

# PROGRESS.

VOL. VI., NO. 261.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## SO STURDEE IS SETTLED.

### HOW THE APPOINTMENT OF HIGH SHERIFF WAS MADE.

The Fight Between Messrs. Sturdee and Thorne Results in a Victory for the Former—Dr. Hetherington's Change of Base.

If Doctor George Augustus Hetherington had not changed his mind, Sheriff H. Lawrence Sturdee would probably be in the ranks of office seekers today.

Dr. Hetherington was one of the standard bearers of the local government in the last election and by virtue of his ill success in that direction, he controls one-sixth of the patronage. There are five others and the good will of a majority of the six is supposed to be equal to an appointment.

Soon after the late sheriff's sudden death, Dr. Hetherington, it is said, took the trouble to assure Mr. Thorne that he should have his support for the vacant office. Supported also by Messrs. Trueman and Carleton, Mr. Thorne felt at least that he had equal chances for the appointment with any other who might be in the field. Some members of the government were in his favor, while others, perhaps, preferred Mr. Sturdee, but there was no reasonable doubt that with the city and county members equally divided, the government would have given the position to Mr. Thorne.

But a change came over the spirit of Dr. Hetherington and he made up his mind again this time in favor of Mr. Sturdee. This made four to two for the latter gentleman. The complexion of affairs turned a different shade and the hopes of Mr. Thorne's friends were dashed. Still if one member had a right to change his mind and withdraw his support, another might, and so the appointment was delayed to this week, in order that the representatives might be seen and interviewed.

It seemed to be clearly understood that this was all the Thorne party asked, and, indeed, all that they intended to do on Saturday afternoon. Progress learns even that it was understood that there would be no petitions or anything of that sort, and it is only fair to say for the active workers of Mr. Thorne, that they were not responsible for the start of the petitions. They emanated from very different quarters, thought out and planned by a Sunday evening hostess in a high official residence on Germain street. A number of good people were her guests, and after dinner the shrewdly question came up, and was discussed. It was decided by the hostess that petitions must be got up at once, and she was confident that the attorney-general, whose kindness of heart she had often proved, would yield to the wish of the wife and husband, who might otherwise leave their native city. Consequently, on Monday morning, all sorts and conditions of men were asked to sign them, and hope, that for a season had bade the world farewell, in that quarter, revived. The Attorney-general, attacked in a new quarter, and by a new general—a lady of infinite resources—paused, and the appointment that was practically considered made on Saturday, was held for the time being.

The only result of the petitions was the calling of the entire government to meet in this city, and the delay of the appointment until the members could arrive. Their consultation resulted in the appointment of Mr. Sturdee, who is thus provided for to his own satisfaction.

Now that he has secured the position, people are wondering why he was so anxious about it. The net income from the position has not exceeded on an average more than \$2,000 a year. Outside of the income from his regular practice and the office of referee in equity, Mr. Sturdee's positions as secretary of this or that corporation, and vestry clerk of Trinity church, were estimated as worth \$1,200 a year. His acceptance of the office of sheriff may not interfere with his duties as vestry clerk, and yet some of the duties of a sheriff in the line of capital punishment, might not suit the character and temperament of a model vestry clerk.

There is an interesting rumor afloat that gives to Mr. H. J. Thorne the wardenship of the reformatory at \$1,200 a year and to Dr. Hetherington, the chairmanship of the Board of School Trustees. The first may be correct enough—Progress hopes that it is—but the second is somewhat ridiculous, since Mr. C. W. Weldon was given the position a few days ago on the understanding that not only would he accept, but also be in a position to give his valuable time to the sometimes exacting duties of the office.

Mr. Henry Lawrence Sturdee had a birthday on the 11th of this month when he completed the full end and term of 51 years, nineteen of which he had spent in the practice of the law. He is a St. John boy of English parents, and his father, the late Henry P. Sturdee, was one of the old-time merchants of this city. The new sheriff has parted his name in the middle since the earliest days of his boyhood. A codicil was annexed to his name when he received the degree of B. A. at Fredericton in 1861,

and another added when the M. A. was granted in 1883. He matriculated at the university in the year that Mr. Harding was appointed sheriff, and took the Douglas gold medal in the following year.

As an instance of Mr. Sturdee's mastery of the classics, it is related that when undergoing the oral examination for admission as attorney, one of the benchers, a clever lawyer but no authority on Latin, asked the youthful aspirant the question, "What is a quo warrant-o?"

"I do not know," promptly replied young Sturdee.

"You don't know what a quo warrant-o is?" asked the bencher, very much astonished.

"No, sir," was the rejoinder, "but I can explain to you what I know about a quo war-ran-to."

The bencher saw the point, and was more cautious about his Latin during the rest of the proceedings.

Mr. Sturdee read law in the office of Gray & Kaye, which had a high reputation on account of the ability of the members of the firm and the very large practice they enjoyed. A good many men



SHERIFF STURDEE.

more or less prominent at the present day were students in that office at one time or another, but it is a singular fact that very few of them ever gained distinction as active nisi prius lawyers. The majority of those who did not afterwards abandon the profession became chiefly known as solicitors, conveyancers or insurance agents. Mr. Sturdee was a good conveyancer, and to that branch of the law and the management of trusts and estates he has chiefly given his attention.

Sheriff Sturdee has held a number of positions of honor and emolument. He is a major of the reserve militia in which there is no money, and has been referee in equity in which there is money. After the 1867 fire he made his domicile in Portland and was twice mayor of that city, as well as warden of the municipality. He has held a number of minor offices in church and state, and was receiver of the Grand Southern railway. He was a candidate on the government side in the local election in 1890, and met a similar fate in the recent mayoralty contest. He expected to be made judge of probates when that office was gobbled up by C. N. Skinner, last June, and for a long time past he has been recognized as the most important of the local government's creditors. Now that he has been appointed sheriff of St. John the account is closed, and there will be a chance for somebody else to get the next vacant office.

**An Effective Collecting System.**  
The recent decision in these courts respecting the power of a collecting agency, show that Messrs. Ruel & Milligan were not short-sighted when they acquired an interest in the business of the Dominion Collecting Agency of this city. The customers of this concern have had many substantial reasons for being satisfied with the work it has done for them, still, with Messrs. Ruel & Milligan as solicitors the ways and means, of getting at a debtor will be in a fair way of giving out, before the claim is pronounced "no good." Mr. A. H. Beal, who has been with the agency since it opened here and done effective work, has been connected in the past with the most reliable agencies of this kind in the United States. He will continue as manager and general representative of the Dominion Collecting Agency.

**Who Started This Story?**  
The following item appeared in the New York Sun a few months ago, and while Progress recognized it as a libel on the railways of New Brunswick, no notice was taken of it. It seems to be travelling around the world, however, and it has now got as far as London where Tit Bits has reproduced it. The railway appears to be getting a free ad., which it never asked for. The next thing we know, somebody will be slandering the Shore Line in the same way:

One of the queerest railroads in the world is the Salisbury and Harey, in New Brunswick. It is but twenty miles long, and although it connects with the Intercolonial road, an admirably constructed line, it is confessedly unsafe. A printed notice hung up in the cars, cautions passengers that it is well to get out and walk on reaching a certain bridge, and it was long the custom to pass the cars over this crazy structure before the mighty engine was trusted upon its rotten timbers.

## TROUBLE AT HAMPTON.

### SMITH SPROUL SET ASIDE FOR HARRY FOWLER.

Dr. Taylor Deposes the Assistant Deputy Registrar of Deeds—The Deputy Registrar and the Assistant to the Assistant Deputy Not Disturbed.

The latest intelligence from the shire-town of Kings indicates that there is more trouble there.

While St. John has been agitated over the appointment of a sheriff, the cloud of discontent has been hovering over Hampton in regard to the appointment of an assistant deputy registrar of deeds. There is neither a great deal of money nor honor in the office, but it is sufficiently important to have aroused the rival factions, which for some time past have been sadly in want of something to fight about.

The original and only deputy registrar of Kings county is James W. Sproul, who has held the position for many years and still holds it. He is apparently there purely for the honor it confers, for he is also keeper of the jail and deputy sheriff. The duties of the latter offices do not permit him to apply his energies to the work of copying, indexing and otherwise attending to the details of the registry office. So far as Progress knows, he gets no revenue from his connection with the office.

As the deputy registrar cannot find time to attend to the duties of the office, it is necessary to have an assistant deputy registrar, and under the Pugsley regime this assistant was Smith Sproul, the deputy registrar's son.

Smith Sproul is so designated in Hampton because his name is Albert J. Sproul, and he was named after Sir Albert J. Smith.

Mr. Pugsley, during his term of office, was a very busy man, and had little time to give to the duties of his position. It was therefore necessary to have not only an assistant deputy registrar, but a young lady who assisted such assistant.

Mr. Pugsley ceased to be registrar the other day, and Dr. Taylor succeeded to the position. It is understood that he intends to give his personal attention to the office, but this fact will not cause any reduction in the staff of subordinates. There will still be a deputy, an assistant deputy, and an assistant to the assistant deputy.

There will be a slight change in the personnel of the staff, however, and that is what is convulsing the Geronimi and the Geroni of Hampton.

Dr. Taylor has discharged Smith Sproul. This seems to have been a sufficiently startling thing, but the gravity of the situation will be better realized when it is stated that Dr. Taylor has appointed Harry Fowler.

It may be, there are readers of Progress in distant places outside of Kings county, who really do not understand why the community should be so wildly excited, but recent advices from the shiretown give every indication of stormy times ahead. One resident writes:

"Smith," or more properly A. J. Sproul, did all the work of indexing, corresponding, searching etc., and all inquiries were promptly and correctly answered, so that his removal from the office is a public loss.

The letter further proceeds to eulogize the ability and integrity of Smith Sproul, and to reflect on H. J. Fowler, who it is hinted is a very different kind of a man, and without ability to satisfactorily perform the simple duties of a copyist. This, the letter asserts, "is an act that calls for redress."

How this redress is to be obtained is not stated, unless the friends of Smith Sproul vote against the government that appointed Dr. Taylor, who in turn appointed Harry Fowler. They cannot get at the registrar in any other way, nor can they boycott him, by recording their deeds in their lifetime, and their wills after their deaths, in any other registry office. They are bound to patronize the home industry, and to have their papers pass through the hands of the objectionable appointee, unless indeed, he, like the actual deputy registrar, is content to have the honor, while the registrar and the assistant of the assistant deputy-registrar do the work and absorb the revenue.

While Progress grieves that at this season, when the birds are singing around the green fields of Kings, and the trout are beginning to bite in Smith's lake, there should be discord among the good people of Hampton, there seems no remedy that can be suggested.

Progress should "show up the character" of Harry Fowler, but if it did so, Mr. Fowler's friends might want it to "show up the character" of the deposed and lamented Smith Sproul. Besides, even if that were done there is some doubt whether Dr. Taylor would dismiss Harry Fowler and restore Smith Sproul to the position in which he distinguished himself by indexing, corresponding, searching and answering all enquiries promptly and correctly.

If, however, it can be shown after a fair trial that Harry Fowler cannot do the work of indexing, corresponding, searching

and answering all enquiries promptly and correctly, something may be done in the matter.

If, as is alleged, the removal of Smith Sproul is a public loss, the matter becomes one which affects the autonomy of the municipality of Kings, and the matter should be focused in the form of resolutions passed at a meeting of the ratepayers. That course might be tried.

One other solution of the problem suggests itself. Why cannot Dr. Taylor and the assistant to the assistant deputy of the deputy registrar do the work of the office, without the aid of Smith Sproul or Harry Fowler?

### POETRY BY THE YARD.

So Much of It That Some Is Held Over Until the Next Issue.

In this issue of Progress, on the fourth and tenth pages, will be found more than three columns of verse of various kinds and qualities, all piping hot from the pens of the poets who are competing for the five dollar prize offered for the month of April. The quantity published in this issue measures nearly two yards in length, but several feet more are omitted this week for lack of space. As they were sent in time for the competition, however, they will appear in the next issue, and will have due consideration in the award of the prize.

It will be noticed that the poetry published this week covers a wide range of subjects, and some of it is remarkable for the breezy originality which sticks out on every line. The most purely local poem is one by Henry Gaskin, which enters quite fully into details in regard to the environment of St. John and its advantages as a winter port. It breathes the spirit of faith and hope from first to last.

The competition in verse is now at an end. The name of the successful competitor for April will be announced as soon as the remaining accepted contributions have been published.

### Slightly Confused.

The Nasse-Sterves case in St. John is believed to be settled. It is said that Mr. Nasse has received \$4,000 to pay for the damage his reputation received.—[St. Andrews Beacon.]

A Telegraph reporter called on one of the counsel in the case last night and was informed that the statement was untrue.—[Telegraph.]

The above paragraphs are a little confusing. It has not been generally understood that Mr. Nasse contemplated an action for the damage his reputation received, whatever else he may claim. It may be an open question whether his reputation has not chiefly been damaged by his own course in the matter.

### Not That Kind of a Court.

Col. J. R. Armstrong, barrister at law, was engaged in a case in the probate court the other day, and one or two of the other lawyers present had military titles of some kind or another, so the story goes. The gentlemen referred to each other by these titles so often that at last Judge Skinner grew a little tired of the words "colonel," "major," etc., and impatiently exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I would like you to understand that this court is a probate court and not a court martial." The lawyers remembered the fact during the rest of their arguments.

### He Drew The Line.

The story is told of a clerk in one of the city banks whose name shall be called Blank, because it does not sound anything like that. A junior of excellent family, but only a junior, was of a sociable turn, and during business hours the other day he addressed the senior as plain "Blank." This was going too far, and the senior with freezing dignity replied, "In the bank, my name is Mr. Blank; outside, I don't know you." The presumptuous junior felt duly crushed and has since governed himself accordingly.

### Warden of the County.

There were two candidates for the position of warden of the municipality at the meeting of that body this week, and they were Ald. Charles McLaughlin, and John Kelly. The former scored an easy victory over the member for Dufferin, by a vote of fifteen to ten. The North End men did not stick together in this instance, as the Chesley element wanted Dr. Christie for the positions, and supported McLaughlin, rather than Kelly.

### More Truth Than Poetry.

The leading local column of the Halifax Recorder contains specimens of blank verse which tells the news of the day in both short metre and bad metre. One of the effusions this week was:

H. L. Sturdee, lawyer, is to be appointed Sheriff of St. John, succeeding late Sheriff Harding.

There is no attempt at rhyme in this, and the rhythm is simply dreadful. It is emphatically an instance of more truth than poetry.

### It Takes There Too.

Mr. R. G. Larsen does not lose sight of Progress even in his busy and successful newspaper life in Boston for he writes a hurried post script "Better send some more papers to the Boston Agency." "All sold out and I could not get an extra copy last week."

## WHY THEY KEPT AWAY.

### LILLIAN TUCKER COMPANY AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

Extraordinary Honesty on the Part of the Daily Papers—How and Why the Gilmore Band Was Locked Out—Mr. Murphy and the Ticket Sales.

The people have kept away from the opera house this week.

In the last issue of Progress due notice was given that the Lillian Tucker company would probably get a very frosty reception here. That prediction has proved so true that even the daily papers have been called upon to speak the truth and tell their readers that the performances were not worth seeing. In spite of the liberal and lying advance notices, the Tucker company received for many days before they opened, the wretchedness of the performances forced them to speak out. The "Telegraph" is as much in the cold—so far as advertising orders from the opera house company is concerned—as Progress, and, as a result, the readers of that paper have, up to this week, looked in vain for any advance notice of a performance or any criticism of the play afterward.

With Progress the absence of advertisements from the O. H. company made no difference. The dates of companies are given and the merits or demerits of the performances pointed out as usual in its theatrical column. Most of the companies that play here also tour the provinces and a favorable criticism in Progress is worth hundreds of dollars to them. That they do not get this unless it is deserved is looked after by a gentleman specially engaged for this purpose, and, whether his opinion agrees with that of the editorial staff or not, it is printed.

But the "Telegraph" did notice the Tucker company this week and called it a "gang of barnstormers"; the "Sun" also meekly protested against the quality of the performances while the "Globe," after one stereotyped flattering notice, woke up and said the attendance was poor but as good as the company deserved. So much honesty in one week is staggering.

The lovely Lillian is booked for a long time—longer than she is likely to stay. Tickets for all performances are now on sale in the Opera house proper, and not at "Murphy's" as heretofore. Mr. Murphy found that selling tickets was not so pleasant or as profitable a side line, as many supposed it was. The public is hard to please and Mr. Murphy was not paid well enough for his work, to try very hard all the time to carry a spring smile. In the old days A. C. Smith & Co. used to get three per cent for selling tickets, and anyone who has any knowledge of the business will readily agree that for the trouble and responsibility it is not too much. The price paid by the opera house company has not been nearly so much as this—in fact has not been on the percentage plan at all, but so much for each performance. When Mr. Murphy intimated that the arrangement would have to be reconsidered, the plans was taken to the box office and Mr. M. will be busy all summer explaining that the wills of the opera house are no longer on his counter.

Mr. Morley McLaughlin and the leader of the Gilmore Band, were in a predicament last Saturday night. When the hour approached for the performance to begin, the people who "went early to avoid the crush," found that the doors were not open, and soon afterward the lights went down. There was music—vocal music—in the air for a time. Reeves declared excitedly, that every Sunday paper in the States would have the fact telegraphed to it that Gilmore's band was locked out, because the rent of the hall was not paid, and that it would cost him thousands of dollars. For that was the real reason: The terms of the agreement between Mr. McLaughlin and the Opera House company were not clearly defined and when Saturday evening arrived and no rent had been paid. Mr. Dockrill, the financial manager of the company, ordered the doors closed and the lights out. Then a coach dashed away for Mr. McLaughlin, who instructed the ticket office to hand over \$200 to the opera house. The doors opened and the crowd went in. McLaughlin claims that the act was unfair to him and the band, while the O. H. company says that Mr. McLaughlin should have looked after his rent as they had no intention of hunting for it after the performances.

In consequence of the Tucker engagement in the O. H., the popular Jubilee singers have drawn crowds to the old Mechanics' Institute this week, and next week the Joseph Murphy company, and their splendid Irish plays, Shaun Rhue and Kerry Gow, will appear in the same place.

### Will Appear Next Week.

The suggestion has been made, and it seems a very reasonable one, that it would be better for Progress to defer the publication of the list of May removals until next week. By that time, it is argued, people

will have got settled in their new homes, as they will not be this week. Besides, the majority of people will not move until next week. The list was published in the issue of May 7th, last year, by which time the removals had been completed. It will appear this year in next Saturday's Progress, by which time it will be more complete and of greater value for reference. In the meantime, all notices of changes sent to this office will receive attention.

### THE RULE WAS NOT ENFORCED.

People Went to the Concert Without Being Arrayed in Full Dress.

The public, and especially those from the rural districts, will ever feel grateful to the management of the Gilmore band concerts for accepting their tickets and permitting them to take seats without being in full dress. The announcement that "while it is generally understood to be a dress occasion no rule will be enforced," was not made in the daily papers until Thursday, the day of the first concert by which time strangers from all parts of country were on their way to the show. It would have been painful for them, had a stern usher barred the way to the auditorium until the strangers went away rebuked to buy or borrow dress suits.

For the matter of it, the enforcement of the rule might have caused some embarrassment even among our own citizens, and it is to be feared that at least one half of the really estimable people of St. John would have been excluded, or at least prevented from attending on any one occasion. The men, it is true, might have made a shift by pinning back the tails of their cut-aways and unbuttoning their waistcoats, or they could have gone in squirts, the first fortunate lot lending or hiring their swallow-tails to the lot which was next in order. There would have been some misfits, no doubt, but the management could not have debarred them from the privilege of going in. The ladies, however, could not have carried out the same kind of an arrangement, and a good many really worthy but unfortunate ladies would have had to stay away.

Altogether, it was very decent of the management not to enforce the rule. The audiences were all the larger on account of this liberal concession to the people.

### A New Dry Goods Firm.

The old dry goods stand occupied by Welsh, Hunter & Hamilton, has been purchased by Messrs. F. A. Dykeman & Co., who will open in a few days a new dry goods store with a complete and fresh stock. Mr. Dykeman is by no means a stranger here or a novice in the dry goods business. He knows both well and is in a position to realize what kind of goods are best suited for the purchasing public of St. John. His announcement on the general page to-day is only preliminary and personal, next week it will be more particular and interesting.

### Will Probably Be Settled.

A rather good practical joke was played on an enthusiastic young politician familiarly nicknamed after one of the world's great generals. He voted a name that he did not own at the recent mayor's election, and he was about persuaded that the dogs of justice were in full chase, when he went to see a lawyer about the affair a few days ago. The case will probably be settled out of court.

### His Theory About It.

A countryman, who was looking at the electric cars coming down Main street one day this week was heard thus to soliloquize: "I've seen cars go by steam, and I've seen cars go by horses, but I'm blamed if I ever seen cars go by a fishing pole afore."

### Very Neatly Done.

A very neatly drawn map of St. John county, on a large scale, has been shown Progress and is a fine specimen of the work of the young lady who executed it, Miss Lizzie S. Read, a teacher in the Centennial school.

### This Appointment Is a Popular One.

The office of referee in equity held by Mr. Sturdee has fallen to Mr. Clarence H. Ferguson, who is so popular both in and out of the legal profession that the appointment is sure to be satisfactory to everybody.

### Accounting for the Increase.

Enquiries made in various quarters of the city show that the removals on the first of May this year will greatly out-number those on the first of May last year. The first day of May last year was on a Sunday.

### Fashions For the Coming Season.

The May number of the Delineator has been received from Geo. H. McKay and is full of pretty designs for spring and summer costumes, also many ideas and illustrations for fancy work.

### Not Too Bad a Record.

Messrs. T. McAvity and Sons advertised an article for mail orders in Progress of April 15th. Thirty five of them arrived up to Thursday and they are still coming. The effect is worth noting.

### Call and Get It.

A letter addressed to "Business" awaits the advertiser at Progress counting room.

Dutch

MR.

s to the World's Fair  
l be used

A  
easily prepared Cocoa  
ome.

S., Agent.

RAILWAYS.

N COUNTIES RY.

Arrangement.

Monday, Jan 5th, 1893, trains will run

excepted as follows:

MOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.

m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.30 p.

m.; and from Boston every Tuesday,

Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth

arrive at Annapolis at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis

at 12.25 p.

m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 1.00 p.

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MUSICAL & THEATRICAL

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The death of Mr. William Christie last Saturday was the cause of much sorrow amongst his many friends, musical and otherwise.

Our least of musical delight is over and the only thing we have left, is the memory, and a lasting one, of a series of probably the most enjoyable musical entertainments ever given in St. John.

The Wallace Hopper Dramatic Co., the Josie Mills Dramatic Co., the Lillian Tucker Dramatic Co.

This is the way the drama is being elevated at the Opera House. The above are the three last engagements.

On Monday evening quite an audience assembled, expecting to witness a magnificent play, magnificently put on by a magnificent actress, supported by a magnificent company.

Do the managers of the Opera House not see that a policy such as they are pursuing is simply ruinous?

The citizens of St. John owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Morley McLaughlin for bringing this magnificent band to the city and I hope that the venture has been a good monetary success to him.

The St. George's Society service at Trinity church on Sunday, went fairly well musically.

The organ recital at St. Andrew's church on Tuesday evening was a pleasant entertainment which was naturally not spoilt by encores.

Mr. F. L. Blair won the honors of the evening for the organ work. He accompanied all the vocal numbers in a very skillful manner.

When a man kicks on the amateur cornet-player next door, his objections are sound.

The famous Italian tenor, Fernando de Lucia, who now lives in a palace of his own in Naples, used to beat the base drum in a regimental band.

Rubinstein is at work on an oratorio to be entitled "Christ." It will conclude the series of four works of which the three already finished are called "Paradise," "The Tower of Babel" and "Moses."

American girls are coming to the front in Wagner, in England. Alice Esty recently made a great success as Venus in "Tannhauser," and Esther Paillier and Evangeline Florence, at Henschel's Wagner concert, crowned themselves with glory.

Angela Catalina was probably the greatest soprano singer that ever lived. Born in 1779, before she attained her twelfth year, she was already famous.

George Cayvan denies the story that she is going to retire from the stage and devote herself to lecturing.

A revival of peculiar interest will be that of the long famous legendary drama "The J. B. de la no-say," a version of "Nick of

trified all Europe, many operas being written for her voice. In 1807 she received from managers over \$80,000, then a far greater sum than at present.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Recent Duluth, Minn., papers give very complimentary notices of the production of "Poor Pillicody" in that city with A. F. M. Custance in the title role.

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Angela Catalina was probably the greatest soprano singer that ever lived. Born in 1779, before she attained her twelfth year, she was already famous.

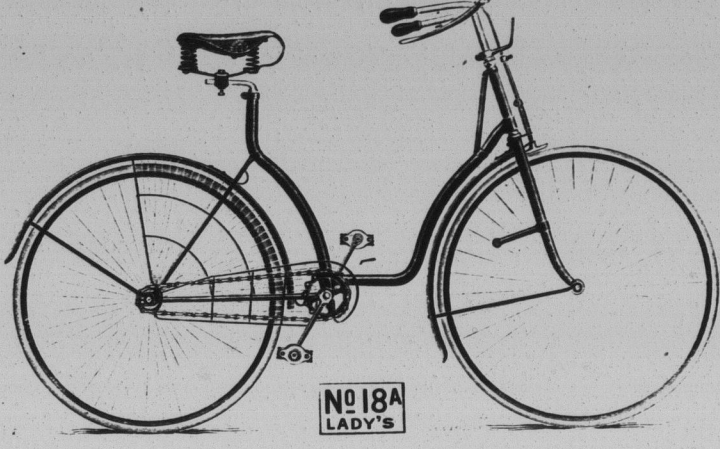
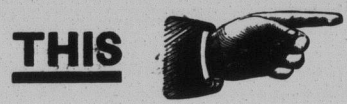
George Cayvan denies the story that she is going to retire from the stage and devote herself to lecturing.

A revival of peculiar interest will be that of the long famous legendary drama "The J. B. de la no-say," a version of "Nick of

QUADRANT CYCLES.

Ladies,

You want a Wheel like



The 'Quadrant' Ladies' Safety

Is acknowledged to be the FAVORITE. We shall be delighted to show you the Wheels, and give all possible assistance to beginners.

F. H. TIPPET, Special Agent.

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FRY'S If you have not tried this, Send for a Free Sample.



COCOA. Wholesome. Pure. The strongest form of COCOA made.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., General Agents, St. John, N. B.

The Woods," played for more than 50 years by Joseph Proctor, all rights of which that venerable actor has transferred to Newton Heers, who will star in it.

She had risen several times to let a gentleman pass out between the acts. "I am very sorry to disturb you, madam," he remarked, apologetically, as he went out for the fourth time.

A certain Count Pizzini, who recently died at the age of ninety-two, has bequeathed his opera-box in the theatre at Ala to the Capuchin monastery of that town.

The announcement is formally made that Mr. John L. Sullivan will henceforth devote himself exclusively to the stage.

Adelaide Randall, all the season, appears to be a favorite in New York, where she now is singing at the People's theatre.

When the young Dumas went to his father for advice as to how he should write a play, the elder said: "Make your first act as good as you possibly can."

It is chronicled in London that the ballets and music in the Empire, the Alhambra, the Palace and other like resorts in the British metropolis, are flourishing at the expense of comic opera, which, like the drama, seem to have fallen into innocuous desuetude.

All Hands May Get It. The complete band score of our National Song, "My Own Canadian Home," as played by Gilmore's famous band, will be given free of charge to any band sending their address to the St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B., manufacturers of Surprise Soap, who have made arrangements with the composer to present it to all the bands in Canada.

For House Cleaning. Touch the telephone and the rest is easy. You can have "Surprise" soap, "Sterling" soap, "Sunlight" soap and other soaps.

The Japanese show their appreciation of an actor's playing in a more substantial manner than by freely applauding. They throw various portions of their dress on the stage, and at the end of the performance the favored person claims the money that the donors repurchase them with, the prices for the various articles being at fixed rates.

The Brockville Druggist's Case. BROCKVILLE, April 24th—The popular impression is that doctors and druggists seldom take their own medicine.

Ada Reham is said to be the hardest-worked member of Augustin Daly's well-known dramatic company. In all these years of her service to art in Mr. Daly's theatre she has been known to miss only one performance and to take only one week of rest.

George Cayvan denies the story that she is going to retire from the stage and devote herself to lecturing. "The rumor originated" explained the actress, "from the fact that I am to speak at a public meeting in Chicago. My topic will be the stage. That's all there is to it."

Commercial College IS OPEN DAY AND EVENING. Pupils may enter at any time. A thorough Business training is given... S. E. WHISTON, PRINCIPAL. 95 BARRINGTON ST., HALIFAX.

CURRIE'S BUSINESS SCHOOL, 100 Mecklenburg St., St. John, N. B. Courses given in Practical Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Business Writing, Correspondence, Typewriting, etc.

J. R. CURRIE, Expert Accountant. EDUCATION ON THE CONTINENT. A lady at present in Europe and accustomed to the custom of the continent is at liberty now to undertake a similar responsibility.

St. Martin's Seminary. HIS School offers rare advantages for study and improvement. Its attractive location, healthful surroundings, and refined home-life are especially noticeable.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOCHE, Norton, B. B., Chisholm, Harvey, Vanchocho, Upper Woodstock, Frasque Isle, Carleton, Fort Fairfield, Waymouth, and scores of other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling Facosmas.

ESTABLISHED, 1878. The St. John Academy of Art Now Open. Drawing and Painting, Sketching from Nature. 65 Prince William Street. Send Stamp for Circular, P. H. C. MILLS.

Ladies College and Conservatory of Music (In Union with the London College of Music). 100 KING STREET, EAST. Principal—Miss MONTAGUE A. MUIR, L. C. M., established by Rev. Dr. Barclay, Montreal; Hon. George A. Kirkpatrick, Lieut. Governor of Ontario, Toronto; Very Rev. Dean Norman, D. D., Quebec. Correspondence may be addressed to Dr. Barclay, St. Paul's Church, Montreal.

THE FACULTY. S. KERR, Principal of Business Department, teacher of Arithmetic, Banking, Commercial Law, etc. Wm. Pringle, Principal of Short-hand Department and Penmanship department, teacher of Book-keeping, Correspondence, etc. Geo. Dunfield, teacher of Arithmetic, Book-keeping, etc. Miss Blanche Hentley, teacher of Short-hand and Typewriting. Wm. Gun, B. A., teacher of French and German. Send for Circulars and Specimens of Penmanship. KERR & PRINGLE, St. John, N. B.

HATS & BONNETS Trimmed and Untrimmed, in the latest French, English and American styles. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King Street.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a station paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 and 90 German street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum in advance.

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All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The Office Order or Registered Letter, should be payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

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KNOWLES' BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 29.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

The daily papers have been kept busy in telling of inaccuracies in the historical notes published in regard to the late Sheriff HARDING, and it must be admitted there has been a good deal of blundering. Even Progress was not wholly correct in all that it said, but in the matter of local history, when one has not the time to search scattered archives, and relies on the presumably excellent memories of the oldest inhabitants, there are very apt to be errors as to dates as well as different versions of events.

The reminiscences of the late Sheriff HARDING have been chiefly of a political character, but when one comes to think of all else that has happened in the last thirty-five years there seems to be a good deal of food for thought in many other directions. Sheriff HARDING, while not a young man, was so active and prominent as a citizen up to the last day of his life that he was a part of the living present more than of the dead past, yet in the time during which he held his office many and vital changes have taken place in this community. Thirty-five years ago, while St. John did a flourishing trade with its splendid fleet of merchant ships as carriers, it was in other respects pretty well shut out from the rest of the world and made no claims to being a summer resort. The only railway it had was the E. & N. A. line which then extended only as far as Hampton, and was designed to open up trade relations with Shediac. Halifax could be reached by stage but the more convenient way was to take a steamer to Windsor. Fredericton was easily reached by steamer in the summer, but when the river was frozen the long journey by team was unavoidable. A steamer running to Boston twice a week sufficed for travel in that direction, while the United States daily mail came overland by stage from St. Stephen. There was telegraphic communication with the outside world, but the wires were few in number and the volume of business was small. There were no ocean cables, and though one was laid in 1858, its term of service was very brief, and it was not until 1864 that ocean telegraphy was made of practical use. As for the uses of electricity for lighting and power, their day was very far off.

There was not at that time a daily paper in the province, nor was there a printing press run by any power beyond human muscle. While sewing machines were known, it is doubtful if one had reached St. John as early as 1858, and there were many other labor-saving appliances now deemed indispensable which were unknown in those days. The brick buildings in St. John were easily counted then, and were noticeable because of the preponderance of wooden structures even on such thoroughfares as King street. There was no city hall, and the post office was in a small brick structure on Princess street, where the Barnhill building now stands. There were JOHN HOWE and a few clerks did the duties of the office, the most important of which related to the arrival and departure of the English mail. The citizens got their letters by asking for them at the delivery window, for such conveniences as lock boxes did not come until many years later. Those were easy going days, when men prospered and lived comfortably without a great many of the "modern improvements" which have come of recent years. The city was old-fashioned in its appearance and in many of its methods, yet there was something about those times to which those who are growing old now look back with pleasant recollection. There seems to have been a good deal that made life worth living for the average citizen in those times, which as old folks look at it, was swept away with the old times surroundings on the day of the Great Fire.

To think of the time when Mr. HARDING was appointed sheriff seems to be taking a long look backward, and yet, as years count, it was not so long ago. At the rate the world is moving, however, even thirty-five years cover changes greater than happened previous to that time in the history of St. John as a city. The world is moving very rapidly in these times.

It is one of the contradictions of human nature that the most certain thing in life is the most uncertain, and that what is happening all the time is little mentioned save when brought to your attention by some special instance of its presence. Men are dying every hour, and even in this Canada of ours, more than twelve hundred pass away every week of the year. Once in a while several whom we know die about the same time, and then we are apt to think that folks are dying off more rapidly than they did years ago.

This idea was noticeable in the talk of a good many elderly people last week, when four old-time citizens passed away within a few hours of each other. In more than one knot of their acquaintances was the conclusion reached that people are dying off more rapidly, and more suddenly than they did a generation ago. The truth is, however, that not only do less deaths occur, in proportion to population, than occurred a generation ago, but that the average duration of life is longer. There is a contrary impression derived from the occasional cases of men who are of "the old stock" and are hale and hearty after four-score, but who can tell if there will not be an equal proportion of nonagenarians in this country half a century or a century from now? If anybody will consult an old file of newspapers, or if he will note the ages recorded on the tombstones in any old graveyard, he will find that the young and the old alike passed away as they do now? If figures tell the truth, a greater proportion of young people died than they do nowadays. It may be admitted that the Canada census of 1891 is incorrect and misleading as regards the living, but special pains were taken in other ways than by enumerators, to secure reliable statistics of the dead. In the census of 1881 the number of deaths admittedly fell short of the actual mortality, but profiting by the mistakes then made, a more complete system was carried out in the last compilation. The results show that the deaths in 1890-91 were 14.10 in the thousand as against 15.34 in 1880-81. The death in 1880-81 were one in every 65 persons, while they were only one in 71 persons in 1890-91. As compared with other countries, this is a very favorable showing. In England the rate is one in 51; Scotland, one in 50; Ireland, one in 55; and Australia, which has been supposed to have the lowest death rate in the world) shows one in every 70 persons. With the general death rate of 14.10 per thousand for all Canada, it is gratifying to find that New Brunswick is below the average with 13.36, while Nova Scotia is but 14.57. The most healthy of the maritime provinces appears to be Prince Edward Island, where the rate is only 12.26 in the thousand, while Quebec makes the worst showing with 18.91 as its rate. It may be of interest, as well as of importance in showing that the sturdy Nova Scotians are not growing weaker as they grow wiser, but that the race is as healthy as in the good old times, that the number of deaths of children under one year old was only 94 in the thousand, whereas it was more than 100 in other parts of Canada. In this respect Nova Scotia, New Zealand and Ireland stand very close together in favorable comparison with all the rest of the world.

The point as to people of mature years dying off more rapidly than they did in the past is a very natural idea with people who see their friends depart year after year, but it is only a fancy. "The tendency in Canada appears to be for useful working life to be increased," says the statistician, and he adds that "the term of useful working appears to extend to an more advanced age in Canada." All of which is encouraging. Congratulations are in order to Mr. HENRY LAURENTUS STURDIE on having at last secured an office, and a very snug one at that. There is a current belief that had Mr. STURDIE attended to his profession with as much diligence as he has applied to the search for office he would have been in a position where the income of the sheriff's office would have been no objection to him. Be that as it may, he is sheriff now, and PROGRESS congratulates him in the same breath in which it regrets that St. John must lose so good a citizen as Mr. HENRY J. THORNE. No one can doubt that Mr. STURDIE will make an excellent sheriff, and that he will dignify as well as adorn the highest office in the county. May his term of office be as long as that of his honored predecessor.

SOME FACTS ABOUT DEATH.

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The general PRICK WEBBER seems to have encountered an adversary in Windsor in the person of Mr. MEIKLE, an evangelist, who has been holding revival meetings there. According to the account of our correspondent, Mr. MEIKLE assumed a vigorously aggressive position and captured an audience on the eve of a performance. At a later period Mr. WEBBER appears to have recaptured at least a portion

of the crowd. Mr. MEIKLE probably looks upon the theatre in the abstract as the essence of all that is evil, but there ought to be room enough for him and the only original PRICK WEBBER in the one town at the same time. More than one struggling church in these provinces has had reason to thank members of that particular dramatic company for timely and substantial donations. There are some christians who do not attend theatres, and some christians who do, but in every community, not excepting classic Windsor, there are so many grievous sins against which war may be waged that opposition to a reputable show seems a misdirection of energy. From the showman's point of view, however, the advertisement means dollars.

English papers give an account of the execution of nineteen Chinese pirates near Hong Kong. The whole batch was disposed of in six minutes, which seems a remarkably short time, though there is no statement that the executioner broke any record. The Chinese method of execution is by beheading, the executioner stepping behind the criminal, seizing his pigtail and cutting off his head with one stroke of the sword. The process is simple and efficacious, and seems to be an improvement on the methods used by us in our boasted civilization. If it were adopted here, however, and the sheriff were required to carry out the sentence in prison, there would be less bustling over the vacancy in the city and county of St. John.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Twilight. I am sitting in the twilight. The twilight cold and grey; For the beauty of the sunlight Has long since passed away. The wind's blowing wildly, And I hear the ocean roar, As the white waves chase each other And break upon the shore. The oak trees near the window Creak and groan at every blast, And the brown leaves scurry past me, Glad to reach the ground at last. My life seems just as dreary As I watch it shining there, As the cold grey world around me Fast darkens into night. But, even as I think it, I see a tiny light, Far off in the cloudy distance, Shine out into the night. With eager eyes I watch it, And it brightens as I gaze, Till it glows with a tender radiance Like the memory of past days. My weary heart grows lighter As I watch it shining there, For it soothes my tired spirit Like a sweet and solemn prayer.

'Tis only a little lonely star, But sent with a Father's love, To make me forget life's troubles And think of the home above. Y. O. L.

Life's Dream. This life is like a magic spell, Such as, old enchanters tell, Is vanquished by a running stream 'Till the glamour's might is broken, That which binds us gives us taken Then all we see is but a Dream.

It leads us from the sunnier shore, Through ragged pathways dark and sore, And feels of pleasure clad in green; Until the turning of the leaves To autumn's crimson so deceives; We think they but the brighter seem.

And when we read the Western height Where the sunsets' shafts of light Break upon a shield of cloud— We tread, in doubt, the dark'ning slope And, all unknowing, blindly grope Toward the sound of waters loud.

Deep in the valley of the Night The eternal dews pure and bright, O'er it as magic bridge is cast, And when we try to ford the stream Scantly fades the changing dream And the spell of life is past. LACHESIS.

Sunlight and Shadows. Think not when the sky is cloudless, That rain will never fall, For long they may be hidden By a dark and heavy pall. Think not when the days glide smoothly, For life will surely pass, Sunlight and shadow await thee, E'er thy heart knoweth its care.

In shadow some lives seem enveloped, Through the valley their pathway do lay, But their clouds have a lining of silver, And darkness will turn into day. Some blossoms of fragrance and beauty Thrive best 'neath the shade of the wood, And the same hand that planted the wild-flowers, Can change what seems evil to good.

This life is the school time of mortal, Each one has a task to prepare, He only who faithfully labors, Will win the palm of a conqueror's ear.

For many a soul has arisen From under the chattering rind, Led by a cloud of affliction Into the sunlight of God. L. L.

A Ministering Angel Thou. The prayer is said beside the mother's knee, When she is near, all troubles quickly flee, Her soothing voice and touch, so gentle, light, Dispel the phantoms of the silent night, Quick is her ear to hear the slightest cry, And fleet the foot to minister, reply, To bid us every sorrow, give word of cheer, With whisp'ers soft and low, so fond, so dear, Lightens the gloom of dark affliction's hour, By kind and loving thought, a gentle power, The pillow smooths, as we depart alone, And lingers near, when death has claimed its own, Faithful and true, deying self to prove A "ministering angel" bright, of peace and love. FENO.

A Thought. Across the years (ang hits of time These tired feet have yet to climb); I wonder if the joy will come, If lips shall sing, that now are dumb, Across the years.

For Life, we seem to stand and wait A heart's sad breathing-space—oh wait We've grown too old each day we done, Since time may bite some fuller one Behind the scenes. A day in Life's long year, but one, (Although at eve there set Life's Sun,) When lips dare speak the heart's dear song; I think the way could not seem long, Across the years.

The Laugh of a Child. O, the laugh of a child, so joyous and free, How it rings through the air a glad melody; How it makes all life's burdens more easy to bear, And casts beams of sunlight about everywhere! O, the laugh of a child, how it fills with delight The heart of the mother, and puts care to flight; How it gladdens the widow, and strengthens her arm To work for her child, and to shield him from harm! O, the clear-ringing, innocent laugh of a child, Welling up from a heart all unclouded; How it foods with glad music this old earth below, And gives home a charm which naught else can bestow! EBERH. GRIMWOLD.

After. If some great god my dying lips should kiss, As to my pillow ere he answereth, "Lo, thou shalt choose thy guardian after death," Holding the white in those kind hands of his Unbounded heart with eternal bliss, And, else, on earth continuance of breath— That surely he to die most earnestly.— "O mighty God," would I make moan, and pray, "This—only death, with utter light and peace; For life is now a weary, lengthened day, Let me but rest, O God, bid far away, Beneath the silent waves of summer sea." S.

CAMPBELLTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. A. Ex. ad. wholesaler and retail dealer in dry goods, notions, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriage and machinery.]

April 26.—There was a quiet marriage last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. E. Ketchum. The contracting parties were Mr. John Norman and Miss Lavinia Ketchum. Only the immediate friends of the family were present. Mr. and Mrs. Norman left by the midnight express for Bathurst where they intend to reside for the summer.

Mr. J. B. Magee, auditing freight agent of the I. C. R. was in town on Thursday. Mr. John Barberie of Dalhousie visited friends here last week.

"Beauregard" was the scene of a party last night when Mr. J. V. Vassar tendered a farewell dinner to Mr. W. Daniel of the bank of Nova Scotia, who intends leaving for Nova Scotia this week. At six o'clock the guests sat down to a sumptuous and most recherche repast, after which they had a battle at whist, thoroughly enjoying a most pleasant evening. Those invited included Rev. J. L. McDonald, John McAlister, Mr. F. W. A. Mott, Mr. F. P. Dr. Loran, William Murray, ex M. P. P. Major Alexander, Messrs. W. W. Doherty and John Howat.

Mr. Albert Anderson spent a few days in Dalhousie last week, relieving Mr. Lutz, station agent. Mr. J. P. Bream, of Moncton, paid a brief visit to Campbellton, last week. Dr. Lunan made a short trip to New Mills on Monday.

Mr. William Mott accompanied by her little granddaughter, Miss Hazel Lingley, were the guests of her brother, Mr. Charles Stewart, of Dalhousie, last week.

Miss Daisy Barrie, of Dalhousie, is enjoying a visit to Campbellton, the guest of Miss Leticia Lobbay, at Mr. O. A. Barrie's.

Messrs. G. M. L. Brown, of the "Enterprise" and H. H. Gray, went to St. John, last week. The parlor concert, at the house of Mr. Henry Wood, on Thursday evening, was a success. Quite a neat sum having been realized for the benefit of the Ladies' Missionary Society. During the evening, several recitations, vocal and instrumental solos were contributed, which added much to the pleasure of the company. All kinds of games were also indulged in, and coffee, sandwiches and cake, was served about eleven.

Among those who came up from Dalhousie to attend the risk Jubilee concert, on Saturday, were Mrs. George Moffat, the Misses Manie Moffat, Kate Dooney, Lena Hildner, and George Hildner; Messrs. Bert Blackhall, Arthur McGregor, Will Montgomery, Allison Ritchie and H. L. Johnson.

Mr. Harry Wathen, went to St. John, on Thursday, and on his return, spent Sunday, at his home in Harcourt.

Mr. John Barberie of Dalhousie drove to Campbellton Saturday.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Carr gave an enjoyable party for their daughters the Misses Sophy and Annie at St. Andrew's Mansie on Saturday last. Those invited were the Misses Amy Prior, Maud Henderson, Jessie Fawcett, Carry McMillan, Miss Andrew, Elsie Johnston, Lydia Duncan, Mary and Elsie Mart, Fannie Adams, Tene Murray, Alice McKenna and others.

Miss Sarah Murphy of Dalhousie returned home on Monday having spent a few days with friends in town.

Mr. Roy of Truro, N. S., was visiting Mrs. Burns last week. Miss Kate Phillips and Miss Crumley of the shiretown came up on the Monday morning train.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Richmond by Theo. P. Graham.]

April 26th.—The greatest musical event that has taken place in our town for years, was the concert given last Thursday evening, in the Temperance Hall, by the Risk Jubilee Singers. The large audience present, expected, from the fame of this company, a musical treat, and they got it.

Messrs. James Ferguson, of Bathurst, and Thomas Crumman, of Chatham, were in town, last week. Mr. W. W. Wells, of Moncton, is attending court here.

Mr. Herdman, a catechist, who has come to work in the mission field, at Kouchibouguac, during the summer, preached in Chalmers' church, on Sunday last.

Mr. Henry O'Leary, left on Tuesday for Campbellton. Mrs. E. Powell, formerly of this town is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sayer.

Miss Jennie Jardine, is able to be out after her lengthy illness. Miss Maud McCreary, was suffering from rheumatism last week, but is now improving.

Mr. Samuel Thompson, Q. C., of Newcastle, spent Sunday in town. Mr. J. F. Black, has been indisposed for some days past. Her daughter, Mrs. Keith, of Harcourt, is here.

Mr. John Law, and Miss Law, whose father was a former pastor of St. Andrew's presbyterian church at Kingston, arrived from Scotland, last Saturday, on a visit to their mother, Mrs. Robert Law. The late Mr. James Law, was the benefactor of St. Andrew's congregation, for some thirty years, during which time, it was one of the leading religious institutions on the North Shore.

Falling health necessitated the giving up of his charge, after which, he returned to Inver, his native land, where his death occurred. He was a preacher of ability and power, and was recognized as such, throughout the province. AUBOIA.

APRIL 24.—La grippe or something very like it visited us in March and still carries on. Fortunately there are no deaths to chronicle as the result, but it has effectively killed everything in the way of social entertainments.

Messrs. Lenout and Flett, of Jersey (channel islands) spent the greater part of last week here with Mr. Flett's brother and left on Saturday for Cape Breton.

Mr. Flett gave a small party in their honor on Friday evening. Mr. John Hubbard, who spent the winter here, left on Monday for home in Lowell, Mass. Mrs. Hubbard is the fortunate possessor of a bright, cheerful disposition, and her friends, who are only invited by her acquaintances, are greeted at her departure.

Mrs. Colson Hubbard and baby Margaret, went to Newcastle on Tuesday last and will visit Mrs. Hubbard's mother. Mr. Rive, Messrs. Young, Miss Blackhall and Miss Lowe, of Clifton, attended the Fiske concert at Bathurst on Monday evening.

I hear of two weddings that are to take place here during the summer and a rather vague rumor of a third later in the summer. Evin.

ADDITIONAL DARTMOUTH NOTES. APRIL 27.—A wedding at Bedford is always an event of unusual interest, and long before the hour appointed for the marriage of Miss Hare and Mr. Prescott Johnston on Wednesday, the little church was filled with friends, many of whom have known the bride from her childhood, to witness the ceremony. Exactly at 3 o'clock she entered the church with her uncle, Mr. Augustus Allison, of Halifax, who also gave her away. She looked very pretty in a travelling dress of grey cloth and silk, with hat and feathers to match. Her sister, and only bridesmaid, Miss Louise Hare, wore brown, and both ladies carried handsome bouquets of white flowers. The groom was accompanied by Major Menger, of Halifax, who did duty as best man, and the newly appointed rector of Bedford, the Rev. Mr. Tucker, performed the marriage service.

Owing to the continued illness of the bride's father, there were no invited guests, but many of the immediate friends and relatives on both sides were present, among whom I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnston, the Misses Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. H. McKenzie, Miss Bangs, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Allison, Mr. and Mrs. K. Fairbanks, Mr. and Mrs. Misses Parker, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Davies, Misses Crichton and Gracie, and many others. Directly after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Johnston drove from the church to the station, where they took the Windsor and Annapolis train, en route for Yarmouth.

I hear that the bride received many handsome presents from friends and relatives at home and abroad, but I was not fortunate enough to obtain a complete list. ALICE.

BATHURST. [PROGRESS is for sale in Bathurst at McGilley's Grocery store.]

APRIL 26.—Miss Janie C. Wilbur, who has been for some months visiting among friends here, left on Wednesday morning for her home in Woodstock. Among the visitors of the week were Mrs. Philip R. Ve, Mrs. Colson Hubbard, and the Misses Young.

Rev. Father Dickson, was in town for a short time this week. Elgdon of the Merchants bank of Halifax, has been here for some days in the capacity of inspector.

Mr. Jack Eagles was in town last week. BARNARD RUDOL.

ST. ANDREWS.

APRIL 26.—Mrs. Charles Gove went by boat to Boston, today. Miss Charlotte Stevenson spent a few days in St. Stephen, last week. Mr. Charles Wallace has returned to his home in Providence, R. I. Mrs. Ketchum goes to visit friends in Boston, tomorrow.

The marriage of Miss Minnie O'Dell and Mr. Harold Stickle, took place in all Saints church this morning. The bride was attired in an elegant and becoming gown of white cloth with broad feather trimmings, and wore a white hat trimmed with ostrich tips. The bridesmaid, Miss Morris, wore a pretty gown of dark green velvet with tan colored trimmings, hat to match. The groom was attended by Mr. E. N. Cockburn. After the ceremony, which was performed by Canon Ketchum, the guests repaired to the bride's home, where cake, sandwiches, coffee and wine were served. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. John Stickle, Miss Jerry Stickle, Mr. W. W. Stickle, Mrs. Stickle, Mrs. T. E. Wren, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Smith, Miss and Mrs. MacMaster, Mrs. Griesmer, Mrs. Howard Grimmer, Miss Sprague, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Ketchum, Canon Ketchum, Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Ketchum, Miss Armstrong, Miss Morrison, Miss McKay, Mrs. Carmichael, Miss K. A. Store, Marian Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Miss Clark, Miss Green, Mr. and Mrs. M. Mack, Miss Andrew, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hildner, Mrs. Hildner, Miss Kay, Miss R. Morrison, Miss Bradley, Mrs. and Miss Stevenson, Mrs. Hartwood, Mrs. and Mrs. Leviner, Mr. Brodie, Mr. W. B. Morris, Mr. E. N. Cockburn, Mr. F. P. Barnard and Mr. R. Armstrong.

The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents: From the groom, a piano; from Mrs. O'Dell, the bride's mother, beautiful silver spoons; from Mr. O'Dell, handsome silver water pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Y. Stickle, marble clock; from Mr. G. S. Stickle, silver spoon and fork; Mr. W. W. Stickle, piece of silver; Mrs. Sharp, silver berry spoon; Mr. and Mrs. Wren, handsome silver spoons; Mr. and Mrs. H. Griesmer, engraving; Mrs. Purdy (St. John), silver and gold suit bowl; Miss Stevenson, silver sugar spoon; Miss Morris, silver salt cellars; Mr. E. N. Cockburn, silver cake sick; A. Store, silver cake basket; Mrs. MacMaster, emerald center piece and doilies; Miss Rose, silver, nut crackers and pick; gold of St. John's church, Dresden fruit dish; Miss Kay, souvenir spoon; Mr. Brodie, silver berry spoon; Dr. Ketchum, gold and silver spoons; Miss Aubrey Street (Newcastle), pair of vases; Mrs. Simpson, embroidered center piece and doilies; Mr. Chas. Wallace, silver spoons, silver sugar spoon; and numerous other presents. The groom's present to the bridesmaid was a ring set with rubies and moonstones.

The bridal party was accompanied to the train by many friends, when they left for Boston and sister's of rice and good wishes. Miss McKay's many friends are glad to see her home again. Mr. Colin Carmichael left this morning for Clifton, where he will spend the summer. BELLOIA.

HAMPTON. APRIL 26.—Mr. Frank L. Thru, night operator in the I. C. R. office here, for the last two years, has gone to St. John, where he has accepted a similar position.

Rev. Geo. M. Campbell of Exmouth street, St. John, exchanged pulpits with Rev. S. Howard of this place on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Hayward, who have been spending the winter in the south have returned home. Mrs. Edwin Fairweather of St. John, has returned to Lakeside, where she will reside in the future.

Mr. James R. Emphrey of the I. C. R. hotel, has removed from Hampton. Miss Carrie Frost of St. John, was visiting her brother across the river in Lower Norton last week. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lamont of Boston, are visiting Mr. Cecil March.

Mr. H. A. McKelown of St. John, Mr. A. S. White, Mr. J. Arthur Freeze and Mr. Charles Kinnear of Sussex were among the visitors in town last week.

Miss Kittie Travis has returned home from McGill college to spend the vacation here.

[FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.] APRIL 25.—Mrs. Burns wife of Rev. Mr. Burns who has been visiting friends in the Upper provinces returned home last week. Miss Minnie Travis who has been visiting friends in St. John, has returned home.

Miss Minnie is visiting friends in Sussex. Mrs. Edgerton Seely and Miss Ketchum who have been visiting friends in the I. C. R. hotel, have returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Simonds spent Sunday here with friends.

Mrs. H. F. Chute spent Friday in the city. Mrs. Justus Earle of Fredericton is visiting Mrs. E. Earle.

Mr. Arthur Ervin, of Cambridgeport, Mass., is spending a few days here with friends. Mr. A. C. Malice and Miss I. Seely spent Friday in the city.

Among those who went to the city to hear the Gilmore band were Messrs. R. H. Smith, B. Sharp, Robt. Cunningham, F. Mabee, Wm. Kennedy, John Bar.

Miss Magie Catheline has returned to Hampton for the summer. SALSBUURY.

APRIL 26.—Mr. A. L. Wright of Moncton, returned to his home on Thursday, after having made a visit with his daughter in St. John. Mr. Wright Rev. Eugene Chapman, St. John, is making a visit at his home in St. John, today.

Mrs. Sander of Moncton, paid her friends a visit on Tuesday. Mrs. James Macdonald of Coverdale, was in town Thursday.

Mr. Joseph Randall, went to St. John on Friday to attend the Gilmore band concert. Mr. Frank Taylor went to St. John last week. Miss Lila Smith entertained a few friends at tea on Monday.

Mrs. Lilla Brown, after making a protracted visit with her friends in Lynd, Mass., to visit with her father, returns to Bathurst, tomorrow. Several persons went to Moncton on Monday evening to attend Miss Wortman's recital. THRELA.

WOODSTOCK. [PROGRESS is for sale in Woodstock by Barry Shaw and Mrs. John Leane & Co.]

APRIL 25.—Weddings and rumors of weddings are the interesting topics of conversation at present. Several weddings are slated for June and July, and one to take place very soon will bring a charming young lady to Woodstock.

Mr. Ferris of Chipman, Q. C., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hay. Mr. Stephen Smith will be in St. John last week from Montreal, she is at present the guest of her niece, Mrs. B. Harry Smith.

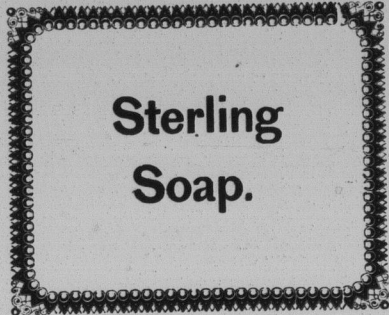
Mrs. Walter Fisher, Fredericton, spent a few days in Woodstock, last week. Miss Alice Smith is visiting in Centerville. Miss Jordan returned home last week. Invitations are issued for a dance on Thursday evening.

The "Japanese Tea" and entertainment given by the young people of the F. C. B. church, last Tuesday evening, proved a genuine success, financially and otherwise. ELAIN.

MAUGERVILLE. APRIL 19.—James Shields, whose illness has been mentioned before, died on

ANDREWS.

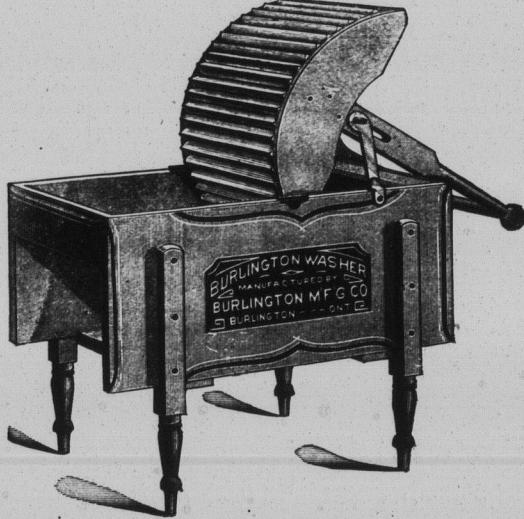
Charles Gore went by boat to... Mrs. Thomas A. Temple who went south for her health...



Sterling Soap.

he recipient of many beautiful... Mrs. J. W. Stickey, piece of rip, silver berry spoon; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Stickey, piece of silver...

Owing to this cut being so large, we have no room to speak of the merits of this washer. Just try it and you will never do without it.



SHERATON & KINNEAR, 38 King Street. Telephone 358.

HAMPTON. Frank L. Tins, night operator in here, for the two years, has there he has accepted a similar...

WATERBURY. A. L. Wright of Moncton, returned on Thursday, after having made a daughter in law, Mrs. L. A. Chapman, St. John, is making a...

WOODSTOCK. The sale in Woodstock by Barry John Leane & Co. Weddings and rumors of weddings...

LAVERGILLE. Mrs. Shields, whose illness has been fatal, died on Tuesday morning. The funeral in the cemetery at Lower St. John...

MONROE, N.E. C. I. Kellogg, clerk of the American, in town this week. A Pyralis ball, took place Wednesday...

D. E. COLES. I. O. SHARP. COLES & SHARP, Successors to COLES, PARSONS & SHARP. Model Grand Ranges, 90 CHARLOTTE STREET.

CASH GROCERY. Corn, Peas, Pumpkin and Tomato 8 cts. Choice British Columbia Salmon— as nice as fresh caught—14 cts. Canned Apples (gal.)—best in market—20 cts. per Can. HARDRESS CLARKE, 73 SYDNEY STREET.

C. FLOOD & SONS. THE MORRIS PIANO has no equal in mechanical construction, Solidity, Strength and Durability; and its Pure Quality of tone is unequalled by any. 31 and 33 King St. D. E. COLES. I. O. SHARP. COLES & SHARP, Successors to COLES, PARSONS & SHARP. Model Grand Ranges, 90 CHARLOTTE STREET.



Donald, now passenger agent of the Chicago and Albany railway, were glad to see him in town last week. Mr. James Price has been confined to the house through illness lately.

Mr. Arthur B. Smith, of Moncton, who was spending a week here with his friend Mr. Roy Campbell, has returned home. Mr. Alfred F. Street, of Fredericton, has been making a visit to relatives in this city.

Mr. W. F. Furey has been spending the last four months at her orange farm in Florida, has returned to St. John. Mr. A. Stevens, of the I. C. R. telegraph staff left last week for Chicago, where he has secured a permanent position.

Mr. John Montgomery left last week for a visit to Halifax. Mr. Charles E. McPherson, of the C. P. R., returned last Wednesday from a trip to Chicago. Mr. George Bruce went to Halifax on Tuesday to be present at the closing exercises of Pine Hill college.

Mr. Charles G. O'Reilly, formerly of this city, is now located in Beacon avenue, Boston, where he is engaged as a ship broker and commissioner. Miss Annie A. Thompson, of Sussex, has been visiting St. John.

Mr. Harry W. DeForest, son of the late Mr. George DeForest left for New York on Wednesday evening. The bride and groom will start on their return trip to St. John. Mr. F. H. J. Ruel, of the Bank of Montreal, who is state entar for the New Brunswick division of the Century Road Club of America, has made a liberal offer to bicyclists which will doubtless lead to hearty competition among members of the club in this division.

Rev. George Steele has been making a visit to Chatham. Major William Drury, of this city, was a passenger from Halifax last Saturday by the steamer Vancouver for Alderhot, England, where he intends taking a special course in gunnery. Miss Neale Simonds, who was the guest here for some time of her sister, Mrs. Arthur P. Tippet, has returned to "the Knoll," Sussex. Rev. J. R. Hopkins, of Perth, Victoria county, has been spending some days in St. John, and filled the pulpit of St. Luke's church last Sunday. Mrs. Thomas F. Raymond has removed from Queen street to a house on the corner of Orange and Sydney streets. Captain E. C. Elkin, who has been absent for some weeks in Florida has returned home. Miss Allen and Miss Ada Allen, of Fredericton, have been visiting friends in this city. The high esteem in which the late Sheriff James A. Harding was held by the citizens of St. John was shown on Saturday last when hundreds of persons representing all classes, followed his remains to their last resting place in the Rural cemetery. The casket was strewn with floral tributes, remarkable for their beauty, fragrance and artistic design, among them being a large basket of white roses and ferns, with the inscription "at rest" from Deputy Sheriff Rankin and his family, Mr. David McLellan and the registry clerks sent a crescent of roses and Easter lilies, while a beautiful sheaf of wheat with the inscription "to our beloved brother" was the offering of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Harding, two great bunches of calla lilies from Mr. Peter Clinch, a star of pink and white roses from Miss Gilbert, and a large bouquet of roses from Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Knodell, bearing appropriate inscriptions were noticeable among the many floral tokens sent by friends in the city, as well as by those outside. The services at the house and grave were conducted by Rev. John deSoyres, rector of St. John's church. The pallbearers were Hon. A. G. Blair, Messrs J. DeWolf Spurr, G. Sydney Smith, John McMillan, James Reynolds and George F. Smith. Among the various societies and bodies who formed part of the funeral cortege none attracted greater attention than three of the famous "Paris crew" in whom Sheriff Harding always took such a deep interest. Mr. Frank Sherwood of Rothesay left on Monday night for New Brunswick where he has received an excellent appointment. Mr. D. Russell Jack has been making a visit to Norton, Kings county. Major and Mrs. J. D. Chipman, of St. Stephen, have been spending some days in our city. Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith, who has been visiting her mother here, has returned to her home at Dorchester. The many old friends in St. John, of Mr. Walker Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.,

NEW PREMISES, 65 to 69 KING ST.

Ladies' Underwear Department. Special value for this week. 100 Ladies' Night Dresses, 32 to 54 inches long, fine English Longcloth, with 3-button tucks, Hamburg insertion and frill, at \$1.00. 150 Night Dresses, 32 to 54 inches long, made of fine English Longcloth, with 2 rows of 5-button tucks, Hamburg insertion and frill, at \$1.25 each. Night Dresses in Hamburg, Swiss and Torsion lace-trimmed, from \$1.50 to \$2.00; all new patterns, made to our special order and of very superior workmanship. Drawers, English Longcloth, plain hems and tucks, at 65 cts.; Drawers, English Longcloth, 5 tucks, Hamburg frill, at 75 cts. Corsets, all sizes, from \$1 to \$1.00. Chemise, English Longcloth, Hamburg and lace-trimmed, from \$1.00 to \$3.00.

White Skirts. White Skirts, English Longcloth, 5 tucks, 3-inch hem, at \$1.00. White Skirts, English Longcloth, 9 tucks or Hamburg frill, at \$1.15. White Skirts, with one and two Hamburg flounces, in Lawn and English Longcloth, from \$1.50 to \$2.00. White Skirts, Torsion lace-trimmed, from \$3.75 to \$6.50. Colored Skirts in Silk, Moresen, Lustre and Cotton.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 65 to 69 King Street.

AMERICAN HAIR STORE.

ST CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN N. B. J. W. RAMSDELL, 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 Russe, Cuir de Brieux. HAIR GOODS of every description. Ladies' and Gents' WIGS. HALF WIGS. QUARTER WIGS. FRENCH FRONTS. WATER WAVES. TOUPEES. BRAIDS. BANGS. FRIZZES. CURLING IRONS from 2 cts. to 75 cts. WAVING IRONS from 15 cts. to \$2.00. Fashion Novelties in ORNAMENTAL HAIR PINS. BROOCHES. STICK PINS. PURSES. HAIR BRUSHES. DRESSING COMBS. TOOTH POWDERS. TOOTH BRUSHES. &c., &c., &c.

DO YOU KNOW THAT A FEW FLOWERS will Always Please Your Sick Friend? Flowers by Mail a Specialty. On receipt of 50c. or \$1.00 we will send a sample lot by mail prepaid. Safe arrival guaranteed. NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY, - Lockman St., Halifax, N. S. JAMES H. HARRIS, Manager.

AFTER BREAKFAST DIALOGUE: HUSBAND: Anything you want down town this morning? WIFE: Yes, I wish you would drop into ALEXANDER'S on Water St. and see that new range he is advertising in CATALOGUE. Mrs. Jackson has one of them and she can't say enough in its praise. We must have a new Range, and I think "The Kitchen Witch" will suit us splendidly. HUSBAND: All right; let us have the Kitchen Witch by all means. It is a Range I see, so it is sure to be what it is represented.

THE KITCHEN WITCH. is a Perfect Beauty. A RANGE that is sure to give SATISFACTION. FOR SALE BY C. B. Allan, - 19 Water St.

LATEST IN PHOTOGRAPHY. Mantello, Corona and Parisian Panel. Enamel Work and Grouping a Specialty. J. H. GONNOLLEY, St. John, N. B., - 75 Charlotte St., Cor. King.

Daniel & Robertson. SILK DEPARTMENT. We ask special attention to our assortments of Black and Colored Silks. This is one of our largest departments and always stocked with the newest and most popular makes in demand. Samples mailed at any time. LONDON HOUSE RETAIL, - St. John.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax at the following prices: Knowles' Book Store, 24 George street; Barrington street; CAPPODINI & CO., 111 Halifax street; HAYES & MYLREA, Morris street; CORNOLLI'S BOOK STORE, George street; BRIDGES' DRESS STORE, Spring Garden road; FLOWERS' DRESS STORE, Opp. I. C. R. depot; J. J. KLINE, 107 Gougeon street; F. J. GRIFFIN, 17 Jacob street; CANADA NEWS CO., Halifax depot; KEMMET & CO., Grandville street; F. J. HORNEMAN, Spring Garden road; N. SARRE & SON, George street; E. SUTVEL, Dartmouth, N. S.; J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N. S.

Tuesday seems to have been the beginning of this week so far as entertainments were concerned. The afternoon was taken up by the Dalhousie Convocation, which was held at the Academy of Music. To say that the theatre was packed, expresses the condition of things very mildly. Long before three o'clock it was impossible to get a seat on the ground floor, and when the balcony was filled, the crowd stood humbly up into the gallery, where the goals were wont to congregate. Pandemonium reigned below; a fog horn and crackers mingled with shouts and cat-calls; hints on department were audibly addressed to the rows of graduates seated on the stage, and when the proceedings had begun and comparative quiet had set in, a benediction from the centre aisle of the building with great applause. The audience was rather a sombrely dressed one, the afternoon being so chilly that few ladies had gone so far as to don their spring bonnets. The scene was enhanced, however, by the large pieces of colored paper which descended airily from the gallery.

Among the gentlemen seated on the platform were the Lieut-Governor, Rev. Principal Forest, Dr. Weldon, Dr. Macdonald, Mr. Justice Sedgewick, Mr. John Dool and others. The introductory address was given by Principal Forest, but when that had been listened to in a variable manner, the students rather took charge of the proceedings. All the remaining speeches were lost in the torrent of ironical comment and songs, which once set flowing were irrepensible. Some of the words of the songs were rather cleverly applied, especially those addressed to one of the charming "girl graduates" and to a newly fledged medical man.

Of the former Miss Lucy Murray received high honors in philosophy, besides taking her B. A. degree, Miss Ida Macdonald, of Shirobrooke, also took this degree, and Miss Ethel Muir, B. L. Halifax, received the degree of M. L. After this who shall say women lack the brains to vote?

Among St. John men taking degrees were Messrs. Leonard Thier, H. F. Poddington, J. Montgomery, and A. O. Macrae. Among the Halifax men were: J. A. Payzant, W. B. MacCoy, J. B. Kenny, H. B. Stairs, and W. Thomson.

The valedictory addresses were delivered by Mr. George Arthur, and Mr. G. A. R. Rowlinson, the heads of the latter's discourse being as numerous as the initials of his name.

On Tuesday evening the Hon. W. and Mrs. Field, dressed in a large reception at their pleasant home in Spring Garden Road. The guests numbered all the members of the House of Assembly and Legislative Council, and a great number of fashionable and well known people. Mrs. Fielding was charmingly dressed and looked very well. Mrs. Tower and Mrs. Owen were both looking extremely handsome, and a great many very smart toilettes were worn by some of the other ladies present, of whom Mrs. Farrell was one.

Franklin Boudling and Mr. Currie both sang during the evening. Mr. Currie particularly delightfully. Supper was served about half past eleven, very prettily and lavishly. The whole affair was most successful and very well managed.

The dinner to Mr. Justice Sedgewick also took place on Tuesday evening, at the Halifax Hotel, the hosts being the members of the bar of Halifax. Mr. C. S. Harrington, Q. C. presided, and on each side of the chair were Mr. Justice Sedgewick, the guest of honor, and Mr. Daly, the Lieut-Governor. The vice-chairman was Mr. Benjamin Russell, Q. C., Judge Meagher, Judge Graham and Judge Henry were among the guests, and a great many prominent members of the bar of Nova Scotia were present.

The dinner was a most interesting one, breaking up the menu cards were extremely pretty and quite original. There were the usual toasts and speeches, some of the latter very happy. The dinner to Judge Sedgewick will be remembered as one of the most cheerful and successful reunions ever held by the legal profession.

The marriage of Mr. Stuart McCawley and Miss Florence Morley took place at St. Mark's on Wednesday morning, the Rev. H. LeMoine performing the ceremony. The bride looked charmingly pretty, was attended by Miss Rogers, as bridesmaid. Mr. Brady was best man. Mr. and Mrs. McCawley take up their residence in St. John, and carry with them the best wishes for the future of their Halifax friends.

Colonel Leach, E. B., and Mrs. Leach, are among the latest arrivals from England; Colonel Leach as your knowns, is taking the place left vacant in this position, by the departure of Colonel Hill. Mrs. Leach is accompanied by her two little girls, and by her sister, Miss Beazler. The whole party is at present staying at the "Waverly," but will take a house, as soon as one can be obtained.

Propos of millinery art, I hear that every one has been wrong as to the new general to be appointed. It is probable that General Davis will take the place of Sir John Ross, who will be ready to leave here about the middle of May. The departure of both Sir John and Miss Ross will be regretted in Halifax, as during their stay here, they have done a very great deal, to keep the social ball rolling. There has been a great deal of entertaining done at Bellevue House, in a quiet way, putting aside the large functions at which the whole town has assisted. As for the way in which these latter entertainments have been done, one has only to remember the ball, given by Sir John Ross during Prince George's stay here. Anything more lavishly or more beautifully done, can hardly be imagined. Of course, the usual things have been said, during the reign of the present general, about the inviting a certain clique to Bellevue, over and over again, to the exclusion of others, quite as deserving. But, if an Englishman's house is his castle, he is certainly permitted to make his own intimate friends and ask them to it. The great majority of Halifax society will be justly sorry, when Sir John Ross bids it good bye. I have heard rumors, which may, or may not be well founded, of a farewell dance to be given at Bellevue, early in May; whether it is to be large or small, my informant could not say.

Mr. G. Dalrymple, White, A. D. C., and Major Ferguson returned last week from their trip to Florida.

Among the passengers on the "Yanvooer" last week was the Hon. Arthur Stanley. The wheel of fortune has revolved very rapidly for the present Earl of Derby, it is not so very long since he was simply colonel of an infantry regiment. In future he will enjoy an income of some two hundred thousand pounds a year.

Judge Hodgson, of Charlottetown, has been spending a week in Halifax, having come over to await the arrival from Scotland of Mr. Lindsey, with whom he returned to Prince Edward Island on Tuesday. Dr. Murray MacLachlan, of St. John, spent a day or two here, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dool will go very shortly to Montreal where they will make their home for the

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

SPRING 1893.

We respectfully invite you to our Spring Opening of PARIS AND LONDON PATTERNS

Bonnets & Hats

AND Millinery Novelties,

ON THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, March 23rd, 24th, 25th.

Le Bon Marche, HALIFAX, N. S.

PNEUMATIC SULKY.

This and other styles.

PRICE AND SHAW,

222, 224, 226 and 228, Main St., St. John, N. B.

Mr. Arthur Dunlap has taken up bachelor quarters on Victoria street, but we have no present guarantee that he will remain many months after his mother goes.

Mr. Morris McKinnon returned home last week from Halifax, where he has been attending Dalhousie college.

Miss Hewson and Miss Welling made a short visit to friends in Sackville last week.

Mrs. and Miss Mack, of Sackville, were in town on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Puseley left on Tuesday evening's train for a short visit to Montreal, expecting to return via New York and Boston.

On Monday Mrs. H. G. Ketchum returned from Moncton. She was accompanied by her mother whom we trust will not stay long.

(Quite a number went to St. John to attend the concert by the famous Gipsy band. Among those who enjoyed the musical treat were Mr. H. A. Hill, Mr. C. A. Low, Mr. H. W. Rogers, Mr. Mark Barry and Mrs. C. Hill.

A very pleasant treat for the friends of the Oldfashioned, this evening, in their hands-only, furnished hall in some block, something after the fashion of a reception and supper.

The pleasant news of Miss Adie Parly's return from so many in certain most welcome as she has been absent for upwards of three years and won't come any too soon to please her large circle of friends in Amherst and vicinity.

On Monday evening Mrs. James Brown gave a pleasant party at her residence on Herby street that was a very merry and unusually pleasant affair. The guests were Mr. H. A. Hill, Mr. G. Dalrymple, Mr. J. B. Kenny, Mr. J. A. Payzant, Mr. W. B. MacCoy, Mr. J. B. Kenny, Mr. H. B. Stairs, and Mr. W. Thomson.

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The dinner to Mr. Justice Sedgewick also took place on Tuesday evening, at the Halifax Hotel, the hosts being the members of the bar of Halifax.

The dinner was a most interesting one, breaking up the menu cards were extremely pretty and quite original. There were the usual toasts and speeches, some of the latter very happy.

The dinner to Judge Sedgewick will be remembered as one of the most cheerful and successful reunions ever held by the legal profession.

The marriage of Mr. Stuart McCawley and Miss Florence Morley took place at St. Mark's on Wednesday morning, the Rev. H. LeMoine performing the ceremony.

The bride looked charmingly pretty, was attended by Miss Rogers, as bridesmaid. Mr. Brady was best man. Mr. and Mrs. McCawley take up their residence in St. John, and carry with them the best wishes for the future of their Halifax friends.

Colonel Leach, E. B., and Mrs. Leach, are among the latest arrivals from England; Colonel Leach as your knowns, is taking the place left vacant in this position, by the departure of Colonel Hill.

Mrs. Leach is accompanied by her two little girls, and by her sister, Miss Beazler. The whole party is at present staying at the "Waverly," but will take a house, as soon as one can be obtained.

Propos of millinery art, I hear that every one has been wrong as to the new general to be appointed. It is probable that General Davis will take the place of Sir John Ross, who will be ready to leave here about the middle of May.

The departure of both Sir John and Miss Ross will be regretted in Halifax, as during their stay here, they have done a very great deal, to keep the social ball rolling.

There has been a great deal of entertaining done at Bellevue House, in a quiet way, putting aside the large functions at which the whole town has assisted.

As for the way in which these latter entertainments have been done, one has only to remember the ball, given by Sir John Ross during Prince George's stay here.

Anything more lavishly or more beautifully done, can hardly be imagined. Of course, the usual things have been said, during the reign of the present general, about the inviting a certain clique to Bellevue, over and over again, to the exclusion of others, quite as deserving.

But, if an Englishman's house is his castle, he is certainly permitted to make his own intimate friends and ask them to it. The great majority of Halifax society will be justly sorry, when Sir John Ross bids it good bye.

I have heard rumors, which may, or may not be well founded, of a farewell dance to be given at Bellevue, early in May; whether it is to be large or small, my informant could not say.

Mr. G. Dalrymple, White, A. D. C., and Major Ferguson returned last week from their trip to Florida.

Among the passengers on the "Yanvooer" last week was the Hon. Arthur Stanley. The wheel of fortune has revolved very rapidly for the present Earl of Derby, it is not so very long since he was simply colonel of an infantry regiment.

In future he will enjoy an income of some two hundred thousand pounds a year.

Judge Hodgson, of Charlottetown, has been spending a week in Halifax, having come over to await the arrival from Scotland of Mr. Lindsey, with whom he returned to Prince Edward Island on Tuesday.

Dr. Murray MacLachlan, of St. John, spent a day or two here, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dool will go very shortly to Montreal where they will make their home for the

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

TRURO, N. S.

[PROGRAMME is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Paton's, and at D. H. Smith's.] APRIL 26.—Rev. Mr. Gale, late curate of St. John's, left on Thursday morning last, for his new rectory, in the parish of Granville, Granville Ferry, Annapolis county ones.

Mr. Clarence McDowell is home from Boston, for a visit among home friends. There were two very pleasant reunions on Thursday evening last. Miss Gerie Kent gave a large party, cards, followed by an impromptu quiet dance, and Mrs. Yorston's invitations were out for a dance on the same evening, given for her son, Mr. Will Yorston, who leaves shortly for Liverpool.

Among those seen at Mrs. Yorston's were: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cunningham, Miss Barratt, Miss Flora Hyde, Miss Archibald, Miss Tremaine, Miss McKay, Miss Dickie, Miss Crowe, Miss Pratt, Miss Lawrence, Miss McMullen, Messrs. W. Crowe, A. Campbell, G. Corbett, A. Black, W. McKay, J. Stanfield. Miss Kate Eaton, is here from Matland, and will remain during the absence of her sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Dickie, in New York.

Miss Maie Rettle, is a guest of Mrs. Von Pustan, Brooklyn, New York. The organ recital by Mr. E. R. Stuart, in St. Andrew's last night, was a great success. Mr. Stuart himself shows very marked improvement, as a fruit of Prof. Hutchins' tutorage, during the past winter. "Jerusalem the Golden," "March in G," by Smart, and the "Secene and March Lebanon" seemed particularly fine, even to an uneducated ear. Mr. William handles his violin with an exquisite touch, and Mr. Hornsby demonstrated his aptness as a reader, by taking Mr. Patterson's place, he being unable at the last moment to appear.

Miss King and Mr. Rice were in fine voice. Miss Whiston, because of a severe cold contracted on Monday, was unable to sing, save in the trio. But notwithstanding so many drawbacks, there was throughout a very long and successfully rendered programme but one "kitch" noticeably but a very few observing ones.

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SPRING KNITTED UNDERWEAR.

Every Variety of Fine MERINO, GAUZE, WOOL, SILK, COTTON.

Ribbed COTTON, MACO, WOOL and SILK IN Cream, White, Black and Grey.

VESTS, DRAWERS, COMBINATIONS, AND CORSET COVERS, ALL PRICES, From the lowest up to the finest SPUN SILK.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON,

ST. JOHN HEARD FROM!

A Commercial Traveller receives a new lease of life by the use of M. P. P.

Representing JAMES ROBERTSON & Co., St. John, N. B.

ROTTENERS' EMULSION. IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

Secret Letter Writing. Creates great fun amongst them. Should such a letter go astray or be mislaid it cannot be understood without an explanation or key. Said writing is used by some Governments and Statesmen.

F. J. BEACH, Windsor, Nova Scotia. P. O. BOX 385.

MILLINERY, ETC., ETC.,

Received in S. S. "Labrador."

MILLINERY NOVELTIES IN CROWNS, SIDES, QUILLS, BANDEAUX, FRONTS, EMBROIDERIES, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, MOUNTS, VEILINGS, VEILS, LACES, (Black and Colored) RIBBONS, FANCY HAIR PINS, TARTAN STRAHS (for Blossoms), DRESS GOODS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, VELVET BINDINGS.

Also MEN'S SUMMER UNDERWEAR. TOP SHIRTS.

The entire overstock of a Mill at less than Mill price.

SMITH BROTHERS, Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, Granville and Duke Streets, Halifax, N. S.

"BOSTON DRUG," THE GREAT CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

A lady writes I have cured my husband of the liquor habit by using Boston Drug. I bought it seven months ago and he has not drunk a drop since. Boston Drug is sold in boxes, \$1.00, or six boxes for \$5.00. Agent for the Maritime Provinces, J. GEORGE SMITH, Dispensing Chemist, 140 London Street, 147 Hollis St., Halifax.

Why don't you get clear of those Pimples? POWELL'S PIMPLE PILLS will cure you. Price, 25 cts. At all Drug Stores.

MONN'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. I read in my last letter that I had no more fit legs to tell of, but I hear that Mr. S. Brown and family, of Halifax, have returned and his wife is all removing to Middleton, Annapolis.

There are rumors of a wedding to come off early in the month.

Bobby's Croup is Cured by Hackmore.

PROGRESS IN BOOKS AND...

APRIL 25.—I grand Masonic are being rapidly, the Masons have been interested in the review of a committee of Mr. Webber's on such small order to the review of Mr. Meikle on his influence theatre. Mr. Meikle evening just now, I am told, are lower. On number were of "Lo" was presented this week. Mrs. Lawrence and Mr. She returned last Thursday. MacMurray, L. to Kentville to Club," and had Mr. Walker C again after having some days.

Miss Pratt, who took, left for W. T. Roberts at West. Strathairn, the guest of Mr. W. J. F. turned to Halifax Mr. and Mrs. little daughter. There is no repeated. I hope hear it before we well worth listening. Mr. George and Mrs. McKinnon, Mr. D. McKinnon from two with Mr. M. McKinnon, who has been quite ill.

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UNDERWEAR.

Every Variety of Fine MERINO, GAUZE, WOOL, SILK and COTTON.

& ALLISON, FROM! by the use of M. P. P.

attack of lumbago, for a constant traveler and others continually asked me for immediate relief, and to take M. P. P.

OTHER... Letter Writing.

NOVELTIES IN... QUILLS, BANDEAUX, RIBBONS, ETC.

NOVELTIES IN... RIBBONS, ETC.

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WINDSOR, N. S.

Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowl's Bookstore and by F. W. Dakin.

April 25.—I understand that preparations for the grand Masonic bazaar to be held next September are being rapidly pushed forward.

The Boston Comedy Company, under the management of Mr. H. Price Webber, opened in the "Reform Club hall" last Wednesday for six nights.

Mr. Webber's company has never before played to such small audiences in Windsor. This was owing to the revival meetings now being conducted by Rev. Mr. Meikle, who no doubt feels it his duty to use his influence to prevent people attending the theatre.

On Thursday evening Messrs. Silver, Forsyth, MacMurray, Lithgow, Masters and Webster, went to Kentville to a dance given by the "quadrille club," and had, I believe, a very enjoyable time.

Mr. Walter Courtenay, of Kings college, is out again after having been confined to the house for some days.

Miss Pratt, who has been visiting Mrs. Geo. Wilcox, left for Wolfville on Saturday evening. Mr. Theo. Roberts and Miss Roberts went with her.

Mr. W. J. Pickering, of Kings college, has returned to Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O'Brien have brought their little daughter home from New York.

There is a report that the children's concert being repeated. I hope it is correct as those who did not hear it before will have a chance to do so and it is well worth listening to.

Mr. George Murphy is home from Dalhousie college, Halifax, where he has been all winter. Mr. Dekman, from Sherbrooke, is spending a week or two with Mr. Murphy.

Mr. Forth and little son Stanley have both been quite ill. I am glad to hear they are improving.

Captain and Mrs. Harris and Miss Emily have sailed from New York for Sydney, N. S. W. Their young friends in Windsor wish them "bon voyage."

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

ANTIGONISH.

Progress is for sale at the Antigonish Book Store.

April 25.—The entertainment given by the choir of St. Paul's church on Thursday last was a great success. The choir was assisted by the following talented ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. Angus MacGillivray, Mrs. Brough, Messrs. Gregory and Stevenson, in the singing, and Miss MacMillan, Miss MacDonald and Messrs. H. P. Archibald and Ralph MacDonald in the instrumental music.

The tables were exceptionally good, especially the "Gypsy's Warning."

Mrs. H. K. Brine entertained a number of married friends at 6 o'clock on Friday.

Mrs. J. Fred MacDonald left for her home in New Glasgow on Saturday.

Miss Laura Dexter returned from New Glasgow last week, where she has been visiting friends.

Mr. Kelly, Sydney, spent a few days in town last week.

Mr. H. K. Brine and Percy arrived home on Saturday from their trip to the western part of the province.

Hon. Angus MacGillivray returned from Halifax on Saturday, where he has been attending the sitting of the House.

Mrs. H. K. Brine entertained a number of friends at drive wharf on Tuesday evening. As Mrs. Brine is well known as a charming hostess, it is needless to say a pleasant evening was expected and enjoyed.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Kirk, Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacGillivray, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gregory, Dr. and Mrs. Cameron, Miss MacPhie, Miss Lillie MacDonald, Miss Clara Cunningham, Dr. Chisholm, Dr. Huntley MacDonald, Messrs. A. C. MacMillan, W. S. and H. P. Archibald, W. F. MacPhie, A. A. Stevens, J. M. McCarroll and T. Foster. Mrs. J. A. Kirk and Mr. A. C. MacMillan carried off the first prizes, and the "boobies" were presented to Mrs. MacGillivray and Mr. Foster.

It is rumored that there is to be a dance in the hall on Friday evening, if the obstacles in the way of providing provisions can be overcome.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Miller, of Millerton, died at the Central on Saturday on their return from St. John.

Mrs. Charles Atkinson, who has been visiting here for some time past, left for home at Charlton Saturday.

Mr. James Patterson, of Cole's Island, Sackville, was at the Central yesterday.

Mr. George Mountain and family took their departure from this station yesterday, among other exotics, for "the land of the free."

Mr. A. Y. Clarke, of Moncton, paid a visit to this place yesterday. His headquarters were at the Central.

Mayor Sumner, of Moncton, was at the Eureka yesterday, going north.

Dr. J. C. Bower, of Bass River, made his weekly visit here on Saturday.

Mrs. James Swetman, of Moncton, has been visiting her father, Mr. Henry Bower.

Rev. Mr. Steele, of Carmarthen street church, St. John, lectured on educational matters in the Wesleyan Memorial church here last evening, and left by train this morning. He was the guest of Rev. F. A. Wrightman.

Dr. A. H. Dickinson, who has been for some years with Mr. James Brown, will leave in a few days to reside in Kingston. Vacancies in many social circles will be the result of the departure of this popular young man.

Mr. George Clark and family have removed from the McDonald home, and taken up their residence in one of Dr. Clark's houses.

Rev. Mr. McIntosh, of Shelburne, N. S., who has occupied the pulpit of the presbyterian church the past two Sabbaths, will take the same position on Sabbath next. He is the guest of Mr. M. T. Glenn, of the Central.

DOUGHERTY.

April 25.—Miss Julia Knapp is home again after a lengthy absence in New York. She will spend the summer here with her parents.

Hon. H. R. Emmerson and Mrs. Emmerson returned from Fredericton last Thursday.

Mr. J. W. Y. Smith and Mrs. Smith came home on Saturday.

Mr. J. M. Lamont, of Fredericton, was in Dorchester last week.

Mr. J. B. Neely, of Halifax, was here on Saturday in the interest of the Memramcook Gold Mining Company.

Miss Edith Wilbur is visiting friends in St. John. Miss Hamilton and Miss Maud returned on Monday from a visit to friends in St. John and Moncton.

Mr. Hiram W. Palmer spent most of last week in St. John.

Mr. A. J. Gross, Amherst, and Mrs. Gross were at the Dorchester hotel on Saturday.

Mr. John Wallace, of Hillsborough, spent Sunday here with his son, Mr. G. F. Wallace.

Mr. J. B. Foster is home after a month's trip through the neighboring republic, during which he was as far south as Florida, where he is interested in an orange grove.

Mr. Fred M. Anderson was home on Saturday. Dr. A. Henry Chandler has moved back to Dorchester, and will spend the summer here.

Rev. D. C. Lawson, of Westwood, officiated at the Cape meeting house on Sunday. The many friends of Miss Fanny S. Chandler are pleased to see her back again after a long visit in St. John.

LUNDBORG'S FAMOUS PERFUMES. are of the highest quality. A selection is simply a matter of individual taste.

NOW FOR CARRIAGES. A Serviceable Concord. Strong and Durable. Just the thing for Street Driving and the country roads.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS. Manufacturers of Sleighs and Carriages. Write for Prices.

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.

A WORD TO FARMERS. Now is the time to send in your orders for FERTILIZERS! The products of the Provincial Chemical Fertilizer are the most reliable. Perfect satisfaction to all who have tried them.

Prov. Chemical Fertilizer Co., ST. JOHN, N. B. Get her Sunlight SOAP. A SELECT LOT OF Hair and Clothes Brushes. THOS. A. CROCKETT'S, 16 2 Princeps St., Cor. Sydney. DR. CRAWFORD, L.R.C.P., LONDON, ENG. Oculist and Aurist. To St. John General Public Hospital, may also be consulted. DISEASES OF THROAT AND NOSE. Letters of inquiry from the country promptly responded to. 63 COBURG STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Rev. E. A. Ingram who has been in ill health for some time will leave shortly on a vacation. During his absence his pulpit will be filled by Rev. S. M. Clark.

Hon. H. A. Connell, of Woodstock, and Hon. J. J. Tweedie, spent Thursday in our city. The many friends in St. John of Miss Laura Smith, youngest daughter of the Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, will regret to learn that she lately sustained very severe injuries by being thrown from a coach in the old country, where she is on a visit to friends.

At the recent examinations held at Dalhousie college, Halifax, Mr. Murray MacNeill, son of Rev. L. G. MacNeill, of this city, was most successful, coming out first all round. Frank Joseph, of St. John, Miss Frankie Tibbitts, of Fredericton, has been visiting St. John lately.

Mrs. N. D. Hooper and her two children returned home at the end of last week from a visit to relatives in the rest of the city.

Mr. John V. Ellis, of Princess street, received the sad intelligence on Wednesday of the death of his brother, Rev. Father George A. Ellis, at St. Mary's Glebe House, Halifax. The deceased gentleman was about 40 years of age and was one of the most popular priests of that diocese.

A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Young, gave them a pleasant surprise, at their residence, last Friday evening, it being the third anniversary of their marriage. Mr. F. V. Hamm, on behalf of those present, presented Mr. and Mrs. Young, with a very handsome parlor hanging-lamp. Mr. Young, in a short speech, thanked the donors for their kindness. Among those present were, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bastin, Mr. and Mrs. S. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Holder, Miss Hattie Josephine, Miss Laura Horman, Misses Gillen, Misses Bradley, Miss McLean, Messrs. Wm. A. Shaw, J. Fred Shaw, Geo. A. Noble, Frank Joseph, F. Y. Hamm, E. E. Shaw, J. Young and A. Joseph.

Miss Florrie Cullinan, of St. Stephen, spent a few days in the city, last week.

Misses Cora and Millie Maxwell, of St. Stephen, accompanied by Dr. Moore, attended the Gilmore concert, at the Opera, on Friday evening.

Mr. Alex. Cullinan, of St. Stephen, was at the Victoria, a few days last week.

Miss Blanche Thomas left by C. P. R., Monday evening, to visit her sister, in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. H. J. Thorne, and Miss Agnes Thorne, took Tuesday morning's train for Boston.

Mrs. Elligood, of Fredericton, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Alex. Law, for some time, will return home soon.

Mrs. James MacFarlane, whom I spoke of as being dangerously ill last week, died on Friday, at her residence, King street, (East) leaving many sorrowing friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Pugsley, who have been spending the winter months in the city, will remove to their summer residence, May 1st.

Mr. W. H. DeYves, who has been in the city during the illness of his father, has returned to Gagetown.

The many friends of Mr. X. and the Misses Murphy, will regret to hear that they leave on Wednesday, for Halifax, where they will reside.

Mrs. Cynthia of New York, who has been visiting Mrs. William Robinson, returned home Monday evening.

Mr. Stuart MacCawley, formerly of Halifax, but now of St. John, was married on Wednesday morning, at St. Mark's church, to Miss Morley of Halifax.

A large audience listened to the organ recital in St. Andrew's church, Tuesday evening, when Misses Olive, Manning and Fowler, and Messrs. Titus, Olive, Colman, Blair and Tapley took part in the entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hayward, returned last Saturday, from their trip to the West Indies.

On Monday evening, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Geo. E. Thomas, Broad street, a quiet marriage took place, when Miss Emma Thomas and Mr. James G. Gilliland were united in wedlock by Rev. John Shenton. The bride wore a pretty brown travelling costume, bouquet of roses and was unattended. Many friends were at the station to see them off, torpedoes were placed on the track and amid the noise of these engines, the locomotives of Mr. and Mrs. Gilliland departed on the 11.16 p. m. train for Boston, on their future residence.

Canon DeVeber, who has been so ill lately, is very much improved in health.

Choice Spruce Twig at Moore's Drug Store. St. John—North End.

Mrs. D. Nise, who has been quite ill is improving. Miss Marion Shaw of Mount Pleasant, left last week on a pleasure trip to Boston.

Bought AT A Bargain.

We Have Secured 250 Pairs WHITE LACE CURTAINS at a Bargain, and are offering them at the following unheard of Low Prices:

Table with columns: Length, Price, Length, Price. Rows include LOT 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and LOT 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.

The above Curtains are all Taped Edges and New and Handsome Patterns, and are certainly Great Bargains at the prices we are offering them.

S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. H. T. Foster and J. H. Hawthorne.]

APRIL 26.—The very sudden death of Dr. T. C. Brown, surgeon of the C. R. L., which occurred yesterday afternoon at his residence on Brunswick street, has been a great shock to his numerous friends.

Dr. Brown was a general favorite, holding the esteem of many friends by his always genial happy manner. He was married only a few months ago to Miss Eula Arnold, of Sussex, who in her great sorrow has the heartfelt sympathy of all.

Dr. Frank Brown, of Centerville, is in the city having been called here by the death of his father, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, of Sussex, are in the city with Mrs. T. C. Brown.

Mrs. F. Alexander has the sympathy of many friends in the very sudden death of her mother, Mrs. Barron, which took place at the residence of her son, Dean Alexander, on Monday morning. Mrs. Barron was at church on Sunday, and apparently in her usual good health. Heart disease is said to have been the cause of her death. Her interment took place yesterday afternoon and was largely attended.

With so much sickness and sorrow in our homes society is of necessity very quiet.

Dr. McLearn is acting Surgeon of the C. R. L. Rev. Joseph McLeod is in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawley have returned from a pleasant visit to Boston. Mr. Crawley is much improved in health.

Rev. Mr. Hartley, is suffering from a severe cold. Rev. Mr. Payson filled his pulpit, at both services on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Smith, have returned from their wedding journey, but owing to severe cold, Mr. Smith did not appear in church on Sunday, consequently, she is not receiving this week.

Mr. Percy Powys, arrived with his bride, on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Hart, are visiting friends in the city; they remain here about two weeks before proceeding to their home in the South.

Mrs. A. S. Murray, spent a few days with friends in St. John, last week.

After a delightful winter spent in Montreal, Miss Maud Beckwith is at home again.

Miss Julia Tabary, entertained a number of friends, at her birthday party, one day last week.

Mrs. J. A. Edwards, returned home from St. John on Saturday.

Miss Mary Rainford who has been visiting friends in the city for several weeks returned to her home in Grand Falls on Friday.

Mrs. John Black returned home from a visit to St. John on Saturday.

Mr. D. F. George and Hon. F. P. Thompson have gone on a trip to Ohio.

The new kindergarten under the direction of Miss Little is commenced in the Masonic hall on Monday last.

An event interesting to both St. John and Fredericton will take place in the latter city May 4th, when the marriage of Mr. M. B. Dixon and Mrs. H. H. Brown will take place.

HACKMONTOUR CURES COUGHS AND COLDS. MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Book Store, Main street, A. H. Jones, and by J. E. McLOY.]

APRIL 28.—Mr. A. H. Beddome, late manager of the Bank of Montreal here, was tendered a complimentary dinner by a number of his friends in Moncton, on the eve of his departure for London, Ontario, and the large number of citizens who graced the board with their presence, the generous scale upon which the banquet was arranged, and the universal regret expressed for the occasion which called the guests together, testified in some degree to the esteem in which Mr. Beddome was held by the people of Moncton.

The scene of the feast was the Brunswick hotel, and the committee in charge of the management consisted of Mayor Sumner, chairman; W. W. Wells, Q. C., Dr. E. B. Chandler, Messrs. J. R. Bruce, J. L. Harris, R. A. Bolden, H. A. Whitby, Edward Chamberlain, and E. C. Cole. Shortly after 7 o'clock, some 60 guests sat down to a repast which reflected the utmost credit upon the cuisine of Hotel Brunswick, and should have been worthy of note in a larger city than Moncton. The chair was taken by Dr. McCully, in the absence of the Mayor, who was prevented by illness from being present. After dinner songs and toasts were in order, and during a slight intermission Mr. Beddome was presented by the chairman, with a very beautiful diamond scarf pin, accompanied by an address on behalf of the following friends: H. A. Whitney, G. B. Willett, S. J. Plunkett, F. W. Sumner, T. R. F. Brown, J. L. Harris, Geo. C. Peters, E. McSweeney, Peter, McSweeney, C. P. Harris, R. A. Bolden, J. L. Harris, Joseph A. Harris, H. B. Boggs, G. M. Blair, C. J. Butcher, F. P. Reid, W. J. Weldon, E. B. Chandler, A. C. Chapman, J. S. Benedict, G. F. Wallace, W. Cowling, R. W. Hewson, J. H. Dunlap, J. E. Masters, Geo. McSweeney, Wm. Wilson, O. J. McCully, H. H. Ayrer, J. E. Church, S. Edgar Wilson, C. F. Livingston, J. H. Haslam, George L. Harris, Chas. T. Nevin, J. M. Knight, E. C. Cole, H. S. Bell, Thomas Evans, W. W. Wells and T. J. Ryan. After the presentation Mr. Beddome's health was proposed by the chairman, and drank with honors. Mr. Beddome responding in a very happy speech, and thanking the company most heartily for their kindness. Songs and speeches followed each other until it was time to break up, and the company separated shortly after midnight. "Auld Lang Syne" and "God save the Queen" being the signal for departure.

Mr. Beddome left for London on Thursday night followed by the very sincere regrets of the numerous friends his genial manner, and kindly disposition.

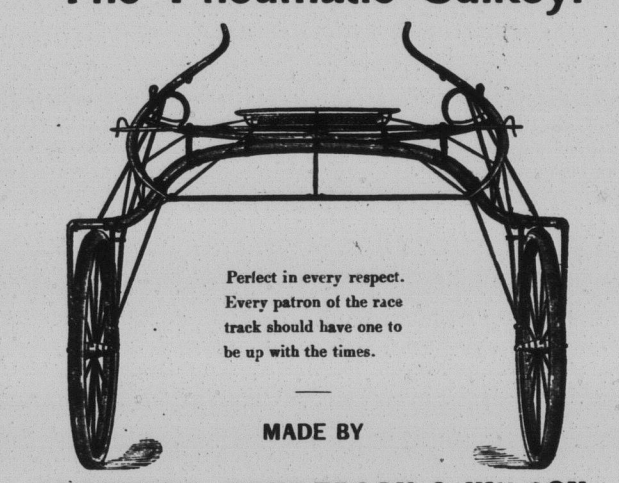
Cane and Splint Seating, Dural, 242 Union St.

SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES.

Bargains, Bargains! Odd Pairs Lace Curtains at Half Price. WINDOW POLES 35c. each.

A. O. SKINNER.

The Pneumatic Sulkey.



Perfect in every respect. Every patron of the race track should have one to be up with the times. MADE BY GROTHERS, HENDERSON & WILSON, (Builders of first-class Carriages, Light Road Waggon, Top Buggies, Sarreys.) No. 42 and 44 Waterloo, St. John, N. B.

ASK FOR THE NEW BRAND.

"Clover Leaf" Bologna. JOHN HOPKINS.

TELEPHONE 133. morning, but would not have reached there until after the doctor died. The sympathy of our townspeople is extended to Mrs. Brown in her sudden and sad bereavement.

Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Cresswell spent Tuesday in town, the guests of Mrs. Geo. H. Raymond.

Mr. Jack Steacie, of Amherst, was in town this week. Major T. E. Arnold went to Dorchester this morning, to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Tall.

Mr. Walter Manasse, Montreal, is in town today. There is to be a quiet wedding here tonight, Mr. C. T. Beny, of Boston, and Miss Kierstead, of this town. They intend leaving for Boston on the C. P. R. express tonight.

Dr. Baby's Croup is Cured by Hackmonour. ANAGANUE.

APRIL 25.—Miss Boyle of "The Birches" has returned home from Sussex, where she was the guest of Mrs. H. H. Dryden.

Mrs. Geo. Davidson spent Sunday last in Petticoat.

Mr. James Mills of Sussex is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davidson at "Waterloo Villa."

Mr. J. S. Bennett spent last week with relatives in Elgin, Albert Co.

Misses Lena Keith and Annie Webster of Petticoat spent Sunday April 18, with friends on "Apple Hill."

Mr. H. Davidson spent last Thursday in Sussex. DYLL BERTMAN.

The sad news of the death of Dr. T. Clowes Brown was heard here on Tuesday evening. Dr. Brown was very well known here. He had been coming here to camp as Surgeon of the Infantry School Corps for a number of years.

On the 16th of last November he married Miss Etta Arnold, daughter of Arnold Arnold, of "The Willow." Miss Anna Arnold, Mrs. Brown's sister, was telegraphed for on Monday. She started for Fredericton Tuesday

visit to Sussex this week, the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. A. Mills.

Mr. Clarence Spooner, Mrs. Spooner and children, formerly of Sussex, have moved here again. They are boarding at the Queen at present.

Miss Georgie Southers, daughter of the late Geo. S. Southers, of Halifax, died of consumption at her brother's residence, the rectory, Waterloo, on Friday the 21st inst. Miss Southers came here last autumn and soon after the case was taken ill and had been in Halifax for some time.

Sheriff Freese went to St. John on Saturday to attend the funeral of Sheriff Harding.

Mrs. Sam. Hayward, of St. John, paid a short visit to Sussex this week, the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. A. Mills.

Visit to the Maritime Provinces. Meet Important to Ruptured and Deformed People.

Chas. Clithe, the celebrated Manufacturer, and Inventor of the great Spiral Truss and many others for the cure of the Bupture, has been known as one of the foremost thinkers and designers to overcome and relieve Hernia or any deformity. For club feet he has a system patented by which he is enabled to straighten a child's feet without operation, and make them natural from hip to sole. Spinal instruments halt the weight of others. Come with your swollen knee joint, and he will make you an instrument that will make you walk from the minute it is adjusted, and overcome you trouble in a short time, which otherwise means amputation. How legs made natural in five weeks. Knocked knees straightened. The finest patterns in abdominal supporters.

All parties wishing to consult him should be on time. Inve your physician. Will Visit: ST. STEPHEN, N. B., WINDSOR HOTEL, MONDAY May 1st.

ST. JOHN, N. B., ROYAL HOTEL, Tuesday, May 2nd; arrive noon; leave 3 p. m. on Wednesday, May 3rd.

MONCTON, N. B., BRUNSWICK HOTEL, Thursday, May 4th from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.

TRURO, N. S., LEARNERT HOUSE, Friday, May 5th; leave noon, Saturday.

HALIFAX, N. S., HALIFAX HOTEL, arrive 1.30 p. m. Saturday, May 6th; leave 1.00 p. m. morning, arrive 9 a. m. on Sunday, May 7th.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S., NORFOLK HOUSE, Tuesday, May 9th, arrive noon; leave Wednesday morning, May 10th, arrive noon; leave Thursday, May 11th; leave 5.45 p. m.

For particulars address, CHAS. CLITHE, Surgical Mechanist, 134 King St. W., Toronto.

ONTARIO AND SPRINGHILL BEEF. Thomas Dean, CITY MARKET. PELEE WINES are best in the Market.

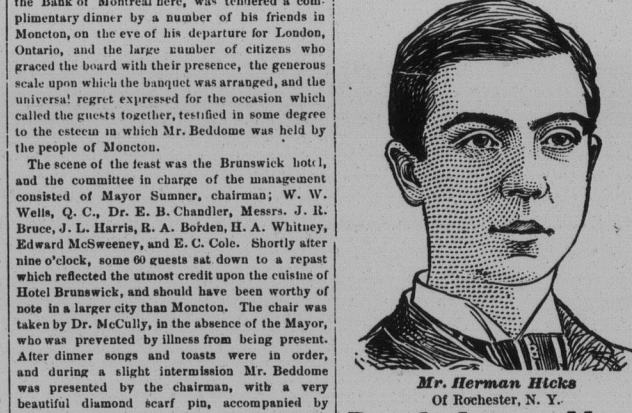
Chemical Laboratory, 74 Germain Street. St. John, N. B., March 30th, 1893. E. G. SCOVILLE, Esq., Agent for Pelee Island Wine Co.

DEAR SIR, This is to certify that I have made a Chemical Analysis of the following wines, put up by the "Pelee Island Vineyard and Wine Co." viz: "ST. ANTOINE'S," "SWEET CATAWA," and "CONCORD."

I find these wines to be pure and unadulterated, and of such a composition that they may be used with safety and advantage by persons who require a mild tonic to assist digestion. It is a fact that as compared with other wines put up in Canada, the Pelee Island Wines are undoubtedly the best in the market.

I remain, yours, etc., W. F. BEST, Government Analytical Chemist.

A NEW STOCK of Waste Baskets at J. & A. McMillan's.



Mr. Herman Hicks of Rochester, N. Y.

Deaf for a Year Catarrh in the Head

Caused by Catarrh in the Head. Catarrh is a CONSTITUTIONAL disease, and requires a CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY like Hood's Sarsaparilla to cure it.

"Three years ago, as a result of catarrh, I entirely lost my hearing and was deaf for more than a year. I tried various things to cure it, but I had taken no more of a specialist when some one suggested that possibly Hood's Sarsaparilla might be the same good. I began taking it without the expectation of any lasting help. To my surprise and great joy I found when I had taken three bottles that my hearing was returning. I kept on till I had taken three more, and now over a year and I can hear perfectly well. I am troubled very little with the catarrh. I consider this a remarkable case, and cordially recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who have catarrh." HERMAN HICKS, 80 Carter Street, Rochester, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or grip. Sold by all druggists.

John S. Murphy

Supported by THE JOSEPH MURPHY CO., in the two great Irish Dramas, Shaun Rhue & Kerry Gow. MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, May 1st, 2nd, 3rd.

61 King St. Messrs. Hunter & Hamilton at the same address.



Repairing and Retinting with Pneumatic Tires a Specialty.

John S. Murphy

Supported by THE JOSEPH MURPHY CO., in the two great Irish Dramas, Shaun Rhue & Kerry Gow. MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1893.

A GERMAN CARNIVAL.

WHAT A NEW BRUNSWICKER FOUND TO ENJOY IN IT.

The Land Where Great Minds Can Find Delight in Childish Pleasures—How the Carnival Spirit Infects the Strangers as Well—Bright Features of It.

Warmer winds are blowing up from the Rhine. In them the tiny green leaf fans, which the bushes have just unfurled, are fluttering vigorously, and by them that precious commodity, March dust, is whirled aloft in the air and conveyed with admirable precision into our eyes. The tree branches are shaking out chenille-like fringes, and the lawns and garden plots look as if a rainbow had broken up into small pieces and fallen in a heavy shower over them, so brilliant are they with the many colored cross heads which have started up "all a blowing and a glowing."

The other day I had some wild violets given me and the maids are busier than ever, as they chatter about the house with their long handled brushes and immense pails of water. Already the Rhine has had its annual freshet and for a time it was the fashion here to walk down to the bank of that noble stream to see how the waters had reached almost up to the Academy, how the blocks of ice which they carried down had a variety of miscellaneous articles on them—household furniture horses and once a poor dog—and how the lamp-posts which stand high on the river banks and their light a good distance out, stood now, half length in water with a ridiculous air of having waded out to soak their feet.

All these are signs of Spring, and yet the month is still March, and Lent is still with us, and the memory of Carnival is still fresh—no much so indeed that it is the subject that now comes most naturally to my pen as I begin to write.

Was there not once a great man who said that the greatest minds were those which still preserved its keen appreciation of childish pleasures? Something to that effect I have a dim recollection of having read, and if my memory plays me false, all I can say is, that if it has not been said by a great man, it should have been, so full of truth it is. As it is, I venture to bring it forward as an assertion, although I am not a great man, and never expect to be one. It is besides a comfortable article of faith for us who have enjoyed the Dueseldorf Carnival, and there is no shirking the fact, that the enjoyments of that season had all the simplicity of childish pleasure. Perhaps that very circumstance gave novelty to the whole. It is not in every city that one can see for four days in the year the entire population in that mood of infantile rapture in which it is "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a peacock's feather."

Peacock's feathers. They were everywhere. Through the long vistas of the streets their delicate feathery "eyes" waved, a cloud of dusky blue and bronze green over the heads of the brilliantly dressed crowd of people who beguiled the golden hours by stroking each other's faces with the harmless little weapon; not a very exciting amusement truly and yet the "maddening crowd" found intense delight in it. Evidently they had the "great minds" with the "keen appreciation of childish pleasures." It is possible also for strangers to take some pleasure in it. We at last entered into it with a zest born of delight in the novelty of the thing, although there was possibly not one among us who if it had been foretold to them that they would take the least interest in anything of the kind, would not have treated the prophet with the pitying compassion one must ever extend towards the harmless insane.

It is epidemic, that carnival spirit, and one might easily contract something far worse, so good-natured and free from rudeness it is. Every body in the throng is privileged to speak to whom they will. License like that in Canada would I fancy be regarded by the roughs at home as their opportunity for distributing insult right and left. Here, however, it is different, nearly everybody converses freely with you on the streets, and yet we heard of not one case of rudeness.

Ridiculously as it may impress a stranger, it is nevertheless something one cannot help admiring the Germans for. A nation that can produce Heine, Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and such like men, can afford to be childlike once in a while if they choose. It is a comfort to think that anybody can be so simple in their enjoyments nowadays. In these days of mad rushing after something new, and of involved emotions one is inclined to feel that the Arcadian spirit is something to be cultivated, if only for the novelty of the thing. "Man wants but little here below, but wants that little strong," seems to be the modern idea about pleasure as well as of some other things, and going by the spirit of the times, one fore-sees for the future that the survival of the fittest, will fill the world with a horde of people whose thirst for sensation will be so extreme, that in order to gratify it, they will have to commit "a crime a day" like the gentleman in Ruddygore. It is well to make the most of anything that will tend to counteract the influence.

FADS OF SUPERSTITION.

PEOPLE WITH A HANKERING FOR SPOOKS AND GOBLINS.

Queer Fancies of Intelligent People in the Nineteenth Century—Milo's Reflections on Them, and the Moral Faintness that They Suggest to Him.

Astrology, which is defined as false astronomy, has been a pleasant and profitable occupation to its talented professors, who covered their tracks through forests of humbug with leaves of mystery and pretence, and were clever enough to levy a heavy assessment on, and to bamboozle venerable maids and stale bachelors; and sharp enough to delude the ancient youngsters of both sexes, who lived sufficiently long in single wretchedness to celebrate the semi-centennial anniversaries of their birthdays, but still did not despair of procuring partners matrimonial, in this vale of ill-assorted conjugalities and baby carriages.

Even in this the meridian, or perhaps I should say the twilight of our boasted nineteenth century civilization, superstition is rife amongst us. Some talented writers for the newspapers deal largely in the supernatural or the marvellous, and claim that what the Celt calls "pishogues" are inherent to mankind, more or less, the world over; that in the dark catacombs of the human breast, germs of an undefined something lie hidden, which from unknown causes, on certain occasions, and under sundry suitable conditions, make the heart pulsate with greater force than obtains in its normal state; make the blood flow more quickly through the tubes arterial than it does when mind and body are in perfect repose; and in extreme cases make the hair, on heads that are not hopelessly bald, perform the wonderful feat of standing on end.

How much of the foregoing is fiction, or how little fact, those who can may answer, but some intelligent colonist reading here, who can reason lucidly enough on the current events of this epoch; have full faith in the national policy, and imagine that St. John is becoming the "Liverpool of America"—grow nervous in the gloaming; have decided objections to the charms of solitude in the witching hours when the stars twinkle; avoid lonely localities after dark, and have a kind of repellent hankering after spooks and goblins.

Others there are who unawares believe in omens, good and evil, and no inducement would be sufficient to make them start on a journey by land, set sail on a sea trip, or begin any important undertaking on a Friday. Others suppose that a crowing hen, a howling cur, a whistling woman, or a man that parts his hair in the middle, such a cane, or wears stays is uncanny. Others are firmly convinced that thirteen is a fatal number to dine with; and that ladies who are anxious to dip into the matrimonial grab bag for prize packages, should not glide beneath that harmless contrivance a ladder. Others claim that a certain affinity exists between auburn haired ladies and white horses; and others will stoutly assert that it would be positively unlucky to "take the horse-shoe from the door."

Lives there in this paradise of female perfections a maiden under five and forty, who in the deep recesses of her fresh young heart will not be charmed to consult the fortune teller, and blushing believe the old, old story? No, thank heaven! the brilliant eyes, blooming cheeks, rosy lips, graceful movements and joyous laughter of our ladies, prove conclusively that the questionable advantages of the ponderous and impossible curriculum adopted by the board of education; and the absurd grading system in vogue in the public schools have not spoiled the darlings; and have not been sufficient to shake their faith in the merits of the soothsayer; and the indications are that the ladies nowadays are as eager to have their fortunes told, by the scanning of palms, the tossing of teacups, or the shuffling of cards as ever their mothers were.

The ancient astrologer who pretended to read the destinies of mortals in the star studded page of the firmament, has, the authorities say, invariably been a monetary success, until education and scientific research into the amplitude of space sapped the foundation walls of his delusions; and the astronomer with his abstruse calculations, his wonderful discoveries, his grand conceptions, and his convincing theoretical certainties, soared upward beyond the tricks of the necromancer, the feats of the conjuror, the sleight of hand of the wizard, the deceptions of the spiritualistic medium, or the illusions of the modern mind reader, which make him a constellation of equivocal magnitude in the zenith of humbugs in his age of fads.

We are told that in olden times every well appointed court had a king's fool, whose duty it was to make his royal patrons, as well as the rest of the court goings, smile. The public, as the newspapers are fond of calling any aggregation of people in this enlightened era, have gradually been adopting many royal foibles. Like the old

THE KLEINERT DRESS SHIELDS.

WE ARE INDEBTED TO AMERICA (THE KLEINERT RUBBER COMPANY) FOR THE SEAMLESS DRESS SHIELDS, WHICH ARE SAID TO HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY IN THE UNITED STATES.

They have this advantage over most others, that they are made by a special patented process, so that they fit the arm, thereby saving a great deal of inconvenience. They are light, durable and this is peculiarly soft. In the Stockinet Dress Shield the Indian-rubber Cloth is covered with a fine stockinet, has a slight scallop at the edge, and can be had, if desired, of gigantic size. The "Gem" Dress Shields are odorless and elastic, absorb freely, and dry quickly, and can be washed and yet retain their shape. These should be worn in carefully through the binding only. They present the usual brown color inside, and outside are covered with fine nainsook. The "Feather Weight" Dress Shields are covered inside and out. The makers guarantee every pair, and are prepared to be responsible for damage done to any dress by the use of these shields. The rubber is vulcanised by a patent process, and will stand any amount of stretching, not having been treated with any acid or chemical. [Extract from The Queen, London, March 25th.]

THE ABOVE DRESS SHIELDS FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

time kings, they have their jesters, whom it would be a mistake to term fools. The public I may as well tell you are willing to pay for their amusement, if complimentary tickets cannot be procured, and so they cast their quarters into the pouches of the itinerant dilettante of *leger de main*, or the "black art," or any of the fakirs that put in periodical appearances amongst us, to amuse and to humbug us, but above all to rake in our surplus bullion. This demonstrates that the human mind whether it deliberates in the bosom of a cobbler, or the breast of a king, is only human after all; that the cobbler has his feelings as well as the king, and that the plebeian masses are ready to ape the fashions, and indulge in the follies of old time aristocrats, with prodigal pertinacity.

Nearly four decades of annals have trundled past the turnstile on the ferry of time, since a famous wizard paid his respects—all he ever did pay here—to a St. John audience in the Mechanic's Institute. His clever delusions were much enjoyed by his patrons, his mechanical tricks being clean cut, his jugglery perfect, and his feats of sleight-of-hand faultlessly performed.

Along toward the end of the programme one evening, a volunteer from the audience was called for, and, in response, an urchin who occupied a seat in "the swamp" presented himself on the platform.

The wizard held up a crown piece sterling in full view, and seemingly placed it in the boy's hand, telling him to hold it fast. He then stepped a few paces to one side, and said, "What did you do with my money, sir?"

"I've got it in my hand," was the answer. "I'll bet a crown that it is in your right hand pants pocket," said the artist.

"Done," cried the lad. "Remember my little man that you must pay me five shillings sterling, if I succeed in taking the crown out of your pants pocket, and if I cannot do so, I am to pay you the same amount; do you agree to the terms of the wager?"

"I do." "All right; open your hand;" the crown had disappeared; "now for the pocket," said the wizard.

"There's nary a pocket" grinned the youngster; and true enough the garment was pocketless, but the coin was ultimately found in one of the lad's shoes. The wizard joined in the laugh against himself; admitted his mistake; complimented the boy; and amid the vociferous merriment of the audience paid over the amount of the wager.

Moral: success is often the measure of greatness. In many important transactions humbug is the parent of success. Every knave has a particular perch in the hencoop of society from which he cackles in the way deemed most profitable. The population of shambdon is on the increase, but all the honest men have not joined the exodus; don't rely on appearances, persons and things are not always what they seem. Yours, deceptively, MIKE.

Some St. John Jokes.

It was a very bright little boy who wanted to know if, when the cow jumped over the moon, she found the milky way.

At the Poultry Show.—He—Your brother seems to be well read in poultry lore. She—Yes. In fact you might say turkey-red. It was the same bright little boy who asked if the sun rose in the yeast.

Why should a woman learn to carve? Because how else can she prove a help-meat to her husband.

The Age of Chivalry.—The Adorer—I was going to call this meeting an unexpected pleasure; but that cannot be. The Adored—What; the pleasure? The Adorer—No. The unexpected.

There is a story going about town which is some one's best attempt at originality, yet I met a woman to-day who gravely assured me it was correct, because she had "heard it from four different people!" "There's a chiel amang us taking notes" —the pick-pocket.

"Such stuff as dreams are made of"—cold mince pie.

When is it dangerous to be abroad? When "time and the hours run through the roughest day." MIRON.

THE KLEINERT DRESS SHIELDS.

WE ARE INDEBTED TO AMERICA (THE KLEINERT RUBBER COMPANY) FOR THE SEAMLESS DRESS SHIELDS, WHICH ARE SAID TO HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY IN THE UNITED STATES. They have this advantage over most others, that they are made by a special patented process, so that they fit the arm, thereby saving a great deal of inconvenience. They are light, durable and this is peculiarly soft. In the Stockinet Dress Shield the Indian-rubber Cloth is covered with a fine stockinet, has a slight scallop at the edge, and can be had, if desired, of gigantic size. The "Gem" Dress Shields are odorless and elastic, absorb freely, and dry quickly, and can be washed and yet retain their shape. These should be worn in carefully through the binding only. They present the usual brown color inside, and outside are covered with fine nainsook. The "Feather Weight" Dress Shields are covered inside and out. The makers guarantee every pair, and are prepared to be responsible for damage done to any dress by the use of these shields. The rubber is vulcanised by a patent process, and will stand any amount of stretching, not having been treated with any acid or chemical. [Extract from The Queen, London, March 25th.]

THE ABOVE DRESS SHIELDS FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

time kings, they have their jesters, whom it would be a mistake to term fools. The public I may as well tell you are willing to pay for their amusement, if complimentary tickets cannot be procured, and so they cast their quarters into the pouches of the itinerant dilettante of *leger de main*, or the "black art," or any of the fakirs that put in periodical appearances amongst us, to amuse and to humbug us, but above all to rake in our surplus bullion. This demonstrates that the human mind whether it deliberates in the bosom of a cobbler, or the breast of a king, is only human after all; that the cobbler has his feelings as well as the king, and that the plebeian masses are ready to ape the fashions, and indulge in the follies of old time aristocrats, with prodigal pertinacity.

Nearly four decades of annals have trundled past the turnstile on the ferry of time, since a famous wizard paid his respects—all he ever did pay here—to a St. John audience in the Mechanic's Institute. His clever delusions were much enjoyed by his patrons, his mechanical tricks being clean cut, his jugglery perfect, and his feats of sleight-of-hand faultlessly performed.

Along toward the end of the programme one evening, a volunteer from the audience was called for, and, in response, an urchin who occupied a seat in "the swamp" presented himself on the platform.

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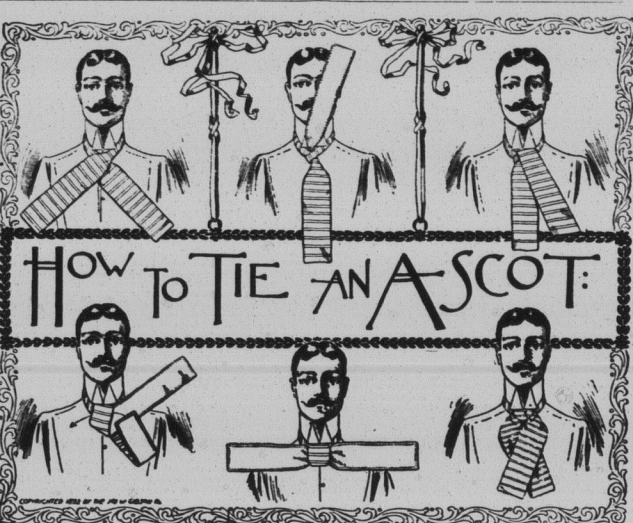
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How to Tie a Necktie. Cut this out. New York Ascots in stock. Newest patterns and shades. Scovill, Fraser & Co., King St., St. John, N. B.

MUSINGS OF MARTIN. The Editor of Butler's Journal on Men and Matters in General. The first number of Butler's Journal gives a further amount of the wanderings of the poet, pedlar and editor, some extracts from which are appended. It will be remembered that his winter business trips are made in company with his famous handkerchief, "The Pennic Prancer."

Having mailed the March number of the journal and attended to some other business in Fredericton, he made a break for the country. Reaching Maugeville, he found himself in great luck in getting an invitation to a social gathering at the temperance hall.

Why He Was Uncomfortable. The entertainment consisted of speeches, dialogues and recitations, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, supplemented by a substantial supper to which the crowd did ample justice, and I must give the Maugeville ladies the credit of setting before me the most appetizing pie, the most luscious cake and the most satisfying doughnuts that I have ever tasted.

I got outside of so much that I felt uncomfortable for the rest of the night.

His Coat Tails to the Breeze. The next day I proceeded as far as Mr. Bent's Post Office on the Maugeville side, and started for the other side of the river. The wind was blowing a stiff breeze, and the ice as smooth as a bottle, so all I had to do was to sit on a sled, steer it with my feet, and using my coat tails for sails, boom along at a lively rate. It was the most peculiar method of locomotion that ever I employed.

Prediction About the Murphys. My former playmate and fellow-laborer in the State of Maine, the Honorable Guy Daniel Murphy, has adopted the wise and patriotic plan of getting married to one of Maugeville's fair daughters, and has made a good start on a family. Ere long we expect to see a colony of young Murphys growing up beneath the paternal roof, which will be a good offset to the exodus.

Giving His Father a Good Send off. Benjamin Butler (the editor's father) has got his hair cut and whiskers shaved off and looks like a young man. He is on the lookout for a new wife.

Business Is Business. It is needless to repeat that we cannot notice any firms, who do not patronize us. Our paper is now well taken up with local notices of our regular advertisers and three cents a month is hardly sufficient remuneration for our valuable space.

The Truth About Faust. Dr. Faustus is supposed to have been a physician who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century. He was a devoted necromancer and astrologer and devoted much time to the search of the philosopher's stone and to researches in chemistry and natural history, studies, which gave him in that age, the reputation of a magician. The marvellous tales of his times naturally crystallized about him, just as stories of Indian adventure had Daniel Boone and Crockett, as their heroes. Faust legends were abundant in Germany and England, but first took a permanent literary form in the great drama by Chris-

topher Marlowe in 1604. So highly was this work esteemed in Germany, that Goethe thought of translating it, but was finally dissuaded from doing so and concluded to prepare a poem on the same subject. The idea has often been utilized by poets and dramatists and notable poems on the subject have been written.

FISH THAT WERE SMELT. The Theory on Which an English Landlord Feels His Guests. An American, who was not long since journeying through the midland counties of England, relates that in a small country town he once entered an inn, rather pretentious for the place, and called for turbot—a favourite fish in those parts.

The American had had a few days of dense fog, and his appearance and manner perhaps showed that he had become a little wheezy in consequence of the climate. He was forced to have frequent recourse to his pocket handkerchief.

When the turbot was brought, the guest fancied even before it reached his plate that it was no longer fresh; and an attempt to eat it confirmed that impression. He called the landlord, who at once sent a waiter for fresh turbot, and removed the objectionable fish.

"I beg yer parding, sir," said the innkeeper, "but we got the idee, sir, as you came in, that if you had a bad cold in yer'ead, sir."

"And suppose I had? What would that have to do with my being served with spoiled fish?" exclaimed the American somewhat indignantly.

"Hev'erythink, sir. We has this rule in this 'ouse: Fish as is a leetle doubtful, like that 'ere, sir—them which has lost the savour of youth, as I may say—them we serves to parties as appears to 'ave colds in their 'eads, sir; and we finds that bein' as such parties can't smell nothink, they likes the fish just as well, sir, and hotten they prefers 'em!"

New Use For Kittens. No stranger use for a kitten, apart from its conversion into sausage, has been hit upon than that lately devised by a commercial street merchant. He owns a very docile little kitten, white as snow. One day finding that he was out of blotting paper, when he had finished a letter the kitten was used in place of it, and found to be an excellent substitute, the fur taking up the superfluous ink like a sponge, and he has continued to employ the animal in this way, of course giving it a curious piebald appearance.

Short but Sufficient. One of the shortest, perhaps the shortest will on record is that made by Mr. Borchardt, of St. Albans, who perished a year or two since on the Matterhorn. He wrote it in pencil on a small piece of card, addressed to his sister, a lady residing at Northfleet, in Kent. It was as follows: "I am dying on Matterhorn. I leave all I possess to you, my dear sister. God bless you."

At a recent duel near Paris, one of the principals was three-quarters of an hour late in arriving on the ground. "I am awfully sorry to have kept you waiting, messieurs," he said to his opponent's seconds, "but you really ought not to have waited for me. You should have commenced without me."

ROOMS. curtains! each. WILSON, RAND. OPKINS. the Maritime provinces. Dean, CITY MARKET. WINE'S. BASKETS. McMillan's.

HOW STAMPS ARE MADE.

THE ENGLISH METHOD HAS A GREAT DEAL OF SECRECY.

Precautions Taken at Every Stage of the Process of Manufacture—Why Certain Colors Are Used—Some of the Uses of Rare Specimens.

Postage stamps are made under conditions of great secrecy. In fact, certain officials in the service of the Government, whose duties have considerably to do with stamps, have, they admit, never seen them printed. The contract for the stamps which are used in the United Kingdom is in the hands of Messrs. Thomas De La Rue and Co., whose immense factory is in Bunhill Row. Here not only are British stamps turned out by the million, but also huge numbers of stamps intended for the colonies.

Owing to the care which is exercised in the works to exclude strangers, it is a far more difficult matter to see a postage stamp printed than it is to watch a Bank of England note produced, and a visit to the Mint presents no such difficulties as those which have to be overcome before the "open sesame" is gained to the big establishment in Bunhill Row.

There are special grounds for these precautions.

In the first place, there are certain secret processes in printing postage stamps; and secondly, the whole place, for reasons which will be mentioned, is kept securely under lock and key. Moreover, always on the watch, the government maintains a staff of fifty vigilant inspectors. Their duty is to take care that no postage stamps are illicitly manufactured. A sharp look-out is kept lest water-marked paper be introduced surreptitiously, and, in addition, whenever a machine is stopped that it may be repaired or cleaned, a hood is fitted over the working parts and it is locked up. The plates from which the stamps are printed are also under lock and key in special safes, and it becomes an impossibility for any work to be carried on without the knowledge of the inspectors.

The Government is not content even with these safeguards. The contractors are not permitted to manufacture the postage stamp paper themselves. It is supplied to them in sheets, which are counted out as scrupulously as bank-notes. A sheet of paper which is destined to become 240 penny stamps is valued precisely at £1. Supposing the printers fail to return to the Government the exact number of sheets counted out to them, with a certain percentage for waste, which, too, has to be produced, they are charged at the rate of twenty shillings for every sheet that is missing. What applies to the penny stamp may be said also of all other values, the highest of which is £5—an oblong stamp, not, however, much used.

What are the precautions against forgery? was the question asked of a gentleman who knows more about postage stamps than anybody else in London.

"Well," said he, "there is first the water-mark and next the color. The water-mark consists of a crown, and to each stamp there is one crown. On a sheet intended for penny stamps there are 240 crowns. There is nothing special about the paper except the water-mark."

"What about the color?" "That is applied by a secret process, and the result is that the stamps cannot be cleaned and used over again. These fugitive inks are a strong protection, for when you try to remove the obliteration marks the color of the stamp itself will disappear first."

An inspection of stamps which have undergone this test bears out this last remark. In one example the color has faded before any progress has been made in rendering the mark of cancellation less distinct, and in another instance a work written in ordinary ink across the stamp has been cleaned off with the color of the stamp beneath it, leaving a white band.

It may not be generally known that in the selection of the designs for a new set of postage stamps the responsibility does not lie with the makers, but with the Post Office authorities, who, on the last occasion, appointed a special committee to pick out patterns from many thousands which were submitted to them. The existing stamps represent the survival of the fittest. Although it is claimed that the set which first appeared in the Jubilee year are not without artistic merit, this consideration alone did not govern the choice.

"What was the main point to be studied?" an expert was asked.

"The chief thing was that when a stamp had been obliterated, or cancelled, the Post Office people, by artificial light, should be readily able to distinguish the different values. It was important that they should be as well able to do this at night as during the daytime, and more especially was it necessary in the checking off of the telegraph rates. Until the Jubilee, stamps used in this country were of a single colour, but since January, 1887, the 1 1/2d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 9d. have been printed in two colours; and since February, 1890, the 10d. stamp has also been in two colours. Since last September the 1 1/2d. stamp has been similarly treated, for it had been found that the two colours give a much better contrast."

A black penny V. R. postage stamp, unused, was recently sold in Edinburgh for £6.5s. The plate for printing such a stamp is still preserved. The writer recently handled another plate, from which one million of the old red penny stamps had been printed.

Of course, the British Government is beyond the suspicion of making money out of philatelists. Not so some of the colonies. Certain of them, when an issue has become rare, and in great demand at a fancy price, have not been above ordering their contractors to reprint a few specimens for sale at a premium.

As one example, a fourpenny St. Vincent stamp, bearing a Queen's head resembling the old English penny stamp has been converted into a fivepenny stamp by printing "5 pence" across it. It is alleged that this stamp was issued expressly to raise £100 to repair the post office, and it is on record that churches in Borneo and public buildings elsewhere have been built by the money similarly obtained from the pockets of people who make stamp-collecting their hobby. [—Cassell's Journal.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Immigration Train.

Heard ye that sound reaching thro' wild, mountain gorges deep, Where the Fraser and Columbia through savage canons sweep? 'Tis the Canada Pacific from the Orient's far tide, Rushing on, o'er rivers dark and deep, o'er prairies fair and wide; From China, Russia and Japan, and the Islands of the Main, 'Tis bringing thousands to our land,—'Tis The Immigration Train.

It is coming from Vancouver, to our own dear native land, O'er our glorious river reaches, past mountains high and grand, To vast Mount Stephen's sides it clings, like the lichen to the tree, Or the petrel's nest at dizzy height above the thundering sea. Past the majestic Selkirk range, where the deadly glaciers reign, O'er the Occident's highway it comes— The Immigration Train.

It thunders through the Rockies grim, while a million echoes leap From crag to crag, and the bison rouse up from his wintry sleep; Afrighted fly the antelope, from the dazzling head-light's glare, And in his den awakes and growls the ferocious grizzly bear. On, on, it presses to the West its high prestige to maintain, Onward, with all its precious freight speeds The Immigration Train.

The Chinaman, the Japanese and Scandinavian too, Are coming to our goodly land, our gigantic plains to hue, And bind the sheaves of golden wheat on rich Manitoba soil, And set up homes, dear altar fires, in sweet solace for their toil. Through tortuous rock-ribbed canons, past flower be sprinkled plain, They are coming! they are coming! In The Immigration Train.

Where the grand Sir Donald rears his head eight thousand feet or more, Hear the lilliwulloo, through its awesome gorges roar, Titanic glaciers slumber upon the Selkirk's mountain crest Wrought into caves and grottoes fair of clear blue and amethyst; On past Brandon, past Regina and Calgary might and main, On, on, with shriek like Catamount comes The Immigration Train.

On, on, past lone romantic lakes where the loon and plover cry, And in the dreamy gloaming time when the hawk goes screaming by, Where the beautiful Saskatchewan and fair Bow-river glide, And adown the hills, a thousand rills, come dancing to the tide; On, on, young pioneer of the West on, on, and not in vain List to the beat of its own feet— The Immigration Train.

It drives through tunnels dark as night and swift flashes into day, Past shining pools where the speckled trout among the eddies play; 'Tis past the Red-man's Tale, Tepees, on to Winnipeg, on, on, And emerald waves of Thunder bay and river Nepegin. On, on, it comes with its thousands, still to sow and reap the grain On, on, it comes—Heaven guard it well! The Immigration Train.

We have both law and order in our beautiful North-West. Of all the gifts which God has given we hold that "life" is best, For ho! upon mount Sinai mid elemental strife Declared that blood for blood must flow, and life for life. No pestilence lurks in our coasts—long may Victoria reign!

Some each and all and welcome find in The Immigration Train. MISS FREDERICKS.

Memory's Picture.

Only a picture of memory, As the freights flashes, and glows, Soothing, and lightening, life's trials, And bringing sweet dreamy repose.

So now, as the darkness is deepening, And twilight is fading from view, The deep, red, glow of the freight, Brings out my picture anew. Life-like indeed, I am thinking, And drawing my chair very near, My lonely hear, drinks in the beauty Of the face, seen so wondrously clear. A sweet, fair, face that I'm seeing Tonight, in the fire's bright gleam, And this picture, to me is the dearest, Of any, of which I dream.

A complexion like cream, and red roses, Brown eyes, with the soul shining through, A sweet little mouth like a rose-bud Fresh with the morning's dew. But sweeter to me, than the beauty Of the face, that is gazing at mine, Is the love, that the soul is revealing, Bringing back, a sweet, olden, time. Forgotten the years that have vanished, Again she is clasped to my heart, Once more we're in sweetest communion, Not mother, and child, apart.

Once more I see rocking my darling, As I did in that olden time; Now, a sweet lullaby sing'g, Then cooling some quaint, old rhyme. Banished are all earthly crosses, But a falling coal makes me start; To find I am alone in the darkness, With a dreary ache in my heart.

Darkened, and grey as the ashes, Are the bright rose-tints of my life; But these dreams in the dusky gloaming, Make me strong for life's battle and strife. Bidd'g me faint not, if weary, More trustful, if doubting I be; While on the bright wings of the morning, Sweet whisperings of hope, come to me. Moncton, April 19th., 1893. ALLIE.

Midsummer.

'Tis a balmy summer evening, In the heart of fair July; The sun has sunk behind the hills, And has left a glorious sky. And the glowing creeps around us, Steals away the mellow light; The stars, just peeping through the heavens, Are twinkling with the shades of night. And the dew in silence falls, Like a veil on tree and bush; The gentle rustling of the grasses, Seems to softly whisper, "Hush!" Moncton, July 17th., 1893. F. JOSEPHINE, S.

St. John, New Brunswick.

Outstretching in an anchorage for service unsurpassed, Where, vying with her steeples, points many a stately mast From vessels seldom tossed, no matter how it storms, So sheltered from the winds that a circle nearly forms.

With an artificial structure, if not a thing of skill, Is of goodly service, to keep its boom still; A massive stony hedge you can hardly call a dyke, But then it breaks the seas, so call it what you like.

And a daily rise and fall of twenty feet or more, Near at even hourly intervals of twice in twenty-four; Which purifies the whole, making currents swiftly run, In continuance of the cleansing the city's sewers done.

A haven good for fish, where gasperaux abound, Well suited for its weirs making, many a million trout, While more are caught in nets, or what is called a drift, And oftentimes abundantly, near a hoghead at a tilt.

And raised some clever oarsmen upon its placid breast, Who in their youthful days had conquered then the best— The famous Paris crew, whose prowess is her pride, Now in honored posts of duty that are kindred with her tide.

It has its rocks and shoals that really dangerous are, But these are signal buoy'd and a beacon on the bar With Partridge Islands near, scarce half a league away, Throwing light across the channel and for miles along the bay.

And has its fog at times which makes the way obscure, Much less a fault in transit than being froze secure, When a horn is sounding clear, unceasing but at whiles, Which seamen plainly hear perhaps a dozen miles.

And when the frost is nipping, its face is still unripp'd; Then, as well as summer, can merchandise be shipped. An exception all important and in merits claim the most, 'Tis the only open port along the eastern coast.

Except in southern climes where cold is not severe, They of course are open all seasons of the year. But are so far away that we need not make a fuss, For their rival competition will never bother us.

Now Halifax is fine and so is Portland's too, Both are splendid harbors as a lovely to the view, But when the long exertion has been made, They cannot bear the sting, succumb within an hour.

Next looks put on their skates, and o'er their surface glide, While as it ever moves, moves on this open tide; With vapor rising high, a fog of other kind, Yet none need lose their way, except they're very blind.

I have left her waters and betook me to her land, Here improvements of the latest are seen on either hand; And now within a car an electric current runs, Siting, musing on the genius of nature's gifted sons.

And the spirit of her progress which hath metled in the chase, Now striding in its march at such a rapid pace; And foremost, let us hope, if she gets the C. P. R., To roll along their grain, and ship it from the car.

As ever in the west an elevator's there Standing near the ferry high, towering in the air, And the Connolly's nearly done with what they have to do, With an enterprising mayor to push the matter through.

Now let us grateful be to the great and bounteous Giver, For these and other gifts her forests and her river, So fertile and commodious and of staples well possessed, By tugging at the wheel and trusting for the rest. HENRY GASKIN. Kingsville, St. John, N. B., April 22.

Love by Lot.

Sitting on the river bank, Meg and Will together, Sitting, coming daisy leaves In the bright June weather.

Will possessed his heart no more, Sweet Meg owned it entire, Yet no word had dared Will speak Though burned he with desire.

But sitting 'mid the daisies This bright and summer day, Trembling sought he savvy Meg, To tell him yea or nay.

Meg held tight within her hand— Three little wisps of hay; "Now you may draw your lot sir, The long one sayeth 'yea.'"

Said Will "This is not fair, Meg, I've but one chance in three, But since 'tis all you offer, May fortune favor me."

So sitting 'mid the daisies, 'Mid sun and birds and bloom, The fateful lot was drawn forth, The lot that told Will's doom.

'Twas long: His heart leaped wildly, He kissed Meg's laughing lips, Eager as the early bee, His first sweet honey slips.

Then said "Now tell me, Meg dear, How could you really be So cruel as to give me, But one poor chance in three." Sitting on the river bank Meg laughed aloud in glee "Why, Will, you silly boy dear The wisps were long—all three!" SWEET-BRIER.

The Hammock's Tale. I heard them say my glory had departed, And I must bid the world a long farewell; But ere I go to grace the dusty attic, A little tender tale I have to tell. How well I will remember my first summer— (But here one little fact I will confide, In those my calow days I loved romances And easily, perhaps, was edited.) "The only girl I ever loved" he murmured She—"Subject your memory to a sharp review" He—"All others dear were merely fleeting fancies My first and fondest love I give to you." "I wonder"—and the maiden paused a moment, Profoundly pained—with sad and thoughtful brow, "How often you've rehearsed that pretty story To say it neatly as you say it now." The youth arose, his dark eyes flashing anger, And gazed upon her with a stony stare, He bowed and turning on his heel, departed, And left the naughty maiden sitting there. A merry laugh rang out beneath the starlight, A tender voice called, "Do come back Dick dear; The hammock is so dreadfully unbalanced And I am miserably lonely here." The haughty strides grew shorter and less hurried, He turned and saw the winking, punitive face; He smiled and all his anger was forgotten, Came quickly back and took the same old place. Discarded now, consigned to dreary darkness, O'er vanished youth and usefulness I sigh, The world—my world of sweet and happy summers— I bid one sad, long, lingering, good-bye. EDITH WHEAT.

The Farmer vs the World.

Let the sailor boast of the ocean wave, Of his home on the rolling deep; Of the marauder's some on a summer's night, When the wind is hulled to sleep; Of the wonderful lights he is bound to see When on shore in foreign climes, Of his rollicking life so wild and free, All careless of dollars or dimes.

Or the soldier boast of the glories of war, With its glitter and roll of drum, As far back as Of the mighty deeds and heroic acts, Of battles fought and won, Let him point with pride, to the roll of fame, Inscribed in letters of blood; With the names and deeds of heroes brave, Who have died for their country's good.

Let the woodman boast of the joys of life, 'Mid the forests of pine and spruce, Away from trouble and free from strife, 'Mid the haunts of the timid mouse. Let him tell of life in the lumber camp, When the work of the day is done, When the music starts and the dancers tramp, And the wonderful yams are spun.

But give me the life of a farmer, With its attendant toil and care, And the wheat all mixed with tares; Yes! give me the fields of golden grain, The hills of waving corn, Work in the fields, with the health it gives, Till night, from dewy morn.

And as years roll on, and the ills of age Cluster thickly round my path, 'Tis then we'll feel our choice was sage, Our crop was the aftermath. The sailor, soldier and woodman may, In poverty end their days, A farmer's life for his worry and toil, Full interest always pays. Miramichi, April 8, 1893. HICKORY.

Chinese Bank Notes.

The earliest issue of bank notes, so far as known, was in that country of antiquities, the Chinese Empire. As far back as B. C. 2007 the Chinese treasury issued bank notes, some of which are still in existence. The treasury then did a banking business, which, however, it soon turned over to private enterprise, the Chinese banks being then, as now, under government supervision and control. So far as essential particulars were concerned the notes issued at that remote date did not differ from those of to-day, each bearing the name of the bank, the value of the note, the place of issue, the date and signatures of the bank's officers. The Chinese called the bank notes "flying money," and regarded them as superior to the precious metals on account of the greater facility of handling. Many of these early notes are still in existence and may be seen in various European museums.

An Ocean of Beer.

The output of the monster breweries nowadays is so stupendous that it takes time to realize or picture it. For instance, Messrs. Bass' brewings last season figure out nearly 1,400,000 barrels. Now, the greatest of the Egyptian pyramids is 763 feet square at the base, and this firm's butts, bulge to bulge, alone would supply bases for ten such pyramids, while the other cases would suffice for a superstructure 300 feet high. End to end in a line, the year's casks would about reach from London to Glasgow.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

Restores faded, thin, and gray hair to its original color, texture, and abundance; prevents it from falling out, checks tendency to baldness, and promotes a new and vigorous growth. A clean, safe, elegant, and economical hair-dressing.

Everywhere Popular

"Nine months after having the typhoid fever, my head was perfectly bald. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and before I had used half a bottle, the hair began to grow. Two more bottles brought out as good a head of hair as ever I had. On my recommendation, my brother William Craig made use of Ayer's Hair Vigor with the same good results."—Stephen Craig, 832 Charlotte st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Every where.

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It's the usual way on wash day—a big fire—a house full of steam—the heavy lifting—the hard work.



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Unlike the ghost in Hamlet, this is no gruesome narrative, but a few plain facts that appeal to live folks. Does the question of dress interest you? Of course it does, and new clothes are rather expensive luxuries. That old suit of yours is rather badly faded, but otherwise it is all right. Why not rent it to UNGAR'S? He makes the OLD NEW. Overcoats, Suits, Dresses and Clothing of every description will give satisfaction if dyed or cleaned at UNGAR'S.

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ENGLISH VILLAGE LIFE.

INTERESTING TYPES OF IT TO BE FOUND BY THE TRAVELLER.

Homes of the Workers and How They are Arranged—Quiet Stone Farm Houses and Their Occupants—Glimpses of Old Cornwall and Its People.

LONDON, April 17th.—Many of the comparatively modern villages of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire and Staffordshire, the village homes of operatives in mines, mills and potteries, are far prettier and more comfortable than even many Englishmen would have us believe. A half dozen different religions fighting tooth and nail for their piety and peace, the vague unrest that comes through almost unlimited access to newspapers and books, and the changed standard of necessities and luxuries pressing sorely upon the highest limitations of even largely increased wages, have given the villagers of this type of hamlets an entirely different mental and material mold. I would not say they are happier for the change; but their homes, food, labor, wage and environment are, as we measure things, infinitely superior to those of the same class from a half century to a century ago.

Many of these hamlets are massed about by trees, have architecturally beautiful little churches, chapels, club-houses, libraries and the neatest of shops. Nearly all are tidy and clean. The potters' villages of Staffordshire are good illustrations of them all. Within a five-mile radius of Hanley, Burnum and Stoke, you can find 10,000 homes of potters, nearly all in pretty hamlets or in shady village lanes, and villages of long, straight streets. The poorest part of the district lives as snugly as did the master-potter manufacturer of forty and fifty years ago.

His cottage is of brick. It has two stories, and the blessing of perfect drainage. On the ground floor are a parlor with a pretty fire-place, a large living-room provided with a huge grate, hobs and "jockey-bar" for swinging pots and kettles; and behind this is a scullery, with a fine little garden at the rear. The upper floor comprises two large sleeping-rooms.

This gives every family a five-roomed, completely detached house and garden. Ordinary workmen earn from 25 to 30 shillings weekly. If there happen to be daughters, one may be a "paintress," coloring the cheaper wares and earning eight shillings, and perhaps another a "burnisher," earning six shillings, per week. Many families thus secure from 35 to 40 shillings per week, while their rent and rates do not exceed five shillings per week for such a home.

Nearly all of these workmen's village homes have front-area flower-plats. In the gardens of all are azaleas of flowers and vines and beds of vegetables in summer. Every parlor has its solemn-voiced "grandfather's clock." It also boasts chests of linen, drawers of comfortable clothing, and many cheap and pretty pieces of furniture; while on the mantle or bureau-top is always found some fanciful sketch, painting or curious model, the result of emulation to win prizes for invention in new processes, or for unique and original designs in modeling and decoration. The murderous "truck" system is unknown in England, as it should be in America; and every penny due every man is paid him each Saturday noon. We are very fond, about election-time, of telling our workmen what lucky dogs they are. I wish they truly possessed the home comfort and pleasant environment that English workmen's villages almost universally disclose.

Another and most interesting type of villages and village life may be found in the region comprised in southwestern Warwickshire, northern Gloucestershire, eastern Herefordshire, and southern Worcestershire, between the towns of Stratford-on-Avon, Hereford, Worcester and Gloucester. The antiquity of most of these villages is as great and their characteristics as distinctive as those of the stone hamlets of Cumberland. Like the latter most are of stone and from 300 to 500 years old. Here is everything curious and ancient in old oak doors and hinges, fanciful chimney-pieces, massive oak lintels, doors and balustrades, mullioned windows and panelled rooms. When the habitations are not of stone they are the still more picturesque ancient Tudor hall timbered houses. These in their gables with crowning pinnacles, their odd porches, small but massive doors, mullioned windows and huge chimneys, overhanging stories and jumbles of projecting windows, are no less quaint and curious than their interiors, with their spacious, low-ceilinged rooms panelled with oak of ebony blackness, often elaborately carved and ornamented, and with passages, nooks, niches, cupboards and presses, bewildering in arrangement and number.

Each stone farm-house and cotter's village home stands in its own orchard, brilliant with sprays of pink and white, or with balls of russet and gold, according to the season. Chaffinches and robins are among the mosses in all these orchards; blackberries and thistles in the thick garden shrubberies and in the tangled coppices and hedgerows. The stage-coaches are here just as of old. So are the carrier, the carter, the thatcher, the tiler, the drainer, ploughman, the shepherd, the common field laborer, and even the poacher; all as heedless of Reform as Cuban guajros, and all with kindly faces and speech betokening sturdy pride in their vocations which were the toil of their fathers before them. There is no blushing, no jostling, no harrying or hurrying. Everybody saunters, dozes or lingers

as though content never paid penalty to want. An atmosphere of unconstrained amiable broods over all. Hundreds of the olden English villages are surely here in a region that knows no change.

Unless one has really wandered in rock-buttressed old Cornwall it is hard to believe that outside the picturesque coastwise fishing hamlets there is such a thing as a characteristic village life. To the casual observer from the railway train, the whole face of the land seems torn and scarred; as if by tremendous elemental struggles. A myriad hurled in awful upper rain upon its face could have left no more unsightly hurts. But it is full of entrancing hidden nooks, where, sloping from ragged moorlands are beautiful little valleys with ample farms, leavened into tinner's checkers of hedge and lane-brodered fields and these into mossy old hamlets, where the white Wesleyan chapel and the Norman-towered parish church, are the only two structures showing through a wealth of trees; but where are curious old homes, and always a bawling moorland stream turning the gray, huge wheel of some trembling old mill.

Here, miles perhaps from their "paintress" work "below grass" in the mines on the moors, live swarthy "Coden" (cousin) "lark" with scores of cotter laborers upon the farms. Wherever these village cottages, bowered in brilliant Cornish creepers and roses, with cement floors, and thatched roofs subject to interminable repairs from onslaughts of scores of busy sparrows, tiny miners themselves, endlessly sinking shafts and drilling "cross-cut" and "levels" in the soft and yielding strata. There is one room, a half-story garret beneath the thatch. There is only a front door. A window is at either side of this, and sometimes directly above these, tiny panes to light the garret. Each cottage is provided at the end or back with an open fire-place in the center; a sort of range, at one side, covered with brass ornaments which the housewife is endlessly polishing with growder; while at the other side is the "unconer" with "helps" or upper and under doors, for storing faggots or furze for fuel.

The furniture though scant is honest and useful. At the fire-place are the "brander," a triangular iron on legs on which, over the coals, the kettles boil, the circular cast-iron "baker" is set, and the fish or meat, when they can be luckily had, are "scrowled" or grilled. There are perhaps four chairs, singularly enough with solid mahogany frames, but the seats are of painted pine and are waxed weekly. These are for "best" and all the best. For every-day use one or two "firms" or rude benches are provided. The single table is of pine, an unpainted side for daily use, and scrubbed daily, and a painted side for Sunday. The table is something starting in cheap goods, for the Gipsy hawkers frequent Cornwall, and each member of the family is provided with a real "chany" cup and saucer with a gorgeous gilt band.

For his class the Cornish villager is a generous liver. The young folk have an unusual fund of games distinctive of Cornwall; marriages provide extraordinary festivals; the dead are "watched" from disease to burial and funerals provide subdued diversions with heroic feasts; leaping, wrestling, running, cricket and "putting the stone," are the principal amusements of youth and men, in which they excel; and their count is endeared hobgoblins and "buccabos," which Wesley and Whitfield along with the railways and telegraph were never able to "lay," draw these sturdy Cornish villagers closer together around the flashing village smithy forge, or within the home-glow of their blazing ingle-nooks, during the long winter nights when the cruel fogs pound in over the moors from the seething Channel or the tempests howl across the dreary, shuddering moors.

Practically all English village folk are laborers, whether operatives, shepherds, wagoners, thatchers, drainers, or common field laborers, just as they have been for hundreds of years. There may be a publican or innkeeper, a shopkeeper who postmaster or a painter, undertaker, verger and gravedigger in one, a baker, a tailor, a blacksmith and a poacher, for the latter is in every hamlet in Britain, all great oracles in their way. But three families of quality, and frequently not that many, are known—those of the lord of the manor, the Squire, the rector or the curate and the Schoolmaster; for the doctor is always summoned from a near city or town.

English village life is therefore found to lie within a wonderfully close horizon. I have been much with these folk in their labor, their diversions and their homes. After looking at them long and earnestly with my own eyes, I have tried to get, as nearly as possible, into their personal environment and then look out of the windows of their minds and their habitations upon the everyday world about them. In this way a good deal that is not hoped for, and much that is gratifying can be discerned. It is certainly true that an infinitely higher standard of life and living is enjoyed in the "good old days" whose departure the wise writers so bitterly deplore.

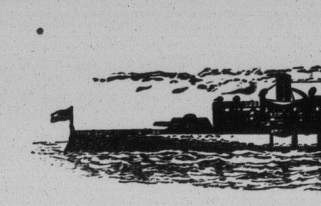
Universal education has certainly caused universal discontent. But I do not think it carries from youth to old age. By the time these folks are twenty or twenty-five years of age the fermentation period is passed. Some go to the cities, as with us, or to America or Australia; but those who remain, are better laborers, villagers and citizens. The English peasant clad has thus almost entirely disappeared. You will not see very much knee-crooking, head-bucking and tuft-pulling to superiors, while there is no less genuine kind-heartedness and respect. Smock-frocks and corduroys are less frequent. So are the feasts and gorgings and guzzlings. But these villagers are less gross. They are of better stuff. They have more wholesome food to eat, and a great variety. They know something about hygiene. They insist on good drainage. In humble fashion they beautify their habitations without and within. What has been lost in the rough and often brutal amusements of the olden time has been more than gained in and for the home. There are books and newspapers and prints in it. The fireside is even a grander place than the parson's lawn or the brawling street.

In a word, without having lost a jot of their value as laborers and servants they have emerged from a condition of sullen male and female hinds to that of self-respecting men and women. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Unique Exhibition by the United States Naval Department.

Unique among the other exhibits that made by the United States Naval Department. It is in a structure which, to all outward appearance, is a faithful full-sized model of one of the new coast-line battleships. This imitation battleship of 1893 is erected on piling on the Lake front in the northeast portion of Jackson Park. It is surrounded by water and has the appearance of being moored to a wharf. The structure has all the fittings that belong to



U. S. COAST LINE BATTLE SHIP.

of the actual battleship, to-wit: length, 348 feet; width amidships, 69 feet 3 inches; and from the water line to the top of the main deck, 12 feet. Centrally placed on this deck is a superstructure 8 feet high with a hammock berthing on the same 7 feet high, and above these are the bridge, chart-house, and the boats.

At the forward end of the superstructure there is a cone-shaped tower, called the "military mast," near the top of which are placed two circular "tops" as receptacles for sharpshooters. Rapid-firing guns are mounted in each of these tops. The height from the water line to the summit of this military mast is 76 feet, and above is placed a flagstaff for signaling.

The battery mounted comprises four 13-inch breech-loading rifle cannon; eight 6-inch breech-loading rifle cannon; four 6-inch breech-loading rifle cannon; twenty 6-pounder rapid-firing guns; six 1-pound rapid-firing guns; two Gatling guns, all of these are placed and mounted respectively as in the genuine battleship.

On the starboard side of the ship is shown the torpedo protection net, stretching the entire length of the vessel. Steam launches and cutters ride at the booms, and all the outward appearance of a real ship of war is imitated.

The dimensions of the structure are those of the actual ship, to-wit: length, 348 feet; width amidships, 69 feet 3 inches; and from the water line to the top of the main deck, 12 feet.

At his death, amongst other properties he left the celebrated Bendigo Mine to his family. From this mine alone the fabulous quantity of thirteen tons of gold has been taken, while the weekly turn-out is about 6,000 ounces. One of "The Gold-Digger King's" daughters is married to Mr. Murdoch, the well known cricketer.

Another interesting monarch was the notorious George Barrington, "King of the Pickpockets," who had picked pockets all over the United Kingdom, and served two terms of imprisonment on the hulks at Woolwich for being caught plying his nefarious trade in the Lobby of the House of Commons and at the Hoyal Drawing Rooms.

Strange to say, though sentenced in the end to seven years' transportation, on the voyage out he was mainly instrumental in quelling a serious mutiny amongst the other convicts on board. He was rewarded with an almost immediate ticket of leave on arriving in the Colony, promoted to be Superintendent of Convicts at Parramatta, and ultimately became a justice of the peace, and died at a ripe old age.

The metallic monarch, known in the police-courts as "the King of the Pot-Stealers," deserves mention amongst other peculiar regal personages. A painter by trade, and aged forty-one, he was sentenced to a short term of eighteen months because he had stolen no fewer than 2,000 pewter pots. His regular practice was to make himself up as a plasterer's laborer well bespattered with whitewash, drop into a public-house, purloin a pot, wrap it quickly in a sheet of brown paper.

Emerging into the roadway, he would then place his plunder under a wheel of the first heavy van that passed, and then hide it in his pocket. From one London house alone he stole no fewer than seventy-seven, and at his lodgings was found a frying pan in which he used to melt them down. Fifty years ago the peculiar sport of knocker stealing was one of the favorite amusements of Oxford undergraduates, who would sail forth at night armed with stout pokers, and wrench the knockers from the doors of even their own professors. A student who proved himself such an adept at the game that he became known throughout the University as "The King of the Knocker Stealers," and when the mountain in the Tom Quad of Christ Church was cleaned out, it was found to be literally check-full of knockers of all sorts, designs, and sizes, thrown there by the purloiners to escape detection.

In the last century there flourished the revered William Huntingdon, sometimes called the converted Coalheaver, but better known as "The King of Prayer," at an early stage in his career, being in need of a pair of leather breeches, he offered up a public prayer for them, and in the course of a few days there arrived at his dwelling a brown paper parcel containing that very attire. Shrewdly recognizing the efficacy of the process, the "Converted Coalheaver" continued to adopt these tactics, and by persistent praying became at last the proprietor of a most extensive wardrobe, and eventually married the widow of a deceased Lord Mayor.

It will hardly be credited that such a calling exists as that of "the King of Cra," in Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg there are persons who make quite a lucrative business of it. Paul Latreille, one of its professors, recently deceased, rose to such eminence in his profession that he was known as "The King of the Knot-makers," and in his day he used to make a regular round every evening in a cab just like a popular physician, and for the two minutes' work that each of his patrons required, charged from two to five francs, according to the position and wealth of his employer. In the sum-

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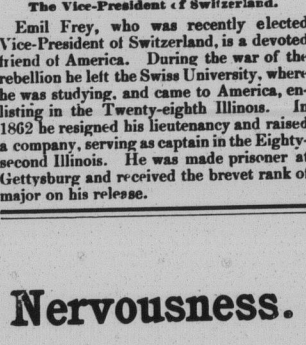
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Dear me, girls, is, the t if we w and up to date, 36 inches from It does not a structure, the eighteen inches she does not co rding to the m making; being provided by us sweet will up stood that in has "nothing t You must m measures the w shot, before s let to the l friend to hold other, and the ing recently e so he stretch announcing th "measured se Well, that i now-3-days, f your huge al away from yo measure them apart you ma de rigging an on Fifth Aven What would they in their turity and co breath of sho consider desi spent hours e shoulders whi almost above have heard la that they use day walking a heavy paln was supposed the shoulders cise. Verily I am afraid w mated hour f follow the fa they because I a dress which the hem, an material rea it is really a half for it When any fa as that, it ge ing point r advise all th choose what becoming to fashion plate extreme, be has said o fashions fo settled, the is still very quarters and very decidu style just ye empire styl force last at literally ten g belts, and e my dear gi "Where are do you kno have seen b worn and a ladies the i was far fro to rejoice t lived to be The emp except in garment w neglige ap pire modes as a stree of the que conspicuous

In spite of shoulder w just now, I growing to seams, whi to sloping add to the and give it come to ca selves som a goodly a in pat healthy s summer gi and swung ever sinc robust, ar wears her ever to get for droopi I think that the sarge trim worn wid and blaz summer. chan ever on dresy the first p pongee st in is t neck and round yok the fashio belt cross

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

Dear me, girls, what a terrible thought it is, that if we want to be really fashionable and up to date, we must actually measure 36 inches from one shoulder to the other! It does not matter whether the original structure, the woman herself, measures eighteen inches, or only twelve, because she does not count to any large extent, according to the latest rules of modern dress-making; being only a sort of foundation provided by nature for art to work her own sweet will upon. Of course it is understood that in measuring, the foundation has "nothing to do with the case tra-la." You must measure as the sportsman measures the wings of the eagle he has just shot, before sending an account of the exploit to the local papers: he gets some friend to hold one wing, while he holds the other, and they both pull. The eagle having recently expired in flaccid and elastic, so he stretches easily, and the result of this treatment fully justifies his slayer in announcing that this monarch of the air "measured seven feet from tip to tip."

Well, that is the way to measure angels, now—days, from tip to tip: flatten out your huge sleeve puffs girls, pull them away from your shoulders like wings, then measure them and if they are a full yard apart you may rest satisfied that you are *de rigueur* and you will pass muster even on Fifth Avenue itself.

What would our mothers have said could they in their girlhood have looked into the future and contemplated the extraordinary breadth of shoulders their daughters would consider desirable, when they themselves spent hours each day, cultivating the sloping shoulders which were prized in their day, almost above all other beauty of form. I have heard ladies of the last generation say that they used to spend half an hour each day walking slowly up and down carrying a heavy pail of water in each hand, as that was supposed to give the requisite drop to the shoulders better than any other exercise. Verily times has changed since then! I am afraid we all shall be looking like animated hour glasses soon if we pretend to follow the fashions with anything like fidelity because I really heard the other day of a dress which measured twelve yards around the hem, and when the waste of raw material reaches that extent, I think it is really time some one called a halt for it is too ridiculous to be tolerated. When any fashion reaches such an extreme as that, it generally goes back to the starting point rather suddenly; so I should advise all those who have limited purses, to choose whatever style of garment is most becoming to them, and not follow the fashion plates with blind faith, or go to any extent, because in spite of all that has been said or written on the subject the fashions for the coming season are not settled, the matter of the prevailing mode is still very much under discussion in high quarters and it is better not to make any very decided departure from the prevailing style just yet. Remember the fate of the empire style which set in with such apparent force last autumn that the fashion books literally teemed with empire gowns, cloaks, belts, and even corsets. Think of these my dear girls, and then ask yourself plainly "Where are these garments now?" Why, do you know that it is a positive fact, I have seen but two genuine empire dresses worn and as they were both on rather stout ladies the impression they made upon me was far from favorable, and I felt inclined to rejoice that the fashion was too short lived to become at all general.

The empire styles are rarely seen now except in tea gowns and in this style of garment where flowing draperies and a negligé appearance is desirable the empire modes show to great advantage, but as a street dress the real empire was out of the question, from the first—it was too conspicuous to be lady-like.

In spite of the enormous breadth of shoulder which the wide sleeve puffs give just now, I really believe there is a steadily growing tendency towards longer shoulder seams, which must mean in time, a return to sloping shoulders, as the long seams add to the apparent length of the shoulder, and give it a fictitious droop, so we may come to carrying the pails of water ourselves soon, though I believe it would take a goodly share of the Atlantic ocean served out in pails to bring down the dear, healthy square shoulders of the average summer girl, who has played tennis, rowed, and swung dumb bells, and Indian clubs, ever since she left school. She is too robust, and vigorous, bless her, and she wears her shoulders thrown too well back, ever to get them into the proper position for drooping.

I think everyone will be glad to hear that the tailor made skirt of blue, or black serge trimmed with serviceable braid, and worn with either a blouse, or shirt waist and blazer, will be as popular as ever this summer. Indeed the blouse will be more than ever in the ascendant, and worn even on dressy occasions. Silk, of course, is the first choice, cream colored China, or pongee silk, and a lovely way to make them is to shirr the fullness around the neck and shoulders into the shape of a round yoke, instead of leaving it loose, as the fashion was last year. A folded ash belt crosses in front, and meets beneath a

rosette in the back. The belt has quite a deep point in front which gives a basque effect to the blouse; the sleeves are plain and tight up to mid-way between the elbow and shoulder, where they are finished off with large puffs.

Speaking of puffs, reminds me of a very pretty variety of puff, called the Vandjke, which is set on in a point, the puff sloping up sharper towards the shoulder as if it had been caught up and fastened, like a baby's sleeve, before being sewed on.

Charming little bodices, and blouses are made of white lawn, cambric and old fashioned white dotted muslin; they can be worn with any skirt. Their distinguishing features consist of the puffed sleeves which sometimes show as many as five close puffs set close together, and reaching almost to the wrist where they are finished with little cuffs or collars; and the old cape like collars of deep embroidery which are set on just below the high standing collars which finish all the most fashionable dresses this season. Here are two especially pretty ones. The first was of white nainsook and was composed entirely of puffs of nainsook separated by bands of insertion running around the figure like the hoops of a barrel. The last row of embroidery formed the belt, below which was a frill about five inches deep and edged with embroidery. The sleeves were wide and full from the shoulder to below the elbow where they were finished with puffed cuffs to match the bodice itself, a band of the insertion formed the standing collar, below which hung a double frill of the nainsook hemstitched around the edge and reaching well down over the shoulders. It does not sound pretty I know, but it really looked charming.

Another lovely little blouse was of sheer white, dotted muslin, made in the simplest possible style, very slightly full about the neck, and with the fullness at the waist gathered into a band, below which is a frill, trimmed with either embroidery or lace, and five inches deep when finished; the sleeves are in three puffs, separated by bands of insertion, and the standing collar is also of insertion. The principle feature of the garment is its deep cape-collars, of embroidered muslin, or rather muslin Hamburg, which begins at the base of the standing collar and falls well over the shoulders; it does not meet in front by about three inches, and is gathered very full indeed, making a new and very pretty finish for the blouse. The vest may be either of embroidery or silk. None of the muslin blouses are lined.

A curious proof of the correctness of my assertion, that fashions go from one extreme to the other may be found in the almost universal high collars which are worn this spring. Last year it was considered the correct thing to show our collar bones even in walking costume, and a dress with a collar was looked upon as a sort of back number, and entirely out of style: now if we want to be fashionable we must be able to touch our ears with the edges of our collars without bending our heads. Fashion is indeed a sort of wheel, and those who would keep up with her revolutions, must be agile beyond the ordinary run of mortals. A very pretty heading for a flounce either of muslin, silk, or challis is the new double frill which is less bulky than a ruche and quite as pretty. It is made by hemming on both sides a straight strip of the material, in the required width; run two shirrs half an inch apart through the centre and draw them up very full, and stitch in by machine. This ruffle requires to be cut twice the length of the space to be covered as it must be very full. It may be made of bias material if preferred, and instead of being hemmed, folded so that the edges will lap in the centre of the under side, and be held in place by the shirrs. This makes a pretty heading for the flounce of a challis or china silk dress, made of the silk with which the dress is trimmed; and it is also suitable for outlining a yoke, placing at the top of a cuff just where the puff begins, or decorating a plain high collar.

Through the kindness of a correspondent signing the initials C. C. B., I was enabled to give "Chatham" a copy of several teachers' bureaus of the "New York Times." The first is "The J. Young-Fulton, 23 Union square." The next "Mrs. Miriam Corry, 11th avenue, No. 150 Methodist Church Building." This is especially an exceptional agency. The "Teachers' Schermerhorn's Agency" completes the list. I am sorry to say that I failed to make out the word which came after "hook" and before "building" in the second address; it looked like either caucus or cancer, but as I was sure it could not be either, I gave up puzzling my brains over it, and leave it to the imagination of my correspondent, to whom I hope the addresses will be of some use, if they are not too late.

Will C. C. B., of St. John, accept my thanks for his or her kindness in supplying the information I asked for? ASTRA.

Recipes in Autographs.

The autograph craze has revived, but with a practical rather than a poetical motive. Instead of rhymes on the beauty and truth of friendship, one is requested now to write on the blank pages of the collector's album his or her favorite recipe, with date and signature. It would seem at first thought to be a more wholesome fancy than the gathering together of rhymes, but considering the wear and tear of the digestive apparatus upon which these numerous recipes may be tried by an ambitious housewife, swapping sentiments may be less destructive and undesirable.

**Situation Wanted by an Angel.**

A Southern paper publishes the following: "Wanted—By a young lady aged nineteen, of pleasing countenance, good figure, agreeable manners, general information and varied accomplishments, who has studied everything from the creation to crochets, a situation in the family of a gentleman. She will take the head of his table, manage his household, scold his servants, nurse his babies, check his tradesman's bills, accompany him to the theatre, cut the leaves of his new book, sew on his buttons, warm his slippers and generally make his life happy. Apply, in the first place, to Miss —, Hickory Grove, Ga., and afterward to papa on the premises." Any young man looking for an angel for a wife will get near his aim to try as quickly as possible to furnish in this Hickory Grove, or else the girl that inspired that ad. is the most mistaken young woman south of Mason and Dixon's line.

**A Woman Lawyer in California.**

Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon, a leading lawyer on the Pacific coast, has filed papers endorsed by prominent men of her State for the consulship to Honolulu. Mrs. Gordon is a prominent advocate of woman suffrage and has frequently taken part in democratic campaigns. Testimonials from the chair-

## DIET REFORM'S LATEST PHASE.

Bread, Meat, and Vegetables Discarded in Favor of Nuts and Sweet Fruits.

Modern science wields an iconoclastic club against all our pet theories and traditions. Bread that has been from time immemorial regarded as the staff of life is, according to the new gospel of beauty expounded by Dr. Helen Dinmore, responsible for much of the nervous irritation and prostration of the age, and leads to intemperance. The little child cries for a banana and is persuaded to eat large quantities of bread under promise of the fruit as a reward. According to Dr. Helen and her theory the child's desire for the fruit is a natural and reasonable one, which should be indulged to the fullest extent. Bread and all cereals, according to the new philosophy of dietetics, are not digested by the stomach, but rather in the intestines, where the digestive power, is less vigorous and is overtaxed in assimilating them. The strain upon the nervous system involved calls for a pick-me-up first in the form of tea and coffee or tobacco, and finally wine or alcohol. Vegetable foods, from their excessive potassium demand large quantities of salt, which in turn paves the way by depressing the nervous system for the use of narcotics and stimulants.

Fruit and nuts, on the contrary, are adapted to the tastes and appetites of man without the aid of salt or irritating spices, are easily digested and assimilated than cereals and vegetables, and furnish the same supply to the waste of the body that bread laboriously digested less naturally furnishes. The system is too intricate for presentation in full, but Dr. Helen and her husband, Dr. Dinmore, consists primarily of fruit and nuts, but sweet fruits supplemented by milk and eggs or mild cheese are recommended during the transition of diets, especially for vegetarians.

One invalid was brought out of a dangerous illness by eating two figs with a date and milk three times a day, increasing the amount gradually until now she eats four ounces of Tunis dates, half a pint of milk three times a day, two eggs, a little fresh butter, and a few ground pine kernels every day. Another woman is thriving and working on eight ounces of Halloumi dates, one-half pint of milk, and one ounce of pine kernels for breakfast, and figs, dates, milk, and nuts for the other meals, which are taken at intervals of six hours three times a day.

An elderly woman who is taking the diet has corrected the tendency to obesity from which she suffered, her hair has not lost its color, her eyes require no spectacles, and everywhere she is taken for her own son's wife or sister. According to Dr. Dinmore, when this diet becomes universal beauty will come to be recognized as no more the property of youth than of age. The athletic form of age, with its open and unrinkled brow, will have no gray deformity, no deadly germs of languor and disease, no wrinkles, but perfect hearing, clear eyesight, sound teeth, elastic step, physical vigor, and spiritual contentment. —N. Y. Sun.

**To Wash Flannels.**

In washing the clothing of a family, there is nothing which requires so much care and never-fading particularity as the flannels. No inexperienced person should attempt the task, for it lies in the power of the laundress to keep them mainly and, unfortunately, to destroy them and make them unfit for further use. There are many conflicting theories in regard to the proper way to wash flannels, but the best and safest rule to follow, says Eva Marie Kennedy in the Ladies' World, is to wash them in soft water just hot enough to be borne comfortably by the hand. The flannels should be made before the flannels are put in, and should never, on any account, be rubbed into them. Neither should the flannels themselves be rubbed, as in washing linen articles, for the fibres of the wool contain numberless little hooks which, when rubbed together, catch and consequently are followed by the thickening and shrinking of the fabric.

If they are very much soiled they should be washed in two suits of the same degree of temperature, and then rinsed in lukewarm water, into which a little bluing, or blue, should be stirred. Stir the articles, and wash the hands, and after each water squeeze as dry as possible with the hands, as the wringer might have the tendency of making them harsh and unpleasant to the touch.

The flannels should then be well shaken and pulled into the original shape, which is followed by the thickening and shrinking of the fabric. Before they are quite dry they should be brought in, pulled and folded as evenly as possible, then rolled up tightly in a clean cloth or towel for a short time—if left too long they will shrink—and then they should be pressed till they are quite dry.

White flannels and blankets washed in this way, will remain soft and white till they are worn out.

When at all possible, flannels should be well shrunk before being made up, and care should be taken to avoid a gloomy day, or washing them. If it is cloudy or stormy weather, and the sun does not shine, it would be much better to dry them indoors.

**PREPARE FOR THE WORST.**

Dr. Janeway's Advice Regarding the Controlling of Cholera.

In speaking of the likelihood of cholera gaining a foothold in America this year, Dr. Janeway of New York tersely advises everybody to be prepared for the worst. This may seem at the first glance the talk of an alarmist, but it is in reality sound advice. There is no cause for panic, but a systematic preparation in view of a possible epidemic of cholera is necessary. Quarantine regulations need to be observed. The work of the scavenger should extend to every hole and corner of cities and towns. An uncontaminated water supply is essential. The matter of sewerage is important. But there is yet another and also very important consideration, and that is the fact that cholera, of any kind, and especially such a plague as cholera, will foster most quickly, and with the most deadly effect, upon an already diseased or debilitated system. It therefore becomes the duty of every person to see to it as far as possible to secure himself or herself from its ravages, by confronting the dread disease with a strong and healthy physical system. Comparatively few persons find themselves in that condition at this season of the year. The vast majority, indeed it may be said that all persons, find it necessary to fortify themselves by the use of some remedial agency, to restore lost vigor and vitality and so be literally prepared for the worst. The grateful testimony of thousands has established beyond dispute that no more effective combination for this purpose is offered to the public than Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills.

These are standard remedies, the formulas of which are endorsed by leading physicians on both sides of the border; and they present to everyone at moderate cost the most efficient means of regaining perfect health. They revitalize the blood, stimulate the digestive organs to regular and perfect action, restore to the nerves that force and strength which they have lost, and remove from the system all traces and effects of debility. No time should be lost in hesitation or to make a choice between remedies; for there is no other agency so sure and so effective as Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills. They are within the reach of all classes, and now is the time to secure the boon of restored health which they place within easy grasp.

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WATERBURY & RISING, 34 KING AND 212 UNION STREETS.

men of the democratic committee for Utah, Wyoming, and Nebraska, seem to be valued in the last campaign, and on account of this, claim that her application should have careful consideration. As a bride Mrs. Gordon accompanied her husband to the front, and as a volunteer nurse earned official mention in the war records for bravery and skill. After her husband's death she engaged in journalism, which she resigned for the study and practice of law. She was the second woman to be admitted to the Supreme Court of the United States, and was instrumental in changing the law of California to admit women to the bar.

**One Thing a Woman Will Fib About.**

No matter how honest a woman may be she will fib about her age.

There are exceptions to this all claim in wrath, but these same G. Washington exceptions will smile and purr like contented pussy cats when some understanding of the feminine nature says: "What! You 35? You don't look a day over 20!"

You see the principle is there just the same, and the universal horror of growing old. There is that which is unappealingly terrible to a woman in having old age relentlessly stalking toward her and no power on earth able to prevent it.

Men laugh at the idea, but they do not understand—they cannot. To a man increasing years usually bring success, happiness, attainment of the aims and desires of his youth, while the passing years take from a woman youth and beauty, her greatest powers, make her more dependent on the man she marries—obliterates her. A wise woman does well to fasten the heart-strings of those she loves to her by cultivating in the day of her freshness and beauty the fascinating little manners and ways that can laugh at time—a thing comparisons cannot do. But when we get too blue over this subject it is comforting to remember women who mysteriously never grew old. Only they had told us how! —Chicago News.

**An Apothecary of Amiability.**

Some years ago a Manchester gentleman married a young woman because she behaved so admirably when, at dinner one day, the waiter spoiled a beautiful silk dress by spilling soup over it. She smiled and joked about it in so good-natured and calm a mood that he fell in love with and married her. Some time after their marriage he returned to the incident. She said she would never forget it as long as she lived. Then he told her that that was when he made up his mind he would like to marry her.

"Yes," she answered. "I remember behaving very well about it at the time, but good gracious, you should have seen the marks of my teeth on the bedpost that night!"

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**Featherbone vs. Whalebone.**

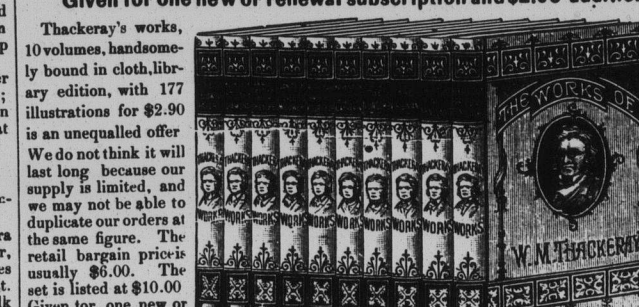
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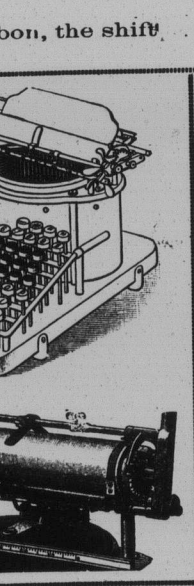
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e cheap.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

The first idea of a pneumatic tube was due to Denis Papin, in 1637. Three thousand marriages are performed every day all over the world. It is said that 1,000 rose trees are required to supply two ounces of otto of roses. The greatest depth of the Mediterranean Sea is a little more than two and one-quarter miles. In the eleventh century both English and French dandies covered their arms with bracelets. The largest single fortification in the world is Fortress Monroe. It has already cost over \$3,000,000. The Irish spend \$11 per capita, the Scotch \$15.14 per capita and the English \$19.16 for liquors annually. The best 'kid' gloves are not made of kid, but of the skins of young colts. The cheapest kid gloves are made of lamb and rat skins. There are no undertakers in Japan, and when a person dies it is the custom for his nearest relatives to put him in a coffin and bury him. Certain cocoanut trees in India, almost entirely lifeless, have been revived and made to bear abundantly by placing salt at their roots. On the bank of the Lahn, a river between Hingen and Coblenz, there is an echo capable of repeating a sentence seventeen different times. The largest sheep ranch in the world is in Texas. It contains upwards of 400,000 acres, and yearly pastures from 1,000,000 to 1,600,000 sheep. Wines produced in years when comets are visible are said to be superior in flavor to the vintage of other years, and consequently command higher prices. A singular custom prevails in Madagascar. The Prime Minister is always expected to marry the Queen of the country. The present Premier has been married to three of the Sovereigns, and has outlived them. The proportion of under-age marriages in England is steadily on the decline. In the year 1871 they stood at eighty-four in 1,000 for men, and 226 in 1,000 for women, last year the figures stood at fifty-nine for the males and 190 for females. In London alone there are more than 900 common lodging-houses, accommodating 30,000 persons nightly at charges varying from fourpence per night, with nothing to pay on Sundays by "regulars," to sixpence for the privilege of occupying a cubicle. Coal that is kept in a dry and airy place will burn much longer than that which is kept in a close cellar with no ventilation. When coal is kept in an airless place it gets rid of its gas, and the absence of this renders it less powerful and more wasteful when burned. The winding, cleaning, oiling, etc., of the clocks of Paris cost the city 41,000 francs (\$8,200) a year, or a tax of 2 centimes a head. The immense timepiece in the Palais de Justice dates from the time of Charles V., and has been kept going for five centuries. One shunter in every fifteen employed on the railways of the United Kingdom in 1891 sustained injury, and one in every 160 was killed, or 6.25 per 1,000 per year. One goods guard out of every nineteen was injured, and one in every 179 was killed or 5.6 per 1,000 per year. A traveller claims to have discovered that the waltz was the creation of neither a German nor a Swiss, but of the ostriches of Africa. He asserts that every morning at sunrise these amiable birds assemble in groups and begin a regular and graceful movement, which is none other than the waltz. An ounce of pure gold is worth \$20.64; therefore, a ton of pure gold, which contains 21,000 ounces, is worth \$195,360. Over two tons are to be exhibited in the World's Fair in a pile—\$1,000,000. It will be guarded by a trap which, when a spring is touched by an attendant, will drop the gold in a forty-foot tank of water. In 1892 there were 650 million passengers by steamships, of whom 240 people were lost, or one in every 2,708,333. The fatalities on railways were much higher. Out of 530 million passengers carried, 293 individuals were killed. Sea-going is safer than railways or any form of vehicular travel, and also than pedestrian locomotion in great cities. The first successful submarine cable laid was that between Dover and Calais in 1851. The cable that has had the longest existence is probably that laid from Orfordness to Holland in 1853. Six years later it was taken up, and replaced by the Isle of Man and St. Bees, doing duty till 1885. In the year 1886 it was laid down between the Uist and Harris in the Hebrides, and it is said to be as good as ever. The wealth of Paris is so boundless that the rubbish and refuse of the city are worth millions. There are more than 50,000 persons who earn a living by picking up what others throw away. Twenty thousand women and children exist by sifting and sorting the gatherings of the pickers, who collect every day in the year about 1,200 tons of merchandise, which they sell to the wholesale rag-dealers for some 70,000 francs. Rivers wear away from the earth and carry down to the sea an immense quantity of matter, and all rivers contain some suspended material in process of transport, the amount varying at different times and in different places. Professor Geikie has estimated the amount of sediment carried to the sea by the Thames in a year at 1,865,903 cubic feet; while it is estimated that the Mississippi deposits in the sea in a year solid matter weighing 812,500,000,000 lbs. The banana seems to be as poor an article of food as the potato, which it greatly resembles, containing 1.71 per cent. of albuminoids, whilst the potato contains the same proportion. Man under normal conditions requires 4.2oz of flesh-forming substances daily, in order to obtain which from bananas he would have to consume 15lb. of the fruit containing nine pints of water. Bananas, then, are unsuited to man's diet, although a delicious accessory to more nutritious food.

GOOD Food - Digestion - Complexion

are all intimately connected—practically inseparable. Though the fact is often ignored, it is nevertheless true that a good complexion is an impossibility without good digestion, which in turn depends on good food. There is no more common cause of indigestion than lard. Let the bright housekeeper use

COTTOLENE COTTOLENE COTTOLENE The New Vegetable Shortening and substitute for lard, and her cheeks, with those of her family, will be far more likely to be "Like a rose in the snow." COTTOLENE is clean, delicate, healthful and popular. Try it. Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

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CURES PILES.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

"The latest thing out,"—the young man with a latch-key. A man never realizes what perfect idiots women are until he hears his girl laughing at some other fellow's jokes. "Was the Charity ball a success?" "Oh, my, yes. Our deficit was only forty dollars and the Charity Society will have to pay it." "I don't think he is much of a partisan; I never hear him shouting for his party." "No; but you should hear him run down the other side." People who wonder why men's hair turns grey before their whiskers should remember that there is about twenty years difference in their respective ages. "My husband has to work very hard, said Mrs. Storcer. Mine hasn't," said Mrs. Softspan. Is he in business for himself? Yes; he's an office holder. Mother—What did you mean by coming into the house, tracking your mud all over the carpets? Hopeful—"I wasn't my fault. I didn't want to come in." "Well, I see old Mithomer has died at last."—"Yes, he is laid to rest." "I didn't know you were a friend of his."—"No I was his doctor!" Isaacstein—Moses, you 'ink about dis 'rory dot de Intians vos out der lost tribes of our boobies? Witcheuser—Nein, nein; dey sell de land too cheap. Miss A—Some people's faces always betray their feelings, but, fortunately, I am not so constituted, Mrs. B—Yes, I have seen you laid, without even changing color. Judge Duffy—You have been convicted of stealing this lady's handkerchief. What have you to say in your defence? Doomed Man—I had a bad cold in my head, your honor. They say women are timid creatures; and yet considering what kind of men they oftentimes take for husbands one might suspect them of being brave even unto rashness. Tailor—You promised me faithfully yesterday morning that you would call in and settle for that suit last night if it rained pitchforks. Customer—Yes, I know, but it didn't rain pitchforks. "I see that Snaggis is preparing an article entitled, 'Curiosities of Orthography.' Where did he obtain the material for such a paper?" "Why man he has been the employer of seven typewriters." The man who should invent a machine so that people could drop a penny in the slot and pick out a name for a baby would surely make a fortune—it would take so many tries to get a name to suit. "Oh, oh!" exclaimed Mrs. B., crazed with toothache, "can't people be born without any teeth?" "If you will recollect a moment, my dear," replied Mr. B., "you will be convinced that such is the fact." "So you want a railway position?" mused the superintendent. "Do you think you could give an intelligent account of an accident?" "Yes, sir, I'm sure I could." "Then I think we have no place for you." "Yes, sir; she is a very remarkable woman." "So I have heard." "Very remarkable. Why, sir, that woman can take up a novel and read it through without ever looking over to the end to see how it comes out." He was a countryman, and he walked along a busy thoroughfare and read a sign over the door of a manufacturing establishment, "Cast Iron Sinks." It made him mad. He said that any fool ought to know that. Pretty Wife: "I knew you'd like this new hat, darling. It is becoming, and nothing could be simpler, could it?" Darling (thoughtfully): "Nothing, except the man who has to pay three guineas for it." Medical Student—Do you know, Miss Fanny, that the action of the human heart is the worst form of the disease is that which comes when he is really trying to collect money enough to pay his bills. "When I come up these stairs takes the wind out of me," remarks a gentleman who climbs to our editorial rooms to give advice gratis. "So glad," says the editor, shaking him by the hand; and the gentleman thinks the editor is delighted to see him. A Gilt-Edged Risk.—Life Insurance President (in astonishment)—"What under the sun ever made you take a risk on this man's life? Why, he swears that he has been a confirmed invalid for five years!" Superintendent—"One of our best risks, sir. Confirmed invalids never die of anything but old age." A school inspector, having a few minutes to spare after examining the school, put a few questions to the lower form boys, on the common objects in the schoolroom. "What is the use of that map?" he asked, pointing to one stretched across the corner of the room; and half a dozen shrill voices answered in measured articulations, "Please, sir, it's to hide master's bicycle!" Young Wife (affectionately)—We can live more economically, I know. To begin with, you can stop smoking, resign from your club, give no more wine suppers and never, never treat any one. Young husband (laughing)—Certainly, to be sure. In fact, of course. And what will you do dear? Young Wife (triumphantly)—I? Oh, I'll mend all my gloves myself. Ethel—Yes, George sends me flowers, candies and other things to show his regard for me. I must cost him a deal of money. Does Henry send such gifts to you? Clarissa—No. Ethel—How mean of him! Clarissa—Not at all. He sees my case is entirely different from yours. Henry intends to marry me and saves his money, instead of throwing it away on trifles.

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MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The Mikado of Japan will send his eldest son, Yoshi Hori, to see the Chicago Exposition. The prince is only 14 years old. Joseph Chamberlain and his son Austen are both members of Parliament, and look so much alike that it is impossible to tell them apart. Jay Gould's collection of annual passes for 1891 is to be exhibited at Chicago. There are about 115 or 120 of them, but only half a dozen or so show signs of use. Miss Florence Nightingale will be 73 years old next month. She is living with Sir Harry Verney, her brother-in-law, in his beautiful home in Derbyshire, England. Eleonora Duse, the actress, is extremely superstitious, one of her notions being that ill-luck is sure to follow if any other person sits upon a seat intended for her use on the stage. The Earl De La Warr is seriously ill at Tunbridge Wells, England. It is not generally known that the State, river and bay of Delaware were named after an ancestor of the sailing nobleman. Lady Ripon, wife of the Colonial Secretary, was once a lady of the bedchamber to the Princess of Wales. One of the ancestors of the Marquess was known in his day as "Prosperity Robinson." The Empress of Austria is reputed to be the best royal housekeeper in Europe. Everything in the Austrian palace is under her own personal care. She orders cooks, butlers, laundry-maids, and is constantly inventing something new in cookery. Mrs. F. Marion Crawford, whose father died the other day, is a beautiful woman. She is tall and fair of complexion. Her eyes are black and her hair golden. She has rare literary tastes and her criticisms are of great value to her talented husband. It is not often that the Czar decorates a ballerina. He did so recently in the case of Mlle. Marie Ogletie, upon whom he conferred a gold medal, to be worn with the ribbon of St. Vladimir, for having saved the life of a peasant girl who tried to drown herself.

Among the ladies of the Washington diplomatic corps no one is more popular than little Mme. Iateno, wife of the Japanese minister. She is petite and pretty. Her face becomes radiant when her interests are excited. She speaks English, but not fluently. Mrs. John A. Logan, widow of the ex-Senator and General, is 55 years old, but looks no older than she did ten years ago. She is one of the most striking looking women in Washington and still retains her hold upon the affections of the G. A. R. veterans.

Mrs. Winfield Scott Hancock, widow of the famous general, is slightly above medium height, of fine physique and great facial beauty. Her wonderful golden-red hair is beginning to be streaked with silver. She inherited a large fortune from her father, a wealthy St. Louis merchant. Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer, widow of the famous cavalry general, is one of the most charming women imaginable. Her face is fresh in color and is charmingly framed with wavy white hair. She is a friend of young folks and among her youthful acquaintances no more popular woman lives.

Herr Krupp the other day received a communication informing him that his vast establishments were to be burnt down. He called his thousands of workmen together, read them the letter, and said: "If any one of you has made this threat, let him execute it; but I warn you that I shall not rebuild. I am now rich enough to live without working. The price which Baron Hirsch paid for the rental of Lord Walsingham's celebrated manor, Merton Hall, in Suffolk, a few years ago, is wholly without parallel. For eight weeks' rent he paid 4,000 guineas, being at the rate of 500 guineas a week. As, however, he did not reside there more than a month, each week of his stay probably cost him 1,000 guineas for rent alone.

A strange avenue of trees is owned by the Duke of Argyll, and it is year by year growing longer. Each of the trees in this avenue has been planted by some notable person, and a brass plate is fastened to the trunk surrounding the trees signifying by whom it was planted. Whenever any remarkable guest visits Inverary Castle he is invited by the Duke to plant a tree in this avenue, which is situated on the banks of Loch Fyne.

George O'bnet's master piece. "The Iron Master," was written as a distraction of his honeymoon. The M. S., on being completed, was refused by every publisher in Paris, and would have been prematurely destroyed but for the strong faith of Madame Ohnet in her husband's honeymoon-book. The disappointed author was about to put the manuscript in the fire when she arrested his hand and persuaded him to publish it at his own cost.

The Emperor of Russia is a hearty eater. At breakfast, tea, eggs, ham and beef must be placed on his table. At luncheon, which is eaten at eleven o'clock, the Czar takes bouillon, with eggs, mutton chops and cold game. At this meal he drinks three cups of strong coffee. At two o'clock he eats a dish of milk and rice. Dinner served at six o'clock, is a hearty meal, after the French pattern. Before going to bed he stills the pangs of hunger with tea or coffee.

The Princess Christian recently enjoyed the novel experience of being locked out of the rooms she usually occupies in Buckingham Palace when she visits town. It appears that the letter which her Royal Highness wrote notifying her intention of coming to London on a certain day miscarried, and consequently, on her arrival, Princess Christian found the suite of rooms closed, and no one to receive her. Her Royal Highness had to seek a temporary domicile in another part of the Palace.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson is regarded as one of the wisest of the House of Commons, but in late years he has not been so prominent in debate as he was in his younger days. Here is a specimen of Sir Wilfrid's humor. A very rich man who was of most thrifty habits had been elected to Parliament, but, although a week had passed after the election, he had not arrived at Westminster. "It is strange," said a fellow member to Sir Wilfrid, "that — doesn't turn up." "Not at all," was the reply; "he's waiting for an excursion train."

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OVERCOATING, SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS. Stock Now Complete. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain St. DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stable, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-out at short notice.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE WELL-KNOWN Afflicted with Dr. Years—Did N.—Was Given of New York Marvellous (From) For some ing number of papers of New vices cures of markable are nature, that m in the minds authenticity, ure there a they really c eally paid fo later explan suggests ite paper read. It has low Tribune to, interesting case the truth to d. An especially igation offer following lett of a reporter Gentleman you what Dr People have cursed with years, and h out assistance turned away Forty-first st Seguin, as in last stages of using the pi September l about Novet down stairs which is som do for the p decreased sc able, and I tend to busi Secretary Residence York City. When the L'Honnemedi sh, Mr. F. 134th street bed; he had the Marchal whom he has for ten year ten years gre certainly diness or oss one would s for fifteen y ble disease pronounced known phy expressed p statement of "In fact feel it my the world l and thro same all th have long being relie "I am 5 Hudson, N army, bein N. J. Vol ure of arg have spru about fite symptoms can with p could find of Yorkf ceased, an pronounced seemed pr great som ially be exte to interv the parox credible n "I did in my se every str Gill to get Hamilton expnat half hour trace of o of the eye that Dr. a very gr critical, I want I went, I and Park there fo Seguin, tions." Here trouser scars of hie s sin. "I m being, I business to give u but a sh From the pain we and I fel I return under t treated then, I had loo aid of m told my in the w wreck; my legs feel the thrust o "It is no fl take it night I my legs at time large d and be effects, chat Dr

ANOTHER NEW YORK MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE AFFIDAVIT MADE BY A WELL-KNOWN BUSINESS MAN.

Afflicted with Locomotor Ataxia for Fifteen Years—Did Not Walk a Step for Five Years—Was Given up by the Leading Physicians of New York City and Discharged from the Manhattan Hospital as Incurable—His Marvellous Recovery in Detail.

For some time there has been an increasing number of stories published in the newspapers of New York City, telling of marvellous cures of various diseases. So remarkable are many of the stories in their nature, that much doubt has been aroused in the minds of the masses as to their authenticity.

If they are true in detail, surely the occupation of the physicians is gone, and there is no reason why anyone should die of anything but old age. If they are not true, it would be interesting to know how such testimonials and statements are obtained.

The first question that arises is, are there any such persons? If so, were they really cured as stated, or are they liberally paid for the use of their names? The latter explanation is the one that no doubt suggests itself to the average thinking newspaper reader, and not without reason.

It has long been the intention of The Tribune to investigate one of the most interesting cases that could be found and give the truth to the world as a matter of news. An especially good opportunity for investigation offered itself in the shape of the following letter, which came into the hands of a reporter from a most reliable source:

February 29, 1893. Gentlemen,—I feel it my duty to inform you that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have done for me. I have been cursed with locomotor ataxia for fifteen years, and have been unable to walk without assistance for nearly five years.

I was turned away from the Manhattan hospital, Forty-first street and Park avenue, by Dr. Seguin, an incurable, and told I was in the last stages of the disease. I have been using the pills with water treatment since September last, and been improving since about November 1. I can now go up and down stairs with the assistance of my wife, which is something I have not been able to do for the past three years.

My pains have decreased so I may now say they are bearable, and I expect by fall to be able to attend to business. Yours, GEO. L'HOMMEDIU, Secretary Marchal & Smith Piano Co. Residence, 271 W. 134th street, New York City.

When the reporter called on Mr. George L'Hommédiu, at the residence of his cousin, Mr. Edward Houghaling, 271 W. 134th street, he found him resting on his bed; he had just finished some writing for the Marchal & Smith Piano Company, with whom he had been connected as secretary for ten years.

He met the reporter with a hearty greeting and a grip of the hand that certainly did not show any signs of weakness or loss of power. To look at him one would suppose that he had been afflicted for fifteen years with one of the most terrible diseases known to medical science and the pronounced incurable by some of the best known physicians of New York City.

He expressed his perfect willingness to give his statement of his case for publication. "In fact," said Mr. L'Hommédiu, "I feel it my duty to give my experience to the world for the benefit of my fellow men."

Mr. L'Hommédiu was born in Hudson, N. Y. I served my time in the army, being corporal of Company A, 21st N. Y. Volunteers, and it was the exposure of army life that was the seed from which have sprung all my sufferings. It has been about fifteen years since I noticed the first symptoms of my disease. The trouble began with pains in my stomach for which I could find no relief. I consulted Dr. Allen of Yorkville, and also Dr. Pratt, since deceased, and with remarkable unanimity they pronounced it smokers' dyspepsia. This seemed probable, for at that time I was a great smoker. The pains, however, gradually became more severe and began to extend to my limbs. The attacks came at intervals of about a month, and while the proxysyma lasted I was in almost incredible misery.

I did not leave a single stone unturned in my search for relief, but grasped at every straw. Finally I was advised by Dr. Gill to go to the well known specialist, Dr. Hamilton. He gave me the most thorough examination, and told me he could find no trace of any disease, excepting one nerve of the eye. A year later my friend told me that Dr. Hamilton privately said that I had a very grave disease of the brain.

My condition continued to grow more critical, and I was hardly able to walk when I went to the Manhattan hospital at 41st and Park avenue. I continued treatment there for six or eight months, under Dr. Seguin, who treated me chiefly with injections.

Here Mr. L'Hommédiu pulled up his trousers leg and showed the reporter the scars of innumerable punctures. Continuing, he said: "I must confess I felt relief for the time being, and gained some hope. Urgent business matters, however, compelled me to give up the hospital treatment, and it was but a short time until I was as bad as ever."

From this on I grew rapidly worse. The pains were more intense, my legs were numb and I felt I was growing weaker every day. I returned to the hospital and this time was under the treatment of Dr. Seguin. He treated me for about three months, and then, for the first time, I was told that I had locomotor ataxia, and that I was incurable. Dr. Seguin also told my wife that there was no hope for me in the world and to expect my death at any time. I was now a complete physical wreck; all power, feeling and color had left my legs, and it was impossible for me to feel the most severe pinch, or even the thrust of a needle.

"If my skin was scratched there would be no flow of blood whatever, and it would take it fully six weeks to heal up. In the night I would have to feel around to find my legs. My pains were excruciating and at times almost unbearable. I would take large doses of morphine to deaden the pains and be nearly dead the next day from its effects. About five years ago I learned that Dr. Cicot, of Paris, claimed to have

discovered a relief for locomotor ataxia in suspending the body by the neck; the object being to stretch the spine. I wrote to Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, of 285 5th avenue, about the matter, and at his request called to see him.

"He was so interested in my case that he made a machine, rather a harness for me, free of charge. It was fitted with pads and straps to fit under the chin and at the back of the neck, and in this position I would be suspended from the floor twice a day. Although I received no benefit from this treatment, I shall always feel grateful to Dr. Sayre for his great interest and kindness."

"So severe had my case become by this time that I could not walk without assistance, and was almost ready to give up life. I had a great number of friends who were interested in my case, and whenever they read anything pertaining to locomotor ataxia, they would forward it to me with the hope that it would open the way to relief."

"It was in this way that I first learned of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. A. C. James, of the well-known piano firm of James & Holstern, 355 east Twentieth street, with whom I had business connections, read in the Albany Journal of a case of locomotor ataxia that had been cured by Pink Pills. Mr. James showed me the statement and urged me to give the pills a trial. I confess I did not believe in their efficacy, but finally consented to try them. I sent to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company for my first supply in September last. I took them rather irregularly at first with the cold water treatment. In a very short time I was convinced that I was getting better, and I began to use the pills in earnest, taking about one box every five days."

"The first sign of improvement was in November, 1890, when I had a rush of blood to the head and feet, causing a stinging and pricking sensation. February 29, 1893, was the first time in five years I had ever seen any sign of blood in my feet. From this time on I began to improve. My strength and appetite have gradually returned. I now have perfect control of my bowels, and the pains have gradually left me. I can sit and write by the hour and walk upstairs by balancing myself with my hands. Without doubt I am a new man from the ground up, and I have every reason to believe that I will be hale and hearty in less than six months."

GEORGE L'HOMMEDIU, JENNIE E. L'HOMMEDIU, Sworn to before me this Eleventh day of March, 1893.

H. E. MELVILLE, Commissioner of Deeds, New York City.

Any one having heard Mr. L'Hommédiu's narrative could not for a moment doubt its entire truthfulness, but such a remarkable story is likely to be doubted by a skeptical public, and as a safeguard against even a shadow of doubt a notary public was called in, and both Mr. and Mrs. L'Hommédiu made affidavits to the truth of the statement.

Still greater force is added to the story by the fact that Mr. L'Hommédiu is widely known in business circles. His long connection with the well-known piano firm of Marchal & Smith, 215 East Twenty-first street, has brought him in touch with some of the best known business men in New York and other large cities, and his case has created wide-spread interest.

The reporter next called on Mr. Robert W. Smith, a member of the firm of Marchal & Smith. Mr. Smith was found at his desk busily engaged, but when the reporter mentioned Mr. L'Hommédiu's name, and stated the nature of his call, Mr. Smith cheerfully gave the following information with but little questioning on the part of the reporter.

"I have known Mr. George L'Hommédiu for twenty years, and always found him a most estimable gentleman, a business man of great energy. He became connected with our firm as secretary in 1879, and attended strictly to his office duties until 1881, when he was stricken down with this trouble. He distinctly recalls the day this trouble came on, and that he was taken to his home in a carriage. Even when he lost control of his legs, so great was his interest in business affairs that he would drive to the office and attend to the work he had in charge. As the disease advanced he was obliged to succumb and reluctantly gave up his office work. From that time on, his sufferings were almost incredible and yet, so great was his fortitude, that he bore them without a murmur. I know that he tried various physicians and their treatments without the least success, and he states that he was finally discharged from the Manhattan hospital, and told that he was in the last stages of locomotor ataxia and was beyond the hope of human aid. About six months ago, or so, he was advised by my friend James to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, with the cold water treatment. He commenced to take Pink Pills about September last, though not regularly, for like myself, he had very little faith in proprietary medicines, and was very skeptical about them. So great was his interest in business affairs that he was entirely converted and commenced to take the pills as directed. The last time I saw Mr. L'Hommédiu he had gained the use of his limbs to such an extent that he could walk upstairs with the help of his wife, and is now doing much important work for us at his home."

Sworn to and subscribed before me this Eleventh day of March, 1893. W. WOODHULL, Notary Public, New York County.

When asked to make affidavit to the story he smiled, but expressed his perfect willingness to do so, if it would induce any poor sufferer to follow the same road that led Mr. L'Hommédiu to relief. After securing the affidavit of Mr. Smith, the reporter called on Mr. A. C. James, who has offices and warehouses in the same building. Mr. James has known Mr. L'Hommédiu for a number of years, and was able to verify all the above facts.

"The last time I saw Mr. L'Hommédiu, which was two months ago," said Mr. James, "he was able to walk with his wife's assistance. This I consider remarkable, for I remember when he had to be carried from one chair to another. I was one of those who helped to suspend him with the arrangement made by Dr. Sayre, and I never knew anyone to suffer more than he did at that time. I understand that Mr. L'Hommédiu has taken nothing but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills since last September; he has improved rapidly since he commenced

ed their use, and I believe his condition is due to their good qualities." Still on investigation being the reporter interviewed one of the leading wholesale drug dealers of New York city, and elicited the following facts about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vital humors in the blood, such as excess of uric acid, crystalline, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature.

Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred, and the public is cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$3.00, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND. How It Appears and Is Utilized at the Present Time.

It is not generally known that Juan Fernandez, the island on which Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of romance, lived for so many years, is at the present time inhabited.

Two valleys, winding down from different directions, join a short distance back from the shore, and here now stands a little village of small huts scattered round a long, low, one-storied building, with a verandah running its whole length. In this house lives the man who rents the island, and the Chilean Government, and the village is made up of a few German and Chilean families.

The tiny town is called San Juan Bautista, and the crater-like arm of the sea on which it is situated, and where Alexander Selkirk first landed, is now called Cumberland Bay.

This island is now rented for about £200 a year. The rent is paid partly in dried fish. Catching and drying the many varieties of fish, and raising cattle and vegetables, wholly occupy the contented settlers, and much of their little income is obtained from the cattle and vegetables sold to passing vessels.

The cattle need no care, and the vegetables almost grow wild. Turnips and radishes, first sown here by Selkirk himself, now grow rank and wild in the valleys like weeds. There is also a race of wild dogs, which completely overruns the island, and pending for the descendants of a breed of dogs left by the Spaniards.

At the back of the little town, in the first high cliff, is a row of caves of remarkable appearance hewn into sandstone. An unexplored path leads to them, and a short climb brings one to their dark mouths.

At the foot of the cliff, the Chilean government thought that a good way to get rid of their worst criminals would be to transport them to the island of Juan Fernandez. Here, under the direction of Chilean soldiers these poor wretches were made to dig caves to live in. In 1854 the wretches taken back again, however, and the caves have since been slowly crumbling away.

The narrow ridge where Selkirk watched is now called "The Saddle," because at either end of it a big rocky hummock rises like a pomel. On one of these, now a large tablet with inscriptions commemorating Alexander Selkirk's long and lonely stay on the island. It was placed there in 1868 by the officers of the British ship Topaz.

A small excursion steamer now runs from Valparaiso to Juan Fernandez, and three of these may be tried on the island, and a visit to those lonely but beautiful spots which, nearly two hundred years ago, were the haunts of Robinson Crusoe.

Tebaldo's Fatal Key. The expression, "death as certain as that from Tebaldo's Key," is derived from the fact that Italian ingenuity in poisoning attained its climax in the famous Tebaldo's Key, which long remained a synonym for mysterious and cowardly assassination. Tebaldo was a merchant of Venice, now a prominent citizen, and demanded her hand in marriage. He was rejected, the lady preferring another, when Tebaldo contrived a singular revenge. Being by trade a watchmaker he made a brass door key of the size usually used in Venice for the front doors of citizens. The handle of this key was easily turned, and when thus moved a poisoned needle was thrown from the other end of this mysterious weapon.

Armed with this deadly contrivance, Tebaldo waited at the door of the church, where the lady and her affianced were on the occasion of their wedding, and in the crowd, contrived unobserved to pierce the bridegroom with the needle. The young man fainted and died in a few moments. Tebaldo renewed his suit and was again refused, the refusal being followed by the mysterious death of the young lady's parents. Suspicion being excited, a medical investigation followed, and in each body the tiny needle, not more than a quarter of an inch in length, was found. For some time, no one supposed Tebaldo to be in any way concerned, but growing bold, he immunitly, he later attempted the life of a young lady. In this he was unsuccessful; his arrest followed and he died on the scaffold. The key is in a Venice museum.

In 1690 the population of New York State equaled the present population of Amsterdam, N. Y. In 1790 it equaled the present aggregated population of San Francisco and Seattle.

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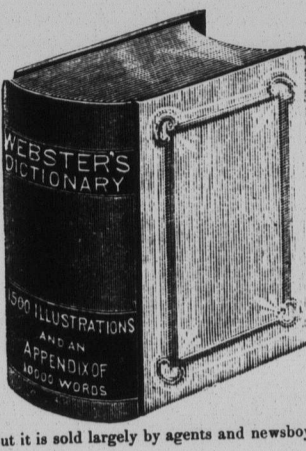
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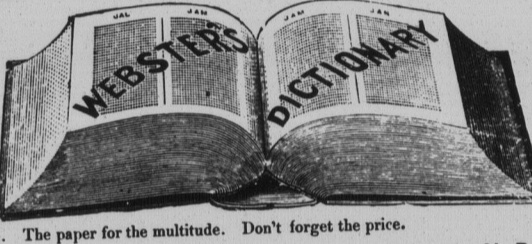
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THINGS OF VALUE. They are mistaken mortals who think it a sign of wisdom to go out of their way to see whether there are weeds in another person's garden.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria. Riverdale. Mrs. REUBEN BAKER. I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair. Mrs. CHAS. ANDERSON.

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A Seneca (Kan.) woman refused to register upon the plea that if her husband hadn't enough sense to do the voting for the family she doesn't want to live with him.

"A stitch in time, etc." Take a bottle of Putter's Emulsion at once. Fifty cents spent on that now may save much suffering and loss of time, as well as a large doctor's bill, by and by.

The Woodford (Ky.) Sun tells of a wooden legged cat that flourished as a famous ratkiller in Woodford county, clubbing the rats to death with its artificial limb. The kitten was born with only three legs.

To the A Business Offer From a Business Firm. Your Business to look into it. WORLD'S FAIR FREE.

We know that our Remedy is the best for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation. Hundreds agree with us.

That you may appreciate its value, we make the following VALUABLE OFFER: BUY GRODER'S SYRUP (PLEASANT TO TAKE)

Take it faithfully until Cured, and then write us a statement of your case. We offer a FREE TEN DAY'S TRIP to the WORLD'S FAIR to the individual who shall, before the First day of August, 1893, show the greatest improvement, or most remarkable cure from the use of this remedy. These cures must be bona-fide, sworn to before a Justice of the Peace, and each testimonial accompanied by the photograph of the individual sending it, and the signature of the dealer of whom the remedy was purchased.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B. MESSRS. I. DAY, Surveyor; JAS. WOOD, Shoe Maker; S. Mrs. S. STORMS, J. GILLIS, WILLIAM PETERS, Tanner; Capt. D. JOR DAN, WM. ALLINGHAM, P. THOMPSON, G. A. HARTLEY, F. C. Baptist Minister, Carleton, St. John; JABOB GUNTER, F. C. Baptist Minister, Fredericton, N. B. ROBERT McCUEN, St. John, N. B. writes: This will certify that for two years and four months I was afflicted with Fever Sores. Had seven holes in my leg, running sores in my breast, back, shoulder and under my arm. I tried several physicians but got no relief. After being seventeen months in the hospital, I returned home and heard of Segee's Ointment. I immediately procured a pot. After using it a short time I began to get better; and in a few weeks was completely cured. I can highly recommend it to all persons who may be suffering as I was.

TOLD OF A DIAMOND RING

Gentlemen of the jury, said Mr. Justice Prickett, speaking in rapid and easy tones, "this is a case which will not, I imagine, demand very long a consideration on your hands. You have heard the evidence. The facts are of a type with which we are all familiar. We have a robbery—a daring and successful robbery—from a jeweller's window, and one of the stolen articles—a handsome gold bracelet—is found in the possession of the prisoner. It is for her to say how she came to have that bracelet in her possession and unless she gives a reasonable account of the matter, you will be justified in inferring that she took it, knowing it to have been stolen. Gentlemen, the prisoner's counsel suggests to you that she may have bought it, the time, the place, or the circumstances of the sale, and he for the other hypothesis—well, gentlemen, it is for you to say what you think of it."

"Consider your verdict, gentlemen," said the clerk of the assize. The prisoner was very pretty, and very becomingly dressed, and she cried, in a quiet, ladylike fashion, inasmuch that two or three of the jury were of opinion that her case had suffered at the hands of her counsel, and they leaned to an acquittal. But the summing-up was dead against her—it seemed unanswerable. The sentimental-minded jurors held out for a time, so that the judge became visibly impatient; and then, thinking that further resistance was useless, they gave way.

"Guilty," said the foreman. "Alice Wray, alias Johnson," said the judge, "you have been most properly found guilty of receiving this property, knowing it to have been stolen. No doubt you have been concerned in similar transactions before. However, the judgment of the Court is that you be kept in penal servitude for the term of seven years."

Alice Wray, alias Johnson, gave a low cry, covered her face with her hands, and wept (this time) in sincerity and in truth. Mr. Justice Prickett got up and went to lunch. It was nearly a week before the criminal business at Bamberough was finished and Mr. Justice Prickett was at liberty to go back to town. He determined to travel alone, as his brother of the Bench had not finished his share of the work, and he did not care for the company of his marshal for six consecutive hours.

The guard was duly tipped; Sir John Prickett was put in the center compartment of the centre carriage of the train, and carefully locked in. Great was his annoyance, however, when, at the first stopping-place, while he was enjoying a first-rate cigar and a very fair novel, the door was opened by the help of an unauthorized key, and two young men, apparently commercials of a superior mould, stepped into the compartment.

It was excessively annoying, and Sir John glared at the intruders in his best style. To this, however, they paid no attention. They lit their cigars, the smoke of which had a peculiarly pungent, acrid character, and began to talk. The unhappy judge tried not to listen, tried to interest himself in his book. Of course he could not. They were talking loudly and talking fast, as a matter of course, and he did not seem to be evidently travelling for a firm of manufacturing jewellers.

"We're doing a very nice thing in rings just now—quite a new pattern," said one of the young men, pulling up his trousers legs as he spoke. "We find ladies like a ring of a peculiar make—looks more recherche. Have a look at it?"

The other nodded assent; and the speaker took down a stout black bag from the rack over his head, opened it, and produced various small parcels and cases, which he laid about the seats. "Here it is—a beauty—a fifty-pound ring, and worth it in the shop, every bit of it. Ain't it now?"

"Yes, it shows up well," assented the other. "What do you put it in for wholesale?" "Twenty." "Too much," said the other, shaking his head. "Do so, if you please," said Mr. Secretary Marks, with a weary sigh.

"The result was that, after a consultation between the Minister and the judge, the sentence passed upon Alice Wray, alias Johnson was remitted. About a month after the girl was set at liberty, as Sir John and Lady Prickett were walking side by side along one of the streets of this metropolis, the lady perceived that her lord's gaze was strangely fixed on a passing vehicle.

"What are you staring at?" she asked. "Those people? Really, I must beg that so long as I am with you, you will restrain your curiosity." "But Mr. Justice Prickett's indignation was too keen to allow him to mind his wife's asperity. He had just seen Miss Alice Wray sitting in a hired carriage side by side with the commercial traveller who had sold him the diamond ring!"

Cutting Down The Telegram. "John," said the old chemist to his son, "I will give you one hundred pounds to go away with. Maybe, as you don't like my business, you will find a better one." Three weeks later the young man landed in New York. A month later, finding but six pounds in his possession, he determined to sail home again. It was best to let his father know beforehand; but how? A letter would be too slow, so off went John to the telegraph office.

"Fifty cents a word to London, sir," answered the polite clerk to his inquiry. "I want to tell my father I've spent all my money, and I'm sorry, and I'm coming home, and want him to forgive me, and a lot of other things, and can only pay for six words to tell him everything," said John. "Cut it short," replied the clerk. John sat down and thought. An hour after, to his intense astonishment, the old man received the following telegram—"Squills, London. Fatted calf for one." Could Afford to Sell It Cheap. Willie and Johnny set up a lemonade stand the other day, says an exchange, and a gentleman was their first patron. Willie's sign read: "Four cents a glass." Johnny's modest announcement was: "Two cents a glass." Being a man with an eye to the fact that a penny saved is a penny earned, the customer bought a glass of Johnny's lemonade, paid the two cents due, and casually inquired: "Why is yours cheaper than your brother's?" "Cos mine is the lemonade that the puppy fell into."

He hemmed and haved, spoke of secret but reliable and positive information, professed his perfect devotion to the British Bench as represented by Mr. Justice Prickett, and finally, in some roundabout fashion, gave that dignitary to understand what he really wanted to do was to see Lady Prickett's jewels.

The judge marvelled greatly, but he said nothing, and took steps to have the Chief Commissioner's desire satisfied. After an awkward pause the jewel-case was produced, and its contents exhibited. "That's one of 'em!" cried Mr. Samuel in an excited tone, pouncing upon something. It was Lady Prickett's new diamond ring! "That's one of 'em; I'll swear to it anywhere! Our private mark and number are on it, as you can see for yourself, my lord—J. S. 239." He whipped a watchmaker's lens out of his pocket and invited "his lordship" to inspect the thing for himself.

"But it can't be yours!" cried the judge; "I bought it myself from a man who—" He stopped, having become suddenly aware that the Chief Commissioner was watching him curiously. He did not care to let it be known that he, a Judge of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice, a Knight, and a Privy Councillor, should be gazing at purchasing jewels from commercial travellers in railway carriages.

"It was stolen from our shop in Oxford Street last March, my lord. It is worth a hundred guineas if it is worth a farthing," said Mr. Samuel.

"A hundred guineas? Why I only—" Again Sir John stopped short. Still less could he let it be known that he had bought stolen property at a fourth of its value! Why, it was very like being a receiver of stolen goods.

The perspiration broke out all over him. He was forced to look closely at the ring to hide his agitation. When he glanced at Colonel Travers and Mr. Samuel, they were looking at each other. How he wished he had braved ridicule and told the whole story at first! That hesitation had been a fatal blunder. He could not tell the truth now. But he pulled himself together with an effort, and said he had bought the ring from a man who, he had every reason to believe, had a perfect right to dispose of it. However, as Lady Prickett liked it, and as it belonged to Mr. Samuel, he would pay for it. How much? Under the circumstances Mr. Samuel would take eighty guineas; and under the circumstances, Mr. Justice Prickett wrote a cheque for eighty-four pounds sterling.

When his visitors had gone, "his lordship" poured himself out a glass of cherry-brandy. He shuddered to think what might have happened had he been a poor or an obscure man. "Really he is so to himself," "these receiving cases would have watched me very narrowly. It is so easy—" He stopped, struck by the coincidence. Only a few weeks ago he had sentenced a girl to penal servitude on exactly the same sort of evidence as—

"Really, now," he said to himself, "if it were to save my life, I don't suppose I could produce those rascally fellows I met in the train!" The thought of the girl haunted him for a great part of the night. The evidence against her seemed somewhat weak. True, she was a dancer at a music hall, she said—just the sort of a person who sometimes receives presents of jewellery, as his lordship was aware.

Oddly enough, next day Mr. Justice Prickett received a very dirty, ill-spelt letter from Alice Wray's mother, begging him to recommend a remission of at least a part of the sentence. The girl, her mother admitted, had had bad company, and she might have given Alice the bracelet, but it was impossible for the girl to know that it was stolen.

This letter, following his own disquieting thoughts, induced Mr. Justice Prickett to go to the Home Secretary's office. As he was leaving, he said, "Ally by the way, there was a girl convicted down at Bamberough—a receiving case; the evidence struck me at the time—(oh, Mr. Justice Prickett!)—as being rather weak. If you don't mind I'll send you a copy of my notes."

"Do so, if you please," said Mr. Secretary Marks, with a weary sigh. "The result was that, after a consultation between the Minister and the judge, the sentence passed upon Alice Wray, alias Johnson was remitted. About a month after the girl was set at liberty, as Sir John and Lady Prickett were walking side by side along one of the streets of this metropolis, the lady perceived that her lord's gaze was strangely fixed on a passing vehicle.

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HISTORICAL IMPOSTURES.

Some of Those Which Have Made Great Connections in Their Time.

The list of strange impostures in history would of itself fill pages; the narrative of their conception and fulfilment would occupy several volumes. Some of them have been quite purposeless, some have been daring and well-effected; but the shrewdest and most daring of them all have been criminal in design, and too often successful.

An apparently purposeless imposture was perpetrated in Saltoce at the beginning of this century. Helen Oliver, a maid-servant at a farm-house, was supposed to be courted by the ploughman there, but this person proved to be a woman in disguise. Helen then helped herself to a suit of her brother's clothes, took his name of John, and marched off to Glasgow as a boy. She learned the trade of a plasterer, and worked at it in several towns for a year or two, her sex being unsuspected. To complete the imposture she even courted a girl and offered her marriage. Finally, after several adventures, she was compelled to admit that she was a woman; but for many years she continued to follow the laborious trade she had adopted.

The late Colonel Burnaby told of the discovery of a woman who served as a soldier in the ranks of Don Carlos in 1874. She wore the uniform, and lived and fought just as the other soldiers, but a priest in whose parish she had lived identified her. Don Carlos removed her to the nurses' quarters, but she begged to be sent back to the ranks. He laughed: "Not to the regiment of men; but when I form a battalion of women, you shall be colonel."

There have been many other instances of impostures of this kind, and where they have had no romantic association they have generally been mere whims or freaks. One of the romantic phases of imposture may be quoted. A few years ago, a San Francisco steamer carried to the railway works at Yale, a man about fifty—gentle and well educated—and a lad, who seemed to be about sixteen and had remarkably winning ways. Together these two worked at the sawing and chopping and rough labor of the railroad, and in a fortnight they made money in the pocket of the rail road, and the boy followed him to the hospital and nursed him, and there the doctor soon discovered that the devoted lad was really a girl. Then their story came out.

They had been lovers in San Francisco, but the girl's parents objected to her choice, so she married the lad, and he, in turn, was dismissed as a boy, to avoid pursuit. The end of it was that the natives in the camp made a great demonstration in favor of the girl who endured the hardships of the life in order to be near her husband; and then the pair sailed for Frisco on the Dakota, to settle down in sober and more conventional ways.

A very different kind of imposture was that upon which Sir Walter Scott founded the character of Fenella in "Peveril of the Peak." That strange girl, it will be remembered, passed for a long time as one absolutely deaf and dumb, although she possessed the faculty of perfect hearing. The author says that in the middle of the last century a female wanderer went to the door of Mr. Robert Scott, his grandfather, an opulent farmer in Roxburghshire, and made signs that she desired shelter for the night.

According to custom it was given to her, and the next day the weather was so bad that she remained there and for many more days, till at last she was a recognized member of the household, and earned her food by her skilful work. Thus she lived for three or four years, and it was always supposed that she was both deaf and dumb. One day, however, she was in a moment of surprise she dropped the mask which she had worn so long.

She was alone in the house one Sunday while the others were at church, and came suddenly upon a shepherd lad who was stealing some tit-bit. She forgot her part for the moment, and cried loudly, and in perfect good Scotch:—"Ah, you little devil's limb!" The boy fled in dismay, and spread the news that the dumb woman had found her tongue; but she did not speak again, and skillfully evaded all the traps which were laid for her. By-and-by she got tired of the imposture, and she got tired of her life, and she departed as she came, without leaving a trace. She was afterwards seen in perfect possession of her speech, and no reason was ever found for her strange imposture.

About the middle of the last century a French vessel reached Martinique, bearing a young man, who was introduced as the Prince of Modena. He was received with great homage by the people of the place, and was actually appointed governor of the island after a farcical passage with the acknowledged governor, Marquis de Caylus. The steward of the Prince's estates in France, the man who had introduced him, believing the imposture, was surprised when, on justifiable grounds. In fact, the young man, who was certainly a princely looking personage, had a royal title for six months. Then, however, expecting news from France of his imposture, he suddenly discovered that his health was failing, and he set sail for Bordeaux amid demonstrations and salutes.

A little later letters arrived which showed that the whole affair was a masquerade, and that the real Prince had not been out of Europe. When the young impostor arrived in Europe he was very summarily arrested, and after some curious proceedings he disappeared. About a dozen years ago a man named August Meves died in London after prosecuting a preposterous claim to the crown of France. The Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI., is supposed to have died at the age of ten in the Temple Prison at Paris. But Meves knew better than that. He said his grandfather told her reputed son that in 1794 the young Dauphin was rescued, and another substituted for him in the prison. The lad was taken to London and tended by a music master, who was the woman's husband, till 1818, the year of the Revolution.

The reputed son of the music master was thus alleged to be the King of France, and August Meves, as his child, claimed the crown. But the story was too obviously absurd, and he was only laughed at. A much more peculiar imposture than the foregoing must conclude the list. It is in the sixteenth century that Bertrand

Bensdorp's Royal Dutch COCOA FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

This Cocoa has been selected to be used exclusively in supplying visitors to the World's Fair with hot and cold Beverages, and no other Cocoa will be used in the Restaurants at this Great Exposition. BENS DORP'S COCOA is acknowledged to be the finest flavored, purest, most economical and most easily prepared Cocoa in use, and every householder should keep it in their home. For sale by all leading Grocers.

M. F. EAGAR, Halifax, N. S., Agent.

DIED.

Halifax, Benjamin Young, 26. Halifax, Mrs. Julia Murphy, 28. Chatham, April 12 Lizrie Lacey 19. Moncton, April 18, John Connors, 48. Moncton, April 24, Daniel Harris, 66. Halifax, April 22, James Armstrong. Truro, April 11, James C. Stevens, 66. Dartmouth, April 16, Gabriel Hall, 84. Moncton, April 19, Annie Williams 80. Guysboro, April 14, Mrs. Sangster, 76. Halifax, April 18, Robert Sherton, 80. Moncton, April 21, John Alexander, 82. St. John, April 20 Armstrong Elliot 85. Halifax, April 14, Mrs. John Beyer, 81. Fox Creek, April 13, Mark LeBlanc, 40. Windsor, April 13, John W. Maxner, 90. Fairville, April 19, Timothy Murphy, 79. Dartmouth, April 22, Angus McAdam, 55. Windsor, April 15, Andrew L. Masner, 80. Moncton, April 24, Bradley Fitzpatrick, 24. Mabou, C. B., April 16, William Fritzie, 93. Carleton Place, April 14, Donald McLeod 88. St. Margarets Bay, April 14, Caleb Smith, 80. Cumberland Bay, N. S., April 13, Johnathan Rand, 75. Hammonds, N. B., April 9, James J. Forsyth 58. Oak Hill, N. B., April 9, Andrew McLinton 63. Black River, N. S., April 13, Freeman Ellis, 24. Fredericton, April 25, Dr. T. C. Croves Brown, 65. Cienega, N. S., April 7, James Jefferson, 70. St. John, April 25, Johnathan Rand, 75. Waterford, N. B., April 21, Georgia Smithers, 25. Upper Prospect, N. B., April 12, Ellen Sullivan 75. Newport, N. S., April 17, Mrs. George Dimock, 65. Indian Harbor, N. S., April 14, Thomas Cove, 72. Fall River, N. S., of pneumonia, Ellen Williams, 65. Cumberland Bay, N. S., April 11, George Ekin, 81. Moncton, April 19, Charles, son of Dr. Thad. Scott, 19. Mount Pleasant, April 19, Mrs. George Vatselas, 60. Richmond Corner, N. B., April 16, Ivory Kilburn, 63. Claremont, N. S., April 13, Elizabeth Jane Dickson, 82. St. John, April 22, of consumption, William Christie, 32. St. John, April 21, Elizabeth, wife of William Tatten. Fairfield, N. B., April 19, Sarah, wife of Robert L. Parker. Parrboro, April 11, Keold, son of James and Sarah Adams. South Bay, C. B., April 12, Alice C., wife of James Fraser, 28. Middleton, N. S., April 19, Ernest, son of J. R. Cochrane, 22. St. John, April 22, Mary, daughter of late James Joseph, 21. Halifax, April 17, Amy, daughter of late William Leppert, 37. Parrboro, April 16, Arabella, daughter of William and Ann McLaughlin. Freeport, N. S., April 17, of cancer, Morgan Thurber, 74. Halifax, April 15, infant daughter of Stephen and Mary Walsh. Lower Newcastle, N. B., April 14, Mrs. Janet Logan Millie 83. Norook, N. B., April 16, Margaret, wife of John Whiteley, 32. Union Centre, N. S., April 8, Mrs. Allan McNaughton 26. Alma, N. B., April 6, of pneumonia, William F. McKinley, 26. Newcastle, April 16, Elizabeth, daughter of William and Ann McLaughlin. St. John, Mary, daughter of Mary and W. H. Barlow, 2 months. St. John, April 20, Tilly Foster son of G. T. and Annie Scott, 4 months. Halifax, April 21, Mary Ferra, widow of William Ross, 75. Jordan Bay, N. S., April 9, Anastasia, wife of M. D. Black Point, N. S., April 14, Frances, widow of Wm. Goolley. Halifax, April 22, Arthur Leo, son of Alfred and Annie Young, 3. Chatham, April 12, Lena, daughter of Samuel and Ann McLaughlin. Chatham, N. B., April 15, David, son of Joseph and Mary Anderson. Fredericton, April 14, Harriet Sarah, wife of late F. W. Barron, 75. Fredericton, April 24, Nancy Moore, widow of late Joseph Moore, 94. St. John, April 24, Amy, daughter of Alexander and Jane Shepley, 2. Weymouth, April 20, John Journey, son of Ellis Bartlett, 4 months. Halifax, April 20, Lillian, infant daughter of William and Lavina Carter. Bristol, N. S., April 8, Mary E., widow of late Joseph Cullen, 89. Shelburne, N. B., April 23, Joseph, son of O. M. McLachlan, 16 months. Pictou, N. S., April 17, Margaret T. Harris, widow of late John Douglas, 84. Halifax, April 23, James Dawson, son of William and Margaret Anderson 24. Liverpool, April 20, of diphtheria, Sidney, son of Charles and Mary Wren, 5. Annapolis, April 13, infant daughter of Walter and Eva McCormick, 7 months. Bridgetown, N. S., April 17, Jack, son of John and Annie Stalston, 16 months. Debert River, N. S., April 16, Elizabeth Rutherford, wife of late Joseph Gibb, 13 months. Halifax, April 19, Frank, son of George and Margaret Mansford, 2 months. East Mountain, April 21, of heart failure, Henry C., son of William M. Dickson, 25. Nelson, April 15, Frances Johnston daughter of J. P. and Eliza Burchill 17 months. Lovelock, C. B., April 18, Charlotte, daughter of Hector and Margaret McKay, 27. St. John, April 21, William Percy Greig, son of Arthur and Edie Greig, 5 months. Wolfville Ridge, N. S., April 15, Henrietta, daughter of Archibald and Barbara Morrie, 13. St. Leonard's, N. B., April 14, Harriet Elizabeth, daughter of George and Maria Baker, 5. St. John, April 20, of diphtheria, Elizabeth C., daughter of Edith and the late Reuben Golding, 7. North River, F. E. L., April 14, of bronchitis, Marie, infant daughter of John and Fanny Moorhead.

BORN.

Halifax, April 21, to the wife of T. Moran, a son. Oxford, April 16, to the wife of Harvey Hewson, a son. Hantsport, April 1, to the wife of Simcoe Mitchell, a son. Granville Ferry, April 15, to the wife of S. Pickup, a daughter. Halifax, April 15, to the wife of Chas. B. Rosborough, a son. St. John, April 15, to the wife of W. F. B. Patterson, a daughter. Hantsport, April 2, to the wife of Terry North, a daughter. Granville, April 16, to the wife of Israel Longley, a daughter. St. Stephen, April 16, to the wife of Frank Smith, a daughter. Alma, April 9, to the wife of John Conner, a daughter. Westport, April 17, to the wife of Evan Frost, a daughter. Halifax, April 22, to the wife of Wallace Harrington, a daughter. Hantsport, April 7, to the wife of Daniel McCulshie, a daughter. Nietaux, N. S., April 15, to the wife of Barry Coleman, a son. Middleton, N. S., April 13, to the wife of J. P. Sior, a daughter. Parrboro, April 16, to the wife of Alexander Young, a son. Granville Ferry, April 15, to the wife of James H. Hoadley, a son. Nietaux West, N. S., April 12, to the wife of Edwin Nicholas, a son. St. John, North End, April 17, to the wife of S. B. Corbett, a son. Victoria, N. S., April 12, to the wife of John Quinlan, a son. North Sydney, April 16, to the wife of E. J. Christie, a son. Halifax, April 22, to the wife of Wallace Harrington, a daughter. Bay View, April 19, to the wife of Rev. W. J. Wilkinson, a son. Fredericton, N. B., April 17, to the wife of W. F. Stockley, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Laseburg, April 5, Henry Schiare to Eliza Bridgetown, April 8, by Rev. F. M. Young, Lorenzo Darling to Etta Kelle. St. John, April 19, by Rev. Geo. Bruce, Samuel Higgins to Vera Kerr. Spring Hill, April 11, by Rev. H. B. Smith, John Carroll to Jessie Malloy. St. John, April 21, by Rev. G. W. Benton, James Gilliland to Emma Thomas. Antigonish, N. S., by Rev. J. R. Munro, H. Aikah MacDonald to Georgia Smith. Greenfield, N. S., April 12, by Rev. C. S. Stearns, Lewis Morins to Emma Smith. Kingsclear, N. B., April 12, by Rev. H. Montgomerie, Chalmers Turner to Kate Baker. Truro, April 18, by Rev. William Ainsley, T. B. McMullin to Margaret Stevens. Havelock, April 13, by Rev. Abram Perry, Thomas Mallet to Mary Thorne. Shelburne, N. S., April 10, by Rev. L. Daniel, George H. Pierce to Dora Grant. Oakland, N. S., April 13, by Rev. W. J. Ruddle, Charles Ernst to Druclia Hamm. Tower Hill, N. B., April 18, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Geo. F. Merrill to Lillian Towars. Mill Village, N. S., April 13, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, J. W. Marshall to Maud Moutar. Elgin, N. B., April 15, by Rev. James C. Steadman, Grandmother to Leta Lease. Barrington, N. S., April 15, by Rev. Craswick Jost, Clifford Kendrick to Theresa Rogers. Liverpool, April 19, by Rev. G. W. F. Glendinning, George A. Smith to Alice M. Zwicker. Saltbrings, N. B., April 18, by Rev. Andrew Armit, John W. Alton to Lydia Smith. Youngs Cove, N. B., April 11, by Rev. R. W. J. Clements, John Perry to Maggie Hughs. Harrigan Cove, N. S., April 10, by Rev. W. H. Anderson, Geo. H. Moser to Alice McCreath. St. Leonard Station, N. S., April 11, by Rev. A. McMillan, Peter McLean to Jessie McLintyre. Central Argyle, April 16, by Rev. J. L. Smith, Nor-Jane B. Crosby to Margaret Spincy Gleasne. Canterbury Station, N. B., April 5, by Rev. C. A. Wardsford, Charles Shanks to Fannie McLiv. New-Cornwall, N. S., April 12, by Rev. A. C. Owenberg, John Falkham to Emily Joudrey.

RAILWAYS.

WESTERN COUNTIES RY. Winter Arrangement.

On and after Thursday, Jan. 6th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 8.25 p. m.

LEAVE ANNOPOLIS—Express daily at 12.25 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.55 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 12.50 p. m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Atlantic and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday morning. Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Western and Annapolis Railway. J. BROWNELL, General Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway

1892-WINTER ARRANGEMENT-1893.

On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run daily—Sunday excepted—as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax..... 13.30 Express for Sussex..... 16.30 Through Express for Point du Chene, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago..... 16.55. (Claremont, N. S., April 13, Elizabeth Jane Dickson, 82. St. John, April 22, of consumption, William Christie, 32. St. John, April 21, Elizabeth, wife of William Tatten. Fairfield, N. B., April 19, Sarah, wife of Robert L. Parker. Parrboro, April 11, Keold, son of James and Sarah Adams. South Bay, C. B., April 12, Alice C., wife of James Fraser, 28. Middleton, N. S., April 19, Ernest, son of J. R. Cochrane, 22. St. John, April 22, Mary, daughter of late James Joseph, 21. Halifax, April 17, Amy, daughter of late William Leppert, 37. Parrboro, April 16, Arabella, daughter of William and Ann McLaughlin. Freeport, N. S., April 17, of cancer, Morgan Thurber, 74. Halifax, April 15, infant daughter of Stephen and Mary Walsh. Lower Newcastle, N. B., April 14, Mrs. Janet Logan Millie 83. Norook, N. B., April 16, Margaret, wife of John Whiteley, 32. Union Centre, N. S., April 8, Mrs. Allan McNaughton 26. Alma, N. B., April 6, of pneumonia, William F. McKinley, 26. Newcastle, April 16, Elizabeth, daughter of William and Ann McLaughlin. St. John, Mary, daughter of Mary and W. H. Barlow, 2 months. St. John, April 20, Tilly Foster son of G. T. and Annie Scott, 4 months. Halifax, April 21, Mary Ferra, widow of William Ross, 75. Jordan Bay, N. S., April 9, Anastasia, wife of M. D. Black Point, N. S., April 14, Frances, widow of Wm. Goolley. Halifax, April 22, Arthur Leo, son of Alfred and Annie Young, 3. Chatham, April 12, Lena, daughter of Samuel and Ann McLaughlin. Chatham, N. B., April 15, David, son of Joseph and Mary Anderson. Fredericton, April 14, Harriet Sarah, wife of late F. W. Barron, 75. Fredericton, April 24, Nancy Moore, widow of late Joseph Moore, 94. St. John, April 24, Amy, daughter of Alexander and Jane Shepley, 2. Weymouth, April 20, John Journey, son of Ellis Bartlett, 4 months. Halifax, April 20, Lillian, infant daughter of William and Lavina Carter. Bristol, N. S., April 8, Mary E., widow of late Joseph Cullen, 89. Shelburne, N. B., April 23, Joseph, son of O. M. McLachlan, 16 months. Pictou, N. S., April 17, Margaret T. Harris, widow of late John Douglas, 84. Halifax, April 23, James Dawson, son of William and Margaret Anderson 24. Liverpool, April 20, of diphtheria, Sidney, son of Charles and Mary Wren, 5. Annapolis, April 13, infant daughter of Walter and Eva McCormick, 7 months. Bridgetown, N. S., April 17, Jack, son of John and Annie Stalston, 16 months. Debert River, N. S., April 16, Elizabeth Rutherford, wife of late Joseph Gibb, 13 months. Halifax, April 19, Frank, son of George and Margaret Mansford, 2 months. East Mountain, April 21, of heart failure, Henry C., son of William M. Dickson, 25. Nelson, April 15, Frances Johnston daughter of J. P. and Eliza Burchill 17 months. Lovelock, C. B., April 18, Charlotte, daughter of Hector and Margaret McKay, 27. St. John, April 21, William Percy Greig, son of Arthur and Edie Greig, 5 months. Wolfville Ridge, N. S., April 15, Henrietta, daughter of Archibald and Barbara Morrie, 13. St. Leonard's, N. B., April 14, Harriet Elizabeth, daughter of George and Maria Baker, 5. St. John, April 20, of diphtheria, Elizabeth C., daughter of Edith and the late Reuben Golding, 7. North River, F. E. L., April 14, of bronchitis, Marie, infant daughter of John and Fanny Moorhead.

Express for Sussex..... 16.30 Through Express for Point du Chene, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago..... 16.55. A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton, at 10.40 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... 8.25 Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 10.25 Express from Point du Chene and Moncton..... 16.25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 19.00 Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.30

Take The CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. TO THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION at CHICAGO.

Excursion tickets will be on sale commencing April 25th, good for 30 days from date and for stop over at points in Canada or at Detroit, Mich. Rate from St. John and all points on Atlantic Division \$30.00 each. Further particulars, time tables, etc., at Ticket Office, Chubb's Corner or at Station.

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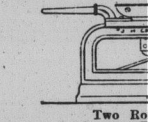
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VOL. VI. A FIVE YEAR SOMETHING TO PROVE The Press Root-traced—Why the ceased Facilities About The Start. "If I had a t start that paper," man made, five ye friend for hou listened patiently weekly newspaper "I will lend y unexpected reply. And that was t It was not long chaced, before th incomplete offic was paid for, the hands of the



Two Ro Cranston P penses of print speedily utilized Twenty-eight the first week's balance, with the street sales, per week; a special provided what the third week, the success of the day was just a the week. From such paper that to-day fairly claim to be journal in the ci by month, year increased until a wider and its founders eve story of the ear it, has been prin attending the p another office p rience in this anxious that v room and faci be as comple tion on this pa nature of those of the way to a second to non vices

But while th progress that I mechanical dep of the improv in the newspa circulation and demanded such metics. Two me tilder th while attached motor, and a included in the all placed the paper pros for them. A get its start, need of larg premises in Nov rented until M so great that a cent quarters its first pres time to the fall the doubling 1891 made the sooner was on necessary to h next issue read But last sum move necessa in Nova S sending thou fast noon Frid of another and required more were made to have electric machine with the illustration