much enjoyed by thirty little friends of their daughter Nan. It was her tenth anniversary. The presents were numerous, testify to the high esteem in which she is held. Mr. Robert Thorne, of Chicago, is making a visit to his old friends in this city.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.,

65 TO 69 KING ST.

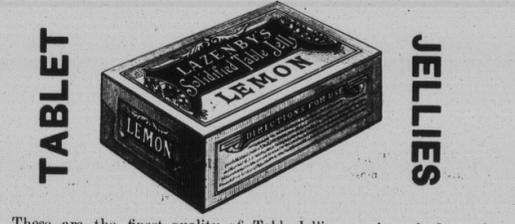
Write for Samples of Blouse Silks. Fancy Printed China Silks. Only 25c. and 35c. per Yard. Color, Navy Ground, with Spots, Figures and Stripes, 25cts. Light Ground, with Vandyke and Flake Designs, 35 cts.

MACAULAY BROS. & COMPANY.

MITCHELL, the Shoe Dealer, wishes to inform you that he is CUTTING PRICES on all his BOOTS AND SHOES. MITCHELL, the Shoe Dealer's Prices are so LOW that it needs but a call to convince the most careful and economical buyers that his store is THE store to buy SHOES at. MITCHELL, the Shoe Dealer asks you to call and look at his NEW GOODS and NEW PRICES. A full belief in our Bargains only comes after a complete investigation.

MITCHELL'S Shoe Store, 61 Charlotte St.

LAZENBY'S



These are the finest quality of Table Jellies, made only from the choicest Gelatine. For sale by all leading dealers.

MANKS & CO.,

57 King Street, St. John, N. B. Ladies' Furs, IN ALL LEADING STYLES. Capes, Muffs, Collars, etc. Cash Prices.

AMERICAN HAIR STORE.

—87 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN N. B.—
J. W. RAMSDALL, Proprietor.
OUR STOCK OF FRENCH PERFUMES, TOILET WATERS AND FACE POWERS are now complete in the following lines:
Peau d'Espagne, A L' Iris Blanc, Vera-Violetta, Lilas Blanc, Paris-Caprice, L'Amaryllis du Japon, Crab Apple Blossoms, Violettes de Parme, Heliotrope Blanc, Cuir de Russie.
HAIR GOODS of every description. Ladies' and Gents' WIGS. HALF WIGS. QUARTER WIGS. FRENCH WIGS. WATER WAVES. TOUPEES. BRAIDS. BANGS. FRIZZES. CURLING IRONS from 8 cts. to 75 cts. WAVING IRONS from 16 cts. to \$2.50. Parisian Novelty in ORNAMENTAL HAIR PINS. BROOCHES. STICK PINS. HAIR BRUSHES. DRESSING COMBS. TOOTH POWDERS &c., &c., &c.

A chance to buy Silk Saelette for Jackets at a very low price:

We have 3 qualities left and offer them as follows:
\$5.75 quality for \$4.00.
7-75 " " 5-50.
12-50 " " 8-50.
all 52 inches wide.

4 Saelette Frogs free with every Jacket length, write for samples at once.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON,
London House Retail. Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.

[Continued on eighth page.]

ERS
ATE PRICES.
pe Coat Styles.
\$5.50.
Mixed, Browns, etc., \$4.00,
Crimson \$6.75; Brown
.40, \$4.60, \$5, \$5.50; Fur
13.50.
\$6.75; Navy \$6.75; Fawn
\$5.50, \$6.25, \$7, \$7.50;
Fancy Mixed Brown
Mixed Browns, etc., \$6.25,
Mixed Brown \$6.75.
\$8.25, Fawn Mixed \$5.50,
\$6, \$8.25.
Mixed Tweeds, \$6.75, \$9,
the lengths

BARNES & MURRAY'S
LINEN GOODS
For Working.
SILKS,
in Washing Colors.
BRAINED &
ARMSTRONG'S
Unparalleled make, Twisted Embroidery and Etching
Silks.
CROCHET and
KNITTING SILK, 25c. per ball.
BARNES & MURRAY'S.

Our store is as bright and fresh to-day as if it were Xmas week.
So it shall be all through the season.
Hardly a counter just now in all the store that hasn't a helpful hint.
For Cold Weather.
All wool Grey flannels. We keep only the best.
All wool as low as - 17c., as high as - 40c., special value at - 19c.
Eiderdown Flannels, For Children's Wear.
White Saxony Flannels, Dorset Flannels, French Unshrinkable Flannels.

Our range of Jacket and Ulster CLOTHS
Includes all the most fashionable weaves.
Cords, \$1.10, \$1.40, \$1.65.
Hosiery, 75, 1.45, 1.95.
Hopsacks, 2.95, 3.50.
Niggerheads, 2.25, 2.50.
F'cy Cheviots, 1.49, 1.55.
Plain Cheviots, 49c.
F'cy Cloths for Capes, in black.
Scotch f'cy Ulsterings.
85, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.65, \$1.75, \$2.25, \$3.50.
F'cy Ulstering, with reversible plaid lining, the latest style for Capes.

DRESS GOODS.
All the newest styles at the lowest possible prices.
Black Dress Goods, Special 46 in. at 39c. all wool Black Cashmere 55c.

BARNES & MURRAY, 70 Charlotte Street, St. John, N.B.

YARMOUTH, N. S.
[Progress is for sale in Yarmouth at the store of E. J. Vickery, Harris & Guest, H. W. Cann and J. A. Grant.]
Nov. 21.—The smoking concert given by Professor Medcalf and the Yarmouth band on Thursday last, in Bingray's hall, was a very successful affair, the programme being excellent and the hall well filled.

White Duck for Embroidery.
Congress and Java Canvas.
Narrow Ribbons, Wide Ribbons, Ribbons in all widths, Double faced Satin Ribbons, Satin and Faille Ribbons, Silk Ribbons, Baby Ribbons.

Pongee Silks, plain colors, 29c. per yard.
Shanghai Silks, 65c. per yard.
Satin, in all colors, 50c. per yard.
Shot Silks, 85c. to \$1.10.
F'cy China Silks, 50c. per yard.
Ponpons and Fringes.

ANTIGONISH.
Nov. 22.—Col. Patton, of Montreal, was the guest of L. C. Archibald on Thursday last.
Geo. Patterson, barrister, of New Glasgow, attended court here last week.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.
[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the book store of G. S. Wall, in Calais at O. P. Treat's.]
Nov. 22.—One of the pleasantest entertainments of the week was the drive what party given by Mr. and Mrs. James Murray. Drive what occupied the evening until eleven o'clock, when supper was served; after which walking was indulged in until a late hour.

BARAINS IN FLANNELS.
Gray Flannels only 16 CTS. PER YD.
Suiting, double width, 21 CTS. PER YD.
BARAINS IN UNDERWEAR.
B. MYERS, 708 Main St.
JOSEPH I. NOBLE, Jr.,
FINE CUSTOM SHOES,
78 GERMAIN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Nov. 21.—The Rev. James Rogers of Halifax, arrived in town on Saturday to attend and officiate at the opening service of the new Brooklyn Methodist church on Sunday afternoon. He returned home on Tuesday. While in Yarmouth he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Crowell. Mr. Rogers was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Nellie Rogers.
Col. J. W. H. Bowley left on Wednesday last, per steamer Boston, to visit his sons in Ontario and Quebec.

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Our football team, and a number of prominent citizens, go to Truro to-morrow, to celebrate Thanksgiving.

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Geo. Patterson, barrister, of New Glasgow, attended court here last week.
Mrs. David McKean, of Glace Bay, was on a short visit, last Thursday, to her brother, H. H. Cramer, of Grenada.
Rev. Mr. Forbes, of Durham, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John McMillan last week.

Nov. 22.—One of the pleasantest entertainments of the week was the drive what party given by Mr. and Mrs. James Murray. Drive what occupied the evening until eleven o'clock, when supper was served; after which walking was indulged in until a late hour.
Mrs. Murray received her guests in a pretty evening costume, of pale blue, with trimmings of white, which was extremely becoming.
Both Mr. and Mrs. Murray have a charming way of entertaining, which is very pleasant to their guests. Among those who were invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Vroom, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Whitlock, Captain and Mrs. McAllister, Dr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Jackson, Dr. and Mrs. P. T. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. MacNeil, Miss Anne Stevens, Miss Kate Stevens, Mr. Henry Todd, Mr. Moses McGowan and Mr. Harry Patrick.

Nov. 22.—The reception given on Monday evening by the young ladies of Christ church guild, was most successful and greatly enjoyed by the guests, of whom there were about sixty. Games occupied the evening and at 10 o'clock refreshments were served.
This is the first affair of the kind the ladies of the guild have ever undertaken, and those who planned and arranged it, are to be congratulated upon the success and pleasure of it.
The young ladies of Trinity church, are rehashing a pretty and amusing play, called "The Company's Husband," which they hope to present to the public early next month.

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ALLISON.
TISM
URE!

NOTICE.
igned hereby give notice that they have retired from business in and his sons, E. Keltie Jones, George and Fred C. Jones, have entered into a partnership with the late business in St. John, name of "Simons Jones."

MAIDS MADE PLUMP AND ROSY.
Puttner's MULSION
vigorous growth, disease, and makes all ailing children and healthy.
TOMTS COLATES & COCOAS

COLONIAL HOUSE, Montreal.
We have pleasure in stating that our new FALL AND WINTER CATALOGUE is now ready, and is being mailed to customers.
Those not receiving a copy within the next few days will oblige by writing for one.
We have taken considerable trouble this year to make this catalogue as complete as possible by adding prices and illustrations, and trust that our customers will consult it in ordering.
Toys and other Christmas goods are omitted from this catalogue, as we will issue a supplementary book for these things alone, and this will be ready in good time for the holiday season.
Mail orders promptly and carefully attended to.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., MONTREAL.
NOTICE
is hereby given that the undersigned have entered into a co-partnership for the purpose of carrying on the business of Book-sellers and Stationers, the firm name being E. G. NELSON & CO.,
E. G. NELSON, J. E. SKOROD,
St. John, N. B., October 1st, 1893.

SOMETHING NEW.
Christmas Perfumes
FANCY ALUMINUM CASES.
Call and see them at CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess St.
The Sun
The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.

The Sunday Sun
is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world
Price 5c. a copy; by mail \$2 a year.
Daily, by mail - \$6 a year.
Daily and Sunday, by mail - \$8 a year.
The Weekly, - \$1 a year.
Address THE SUN, New York.

MRS. R. P. PORTEOUS,
Winner of Madame Saintron Dolby's Vocal Scholarship for Great Britain.
Mrs. Porteous is prepared to receive pupils for lessons in the art of singing and advanced pupils for the piano-forte, Oratorio and ballad singing.
Communications to PEERSEN'S MUSIC STORE, King Street, or HOTEL STANLEY, King Square.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE
PUSINESS
We are filling up very rapidly and have now a much larger attendance than we have ever had at this time of the year.
Now is a grand time to enter. No need of waiting till after New Year's. We have only one week's Christmas vacation, and that is made up to the student.
New Calendar (1894-5) and samples of Penmanship mailed free to any address.
Kerr's Bookkeeping, \$1, and our celebrated Boston College Pen 25 per gross, mailed on receipt of price.
E. K. B. & F. W. L.
St. John, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

St. John.—North End. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. North returned last week from a pleasant trip to New York.

FREDERICTON. [PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Feney and J. H. Hawthorne.]

Nov. 22.—Mrs. W. A. Gibson is this week receiving her bride calls at her home on St. John street.

Miss Johnston went to St. John this morning to spend Thanksgiving with friends. She will not return till next week.

Mrs. A. P. Randolph and Mrs. Steadman left this morning for a few weeks visit to Boston.

Mr. J. Fraser Gregory spent Sunday in the city, the guest of his father, Mr. Geo. F. Gregory.

Our correspondent of St. John "Daily" is able to be out again after his dreadfully exhaustive walk of several days ago.

Mr. A. W. McNeil, of St. John, has been spending some days very pleasantly among friends here.

Nov. 22.—Lieut. Governor Byrd lectured in the Methodist church last Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. G. Peabody, late of St. John, were in town last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hooper.

Mr. A. Kay, of Boston, the son of Mr. E. Kay of Salisbury, was in town last week renewing old acquaintances.

Miss Campbell left for St. John last Thursday to absent some weeks.

Mr. W. H. Boyce of Fredericton, was at the home of Mr. T. C. Toole, business manager of the Times, spent Sunday in St. John.

Mr. B. Smith, the popular conductor of the Buctouche and Moncton Railway, was married on Wednesday the 15th inst.

WIDGES

Ladies' 4 Button French Kid Cloves, in Tans, Browns, Drabs and Black, at 85c. pair.

Ladies' 4 Clasp French Kid Gloves, in Tans, Browns, Drabs and Black, at \$1.00 pair.

Ladies' 7 Hook Laced French Kid Gloves, in Tans, Drabs and Black, at \$1.00 pair.

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

Nov. 20.—The event before last was a dance at the residence of Mr. Potts of Black River.

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SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES.

Look at this Offer! The Ramsell Patent Bow Pole at HALF PRICE.

Call early and don't get disappointed as stock is limited.

Stock in all Departments Complete.

A. O. Skinner. IT IS EASY

For any Life Company to Show Large Returns on "DEATH CLAIMS."

But the "EQUITABLE"

RETURNS LARGE PROFITS TO LIVING POLICY HOLDERS.

A TONTINE POLICY OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

NOT ONLY Protects Your Wife and Children

IF YOU SHOULD BE TAKEN FROM THEM, BUT ALSO Yields a Handsome Return to Yourself

IF YOU LIVE AND KEEP YOUR POLICY IN FORCE.

All Twenty-Year Tontine Life Policies which complete Tontine Periods in 1893, AFTER HAVING FURNISHED PROTECTION FOR TWENTY YEARS, have a Cash Surrender Value Equal to

A Return of More than all the Premiums Paid.

All Endowment Policies maturing in 1898, Return THE PREMIUMS WITH INTEREST AT RATES OVER SIX Per Cent per annum.

For further information and Examples of Maturing Policies apply to

B. A. FIELDING, Manager for the Maritime Provinces.

OFFICE: QUEEN BUILDING, HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX, N. S. W. B. KELLOGG, Cashier.

AGENTS AT ST. JOHN, N. B. C. A. Macdonald, C. Masters, James Jack, Cashier, 92 Prince William Street.

The Saint John Oratorio Society. SPOHR'S SACRED ORATORIO. "The Last Judgment!"

by kind permission of the Trustees, IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, ON TUESDAY, DEC. 5th, AT 8 P. M., with Organ, Orchestra and Chorus.

Admission BY TICKET ONLY, Price 50c. To be obtained at Messrs. Food & Sons, A. Peterson's, J. & A. McMillan's, A. C. Smith & Co's.

HIGH TEA and BAZAAR in Queen Square Church School Room. Tea and Bazaar, 29th Nov. Afternoon Bazaar and Fan Drill, 29th Nov. Afternoon and Evening.

The best place to buy Candy is at the 20th Century Kandy Kitchen 12 Charlotte Street.

HILLSBORO, N. B. Nov. 21.—Specially it has been very quiet this week, but there are to be two parties at an early date, and the ladies of the sewing circle intend having a play before Christmas.

The young ladies who are getting up the "issue paper fair" are hard at work preparing for the sale, which will take place on the 12th and 13th of next month. It promises to be a grand success.

The proceeds are for the new hall. Mrs. Emma McPeters is confined to the house with a severe cold.



Mrs. H. D. West of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

\$200 Worth

Of Other Medicines Failed

But 4 Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"It is with pleasure that I tell of the great benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. For 4 years I have been badly affected with Erysipelas."

breaking out with running sores during hot summer months. I have sometimes not been able to use my limbs for two months at a time.

Being induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, I got one bottle last spring, commenced using it, felt so much better, got two bottles more, took them through the summer, was able to do my housework, and

Walk Two Miles

which I had not done for six years. Think I am cured of erysipelas, and recommend any person so afflicted to use

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Four bottles has done more for me than \$200 worth of other medicine. I think it the best blood purifier known. Mrs. H. D. West, Cornwallis, N. S.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver illa, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, etc.

thoroughly enjoying the delicious bivalves which were served in several tempting styles.

Among those who came up from Dalhousie were: Rev. Father Grimes; Hon. C. H. LeBlond, M.P.; and Mrs. William McIntyre and Mr. Alexander

Mr. William Clapperton was in town yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Andrew, returned from a visit to their friends in the latter part of October.

Mr. C. W. Lewis, principal of the high school, will be in town to spend his Thanksgiving vacation with friends in Moncton.

Mr. T. Carter, returned from a four month's visit to his home in Summerside, on Wednesday last, bringing a little stranger with him.

Mr. A. Mott, M.P.P. has been absent from town several days.

Mr. H. Stewart, of Bathurst, spent Sunday in Campbellton.

The ladies and society of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church intend holding a Thanksgiving festival and musical entertainment in the Oddfellows' hall to-morrow evening.

Miss McKinnon, of Tide Head, has kindly offered to repeat the concert which was given with so much success by her pupils in the latter part of October.

A cordial invitation is extended to all the young folk of the town, who are sure, be delighted to know that the skating rink is undergoing extensive repairs for the coming season.

It is anticipated that the skating rink will be in attendance twice a week.

Miss Corinne Veane arrived home on Thursday morning from a very enjoyable visit of five weeks in St. Andrew's Presbyterian church.

Mr. J. D. Finney, M.P.P., for Fredericton has been in town for the past few days.

Conductor Wm. Robertson and M. A. Tirrell, who have been on a shooting expedition, left on Saturday for Boston.

Miss Freese of New York, was the guest of the ladies of St. John, was the guest of the ladies of St. John, was the guest of the ladies of St. John.

Nov. 22.—A meeting of the Kent county teachers' institute was held here on Thursday and Friday last.

It was the first gathering of the kind that has taken place for three years. A large number of teachers were present among whom were the following: Misses Sutton, Buctouche, Steves, Maggie (Traband), Knowles' river; Tassie Ferguson, Mill Branch; McDonald, Sutton, Kingston; Elia Mc-Kain, Galloway; Richard, St. Louis; Foster, West Branch and Warren; Bass River; Messrs. Piers, Buctouche; Goodwin, Harcourt; and Coates, Kings-ton.

On Thursday evening a public meeting took place in the Temperance hall which was crowded.

Mr. Inch, chief, superintendent of Education, Messrs. Geo. V. McTierney, M.P., and J. D. Finney, M.P.P., delivered interesting addresses on education.

Inspector Smith occupied the chair throughout the meeting. A number of addresses were given by Miss Nellie Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Branch; McDonald, Sutton, Kingston; Elia Mc-Kain, Galloway; Richard, St. Louis; Foster, West Branch and Warren; Bass River; Messrs. Piers, Buctouche; Goodwin, Harcourt; and Coates, Kings-ton.

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"NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED."

That is the reading of a card in ready-made jacket department.

It tells the story of our anxiety to sell more eloquently than columns of matter could.

Judging by advertisements, others made the same mistake we did, and bought too many.

The result is there are more than enough to go round. Somebody's going to be left with jackets on their hands, instead of on the consumer's backs, where they belong.

If extraordinary merchandising avails we won't be that somebody.

Any garment not fur lined in stock at your own price. Don't give too much for one. Ladies, Misses' and Children's sent to any address by express for examination.

GEORGE H. MCKAY, 61 King St.

Agent for BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1893.

BUSHRANGERS' COUNTRY.

FLORA AND FAUNA OF THE AUSTRALIAN GIPPSLAND ALPS.

Vegetable Habits of the Lyre Bird—Giant Trees of Southern Latitudes—Reverence in Forest—Sources of Water Supply—With an Old Mine and Party.

His selection was large, as ornithologists muster 650 distinct species of birds in Australia to 400 in Europe. Notwithstanding the Lyre bird's imitative powers it never flies under an alias but always holds to its own distinct alarm note.

A certain high note in the well known "mocking bird waltz" is as near to it as it is possible to copy sounds on an instrument. I feel certain that the composer of that beautiful waltz was familiar with the peculiar note of the Australian mocking bird.

My journey through those interesting Alps is about ended. In the afternoon of the second day after leaving Woodpoint, the roadway commenced to descend more rapidly; though still following the ridge I had started on. By sunset I emerged from the dark forest into a beautiful rich level country of the Healsville, and there enjoyed the comforts of a good country inn, and a chat with the proprietor, a New Brunswicker, a ship carpenter from St. John, whom I had previously known.

The next day's ride of forty-five miles to Melbourne was through a country, rich in agriculture and vineyards, and watered by the river Yarra, that takes its rise in the mountains I had just left, to flow leisurely in a meandering course until it passes Melbourne, under Princess bridge and empties into Hobson Bay.

There is one feature of the Australian Alps that I have omitted to refer to, and that is the abundance of water. One of the draw backs to Australia generally is the scarcity of water and the frequency of droughts. The rivers, notwithstanding their high-sounding names, are tame according to an American's idea of rivers. Though rushing and rather portentous in winter, are during the dry summer months a delusion and a snare to the thirsty traveller. There are some not unlike the Avon and other rivers at the head of the Bay of Fandy which at certain hours of the day lack the essential element of a river, namely water. Creeks, which are always assembled in one mind with water, hold good there a portion of the year, but it is too often the case that when reached by the weary and water-seeking traveller, he finds cattle and sheep quietly feeding in the bed of the creek, the water having receded into holes a quarter to half a mile apart. It is astonishing how long these water holes will continue to supply not only the wants of man but stock as well.

But in the Gippsland Alps the parallel of opposites is more marked in the matter of water. As mountains intercept clouds and precipitate rain, the Alps elsewhere enjoy oft and copious rains when other parts are thirsting, thus producing a prolific vegetation and moist soil necessary to support the heavy growth of timber it is called upon to carry. Water is found everywhere in rivulets springing from the tops of the mountains and flowing rivers at their base.

These Alps are the fountain from whence spring the principal rivers of Victoria, also the river Murray, which finds an outlet to the sea in South Australia, about 2,000 miles from its source. For fear my story about those big trees, may, like the trees, be considered rather tall, I may be permitted to corroborate my statements by copying a few extracts from a Melbourne paper written the following year after there was there as follows:

The Giant Trees of the Dandenong. "It may not be generally known that within a few days' journey of the metropolis there are the loftiest trees of Australia, and perhaps of the world; constituting locally a main part of the forest. In the back gullies of Dandenong, on the Black Spur, and near the sources of the La Trobe river, as well as in some of the remotest valleys of the Upper Yarra, a kind of gneiss, botanically known as eucalyptus amygdalina, attains such a marvellous height as to rival, at least, in this respect, the Wellingtonia pines of California, to which hitherto, the palm of elevation has been conceded.

The trees and roads more recently formed, for communication with the mines in the back ranges and the Alps have given facilities of approach to these huge trees, and thus many of them have been subjected to actual measurement. The sheltered position the forest giant in the Alps tree gullies and the mutual protection which on the slopes they afford to each other, cause them to rise as straight as masts, but with a height far exceeding the masts of any naval structure.

Indeed it has been ascertained that some of these trees equal the Egyptian Pyramids and the Strasbourg Munster in height. And yet it is clearly evident that the tallest of all has not come within actual measurement. The height of the loftiest of these eucalypti ranges from 400 to 500 feet. It may suffice to state that a fallen tree on the Black Spur measured 480 feet in length. Another measured showed a height of 295 feet to the first branch, the height then extending 70 feet in ramifications to the broken top branch, which still measured three feet across. Thus the whole length to the place of fracture was 365 feet. A still larger tree at Berwick measured 81

feet in circumference at a distance of 4 feet from the ground.

The stems, with the exception of the base, are beautifully smooth and of an ashy color, in as much as the bark periodically exfoliates. The wood is excellent for shingles, and splits with facility. It would be curious to calculate how many shingles one of these huge trees would yield.

As I have already stated I did not run against any of these extra tall trees, but plenty away above 200 feet; however, it is difficult to gauge the height of a tree by the eye after it goes beyond 200 feet. They are very deceiving and generally higher than they appear. I had evidence of this on one occasion on Woodpoint. The town was built along one side of the head waters of the Godfurn river. At that point it was a turbulent stream from 50 to 400 feet in width. "Across on the opposite side was a camping ground for miners, who used to cross to the town on fallen trees. Behind our store on the other side of the river stood an immense tree which we decided to have cut down to form a natural bridge to direct customers to our place of business. It was eight feet in diameter and we judged it to be 150 feet high. A man was engaged to fell it. On the second day after commencing he came over and advised us all to clear out of the store as he feared it was not going to fall where we intended it should. He retraced and before long it came sweeping through the air and fell with a crash, all right within 20 feet of the store. It measured 30 feet more than we had estimated.

That afternoon, I noticed another tree being felled some distance down the creek. I judged it to be higher than the one just felled, and from the experience, just gained, I placed it to fall on or very near a certain long, low canvas covered shanty; a barber shop owned by a Boston darkey and a rascally one of gentlemen of his complexion, or "colored Americans" as they classed themselves. On kindred bent I entered to warn the occupants of their danger, that a tree was likely to fall on them. The proprietor was just commencing to remove a quarter century's growth of beard from the face of a white gold digger. Both followed me out. The colored American, swinging his bare curly head around, with eyes turned upwards, sang out "Whar, whar, is the tree?" I pointed to the other side of the river where two men were earnestly engaged at the demolition of a stately tree. "There, I said, is the tree I refer to." With a disdainful wave of the hand, still holding the open razor, and a look corresponding to his complexion, he said "Go way, go way, boss none of your d—n fooling round here!"

"Revenge is sweet, I then began to hope they would get a brush for questioning my judgment and ignoring my advice. The American returned to his work and I to await developments. This particular tree was a beauty. So slender, so straight and so clean, from the base to 125 feet up a man could have carried all the branches cut off. It seemed an act of vandalism to molest it. Centuries were required to bring it to such perfection but soon it is to be laid low. Forward it comes and with a swish it goes crashing to the earth. The topmost branches reaching out to the back of the shanty and the concussion of air was of such force as to sweep the covering off, leaving nothing standing but the skeleton frame and four or five terrified darkeys and a still more surprised white man, with whose side of his face smoothly mown and the other side in ragged despair. I enjoyed my revenge, also a hearty laugh, as did the crowd now assembled, at the ludicrous scene, particularly when the boss barber undertook to abuse the men on the opposite bank for attempting to kill him.

If Woodpoint is still inhabited that tree will still be doing duty as a footway. The water of the Godfurn that flowed under it and in time becomes quite a formidable river and ultimately joins the great Murray has to travel 2,500 miles before it mingles with the ocean. J. E. WILSON.

Anecdotes of Prof. Blackie. Apropos of Prof. Blackie's pronunciation that "Germans drink beer, ladies tea, wine, and fools water," it is worth recalling that he was once present at a semi-public dinner, where Free Church Ministers were in the majority, and where, in consequence, all the drinks were temperance ones, and that, when called upon to propose one of the toasts, he rose, held his glass high above his head, so that all might see it, and said: "Mr. Chairman, no man can drink a toast in cold water." This speech, though it provoked laughter, left the party in a very awkward quandary, which, however, the Professor thoroughly enjoyed.

Here is another story about Prof. Blackie, which is not bad. Not long ago he paid a visit to the sanctum of Mr. David Douglas, the publisher, who is issuing a new book for him, "Christianity and the Ideal of Humanity," and mentioned that he had lectured the previous night on Scotch whisky. Mr. Douglas said: "I am astonished at your fondness for making an exhibition of yourself." Prof. Blackie, without another word, turned on his heel, and went away, slamming the door. He had lectured, opened the door, thrust in his head, and said: "Do you know that's just what my wife tells me?" Westminster Gazette.

LIFE OF A BRAKEMAN.

IT IS ONE OF HARDSHIP, PERIL AND UNTHANKFULNESS.

The People Who Ask Him Questions—The Difficulties in the Way of His Moral Status—A Few Pictures of His Work and Daily Life.

The various fondness for asking foolish questions, just for the sake of saying something, which seems to be part of human nature, shows to special advantage in a railway-car, where the cold conventionalities of society are cast aside, and a sort of universal Brotherhood of Railway Travelers prevails. The men and women who may be the dullest, most indifferent mortals imaginable, when seen in the familiar setting of their own home life, become possessed of a thirst for information which a whole encyclopedia would scarcely quench, and they beguile the tedium of any journey they undertake, with a series of questions, which would seem, to the intelligent mind, to be utterly unanswerable. They lie in wait for the hapless brakeman or conductor, and pounce upon him each time he passes through the train, as a spider pounces upon a fly, and any answer he chooses to give, is accepted in perfect faith. I heard a railway man say once, that as long as a man preserved a respectful manner, and did not laugh in the brakeman's face, no statement was too absurd for a passenger to accept as gospel. All they wanted was information of some kind, as long as there was plenty of it they were not particular as to either the quality or reliability of the matter furnished. For instance, if a train slows up at a time when the passengers are not expecting a stop, they want to know, as one man, why the train was made, and if the hurrying brakeman who comes rushing through the car soon after the stoppage, only has presence of mind enough to about over his shoulder and say "the slipped her hitching gear" he will be reasonably sure of being free from further molestation until something else happens to excite their curiosity; because they will be too much occupied in exchanging notes and questioning each other as to the probable extent of the damage, and possible length of the detour it will cause, to give him any more trouble, and some one wants to know whether it is cold or does not, and whether he thinks it is going to snow, or until some rural passenger seizes him by the coat sleeve and inquires excitedly, how many miles it is now to Backwoodville and whether he is going to get there before dark.

I have heard people complain of the anxiety of railway men and say that it is almost impossible to get a polite answer, from either a conductor or a brakeman, that one could never succeed in catching the eye of either when their assistance was required and speak generally as if the chief duty of the travelling public consisted in reporting the train crew at every opportunity and abusing them behind their backs between times.

The person who travels on a pass is usually the most vigorous kicker. I have given on the subject some attention myself, and have arrived at the conclusion that conductors and brakemen don't go straight to glory, after death, then patience is a virtue which does not count. I believe brakemen have the reputation of being very profane as a class, and never losing an opportunity of making a few cursory remarks, but I fancy that if the most decorous and pious young man who ever went as delegate to a Y. M. C. A. convention, could take the place of a brakeman for a single day, he would learn to swear with a vigor and fluency which would paralyze his former associates, before the trip was over and on his return he might be willing to admit that circumstances alter cases, swearing is sometimes not only excusable but absolutely unavoidable, and the train hands not such very bad fellows after all.

The conductor, of course, is a mighty man, and one greatly to be feared because he is as absolutely in command of the train, and all it contains, as the captain of a merchantman on his ship, or a native Indian prince in his own dominions; but somehow no one ever seems to take much count of the brakeman, until he gets crushed to death in coupling cars, and then of course, the interest and excitement of his sad fate calls forth, come too late to benefit him in the least, and they seldom take a sufficiently permanent or tangible form, to be of much assistance to his bereaved wife and children, if he happens to have any. His life can scarcely be said to be one of meteoric splendor but still it often comes to an end with almost meteoric suddenness, leaving scarcely a memory behind; a brief notice in the papers of "Another Railway Accident," the usual condemnation of the prevailing system of car coupling, which nobody pays the least attention to; a statement of the amount for which he was insured, and the matter is forgotten. A hard life, a cruel death, and then oblivion, as far as this world is concerned.

I don't mean to assert that train men are saints; far from it, they would scarcely be suited for their work if they were; but they

PREPARE FOR CHRISTMAS.

"TIMELY ADVICE."

Now is the time to Purchase Materials for Embroidering and the making up generally of a thousand and one articles suitable for Holiday Gifts.

Stamped Linen Pieces, such as D'Oyley Tray Cloths, Table Centres, Five O'Clock Teas, Handkerchiefs, Cases, Glove Cases, Toilet sets, Combed Covers, Bureau Boards, Steadboards. Many of the above for cutting and buttonholing.

Small Spools Knitting Silks. Large Spools Pearls Filocettes, Embroidery Silks, Latest Braids, Laces & Threads. Colored Art Linen Pieces in Centre pieces, Scarfs and Five O'Clock's Colored: Art Blue, Art Yellow, Art Pink. Stamped Cotton Shams with mottoes, such as "Good Night," "Good Morning."

EXERCISE WISDOM. MAKE EARLY SELECTIONS. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

are as a rule a brave and faithful class of men who take their lives in their hands many times each day, besides holding in those grim members the lives of hundreds of others, men with whom duty always comes first even at the risk of life itself, and to whom the public certainly owe some better return than a perpetual grumbling because the high cap, and sometimes greasy jumper worn by a man, and not a being who is a sort of compromise between a medieval saint, and a bureau of universal information.



Just as we were closing up a few nights ago a young man came in to see an ulster. Never wore a ready-made, but thought, perhaps, he could get one to fit. Tried one on—just fitted, Bought the ulster. "Can't we sell you a suit?" "Oh, no, it's bad enough to have to buy a ready made ulster, but I couldn't go a ready-made suit." Couldn't get him even to look at one. But he will some day.

OAK HALL, King St., Corner Germain, The SCOVIL, Big Shop, FRASER & CO., St. John.

HIS POWERS OF DECEPTION.

Dogs are not behind their masters in the deceiving art. Did you ever see a dog who had been on a spree? Perhaps not, and perhaps you never knew that dogs were addicted to following the example set them by their betters in that line; many people seem very much surprised when the idea is suggested to them, but it is a fact all the same, and a disappointed dog returning home after a night with the boys, is about as mean a spectacle as anyone could wish to see. I really think that dogs just a shade worse, if possible, than their masters do under the same circumstances, it is a curious fact, but one well substantiated by reliable, not to say expert testimony, that the dog who is unfortunate enough to belong to a bilious master, will sometimes choose the same time for an outbreak as his owner, he seems to realize that it is imperative for one member of the family to keep sober and be in a condition to take care of those who are less fortunate; so he guards his superior officer carefully when that gentleman is having what he calls "a little fun," keeps him well in sight, and hangs patiently around the door of the bar-room, which his principles will not allow him to enter, when that master is partaking of a little much-needed liquid refreshment, with a touching devotion which not only proves his faithfulness, but also affords satisfactory evidence, to all whom it may concern, that his master is inside.

I don't know when our dog first took to dissipated ways, he has been most carefully brought up, and never, either by precept or example, has received the least encouragement to depart from the path of the sober and respectable tax payer, but nevertheless I have had satisfactory evidence that he has lapsed from the way he should go, and taken the first steps of a downward career. In fact I have just returned from making a night of it, and a more ridiculous sight it would be difficult to imagine. Of course he is perfectly unconcerned by being observed, and therefore the true dog comes out, and a dilapidated article it is; his ears usually so silky, are filled with burrs, his pretty dappled legs, usually like a plover's breast in their brown and cream, are all brown now, but it is with mud, dirty marsh mud that coats his plump little body almost up to his back, and gives him a uniform color of soiled drab. His tail hangs nearly on the ground, dragged down with a combination of shame and mud which makes it too heavy to be borne and he is ploughing along in the diagonal manner always affected by a dog who has a definite purpose in view and no time to waste in accomplishing it. His eyes are red, and dirty little rivulets of moisture traverse his downcast brown face, as if he were already weeping in anticipation of the thrashing he so richly deserves, and will not get. He is quite close to the house now, and just as anxious, in his deceitful heart to avoid observation as any man would be in his place. He takes a rapid but exhaustive survey of the windows, blinking his watery eyes to see more clearly, and then, the coast being clear, he finds the hole in the fence which he dug out when he was a puppy and has kept open ever since, struggles painfully through and is changed dog in five seconds. First he finds a soft spot in the half frozen grass, and rubs himself, for a moment, gives a vigorous shake, mounts the veranda steps with the air of a conqueror, and sends forth a peal of deep-toned barks, which would do credit to a mastiff. Once more

WONDERFUL ECHO.

At Madame Arabelle's the conversation turned upon echoes, and a lady in the company declared that she knew of one that repeated a sound nine or ten times. "Pooh! that is nothing," said the Marquis; "I have an echo in my park that can beat yours into fits." "Impossible!" said everybody in chorus. "You can easily put it to test, if you like." "Very good, we will step across to-morrow to hear for ourselves." "Yes, come without fail," and so saying, a little scheme of his own. On reaching his mansion he sent for his old lackey, Sancho by name. "You are up to all sorts of tricks, old chap; do you think you could manage to play the part of an echo?" "Certainly my lord; you have only to shout 'Ho! Ho!' and I repeat the same." "Very well, to-morrow afternoon you shall go and stand in that clump of trees behind the lake and repeat thirty times any call that you may hear, gradually lowering your voice; but mind—mum's the word!"

Two of a Kind

A certain lady, having had a few hot words with her husband one day, had occasion a few weeks after to send her servant for some fish for dinner. "Jane," she said, "go to town as soon as you can and get me a plaice." "Indeed so I will, ma'am," said Jane, "an' I may as well get wan for myself, for I can't put up with the master any more than yourself."

Wore Itself Out.

Arthur: "And do you really love me, pet?" Mabel: "If I did not, do you suppose I could possibly endure hearing you ask that silly question thirty or forty times a day?"

Watching the Press. The thoroughness of Press censorship in Austria is demonstrated by an amusing story told in a German newspaper. An editor, being at his wit's end for a leading article, had the inspiration at the last moment to print these lines: "After carefully perusing the leading article written for the present number by one of the ablest of our contributors, we have arrived at the conclusion that it may be misinterpreted by the authorities, and regarded as an attack upon the Government for our readers' sake, as well as for our own, to have our newspaper confiscated, we think, prudently, resolved to withdraw the article. This must serve as an apology to our readers for the blank space in our present issue." Imagine the shock with which he heard from his clerk the next morning that the paper had been confiscated by the police. "For malicious ridicule of the institutions of the Austrian Empire by the omission of the leading article," replied the clerk.

Japs in Australia.

Large numbers of Japanese are appearing in the Australian colonies. There are two peculiarities about them, which will tell both upon the future character of the population among whom they settle and the present character of the labour problem. The first is, they go to stay as genuine emigrants, and with no intention of returning to their native land. In this respect they differ entirely from Chinese, who, if possible, must find their way back to China alive or dead. The Chinaman is a mere periodical migrant who wants to make his little pile among the Outer Barbarians, and then return to the Flowery Land to spend his declining years and to be buried in the land of his fathers. The second thing is, that wherever they go they are displacing Chinese labour. They are in every way superior to Chinese servants, and in Australia command wages on the Australian or English scale. Men and women alike emigrate, and the Japanese Government favors the emigration.

VILLAINOUS STATIONS.

SO WAKEMAN DESIGNATES HOTELS IN NORWAY.

Landscape, Gray and Crusey as the Eagle's Nest—Novel Methods of Entertainment—Houses Three Hundred Years Old—People Have All Things in Common.

LONDON, Nov. 11. Among the characteristic roadside scenes of Norway the "stations," where carriages and ponies are changed, seem to have the keenest interest to the thousands of tourists who madly rush in the brief summer months through this grandly beautiful northern land.

Not a single feature of the bustle, cheeriness and activity of the old coaching days is here. There is no ringing post-horn to pierce the gorges and valleys with its musical echoes. No "whip" sends his smoking four-in-hand alongside the welcoming inn at a mad gallop, or bandies eloquent phrases with ruddy barmaids.

These stations are good and bad, luxurious and repulsive, hearty or hopeless, as is true of wayside inns in all countries; and range in prestige and comfort from the noted Tofteoven of Gudbrandsdal to those villainous station caves of gloom like Storsveen and Vetti Farm.

This quaint old place has many huge, paneled rooms, filled with ancient cabinets containing priceless Scandinavian relics; and there is more solid silver in Tofteoven station than in the home of any American money-king, or in richest English princely house.

The stations at Storsveen and Vetti Farm are little more than rough, long rooms, upon which open kitchen hovels, their dirt floors usually strewn with small tufts of spruce or pine, possessing huge chimney-corners as large as the kitchens themselves.

But the average station is fairly comfortable. It must be borne in mind that it was never originally intended for an inn. As travel has increased in Norway, the government has said to Jan Jansen or Olaf Ole-son who was and still is a bonder or landed proprietor alongside the national high-ways, you shall entertain travelers and not impose upon them. Your guard or 'farm shall henceforth be legally a station.

If the station master is absent when travelers arrive and demand his attention, he is thus notified. The approach of the dreaded Lemsland or circuit-riding constable who is also a sort of a magistrate, is thus heralded. People are brought by it from great distances in the mountains to merry-making, weddings or funerals.

You are not ushered into, but you enter, a large, common room at these stations, but everything is winsomely clean, and the window seats are aglow with plants and flowers. If you secure a single apartment in this more spacious portion of the station, there will only be room enough within it to dispose of your scant luggage beneath your bed, and to disrobe while sitting upon its sharp, bunk-like edge; for your wash-basin and soap will stand upon your single chair.

Your meals are taken in a comfortable room containing only a long table, some stout chairs, and window ledges filled with flowers. Good tea, poor coffee, fair butter, oceans of cream and milk, half a dozen varieties of cheese, and excellent bread, with an abundance of fresh eggs, are always to be had. There are wild strawberries of wonderful sweetness and flavor, morning, noon and night.

There are two or three flax-haired maidens who plod, and duck their heads and are eternally shaking hands with you if you are kindly disposed or bestow the slightest gratuity. If it is an important station there is a porter, a shock-headed tireless, smileless man of all work, with a face that leathery whiteness which comes from long sleep.

As you approach the place three or four or perhaps half a dozen substantial, low-built structures will be gradually disclosed. The larger one will perhaps be a comparatively large structure, set at odd angle against the highway.

Another structure may have simply one huge, long room, where lowly peasant or other travelers are lodged in bunks against the wall, or upon straw and fir branches upon the earthen floor.

One other structure to be often found at most of these stations is interesting from its uses. It is a bell-tower or belfry, in which is placed a bell, and occasionally two or three, though the latter never form a chime. The bells are in common use on nearly all Norwegian farms, where the bonder's lands may lie at a long distance from the gaard.

Indeed it has all manner of uses. If the station master is absent when travelers arrive and demand his attention, he is thus notified. The approach of the dreaded Lemsland or circuit-riding constable who is also a sort of a magistrate, is thus heralded.

without feeling the tiredness and exhaustion of her former state. At her recommendation her husband also began the use of Pink Pills. About a year before coming to Newcastle he had suffered from an attack of typhoid fever, from the effects of which he did not recover his former health.

The gratifying results following the use of Pink Pills in the case of Mrs. Hammill prove their unequalled powers as a blood builder and nerve tonic. There are many throughout the land suffering in silence as did Mrs. Hammill, who can readily find relief in a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to women, such as irregularities and all forms of weakness.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co. from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

It is strange that some people always find it easiest to do a thing in the most difficult way. I was cured of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Chatham, Ont. BYARD McMULLIN.

Only what we have wrought in our characters during life we can take away with us. Mrs. L. E. Snow, Matron Infants' Home, Halifax, writes: "Puttner's Emulsion has proved valuable in all cases of pulmonary Complaints, for building up the system of our little ones. They often ask for it."

Edgar L. Wakeman. A NEW BRUNSWICK STORY. THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The One Suffering From General Debility and the Other From the After Effects of Typhoid Fever were Gradually Growing Weaker When a Cure Came—Both Now Restored to Perfect Health.

Quite recently there came to the knowledge of the proprietor of the Union Advocate, two cases of residents of Newcastle have been greatly benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these were thought to be of sufficient interest to warrant their being published in the interests of humanity, if the parties interested had no objection to the facts being published.

Tea-Kettle or Wash Boiler?

A tea-kettle doesn't hold much water, but there is hot water enough in it to do an ordinary sized washing with Surprise Soap.

Surprise Soap makes white goods whiter, colored goods brighter, and there's no boiling or scalding about it.

A tea-kettle gives enough hot water. It's a different way of washing from using that heavy boiler with the hot steam about the house, and the muss of it.

The "Surprise" way is easy and quick. Remember Surprise Soap does it.

When your clothes begin to shab you think of buying new ones. Don't do it, but have them dyed at

UNGAR'S

Nice linen is something every man and woman appreciates. Everybody knows who does the best

UNGAR'S

Should you want your clothes dyed and cleaned, or your linen pure and white, remember the best place is at

UNGAR'S

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 90 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at

UNGAR'S

People in this 19th century are bound to have the best that can be had for the money. That is why

Everybody wears GRANBY RUBBERS.

They give perfect satisfaction in fit, style and finish, and it has become a by-word that

"GRANBY RUBBERS wear like iron."

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

Statement January 1st, 1891. Cash Capital.....\$2,000,000 00 Reserve for Unadjusted Losses..... 295,831 17 Reserve for Re-Insurance..... 1,812,903 88 NET SURPLUS..... 4,108,735 05

Have You Seen the New Yost Typewriter?

If you purchase a typewriter without seeing the New Yost you will make a very great mistake. If you buy after having seen it there is no danger of your making a mistake, you will have nothing else. It is the latest and best machine, has all the good points of its predecessors, none of their defects, and it is full of new ideas and improvements peculiar to it alone.

WHAT MUST GO: BAD ALIGNMENT. ILLEGIBLE WORK. FOUL INK RIBBONS. BOTHERSOME SHIFT KEYS. DOUBLE SCALES, ETC.,

are no longer to be tolerated or pardoned. THE NEW YOST has abolished them and no other machine can retain them and live.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents:

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

Tea-Kettle or Wash Boiler?

A tea-kettle doesn't hold much water, but there is hot water enough in it to do an ordinary sized washing with Surprise Soap.

Surprise Soap makes white goods whiter, colored goods brighter, and there's no boiling or scalding about it.

A tea-kettle gives enough hot water. It's a different way of washing from using that heavy boiler with the hot steam about the house, and the muss of it.

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WOMEN WHO MAKE UP.

BARBER TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE WITH FAIR HUMANITY.

Hair Cutting by Electricity—Nose and Ear Appliances—Preparing the Eyes and Eyebrows—Many Mysterious Contrivances—Money Spent for Cosmetics.

"Razor all right, sir?"

"Thank you, sir."

"Did you ever manipulate the 'rasoir' on the face of one of the gentler sex?"

"Well, sir, if you mean have I ever shaved a lady—yes, and it is only this morning that I shaved one. Here? No, bless you, sir, ladies do not come here to be shaved. I go every morning to the lady's house. Her cheeks and chin are as soft and hairless as an infant's, but she could, if she liked, grow a moustache that many a young gentleman would be glad to have on his upper lip. Sure, I have a couple of regular lady customers, but through the introduction of electricity as a means of removing the capillary substance which vegetates on the upper lip of some women, I lose my two customers."

With the electrical appliance each hair has to be attacked in order that the root may be killed. It is expensive. Some doctors receive twenty-five guineas for performing the operation. What woman, unless it is the bearded lady in a museum, would not part with twenty-five guineas to be relieved of such a disfigurement as a moustache? The barber said he knew only one lady who required to have her cheeks and chin as well as her upper lip, and whenever she came up to London he went every day to shave her, and if she should be going out of an evening she sometimes gave herself a shave. He said she handled the razor as good as a regular barber. She's going to be married soon, and he believed the gentleman had not the slightest idea that his intended wife could allow "the wind to blow through her whiskers."

A number of ladies come into the private department for females to have their eyebrows clipped, singed and rubbed with a preparation which is merely petroleum scented.

To change the appearance of the face it is necessary to doctor the eyes and eyebrows. Pencilling the eyebrows has gone out of fashion. The coloring is now mostly done with a solution of French ink mildly diluted with rose water.

Profits must be very large on many of the preparations barbers and others in the same line sell. Their customers are of a class who do not count the cost of the preparation they may be supplied with, and who are satisfied with the result.

In the courts it was shown that while one preparation sold for a guinea a small box it only cost three halfpence. It was a simple and simple, and would have been dear at a halfpenny a box. They sell large quantities of rouge which is used for polishing the finger nails, and charge half a crown a box, and yet the ingredients do not cost a fifth of the price. Keep your nose straight.

A nose of the retousse kind can be straightened. They have on sale a nose machine, which if properly worn will in a short time effect a wonderful change for the better in the appearance of the nasal organ. Of course they must be worn at night. Hair dyes are very profitable and when some new color becomes the craze then business is brisk, as to dye the hair properly requires constant redipping. "I had a young lady customer who had a magnificent head of hair," continued my loquacious friend, "and when Lilly Langtry changed the color of her hair to copper color, my young lady customer was so excited with the desire to have her hair the same color as the 'Lily's,' but I refused to spoil such a beautiful head of hair even if I lost her custom. So she went some other place and when she came in here the next time, she was wearing a wig and wanted her head shaved. Her beautiful head of hair had been completely ruined."

"Some women don't know what to do to make themselves talked about. Why, you will hardly believe it, sir, but a lady the other day brought her French poodle dog in here, and asked me if I would dye the dog's black hair a blonde color. Of course the lady is a good customer and I could not say that I felt like saying. So I said the cost would be twenty guineas, and even at that price she came very nearly having it done."

"Woman artful? sir, rather. You see, sir, London is such a large place that in a few minutes one can easily go to some district where the chances are a thousand to one they will meet no one who knows them. I have lady customers coming in here for years, and I neither know their names nor where they come from. We have to keep a curious assortment of articles to supply the demands of our customers. Now to look at that," and the tonsorial artist called attention to a small box that he held up for my inspection. "You would say that it contained some face powder, but one cannot always judge a sausage by its overcoat," for instead of face powder the contents of the box consists of twenty Turkish cigarettes.

"Many ladies enjoy smoking a cigarette, but do not like it to be known. I must buy Fred some cigarettes," said one lady to another in here yesterday morning, but the odds on that Freddie never smoked any of those cigarettes."

"There is another beautifying machine, which is worn only in the secrecy of the boudoir. Ladies with retousse noses have their nose machine, but this one is for those whose nasal organs stand out more prominently than is becoming, and, like the nose machine, it is also worn during the hours of sleep; constant use of it will train the nose to lie close to the head."

"Oh, no, we draw the line at booze, but should a lady feel faint or be afraid of taking cold after she had her head shampooed we oblige by sending out for whatever liquid refreshment the lady may desire. It is odd that some ladies though merely waiting with ladies who are being shampooed, experience the same dread of contracted colds, and express a wish also to be supplied with some similar beverage to that which the shampooed one has ordered."

"Have you ever been to the 'Church Parade' in Hyde Park on Sunday? Well, then, sir, you have seen some of our male customers there. Some of our male customers are just as solicitous as to their personal appearance as are some of the ladies."

Why, sir, I've one customer who comes in here just to have his moustache curled, and he always tells me to be careful not to touch his cheeks, for, I'm blowed if he don't have them painted a delicate pink and his eyebrows he has pencilled.

"Ladies are, of course, out best customers, but we sell numbers of moustache-trainers. They don't cost much. One shilling. You see they are only little nets tied over the moustache, and a strong piece of elastic to place around the head keeps the trainer from slipping off."

"I've seen toff ladies, who belong to swell society, walking in the 'Row' and fashionable thoroughfares with those pencilled, painted moustaches, when, instead of making much of them, they should shun such caricatures of manhood."

NAPOLEON'S HATS.

The Little Corporal Had Nine Authentic Chapeaux.

Naturally everything connected with the great Napoleon is of interest to the world in general, but no one not a Frenchman can realize for an instant the intense interest excited in the Gallic breast over everything and anything connected with his greatest of generals. It is not surprising, therefore, that the hats he wore are eagerly sought after. There are nine authentic chapeaux known to be in existence, and they are jealously guarded as relics with the greatest care and respect. First of all others is that in possession of Mme. Cloire (Paris), granddaughter of M. Girard, a veterinary surgeon to Napoleon. Girard picked it up at Marengo, where it had fallen off Napoleon during a furious gallop. The distinguished peculiarity is that it is longer than, but not so high as, all the others. It measures from point to point (back to front) about 21 1/2 inches, but is only 8 1/2 inches high, whereas all the others are 17 1/2 inches from front to back, but about 10 inches high.

A second is in the Musee d'Artillerie; a third in the hands of M. Morel (Rheims); the military painter Dumaresq holds a fourth; while a fifth is preserved in the Gothic Museum, having been bought in 1834 by the then reigning Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. A sixth is in possession of Prince Victor Napoleon, and a seventh was inherited by M. Fonard, a merchant of Lyons. It had been bought in 1812 by M. Zephir Dubois, an officer in the Light Cavalry, and was given to him by Napoleon. M. Gerome, Member of the Institute, owns an eighth, which was given to him by M. Marvey, son of the Director of the Beaux-Arts under the Second Empire. This hat was given, at the time of Napoleon's death, to Caroline Bonaparte, wife of M. de Cambacere. Lastly, in the crypt of that magnificent monument "Les Invalides"—which no visitor to Paris should miss seeing, whatever else he misses—behind Napoleon's tomb lies exposed to view, together with the "military sword" the hat which the great soldier wore at the battle of Eylau.

"Twas Dignity He Wanted.

"I want a post," he said as he entered the office.

"I'm sorry," said the head of the firm, "but we really have no need of anyone at present."

"Oh, that's all right," said the caller cheerfully. "I don't expect any salary. In fact, I'm willing to pay for the privilege of having employment."

"What kind of a place do you want?" asked the merchant in astonishment.

"I don't much care, as long as it's one degree higher than the junior clerk and the office boy."

"Why these two particularly?"

"Well, you see it's just this way," explained the caller confidentially. "I'm married and have one child—a boy. Now that boy won't mind me, and his mother only laughs when I try to exert my authority. So I've got desperate, and I thought if I could get a position where the junior clerk would have to obey me and the office boy would have to get up and do as I might order, it would sort of make me straight with my dignity, which is rapidly getting away from me. Wouldn't do anyone any harm, you know, and it would make me feel easier in my mind to realize that I was a man who had to be obeyed."

Smart.

A good thing is told of a Washington belle who is noted for her wit. At a dinner-party the lady in question, the daughter of a distinguished judge, was seated next to a gentleman she had not met before, who was visiting the city on business which had brought him into contact with the judge mentioned, who had a short time previously decided a case against him. At the dinner the gentleman, who had not caught the name of the lady when introduced, took occasion to vent his feelings and express his opinions of the judge in terms anything but complimentary. An awful pause in the conversation indicated something was wrong, and the gentleman at once expressed to the lady his hope that the judge was no relative of hers, to which, to the infinite amusement of all present, she replied:

"Oh, no, only a connection of my mother's by marriage!"

A shout of laughter could not be prevented, and the gentleman, after a little reflection, came slowly to the conclusion that the judge's family were altogether "too much" for him.

Rather Difficult.

A Scottish prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it:

"Well, sir, do you know who I am?"

"No, nor I dinna care," was the curt reply.

"Well, I am your new prison chaplain."

"Oh, ye are; weel, I hae heard o' ye before."

And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity.

"Weel," replied the prisoner, "I heard the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them both empty but I'll hang if ye'll find it sic' an easy matter tae dae the same wi' this ane."

For Sleeplessness.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, and you who toss and turn all night, and long and long for sleep to come, will obtain it.

PRAGMATIC STRATEGY.

He Got the Private Soldier's Cross and Secured Double Pay.

The Russian Order of St. George is conferred on all ranks in the army as a mark of bravery, but in the case of private soldiers it also implies double pay.

Miloradovich, the famous general of cavalry, surnamed the Russian Murat for his remarkable daring held a number of offices in the army, his total salary amounting to about £12,000, yet he had never enough to live upon, as his habits were very expensive. After a long campaign, in which he had performed prodigious feats of valor, the Emperor Alexander said to him—

"Miloradovich, I think I have done all I can for you; however, if you can think of any other reward you are entitled to, don't be afraid to ask."

"Sir," replied the General, "there is one thing I have always fancied, and if your Majesty will gratify me on this point, my utmost desires will be satisfied."

"What is it?"

"I should like to have the simple Cross of St. George, the soldier's cross."

"The private soldier's cross? Why, you have already the grand cross of the order!"

"As I said before, it is a mere fancy. Does your Majesty think I deserve it?"

"Certainly, twenty times over. Well, to-morrow you shall have your letters patent."

At the end of the month Miloradovich called on the paymaster to draw his monthly allowance. The latter handed him £1,000 the usual amount.

"Beg your pardon," said the general, "I want just twice as much."

"How so?"

"I have got the soldier's cross of St. George, which means double pay."

The case was of sufficient gravity to be referred to the Emperor, who then, for the first time, understood the drift of the application.

"It is the law," he said. "You'll have to pay."

And Miloradovich continued to receive his augmented pay up to 1825, when he was killed by a pistol shot during a riot in St. Petersburg.

"I Be."

One day the children of a certain village school in Oxfordshire were taken to church for service. The organist and organ-blower were both absent from their duties, but the place of the former was filled by the rector's daughter, who requested the schoolmaster to provide her with a suitable assistant. The master selected a boy of about thirteen, who he thought would be able to "put the wind in," and asking him if he could "blow the organ," the lad answered quickly:

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Do you know how to do it?" questioned the master.

"Yes, sir, I can blow the organ," was the ready response; and to the rear of the instrument went the lad, with an air of great importance. When the time for the voluntary came the keys were heard to rattle, but no music came, and the organist whispered "Blow!" So the schoolmaster looked down the church for the schoolmaster, who rushed to the rescue, to find the blower with his mouth close to a small hole in the woodwork of the organ, his cheeks distended, and his eyes nearly starting out of his head. Not realising for a moment what the boy was doing, he said:

"Blow!" The boy removed his lips, looked with an injured air at the schoolmaster, and said—

"Sir, I be."

Ingenious.

An Italian organ-grinder recently escaped a fine by a very ingenious excuse. He had been playing before the house of a very irascible old gentleman, who furiously ordered him to "move on." The organ-grinder stolidly ground on, and was arrested for his disobedience. At the police-court the magistrate asked him why he did not leave when requested.

"No ank Inglish," was the reply.

"Well," said the magistrate, "but you must have understood his gestures—his notions."

"Inkee he came to dance," was the rejoinder; and the magistrate let him go.

His Application.

White—"The poet speaks of doing good by stealth."

Brown—"I don't see how anybody can do good by stealing—oh, yes; it does help to support the police—the lawyers, and the court officers. That's what the poet meant, of course."

Her Exception.

Crabbed old maid (sarcastically): "I don't suppose there is another baby like that in the world."

Young mother: "Oh, yes, there is! I left the other one of the twins at home with mother."

Physicians endorse them, and Physicians make them.

M. D. Waido, Md. I am pleased to recommend

Skoda's Discovery

Skoda's other remedies, as I know them to be articles of true merit, and the physicians who compound them, to be men of integrity and ability. Skoda's Discovery is unlike any other proprietary medicine—it cures disease by removing the poison, and at the same time SUPPLIES GOOD BLOOD to wasted parts. No other remedy has performed so many wonderful cures or relieved so much suffering.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia. 35 cts.

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE. SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

GALLANT IDA LEWIS.

America's Grace Darling, the Brave Woman Who Keeps the Lime Rock Light.

Her Boat, "The Rescue," Exhibited at the World's Fair—The Heroine Who Has Saved 18 Lives, Tells How Her Own Life Was Saved—Congress Gives Her a Gold Medal.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 24th.—America's Grace Darling, the heroine of 18 life-saving exploits, the woman for whom the American congress has cast a gold medal of the first class, the first of the kind ever given to a woman, keeps the Lime rock light-house.

"I have always been miserably in summer, and I believe I should have died this season if I had not taken Paine's Celery Compound. I began with it last February, and this summer I have been splendid, and her eyes flashed as she warmed to her subject. "And I am delighted to tell it," she exclaimed, "for it is the truth. I have had so many doctors and so many doctors' prescriptions that I had lost faith in them, and I have tried so many patent medicines that I dreaded the summer. But I read about Paine's Celery Compound and went to see the gentlemen who testified, and they were loud in its praise. My brother Rudolph said that I had better not try it, as I would be disappointed again, and then

Paine's celery compound. I have faith in it because there is nothing like it. I know so many people that have been helped. I am so much improved that my friends do not know me this summer. I have taken eight bottles since February, and the longer I take it the better I get. I have to live economically, and I do all my own housework, washing and ironing, and even the



THE HOME OF IDA LEWIS, LIME ROCK LIGHT, NEWPORT, R. I.

beautiful harbor, that a small company from the hotel Aquidneck went out in a sail boat to pay a visit to this brave woman, whose life-boat, the "Rescue," has been one of the much talked-of exhibits at the World's Fair. The story told by Miss Lewis of how her own life was saved, amply repaid the visitors for their journey.



IDA LEWIS.

Lime rock lighthouse, the home of this world-famous heroine, is within the harbor and is a short sail from the New York yacht club's house. At high tide an ordinary self-rigged sail boat cannot land at Lime rock, and a row boat must be used, from which a landing is effected by climbing up a ladder lashed with letters of iron to the stone.

At low tide the rowboat is guided toward a pebbly beach through the sword grass that cuts against its sides like slashing martial blades.

The lighthouse—this saving station of wrecked mariners—is the blessed symbol of peace on earth and sea, saying good will to men. The fair women to whom the visitors listened told a true narrative for every other brave and good woman in the country—a narrative for every woman in the country to heed and profit by.

Ida Lewis looks to be in her thirties as to age, with a highly nervous temperament, slight figure, bright eyes, with a dash of color in her face.

"It is 35 years since we came to Lime rock, six in family, and now there are but two of us left, my brother Rudolph, who helped you up the rocks, and myself," said she. "My father was a cripple for 17 years, in which time he never cut a mouthful of food for himself; my mother died two years ago of a cancer, and my sister six years ago with consumption."

"I have never been well in my life until now. My trouble was in my chest and lungs, and I have always had a cough from a child. What has done me more good than anything else in the world is Paine's Celery Compound."

I would feel worse than ever, but I went ahead; it seemed as if the Lord directed me, and I received benefit from the very first bottle.

"O, you should have seen me last summer. I was short of breath, easily tired out, and had a cough and night sweats, and my doctor told me I had heart trouble. I was so thin, and I was wearing black, and my friends said I looked like a little ghost. Now I am excellent, and feel well again. Thousands of women have been saved by this wonderful remedy."

A GREAT LITERARY BARGAIN.

In the past two or three years "PROGRESS" has been able to make some tempting offers for new subscribers with such satisfactory results that the very best bargain in literature is none too good to offer. The very latest arrangement that has been made enable the publisher of "PROGRESS" to send the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, of New York, to anyone who will send him one new subscription to "PROGRESS" for 85 cents. In other words for \$2.85 he will send "PROGRESS" to a new subscriber for one year and the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE to the person who forwards the subscription.

Please fill out the blank below and send it with a Money Order for \$2.85 to Edward S. Carter and take advantage of the most attractive offer "PROGRESS" has ever made.

Subscription form with fields for name, address, and payment details.

lar subscription price of the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is \$1.50, and of PROGRESS \$2.00. This offer is only open to new subscribers.

When Ed... have finally... stales, whic... extraordinary... of self-exami... seem a nec... ciety novel... moant for ea... that services... wash, but w... Why, then, t... treated to a... happy couple... altar surround... friends, and... creamy satin... songs, and br... from the porc... into a flood o... bells peal fo... cast flowers i... groom murm... lone, at last!

WOMAN and HER WORK.

When Edwin and his adored Angelina have finally triumphed over all the obstacles, which an unkind, and most ingenious fate has delighted in placing before them; and when they have concluded the extraordinary, and very tiresome series of self-examinings and self-analyses, which seem a necessary part of the modern society novel, and discovered that they were meant for each other,—that their love is of that serviceable kind, which will not only wash, but will outlast the world itself—

Sometimes, but rarely, we are treated to a glimpse of the home-life of the newly-wedded pair, while once in a while, some especially realistic author drops the curtain on the last act of the drama, and then lifts it suddenly, a year later, to let us see the heroine bending o'er the cradle of a phenomenally beautiful son and heir, who has his mother's eyes and his father's chin, and an indescribable look situated somewhere between these features, which reminds his mother of the faithful but unappreciated lover, who lost his life in saving hers, somewhere in the 35th chapter. Then the curtain falls for the very last time, the lights are put out and the play is over.

And yet how utterly untrue to real life the whole thing is! Marriage is not the end, but only the beginning of a girl's life, and maternity, though a wonderful thing in truth, is not all. It is highly improbable that Angelina spent the remainder of her days hanging in speechless adoration over a gilded shell of a cradle decked in silk and lace, and containing a sleeping cherub; any more than she continued to wear the soft white cashmere tea gown picked out with rose color, or trimmed with swans-down. Things never remain in such a state of repose in real life; the baby certainly awoke before Angelina had been hanging over his cradle long, he was probably hungry and yelled vigorously until he was fed. Then by the time the novelty of his presence had begun to wear off, he began to get his teeth, and to make it very interesting not only for Angelina but also for the manly Edwin during the night season, so much so, that our hero not only learned the latest and most expeditious methods of warming peppermint tea, but also to give up quoting poetry on moonlight nights, and take to swearing instead.

Then it is quite within the bounds of probability that Mrs. Edwin was not exempt from the usual troubles with "bird help" which fall to the lot of all housekeepers, both young and old, and that there were periods in her existence when Edwin was forced to get up and light the kitchen fire, and his heart's best beloved came down, not in the white cashmere robe mentioned in the epilogue, but in any sort of an old dress, and made the coffee, fried bacon, toasted bread, and "chored around" generally. More than that, it is unlikely that the beautiful cherub remained alone in the household, he probably had three or four little brothers and sisters, and I have known cases in the very best families where he might have had ten of them—the Countess of Derby has either ten or eleven children, I am not sure which—and if this was the case, then indeed must Angelina have realized that marriage was not the end, but the very beginning of life; and the chances are ten to one that she ceased to take much interest in her personal appearance, no longer cared to be the loveliest of all women in Edwin's eyes, forgot all about her courting days, and was contented to live in, and for the children, to be simply their mother, and not much of anything else.

Now I am far from wishing to disparage the holy duties that come with motherhood, but I sometimes think that too much is sacrificed to the children, and the mother herself in the end becomes a mere slave who scarcely counts in her own house. When baby is very young great allowance must be made for him, and all things are subservient to his comfort and well-being, but as he grows older there is no reason in the world why he should not learn that the world was made for other people as well as babies, and that his parents are entitled to some consideration. The woman who neglects her husband for the sake of her children, is only a little less culpable than the one who effaces herself of her own free will, and is satisfied to be a sort of humble follower, or unpaid servant, for both husband and children.

It is a curious thing, but nevertheless true, that the most selfish women I have ever known have been the most idolized in their own home circle, and it really seems an argument in favor of the assertion that people take us at our own valuation. The woman who has toiled and slaved for John and the children all her life, and thought nothing of her own appearance, her own comfort, or the ordinary require-

ments of her own mental life, will find that both husband and children will regard her, by and by, in pretty much the same light that she regards herself. If she thinks only of their appearance and their comfort, openly asserting it does not matter about her; they will very soon learn to agree with her and put her opinions on that score, to such a practical test that even if she had the necessary spirit for such a struggle, she could never regain her rightful position in the household.

I wish I could make every wife and mother in the land, realize the bitter injustice she does her husband and children, by a slavish effacement of herself and an undue exaltation of them. As soon as the children are old enough to teach them first to help themselves, and then to help you; do not let them get the fatal idea into their minds that you are "only mother," and anything will do for you. Preserve your own dignity and take a high place in your household if you would have your husband and children look up to you. Teach them that mother must always be spelled with a capital M; that she is a most important person, and that nothing is too good for her. Let them understand that nothing is more dear to her than their welfare, and when they are sick or helpless it will be her greatest pleasure to wait on and care for them, but let it be distinctly understood that they must consider it an equal privilege to wait upon her, and that under all circumstances papa's and her comfort are just as important as theirs. Do not get into the habit of jumping up either from the table or from your work or book every time one of the children, or John, happens to express a wish for something that is not quite within their reach; remember they are quite as well, if not better able to help themselves, than you are to wait upon them, and though it seems hard to say such a thing, I am afraid they will respect you much more if you let them learn to help themselves.

Above all, never allow yourself to become indifferent to the charms of dress, or the attractions of a bright and well-stored wardrobe. The wife and mother who never looks nice, and never knows anything, according to the children's ideas, is sure to be looked down upon by her own family, and lose much of the influence she should possess, even though her devotion to them may be the cause of her deterioration; while the woman who has sufficient determination and strength of character to attend to her duties as wife and mother and at the same time preserve her own individuality in the household, keep up any little accomplishments she may possess, read the papers and magazines, so she may not lose her grasp upon the events of the day, and care enough for her family to dress as becomingly as her means will allow, is pretty sure to find that marriage, far from being the end of life, may be but the beginning of another and fuller life than she has ever dreamed of.

I am afraid that fashions for elderly ladies are decidedly neglected by most fashion writers, all the styles seeming to be designed with special reference to young, and charming women. I often go into a milliner's shop and look around, to see if any thought has been taken for the mothers and grandmothers, and wonder how the skill of the milliner can ever adopt the huge crimped and folded hats with their draped brims and invisible coronas, or the tiny cockle-shell bonnets for the wrinkled faces and white hair of the dear old ladies who no longer aspire to be fashionable, but only wish for neatness and comfort.

It is the same way with the dresses, the full capes and huge sleeves seem out of place on elderly ladies, who dislike them most cordially, and yet scarcely wish to be quite out of the fashion; of course the full skirts are a boon to them, but the accompanying hip trimmings are rather trying especially if grandmas happens to be stout. So the only thing which seems to be left for those who are no longer young to do, is to modify the youthful styles to suit themselves, and evolve a fashion of their own, which will be perhaps more original than any of the fashion plates show, and will also possess the advantage of being specially adapted to their own needs, and will allow them to do down to any hard and fast rule. In the first place the old idea that only black, pepper and salt grey, and occasionally the darker shades of brown, could be worn with propriety by those who had passed the meridian of life seems to have gradually faded away, and now the older ladies are seen at their best, instead of their worst, in soft pretty tones of brown, dark blue, some of the softer shades of red, slate grey, and some shades of violet.

Anyone with an eye for color, should know that nothing can be more trying even to the youngest face than unrelieved black, and yet for years it has been set apart by a foolish custom, as a sort of livery for those whose youth and freshness have passed away; black, with white collar and cuffs, or even frills, can only be worn with safety by a youthful blonde, and the effect on a thin dark, elderly woman cannot be anything but absolutely disastrous while the same woman clad in a dress of soft maroon cashmere with frills of creamy lace at throat and wrists, would be absolutely at her best. Black is not only unbecoming, but far from economical in some ways; it catches every particle of dust and shows it mercifully, and unless the dye is of the very best it soon turns a rusty brown, and looks as shabby as possible. Unfortunately the price has little to do with it, because I have known a cashmere costing a dollar, ten a yard, to turn green and rusty long before one which cost but 55 cents. Of course those who are obliged to wear black must put up with its disadvantages, but there is no reason why those who are no longer young should make martyrs of themselves just because custom has dictated black as a sort of uniform for age.

The soft lace fichus which are so much worn just now, seem especially adapted for elderly ladies, and lend a softness to any face, while the full lace berthas seen on nearly all handsome evening dresses, are equally suitable for young or old. Slight trains are seen on many dresses for elderly ladies, designed for house wear, and they seem especially appropriate for

the grandmothers. Black velvet, it is almost superfluous to say, is always fashionable, and nothing can be in better taste for an evening, or dinner dress than that richest, and most becoming of all materials, which possesses the great advantage of being just as appropriate for the dame of 70, as the matron of 25.

Many quite old ladies, dispense with caps now, and wear their own pretty silver hair either in soft curls about the temples, or in gobs; but this style is only popular with those who are fortunate enough to have an abundance of hair; the cap is a boon to the old lady whose scanty locks, will not admit of any fanciful or picturesque arrangement.

Ten gowns for elderly ladies are made rather fuller than those for young people, and are seen in some very soft and pretty colors—slate grey with slight touches of red, and dark violet with little knots here and there of heliotrope, being prettiest.

In headgear, the larger capote shapes are shown, trimmed, or covered with black velvet either pulled or gathered, and sometimes combined with either dark green, violet, or even a little dark red; but of course jet is the popular choice for old ladies.

The fashions for children this year show a most visible plainness, and the best dressed little ones are those who wear the simplest of frocks in style and cut, no matter how expensive the materials may be. Nearly all the little dresses are made in blouse fashion, with sometimes an odd little Eton jacket effect, but usually the trimming is all used as near the neck and the tops of the sleeves as possible. For instance, a dress of red cashmere has a little velvet yoke surrounded with a founce of the cashmere, the hem of which is feathered with cream silk; a slightly deeper founce trims the upper part of the sleeve; the skirt is plain and full, and simply gathered to the yoke, but a side sash, either of the cashmere or of silk in the same shade, may be worn with it, if a more close fitting garment is desired.

In wraps the choice lies between capes and rather long, semi-fitting jackets, double breasted and with a double row of buttons, and revers. Girls of ten and twelve wear large hats—Tam O'Shanter—and much the same style of millinery as their elder sisters, while the little tots wear Kate Greenaway bonnets and quaint little "Tams" of white velvet, felt or leather.

For baby boys the fashions vary very little from the garments worn by their little sisters, up to the age of eighteen months, or even two years; after that the cut of the little dresses is changed, and the full gathered blouse is never seen. Their dresses are usually made in the form of a straight, and rather tight fitting blouse, often double breasted, buttoning at the side and fastened at the waist by a belt either of the material or else of leather.

By the way it is reported that before the end of the season earnings will not only be revived, but more fashionable than ever.

ONE OF OUR READERS, St. John—My dear girl I do not always have PROGRESS at my elbow for purposes of consolation, when I am writing, and I have not got one at hand now, but I know there was nothing about being "chub-faced" in the French sentence you gave me, and there was something about being dimpled, I really cannot remember the rest, but I think my translation was reasonably correct, and your opinion does not differ very materially from it. (1) I am afraid PROGRESS would scarcely be the market for such sketches as you describe, try Tr Birs, or the "Youths Companion."

(2) I will try to publish the recipe you want, next week, but of course it would depend a good deal upon the letter itself.

INQUIRER, Parrboro.—Don't you know that this column is like a street car, it always goes on for one more? I am very glad to welcome you, and give you a place. First, any method is preferable to a copy book, which will of course teach a child how to form letters, but will never develop the handwriting properly. What you want is practice; select some good writing, that of one of your friends, for instance, and try and copy it as accurately as possible; after a time it will become second nature, and your hand will have formed itself. Your writing is rather too small to be fashionable, but it could be improved very easily. Second, I am not sure that I will try to get you to answer at all, the minicement. I am afraid I have remedy for the pimples, no external application would be of any use, but if you take some good sarsaparilla, such as Hood's, or Ayer's, I think it will cure you, as the trouble probably comes from your blood. Your questions were no trouble to answer at all, and I shall be glad to hear from you at any time. ASTRA.

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A Bright Lad, Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us: "When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said I was to die, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that I had not long to live. I was never able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my window. I heard my mother gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself I would make a skin, I was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong." T. D. M., Norcutt, Kans.

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TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING November 15th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.25 A.M.

THE Yarmouth Steamship Co.

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STEAMERS. COMMENCING November 15th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.25 A.M.

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EQUITY SALE.

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

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

To Minneapolis & St. Paul, via Sault Ste. Marie, at 9.50 p. m., every Tuesday.

To New Whatcom, Wash., and points on the Pacific Coast, at 9.50 p. m., every Wednesday.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Puzwash, Pictou and Halifax, 7.00

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY.

On and after Monday, 2nd Oct. 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m. 12.10 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p.m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 4.32 p.m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p.m. 4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.50 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11.30 a.m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.15 a.m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a.m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of every Tuesday, Thursday and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Montserrat for St. John

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Twenty-five thousand horses are used in the carrying trade of London.

Six hundred cats were on exhibition at the recent Crystal Palace cat show in London.

The word "dandy" was first used in England in a poem by Galloway, published in 1780.

It would cost \$100,000,000 to feed the human beings and domestic animals of Paris for six months.

In the year 760 A. D., Pope Paul I, sent the only clock in the known world as a present to Pepin, King of France.

A correspondent of the London Lancet points out that when sugar is partly burnt in a gas flame it is destructive to mice.

The wife of a New York millionaire has for the last three years been travelling all over Europe trying to match a pearl.

Excavations in the pyramid field of Egypt show that the game of chess was known to the Egyptians 3,300 years B. C.

Street-car conductors at Hannibal, Missouri, are forbidden to aid women in getting on or off the cars except when requested.

By old English law a baron was required to have at least five hides of land, a church, a kitchen, a bell house and a borough gate with a seat in it.

Elephants are believed to sometimes live from 200 to 400 years, and the maximum age of the whale also reaches, it is computed, 400 years.

Some of the healthiest children in the world are found in the Scottish highlands, where shoes are seldom worn at an earlier age than 12 and 13.

Palindromes, words or sentences which spell or read the same backward as forward, in superstitious ages were supposed to possess magical virtues.

The new Brooks comet is now visible in the morning sky due east and about 20 degrees above the horizon at 5 o'clock in the constellation Coma Berenices.

It is estimated that about 250,000 canary birds are raised every year in Germany. The most important market is the United States, which imports about 100,000 birds per annum.

The deepest lake in the world is Lake Baikal, Siberia. It is 4,350 feet deep and its level is only 1,350 above that of the ocean. The greatest depths of Lake Superior and Michigan are but little over 800 feet.

The Korean does not have the trouble of carrying his umbrella in his hand. It is like an ordinary umbrella in shape, only it is smaller and has no handle. It is made of oiled paper and is worn on the head over the hat.

The anable, a fish that inhabits the rivers of Guiana, has two pupils to each eye, an upper and a lower one. When the fish is swimming it keeps this upper optic, which protrudes above the head, out of the water.

Ravens when on the wing spend much time striking each other, and often turn on their backs with a loud croak and seem to be falling to the ground. In fact, they are scratching themselves with one foot and have lost their centre of gravity.

Two famous Parisian prisons will shortly cease to exist. They are the Roquette, near Pere Lachaise cemetery, and the prison of Ste. Pelagie, with its sorrowful souvenirs of the reign of terror. The government intends to build a large prison in their stead.

The chief of the United States senate stationary room holds his office under the title by which he was elected years ago, "Mender of Quill Pens," though there is now but one senator who uses a quill pen, and the chief's duties are now quite unlike those which he first assumed.

A Liverpool hotel has put in some penny-in-the-slot gas fires. This system is applied to the gas supply, so that a fire in the grate can be turned on when needed. The experiment has been tried in one bedroom for 12 months, and the machines are now to be put into every bedroom in the hotel.

The flower badges of nations are as follows: Athens, violet; Canada, sugar maple; Egypt, lotus; England, rose; France, fleur-de-lis (lily); Florence, giglio (lily); Germany, cornflower; Ireland, shamrock leaf; Italy, lily; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mignonette; Scotland, thistle; Spain, pomegranate; Wales, leek leaf.

Georgia's criminal superior court has discontinued the kissing of the Bible in the administration of oaths. Judge Clark, in explaining the order to that effect, says: "Holding up the right hand is the more convenient form. Then the kissing of the book is a very nasty thing. I have heard of persons catching disease in that way."

High prices are sometimes paid by Australian sheep growers for thoroughbred rams. A breeder named Russell once gave \$5,000 for an animal bred in Victoria. This is because Australian bred sheep when bred for three or four generations lose their wool and become hairy. A somewhat similar change is observed in rabbits. To check this tendency sheep herders import thoroughbred rams and pay almost any price.

A notable engineering feat was accomplished a few days ago in the completion of the boring of the Buck-Ivanhoe Railway tunnel under the continental divide of the Rocky mountains at Hagerman Pass, Colo. The tunnel is almost two miles long—9,393 feet—and is through solid grey granite. It took three years and twenty days, of twenty hours' work each day, to bore the big hole. It is 10,800 feet above sea level, through the top ridge of the continent.

Sisal grass is likely to prove a very important source of wealth for Mexico. It grows in long, narrow blades, often to the length of four or five feet, and these, when dry, curl up from side to side, forming a flexible string stronger than any cotton cord of the same size ever manufactured. It is in great demand among florists and among manufacturers of various kinds of grass goods, and it is said to be capable of being applied to many new uses. Ropes, cords, lines of any description and size may be manufactured of it, and a ship's cable of sisal grass is one of the possibilities of the future.

Does Your Wife Do Her Own Washing?

If you regard her health and strength, and want to keep your home free from hot steam and smell, and save fuel, washing powders, and the clothes,

Get her Sunlight SOAP

HARDING & SMITH, St. John, Agents for New Brunswick.

A Good Move and a Fine Store

JAMES S. MAY & SON, Tailors, Have removed from the Domville Building to 68 PRINCE WM. STREET, store lately occupied by Estey & Co. Telephone No. 748.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED FOR CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

MOOSE MEAT. Black Duck and Teal Duck. ANNAPOLIS VALLEY, N. S. BEEF. PURE LEAF LARD, in small cakes; FRESH AND PICKLED PORKS. TURKEYS, DUCKS AND CHICKENS. Celery, Squash and Corn, and all Vegetables. DEAN'S SAUSAGES. Wholesale and Retail.

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GAFFAROMA. Makes the finest cup of coffee in the world. Sold in this only. For sale by all wholesale and retail grocers.

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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. SIMS, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

BARKER HOUSE, FREDERICTON, N. B. Most beautifully situated in the centre of the city, large, light, cheerful Sample Rooms, and a first-class Livery and Hack stable in connection with the house. Coaches are in attendance upon arrival of all trains. F. B. COLEMAN, Proprietor.

VETERAN AMONG HORSES.

How Billy Taught the Small Boys a Sharp and Severe Lesson.

Billy was a veteran among horses. He had lived twenty-nine years and six months when I knew him, and all that time he had been learning to take care of himself with out troubling others to look after him. His reputation had never been good, though the older he grew the worse he grew, according to his master's statement. For my part I always thought the horse was justified in his treatment of those who ill treated him. He had been known to bite, to kick, to run away, though no one believed that he had really been frightened.

"It is just ugliness, wanting to show what he could do to be hateful," said his master, one day when the hired man came home with the news that Billy had shied at a bicycle, had run into a wagon and broken it and the one to which he was harnessed into "slivers" as the man expressed it.

This "fright," if it really was one, cost his master \$50, and Billy forthwith had blinders put on him. He never shied again, but the blinders did not improve his temper.

One day when he was just about finishing a meal which he was taking out of a stall set in front of him on the ground, a small boy came past with a long whip of straw in his hand. He did not know him, but he knew small boys when he saw them, and had no love for any of them.

The boy stopped and Billy kept on eating. The boy went nearer and nearer the curb, and at last reached over and tickled Billy's nose with the straw.

Billy made believe at first that he did not feel it, and the boy became bolder and tickled harder. Billy finished eating and then had time to attend to him. Turning suddenly, he tossed his head, caught the boy by the back of his jacket, lifted him off his feet and marched down the street with him. The boy screamed, but no one was near enough to seize him.

They did not go far, and before any one interfered Billy stopped and shook that boy exactly as a man might have shaken him for punishment, then dropped him, turned and walked back home.

No small boy dared to meddle with Billy after that, and although the boy was not hurt he had one of the worst scares of his life.

Ominous Signs. A young couple evidently from the country, were walking down a certain London street recently, evidently looking for something very much in particular. At last they stopped and looked at each other, in which were displayed a number of wedding rings. They stood by the window a few moments discussing some urgent question, the big, clumsy looking fellow, who measured about six feet, apparently hesitating.

"Go on, George," said the girl, who scarcely reached her elbow; "what's the use of backing out, now you've got so far?" "I don't half like to, Mary," he replied; "that smart-looking fellow in there is sure to grin at me."

What difference does it make whether he laughs or cries?" exclaimed the girl. If you haven't the pluck I'll go myself." "That's it, Mary," was the response; if you'll do the asking I'll come with you and look on."

Followed by her bashful lover the little woman marched boldly in and chose the wedding-ring, while her swain twirled his hat, blushed and looked on. As they left the assistant gazed after them with a thoughtful air and remarked—"I admire Mary's pluck, but I should hate to be George ten years from now."

Got Ahead of the Law. In Siam, when there is a question at law between two parties, and a scarcity of witnesses to establish the truth in the case, it is customary to resort to the water test. Both parties are required to dive simultaneously into deep water, and the one that stays the longest under is adjudged the truth teller, and gets the verdict of his most expert swimmer and diver in the kingdom. In due course the young man became exceedingly adept, and was then made a member of the firm. Now, when ever there is a case to be tried, this young fellow is the representative of the house. The firm often leaves the court dripping with water, but always "without a stain on its character."

In Search of Information. Inquiring Boy: "And have you seen avalanches in the Alps?" Great Traveller: Yes, my son. "And elephants in Asia?" "Yes." "And tigers in Africa?" "Plenty of them." "Ever see a polar bear?" "Several." "Ever see any wild monkeys?" "Thousands."

"Did you ever see a polar bear chasing an elephant with a tiger on his back and a lot of monkeys laughin' to see a avalanche comin' after 'em?"

Sadly Sarcastic. "I never robbed a man but once," said the honest tramp, "and then I was starving. He would not give me a penny, and I couldn't stand the gnawing in my stomach any longer. So I knocked him down and went through his pockets. What kind of a haul did I make? Just one little bottle which read on the label: 'Peppin'; for that full feeling after eating.'"

Asthma Sufferers. Who has in vain tried every other means of relief should try "Schiffmann's Asthma Cure." No waiting for results. Its action is immediate, direct and certain, as a single trial proves. Send to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., for a free trial package, but ask your druggist first.

Sure Sign of Death. Husband—"I am afraid, doctor, that my wife is very ill. She hasn't spoken a word all day." Doctor—"Then you don't need me. You want an undertaker."

Last year the world produced \$130,816,640 gold and \$196,600,300 silver.

COTTOLENE. What is it? It is the new shortening taking the place of lard or cooking butter, or both. Costs less, goes farther, and is easily digested by anyone. AT ALL GROCERS. Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

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MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Emperor Francis Joseph has presented his portrait to ex-Premier Count Von Taaffe.

Emperor William, as King of Prussia, has summoned the Prussian Landtag to meet on Jan. 16th.

The present Duke of Devonshire, better known as the Marquis of Hartington, succeeded his father on Dec. 21, 1891.

Mark Twain looks old. His fuzzy hair is almost white, and he stoops more than ever. But he can crack a joke with his usual vim.

Mr. Greenhalge will be the first Governor of Massachusetts born a British subject since Governor Huxley, who was elected in 1823, and served until his death, in 1825.

Professor Blackie, the eminent Scotch scholar, is a picturesque figure at his home, with his ruddy face, white hair and the manner of a young man. His versatility is remarkable.

Sivori, the veteran violinist, has recovered from his recent accident in Paris, and has gone to his home in Genoa. He was a pupil of Paganini, and in 1827 gave performances in England.

Marie Antoinette's famous poplar, which the unhappy Queen herself planted at the Little Trianon, fell to the ground during a recent storm. It had survived the royal lady just about 100 years.

The betrothal of Princess Friedrich Karl Ludwig of Hesse is expected to take place next month. She is the youngest sister of Emperor William. Her marriage took place on Jan. 25 last.

Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, is to conduct a series of revival meetings in Washington this winter at the invitation of several ministers of that city, if sufficient money can be raised to meet the expenses.

The Duke of York's name is Wettin; the Duchess of York's maiden name was Von Rbedey, her father's name being that of his mother, Countess Claudine von Rbedey morganic wife of Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg.

Sir Walter Parratt, organist of St. George's Chapel, has been recently appointed conductor of her Majesty's private band. Not only can he play three games of chess at once, but at the same time he will perform Bach's music upon the organ.

Joseph Slivinski, the Polish pianist of whom music lovers this side of the Atlantic have been led to expect so much, is coming to New York. He is to make his debut at Madison Square Garden Concert Hall on Thanksgiving night with Seidl's Orchestra.

Miss Melian Stawell, a daughter of the late Chief Justice of Victoria, recently obtained a first-class ranking in the first division of the Classical Tripos at Cambridge, England, after having studied at Trinity College, Melbourne, and subsequently at Newham.

Charles L. Nichols, who died recently at Lyons Farms, N. J., was the original promoter of the elevated railroad system. He was made secretary of the New York company, but was ousted when the Gould management took possession of the "watered" corporation.

Counsel for Miss Jenny Mitchell, whose suit against the Sultan of Johore for breach of promise of marriage was recently dismissed on the ground that the Sultan was a ruling sovereign over whom the English courts have no jurisdiction, has lodged an appeal against this decision.

Mrs. Mina Fleming, whose discovery of a star previously unknown to astronomers has just been announced from the Harvard Observatory, is a young Scotchwoman. She has been in America hardly ten years, but for more than half the time has been doing astronomical work at the Harvard Observatory.

The little Queen of the Netherlands has just passed her 14th birthday. On that occasion she was presented by her mother, the Queen Regent, with fifty large dolls, each arranged as an officer in the Dutch army. This was to be an agreeable way of teaching her the different uniforms of soldiers holding her commissions.

Olive Schreiner has ended her visit to England and returned to South Africa. She has left only one book in the hands of her publishers. This will appear in the Pseudonym Library under her old pen name of "Ralph Iron." It is called, "Dream Life and Real Life," and is dedicated to her brother, who is the present attorney-general at the Cape.

Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Wormser, jr., of New York, who were married a few days ago, and who are spending their honeymoon in Washington, are not likely to suffer from "hard times." Among the wedding presents was a check for \$300,000 from Simon Wormser, the Wall street banker, father of the bridegroom, and another for \$100,000 from Isidor Wormser, sr., his uncle.

The three cousins, Princess Maud of Wales, the Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia, and Princess Marie, of Greece, are all singularly like their respective mothers. The Queen of Greece, for instance, often dispenses with the wearing of gloves, and so does Princess Marie, who also uses eyeglasses with a long handle exactly in the same manner as Queen Olga. Princess Xenia, who cannot boast the same good looks as the Empress, has, however, the same bright and happy smile as her mother, and that Princess Maud of Wales is much more like her beautiful mother than are her two sisters, is no news.

Archdeacon Sinclair's life is one of incessant and exhausting labor, and the ever varying character of his engagements taxes even his herculean strength. He has been known to travel two hundred miles back to London before 11 a. m., read through his heavy correspondence and dictate replies up to noon, attend a deputation to Mr. Gladstone, and make a speech thereat at 12.30 p. m.; snatch a hasty dinner at 2 p. m., attend a conference at Westminster Abbey at 3, and a vestry meeting at 3.30, address a Sunday school Union in North London at 5, preach at Kensington at 8 p. m., and arrive about 10.30 p. m. at a London Catechism concert, at which he was down to take the chair, returning before midnight to his home with a sermon to write before indulging in a much-needed sleep.

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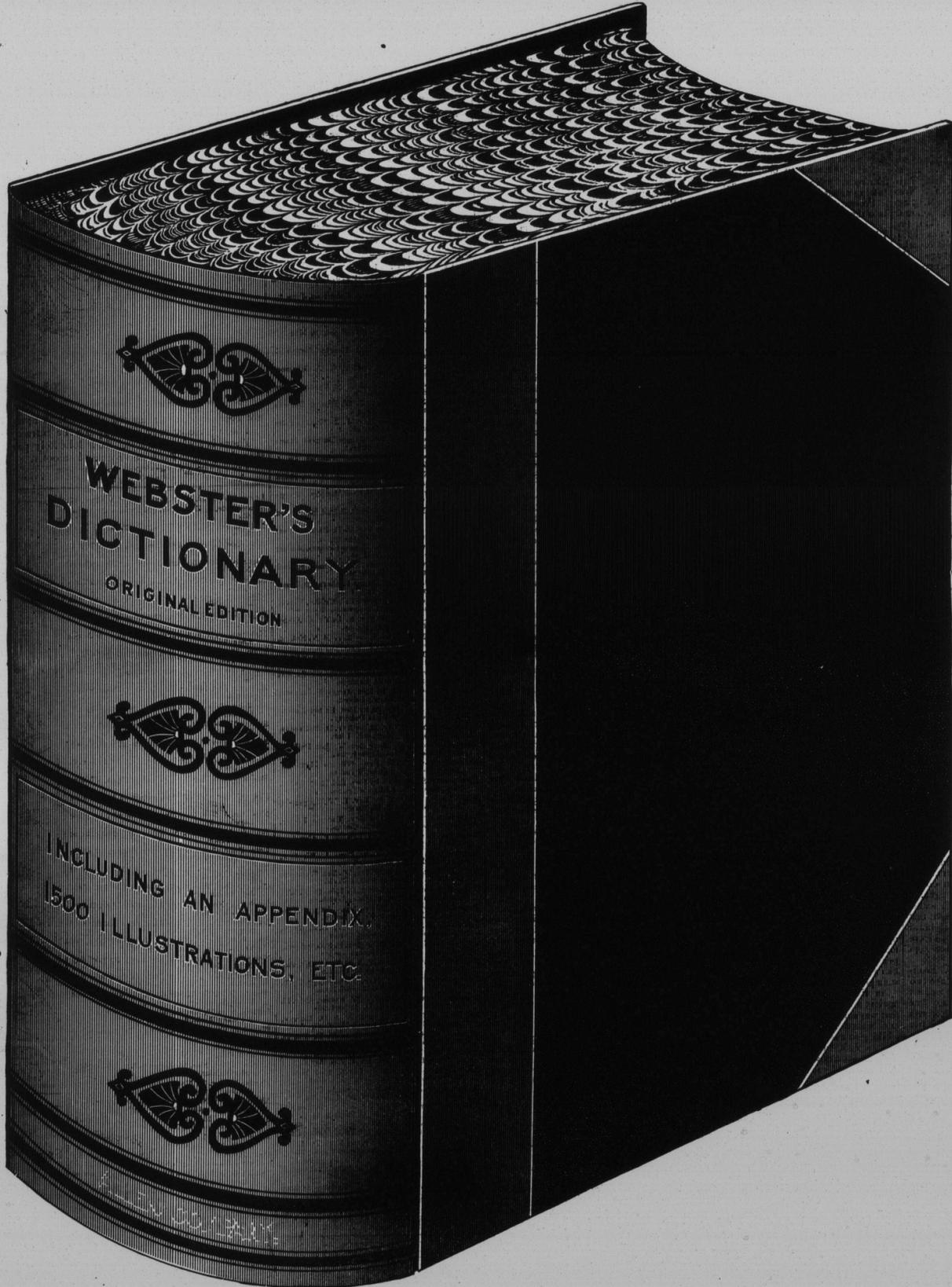
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PANIC.

No one knew exactly how it came about that Fred Cusack was always esteemed a man of more than average courage, and yet that was certainly the opinion held by the majority of his friends, including some not likely to be imposed on by bounce or braggadocio.

Cusack was certainly a handsome man, and at twenty-nine looked a very fine specimen of the best of the upper middle classes. He was bright and strong; his shoulders were broad; he walked well. His walk might have accounted for this reputation; there was a solidity about it that made most get out of his way.

For some reason not easy to discover he was more popular with young men than young women. Perhaps his bearing gave the more cautious marriage candidates an uneasy notion of his fickleness; he might love and ride away. His one fairly intimate friend of the other sex was a Mrs. Emerson, whose husband was a sleeping partner in the firm of Cusack & Co., and spent most of his time in his club, the Junior Carlton; having been a hard worker up to forty, he proposed to take his ease when he married at that age.

There was oddly enough, very little scandal about the obvious intimacy between Fred Cusack and Mrs. Emerson; the very people whose ardor in taking away others' reputation robbed them of their own left her untouched in the social mud-slinging which gives half society its sole virtuous and intellectual amusement. For she was a sweet-tempered, calm and dignified woman, whom everyone liked not too well to assault. It is only our most intimate friends who really know us sufficiently to do us much harm.

Yet Fred Cusack and Mrs. Emerson were always together in society. If she and Emerson turned up at any of the social Turkish baths known as "at homes," Cusack was sure to be there as well. Not infrequently he brought her, sometimes, though of course rarely, he took her away. But he was her invariable companion at the theatre of which she was almost passionately fond. Emerson never went. The only actors he could endure were play; the modern developments both of the lead and the performance sickened his judgment, which was that of last century. There is always one part of a man's intellectual equipment obviously inferior to the rest; one domain, at least, in which he permits prejudice to reign supreme.

But Mrs. Emerson was catholic in her enjoyment of all London could afford her of theatrical display, her liking for farical comedy, curious in so grave a woman, did not prevent her going thence to some tragedy. Her taste in Shakespeare made no impossible bar to her reveling in the absurdities of melo-drama. Everything was possible to her want of true criticism; and whether Cusack enjoyed this or not, he went with her. It might have been that what the theatre was to her she was to him.

Fred's elder brother, Tom, a barrister of some reputation and the author of a book on conveyancing, was not wholly assured of the wisdom of this permitted friendship, and on more than one occasion remonstrated with Fred, but with no other result than a temporary estrangement. Once or twice he hinted the same thing to Emerson himself, and was, of course, laughed at. Yet Emerson showed a little temper. "If I told Fred what you've been hinting at, Cusack, he would knock you down, and it you do it again—perhaps I shall." Though Emerson said this with a smile, Tom Cusack swore softly to himself that all his brothers might provoke business for all the lawyers in the divorce court before he would say anything more, and he kept to his word.

One day late in February, Mrs. Emerson sent a note to Cusack: "I have two dress circle tickets for the Independent theatre. You had better come and dine here. Harry is dining at his club with your brother and a young Gower. My two aunts will be here.—Yours, E. E." Cusack received this letter just as he was dressing to dine with an old college chum, and he promptly wrote to put him off. When that was done he drove to Chelsea and made himself very agreeable to Mrs. Emerson's aunts, who were not much older than herself. At 8.15 they left the house and went to the theatre in the brougham. They drove through Pall Mall. Cusack looked at his watch as they passed the club.

"They are just sitting down now," he said. "How was it you didn't go?" asked Mrs. Emerson. "I told Emerson I was dining with Hinton, and so I was." Mrs. Emerson frowned and bit her lip. "Yet you are going to the theatre with me. It was very foolish of you not to say you could not come." "I shall see Emerson at the club tonight and explain it." Mrs. Emerson looked worried. "Why, I wrote to him this afternoon, saying I was probably going with you to the Independent."

"Why didn't Fred come this evening, Cusack?" asked the younger man, suddenly. Emerson answered him. "He is at the theatre with my wife." "Which theatre?" asked Tom, in surprise. "I thought he was dining with Hinton."

"Fell through, I suppose?" said Emerson, carelessly. "At the Independent, I believe."

"Heavily acting," said Gower. "Good acting, though," put in Tom. "What nonsense you talk!" said Emerson. "Good acting, indeed! There isn't any nowadays. You should have seen—"

"Yes, I know," broke in Cusack, "a dozen men and women you never saw yourself, or if you did, it was when you were a boy, and the romances of youth is over their dear dead perfection."

Emerson laughed, but turned to Gower. "Why is the Independent a beastly hole, Gower?" "Architecturally it is a disgrace, structurally it is dangerous. Bad as it was to begin with, it is now old, and has all the vices that come with age. If it ever catches on fire—"

"As it will, of course," said Emerson. "Women lose their beauty, men die, theatres are burned."

"Don't women die then?" cried Tom. Emerson turned on him with a twinkle in his eye. "They are immortal when they get ugly. Nothing will persuade them to go."

"If it ever catches on fire, why may I be outside?" finished Gower, and then, as the last red ball suddenly disappeared from the table, Cusack pocketed the coins and put his cue in its case. They sat down to drink whiskey.

Presently there came a roar down the street which they could hear where they sat, and which every Londoner knows. "A fire!" said Gower, and the others nodded.

"What are the odds that it isn't the Independent?" asked Gower. "Ten thousand to one, at least," said Emerson. "No, more, as we have been talking about it." And they sat still.

Presently a man they knew put his head into the room. "Bully fire," said he, "but a bad job. It's at the Independent."

The three men sprang to their feet, and two glasses fell on the floor with a crash. "My wife's there!" said Emerson, with the face color of half-blanching grass. And he ran out of the room. The others followed him. Gower was the only one who took his hat, and he nearly lost sight of his friends in consequence. For they were running, and already getting into a hansom when he came out. As the cab went on the sprang upon the step and held on like a cabman's "buck."

"All right, cabman; friends of mine!" he shouted, and the man whipped his horse furiously. He went into the Haymarket like a madman, and nearly ran over a policeman who roared to him to stop. The order was not obeyed. At the corner the crowd was already so dense that the cabman had to pull up, and he was instantly pounced on by the policeman, who had jumped into a cab and followed.

"Never mind," said Emerson, furiously; "come to the club to-morrow, and I'll pay the fine."

And he and Cusack were lost in a moment. "Let us through, for God's sake!" he said, in a strained voice; "my wife's in the theatre."

"You couldn't get through if you were ten men, gentlemen," said a policeman close to them, and Cusack suddenly caught Emerson by the collar and drew him back out of the crowd.

"In another minute we should have been stuck there all night," he said. "Come let's go round and get where most of the police are; by a sovereign, perhaps, we can get there."

"And what good?" said Emerson. As they came round to the other street, the crowd was just as thick. But a fire engine came through, parting it, and Emerson sprang at it behind and held on. Cusack followed him.

"Five pounds if you'll get us through to the front," said Emerson, desperately. And the two firemen behind caught them up. Even as they got to the theatre front, the fierce flames seemed to have been beaten off the upper windows. The engines were playing through them, and three throbbing lines of hose ran into the main entrance, for the men had got in. The road was flooded so that the pavement seemed almost clean; into the running water came flying embers that kissed as they fell. Outside the cordon of police were many who had escaped from the fire. Some were torn and bleeding; some were wet and half clothed; men stood and sobbed; and behind, again, the thick crowd moaned like a sea; the white uplifted faces were as spindrift as beaten foam. When a fireman showed at the upper windows they cheered; when they saw him against a spurt of re-arisen flame they whimpered curiously.

As the two men stood there thrust against a wall, obvious in evening dress that was soiled and torn, Cusack turned and looked at Emerson. His face was working at one moment and rigid at another; the blood from his bitten front lip ran in a thin band down his shirt front like some decorative ribbon; it blackened on his chin like an imperial.

"They are getting it under—getting it under," said he at last piteously. "Cusack! Cusack! do you think—oh, God! what do you think?"

"He waited for no answer, for the theatre was getting blacker and blacker. From one point of view the building was saved. It could, doubtless, be restored without being pulled down. And in a month the people and the authorities would forget what it had done."

They began to bring out the bodies, and now neither Emerson, nor, nor Cusack, could be restrained. Fortunately for them, as they tried to break through the line, the inspector who hurried these new Emerson well.

"Willis," said Emerson, "let me and my friend through on some excuse, my wife's in this devilish hole, and his brother. If you do, come to my club to-morrow and ask for what you like."

"Come," said the inspector suddenly, and they ran across the road. Others tried to follow and were repulsed. Angry cries arose.

"Who are those that you have let in?" screamed a man without a coat. "They own the theatre," said the policeman, lying with all due promptness.

"I'd kill them, I'd have killed one of them," said the man as he was thrust back.

There were two dozen bodies laid out already in the hideous vestibule, and Emerson ran to them one by one.

There were fifteen women and the rest

men all in evening dress that was blackened, torn, and water sodden. But neither among the men nor women did they find Cusack and Mrs. Emerson. Emerson seized Tom by the arm.

"Perhaps they didn't go! Perhaps they escaped! Perhaps they are alive! He peered into each dead face again, and then into others that were laid in the dreadful rows.

"Where did they sit? Do you know?" asked Cusack. "I don't," said Emerson; "but she liked the dress circle best."

And he tried to go upstairs. He tottered as he went; the remaining smoke made him cough.

"We shall find them up here," he said again. "Together—or they have escaped!" They went up into the dress circle, which was dimly lighted with three fire lanterns. Emerson caught one of the men by the arm.

"Are there any more bodies here?" he asked hoarsely. "Not many, sir," said the man, who was as black as his boots with filth, and at the answer Emerson groaned. They stumbled over a man's body in the second row. Cusack pulled him out by the shoulders and dropped him again when he saw a beard.

"Here's a lady, sir," said the fireman, and Emerson knelt down by her. It was a girl of seventeen who seemed asleep. "There is one more in the front row," said Cusack, and they went to the front row on the prompt side. This woman had not fallen down; she was leaning with her arms on the cushioned rail above the stalls; her head was on her hands; she seemed as though she were alive or asleep or, perhaps, in the utter abandonment of grief. As they went toward her Emerson sobbed and stopped sobbing, and then his face became hard and set.

"It is not this one—," he said aloud. But he did not speak again in that voice. For it was that one. And she was alone. Cusack snatched the lantern from the fireman's hand and looked upon the floor, but his brother was not there.

"You have taken some from here," he said furiously. "No, sir," said the fireman, starting; "not one, I'll swear. I was the first in here, and this lady was by herself."

Emerson straightened himself up in the seat next his dead wife.

"The cur!" he said, and Cusack looked at a man does when he is struck and knows he cannot return the blow, for it was his disgrace as well. He looked at the dead woman and the hot tears of bitter shame ran down his blackened cheeks, making him look ludicrous. Was it fancy or not that he saw through them? Was not that look upon the beautiful face one of more than human calm? Was it not as if he saw that as young girls or writhed into fixed rigid anguish as some he had seen down below? The dead woman was herself ashamed—but not of herself; and her face told with what horror and despair that did not regard death she had laid her head upon his arm, and he had carried her dead life had been for nothing and that it was well to die. And Emerson rose up, with his wife in his arms. Though he was not a strong man—though he had gone through enough to have made a strong man weak—yet he carried her as he had once carried her dead and he went down stairs steadily.

"What are you going to do?" said Cusack when they reached the bottom. As he was about to answer Emerson stumbled and Tom caught him. Then he laid the body on the ground and covered the face with his handkerchief. He rose, and said: "She can stay here till I return. Cusack, I am going to see your brother."

"What are you going to do?" asked Cusack, in a monotonous voice. "Nothing, but I should like to look at him," said Emerson. And they went through the crowd which was heavy rain had come. They took a cab and drove fast to Fred's rooms in Duke street. Emerson leaped from the cab and knocked lightly at the door. It was even then but a little after 11, and the servant answered quickly. "Mrs. Emerson followed him."

"Is Mr. Cusack at home?" asked Emerson, in a constrained voice. "For one moment his brother's heart stopped beating. 'I think he came in just now, sir.' 'We will go up,' said Tom. 'I am his brother.'"

When they entered the lighted hall the girl stood in stupefaction at their appearance. But they were too busy to notice her. Cusack stepped in front.

Fred's rooms were on the first floor; his bedroom opened from the sitting room. Both rooms were lighted and the first rooms door was ajar. Tom entered it quickly and only saw the shadow of a man. He looked right into the bedroom at once and saw Fred standing in front of the big looking glass. His face, much more awful than any dead face they had seen that night, paralyzed them, and they stayed there staring.

"In his hand," muttered Emerson. "What's that?" "Nothing," said Tom. "And Fred saw them. Emerson made a spring forward and Tom caught him round the waist and held him. There was a gurgling cry and Fred Cusack fell upon the floor heavily.

"I would have stopped him," said Emerson. "But I was his brother," said Tom.

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- Amherst, Nov. 3, to the wife of Samuel G. Barber, a daughter.
- Turo, N. S., Nov. 10, to the wife of Joseph West-Central Argyle, Nov. 11, to the wife of Herbert Hulse, a son.
- New Glasgow, Nov. 8, to the wife of Barclay Fraser, a son.
- Lunenburg, N. S., Nov. 10, to the wife of Rev. Geo. Haslam, a son.
- McDonald's Point, Nov. 14, to the wife of Alford M. Day, a son.
- Waterville, Oct. 28, to the wife of William Culbertson, a daughter.
- Gaspereaux, N. S., Oct. 29, to the wife of Otis Coldwell, a daughter.
- Farrabro, N. S., Oct. 31, to the wife of William Simmonds, a daughter.
- Summerside, P. E. I., Nov. 10, to the wife of S. M. Bent, a daughter.
- Halifax, N. S., to the wife of Captain James P. Hild, a daughter.
- Pictou, N. S., Nov. 15, to the wife of Rev. Andrew Armit, a daughter.
- East Lefevre, Nov. 8, to the wife of Matthew Krans, a daughter.
- Lower Argyle, N. S., Nov. 1, to the wife of J. F. Haslam, a daughter.
- Lower Argyle, N. S., Nov. 12, to the wife of James Allison Faltor, a son.

MARRIED.

- Milton, N. S., Nov. 4, Barney Whynot to May Whynot.
- Turo, Nov. 10, by Rev. John Wood, J. E. Hammon to Clara Turple.
- Dartmouth, Nov. 16, by Rev. T. C. Mellor, Nelson Conrad to Carrie Bell.
- Digby, Nov. 9, by Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Frank Arcton to Lelah Morgan.
- Sackville, Nov. 15, by Rev. Cecil Wiggins, Conductor Smith to Janie Burns.
- Kingston, Nov. 1, by Rev. David Long, James H. Earle to Carrie M. Earle.
- Douglas, N. B., Nov. 8, by Rev. P. O. Rees, Angus McDonald to Janie Jones.
- Gibson, Nov. 9, by Rev. G. B. Payson, George E. Lozan to Rebecca Bishop.
- Salisbury, N. B., Nov. 12, by Rev. Abram Perry, Ezra Taylor to Ida Lewis.
- Public Harbor, Nov. 8, by Rev. J. L. Smith, John Jeffrey to Mrs. Sarah Frost.
- Bay de Vin, Nov. 4, by Rev. J. Robertson, John A. Gregan to Olivia Taylor.
- Somora, N. S., Nov. 2, by Rev. J. E. Tiner, Eben Dickson to Sarah A. Pyke.
- Salem, N. B., Nov. 8, by Rev. W. Camp, Murdoch Steeves to Winnie Mollins.
- Turo, Nov. 15, by Rev. Dr. Hertz, Joseph Morton to Betty to E. E. Stevens.
- Upper Wicklow, Nov. 8, by Rev. G. A. Giberson, Dow Price to Ada Munson.
- Pictou, Nov. 7, by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, Thomas Amro to Theresa LeBlanc.
- Scotchara, Nov. 9, by Rev. J. W. Fraser, Thomas McNeil to Margaret Gratio.
- Antigonish, Nov. 16, by Rev. J. R. Munro, John Blanchard to Laura Crocker.
- Carleton, Nov. 16, by Rev. James Burgess, James Anderson to Laura Godfrey.
- Halifax, Nov. 16, by Rev. Father Kinella, Dr. A. F. Whitford to Madeline Inglis.
- Yarmouth, Nov. 15, by Rev. E. M. Moore, Hugh Macdonald to Emma Crocker.
- Halifax, Nov. 14, by Rev. Father Murphy, George Sullivan to Florence Morton.
- Woodstock, Nov. 16, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Nelson Shule, N. S., Nov. 2, by Rev. J. H. Parker, Sherman Porter to Jennie McKay.
- St. John, Nov. 15, by Rev. James Gordon, Arthur Wagner to Bertha A. Hays.
- Dartmouth, Nov. 15, by Rev. F. H. Almond, Samuel Litcher to Amelia Sheppard.
- Halifax, Nov. 15, by Rev. Father McSorrough, James R. Parker to Lillie J. Taylor.
- Carleton, Nov. 15, by Rev. Dr. McRae, David McPherson to Helen Crocker.
- Letete, N. B., Nov. 4, by Rev. G. G. Vans, Ashby McNichol to Lillian M. Helms.
- Bear River, N. S., Nov. 4, by Rev. B. M. Nobles, Robert Taylor to Annie Hays.
- Douglas, N. B., Nov. 8, by Rev. P. O. Rees, William A. Whittaker to Susy A. Hydes.
- Sheffield, Nov. 8, by Rev. George Howard, Samuel Flewelling to Annie M. Brudenell.
- Windsor Plains, Nov. 2, by Rev. James W. Johnson, James Turner to Maggie Bowen.
- New Glasgow, N. S., Oct. 28, by Rev. Father Carson, George Doherty to Julia Doherty.
- Bear Island, N. B., Nov. 13, by Rev. D. E. Brooks, Robert Taylor to Maggie S. Lint.
- Mount Denison, Nov. 16, by Rev. William Phillips, David Shaw to Mrs. Abbie Shaw.
- Kingston, Nov. 13, by Rev. William Hamlin, Robert Lawrence to Susan Lawrence.
- Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 13, by Rev. J. E. Bill, Thomas Nickerson to Mrs. Eliza Wharton.
- Sable River, Nov. 12, by Rev. T. W. Carpenter, Clifford Dexter to F. M. Hutchinson.
- Lawrencetown, Nov. 14, by Rev. Thomas Fisher, Horatio Carroll to Belle E. Conrad.
- Brookly, N. S., Nov. 8, by Rev. H. R. McDougall, Archibald A. Chisholm to Belle McArthur.
- Albert D. Gault to Adeline Morrill.
- Kingston, N. S., Nov. 1, by Rev. J. W. Cox, Edwin S. Harvey to Gertrude Tupper.
- N. E. Margaree, Nov. 7, by Rev. William Wetmore, Donald T. McLeod to Abigail Davis.
- Upper Economy, N. S., Nov. 2, by Rev. C. P. Will, Arthur Hartman to Dorcas Welsh.
- Tusket Wedge, Nov. 13, by Rev. Father Gray, Moses D'Entremont to Nellie Porter.
- Lunenburg, N. S., Nov. 8, by Rev. L. J. Batty, Joseph Anderson to Bertha Kneman.
- Bridgetown, N. S., Oct. 28, by Rev. F. J. Gratecort, Joseph H. Young to Florence Giesner.
- Margaree, Nov. 8, by Rev. H. R. McDougall, Archibald A. Chisholm to Belle McArthur.
- Tennessencevale, N. B., Nov. 15, by Rev. C. T. Sutherland, Nelson Stearns to Rachel Pickett.
- Scotchara, Nov. 15, by Rev. Alex. H. Sutherland to Margaret B. Sutherland.
- Red Bank, N. B., Nov. 14, by Rev. J. D. Murray, Amherst, N. S., Nov. 1, by Rev. V. E. Harris, John H. Veomans to Lottie D. Chittick.
- Great Village, N. S., Nov. 8, by Rev. T. B. Layton, T. Harry Higgins to Cecilia Halliday.
- Bedford, N. S., Nov. 15, by Rev. Father Young, Norman McPherson to Maggie Christian.
- Barton, N. B., Nov. 15, by Rev. A. C. Dennis, Alex. Knight Forsyth to Annetta Burgess.
- McKenzie Corner, N. B., Nov. 15, by Rev. J. Barker, George Johnson to Maud E. Hay.
- McLellan Brook, N. S., Nov. 14, by Rev. W. Stewart, Malcolm Weston to Christy A. McDonald.
- North Sydney, C. B., Nov. 9, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, Wilson Musgrave to Jennie Musgrave.
- Amherst, Nov. 15, by Rev. J. Roy Campbell, assisted by Rev. V. E. Harris, John M. Hickman to Theresa Hay.
- Pictou, Oct. 31, by Rev. J. D. McFarlane, assisted by Rev. A. Campbell, Henry P. Baxter to Jessie A. Cameron.
- Hill-boro, Nov. 16, by Rev. Michael Gross, assisted by Rev. S. H. Cornwall and John C. Berrie, James H. Hunter to Annie W. Todd.

DIED.

- Halifax, Nov. 15, William E. Long.
- St. John, Nov. 15, Daniel Doyle, 78.
- Springhill, Nov. 15, Mary Cross, 26.
- St. John, Nov. 18, Henry Graham, 70.
- Halifax, Nov. 17, George Richards, 40.
- Gagetown, Nov. 15, John Kincaide, 10.
- Montague, P. E. I., William Bryson, 61.
- St. John, Nov. 14, James McKeever, 60.
- Hibernia, Nov. 19, Robert Ralston, 23.
- St. John, Nov. 17, Testallus G. Tual, 78.
- St. John's Nfld., Nov. 7, Ann Dehler, 67.
- Springhill, N. S., Nov. 7, John Martin, 32.
- St. Stephen, Nov. 13, J. Warren Moore, 33.
- Milton, Nov. 12, Franklin E. Fyfe, 29.
- Springhill, Nov. 10, Alice Harfield, 2 weeks.
- Mattland, N. S., Nov. 11, Annie Dearman, 61.
- Greenwood, N. S., Nov. 16, John McLean, 67.
- Woodstock, Oct. 26, Mrs. Benjamin Johnson, 89.
- White's Mountain, N. B., Elizabeth McLaughlin, 84.
- Milton, Nov. 9, Hon. wife of Marica Daly, 62.
- Wolfride Ridge, N. S., Nov. 10, Harris Randall, 78.
- Barrington Passage, N. S., Nov. 11, Josiah Smith, 67.



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