

# PROGRESS.

VOL. V., NO. 230.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## IT IS SETTLED

### Buck to Be Hanged on December First.

#### PENITENTIARY FOR JIM.

#### The Tramp Orator's Great Address to the Court.

#### CLOSING SCENES OF THE MURDER TRIAL AT DORCHESTER.

Witnesses who saw the shooting, and something about them—the spectators at the trial—how the prisoners looked and acted while the evidence was being given—The impression made by the nameless tramp when he made his speech.

One of the most remarkable trials in the history of Westmorland county came to an end Thursday, when Judge Fraser sentenced Robert Olsen, commonly called "Buck," to be hanged on the first day of December, and "Jim," a man whose real name remains a mystery, was sentenced to 25 years imprisonment in Dorchester penitentiary.

Progress gave an account of "Buck's" trial for murder last week. When "Jim" was put in the dock the evidence was merely a repetition of what was given before, with the exception of "Buck's" statement.

During the trial the greatest interest was manifested in the proceedings. Spectators crowded the court room daily, many of the most regular attendants being ladies.

The attendance in the mornings was not large, but constantly increased, the ladies coming in by twos and threes. Constable Lawrence, who seemed to be the ladies' constable, was kept busy providing chairs on the platform, and when that was filled to repletion, on the floor of the room. The platform being filled, the clergymen, justices of the peace, sheriff and a few others of the masculine sex were driven to one corner and into the smallest possible space.

A raid was then made on the floor above. Here the men submissively, one after another resigned their seats, and soon every seat was filled by the ladies except those not occupied by "Buck" in

being a subject for comment among the spectators from day to day. It was not till the last day of the trial that he began to show any great concern as to its outcome. During the speech of the Attorney General, and the charge of the Judge, however, the features of the prisoner became more rigid, and his mouth more firmly closed. After the jury retired to their room and he was remanded, he left the dock breathing curses through his clenched teeth against the Sheriff, Carroll, the Attorney General and the Judge.

Not many left the court room while the jurymen were deliberating on their verdict.



The Tramp Orator.

The jury returned into court at half past six, and the officers were ordered to bring in the prisoner. As he stepped into the dock on his return to court he was trembling like a leaf, but on taking his seat by a giant effort he regained his composure, and when the verdict of guilty was given he manifested not the least emotion.

Many stories are told about what "Buck" said after he was taken back to gaol. He was followed to his cell by quite a number, and each seems to have a different version. The story that he played with two dogs in the dock during the judge's charge is true, but to the careful observer, it seemed that when he played with the dog it was more to hide his emotions than through his indifference to what the judge was saying.

One of the witnesses at the trial was Deputy Wilson, the officer who took McCornack, the tramp who drew a pistol on conductor Morgan, at Sackville, in August. At that time there were no less than nine suspicious looking fellows lurking around different places in the county. Four of them are now in the penitentiary, two others, Alfred Brown and Ben Duff, probably fictitious names, were convicted of vagrancy, and committed to Dorchester goal for twenty days, but were by some mistake released at the end of ten days.

They were old offenders, and it is said that one is wanted in Montreal and the other in Halifax. On this trial it was proved that they were often guests at the Donnelly house, and they were there at about the same time "Buck" was last June. One of "Buck" and "Jim's" associates is still at large. He was seen with them in Moncton before the murder of Steadman, and it is said he has been there since. He seems to have been the king of those desperadoes, never putting up at the same low places they did, and he is supposed to be the treasurer of the gang.

#### JIM'S REMARKABLE ADDRESS.

He Reviews the Case and Accuses the Court of Partiality and Injustice.

DORCHESTER, Sept. 22.—A remarkable statement was made by the prisoner "Jim" as he was about to receive sentence at noon today. Just as Judge Fraser, after a most impressive address, was about to mention the term of imprisonment, the prisoner asked, "Your honor may I be allowed to make a few remarks?" "Certainly you can," replied the Judge. "Jim" then addressed the court in a manner that aroused the deepest interest and emotion of all present. Crossing his arms upon his breast he gave evidence in the first words that fell from his lips of the scholar and the orator. He said:

"I, your honor and you good people of Westmorland, probably know more about this case than any man living. According to the evidence of the officers, the Donnelly house on the night of this tragic event was surrounded by the police. On the street also and in front of the house was congregated a crowd of spectators, composed mainly of people who had followed up the officers, intending to observe what took place. We were seen, Buck and I, coming out of the same door into the yard. That is true—there is no doubt about that—but does it not seem strange that among all those officers and all those spectators not one man of them saw Jim? They all saw Buck, but not a soul saw Jim. Now one of the witnesses, Mr. Lavash, I believe his name is, stated that he took up a position on the street that commanded a view both of the front and side doors of the Donnelly house. He stated that before the shooting he saw this door that leads out on the platform opened by someone and shut to again. That man stated the truth, though his evidence was contemptuously

thrown aside by this court. The door was opened—I had my eye on it at the time—it was only opened a moment, but it was long enough to enable me to see the man who passed through and recognize him when I ran up against him a few seconds later.

"Now, I want to inform the court that these officers, three of them for a dead certainty, saw Jim and ran against him that eventful night. Is it not strange that they should suppress that fact? The inference would be that they had a reason, and they did have a reason. One reason was that they made no effort at the time they saw Jim to arrest him. If they were while in the witness box that they made no attempt to arrest him they would lay themselves out for the imputation of cowardice. It is a serious charge to make in court that a man should be lacking a little physical courage, but such was the case with these men.

"I wish to say further that I did not know on the night in question that the officers were in the house. I saw the side door open and at the moment it was opened I heard a voice exclaim, 'Shut the door.' More than one witness saw the side door opened, though they have not come forward and said so. At the time of my arrest I had a 32 calibre revolver, first in my pocket and afterwards in my hand, and I made away with it when I found that it was a number 32 bullet that had taken poor Steadman's life. I have no doubt that if I had been arrested that night I would not be occupying the position of that poor unfortunate fellow in yonder cell. I know



MCCORNICK, the tramp who drew a revolver on conductor Morgan.

that the court has the power to impose upon me a long term of imprisonment, and I know that during the long dreary years that are to come I shall be buried alive behind those high grey walls." Here the prisoner's voice was low and his words thrilled the audience.

"Now if the police officers denied seeing Jim that night—denied all knowledge of him—is it not reasonable that they would deny seeing the 'third party'? Attorney General Blair has stated before the jury that the 'third party' was an imaginary being existing only in the imagination of my counsel. Well, I know that this 'third party' had a more tangible form than that—that he was composed of solid flesh and blood. One of the witnesses stated that while taking a drive with Selina Donnelly he went out to this building on the north line to see the 'third party' at our request. Another witness denied that he also was sent there. He was not man enough to acknowledge it. If this 'third party' was seen in our company a very few hours at the most before the shooting took place—I have it from the lips of the officers that he was seen by the wife of the dead man in our company out on the Mountain Road on the day of the tragedy—that ought to be pretty good evidence, but that evidence was not produced.

"So far as my arrest is concerned, I was in a pretty bad condition; there is no doubt about that. I received a pretty bad beating. I exonerate the officer, who gave me one or two drinks of whiskey, on that occasion. It was necessary. If I had not had that whiskey I never would have been able to reach the railroad in a conscious condition. I have no recollection of saying what I am reported by Carroll and Wilbur to have said. It is a fact that I have exclaimed, on hearing the particulars of his arrest, 'God help poor Buck,' but it is not true that I made the damaging admissions concerning him that have been referred to. On the contrary, I have carefully refrained from mentioning his name to any man since I was captured. I knew that we were placed in a very dangerous position, that the public was clamoring for our blood, and that anything I said might injure him or myself. I had sense enough for that. The statement made by Carroll and I in the jail on the night of August 16th is wholly without foundation and false from start to finish. We knew that a close watch was being kept upon us night and day. We were cautioned repeatedly by our counsel not to discuss our prospects of acquittal or anything about the case, and we observed that caution. Carroll knows and I know that his statement was false.

"If the prosecution merely wanted just

ice, if they simply wanted to get the real facts of the case, why did they not place me in the witness box when Buck was on his trial? I was willing to go upon the stand in the case and tell what I knew. I told Buck through his counsel that I would take the witness box on his behalf, though it should result that I myself would be put on trial for murder. But Buck said, 'No! They are going to hang one of us anyhow, and I might as well go as you.' The most he would agree to was that if things went badly for him he would let me take the stand during the trial. He got the impression in his mind, poor soul, that he would get a fair trial, and he thought it was no use for me to place my life in jeopardy for the sake of his. He said that he would not summon me to the witness box at all. He would wait to see if the prosecution would do it. Well, he ought to have known better. He ought to have known the tiger of public opinion was thirsting for his blood. He went through the formality of a trial and was convicted of murder. Of course I had no opportunity then of making a statement on his behalf. Now, there was a 'third party' on Telegraph street that night. It never will be known, in all human probability, who the man was that fired the shot that killed Steadman. That will never be known.

"I think that your honor in charging the jury before very heavily against myself, as you also did against Buck. I think that you presented all the facts that tended to implicate me in the most damaging light you could, while those that tended in favor of the prisoner were not mentioned—were ignored or glossed over.

"I have no hope of receiving any mercy from this court, or even of receiving justice. The killing of Steadman was not a murder. It is not a premeditated cold blooded affair as the crown has sought to show. They had to admit that I did express sorrow at the death of Steadman. That expression was sincere, I really meant it. I do not say this to gain the sympathy of any one here. I do not want their sympathy. I have also heard that man there in the cell express similar sentiments in regard to the death of that brave officer. I have only to repeat that neither he nor I, when we dashed out into the darkness that night, knew our opponents were. Least of all did the thought of murder occur to us, but I have no hope of justice in this court, and I have nothing more to say."

It is impossible to describe the feelings with which the vast audience present listened to "Jim's" eloquent address. Tears gathered in the eyes of the judge and many of the ladies present wept copiously. His honor's voice was broken when he resumed his address. He said he could not credit all that the prisoner had said, though some of it he doubted not was true. Had the prisoner used the remarkable ability he possessed to worthy ends he would not be in the sad position he occupied today. He could not believe that the prisoner used a 32 revolver on the night of the shooting, because the revolver found upon him was a 38 calibre.

The prisoner here remarked, "If you will excuse me, your honor, for interrupting you, I wish to say that I had both a 38 and a 32 revolver on the night of the shooting. I first learned from a Mr. Steeves, who lives near Canadian station, that the bullet that killed Steadman was a 32 and then it was that I threw away the 32 revolver that I carried."

Judge Fraser said that this put a different face upon the matter as far as that point was concerned. In sentencing the prisoner to 25 years in the penitentiary he held out strong hopes that the term might be shortened.

A few minutes later Buck was brought in and received the death sentence unmoved. He made no statement except to declare that his evidence yesterday was true.

#### Teamster Ryder's Small Act.

The old woman who keeps the messengers and newboys at the foot of King street supplied with apples and "jaw breakers," met with a serious loss Thursday. Richard Ryder, a cartman, who is evidently of opinion that he can drive a horse with his back to the equine, was the cause of it. Mrs. Duffy was going across the street from the Western Union building to the London house block. She had her small express wagon, on which she transports her stock in trade, with her. At noon there are always people on this crossing, but Ryder seemed indifferent to everything. Mrs. Duffy first realized her danger when the horse rubbed against her. She dropped the tongue of her wagon and got out of the road. The horse didn't stop, however, but drove over Mrs. Duffy's express, smashing it flat to the ground. The old woman was in a very bad way; she began to cry and call upon passers-by to help her, by Ryder took no notice of it, and drove away, although he was clearly to blame for the disaster.

## DID HE DIE IN PRISON?

### THE MYSTERY OF THE FATE OF A ST. JOHN CAPTAIN.

A Tragedy Recalled by a Personal Paragraph About a Literary Lady—The Strange Story of What is Said to Have Happened in Callao.

The following interesting extract was recently published in a city paper, credited to "Mrs. Helen E. Gregory-Flesher, M. A.," whoever that lady may be:

A prominent member of the New York Press club and an authority on Russian matters is the Countess Ella Norraikow. She was born in Toronto, but spent most of her girlhood in St. John, N. B. Though a thorough Canadian the countess looks more like a Spaniard; she is so dark and has such brilliancy and vivacity of expression. While in New Brunswick she married the late Hon. A. Seely, a prominent government official in the maritime province, and after her marriage she travelled for a number of years, visiting Germany, Belgium, Great Britain, Russia, Burmah, India, and South America.

Shortly after Mr. Seely's death she settled in New York and there married Count Adolphus Norraikow, an exiled Russian noble, who had been a wealthy and well-known lawyer in St. Petersburg, but whose opinions did not please the Imperial government. The countess is a "woman of the world" in the best sense of the term, a fine musician and an accomplished linguist. She is a constant contributor to the Harper publications, the *Cosmopolitan*, the *Independent*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, etc. Lately she has written a play which is to be produced by Manager Palmer, of New York, during the coming season. She has crossed the ocean no less than eighteen times, and in both London and New York society has a large circle of connections and friends.

The St. John friends of the Countess Norraikow will recognize several important errors of fact in the above account. She was not born in Toronto, but in St. John, and some say on the West side. Her original name was Doherty, but she was adopted at an early age by Wm. Walton, and before her first marriage was known by her friends as Ella Walton. She was born, brought up and educated here, and was never a resident of any other place during her girlhood. She did not marry "Hon. A. Seely," but Captain Alexander Seely, who was a son of Hon. A. McL. Seely, who was simply a member of the Legislative Council and not a prominent government official. She was proficient in piano playing, but up to the time of her leaving here, to go to sea with her husband, gave no indications of the literary ability with which she is now credited.

The travels to which reference is made were in the ship commanded by her husband, and they terminated some ten or twelve years ago, in a tragedy at Callao, Peru. During the voyage thither Capt. Seely became enraged at the attentions shown to his wife by the mate, and took the latter's life. He was arrested on his arrival at Callao and thrown into prison. The story which reached St. John at a later date was that he died in the prison while awaiting his trial. It was afterwards alleged that he died of small-pox, and that his wife could neither see him during his illness nor have a look at the body after death. About four or five years ago she married a Russian resident of New York, who was said to have large estates in his native land, but was not on good terms with the czar. When she last visited St. John, a few years ago, the public were not aware that she had a title.

The strangest part of the story is that while Mrs. Seely seems to have accepted the account of her husband's death in prison, there has been from the outset a doubt of it among his friends in this city. There was a mystery about the affair that was never made quite clear, and there was more than one version of the circumstances under which the mate was killed. It was rumored, but on no positive authority, that Capt. Seely had not died, but had been aided by his friends to escape, though what afterwards became of him nobody could learn.

Within the last year, a sea captain who was well acquainted with Capt. Seely and who was in Callao at the time of his reported death, made an extraordinary statement to a well known official in St. John. It was to the effect that he had been one of several captains who had actually assisted Seely to escape, and had placed a "dummy" in the cell, in the form of the body of another man who had died. Such a thing could hardly be done without the connivance of the officials at Callao, but money can do a great deal in that country, and so long as there was a body of some kind on hand, it is probable there would be no investigation. This would be more certainly the case were small-pox assigned as the cause of death.

Whether the captain referred to told the truth or not is another question. If he did, Capt. Seely must have formed his plans to simply leave his old life behind him and allow the world to think him dead. Were it known that he still lived, there would be a possibility of his arrest in any part of the world at the instigation of the friends of the man he had killed, for extradition treaties can reach almost everywhere in these days. With a change of name and an official record of his death, he would be as safe as if he had never been charged with the crime. Were he resolved to separate from his wife, he

could take no more simple and effectual method than to disappear and allow her to believe him dead, in which case she would be perfectly free to marry again as she has done.

Whatever may be the facts, her friends will be glad to learn that she is so rapidly acquiring fame in the world of literature.

#### THE LAST WEEK FOR COUPONS.

Another Change of Leaders for "Progress" Silver Service.

The silver service contest is drawing to a close. This is the last week the coupon will appear, and all coupons must be in this office by September 28. The result will be announced in next Saturday's issue. Miss Pauline Beiderman wishes to thank Mr. Myrshall, "Frederickton," "Port El-

**CUT THIS OUT**

**Silver Service Coupon.**

To the person who Sends in the most of these Coupons by Wednesday, September 28, Progress will present a handsome Silver Service of seven pieces, Quadruple Plate, Guaranteed, valued at \$45

**CUT THIS OUT**

gin," and Mr. Bowes, of Halifax for their kind remembrance of her with coupons.

J. H. Campbell goes to the front this week with quite a lead, while Miss Potts retains second place. Little Miss Beiderman seems to have lots of friends working for her and will make a strong effort to win at the finish.

The contest stands as follows:

J. H. Campbell, 194 Sydney street, city,.....	1345
Miss Minnie E. Potts, 128 Charlotte street, city,.....	815
Miss Pauline Beiderman, 74 Queenstreet,.....	856
Miss Lizzie T. Sage, Richibucto,.....	729
Miss E. A. Hart, Rockland Road,.....	212
Harry Bradshaw,.....	191
Mrs. T. W. Higgins, Orange street,.....	156
W. H. McCoy, Amherst,.....	122
D. C. McKee, Wolfville, N. S.,.....	114
Mrs. J. Mowry, Victoria street, city,.....	243
Mrs. J. E. Wilson, 31 Inglis street, Halifax,.....	68
Miss G. Markee, St. Stephen,.....	61
Grace A. Estey, 36 Peters street,.....	48
Mrs. J. B. Eagles, St. John,.....	46
Mrs. Fred Shaw,.....	37
Alice M. DeForest, 14 Coburg street, city,.....	34
Thelma Morrison, 4 Celebration street,.....	30
L. E. Cornwall,.....	28
Mrs. John Albion, city,.....	27
Mrs. Bent, Amherst,.....	21
J. W. Jones, St. John,.....	19
Miss LeB. Ferguson, Tracadie,.....	11
Lizzie Maxwell, Gagetown, N. B.,.....	8

#### Mr. Somerby and the Morning Papers.

Many people who read the morning papers may have noticed with some surprise that Mr. Rufus Somerby and his very excellent show are receiving no notices in those journals. It is the policy of protection run mad, the local amusements being favored as against foreign ones. Mr. Somerby has been coming to this city for many years, has always been a very generous patron of the newspapers, paid his bills when they were presented, or frequently in advance, and until this summer was getting generous treatment in the local columns of the morning papers.

It seems, however, that these journals have determined to "sit" on Mr. Somerby and refuse him the usual notices which they give the Opera house company, or any other show that comes along. In consequence Mr. Somerby has withdrawn his advertising from them, and has quite effectually proved to the people that advertisements and reading notices in the morning papers are not essential to the success of his entertainment. He has played to full houses all the week.

#### Where a Dollar is Not a Dollar.

At the stamp office in the post office at Halifax only 65 cents will be allowed for the American silver dollar, writes a correspondent. One or two other places have made an effort to "retaliate" against the United States, but with little success. So long as the dollar will bring a dollar or a dollar's worth, it is folly for people to refuse it. Thousands of American dollars of all kinds were spent in Halifax during the past summer by visitors, and the hotels and other places were glad to get them. It is not likely the stamp office will get many silver dollars for 65 cents when so many other places are willing to pay par for them.

#### Always Sign Your Letters.

A Dorchester subscriber who writes that Progress of September 17 failed to arrive as usual and asks that one be sent, neglected to sign his or her name to the letter. Of course it was impossible to send the paper.



SELINA DONNELLY.

the dock, and all the standing room by the gallant males. What brought so many ladies out would, perhaps, be a harder question to decide than the guilt or innocence of the prisoner.

"Buck's" indifference to all that went on in the court room has been one of the most remarkable features of the trial. Until Maggie Donnelly was placed on the witness stand the prisoner's face was as devoid of expression as a stone wall, but while she gave her evidence he clutched the railing of the dock and seemed to be making a desperate effort at self control. While Mrs. Donnelly was giving her evidence he relapsed into a state of seeming indifference, but when Selina was sworn he again seemed to be agitated and moved about uneasily, and those who were near him say that his eyes filled with tears. Others declare that furtive glances passed from the witness stand to the prisoner's dock. The witness of the Donnelly house when on the stand must have convinced every one that women, to use a rather expressive word, are not easily "pumped." Every lawyer in court felt there were depths in the mind of the mother and daughters that legal ingenuity could not fathom.

Selina Donnelly, who warned the inmates of the Telegraph street house, when the police put in an appearance was one of the principal witnesses at the trial. Her evidence was of much importance, showing that the prisoners had some knowledge of the Chatham robbery, and, from the comments made in her presence, were better acquainted with the facts of the case than the newspaper reporters.

Buck was at all times one of the most interesting figures of the trial, his bearing

being a subject for comment among the spectators from day to day. It was not till the last day of the trial that he began to show any great concern as to its outcome.

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1892, trains will run  
as follows:  
press daily at 8.10 a.  
arrives at Annapolis at  
Monday, Wednesday  
Weymouth at 8.32 p.m.  
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Stage daily (Sunday  
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Passenger and Freight  
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Monday every Tuesday,  
Friday evening; and  
Wednesday, Friday  
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J. BARNELL,  
General Superintendent

Railway.

St. John Standard  
11.00; for Point  
1.00; for Sussex, 10.25;  
10.

on Sussex, 8.30; for  
1.00; for Monday, 8.55;  
from Halifax, 18.25

THE BIG SHOW

Rufus Somerby's Latest Achievement.

HORSES ON THE STAGE.

Beautiful Animals that Can Do Everything but Talk.

A CROWDED HOUSE SEES THEM AT THE INSTITUTE.

Prof. Bristol and His Educated Equines Give a Performance Never Before Seen in the Provinces—Diamond, the Favorite, Astonishes the People, and Topsy the Mule Furnishes Lots of Fun—Horses at School, on Sea-Saws, Swings and in Other Roles Seen Once in a Lifetime.

Tuesday night at the Institute eight beautiful horses and a risky mule pranced about in the sawdust, before a crowded house. Prof. Bristol, like the ring master of an old time circus, in evening dress and with a long whip was the only other performer, until the last part, when the trick mule, and its colored driver came on to keep the house in roars of laughter.

In years gone by, when Connell's watering cart horses did not aspire to the dignity of gaudy plumes and circus paraphernalia, the horses of the ring were the great features of the show. Nowhere else could the people see beautiful horses that sported a coat of more than one color. Of late years, however, the circus horse cannot be distinguished from any other, and equines whose only experience in the circus line has been in hauling blue sprinklers and the royal mail, are always recognized by the small boys.

So, when Rufus Somerby's great equine show came to town Tuesday it created a sensation. The beautiful horses of the old time circus advanced to the music of the band, and the crowd grew larger as the procession moved along.

In the evening the Institute was crowded. It was a great show from first to last—horses without bit or bridle, beautiful animals that knew their parts, and went through them in a way that brought storms of applause.

Diamond, the professor's favorite, the smartest horse he ever saw, stood beside his master as he told the audience all about him, then made way for Snowflake the only pure white horse in the world, a horse without a black hair, and which Prof. Bristol refused to sell to P. T. Barnum because he wanted to have something the great showman could not get. This horse is a whole show in itself, and at the museums in the big cities could support his owner at ease, and does so when he wants to take a vacation without decreasing his income.

One after another the horses were introduced and something of interest said about each, until the professor announced "the only one in the school that could not be recalled, as demure as the best of his species. He sized up the audience while the professor was speaking, kicked up his heels for the amusement of the house and took his place at the end of the row.

Then the show began. "We will open the school," said the professor, and the ears of eight horses and one mule assumed the perpendicular.

"Who will be monitor?" Topsy came to the front with four steps and a kick. Every motion set the audience laughing and he seemed to realize the responsibility resting upon him in keeping up the merriment.

After going through the preliminaries, Topsy helped the professor to put his coat on, then took it off. "Take away the hat and bring out a table," was the next order, and off went the mule, while Eagle, a

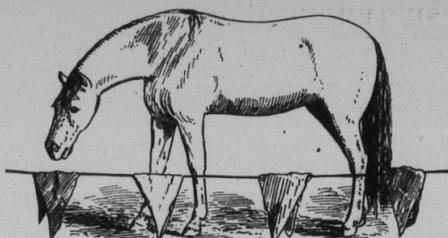
what to do and they did it without any fuss, just the same as stage hands would have done at any other performance. The audience began to get enthusiastic, but as the horses did one act after another and the improbable things were gone

Diamond went over, opened the desk and got it for him, without any fuss. But Topsy was up to her tricks as usual and brought a bad report about Diamond and Commodore, whereupon Diamond had to stand on the dunce block and Commodore

went on, doing all kinds of sums with frequent changes from large to small numbers, and making less mistakes than the average school boy. It was a great performance, and the audience grew more enthusiastic than ever.

inch oval iron rod; then he saw-saws alone, after which Diamond winds up that part of the performance by rolling a barrel with

gramme described it in this fashion and is true to the letter: "The military drill, which is something



DISTINGUISHING COLORS

through without a hitch or misunderstanding, everybody settled down to enjoy the show and expect anything.

on his head, while Topsy ran off with evident amusement for bringing in a false report. And so it went on. Every horse had its

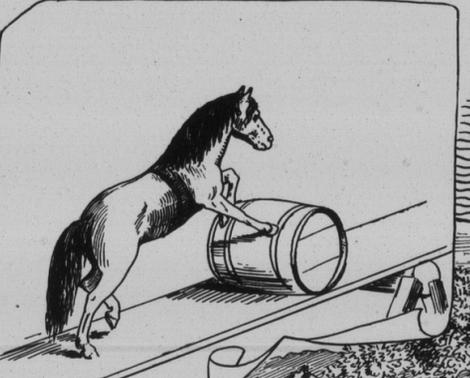
Then Snowflake came to the front and

his foremost feet up the plank on one side and down on the other. Before the curtain goes down Eagle and

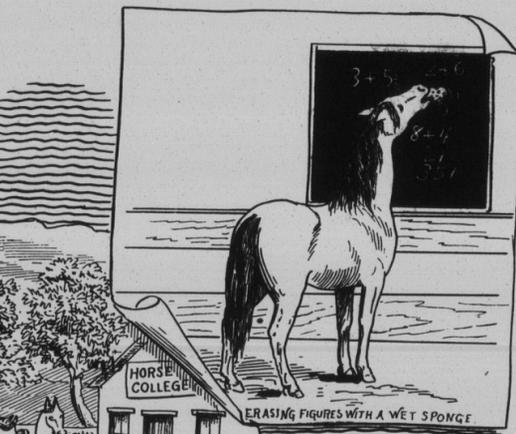
so near human intelligence that it seems hard to dispose yourself of the idea that the horses are not reasoning beings, the discipline is so perfect. They fall in, march off in single or double file, counter-march, come into right or left, wheel left or right oblique, guide right, go through many intricate evolutions and conduct themselves like regular soldiers."



TRICK PONY



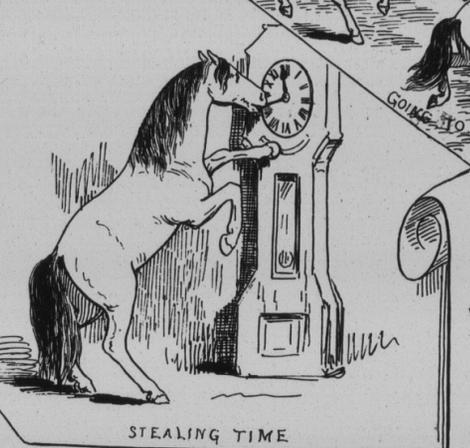
ROLLING BARREL



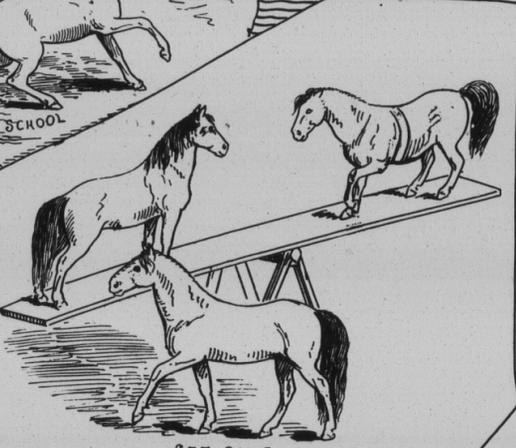
ERASING FIGURES WITH A WET SPONGE



GOING TO SCHOOL



STEALING TIME



SEE SAW

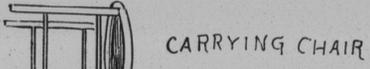
part and knew everything the professor said, while the mule was the clown at all times and kept up the merriment.

in compliance with the professor's request opened a money drawer and took a bank note out of it as easily as the late burglars would have done.

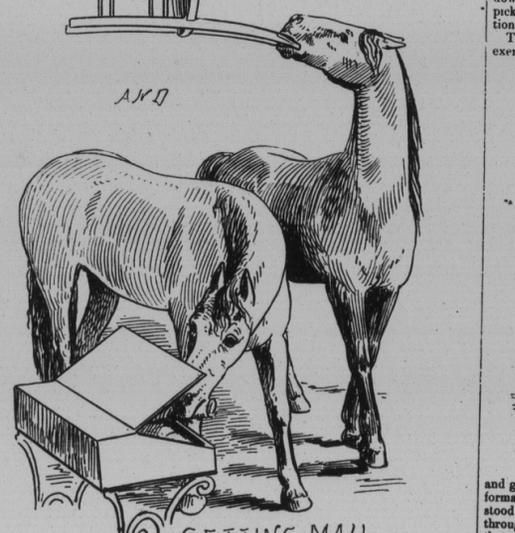
usual, and did the clown act, first swinging the professor, and then going on herself for "the fun of the thing," and all the time came out.

Diamond show their abilities as hand bell ringers in a way that keeps the audience in good humor until the stage is ready for the third part.

Interest ran high in the auditorium when



CARRYING CHAIR



GETTING MAIL

beautiful white and black horse, took out the coat and brought back a chair. The professor simply told the horses

The school desk was to the left of the stage, with the cover closed. The professor sat down and asked for his paper.



CHAMPION LEAP

and gave one of the most remarkable performances ever seen in St. John. He stood beside the professor and went through his mental arithmetic in a way that astonished the people.

Another good feature was Snowflake's imitation of a rocking horse; which was followed by Hornet, a bay and white, whose leaping was only limited by the size of the stage.

Three horses on a sea-saw and keeping it in motion is something not seen every day, but Prof. Bristol's beauties do it at every performance; and Eagle succeeds in balancing Diamond and Ruby on a half

heavy that two men are required to carry it. One of the very many other gold articles in the room is a gold silver five feet in diameter, made out of the snuff-boxes presented to George IV.



SWINGING MULE

the horses came on for the military drill and marched around the stage in single file, with Topsy bringing up the rear. It was the beginning of a fine performance and applause was frequent. The pro-

heavily that two men are required to carry it. One of the very many other gold articles in the room is a gold silver five feet in diameter, made out of the snuff-boxes presented to George IV.

MUSICAL

It is a pity the enterprising manager of the light corps play, for a good thing when he hears it, as he would have attempted to obtain the effort of the "Brookline" no intention of trying to damp the piping youth of which the corps really would be a great benefit. They would practice to play in tune. Everything is dull musically, as a world of St. John is concerned, even not that it is much less. Some are preparing for a grand breaking for the minstrel club continues to meet at present no definite plan for a new conductor. The club who are staying in a way to Duluth, he was offered a position in that city. The Musical Association is paying St. John, after a long absence, and without the members of the orchestra. Mr. F. C. D. Bristow, organist of Frederickton, was welcomed by St. John this week. Another member of a musical club who has their work, Miss Marjorie joined St. Luke's church choir.

Rufus Somerby's equine show now enjoying large houses at the Fredericton for exhibition. The celestials have something of them.

E. C. Abbott, the Shakespearian with the same success in Fredericton he did in St. John. He had appreciative audiences each evening.

The other day, when the Metropolitan Opera House was mass of flames, a gentleman saturnine demeanor approached the door. He was promptly stopped by a member of the orchestra. "What do you want?" asked the man, gruffly. "I want to go to the store in there, and I want to see it burn." Of course, the gentleman walked into the store where he sat down in one creaked his feet upon the iron a cigar and coolly watched the flagration which was costing him of about \$1,000 a minute. Anson Pond.

I heard a good thing some about the Kendal company, who punctilious in matters of etiquette correspondent of the Boston Herald. Each member of it carries him self with the air of special law ward Americans that is an characteristic of the English people their last season's engagement a newspaper man went behind the scenes to interview the actress. As that gentleman was not in the room the reporter stopped a young man who was going on the stage and essentially where he could find an. "Sir," said the young man, "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance." "Well," replied the reporter, "you are not taking chances than I am." And this story of a wit of the Lambs' club hearing someone say that Mrs. Hoey's partner, it was so demagogic—barking, snapping, and pugacious—that Evans was started and the stage. The action of the farcical course, injured. He learned that the dog had been used to with an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and had been trained to seize a lawyer, by the trousers and drag the stage. He had mistaken Marks. Such is the result of tronic training.

Only those who have never seen music halls and variety performances doubt the harmony of these entertainments with the present disposition of the Paris correspondent. Not only in France and England is turning the species of amusement than now devoted to it in the serious weeklies and the literary Paris da London, besides the Alhambra, which for many years the only large devoted to the variety stage, we find such palatial structures as the Pavilion, and the Tivoli the news comes that in Mr. Cartre's magnificent new opera house Shaftsbury avenue, the manager will soon be able to boast itself ornate and most perfectly appointed entertainment in London. "It is a mate ground for congratulation," Saturday Review, "that the advancement of the legitimate amusements—barking, snapping, and the casino are old institutions a severe critic of the theatrical and public of the present time finds words for the future of Parisian amusements." "The modern spectacle knows how to yawn. The business

it in this fashion and is drill, which is something



IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

It is a pity the enterprising manager of Fused did not hear the bugle corps play, for he certainly knows a good thing when he hears it, and most probably he would have attempted to obtain its assistance to brighten the effort of the "Broken scene."

theatrical manager is to drive away ennui. We are incapable of appreciating real paths or sentiment. What is there left? I believe the wearied public will migrate to places like Folies-Bergere and the Casino de Paris.

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TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Rufus Somerby's equine show, which is now enjoying large houses at the Institute, Frederickton for exhibition week.

E. C. Abbott, the Shakespearean, met with the same success in Frederickton that he did in St. John.

The other day, when the New York Metropolitan Opera House was a seething mass of flames, a gentleman of calm and satirical demeanor approached the front door.

Mr. Rufus Somerby's, the best he has from Halifax to St. John, are as popular as they are in St. John.

My first included the usual tour he has had on no other man in this part of the town.

I heard a good thing some time ago about the Kendal company, which is very punctilious in matters of etiquette.

William F. Hoey of Evans and Hoey tells of a terrible time he had last season with a strange dog that he was obliged to introduce into "A Parlor Match."

Only those who have never frequented music halls and variety performances can doubt the harmony of these entertainments with the present disposition of the world.

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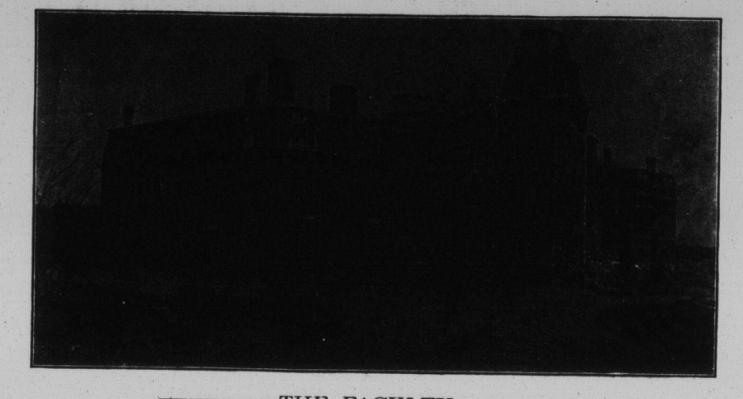
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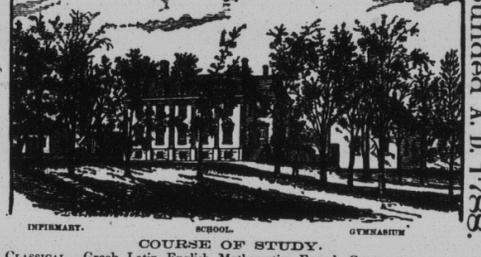
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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 24.

WHY MURDERS MULTIPLY.

The statement was made that there were six thousand murders in the United States last year, as against four thousand ten years ago, and that a very small proportion of the murderers have been convicted and punished. No other civilized nation can show such a record in proportion to its population, and yet the Americans claim to be the most advanced in civilization among the people of the world. Why then should there be such a deplorable record?

It is not difficult to understand why so many guilty men escape, as the machinery of the courts in all of the states is very different from that in the British possessions. According to English law a criminal usually gets full justice at his trial, and if there is any sound cause why a convicted murderer should escape the death penalty, the case is very promptly settled by a plain and easy course of proceedings. In the American system, there seems to end to the writs of error, motions and other methods of reopening a case and keeping the matter unsettled for years. Unless the tragedy be of more than passing note, the matter is forgotten by the general public, and at last the prisoner gets off with, in some instances, a less penalty than an ordinary housebreaker should suffer. It is, therefore, easy to understand why a small proportion of the murderers are adequately punished, but this does not explain why so many murders are committed and why homicides should have increased fifty per cent. in one decade.

It is not an answer to this to say that men kill their fellows because the punishment is not certain to be swift and sure. Such a thought may enter the mind of a criminal in occasional instances, but ordinarily it has little to do with the case where there is murder or any other crime. A deliberate criminal usually assumes that he will not be caught. He has no more desire to serve a term in prison than he has to be hanged. Where a crime is committed on sudden impulse, the thought of consequences, great or small, does not enter into the matter. Robberies decreased in England after the death penalty for them was abolished, but it was not a case of cause and effect. There was a change in the conditions which made robberies easy, but had there not been such a change it is not to be supposed that men would have abstained from the crime simply because they were not to be hanged for it.

So it is in the United States. In certain kinds of cases, possibly, the murderer, such as a poisoner, may feel that even if found out there are chances for his ultimate escape, but ordinarily the relation of the punishment to the crime cannot account for the increase of murder. It is due to the conditions of life among the people. It is the outgrowth of too much license under the name of liberty.

License appears to be the curse of the American people, and this spirit of doing as one pleases, of following one's impulses regardless of the right or wrong is too generally recognized by the people, the press and the pulpit. It is a fruit which begins in the public schools, too often, and honeycombs the whole social fabric. Wrong doers are tolerated when they should be driven from society. Even in Puritan New England social immorality is laughed at when it should be frowned down. The marriage tie is held too loosely, and with the great majority there is no comprehension of the idea that marriage is a sacrament. It is a contract to be broken with even less scruple than an ordinary business compact. It can be annulled practically at pleasure, and the divorce courts are ever busy in their intemperate work of undermining the morality of the nation. A divorced man or woman—even if the offender under the scriptural law—is not banished from respectable society. He or she usually marries again, and sometimes people not divorced make fresh engagements to be married when the court shall grant the divorce.

Such shameless ways, together with the disappearance of the old time home life, point to the general moral laxity of the nation, and the same principle—license in the name of liberty—is found in all conditions of society and in all that pertains to life. Men and women become a law unto themselves, and when this idea is carried in everyday existence, it is not to be wondered that human life is often held so cheap. People, whether of native or foreign birth, get the idea that they can do as they please in the pursuit of their objects in life, and the increase of murder, while one of the most grave results, is after all only one of them. It is the logical conclusion of a system of thinking and acting that is bad from the beginning.

ONWARD MOVES THE ORDER.

Some further instructive facts in regard to the Aryan Order of St. George, from the pen of the VICOMTE DE FRONSAC, appear on another page of this issue. There is also an illustration and explanation of the arms of the viscount as well as of an illustrious JONES of the balmy, southern clime. It would seem that the age of chivalry is not past, in America at least, and that the order has a mission to accomplish by massing the aristocracy of the south to resist the incursions of the enterprising and plebeian Yankee.

There was a time when the southern blue-blood was comparatively happy. He was living a life of ease, as he considered his claims to distinction entitled him to live. In the halcyon days described by HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, he ought to have been contented and in the majority of cases he was. His stately manner entitled him to the respect of all over whom he was lord and master, and when these failed of effect, the overseer was prompt to teach etiquette to the recalcitrant African. The grand old aristocrat of the land of cotton had hands which were never idle, but they were field hands. He fed them well, often quite as well as he did his thorough-bred dogs and horses, and in frequent instances he permitted them to learn to read and write, as well as to "experience religion." He felt that slavery was a divine institution, and that the negroes should be very thankful they lived in a civilized land rather than in the heathendom of their native country. The abhorred Yankee was a northern mudsill in the estimation of the chivalrous cavalier of a generation ago, and he made up his mind that someday the southern nobility should have a nation of their own, to which the Yankee should only be admitted under an alien immigrant law such as is now applied to the Chinese.

When the indignity of having an Illinois railplitter sit in the chair which had been filled by southern autocrats was put upon him, he made up his mind that he would tolerate the money-making Yankee no longer. He seceded and gave notice that he desired nothing save to be let alone.

It is a melancholy fact that his request was not heeded, and instead of being let alone he was outrageously molested. The Yankees came and conquered, and the live chattels of the gentlemanly grandees howled about "the year of jubilee" under their windows. The cavaliers and the marmors and the rest of them made a gallant struggle, but the surrender of LEE began a new and unpleasant era for them. The late PETROLEUM V. NASBY has described the sensations of a gentleman who was confronted by "the grinning face of a cursed nigger" when he went to the post office window for his letters. There were many such painful scenes, over which it is well to draw a veil.

Should the Aryan order of St. George continue to flourish, it may be that much of the glory of the southern aristocrat will be restored. It may not be that he can escape from the detested thralldom of the American union, but he can at least resist the encroachments of the horrid Yankee in the ways which his article, VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC specifies in his article. A better day may dawn upon the oppressed and persecuted big-bugs of the south.

So far as relates to the introduction of the Order into this part of the world, the first step appears to be to train up the children in the way they should go—in a sort of an Aryan kindergarten, as it were. All of honorable family may attend, but only those of noble descent can obtain degrees, and eventually become paladins, cavaliers, grandees and marmors. Thus, we see, it is better to be born lucky than rich.

In due time, no doubt, the older persons of noble blood in St. John will be duly organized, and the correct line drawn between what is aristocracy and what is not. Hail, happy day.

English law is so careful to give an accused man the fullest protection that the admission of a prisoner to law officers cannot be used in evidence against him unless he has been duly cautioned. In the case of the accused "Buck" at Dorchester, however, a man was smuggled into jail and placed in a cell between the two prisoners to play the part of an eavesdropper. At the trial he gave evidence of the conversation, which, while not conclusive, tended to strengthen the case against the accused. While there is justly a strong desire to bring the murderer of STEADMAN to justice, it should be remembered that such sneaking methods of trumping up evidence are opposed to the spirit of the law, no less than to the British sense of fair play. Constable CARROLL deserves credit for his brave capture of one of the men, but he has not added to his laurels by his exploit in the jail.

The amount of interest taken in a prize fight, to the exclusion of more important topics is a sad satire on the culture and intelligence of the American people. The New York Sun is recognized as a leading paper which understands what the public demand. No one disputes that it was correct in its estimate of the popular taste when, the day after the fight, it gave thirteen columns to the details of that event, five to the scarcely less elevating subject of politics, three to the chloera scare and one-half a column to the death of WHITTIER, whose name is honored the world over by all who place the intellectual above the brutal. Unfortunately, this class is in the minority and is likely to be for a good many generations to come.

It is related that at the Dublin city market fire, recently, a number of cats rushed into the flames and were burned, whereupon somebody quotes HERODOTUS that in Egypt, more than two thousand years ago, despite all care to the contrary, cats would rush into the flames of a burning house, as if animated by a supernatural impulse. If the cats of this country had the same peculiarities a good many citizens would keep big bonfires blazing in their backyards during the balmy nights of summer. It has long been admitted that the old boot and brick-bat remedy is not equal to the emergency.

Strictly correct in theory, but rather unfortunate in its results, was the opening prayer of the republican state convention at Fort Worth, Texas, the other day. The minister, a colored man, prayed for the independent democratic candidate for governor, whereupon there was confusion and a motion was actually made to amend the prayer by inserting the name of the people's candidate. It was not put because it was not seconded, but the idea of a motion to amend a prayer is so grotesque as to be associated with no assemblage on earth except an American political meeting.

Judge Murphy, of San Francisco, recently sent the sheriff to jail for contempt, because he refused to hang JOHN McNULTY, a St. John man, after a reprieve had expired. A writ of habeas corpus brought the matter up and the court has decided the sheriff is not in contempt, as McNULTY should have been re-sentenced. The court also held that it would be an anomalous state of affairs to confine a sheriff in his own county jail. Perhaps so, but if this could be done once in a while some of the jails in this country might be in a better condition than they are.

A sharp pencil may prove to be a deadly weapon in an argument, but not often in the way it happened in New York a day or two ago. Two men, who had been friends for years, got "arguing on religion," when one of them swung his arm around with such force that a pencil in his hand entered the other's eye, penetrated to the brain and caused death in a few hours. It is not desirable even that a theological controversy should be ended with such a fatality to either of the parties, important as a speedy end of the discussion is in the interest of those who are not arguing.

Ontario is to be congratulated on the possession of a new educational institution in the form of a college of embalming. As may be inferred, its promoters and patrons are undertakers who are anxious to attain excellence in this useful branch of their calling. Possibly such degrees as B. E. and M. E. are to be given, as well as the honorary title of Doctor of Embalming to such of our distinguished citizens as are in the habit of hankering after titles.

Everybody may not know that it is only a little over fifty years ago since every type used in a newspaper was cast by hand at the slow rate of fifteen a minute. The man who invented the type-casting machine, in 1838, died in New York only last week, at the ripe age of ninety-one. His name was DAVID BRUCE and he was the originator of the well known BRUCE type foundry.

If the cholera comes, the long dress train must go, as an article of street attire. It is claimed that in sweeping over pavements it gathers bacilli of various kinds of infection. There is a great danger of tuberculosis as it is, but it will take the cholera bacilli pure and simple to effect an entire change of fashion in a hurry.

The advent of LOTTIE COLLINS, a London concert hall singer, with the insane ballad of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay," consoles the cultivated mind of New York for the now fading joys it has had in the contemplation of CORBETT and SULLIVAN.

MAYOR PETERS has been named as a candidate for Ottawa, but it is the impression that if his worship can make sure of a third term he will stay where he is.

The fact that there are about 1,500 styles of pocket knives made does not diminish the number of people who want to borrow the solitary one that you own.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

The Editor's Gentle Hint. We wish the happy couple health and happiness. "No cards" and up to date no cake.—Liverpool Times.

Came From a Queer Place. George Turnbull, M. D., who has been practicing in — is spending a few weeks in Digby.—Digby Courier.

They Were Not Reformed. Drunken men seem to be on the increase. They say there were one or two at the Reformed Baptist church one night not long ago.—Cor. Woodstock Press.

Halifax Marine Intelligence. Yesterday afternoon a dozen boys went out sailing in a cat boat from the north slip, and when near George's Island a squall carried away the mast. No one was injured.—Echo.

Fest of a Modern Samson. Alfred Blagdenwhite, charged with firing a saw mill at St. Margarets Bay, is undergoing a preliminary examination this afternoon before Superintendent Griffin.—Halifax Herald.

Who Steals a Body? The person suspected of taking a "Plant" from the Baptist cemetery, will return it at their earliest opportunity or the matter must come unpleasantly to light.—Liverpool Times.

Mob Rule in Shipshoy. Reports have reached us from various sources of boys congregating about the streets in groups on Sunday and indulging in loud talking and obscene remarks that are a great annoyance to others.—Naples Leaf.

Gross Breach of Public Confidence. A horse cart going south about seven o'clock last evening fooled a number of people by having a green lamp, indicating a Spring Garden road car, when it was bound for Pleasant and Inglis streets.—H. Echo.

Mrs. Quinn's Benefit. Mrs. James Quinn, of West Bay, will hold a tea succeeding at her own residence next Wednesday afternoon, commencing at 5 o'clock. Mrs. Quinn is a poor woman, and the proceeds will be for her own benefit.—Parishers Leader.

Oh, What a Wicked City! Last evening some small boys placed a rope from the door of a house on Queen street, to a post in the gutter. A gentleman who was passing fell over the rope; but not injuring himself, he captured one of the boys, obtained his name, and it is likely he will prosecute the lot of them.—H. Echo.

Hunting Adventure in Nova Scotia. A well known young man who resides at Bedford with his parents, had a "hession-learning" experience with a skunk yesterday afternoon. He threw a stone at it, imagining it was a rabbit, and stung it. Thinking he had killed it he started in the direction of the animal. He was forced to bury his clothes.—H. Recorder.

He Will Work for St. John. There is considerable speculation as to whom will be the nominee of the conservative party for the vacancy created by the resignation of Mr. Skinner. Several names have been mentioned in PROGRESS' hearing, among them those of Mr. George Jones, Mr. W. C. Pitfield, and Hon. William Pugsley. It seems to be pretty well understood, however, that the mention of Mr. Jones' name is not intended in a serious way; that Mr. Pitfield has made up his mind that there is a good deal more money in business than in politics, and that while no more representative merchant can be found, he will not allow himself to be considered for nomination.

The fight is therefore likely to wage around Mr. Pugsley who is understood to be quite willing to resign his solicitor-generalship and take his chances for a seat at Ottawa. Of course there are other aspirants and the question is not at all settled yet, but the conservative party might do worse than give Mr. Pugsley the nomination. He is a politician in all that the word means, but he seems to get more for his constituency from the party he supports than any other man PROGRESS knows of. Since the politics of St. John at the present moment is better expressed by "St. John" than free trade of protection, Mr. Pugsley would be a very energetic and capable representative.

Getting Ready for the Show. That Fredericton people do nothing by halves is well instanced this year in the active yet careful preparations they are making for the second provincial exhibition. To say nothing of its admirable situation for such an affair, the people of Fredericton as a whole seem to know more about exhibitions and how to handle them than those of any other city in this province at least. Whether it is because they have such gentlemen as Julius Incheb, or the experienced John Reid in their midst, or whether the resources and good will of the government have something to do with it, it is nevertheless a fact that the exhibitions at the capital have uniformly been successful. That of this year promises to be of greater interest and importance. The advertisements and announcements tell us that there will be some \$3,000 in prizes, that the dates are October 5th, 6th and 7th, that there will be splendid attractions and amusements, besides the stock and agricultural exhibition, and the best races that the fastest horses can give at the park. The officers of the association are: Mr. C. E. Murry, president; J. M. Wiley, vice-president; W. T. Whithead, treasurer; and A. S. Murray, secretary. Any further information the readers of PROGRESS may wish will be gladly given them by any of those gentlemen.

Windsor College Law School. The establishment of a law school in St. John in connection with Kings college in Windsor is an epoch in the history of that old and tried institution. PROGRESS hopes that the step may be successful and the patronage extended to it sufficiently generous to enable the institution to make the school a permanent one under paid professors.

GETTING READY FOR WINTER.

The Y. M. C. Association Improving Their Buildings and Its Departments. The officers and committees of the Y. M. C. A. of this city have been preparing during the dull season for a winter of enjoyment within doors. The first of October is the date on which the gymnasium opens, and all the winter classes for instruction and amusement are formed. For some time the mooring spirits of the association have felt that there were some improvements necessary, both for their own convenience and for the popularity of the institution. Improvements, however, cost money, and for the last few years the Y. M. C. A. has not been in as flourishing a financial condition as its friends wished.

The increase of interest, however, in its welfare for the past eighteen months was further evidenced by the generous way in which the contributions were made towards the improvements spoken of, the sum of \$500 being collected in a short time for these purposes. Now, a visitor who enters the institution will find a new office for the secretary situated near the entrance at the head of the stairs, while there is a large arch cut between the halls and reading rooms. The effect is to make the entrance brighter and impart an airy, roomy look in it, at the same time bringing the secretary more in contact with the members and more accessible to all.

Greater changes than these, however, have been made in connection with the gymnasium, which has always been a very popular department of the institution. The present officers have evidently concluded that there is more attraction in the athletic room for a great many of the boys at least, than in the class rooms and gospel meetings, and in order to meet their views many additions and improvements have been made in connection with the athletic department. A new and modern shower bath is being erected and will soon be in operation. It is situated on the first floor and has connected with it a dressing room, with a series of lockers for clothing. In the gymnasium proper much new apparatus has been added, and the room itself will have a much cheerier and brighter aspect when the painters are through with it.

To attract smaller boys to the institution and to give them a good time, the officers have felt the need of greater facilities for their junior department, and in order to fill it have rented the large hall in Christie's building adjoining the Y. M. C. A. structure. This will be used for meetings, etc., and will leave the large room in the rear of the building on the main floor free for the boys' branch, for which special hours have been set aside for gymnastic and recreation work. This room will be open to the boys until 6 o'clock in the afternoon every day, and one evening in the week until 9 o'clock. The secretary's old office has been painted and will be used for committee meetings and for various educational classes.

The friends of the institution will be glad to note these changes and hail them as evidences of renewed prosperity and popularity.

Getting to Work. The Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co. is in active operation this week. Its organization is now complete with Mr. R. C. Elkin as president, Mr. Chas. Bailey as secretary, and Mr. A. H. Chipman as manager. Although the medicine has been advertised for some weeks, owing to the difficulties of getting under way, it has not been possible to have it on the market for so long a time, but the success it has met with since it has been for sale has exceeded even the anticipations of those who knew what had been done with it where it was first established in Maine. The company that has been formed to carry on the manufacture is strong in business capacity and in financial resources. They believe that they have a good thing and are bound to see what there is in it. The success of the Waterville company has been wonderful, even ahead of that well-known preparation called Dana's Sarsaparilla, the record of the sales of which for the corresponding period in its early life was not nearly so large as the sales of the Groder Botanic Dyspepsia Cure, and yet a few months ago a Nova Scotian who put a few hundred dollars into that company received something like \$15,000 for his share of the stock when it was sold out to another corporation. PROGRESS has welcomed the new company to St. John before this, and its best wish for it now is that its sales in Canada may compare favorably with the success it has met with across the border.

PERTINENT AND PERSONAL. Mr. J. M. Scovil, of Scovil, Fraser & Co. returned Monday from a trip to Boston and New York. He had both pockets and a grip full of ideas for the clothing business.

Mr. Cliff Romans, representing a special department Armour & Co., of Chicago, was in the city this week interviewing the medical men and druggists, and booming Armour's pepsin as the best in the market. He continued his trip towards St. George, St. Stephen and St. Andrews, and will gradually work through the province.

Mr. Colwell of the firm of Colwell Bros., of Halifax, was among the visitors from that city last week, who witnessed the triumph of the Haligonian athletes. Mr. Colwell is a member of one of the most enterprising young firms in Halifax, and is well and favorably remembered in this city from his connection with the dry goods business. He was accompanied by Mr. Hammett, the representative of the Crescent club. Both gentlemen returned to Halifax on Monday.

WINDSOR, N. S.

Proceess is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' Bookstore and Dakin's Bookstore.

Sept. 21.—Christ church was handsomely decorated with cut and potted flowers last Wednesday morning on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Charles Armstrong, agent of the Commercial Bank at Middleton, and Miss Edith Dimock, daughter of Mr. J. W. Dimock, Collector of Customs, Windsor. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Wilby, of the Wesleyan church, and the bride was Miss Edith Dimock, who was accompanied by Mr. Philip Dimock, attorney at law, and the bridegroom was Mr. Charles Armstrong, agent of the Commercial Bank at Middleton. The bride wore a handsome traveling dress of lawn cloth, trimmed with brown and had to match, and carried a exquisite bouquet of white roses and French spray bouquets. The happy couple drove from the church to the station and took the flying blonose for Yarmouth, on their way to Boston and New York. The presents were very handsome and numerous. The groom's gift to the bride was a heavier cape and suit. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong regret that they are not to make their homes in Windsor, as they are both very popular.

A very unusual but very interesting ceremony took place here on Thursday last week. The oddities of Windsor and its surroundings accompanied by the 6th band, formed in a procession and marched to the cemetery to decorate the graves of their departed brethren. The procession was led by a band drawn by two white horses and filed by the most beautiful flowers arranged to represent the order's emblem. The service, appropriate for the occasion, was read by Rev. Taylor Rogers, and hymns were sung at intervals. This is the first ceremony of the kind that has taken place in the province.

Mr. George Murphy and Mr. Clifford Shand turned home on Monday last week. Mr. Shand, who had been attending the M. P. A. A. sports, as he carried off three first prizes in the one second prize, but regret that Mr. Shand was not so successful, only gaining second prize in the one mile bicycle race.

Miss Isabel Payne, of Halifax, is visiting Miss Allison. Miss Annie Amador, who has been visiting at Bedford, has returned home. Miss Scott, of Halifax, is visiting Mrs. Drysdale. Mr. Curry, of Lunenburg, spent a few days in Windsor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Young, who have been spending part of the summer in Halifax, are in Windsor again. Mr. George Geldart is visiting friends in Yarmouth. Mr. George Wiley, who has been spending his vacation with his mother, has returned to St. John. Mr. Clarence Dimock has returned from New York. Mr. Sherman and little son are visiting her father, Hon. M. H. Goudge.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Green have gone to Truro to reside. Mr. Clarence Morris has returned to Halifax to resume his studies at Dalhousie college. Miss Edith Shaw who has been visiting at Glace Bay, Cape Breton, has returned home. Mr. Robert Boak and Mrs. Boak, of Halifax, spent a few days in Windsor last week. Mr. Oliver Cummings and Mrs. Dimock, of Truro, are the guests of Mrs. Clarence Dimock. Miss Fie Forsyth, who has been visiting home, is home from Cape Breton, has returned home. Hon. W. S. Fielding and Mrs. Fielding were in Windsor two days last week, having come to take home their children, who have been spending the summer with their aunt, Mrs. P. M. Fielding.

Miss Faulkner, of Sherbrooke, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Reid. Miss Bret Black left this week for New York, where he intends studying medicine. Miss Maggie Brown is visiting friends in Halifax. Miss Churchill, of Hantsport, is visiting Miss Mary Smith.

BRIDGETOWN.

Sept. 21.—Rev. Dr. Fillet, of Weymouth, was the guest of Dr. Barnaby last week. He preached in St. James' church on Wednesday evening. Mr. M. Johnson, of Bangor, is visiting Mrs. J. McCormack. Mr. James Goddard has returned from St. John, and is the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. W. Goddard. Mrs. Lewis Crosskill is spending his annual holidays with his parents on Granville street. Rev. F. Grosvenor has been visiting home. Mr. McCormack, of Granville Ferry, has been spending some weeks with his parents to spend some weeks with his daughter, Mrs. Nickerson. Mrs. Campbell, of Christ Church, returned home on Tuesday. Mr. H. Miller, of Annapolis, spent two or three days in town last week.

Miss Phoebe Sanders spent part of last week at Roundhill. Miss Kate Fraser and Miss Minnie Gibson returned to Boston on Wednesday. Mrs. Mary Fraser, of Liverpool, is the guest of her brother, Mr. Albert Morse, Court street. Miss Naomi Bowles, of Annapolis, is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Allan Cross, of St. John. Miss Annie Raymond went back to Boston on Thursday, after a three week's visit to her mother. Mr. W. Beckwith returned to Sackville on Monday.

Mr. W. Bailey intends going to Philadelphia to study medicine. Mr. M. C. Higgins, of Wolfville, is the guest of Mr. J. H. Healy. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dearborn were in town on Tuesday. Mr. W. Sanction came home from Boston on Saturday. Miss Lyle McCormack entertained a few of her friends very pleasantly on Saturday evening. Miss Beattie Whitman, of the Mount home on Friday evening for the benefit of St. James church was a great success. Bridgetown has seldom enjoyed such a treat. The program was well executed, and debts by Mrs. H. Burgess and Mrs. Campbell, duets with cornet and piano by Mrs. J. M. Phillips, also recitations by Mr. Grosvenor and Mr. Parker. The two above named ladies sang a duet "Heritage" on Sunday evening at the hall service in St. James church, during the offertory, which was highly appreciated by one of the largest congregations ever assembled in that church. S. S.

HARBOUR.

[Proceess is for sale at Mrs. S. J. Livingston's grocery store, Harbour.] Sept. 21.—Mrs. James McDermott and her daughter Gertrude, propose leaving by train tomorrow night for Lewiston, Me. Mr. John V. Miller, of the New York Observer, made a short call on his old friend, Mr. Gordon Livingston, this week. Mrs. James Buckley spent part of last week at Coal Branch. Mrs. Keith and daughter Blanche returned from Richibucto on Thursday. Miss Annie Brown, of Richibucto, is visiting Mrs. Keith.

There was quite a large party of young folks at the Central last evening. The occasion was a farewell given to Miss Estler Brown who will leave shortly for the United States. Mr. J. Glenn had a well spread table loaded with delicacies, and after ample justice had been done there, there was an adjournment to the pleasure parlors in Mr. Glenn's new building, where a few hours were pleasantly spent in music, vocal and instrumental—and light refreshments were provided as well. Mr. Isaac B. Humphrey left by train today for Presque Isle, Me., for a short visit. Mrs. Gordon Livingston and her son, Grover Cleveland, were visiting Mrs. and the Misses Graham, at Montserrat, this afternoon. Mr. Patrick Harnett who has been visiting his relatives in this latitude for some weeks past, left by train yesterday for Stillwater, Minn. Rex.

Priests of Different Communions. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: While well aware that local reporters are apt to blunder in the matter of ecclesiastical intelligence, I am more than surprised at a statement in the Globe, the other night, that "no St. John priest, prominent or otherwise, has been in Montreal lately." In view of the fact that several priests of the church of England, have been in attendance at the synod here, the Globe's blunder is a bad one. Possibly the reporter does not know just what entails a clergyman to be called a priest, or that no one branch of the catholic church has a monopoly of the title. I am, however, as confident as the Globe that no priest has been doing anything to bring dishonor on himself or his calling. LALCUS.

The Delineator.

The Delineator for October is on the counter of Mr. G. H. McKay, and of course commanding a ready sale. Fashion journals are more interesting during the spring and fall seasons than at any other time of the year and the excellent Delineator is no exception to the rule.

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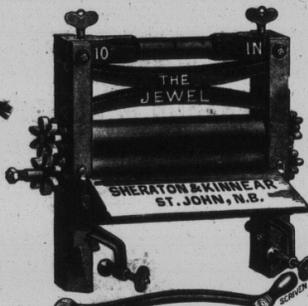
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Miss K. HENNESSY, 118 CHARLOTTE ST., - Opposite Hotel Dufferin.

St. John-South End. Madame du Burg gave a very enjoyable juvenile party at her residence, North Row, on Monday last. The little ones were invited from 4 o'clock till 7, during which time they enjoyed themselves immensely. Dr. Bezon is visiting his relatives in St. John. Mrs. Wm. Barton is visiting her sister, at Sackville. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Corey who have been visiting St. John, have returned to Halifax. Mrs. James, wife of Rev. Mr. James, rector of St. James church, very dangerously ill. Mr. James was summoned home from Montreal in consequence. Dr. Lawrence MacLaren died at his residence, Charlotte street, on Thursday morning at 4 o'clock. Since recovering from a serious illness about a year ago he has been in moderately good health, until Saturday last when he was taken ill and suffered incessantly until his death. Miss Maggie and Miss Berta MacLaren, who were visiting Chatham, were summoned to the death bed but Miss Lena MacLaren who has been staying with her sister at Toronto, did not arrive home until Thursday. Dr. MacLaren was much beloved by his brother physicians, his patients and a large circle of relations and friends. He leaves a widow, four sons and five daughters, for whom the sympathy of the community will go out. Two of his sons, Messrs. David and Lawrence MacLaren, reside in Liverpool, Eng. His other sons are Mr. J. S. MacLaren, of H. M. Customs and Dr. Murray MacLaren. Mrs. R. M. Hansen, who has been summering at St. Andrews, returns home this week to meet her daughter, Miss Marion Hansen, who, after an absence of some years in Ireland, is expected to arrive in St. John Monday next. Mrs. H. L. Sturdee was summoned to Fredericton this week in consequence of the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. W. R. Fraser.

Among those who left Tuesday to be present at the W. C. T. U. convention to be held at Woodstock, were: Mrs. W. W. Turnbull, Miss Lockhart, Mrs. A. J. McFarland, Mrs. S. D. Scott, Mrs. G. Rogers, and Mrs. Young. The marriage of Mr. P. S. McNutt, of the city of St. John, and Miss Anne, daughter of Mr. John Beer, of Charlottetown, took place Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock. The interior of the church was beautifully decorated with ferns, leaves and flowers. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. J. Dinwiddie, of Montreal. The bride and groom were Miss Beinstadt and little Misses Gipsy Norton and Margarette Demast. The groom was supported by Mr. Rankin of St. John and Mr. A. J. Johnson, of Charlottetown. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. McNutt took an extended tour through the Upper Provinces. Miss Murphy, for some months of the Provincial Lunatic asylum, left Monday for Philadelphia where she has accepted a position of matron of Bryn Mawr Ladies' college. The staff of the institution presented Miss Murphy with a gold watch. Lieut. Fred L. Temple and Walter E. Foster, of the N. B. brigade of Queen's Own Rifles, left Tuesday night for Quebec, where they will attend a special course at the Artillery School. Chief Engineer Kerr left Tuesday evening for Boston and New York for a fortnight's holiday. Mr. George Tick was married Tuesday evening to Miss Clara C. daughter of Mr. William Magee. The ceremony was performed by Rev. L. G. McNeill at the residence of the bride, while Mr. George Magee supported the groom. The couple left by the morning's train for a tour through the United States. Mr. J. H. Secord, B. A., late assistant principal of the High School, left on Wednesday for Toronto to recruit his health. Miss Wortman is the guest of Miss Rising, Union street. Miss Emma Hopper is visiting friends at St. Martin's. Miss Lillian Estey, of Fredericton, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. E. Edgcombe, King street, East. Miss Annie Wallace who has been visiting her friend, Miss Katie Hopper, returned to her home in Truro this week. Miss Nellie Godson has returned from Hampton where she has been visiting friends. The order of the "King Dancers" gave a conversation at their parlors, Union street, on Tuesday evening. The entertainment was given by Mrs. C. E. Macdonald, Miss Edith Hamilton, Mrs. G. E. Edwards, Mrs. C. Hall, Mrs. J. B. Jones and Miss Godson.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Jones, of London, Eng., are visiting St. John; they are the guests of Mrs. Jones' sister, Lady Tiler. The family of Mr. C. E. Jarvis, who have been spending the summer at Red Point, near Clifton, have returned to town. Miss Lizzie De Vere and Miss Louise Devereux are spending some time at Fredericton. Mr. Samuel Lord, of Salem, Mass., is now here, the guest of Dr. Thomas W. W. Prince, St. John. Miss Scovell left on Saturday for New York, en route for England. Mr. Jeremiah Harrison, formerly of Mauveville, but recently of this city, has gone to Chicago to fill a position in a hardware store. Mrs. Legh Harrison, who with her family has been spending the summer up the St. John river, has returned to town and is living with her mother, Mr. W. H. Thorne, Wellington Row. Mr. Fred Fuller, who has been so long confined to the house through illness, is now recovering. Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Brown have gone to Toronto and will visit the exhibition there. Mrs. S. Scovell, of Gas town, has been for the last few weeks the guest of her brother, Mr. T. Barclay Robinson. The friends of Rev. J. E. Loyd, rector of Robt. St., are congratulating him upon the birth of a little son. Mrs. E. Herbert Street entertained a number of her friends at a very enjoyable party on Wednesday evening. Miss Alice Ring has returned home from a visit of some weeks to her cousin, Mrs. Harry Gilbert at Robt. St. Elder Capp, who has been visiting St. John, left on Monday for Springfield, Missouri, where he now resides. Mrs. John McLeod, of this city, is making a visit of some weeks to friends at Apolquig. Mr. Charles MacLachlan has returned home from Montreal. Mrs. T. H. Christian and her daughter Miss Jessie Christian, who have been spending the last two months in St. John, left by Thursday morning's train for Boston, where they will remain over the winter. Miss Powers, of Fredericton, was in St. John this week en route to Montreal where she will take the steamer Labrador for England. Mrs. Fanny Murray leaves next week for the south. Until her departure she will be the guest of Miss Amelia Wright, of Wight street. Mrs. DeWitt, of St. John, is making a visit to Mr. Stephen Burpee, of Upper Shefford. Miss Lizzie Bridges and Miss Laura Burpee, who have been spending some months in our city, returned to their home at Shefford last Saturday. Mr. William B. Russell left on Wednesday morning for a trip to Montreal. Mr. Hedley V. Cooper has gone to the United States, and will probably be absent for some time. Mrs. Charles J. Kerr and her daughter returned home on Wednesday from a sojourn of three weeks at Derby, N. S. On dit that the marriage of a well known lady of this city and a gentleman whose name is now in vogue, has been arranged to take place about the second week in October. Miss Louisa French, who has been spending her vacation here, with her nephew, Mr. A. J. MacLachlan, returned to Philadelphia on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. James Jack returned home on Tuesday night from a long visit to relations in Halifax. Mr. Charles Ward, the well known artist, has been confined for some time to his house through indisposition. Miss Annie Kaye returned home this week from a visit to Digby. Dr. L. W. Jones, of Tarrytown, New York, who has been spending a few weeks' vacation with friends here, left home on Monday morning. Miss Marion Peters, the little daughter of Mayor Powers, met with a painful accident last Saturday by falling and cutting her face badly. Dr. Bruce was summoned and put several stitches in the wound. Miss Beattie Whitman, of this city, will enter upon her duties as teacher of china painting at the Victoria School of Art, in Montreal, on the 1st of October. Mr. W. H. Smith returned this week from his trip to Europe. Mr. Clifford Price, formerly of this city, is now here, spending a vacation with his relatives. DELTA.

St. John-North. Mr. Vernon McLeilan, after spending the summer months at Hampton, returned home last week. Miss Jennie Stevenson, of St. Stephen, is the guest of Mrs. Stephenson. Messrs. W. Vanwart and W. Christie left this week for Bellevue medical college, New York, where they will resume their studies. They will be joined by Mr. W. Roberts. Messrs. D. Corkery and H. Court left on Monday for a pleasure trip to Boston. Mrs. Joseph Blair, of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. J. M. Chesley St. Mr. Henry Esterbrook and daughter, Miss Beattie, are the guests of Mrs. L. Esterbrook. Mrs. C. Hamford is visiting friends in Boston. Mrs. Carson, mother of Rev. J. Carson, and one of our oldest and most estimable citizens, died this week. The remains were brought to St. John and buried from St. Peter's church yesterday. PEANUTS. Mr. Charles King Miss Belle King, Mrs. Lee, of St. Stephen, and Mrs. George Tibbs, of Cambridge, Mass., are visiting St. John. (Continued on Eight Page.) Umbrella fittings New, Dural, Union St.



Mr. E. J. Armstrong, of Rockland Road, was confined to the house a few days of last week with acute rheumatism. Miss Vidie McLean, of Sussex, spent Wednesday in the city. Miss Simpson, of Boston, who has spent the past few days with friends in St. John, left on Wednesday morning on a visit to St. George. Miss Edie Stephens returned home from a number of her friends on Tuesday last in honor of her birthday. Mrs. F. E. Stephens is visiting friends in Robt. St. Dr. LeB. Jones returned to New York on Monday, after spending a few weeks at his home on Main street. Miss Rosalie Seely arrived home this week, after a week's absence in England. Miss Fostie Seely returned home on Monday, after a week's visit at Norton. MEADOW SWART.

The death of Mrs. James J. Breen, which occurred at her home, Ross Glen, Kings county, on Tuesday morning, the 18th, was heard with regret by residents of St. John and vicinity, who feel they have lost a valued and dear friend, one who by her kindly and hospitable disposition endeared herself to all who came within the circle of her acquaintance. The deceased leaves a husband and seven children who have the sympathy of all their friends. Mrs. Samuel Gordon, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Bertha, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Jones, and other friends, has returned to Moncton, N. B. Mrs. Gordon is now at Amherst, N. Y. St. John to go home with them. David Breen, accompanied by her son, Willie, who has been in New Brunswick and who the last month have been the guests of Mr. Alexander McAllister, North End, have returned to New York. Mrs. John Kerr, Queen street, who has been visiting friends in Boston, is visiting Mrs. T. J. Macpherson, Union street. Miss Annie Williams, of Boston, is visiting Mrs. T. J. Macpherson, Queen street, returned home from "the Willows" on Thursday.

One of the most enjoyable picnics of the season was the one given by Mr. George Peters at Long's Lake on Friday. The lady who conveyed the ladies at the three o'clock, and a love the gentleman at six. Mr. Sutherland furnished music for dancing. Among the those present were: Misses M. Morrison, J. Gerow (Virginia), J. Travis, A. Turner, A. Gregory, A. Armstrong, D. Ferguson, E. Robinson, G. Jones, the Messrs. Fitch, Taylor, De Forest, Mr. F. Merritt, Mrs. Ferguson, Messrs. G. Peters, Dr. Gorman, H. Pace, J. McLean, H. Armstrong, N. Armstrong, A. G. Dooly, H. Naes, S. Peterson, W. Henderson, A. and H. De Forest, T. Magee, W. Jones, C. Gillette, J. M. Farlane, J. Fraser, W. Rainnie, B. Sims, J. Troop, G. Fleming, G. Robertson, F. Merritt, E. Barnes, W. Holly. A pretty fall wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Goodwin, German street, on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, when Miss Babbitt Polley and Mr. Wm. Baxter, of Boston, were united in marriage by the Rev. G. E. Loyd, of Robt. St., in the presence of about 50 friends and relatives of the bride. The bride wore a handsome bouquet of white roses and mistletoe hair fern. All present spent a very enjoyable time until late in the evening. After partaking of a bounteous supper prepared by Mrs. A. L. Goodwin, sister of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter left on Friday morning for their future home in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hutton, of Carleton, have returned home after a fortnight's cruise in their new yacht as far as Fredericton. They had with them Miss Mabel Holder, Miss Nellie Price, W. H. Holder and Miss Price.

A quiet wedding took place Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. L. L. Sharpe, West End, when Miss Maud Sharpe and Mr. Arthur Van Buren were united in marriage. Rev. A. J. Kempton officiated. Miss Annie Shapiro, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid and wore a lovely costume of cream cashmere. The bride wore cream cashmere with cream trimmings, veil and orange blossoms and diamond ornaments. Mr. K. S. DeWitt supported the groom. Many handsome presents were received by the groom's present to the bride was a diamond brooch, and to the bride a diamond ring. The other presents were as follows: Gold watch and chain, Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe; ice water cooler, Messrs. A. Cushing & Co.; Brevint, Messrs. Dr. Ernest Gardner; gold pen, Rev. A. J. Kempton; luncheon set, Miss Woodworth; dress- ing room slippers, B. Scobaria; table scarf, Miss H. Hickson; pickle stand, Miss A. Sharpe; berry spoon, Mr. and Mrs. B. Stachon; cut glass bottles, Dr. and Mrs. Andrews; antique oak rocker, Miss Van Buren; napkin ring, Mr. and Mrs. Davis; card case, Miss Mabel Sharpe; clock, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sharpe; sofa pillow, the Messrs. Wilcox; lace case, Mrs. W. H. Hilditch; monocle, Miss A. Stachon; backhouse; chiffon handkerchief, Miss Nellie Stachon; study chair and gold cotter, Mr. Geo. J. Moore, for employees of A. Cushing & Co.; silver spoon, Mr. K. S. DeWitt; spoon holder, Mrs. Christopher; individual china set, Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Ford. On Wednesday morning, 14 inst., a quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. D. N. Smith, McDonald Point, Wickham, Queen's Co., when Miss Alberta D. Smith and Mr. Charles T. Bailey of this city were united in marriage by the Rev. A. V. McDonald in the presence of a few of their immediate friends and relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey returned to St. John on Wednesday and are boarding with Mrs. Shaw, Elliott Row. Miss Clara Stebbins, of Boston, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. D. N. Vanart, Charlotte street. Mr. O. H. Ebbitt, of Boston, who has been rusticating for the past month on the St. John River, passed through the city on Wednesday en route for his home. Mr. and Mrs. John G. Trimble are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

St. John-South. Mr. E. J. Armstrong, of Rockland Road, was confined to the house a few days of last week with acute rheumatism. Miss Vidie McLean, of Sussex, spent Wednesday in the city. Miss Simpson, of Boston, who has spent the past few days with friends in St. John, left on Wednesday morning on a visit to St. George. Miss Edie Stephens returned home from a number of her friends on Tuesday last in honor of her birthday. Mrs. F. E. Stephens is visiting friends in Robt. St. Dr. LeB. Jones returned to New York on Monday, after spending a few weeks at his home on Main street. Miss Rosalie Seely arrived home this week, after a week's absence in England. Miss Fostie Seely returned home on Monday, after a week's visit at Norton. MEADOW SWART.

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YARMOUTH.

[Progress is for sale in Yarmouth at the store of L. J. Vickery, Harris & Horsfield and Dr. Lovell's Drug Store.]

Sept. 20.—The appearance of the Phœnix risk on Thursday and Friday last, the occasion of the Grand Kiwanis or National Fair, arranged and carried out by a number of Yarmouth ladies and gentlemen, was more attractive than on any former occasion; the arrangement and representation of the booths as symbols of the different nations being especially good. The grounds were being especially large, all the booths, with the exception of the English were below the stairs, while that of the Gipsy camp, Mrs. Jarley's Wax works and Shadow Fantomines were above in the first gallery. Beside these there were numerous "side shows," more particularly attractive to the juveniles, etc., and a somewhat well with its usual labours, which by the way was a departure from the indispensable loutain, and was an exact imitation of an old fashioned rural well with its wooden archway, and both it and its attendants Miss May Crowell and Miss Smith, Shelburne, looked very picturesque.

Russia, under the management of Miss May Davis, looked especially inviting with her tea cream tables, so well arranged, that notwithstanding the hedge of iron-coated fir trees surrounding an imitable snow wall, a large number of persons found their way within, and not only enjoyed the cream, but admired the interior with its draperies and color and firm setting, to advance the waitress, Miss Davis, Miss Wetmore and the Misses Goss, who appeared in the most becoming manner. Next came Italy, under the management of Mrs. J. D. Medcalf, represented by a canopied fruit stall. The roof of the stall was hung with draperies of the national colors, green being conspicuous, poor vines and bunches of grapes, making a very pleasing combination. Behind the fruit seller, Mrs. Medcalf and Miss Munro, was an Italian well with its usual labours, which by the way was a departure from the indispensable loutain, and was an exact imitation of an old fashioned rural well with its wooden archway, and both it and its attendants Miss May Crowell and Miss Smith, Shelburne, looked very picturesque.

The latter was, with the exception of Canada, the prettiest of the booths. Its decorative emblems were well arranged and the effect of the whole charming. Miss Mary Johnson and Mrs. Chambers were in charge, and although their wares were not very expensive, their profits were large. conspicuous among the emblematic decorations was a large spread eagle which added largely to the presentation.

The managers of the Japanese booth, Miss Kate Burdell and Miss Julia Cain, are to be congratulated on the result of their painstaking and effective work, for this booth was particularly pleasing as it was a departure from the usual form of a summer house, the roof arch sides being lattice work formed of natural autumn leaves. The interior was some- thing with Japanese ornaments of every description, conspicuous among which was a large number of hanging lanterns, which made very attractive and also a very pretty stall. The whole booth was a new way of doing things, which was very symbolic both of the nation represented and the occupation of those in charge. Miss Alice Allen and Miss Cain, whose time was quite taken up with attending to the booth, the delight of the younger portion of the present. Both sides of the booth were decorated with rocks and moss, and were very pretty and unique.

Canada was, I think, the best gotten up of all the booths. In its form and outside arrangement, it resembled Russia, one being on either side of the main entrance. But aside from the distinct lettering on its white background naming the nation, no one could mistake the representation of the immense bark canoe with crossed oars hung immediately over the entrance, a stuffed but very natural moose head thrust out from the side, and spruce trees, and a huge brown bear, all of which are so peculiar to our nation. Miss Alice Murray and Miss Agnes Blair were in charge.

In the gallery the only represented nation was England, a very cozy and inviting drawing room for tea, coffee and cake, served by Miss Belle Webster, Miss Kate Christie and Miss Mary Kelley. Everything here was tasty and pretty, an effect produced by the skillful arrangement of carpets, curtains, pictures and other parlor accessories, although the risk was rather warm for much indulgence in that line, much as one might be tempted by the pleasing interior.

Miss G. Lovell, in charge of the Gipsy camp, had a very pretty assortment of baskets and other straw articles. The "Shadow Fantomines" drew large audiences, but as shadows are rather indelible we were as much in the dark concerning the performers as we were during their performance. The singing of the three numbers, "A Summer Shower," "Remember" and "The Dotted Apple" was well executed, as was also the dramatic skill pictured on the curtain.

The actors in Mrs. Jarley's wax works were more easily recognized as Miss Laura Lawson, (Mary Quite Contrary); Miss Helen Clements, (The Beauty); Miss Louise Gray, (Milk Maid); Miss Margaret Moody, (Old Mother Hubbard); Miss Leslie Wynnam, (Red Riding Hood); Master Richard Cartwright, (Fishman); and Master S. Hatfield, (Chinaman). Mr. F. St. George, (The Boy), and Mr. V. B. Bligay, in charge, were themselves in their unique costumes, good as they were, especially adapted for that purpose, the hours were spent very pleasantly.

Mr. J. F. Anderson arrived on Tuesday morning from Boston. Mr. S. M. Davis are visiting friends out of town. Mr. Hugh Hatfield has gone to Halifax to pass an examination before the medical college. Among the visitors in town are Mr. A. N. McGray and Mrs. M. H. McGray, who have been spending the months of July and August at their summer home at New Minas, arrived home on Wednesday evening. Hon. L. E. Baker returned from Boston on Wednesday of last week, having accompanied the sons, Masters Prescott and Victor to their school in that place, where the former will resume and the latter continue a course for the winter. Miss W. F. Kempton has returned from a two months' visit to friends in neighboring towns. Her return will be welcomed in musical circles. Mrs. Chas. Godfrey is visiting friends in New Hampshire. Since sympathy is expressed for the family and near friends of Mrs. May Hillon who died at Liverpool, N. S., on Sunday evening, very suddenly. Mrs. Hillon, formerly Miss Patten, leaves a large circle of relatives and friends in Yarmouth, and she has been united within the last two or three years.

Mr. H. E. Chute has been in St. John and Digby for a few days. Mr. Webster will leave shortly for Harvard university to resume his college course. Mrs. R. E. Chute has gone to Pictou to visit her daughter, Mrs. Harvey, near Miss Amy Archibald. Mr. T. R. Jolly returned from England last week. Mr. J. S. Raymond, who, since the organization of the Y. M. C. A. in Yarmouth has been secretary of that association, has resigned his position, to take effect next month. Mr. Raymond intends going to Springfield, Mass., to take an athletic course, previous to occupying a similar position in Ontario. Mr. H. Gardner, who has been spending a month's vacation with his parents, left for his present home in Bridgewater, N. S., on Friday last. Messrs. R. Kilham and Robert Williams left for Boston last week. Miss N. Johnson, of Shelburne, who has been in Yarmouth for the past month, returned home lately. She was accompanied by her sister, who has been the guest of Mrs. McGray, Forrest street, for some weeks. Mr. H. Gunn, of the W. U. T., is home from a pleasant vacation in Pictou.

DIGBY, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Digby at the bookstore of Mrs. Belle Morse.] Sept. 21.—Mrs. G. P. Burton is visiting friends in Boston. Mr. Ota Varne has returned from a very pleasant vacation in Yarmouth. Miss Helen Brown has gone to Windsor, N. S., to pursue her studies at the Ladies college. Miss Jessie Hopkin, who has been visiting Mrs. Geo. Stalling, left for her home in Boston last week. Mrs. Balfour Brown, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Brown, of Yarmouth, N. S., were in town last week on their way to Boston via St. John. Rev. Mr. Bryant has resigned his charge of Trinity church. Mr. Bryant has made some warm personal friends during his stay here. Mr. F. W. Deane, of New York, is a guest at Mrs. Short's. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Burrill, of Weymouth, were in town last week. Mr. Ed. Ambrose has gone to Herrick Cove, Halifax county, where his father, Rev. Dr. Ambrose, has assumed the rectory of the parish. Gen. Croft, a wealthy American gentleman of Halifax county, where his father, Rev. Dr. Anderson of the Boston Globe, and J. Briggs, Esq., of the W. R., arrived in Halifax on Friday. Gen. Croft is meditating the building of a large summer hotel, and is visiting Digby for the purpose of selecting a site. Mr. H. B. Short, who has been quite ill for some weeks, is convalescing. Mr. Harry Daley has gone to St. John to attend the Daventry school for boys, in that city. Deputy Sheriff W. E. Van Blarcom is on a visit to Boston accompanied by Mrs. Van Blarcom. Mr. J. H. G. Moore, of St. John, is on a visit to the presbyterian church here during the summer. Mr. J. H. G. Moore is spending a few days in Digby. Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, of Brighton, have been visiting Mrs. Van Blarcom. Mrs. F. W. Hylcomb intends leaving for her home in Boston on Saturday. Mrs. F. W. Hylcomb is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. G. Moore. Messrs. L. G. Munro, C. M. White, C. E. Farnham, J. Russell, John Daly and several others have gone to Halifax to attend the Foresters'. Miss Mary Clifton has gone to visit friends in Boston and vicinity. Jocko.

BEAR RIVER, N. S. Sept. 19.—A corn supper was held in the new exhibition building on Tuesday evening, and was a decided success. The ladies exceeded themselves in preparing the supper, and were tendered a vote of thanks. The proceeds will go toward improving the grounds of the exhibition building. Mr. T. H. Harwick is visiting friends in Yarmouth. She intends being absent six or seven weeks. Mr. A. Marshall has returned home from Barrington much improved in health. Miss J. Marshall is visiting friends in St. John. Mr. John Nichol and Mr. E. Goodere left for Boston last Saturday. Mr. W. W. Kennedy spent a few days in town last week the guest of Mr. V. T. Harwick. Rev. D. H. Simpson is in Yarmouth. He will lay the corner stone of Port Maitland's new church. Miss Flo Harwick gave a party last Wednesday evening at her home. Mr. Richard Clark and Mr. Wallace Clark left for Boston Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Parker, of New York, who have been visiting Mrs. A. Marshall, returned home last week. Mr. Horace Moore from Boston, is home spending his vacation. Miss Florie Cullen, a young lady, with her garden of rich cream colored, black and white organdie with wash and ribbon adornments of pale blue. Miss Flora Jones, pretty dress of white china silk, trimmed with lace and ribbon. Miss Bertha Taylor, pale pink cashmere and white dress. Miss Mabel Murchie, grey silk, trimmed with chiffon. The following is a list of the marriage gifts: Mrs. Andrew Murchie, family Bible. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Murchie, elegant marble clock. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Murchie, silver ice pitcher and goblets. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Murchie, silver and gold bon bon dish. Mr. John Murchie, silver pickle dish. Mr. James Murchie, silver card receiver. Mr. Ned Murchie, silver and gold salt cellar and spoons. Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Murchie, silver and china breakfast castor. Mr. and Mrs. Dowdon, elegant china dinner and tea set. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chase, a dozen solid silver dessert spoons. Miss Kelly, solid silver sardine fork. Mr. and Mrs. George J. Clarke, silver photograph holder. Miss Maggie Todd, silver salver. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Chipman, handsome gold lined nut bowl. Mr. and Mrs. Allan Benton, silver salad fork. Miss Estelle Robinson, silver berry spoon. Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd, plush silk pillow case. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Murchie, silver card receiver. Mr. George Dexter, solid silver spoon. Mr. Arthur Harris is home for a holiday. Mrs. Sanders, Round Hill, is the guest of Mrs. Chas. McCormick. Mr. Owen spent Sunday in Digby. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McCormick are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a little daughter.

PARRISBOURO. [Progress is for sale at Parrisboro Bookstore.] Sept. 21.—Two brides are receiving this week. Mrs. Corbett, nee Mrs. Byrd, of Shelburne, who wears cream cashmere and lace, and Mrs. Ernest Jones, in blue satin. Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie, of Halifax, came from Five Islands yesterday, and were at the Grand Central. Mr. Harry Woodworth was in town for Mr. Allan college and Mrs. Perry Holmes for Bellevue medical college, New York. Mrs. Townsend has accompanied Master Cecil back to Lunenburg, leaving last Friday. Miss Marion Campbell also left on Friday to return to Boston. Capt. and Mrs. D. D. Roop are here for a short visit to Capt. Roop's relatives. There was a pleasant outing party at Mrs. Henderson's on Thursday evening, quite a number of guests being present. Mrs. Uphan returned on Saturday from a visit to St. John and Sussex. Capt. Mahoney with Mrs. Mahoney and the children, and Miss M. Gillespie arrived last week, just returned from a trip to South America. Mrs. Smith, who has been spending a week or two with her son, Mr. S. W. Smith and his wife, returned home to Windsor today. Mr. J. W. Johnson arrived from Colorado yesterday with very short hair. He will return very soon. Rev. Mr. Dill is in Toronto attending the presbyterian synod. Mr. E. F. Banks, of the Halifax Banking Co., returned yesterday from spending his vacation away from home. Mrs. Lyle took her departure today. Mrs. Gubrunen and child who have spent the summer here have returned home to Boston.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trator and at the book store of G. S. Wall, in Calais at O. P. Davis.]

Sept. 21.—The most brilliant social event of the month was the wedding and reception of Miss Nettie Elliott Murchie to Mr. Francis Edward Tucker, of New Bedford, which took place last evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Murchie. At seven o'clock Mr. Tucker entered the drawing room with his groomsmen, Mrs. Pierce, and was followed by the bridesmaids, Miss Mabel Martin and Miss Nellie Murchie, who were escorted by Messrs. Howard Murchie and Mr. Lapham. The maid of honor, Miss Carrie Brown, then appeared, followed by the bride, leaning on her father's arm. The bridal party stood in the deep bay window of the drawing room, under a handsome arch of golden rods, from which hung a beautiful marriage bell made of fern and white chrysanthemums. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Penna of the Methodist church. The bride, who is a decided brunette, looked exceedingly lovely in a white ottoman silk, richly trimmed with white lace. She carried a magnificent bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaids were attired in traveling costumes of navy blue, with hat to match. After the marriage ceremony there was a reception and supper from eight until ten o'clock. The bride then changed her dress for a handsome traveling costume of navy blue, with hat to match. She accompanied her father to the evening train for a wedding tour to Washington, London and Philadelphia. A number of the guests and intimate friends of the bride and groom accompanied them to the train, which they were to depart. They then returned and dancing was indulged in until a late hour. The bride was a great favorite and had numerous friends who gave her presents. The groom's presents were an elegant diamond brooch and to the bridesmaids and maid of honor he presented handsome emerald and diamond rings. The decorations of the hall and drawing rooms were lovely, and in the supper room the bride and groom were seated at a table of taste and skill. The costumes worn by the lady guests were extremely handsome. Following are some of the dresses worn: Mrs. Murchie, handsome striped black and white suit with white ribbon. Mrs. Frank Chase (New Bedford), white silk costume, with a profusion of diamond ornaments. Mrs. Deirdre (New Bedford), black silk, richly trimmed with jet ornaments and pale blue silk. Mrs. Allan Benton, heliotrope silk, trimmed with black lace bonnet. Mrs. John D. Chipman, pale heliotrope silk, trimmed with white ribbon. Mrs. Theodore Murchie, cream colored, heliotrope, trimmed with cream ribbon. Mrs. Beth Whitney, black silk, trimmed with white ribbon. Mrs. F. A. Grimmer, black lace, trimmed prettily with white ribbon. Mrs. Waterbury, black lace costume with trimmings of moire ribbon. Mrs. A. D. Taylor, black net, trimmed with jet, blue lace and white ribbon. Mrs. Joseph Meredith, black lace dress, prettily trimmed with black and mauve chiffon. Mrs. J. E. Brown, handsome dress of cream and yellow silk. Mrs. Bessie Bixby, pale cream heliotrope dress with trimmings of white passementerie, and white silk cord. Mrs. W. F. Todd, elegant black lace costume with bonnet of cream ostrich feathers, corsage bouquet of roses; diamond ornaments. Mrs. Joseph Grimmer, black and gold beaded satin, adorned with elegant black lace and ostrich feathers. Mrs. James Mitchell, handsome costume of black velvet and steel colored satin, with diamond ornaments. Mrs. George J. Clark, pretty black lace dress, bonnet and shoes, all of black. Mrs. Deirdre, black lace costume with corsage bouquet of pale pink roses. Mrs. A. C. Jones, handsome black silk, trimmed with white lace and jet. Mrs. W. Waterman, cream and yellow silk costume; bonnet to match. Miss Margaret Todd, pale blue suit, trimmed with blue velvet ribbon. Miss Lou Taylor, pretty pink and white gown, with trimmings of pale pink roses. Miss Emma Harris, costume of cream colored China silk. Miss Alice Graham, cream colored and mauve cashmere dress. Miss Alice Cullison, heliotrope tulle gown. Miss Florie Cullen, fawn colored silk, with garlands of rich cream colored. Miss Carrie Robinson, black and white organdie with wash and ribbon adornments of pale blue. Miss Flora Jones, pretty dress of white china silk, trimmed with lace and ribbon. Miss Bertha Taylor, pale pink cashmere and white dress. Miss Mabel Murchie, grey silk, trimmed with chiffon.

The following is a list of the marriage gifts: Mrs. Andrew Murchie, family Bible. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Murchie, elegant marble clock. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Murchie, silver ice pitcher and goblets. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Murchie, silver and gold bon bon dish. Mr. John Murchie, silver pickle dish. Mr. James Murchie, silver card receiver. Mr. Ned Murchie, silver and gold salt cellar and spoons. Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Murchie, silver and china breakfast castor. Mr. and Mrs. Dowdon, elegant china dinner and tea set. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chase, a dozen solid silver dessert spoons. Miss Kelly, solid silver sardine fork. Mr. and Mrs. George J. Clarke, silver photograph holder. Miss Maggie Todd, silver salver. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Chipman, handsome gold lined nut bowl. Mr. and Mrs. Allan Benton, silver salad fork. Miss Estelle Robinson, silver berry spoon. Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd, plush silk pillow case. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Murchie, silver card receiver. Mr. George Dexter, solid silver spoon. Mr. Arthur Harris is home for a holiday. Mrs. Sanders, Round Hill, is the guest of Mrs. Chas. McCormick. Mr. Owen spent Sunday in Digby. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McCormick are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a little daughter.

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LADIES' LONDON MADE JACKETS!

We are now showing our FALL and WINTER STOCK of

Ladies' Cloth Jackets.

They are the NEWEST and MOST STYLISH SHAPES, Handsomely Trimmed and

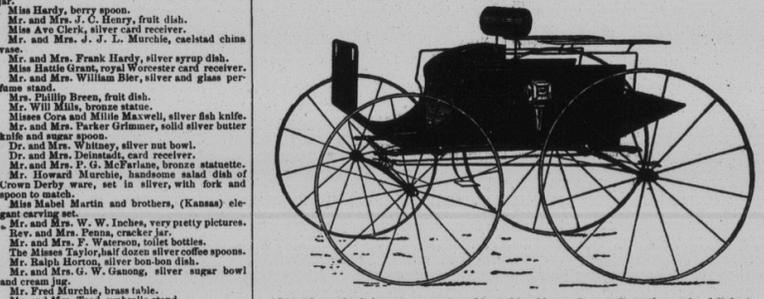
Very Low in Price.

Reefers for Girls and Boys, in Heavy Navy Blue Serges and Nap Cloths.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE.

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

An English Dog Cart.



This is a very stylish carriage; much used by fashionable people, as well as those who delight in a handsome turn out. For prices and other information address

JOHN EDGEcombe & Sons, Manufacturers of Fine Carriages, Sleighs, and Hearses.

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PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.

PIANOS AND ORGANS TUNED AND REPAIRED. SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED.

We buy direct in Large Quantities for Cash, and are able to give Large Discounts. Prices Sold on the Installment Plan.

116 and 118 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S. Four Diplomas taken on Stock shown at late Provincial Exhibition.

Wedding Presents!

BEST STOCK IN THE CITY OF Butter Coolers; Oyster Dishes; Cake Baskets; Coffee Spoons; Tea Services; Etc., Etc.

Call and examine the variety.

BURPEE, THORNE & CO., 60 and 62 Prince Wm. St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

If You GET THE LATEST STYLES at the LATEST PRICES WEAR \$3.50 or More \$3.50 or More PER PAIR, TO ORDER AT 127 and 129 PORTLAND BRIDGE, MILL ST. W. H. McINNIS, Tailor.

ENGLISH SAUSAGE SHOP and MEAT STORE.

OUR OPENING DAY FOR

Pork Sausages

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Opera House Block.

The Newest Styles in FURS. MILLINERY at a great reduction in price. No goods to be carried over. Call and see our complete assortment at the

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W RANGE OF... Bookings... 1892... Serge... Allison... SIES!... Spring Blooming... ST QUALITY... Post Free... Nursery Co... Plants, Seeds, etc... IRIS, Manager...hibition... ONIAS... Flowering... Plants... NURSERY, Halifax, N. S... five minutes...ristic... House to have... instruments... Every instru... actual... NSON, Hillis Street, N. S... of those Pimples?... Drug Stores... COAS

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
Mr. H. B. Collier returned on Wednesday morning after a two week's visit to Newfoundland. Miss Edith Corbett, of Digby, is visiting friends on Mount Pleasant.

FREDERICTON.

[PROGRAMS for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Fenwick and by James H. Hawthorne.]
Sept. 21.—Great interest is being manifested by the young people in the tennis tournament, now being played on the square. The playing yesterday was all in singles. The ladies were, Miss Ida Allan versus Miss Mary Blair, Miss Allen winning; Miss Florie Pows versus Miss Edith Gregory, Miss Pows winning; Miss Allan and Miss Pows then drawing for play with Miss Mabel Gregory, Miss Allen getting play with Miss Gregory and winning; Miss Allen and Miss Pows then playing as winners, with Miss Allen winning. The prize was a handsome gold bracelet.

Dr. and Mrs. Coulthard gave a very enjoyable dinner on Friday last in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Thornton, of Toronto, the guests being Dr. and Mrs. Atherton, Dr. and Mrs. Bayard Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Edgcombe, Mr. and Mrs. L. Whitehead, Miss Lunner and Mr. Geo. Clark. Dr. and Mrs. Atherton left this afternoon for Toronto. They were accompanied by Mrs. J. M. Wiley, who will visit them at their home in Toronto for a few weeks. Miss Amy Barberie, of Dalhousie, is visiting Mrs. George E. Gregory at "Elmwood."

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NEW PATTERNS IN

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JUST OPENED. THE BEST FLOOR COVERING MADE.

The Warmth, Softness, Noiselessness, Elasticity and Durability excels all other floor coverings.

FUR GOODS.

Fur Collars, Fur Capes, Fur-lined Circulars and Dolmans.

The balance of Furs and Fur-lined Circulars remaining over from the Turner & Finlay purchase will be offered at the following reductions:

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These goods are free from Moths, and the skins are Coon, Grey Squirrel, Sable, Marten, Mink, Beaver and many other varieties.

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SCHUTZE Smokeless Powder.

It is clean; there is no Recoil; it is Smokeless. One pound is equal in Power and Bulk to two pounds of the best black powder. It is the POWDER OF THE FUTURE for Sportmen.

Single and Double Barrel Breech-Loading Guns,

MUZZLE-LOADING GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS, CARTRIDGES AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS.

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The "Model Art."

The Style is Modern, Beautiful in Finish, and Price Low.

We sell it complete \$30 with all the Fittings at \$21 Without Top Shelf \$21 or Fittings at

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Mayor Tillbrook

Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition, and all SPORTING REQUISITES

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MONCTON.

[PROGRAMS for sale in Moncton at the bookstore of W. H. Murray, Main street, and the streets by J. E. McCoy.]
Sept. 21.—The china wedding of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. How, to which I referred last week in an anticipatory manner, was the one bright spot in the dullness of the last few weeks, and a very delightful evening was spent by the many—numbering nearly 100—who assembled to wish them joy.

GRAND MANAN.

Sept. 20.—The first September wedding was that of Miss Cecy Crook, daughter of Mr. S. T. Crook, and Mr. Fred McLaughlin. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. O. DeWitt, at the Baptist church, Grand Harbor. The bride wore a most becoming dress of white cashmere, and looked charming. Directly after the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's father, where a reception was held.

SHEFFIELD.

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SACKVILLE.

[PROGRAMS for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.]
Sept. 22.—Miss Annie Wright spent a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Alex. Ford, last week. Miss Wright leaves very soon for New York, where she will spend the winter.

CHATHAM.

Sept. 20.—On Monday evening Mrs. L. J. Tweedie and family returned from Toronto where they have been spending the summer. Miss Mary Gertz, of Newcastle, spent part of last week with Miss Katherine Benson. Miss Theal, of Moncton, is visiting her sister Mrs. Shaw.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

ARYANS IN THE SOUTH.

THE VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC FURNISHES FURTHER FACTS.

Its Arms and Objects in the United States—How Southerners Have Suffered by the Yankees—The Order to be Introduced into St. John.

The Southern Colonies of English in America, Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas and the States made from them, Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky and Tennessee, were settled by those who believed in monarchy and aristocracy. Lord Baltimore, Maryland Colonist, the Virginia Cavalry, and the Carolinian nobility, preserved with affection those memories of a worthy ancestral past. The Northern Colonists, on the other hand, the democratic independents of Massachusetts and the other New England Colonies, with exception of New Hampshire until it fell under the influence of its neighbors, repudiated ancestral memory, because they did not experience greatly its loss and estimated the beginning of all things to be in money. The Southern royalist colonies were disappointed in taking part, on false issues, in the war for American independence of 1776 against Great Britain, and the enmity of the north was always shown against them even to the extent of civil war in 1861-5. The avowed purpose of that war was to "put down the slave aristocracy," although aristocracy had existed in the south long before Yankee traders began to steal slaves from Africa and sell them to Southern planters. The desire of the Northern democracy—taking away slavery, as a word of excuse, was to destroy the Southern aristocracy. The work of the Aryan order in the South is to combine the members of this ancient and honorable collection of families into a united effort for their own preservation, and for their restoration to the control of affairs in the Southern states. These an-

of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Wallace S. Jones, Thoyde, Florida, grandee and casique, descendant of Noble Jones, a Royal Councillor of the colony of Georgia. Sir Joseph G. Pagan, M. D., of Boston, marmor and casique, baron, etc., son of Pagan, Royal Governor of a province in Italy. William Berrien Burrough, Brunswick, Ga., langraff and casique, descendant of Burrough, Comptroller of the navy of Queen Elizabeth. Frederic Gregory Forsyth, A. M., paladin and casique, St. John, N. B., descendant of Thomas Forsyth, Viscount de Fronsac. Dr. T. B. Chisholm, Savannah, marmor and casique, descendant of Bryan of Ga. There will be very soon started in St. John an assembly for the children of families entitled the order, to be conducted weekly, according to the following programme: The name of the child is taken, his promise to obey the following rules is publicly given before the assembly thus: Do



Arms of an illustrious Mr. Jones.

you promise to be honest in all things and honorable to every trust? I do. Do you promise to be gentle, kind and courteous, to avoid slander? I do. Do you promise to be temperate and sincere and never to acknowledge what is wrong to gain any advantage of money or place. I do. The exercises open with historic lessons that teach some chivalric quality, either in prose or verse. Music is performed vocally and instrumentally by the children, after which, with such exercises and drills as may be deemed appropriate, the assembly closes. It is repeated every week with different lessons from history. The children are taught to allow their better qualities to be developed. They all have a good time at these assemblies and become acquainted. They correspond with children of the order in different parts of the world and there are letters from children of one order written to children of another, read, and thus an acquaintance with good children in other places is established that some day may be beneficial to them.

The first children's assembly in St. John will be held next week. The order is open to any person of honorable character and family, although it grants degrees to noble descendants. It teaches that all honor is due to him who is honest. That it is better for to work at humble employment than to live at ease and in costly retirement and a palace on the fruits of a dishonest career. F. G. FORSYTH.

ARMS OF ARYAN ARISTOCRACY.

Illustrations of the Escutcheons of the Forsyths and the Joneses.

Monsieur le Vicomte de Fronsac, commonly known as Mr. Frederic Gregory Forsyth, A. M., duke and casique, herald marshal paladin of the Aryan Order of St. George of America, has kindly accompanied the foregoing sketch with engravings of the arms of the illustrious Aryans to whom reference is made. Progress has room for two specimens only, the first of which shows the arms of the Vicomte de Fronsac himself with the ducal coronet to which he is entitled, borne above the shield. Above the crown is something that the uninstructed reader might suppose to be a casique or cazoque or a paladin, or something equally mysterious, but which others will readily recognize as a hippogriff or a hippopotamus, or something of the sort, while on the shield are three lions who appear to be performing feats worthy of Bristol's educated horses. Each of the lions has something on his back, which appears to be a wing, but may be a carpet bag containing the archives of the Aryan Order. The motto, *Loyal a la Mort* may be freely translated to mean that the Aryan Order does not assume any jurisdiction beyond the present life.

Everybody knows that the illustrious house of Jones has a crest, and an illustration of it is also given. The particular and illustrious Mr. Jones who in this instance is privileged to have the crown of a marquis above his shield is a Florida Aryan who is a grandee, casique, and descendant of Noble Jones, a royal councillor of the colony of Georgia. He doubtless has blue-blood enough to entitle him to spell his name Jones or deJones if he so desires, but with almost republican simplicity he uses the same orthography as the Joneses of all sorts and conditions. The animal with amputated rear above the crown is neither a grandee, a marmor or a langraff; but a bisected lion, holding a ball, as if acting as catcher for the St. John or Shamrock baseball clubs. Possibly he lost the rest of himself some time when he was acting as umpire. The lion on the shield appears to have come out of the fight with better luck, and has all his limbs. He is clawing away at a lot of little things that look something like daggers. The motto *Vigilans Ago* may mean "We are looking for the days of long ago."

The uncomfortable looking bird with two heads, which is scratching away in space is the general badge of the Aryan Order, and accompanies all the crests. Everybody who has blue blood is entitled to use the picture of this queer creature in connection with his family shield. Order early and avoid the rush.

A DETHRONED EMPRESS.

THE BEAUTIFUL EUGENIE AND HER EVENTFUL CAREER.

A Brilliant Woman who Won a Crown—Against Odds—Napoleon's Widow now Lives in Retirement in an Alien but Friendly Land.

In the third decade of this century there lived in the old Moorish capital of Granada the Count de Montijos, a Spanish grandee of ancient family but limited possessions. He had fought in Napoleon's armies, and with those armies had been driven from Spain by Wellington; had clung to the Corsican conqueror's cause to the end of his Titanic struggle with allied Europe, and after Waterloo had returned to his native country, become a Senator, and married Donna Maria Kirkpatrick. This lady was a daughter of a Mr. Kirkpatrick, who held the not very illustrious post of English consul at Malaga, but who claimed descent from the royal house of Stuart. The Count de Montijos was blessed with two daughters. The elder of them married a duke; the second, born on the 31st of May, 1826, and christened Eugenie Marie, was destined to marry an emperor. It is confidently asserted that this splendid alliance was the result of a deliberately conceived and patiently executed plot on the part of Eugenie and her mother. It certainly seems probable that they were attentively watching the career of the young prince whom his uncle, the Count de Montijos' former master, had designated as the prospective inheritor of his empire. As Eugenie grew up with promises of rare loveliness, she was carefully educated in France and England. Spanish beauty matures early and fades rapidly, and Spanish maidens marry young; but when she entered society her hosts of suitors were rigidly fended off, and she remained single at an age when most of her countrywomen had long been wives. Eugenie and her mother had met Napoleon's nephew at the house of their relatives, the Kirkpatricks, in London, when the future emperor was an exiled pretender. Then came the fiasco of Strasbourg, the yet more disastrous failure at Boulogne, and six years imprisonment in the Castle of Ham; then the revolution of 1848, and Louis Napoleon's opportunity at last! He is elected to the National Assembly by the citizens of Paris, is chosen President of France, secures the support of the army, and crushes the Assembly, and is confirmed in his usurpation by the vote of the people. His star is steadily ascending; his hand is ready to grasp the imperial diadem; it is time for Madame de Montijos to bring off her grand matrimonial coup if she can. In the winter of 1851-52, when the widowed countess launched her daughter in the society of Paris, Eugenie was in her twenty-sixth year. She is described as having been an ideal of beauty and grace—a veritable daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair; somewhat slender of figure, with exquisite neck and shoulders, whose faultless moulding she could display to the best advantage. In many ways she seemed rather English than Spanish. Her complexion was of the fairest and clearest, her eyes were of the richest golden hue, and drawn back to show the classic contour of her head. She had great blue eyes that could both entreat and command. She was witty, accomplished, brilliant—a thorough mistress of French, English, Spanish, Italian; a fearless rider, a bewitching dancer; doing the most daring things in dress, manner and speech with a chic that defied censure and a grace that disarmed criticism.

Such was the woman who appeared at the Bois de Boulogne, at the opera, and everywhere created a furor of admiration. The president saw her and fell head over heels in love. But among princes love and marriage are by no means synonymous terms. Ambition bade Louis Napoleon strengthen his position by a match with a princess of some royal house. He probably had no idea at first of wedding the fair Spaniard. But she was not willing to accept the position of a Montepan, or even a Maintenon. She was playing for a crown, and she did not hesitate to let her distinguished admirer know it. She and her mother were visitors at his chateau of Compiègne shortly after his assumption of the imperial title, when a game of blind man's bluff was started to amuse the company. When the emperor was "it" he caught Eugenie and, according to the rule of the game, placed his hand to a more pretentious consort taken from some foreign court.

The bride and her mother took up their quarters in the Elysee while preparations were made for a splendid wedding in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The emperor's path to wedlock was not wholly unimpeded. There was another woman in the case. She was known as Mrs. Howard, of Baltimore. She was passionately attached to Louis Napoleon, had shared his years of exile, and had sacrificed all else to further his cause. Just before the announcement of his marriage he sent her to England on a pretended mission. When she came back to Paris she found that her husband had been searched and every letter and memento of the emperor had been removed. She sought out his bride, and, meeting Eugenie in the Bois de Boulogne, assailed her with bitter words and—so rumor adds—with personal violence. It might, at that time, have been cause for a charge of treason.

Under Napoleon and Eugenie his court of "Tuileries" was the most brilliant in Europe. The empress, the fashions for the world. Her dresses sparkled with galaxies of diamonds, or shimmered with lace worth \$1,000 a yard. The canvases of Raffaele and Titian were taken from the Louvre to adorn her boudoir. Extravagant display was the order of the day. The empress was not only the mistress of a splendid court. When Paris was smitten by the cholera epidemic in 1855 she visited the hospitals. She helped to care for the wounded soldiers of her husband's wars. When he was with his army in Italy she was appointed regent, and was head of the state in more than name. She represented him at the opening of the Suez Canal—a work of French enterprise—and was welcomed to the east by the sultan and the khedive.

An empress, a court, and an heir were political necessities to Napoleon, and by his marriage he secured them all. Great was the excitement of Paris at the time of Eugenie's acouchement. Crowds gathered in the streets waiting for the news, and there was general jubilation when at quarter past 3 in the morning of Sunday, March 16, 1856, the thundering cannon of the Invalides announced the birth of a son.

Napoleon left nothing undone to make for his son a firm place in the hearts of Frenchmen. At his birth nearly a million francs was distributed in largesses, and each anniversary of it was celebrated as a national fête. Little Louis put on a grenadier uniform when he was only nine months old. He was brought up simply and strictly, and seems to have been from the start a boy of great promise.

In the last years of Napoleon's reign his skies were less serene. His popularity in France seemed on the wane. His attempt to establish a Hapsburg on the throne of Mexico was an ignominious failure. Eugenie had warmly espoused the cause of Maximilian, and her influence was again felt when her husband declared war against Prussia—staking the imperial throne on this last desperate bid for military glory. "This is my war!" the empress is said to have cried as her husband marched forth with his troops and with his son, again leaving her as regent in Paris. Her war or not, it cost her all—her crown, her husband, her son.

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New Reefers. So many we hardly know where to put them but they're all in sight. A fine lot in Naps, Beavers and Meltons. \$5.00 buys a fine Reefer any size. Sure to fit.

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Six weeks after Napoleon's wanton declaration of war came the crushing disaster of Sedan. The army was annihilated; the emperor was a prisoner in the hands of the Germans; the prince imperial had escaped into Belgium in disguise. A universal cry of rage and despair went up from France. The Paris mob yelled for the blood of the usurper before whom it had fawned for years. The emperor's stoutest partisans had disappeared. Not a single Frenchman came forward to rescue her from the mob that was threatening the palace where she was sheltered in terror. It was the Prince Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, who smuggled her out of the Tuileries. He had her carriage standing at the main entrance, and while the crowd watched it he took the empress, veiled and plainly dressed, by a back way to an ordinary sacre, and drove her to the house of a trusted friend—Dr. Evans, her dentist, an American.

Dr. Evans undertook to convey the fugitive out of France. Under his escort, and with no impediments but a small hand-bag, she reached the coast and was carried across the channel on a yacht of an English gentleman, Sir John Burgoyne, who landed her at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. Her son joined her at Hastings a few days later, and a residence was hired for her near the Village of Chiselhurst, in Kent. To this place—Camden House—her husband came after his six months' captivity at Wilhelmshohe.

For a couple of years the imperial exiles led a life of quiet seclusion at Camden House, interrupted only by a visit paid by Eugenie to her mother in Spain. In November, 1872, the prince imperial entered that great English army school, the Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich. One of the emperor's last acts was to take him to the academy. "Gentlemen, make a man of him," he said to the authorities who received him there. A few weeks later the

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boy was summoned to his father's death-bed. He did not reach Chiselhurst in time. Napoleon's health had long been failing, but when the end came on the 9th of January, 1873, it was very sudden.

There were a great gathering of relatives and sympathizers at the deposed emperor's funeral. After the ceremony the French imperialists greeted his son with cries of "Vive Napoleon Quatre." There was a like demonstration on Louis' 18th birthday—the day fixed by law for his coming of age.

In 1875 the heir of the Napoleons passed his final examination at Woolwich, ranking seventh in his class. He was found especially proficient in drawing and surveying, and was noted as the best horseman in the academy.

Four uneventful years followed before fate struck its last and most cruel blow at the widowed empress. At the outbreak of the Zulu war her son saw some of his fellow cadets set out for South Africa, and, fired with the excitement, insisted on volunteering for service. Nothing could restrain his eagerness for an opportunity to distinguish himself in the profession to which he had been trained and in which his family had won its prestige. His services were, unfortunately, accepted and on the 27th of February, 1879, he left Southampton. The empress stood on the wharf to wave farewell to the son whom she never saw again in life.

On reaching South Africa the prince was down for a few days with fever at Pietermaritzburg. He recovered and went to the front, where he took part in some operations of trifling importance. On the 1st of June he rode forward with a reconnoitering party to select a site for a new camp. His companions were Lieut. Carey, of the ninety-eighth regiment, six English troopers, and a Kaffir guide. They completed their work, halted to rest in an abandoned Zulu kraal, and were about to remount and return when from close at hand there came a volley. The enemy had crept up unperceived in the long grass. One of the troopers fell dead at the first fire; the rest sprang upon their horses and made off—all except one. That one was the prince imperial—the best rider at Woolwich. His horse was an ill-trained one, recently purchased, and in some way it escaped him. He clutched at the saddle wallet, but it broke away in his hand, and his last hope of life was gone.

His body was found the next morning stabbed through and through with seventeen assegai wounds. It was carried home to his mother and laid beside the emperor at Chiselhurst. All England was deeply stirred by the pitiful tragedy. From all quarters came expressions of sympathy for the mother, whose only son he was, and she a widow—even from the Germans who had conquered his father and from the French republicans who had made him an exile. As soon as it was possible for her to go

to Zululand the empress made a mournful pilgrimage to the spot where her son was slain. On it there now stands a white cross which even the natives respect as the monument of a mother's lost hope and love.

When she returned to England Eugenie found a new home at Farnborough, near the eastern border of Hampshire. She has an estate there of 250 acres, and a handsome country house. Near it is a chapel to which she brought the bodies of husband and son; and there in the evening of her eventful life she dwells, alone with her memories of the past.—Richard H. Titherington in *Munsey's Magazine*.

A Dinner Party at the Bottom of the Sea. Some time ago, the labor of deepening the harbor of Ciotat was completed. On that occasion the contractor gave to the members of his staff and the representatives of the press a banquet, unprecedented for its originality. The table was set eight metres below the level of the sea, at the very bottom of the harbor, inside the "caisson" in which the excavators had been at work, and only the narrow walls of this caisson separated the guests from the enormous mass of water around and above their heads. The new-fashioned banquetting hall was splendidly decorated and lighted, and, but for a certain buzzing in the ears caused by the pressure of air, kept up in the chamber in order to prevent the inrush of the water, nobody would have suspected that the slightest interruption in the working of the air pump would have sufficed to asphyxiate the whole party. After the banquet a concert prolonged the festivity for several hours, after which the guests re-ascended into the open air once more.

Utilizing Stray Dogs. A writer in a French paper states that all stray dogs taken up by the Paris police and left unclaimed are, after being killed, handed over to an enterprising manufacturer, by whom the skins are tanned by electricity. Instead of taking seven or eight months to transform the skin into leather, as is the case by the ordinary system, electricity does the work in three or four days. The leather so tanned, moreover, it is asserted, is much better than that manufactured by the ordinary process, and when made up into ladies boots and shoes is much admired for its soft and delicate qualities.

Forbidden Piano Playing. Musical enthusiasts often worry their neighbors considerably in warm weather by practising with their windows open. Such conduct is penal in Ems, where the municipality have just issued a decree forbidding anyone to play the piano in a room with open windows under penalty of a heavy fine. "In a health-resort," states the decree, "it is especially necessary not to annoy one's neighbors."

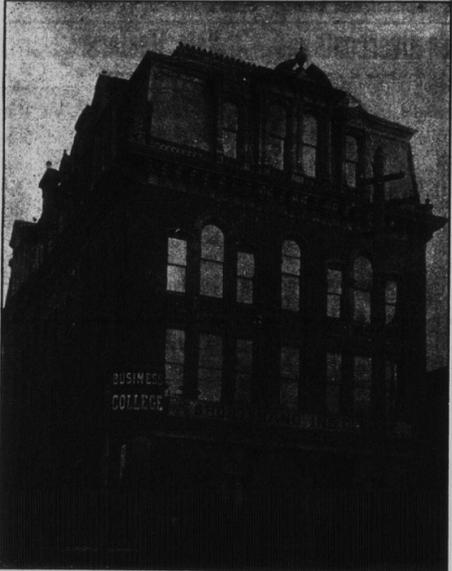
EVIDENCE OF ABILITY.

THAT'S WHAT A ST. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE DIPLOMA MEANS.

A Widely Known Institution with Practical Men at the Head of It—The Business Success of Graduates—Some of the Branches Taught and How Proficiency is Assured.

None of our educational institutions is held in higher esteem than the St. John Business college. During its twenty-five years existence, the proprietors have shown a commendable determination to keep in the van of progress, and have always been ready to introduce and give their students the benefit of each modern method and faculty, as the demand for it has arisen.

A diploma from this institution is esteemed a prize worthy of the student's best efforts, as the principals have always insisted that the graduate's qualifications shall correspond with the declarations set forth in his diploma, and no student is graduated for the purpose of getting rid of him, or because he has spent a certain time



in the college. For these reasons the diploma is prized by students and the public as evidence of ability and attainments. While the course of study is intended to embrace all the subjects which are essential for the equipment of the thorough business man, no time is wasted on subjects that are not of practical use in business life.

Perhaps no better proof can be given of the merits of an institution than its home patronage. If this be so, the St. John Business college may well be proud of the reputation it has gained, as evidenced by the list of patrons published in the last annual circular. This list contains the names of not only the principal business men of the city, but the best known names in all the crafts and professions, and ranges in social distinction from the artisan to the lieutenant governor of the province.

That the fame of the college is not merely local is proved by the fact that students have been in attendance from the extreme west of the Dominion, Newfoundland, several of the United States, Bermuda and the West Indies.

The outflow from the college has also been very broad. The people of the Maritime Provinces being endowed with a more than ordinary spirit of enterprise, are to be found almost everywhere, and a common report from the more successful ones abroad is that they owe their success to the training obtained at the St. John Business College.

One very important matter in regard to the teaching staff, in which the college claims superiority over similar institutions,

is the fact that the principals are thoroughly familiar with every detail of all the work done in every department. Additional teachers are of course employed; but this is not because the principals are themselves incompetent to teach any of the subjects, but because they are alone unable to do all the work required.

The principals have been peculiarly fitted for their work by special training, by actual business experience and by experience as teachers. This peculiar fitness makes it possible to have each department of the college under the direct supervision of one of the principals, no subject being left entirely in the hands of assistants.

There are three departments, viz.: Business, short hand and type writing, and special penmanship. The business course includes instruction in book-keeping in all its forms by both double and single entry, including joint stock accounts, railroading, steamboating, banking, manufacturing, commission, foreign exchange, etc. also: arithmetic, business penmanship, spelling, composition, practical grammar, correspondence, business practice, business paper, commercial law, etc. This department is in charge of Mr. Kerr who excels as a mathematician. Mr. Kerr is also the author of the text book on book-keeping used in the college. This book is recog-

ized as a standard authority. Progress had the pleasure of commending it to the public, on the appearance of a new edition, a few months ago, and has seen a number of testimonials indicating that it is highly esteemed by the teaching profession.

The shorthand and typewriting course includes grammar, composition, spelling, punctuation, correspondence, business forms, proper fingering, manifold, care of machines, and details of office work. The system taught is Isaac Pitman's, the "standard," which is used almost exclusively throughout the British possessions and very largely in the United States. This department has done good work in the past, but was never better equipped than at the present to give students a thorough knowledge of the art. Thoroughness in every detail of the work is insisted upon, not only in the writing of shorthand, but in caring for and handling the type writing machines. A graceful style of fingering is taught and great care is taken that the student may not fall into a careless and slovenly habit, which is the cause of many failures in the use of the typewriter.

The department is in the hands of Mr. Pringle, who is also penman of the college. His skill in this line and success as a teacher are so well known that little need be said of it here. To see his work is to admire it, whether it be his plain business hand or his ornamental productions.

Any one desirous of obtaining a thorough business education can make no mistake in attending an institution so well and favorably known as the St. John Business College.

long when it can get pasture, and a horse turned out to grass will eat eighteen hours or more out of the twenty-four. Physiological researches also go to prove that an animal's power of resisting death under starvation depends upon its size, upon the rapidity of its respiration, and upon its heat-producing capabilities. Indeed, the smaller an animal is, the oftener it has to respire, and the more heat it has to produce proportionately to the extent of its surface.

Thus a horse breathes eight times a minute; a man, sixteen times; a rabbit, forty times; the guinea-pig, eighty times; and a mouse so often that its respirations cannot be counted. Again, surface for surface, the sparrow produces a hundred times more heat than a horse, and at least ten times more than a rabbit.

These conclusions are drawn from the actual experiments of physiologists, who prove further that a dog can live thirty-three days without food; a horse twenty-one; a cat twenty; a barn-door fowl fourteen; a rabbit thirteen; a rat three; and a mouse one. These are all examples of warm-blooded animals. It goes without saying that the cold-blooded section can beat any of these fasting feats. For instance, a lizard has been known to live seven months without food, a python kept and watched by M. Vaillant, of the Paris Museum, lived twenty-three months without any nourishment whatever; and Professor Colin gives an instance of a rattlesnake which lived twenty-nine months without eating. The hibernating animals are also strong against starvation. Both Valentin and Moleschott have found that the marmot can live without food 146 days, and the hedgehog fifty days.

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To consider this subject from the point of view of an ordinary individual who knows little or nothing about science, there have been many cases of hunters and trappers in the far west of America going several days without food, and indeed I personally know a Nottingham gentleman, who led a sedentary life, who regularly resorted to this expedient to cure attacks of biliousness. When his stomach became disordered from too much eating and drinking, he went without food and drank nothing but water for two or three days, all the time performing his daily avocations. At the end of that time, to use his own words, he felt "as right as a cart."

This only proves that a man can live on his own fat. We have many instances of what can be done in this way from the "performances" of fasting men; but then the voluntary faster knows that he has but to make a sign to get food, therefore the courage and "grit" of the shipwrecked sailor or entombed miner, in bearing up against starvation, should be considered a greater feat, seeing that he has despair as well as hunger to endure.

The three miners who were rescued from the Emeron coal mine, in Bohemia, provide perhaps the longest authenticated case of enforced fasting that is known. They were buried alive for seventeen days without a particle of food, and were still alive when brought to the surface, and their lives were saved. There are other cases of eight and fourteen days, while shipwrecked sailors have been known to live seventeen days on the ice of the Arctic seas without other nourishment than frozen seawater.

In respect to the fasting men who have been on view at the Aquarium and other places, living on air for much longer periods than those mentioned, in most of these cases the patient has been melancholic, hysterical, epileptic, or otherwise deranged in the nervous system, and mentally unsound, and they can hardly, therefore, be taken as fair tests of how long a human being can live without nourishment and still preserve a sound mind and body. Succi has been three times in a lunatic asylum and Merlati at least twice.

QUICKNESS AND NERVE. How the Marquis de Mores Settled Two Cow-Boy Bullies.

"Did you ever hear how the Marquis de Mores winged two bad men in Cheyenne?" said Jack Frazier, of Council Bluffs, to a reporter of the Colorado Star.

"No."

"Well, it is not much of a story, but it's an illustration of a man of nerve and quick thought. I was in the cattle business in 1884, and became acquainted with De Mores in Denver in the month of May. He was a very polite man, but rather inclined to be offish, as we say in the West. About a month after that I met him at Barlow's ranch, about twenty-five miles from Cheyenne. He was mounted on a vicious broncho and appeared to have a good deal of trouble to keep his seat.

"A couple of cow boys who had been loading up on tanglefoot were whooping and howling in front of Barlow's shanty when the marquis drove up. Their ponies were tethered, and they were running foot races, and for reason on earth, yanking like Comanches in a war dance. They began to guff the marquis on his horsemanship. He made no reply, but kept on talking to me. Finding he could not be provoked, he saw one cow boy nicknamed 'Broadback' because of his unusually broad shoulders, began to show the Frenchman how to ride. His companion followed his example, and in a couple of minutes they were circling around the marquis, firing off their Winchester and using the most insulting language. Whether the marquis understood what they meant I do not know. At all events he rolled a cigarette and lighted it. 'Drop that, you tenderfoot,' roared Morris, pulling up his mustang with a jerk, 'drop that, or I'll clip it out of your mouth.' At the same moment he lifted his Winchester.

"De Mores turned half-way in his saddle, took a deep inspiration and blew out a cloud of smoke. As it cleared away the cow-boy took deliberate aim and fired. The cigarette was sent living in fragments. Before I knew what had happened scarcely De Mores had drawn his long-barreled French revolver from his belt and pulled the trigger. The Winchester dropped from Morris's hands. He had been shot through both wrists. The howl he let out could have been heard a quarter of a mile. The other cow-boy was then on De Mores's flank. As soon as he saw him pull his gun he grabbed his rifle, but had not time to raise it before the marquis fired a second time, just as his broncho gave a lunge and a buck. The man tumbled off with a bullet in his shoulder. It might have been meant for the head for all I know."

"What did De Mores do then?"

"He rolled another cigarette, lighted it and continued the conversation."

Politics Versus Science. There are two subjects which are engrossing the conventional powers of the Dominion at present, and they are both worth discussing. One of them is the political situation; and the other is the new discovery of science, Rigby Waterproof Cloth.

The latter we think rather holds the floor, as the Ladies are participating. The goods are now on the market in Ladies' cloth as well as in Gentlemen's cloth and garments.

VERY MANY SUGH. RHEUMATISM. Col. DAVID WYLLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with St. Jacobs Oil. In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA. Mr. JAMES DONNER, 125 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

BACKACHE. "I can highly recommend St. Jacobs Oil as being the best medicine in existence for the relief of backache." G. N. BOYER, Carleton, Quebec.

SPRAINS. "My mother received a very severe sprain and bruise by falling down stairs. St. Jacobs Oil cured her in a couple of days." E. BURKARD, 228 Tecumseh St., Toronto, Ont.

BRUISES. Mr. ATCHISON, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "Fire Department, says he met with a serious accident and his back and shoulders were severely bruised, but by the use of St. Jacobs Oil he was completely restored."

IT IS THE BEST.

THINGS OF VALUE.

If a man's ability were as great as his discontent, everybody would be a Napoleon.

There is no index of character so sure as the voice.—Disraeli.

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any form of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. A free sample package mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

The vain being is the really solitary being.—Auerbach.

Positive proof that K. D. C. is the Greatest Known Cure for Dyspepsia can be had by examining testimonials from a grateful people. Send for copies. Cure speedy and permanent.

The better part of valor is discretion.—Shakespeare.

K. D. C. has cured Dyspeptics who thought they were dying. See testimonials. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

Truth will ever rise above falsehood like oil above water.—Cervantes.

Take K. D. C., and like others who have tried it, you will say: "It is the Greatest Dyspepsia Cure of the age, and worth its weight in gold."

A man who is poor in trust is the poorest of all God's creatures.—J. G. Holland.

Healthy digestion is one of the most important functions of the human economy. K. D. C. restores the stomach to healthy action, and promotes healthy digestion. Try K. D. C.

Every traveller has a home of his own, and he learns to appreciate it the more from his wanderings.—Dickens.

ALL MIRACLES DO NOT OCCUR AT HAMILTON. The whole town of Glamis, Ont., knows of a cure, by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT, to a partially paralyzed arm, that equals anything that has transpired at Hamilton.

R. W. HARRISON. There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating some of the virtue.—Goldsmith.

PELEE ISLAND CLARET for Dyspepsia is the same Grape Cure so famous in Europe. GLASGOW, 17th December, 1891.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REPORT FOR 1891 ON ROBERT BROWN'S "FOUR CROWN" BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKEY.

I have made a careful analysis of a sample of 10,000 gallons of Robert Brown's "Four Crown" Blend of Scotch Whiskey, taken by myself on the 9th inst., from the Blending Vat in the bonded stores, and I find it is a pure Whiskey of high quality and fine flavor, which has been well matured.

JOHN CLARK, Ph. D., F.C.S., F.I.C. Agent, E. G. SCOVILL, Teas and Wine, St. John, N. B.

There is one day in the week to go to church, and seven to love thy neighbor as thyself.

Assimilable Phosphorus is the brain and nerve food, par excellence. One bottle of Putner's Emulsion contains more of this invaluable element than a gallon of the much vaunted stimulant, Liquid Bees, etc., of the day.

One today is worth two tomorrows.—Franklin.

Here surely is something like a miracle! John A. Dawson, Esq., Ex-M. P. of Pictou, N. S., writes:—"I was troubled with Dyspepsia of the very worst kind for twenty years. K. D. C. cured me completely. It is worth its weight in gold. Will give information to anyone who will write me." Ask your druggist for it.

In youth, one has tears without grief; in age, griefs without tears.—Joseph Roux.

Every man defends himself unconsciously.

Ayer's Pills

the best remedy for Constipation, Jaundice, Headache, Biliousness, and Dyspepsia.

Easy to Take sure to cure all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.

Every Dose Effective

**SURPRISE ON SOAP WASH DAY**

**MAKES WHITE GOODS WHITER**

**COLORED GOODS BRIGHTER**

They Cover the Ground.

But Seal Sacques are costly for all that. Ungar's agents cover the provinces, and although they form part of a great delivery system, and make it more convenient for customers, the cost is small. The following are some of Ungar's agents who cover the ground in St. John proper:

- N. B. SMITH, 24 Dock Street.
- MRS. PLUMMER, cor. Sidney and Duke Streets.
- JAS. MCKINNEY, cor. Charlotte and St. James Streets.
- R. W. MCCARTHY, Haymarket Square.
- J. D. DRISCOLL, 191 Union Street.
- CHAS. K. SHORT, Jeffries Hill.

If you have not a telephone, and cannot spare the time to go to the laundry, when you want your bundle at a certain time, leave it at the nearest agency. The delivery waggons make regular calls, and promptness is one of the features of Ungar's.

**BE SURE** and send your orders to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 25. Or Halifax: 25 and 24 Granville street. They will be done right, if done at.

**UNCAR'S.**

**JOHN H. SELFRIDGE,** (Late of SHEPARD & SELFRIDGE), Dealer in Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, KITCHEN FURNISHINGS, ETC.

A nice line of REFRIGERATORS in stock; Seasonable goods in variety; Jobbing in my line solicited.

101 Charlotte Street, Opposite Hotel Dufferin.

**Advertise in** CIRCULATES WIDELY. CLEANLY PRINTED. CLOSELY READ.

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R. E. ARNSTON, Publisher, St. Andrews, N. B. SUMMER RESORT.

12,000 COPIES of the "BEACON" distributed during the next three months among best class of Summer Travellers in Canada and U. S. Great chance for Hotel Men and Transportation Companies to Advertise.

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We have no premium that is so great a bargain as our Set of Dickens in 15 volumes; handsome cloth binding, plain large print with 237 illustrations. This set of books is listed at \$15, but usually sells for the bargain retail price \$7.50. Our price to old and new subscribers with a years subscription is \$6.50.



SERMON

Practically Testimonies

Washington, D. C.

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# SUNDAY READING

## SERMON.

Practically Tested Piety.  
SERMON PREACHED BY REV. WALTER S. HANLEY, D.D.  
Washington, D. C.

If any man thinketh himself to be religious while he brideth not his tongue, but deceiveth his heart, this man's religion is vain.—James 1:8.

If any man think himself religious—seem to himself to be, not to others—it is purely a question of his own estimate of his character. The evidence that will convince observers is one thing, the evidence that will convince one's self is quite another. How often are we aware that men are judging us erroneously—sometimes too harshly, at other times too leniently; now attributing evil motives when we are conscious of our integrity and again crediting us with good motives when selfishness has really actuated us. We are going below all these appearances now to find reality. We are going behind our reputation to decide upon our character.

It lies on the surface of the text that we may be self-deceived; we may think ourselves to be religious, while we are not. This is not remarkable. We are self-deceived also in other matters. Many a man thinks himself a scholar who, in fact, has no thorough and accurate knowledge in any department of human learning. We have examples almost daily of men that think themselves financiers, but who waste fortunes, wreck banks and scatter disaster broadcast through their ignorance of the first principles of business. In every handicraft are men that think themselves master workmen, but that are actually bunglers, whose demand for wages, based on their own estimate of their skill, is a prime cause of our labor troubles.

This is the side of overestimate. And there are probably almost as many errors on the side of underestimate. Taking counsel of timidity, or of indolence, many men say: "I have no capacity for this or that work that seems to beckon me. I dare not trust my seamanship to push out into the deep. I dare not risk my one talent in five-talent enterprises." This sounds modest, both to hearers and to speaker, but it is prompted by fear, either of labor or of responsibility. It is not your own final judgment of yourself, after all. But it is your working judgment, and so amounts to a fatal blow at your possible achievement.

Now, while self-deception is so common in other matters we need not wonder that it occurs in religion. It is as natural that we should test ourselves by false standards here as anywhere else. The Scriptures condemn comparing ourselves among ourselves; that is, taking other fallible, and possibly self-deceived, men as our standard, instead of the absolute right, or, better yet, Christ, who incarnates it.

But we are always doing just this unwise thing. "Is it right to do thus or so on the Lord's day?" Well, the minister does it, or does not do it; so it must be right or wrong. "Is this or that amusement consistent for a Christian?" Well, Elder A. and Sunday School Superintendent B. and Sunday school teacher C. patronize it, and if I am as good as they are, I think I'll be good enough. But all these people are liable to mistake. And, anyway, their conduct, however right or wrong for themselves, can never be a standard for you.

You cannot adopt their conscience, and put it in the place of your own. Assuming that they have decided these questions intelligently and conscientiously for themselves, that the decision is not transferable to you. You must decide them in the same manner for yourself. That you do as another man does is no proof that you are as good a Christian as he is; it is no proof, in fact, that you are Christian at all. What says your own enlightened conscience? That is the first question. And the next question is, are you faithfully doing what it says?

And with the best intentions of dealing honestly with ourselves, we are liable to have our judgment of our character warped by what we know of our reputation. We eagerly seize the favorable estimate that some one forms of us, and though we know it to be too favorable, we say: "Well, if I have impressed so good a judge thus, I cannot be a very bad man." While all the time we know he has not had the real facts on which to form a judgment. We know that if he would disclose our heart to him as it is, he would despise us, or even shrink from us in horror. All this we suppress, and lay his favorable judgment on inadequate knowledge, as a flattering unction to our souls.

Or, conscious of our integrity, we are depressed, crushed, by the knowledge that some one thinks evil of us. We have it as a proverb that you might as well kill a dog as give him a bad name; and you might almost as well kill a man. Few are strong enough to resist the knowledge that some one, however mistakenly, thinks them sincere. We all know that in rearing children we make them honest and truthful, or treacherous and false, by assuming that they are one or the other, and speaking and acting accordingly. And many a good man has been transformed into a hypocrite by being called one, and treated like one. We can hardly resist the conviction that what we are always hearing, and having acted out before us, must somehow be true.

It requires thought, therefore, and care and self-control not to confound our character with our reputation, and have the former influenced by the latter. We may think ourselves to be religious on no better ground than that others think us to be religious. But this is the palpable road to the most perilous self-deception.

Moreover, you will observe that our text rules out entirely abstract belief as a test. Note the adjective abstract. I mean belief held intellectually, and not controlling the conduct. The man that St. James is speaking of, deceives his own heart by

thinking himself a Christian while controlling his tongue. It makes no odds what views he holds about evil-speaking. If they do not restrain him from slander they are in no degree religious. We will recur to this, and I name it now simply to make it clear that no amount of abstract belief can be a test of piety.

There is need of very plain speaking just here; for men have long been accustomed to judge themselves religious, or irreligious, on the ground of their beliefs, and these beliefs, based not on the scriptures, but on some creed or catechism or confession of faith. A man says, "Oh, yes, I am a Christian; I hold the Apostles' Creed." Well, that makes him a Christian as distinguished from a Jew, or a Mohammedan, or a Buddhist, but it does not make him religious. Or another says: "Yes, I am a Christian; I accept the Westminster Confession of Faith." That proves him a Calvinist, as distinguished from an Arminian, or a Selagian, or a Sabellian, but it proves nothing as to his piety.

We have been wont to identify orthodoxy with godliness, but they may be as far apart as the poles. I do not say they must be, or always are; but they are often so. This is true, no matter how great stress you may lay on belief; for orthodoxy is not tested by the bible, the only infallible rule of faith, but by this or that creed. We presbyterians, for example, are not orthodox in the eyes of our episcopal brethren because we do not hold to the apostolic succession and the historic episcopate. But does any one suppose that this affects our piety by so much as a hair's breadth one way or the other? Baptist orthodox means among other things, and as a foremost thing, that immersion is the only valid mode of baptism.

This makes that great denunciation heterodox from our point of view; but it does not in the least make them irreligious. The simple fact is this: Some man, as Arminius or Calvin, or some body of men as the Nicene council or the Westminster assembly, has formulated a system of theology based on their view of the bible. Some church adopts this as its creed or grows up about it. Orthodoxy for this church means conformity to this creed; heterodoxy means departure from it. In any test of our piety the appeal is to the creed, not to the scriptures. Mr. Beecher's famous note is literally true. "Orthodoxy is my 'doxy' and heterodoxy is your 'doxy'."

Now, take the very text that St. James gives of piety—control of the tongue. Does this follow the lines of orthodoxy? Does acceptance of the thirty-nine articles, or of the Dort canons, even tend to make one gentle in speech? On the other hand, is it not sadly notorious that the severest language is habitually used by the most strictly orthodox in denouncing even slight departures, not from the scriptures, but from the denominational creed; from what they properly call in Scotland the "subordinate standards?" The bitterness of the "odium theologicum" is proverbial, and it is directed, not against wickedness, impiety, irreligion, but against heresy.

The man that lapses from the catechism raises a far greater outcry than the man that lapses from honesty or virtue. Let a judicial case on the most insignificant heresy come up in any church court, and there will be a "unbridled tongue" in the discussion of it; yet who thinks of arranging them? But our text says they prove, not merely heterodoxy, but impiety, total irreligion.

These are times in which this matter ought to be most seriously considered. We are in the midst of theological discussion. It is certain to be earnest, vigorous, heated. We are in danger of calling each other hard names. We will be tempted to regard ourselves Christian in proportion to our tenacity in holding to denominational standards and to traditional views of things. I am not now saying anything whatever as to whether these standards and views are true or not. The point is that we are tempted to make adherence to them, which is the test of orthodoxy, also the test of piety.

If our text does not mean exactly this, will some one please tell me what it does mean? Mark you, I am not saying that there is no such thing as heresy; that there is no distinction between heterodoxy and orthodoxy; that a Christian has not the right, and even the duty to maintain orthodoxy. I only say that we must remember that there is something higher than orthodoxy; that whoever, in trying to repress heresy, fails to bridle his tongue sins far more grievously than does the heretic who gives the soft answer that turns away wrath.

It is hard for us to believe this, no doubt. All our traditions and all our trainings are the other way. We are accustomed to deplore an unbridled tongue as ill-bred and unbecoming. But that harsh, cruel, slanderous speech is worse than heresy seems incredible. I am giving you no theory of my own; not even an inference from the bible, but the very words of scripture: "If any man think him religious and brideth not his tongue, this man's religion is vain." No doubt this is hard on our self-complacency. No doubt it pales the lustre of much on which we have chiefly prided ourselves, and if faithfully applied, even shakes our hope of heaven.

No doubt it snatches some of the laurels from names that we have canonized as the church's great debaters, but whose power was in invective rather than in argument, in denunciation rather than in persuasion. But we can afford these and many other losses for the truth's sake. Infinitely better to give up a false hope than to go with it to judgment. And the test we are now using goes to the root of the matter—the fundamental question whether we have any religion at all or not.

This is an infinitely more solemn question than whether we are orthodox or heterodox as measured by any denominational standards. Instead of asking yourself, "How do I believe intellectually?" ask yourself, "How do I speak? How do I control my tongue, in the family, on the street, in society, everywhere?" Face this

question until you get the answer that decides your standing before God. You will ask me, "Does the Apostle use this matter of the tongue as comprehensive of all evil or all good, or only as a striking example of conduct generally?" He regards it as the bridle to the horse, the rudder to the ship. He finds pretty much the whole life bound up with it. It stands for all its results.

Still I think it is used just to illustrate a great principle. The verse following the text seems to prove this. If one esteems himself religious while not bridling his tongue, his religion is vain. Religion does not consist in a round of worship, nor in abstract belief, nor in anything like these. However men may esteem ceremonies and orthodoxy, pure and undefiled religion is the sight of God the Father is this: "To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world." The belief that fruits in such conduct is vital; none else is worth a moment's thought.

The orthodoxy that makes one helpful to the wretched is the only sort, that God approves, that believe in piety so as to keep clear of the stains of the world—this, and nothing short of it, is religious faith. The man that so believes is religious, and the proof of it is that he so acts. The man that does not so act, that does not control his tongue, help the suffering, avoid impurity, however he may be in notions, is a hopeless heretic in life. He is deceiving his own heart with the illusion that faith can be religious which fails to work by love and overcome the world.

Dear friends, let us, each for himself, apply this test. Let us never be afraid to bring the things that we think we believe to this standard. Are we censorious? Then let us not try to offset against this the fact that we are trinitarians. Is our tongue our master, so that it drives us through storms and waves of passion as the rudder the ship? Let us never imagine that this is balanced by our holding strenuously to the deity of Christ. Are we hard hearted? Do not try to offset this by the most orthodox theory of the atonement. Are we stained by the spatterings of the world's uncleanness? Let us not think that the most rigid theory of inspiration will hide those polluting spots.

Belief in the trinity, in the deity and atonement of Christ, in the inspiration of the bible, is vastly important, but it will not save us, nor even tend to, unless it makes us reverent, obedient, clean, and pure. Believe in God as your sovereign and judge, your father and friend. Trust Christ as your Saviour from sin, your ever present help in trouble. Hold the bible as your only rule of both faith and practice, and let it be the end of debate. Then you need not fear self-deception, for you have a religion as pure as heaven, as enduring as the endless years of God.

### Sunday Rest and Sunday Labor.

In September, 1863, a Swiss newspaper contained the following advertisement: "Alfort, canton Uri. A miller wanted. In this mill, of the most modern German construction, no work is done on Sabbath, or during the night." A friend of Sabbath observance wrote the mill-master, inquiring what had led him to adopt this arrangement, and received the following answer: "Although I am a young man, I have learned from the experience of the twelve years since I began to work, that the desecration of the Lord's day besides being sinful, brings no worldly gain, but rather the opposite. For several years I was servant in a mill in which under the excuse of the amount of business, work was carried on almost every Sabbath. I longed even to have the Sabbath to myself, though only for the sake of ease. When I became a mill master, I resolved to try whether diligent working during the six days could not produce as much as labor continued through all the seven; especially as I had noticed that on Sabbaths the work went on very lamely. I was successful. With the six days' work I could show a greater than my predecessor had been able to produce with the whole seven. This terminated Sabbath in our mill. Two years ago I became a millowner. In the beginning the mill was very small, but I did not allow it to go on the Sabbath. Night work, however, I had not abandoned; but it became very unsatisfactory; for I had remarked that more was lost than gained by it, through waste and negligence. I abolished it. I now gain so much by restricting the work within the hours of the day, when I can have oversight of my men, that, by God's blessing, I realize very ample profit. I had it as certain, that a man who rests one day in seven has both more willingness and more power for work, than another who labors through the seven, without intermission, like a machine. I entreat you to endeavor to persuade the workmen in your neighborhood to make trial of this; for I believe that, like myself, they will soon find that more is lost than gained by Sabbath labor."

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The following "Twenty Points of Piety" were written 322 years ago, by "one Thomas Leisner, a good man."  
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3. To love Him in Unity.  
4. The Father in His Majesty,  
5. The Son in His humanity,  
6. The Holy Ghost's benignity;  
7. Three Persons, one in Deity,  
8. To serve Him always earnestly;  
9. To ask Him all things needfully,  
10. To praise Him in all company,  
11. To love Him always heartily,  
12. To dread Him always Christially,  
13. To seek Him always patiently,  
14. To trust Him always faithfully,  
15. To obey Him always willingly,  
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18. To live here always virtuously,  
19. To use thy neighbor honestly,  
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21. To help the poor in misery,  
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Archdeacon Farrar, replying to the lay critics who sneer at sermons, asserts that the tedious and platitudinous are to be found quite as much in books, newspapers, law-courts, parliamentary debates and magazines as in sermons. He contends that sermons would be just as bad if you turned out all the Anglican clergy tomorrow and put twenty thousand of their most didactical and self-satisfied critics in their place. "The clergy," says Dr. Farrar, "possess no monopoly of dullness or patent of unprofitableness. If very few of us are great, or wise, or clever, we are at least stupid intellectually on a level with the mass of

our hearers." Dr. Farrar says it has been a great misfortune to the majority of living clergymen—of course he is thinking merely of his own communion—that they have entered, as he himself did, upon the important task of addressing their fellow men without one hour of training in rhetoric and elocution.

### How They Dealt With Jonah.

The story of Jonah recently came up in the course of the international Sunday school lessons, and the editor of a religious paper in the States says he looked with much interest to see how his brother hearers would treat the subject in their helps to Sunday school teachers. The New York Ecologist, a leading presbyterian organ, declared there was no miracle; while the New York Inquirer, a baptist paper with an English editor, and the Apostolic Guide, the organ of the disciples, left the whole out of their expostulations altogether. But the other papers, numbering many scores, agreed with the bible narrative in regard to Jonah's rescue.

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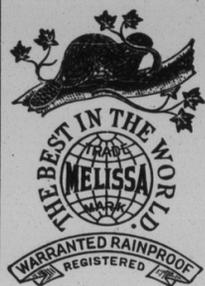
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THE FIRST SEAT OF EPISCOPAL POWER IN ENGLAND.

Where St. Augustine Labored and Died—Cathedrals Known in History—The Shrines of Kings and Princes—Scenes and Historical Incidents.

Despite the huge proportions, the beautiful interior and the still existing evidences of splendor in treasure and ceremonial in the olden days of the cathedral at Canterbury—first established seat of episcopal power in England, the present of an archbishop, primate of all England and metropolitan—both the cathedral and city seem to impress the visitor with an indefinable sense of sadness and unrest nowhere else experienced in the old cathedral towns of England.

This is not easily analyzed and made clear to others. It is true, however, that at Worcester, at Exeter, at Lincoln, at Wells, at Winchester, at Gloucester, at Salisbury, at Lichfield, at Chester, at Ely, and even some extent at the huge and shadowy Minster of York, there is something so warm and sunny in the immediate surroundings, so deep an affection of townfolk for the venerable edifices is apparent, something so hushed, respectful and soothing is felt in the calm of close, cloister and church-tower, that one imperceptibly yields to the gentle spell and is touched by the sweet and tender influence.

At Canterbury the entire interpretation of locality, history, association and structural impressiveness is different. The sea and another land and tongue are too close to give the cathedral and town that complete and harmonious setting and environment peculiar to nearly all cathedrals of England. Somehow there are too many splashes of blood upon Canterbury's consecrated stones to prevent a chill and a shudder as you come close to the place of historic and dreadful tragedies, and one of the foulest murders of the christian era gave this cathedral its vastest treasure and greatest renown. The shrines of Canterbury are of kings and prelates only. The heart is not greatly stirred by these. The humble shrine of old Isak Walton warms the human affections more to the one venerable cathedral where the gentle angel lies, and the "Poet's Corner," or the one little slab bearing the name "Charles Dickens," in Westminster, holds the affection closer to London's abbey church than all the tombs of kings, prelates and saints in immeasurably more splendid Canterbury. And the majestic and priceless dreams in stone in this glittering and princely cathedral, while they compel an intellectual submissiveness akin to awe, still possess a repellent grandeur rather than that mellow and tender richness which twines every tendril of one's heart, close as their mosses and ivies, in and around all other old cathedrals and cathedral towns of England.

When Caesar with his Roman legions crossed the Straits of Dover and pushed on to London to subjugate the entire island save Scotland, Wales, and portions of Cornwall, he found a British hamlet at a lone of the river Stour, fifteen miles from Dover and sixty-six from London. The Romans utilized this strategic place as a base of supplies and a military station, and gave it the name of Durovernum. After the Romans retired from England and the Saxon domination began the present county of Kent became a kingdom. Its chief city and capital, the former Roman Durovernum, was then called Cantwaraburg, and the name Canterbury of today is simply a slight corruption of the city's old Saxon title.

The manner in which Canterbury became the seat of the Primate of the Anglican church was in this wise: Pope Gregory the Great, in 596, conceived the idea of christianizing the inhabitants of England, independent of the splendid missionary labors of the followers of St. Patrick in Ireland and upon the western coasts of Scotland, Wales and Cornwall. Augustine, called the apostle of the English, originally a monk in the convent of St. Andrew at Rome, where he was educated under Pope Gregory, was selected to undertake the conversion of the British.

Conditions were favorable to this mission. Ethelbert was then the fourth King of Kent. His wife, Bertha, daughter of Cherebert, King of France, was a christian princess, and had stipulated for the free exercise of her religion in her marriage contract. Her influence upon Ethelbert was such as to assure Augustine and his followers a hospitable reception. Soon after Augustine's arrival King Ethelbert not only embraced christianity, and caused, by royal command, the conversion and baptism of his nobles and people, but also granted the city of Canterbury and its dependencies to Augustine, who had been invested with archiepiscopal dignity by Pope Gregory. The pope soon after sent additional missionaries, and empowered Augustine to constitute a bishop of York, but, this in such a manner that Augustine of Canterbury and each of his successors should remain metropolitan of all England.

Augustine died in the year 604 at Canterbury. He was buried in the churchyard of the Augustine monastery, the cathedral building then not being completed. After the cathedral was consecrated his body was removed to the north porch, where it remained until 1091, when it was placed within the cathedral. All this is interesting, briefly traced, as it gives exact data as to the origin of episcopacy in England; shows the source and circumstances of the creation of ecclesiastic primacy at Canterbury, and is evidence that the original Canterbury cathedral an important portion of which is intact within the present cathedral walls, was in progress of construction at least 1,290 years ago.

The ordinary modern pilgrimage to Canterbury is made over the London and South Eastern railway, and a pleasant one it is. But a far pleasanter one is to saunter over the ancient way taken by the pilgrims in those days when the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket was to the pious of England what Mecca is to the followers of Mahomet. This leads from out through Southwark, in Surrey, over into Kent and, for about fifty miles, past the lavender fields, the strawberry farms and great hop vineyards of the most fruitful portion of England. No city in England abounds in so large a number of almost unaltered churches of

THE GRAND ARMY.

How It Originated—Its Annual Celebration at Washington.

The Grand Army of the Republic was founded 26 years ago, in Illinois, by Dr. B. F. Stephenson. The movement was for the organization of the survivors of the civil war, in the Union Army, for fraternal, charitable and loyal purposes. Included in its ranks were many men who have become famous throughout the civilized world for their brilliant achievements in the field of war and on the sea, and there were also untold thousands of the men unknown to the world by name and who never won any more pretentious uniform than the blue blouse and trousers of the common soldier.

When their duty was done and their country was saved these countless thousands of the war. At last this longing has been gratified, and on Monday the Grand Army of the Republic began the first day of the week's reunion in the city of Washington.

Rarely in its history has the national capital appeared more resplendent than in the gorgeous costume she donned. Nearly all of the streets and avenues were elaborately and handsomely decorated, but the display on historic Pennsylvania avenue, from the capital to Washington equestrian statue at Twenty-second street, was particularly brilliant.

The citizens seem to have taken a special interest in this occasion, and nearly every building along the entire route of the great parade on Tuesday was almost completely covered with flags and bunting bearing such legends as "Welcome to the Grand Army of the Republic." Welcome

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any Lane, and when you have come to its northern end you suddenly face the great cathedral, and are given an oblique view of its southern walls, transepts and its south-eastern angle of its far eastern apex, while the top of the great central tower looms vast and white and high above and beyond the companion towers at either side of the vast west window.

While no one can deny the grandeur of the proportions and richness in details of this splendid cathedral of Canterbury, the feeling is irresistible that there is too little room without and too much within. I mean by this that the effect of so vast a structure being closely crowded by masses of inferior buildings, precisely as with the cathedral at Cologne, is dwarfing and insignificant. The interior lacks warmth, and there is no doubt that unnecessary vastness in a sacred edifice lessens the desirable effect of repose.

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This handsome edition of the Leatherstocking Tales is printed upon good paper from large type. It is a delightful book, and one which should have a place in every American home. It is the best of the most charming romances that the mind of man has ever conceived. A whole volume's reading is completed in a nameless volume. All who have not read Cooper's stories of the red man and the pioneer, full of incident, intensely interesting, abounding in adventure, yet pure, elevating, manly, and entirely devoid of all the objectionable features which mar the modern story. No reading could be more wholesome for young or old than Cooper's romances. An entirely new edition of the Leatherstocking Tales has just been published, in one large and handsome volume of over three hundred pages, containing all of these famous romances, complete, unaltered and unimpaired, viz.:

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TO ADVANCE THE STANDARD OF TYPEWRITING!

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Yost Writing Machine Co.

(To Operators in the United States and Canada.)

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10 Prizes of \$100, - 1000  
20 " " 50, - 1000  
20 " " 25, - 500  
50 " " 10, - 500  
10 " " 100, - 1000  
\$5000

ONE GRAND PRIZE OF \$1000 will be given to the successful competitor on the Yost Writing Machine who shall write in the shortest space of time—all in the presence of the Judges, and one of each style of work to be written from dictation on the spot—two business letters, two insurance company's annual reports, and two commercial balance sheets. These twelve letters long, paper thirteen and a half inches wide. The Judges to be appointed by the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN FAIR COMMITTEE shall be appointed to judge of the typewriting exhibits at the Fair. Those intending to compete for this grand prize of \$1000 must send in their names and addresses one month before the trial, which will be held in Chicago shortly after the opening of the World's Columbian Exhibition.

TEN PRIZES OF \$100 EACH will be given to pupils in typewriting schools, or operators anywhere, for the best ten original essays, not exceeding four thousand words each, written upon the Yost Writing Machine. Subject: "Typewriting as a Fine Art," "The Future of Typewriting," or any of the list of subjects furnished by the Yost Writing Machine Company.

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TWENTY PRIZES OF \$25 EACH will be given to pupils in typewriting schools, or operators anywhere, as follows: Ten prizes for the best ten transcripts, upon the Yost Writing Machine, of legal matter to be furnished. And ten prizes for the ten best samples, upon the Yost Writing Machine, of new and original designs of fancy work. Particulars furnished.

FIFTY PRIZES OF \$10 EACH will be given to pupils in typewriting schools, EXCLUSIVELY, as follows: Ten for the best ten original essays, not exceeding two thousand words, written upon the Yost Writing Machine—subject: "The Excellence of the Yost Writing Machine"; ten for the best ten transcripts on the Yost Writing Machine of legal matter to be furnished; ten for the best ten original designs of fancy work upon the Yost Writing Machine; and twenty for the best twenty business letters written upon the Yost Writing Machine. Particulars furnished. Winners of any of the higher prizes for SIMILAR WORK to be barred from this competition.

TEN PRIZES OF \$100 EACH will be given to the proprietors of the ten typewriting schools whose respective pupils obtain the largest number of the above-named prizes. Full Particulars as to the conditions governing all these contests furnished upon application to the

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO., 71 and 73 Broadway, New York,

OR IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.

Second-hand Remington's, Caligraph's, Hammond's and other machines for sale cheap.



THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AT WASHINGTON, SEPT. 10.

and laid down the market and sword and returned to the pursuits of a peaceful life, leaving behind the habits of the field and camp and becoming once more farmers, merchants and mechanics and laborers. But once a year it has been the custom of many of them to come together at some central point, and, exchanging fraternal greetings, revive the memory of days gone by, of war and valor and bitter struggle and heroic endurance, of hardship and disaster and of final and glorious victory.

For twenty-five years the comrades have met in this way, but never in that long time have they gathered at Washington. Now the ranks are thinning out, old faces are missing and the list of the famous generals who led their men to victory and have gone on the imperishable roll of honor is growing sparse.

So, as the years rolled past, and the comrades dropped out of line, the remainder of that great host has longed to come once again to the capital city and tread once more the broad sweep of that magnificent avenue on which they stepped with erect figure and martial bearing in 1865, at the

greatest antiquity as Canterbury. St. Dunstan's chapel was a vestry room 600 years ago. In the family vault of the Ropers in this church still lies the head of Sir Thomas More. From this venerable church, famous for its patron saint, its great antiquity and its chimes, the way, now a Canterbury street, intersects the ancient city from west to east, crossing the two arms of the river Stour, which make an island of the western precincts of the town, and passes straight on to Dover—the veritable street and way built by the legions of Julius Caesar.

Before you descend the hill at the east of Harbledown you cannot but long and earnestly study the interesting scene below. The valley of the Stour reaches far to the north and south, an almost limitless lawn, broken only by blossoming hedge and glassy threadings of the river, half hid hamlets and the city's central mass of gray and red and green. Mossy St. Dunstan's is here to your left. At the northeastern edge of the city three huge towers and towers is what is left of the once world famous St. Augustine's monastery. Nearer to where you stand is Dane John hill and obelisk. Between this and St. Dunstan's that broken line of gray marks the ancient city walls. Some of this masonry is more than 1,100 years old. Five or six of the turrets of these ancient walls still show like castle towers among the bright red city roofs.

But all sights and seemings bring back our eye to the one mass of white, to which the city towers, roofs and foliage and all the valleys, fields and hamlets are as a wide Etruscan base. It soars from buttresses to towers, from towers to spires and from spires to pinnacles, fleecy and glittering in its wondrous dimensions and height, majestic, spotless, faultless, and as fancifully light and delicate as a vast and shapely crag of coral from which the sea has disappeared and left it among the dallying clouds.

From Westgate to the eastern arm of the Stour the thoroughfare is called St. Peter's. Then, in the densest part of the city, the way is given the inevitable name of High street, which you will find in nearly every cathedral town of England. Here are scores of the ancient houses like those of Chester, Gloucester and Exeter. Over them all seems to brood a mournful air of departed glory.

As you arrive opposite our own, and venerable St. Mary Bredman's church a glimpse is caught, to the west and north, of the quaint lane in all Canterbury. This is Mercery Lane. In the olden days each trade or class of merchants was given a

separate thoroughfare. The mercers or haberdashers occupied Mercery Lane. It is now filled with a manner of little shops, where merchants instead of monks set upon the modern pilgrim. Overhead the houses protrude, story after story, until the gables are within whispering proximity. It is a pleasant place in which to loiter, this Mercery Lane.

ARE YOU BILIOUS? USE PARSON'S PILLS.

"Best Liver Pill Made" Positively cures BILIOUSNESS and BILLY HEADACHE, all Liver and Bowel Complaints. Put up in Glass Vials, each containing a full course of treatment. Sold everywhere. Full particulars free. Write to J. B. JOHNSON & CO., 111 Broadway, New York.

JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment. UNLIKE ANY OTHER. For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL use. ORIGINATED By an Old Family Physician. Dropped on Scurvy, Chliferous Sores to take it for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Pain. Stomach inflammation in body or limb, like magic. Cures Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Stiff Joints, Strains, Sprains, Bruises, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Burns, Scalds, Itch, Swellings, etc. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists. J. B. JOHNSON & CO., 111 Broadway, New York.

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HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia For Biliousness Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 481 St. East Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Sold in St. John by S. McDIARMID, and in MAHONEY, Indiana.

"ASTRA" BRAND

[Correspondent's address: Providence, St. John.]

I have been so last that I don't feel about anything but lovers, cigarettes, me fat, stale and un to discard upon draughts, mustard of the head, and chin I am better now, so I suppose I should cheerful view of the hardly possible who letters which have illness and which me.

DORRETHEA.—you any good, or anes to you, I might have never done your rule and write to you not see what service I am an utter stranger me, and I should not you.—I cannot but imagine what benefit from a letter from be nothing more as ever through this I write naturally to a secret. I do not know much, but don't have our burdens I know, and they that when I was ill, had not been for two more—I would have them down finally, perplexity of it all. do that, however we must go on to them. I thank you for kind invitation, but home, and now I do able to do so for a comfort to you to me. I shall be glad any time.

LUCILLE, Nova S to hear from you ag you had really not

BUTTERCUP.—I when you adopt a one you have been you would mention very confusing no correspondents out think the country in winter, too, for that fer to live in town d will find your long worlds of good, esp

HEARTS.—I you have always been answered and (1) I should con unladylike to the I did not see it. (2) sense should answer but since you are at no do not have a nor that such ma happily. Many th from Geoffrey and

K.—St. John.—I much that I thought enjoy it, too, as it ing, so I hope you

Mr. Dana Farson gave you so much trouble. I have sent it to you, possibly, get it getting so chilly that I rest. I have a way in a Florida orange there. In vision now I guinea pig, sitting in a glass, and I wish you in happy holidays, and Dunstan's church, the grocer's din which the "O" which I would that vanished take us, I much fear, from dead. (Quality) Respect

I hope you will get buy the Change and to your writing to do the author of that p on home talent! D column to find a q we threw ourselves legibly if I had at the one question b and only last week trouble of writing you asked about, under the impression I was not in the which she regretted as she had only so I am sure we shall

LILY.—I think you in seeking a young man behaved pretending to be a treated you in an a refuse to recognize a most ample apol havior is caused b either someone has in your absence, or and has taken this of ring rid of you. In is contemptible, be ing is quite so mean as to cherish a grudge who is utterly uncon you cause for offend asked for an explan of the name would I think I would advise and dignified note to demand an expla and demand an expla are the injured part any sense of just matters. This is give you, and I hope use. Let me know be interested. Man

OLD SAGA.—I must is an indication of say the girl refer proper sphere in so lady or gentleman of God's creature's cruelty in every form garity.

THE SAGA.—I must is an indication of say the girl refer proper sphere in so lady or gentleman of God's creature's cruelty in every form garity.

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rs, which are... and beautiful... n... first-class Dry... inion.

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\$2.90 additional... Thackeray's works... 7 volumes, handsome... bound in cloth, library... edition, with 177... illustrations for \$2.90... an unequalled offer... We do not think it will... last long because our... supply is limited, and... we may not be able to... duplicate our orders at... the same figure. The... retail bargain price is... usually \$6.00. The... set is listed at \$10.00... given for one new or... renewed subscription... and \$2.90 additional.

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TALES,

per. "His popularity... chiefly American book... one American book has... "Tom's Cabin," and only... has since gained a... with Cooper's stories... but his charming ro... of lakes and the prairie... and the tale of the sea... the new generation of... are Cooper's stories... in adventure, yet... and entirely devoid of... with the same vigor... more wholesome for... than the modern India... tales.

FATHER-FINDER

THE PATRIOT

"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

I have been so terribly ill since we met last that I don't feel as if I wanted to talk about anything but illness! Love and lovers, etiquette and fashion, all seem to me flat, stale and unprofitable, and I want to discuss upon quinine pills; sleeping draughts, mustard poultices on the back of the head, and chicken broth. However, I am better now, though still far from well, so I suppose I should begin to take a more cheerful view of things, though that is hardly possible when I gaze at the pile of letters which have accumulated during my illness and which must be answered.

DOROTHY.—If I thought I could do you any good, or be of any real assistance to you, I might possibly do what I have never done yet—break through my rule and write to you privately, but I can not see what service it would do you. I am an utter stranger to you as you are to me, and I should not know what to say to you. I confess I am utterly at a loss to imagine what benefit you expect to derive from a letter from me. At best, it would be nothing more satisfactory than an answer through this column, as it is hard to write naturally to a person we have never seen. I do sympathize with you very much, but don't you know that we all have our burdens to bear? I have mine, I know, and they press so heavily upon me that when I was ill, a little while ago, it had not been for two or three people—not more—I would have been glad to lay them down finally, and be done with the perplexity of it all. But you see we can't do that, however much we may wish to; we must go on to the end, and we can seldom get anyone to help us through those burdens, they are our own and we must bear them. I thank you very sincerely for your kind invitation, but I very seldom leave home, and now I do not imagine I shall be able to do so for a long time. It is so comfortable to you to write and hear from me, I shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

LUCILLE, Nova Scotia.—I was delighted to hear from you again, and to know that you had really not forgotten me.

BUTTERCUP.—I wish very much that when you adopt a different name from the one you have been in the habit of using you would mention your former name, as it is very confusing not to know which of my correspondents is addressing me. Yes, I think the country in summer is lovely, in winter, too, for that matter, though I prefer to live in town during the winter. You will find your long journey will do you worlds of good, especially the bathing.

HEARTSEASE.—I am glad to know that you have always been pleased with your answers, and trust you will continue to be. (1) I should consider them vulgar and unadvised to the last degree. (2) No, I did not see it. (3) Your own common sense should answer that question for you, but since you ask me for my opinion, no, I don't believe in marrying for money, nor that such marriages ever turn out happily. Many thanks for the love, both from Geoffrey and myself.

K.—St. John.—I enjoyed your letter so much that I thought I would let the girls enjoy it, too, as it was well worth publishing, so I hope you won't mind.

My dear Emma.—I am very sorry I gave you so much trouble in regard to that question. I have sent it to an American journal and may possibly get it answered. The greater getting so chilly that I am thinking seriously of leaving my lovely home (not my lovely wife) in a Florida orange-grove and taking my wife there. In vision now I see no there, a happy, idyllic, golden path, sitting in the open air, and loudly cooing "sweet-trees," and looking at our distant friends through the haze of the distance, and wishing they were there with us, seated in happy bliss, and listening in drowsy rest, to the sweet voices of Key West, and waiting for the grocer's man which would raise the "key-words": "O where there is a man who will liquidate that vanishing loan?" which prompt would take us, much faster, from just to earnest, Astra, dear! (Gaily, with a strong aspirer for mercy)

I hope you will get that lottery money and buy the orange grove. I feel rather hurt at your writing to an American paper for the author of that poem instead of relying on home talent! Did we ever fail in this column to find a quotation wanted, once we threw ourselves on the public? I know not; why, I had six different answers to the one question by the same mail once; and only last week a dear girl took the trouble of writing out the entire poem you asked about, and sending it to me, under the impression that it was the poem I wanted, instead of the author's name, which she regretted she could not tell me as she had only a written copy herself, so I am sure we shall get it in time.

LILY.—I think you were perfectly right in seeking an explanation, but the young man behaved scandalously, no one pretending to be a gentleman could have treated you in such a manner, and I should refuse to recognize him until he has made a most ample apology. I think his behavior is caused by one of two things, either someone has been making mischief in your absence, or else he is tired of you, and has taken this cowardly method of getting rid of you. In any case his conduct is contemptible, because you know nothing is quite so mean and narrow minded as to cherish a grudge against a person who is utterly unconscious of having given you cause for offense, and after you had asked for an explanation, any man worthy of the name would have given it. (2) I think I would advise you to write a cool and dignified note to the ladies referred to, and demand an explanation. I should not be pleading at all, but very stiff, as you are the injured party, and if they have any sense of justice they will explain matters. This is the best advice I can give you, and I hope it will be of some use. Let me know the sequel, as I shall be interested. Many thanks for the love.

OLD SAGA, St. John.—Not at all a pretty name, I must say! Since all cruelty is an indication of a coarse mind, I should say the girl referred to would find her proper sphere in some scullery. No true lady or gentleman ever hurts the meanness of God's creatures, so, as I said before, cruelty in every form indicates innate vulgarity.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Specialty Prepared from Fractional Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress." (Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Editor Seasonable Recipes," Progress, St. John.)

He (just after the honeymoon; at their first dinner at home). "And so my own little wife made this herself; and pray, what does she call it?" She. "Well, I made it for bread, but when it came out of the oven, I concluded simply to eat it as it was, and I call it pudding."—Life.

The Bright Side.—She (after he had proposed). "But I cannot cook, nor can I wash dishes." He. "Well then I am just the man you should marry, because I cannot buy anything in the world that I shall therefore not need any dishes."—Life.

Just One More.—He. "Did you cook the pair of black ducks I sent home, dear?" She. "Yes, love, I tried them." He. "Fried them! For mercy sake, why didn't you pickle them?"

These little stories contain much truth, and each one contains a moral for young girls. Surely it is a sign of the times when in one of more of the great monthly magazines, and from these down to the daily and weekly newspapers, periodical letters and articles on the subject of cooking are given to the public. What does it mean? That the world is in a hurry to learn to cook, and more of them; that many have turned their attention to the cultivation and better development of this art, and also that many are willing to learn. The study of cookery is fascinating and there is now every opportunity for our girls to learn to make themselves useful as well as ornamental members of society. They should see to it that funny paragraphs no longer draw upon their ignorance of what is now considered one of the fine arts, for their jakes.

The four following receipts are some of "Cousin Madge's." They are particularly adapted for those who desire to live decently. The first is for dressing cakes, which is an admirable way of treating the remains of cold joints.

Lettuce Cakes. Take the leaves of two or three lettuces, wash them in cold water, then put them for four or five minutes into boiling water, lay them on a board and put a tablespoonful of the following mixture on the centre of each leaf: 8 oz. minced meat, 2 oz. cooked rice, a little chopped parsley and onion, pepper and salt to taste, mixed with two beaten eggs; roll the leaves tightly for the oysters and drop in a pan, cover them with stock or water, stew over a slow fire for half an hour; arrange on a dish, and, just before serving, take half a cup of the liquor, and stir by degrees with two beaten eggs and the juice of one lemon. Pour this sauce over the cakes. Cabbage leaves can be used prepared in the same manner.

Brains Alla Venezia. This is an Italian receipt: Well clean and wash two calves' brains, put in pan with boiling salted water, and the juice and rind of one lemon. Stew over slow fire for one hour. Take out of pan, and cut into small even pieces, pour over the following sauce: Half a pint of the strained liquor that brains were stewed in, four yolks of eggs well beaten, two ounces butter rolled in flour, the juice of one lemon, dessert spoonful of sugar, and pinch of ground nutmeg. Stir all together and condensed, arrange the pieces of brain on dish. Pour sauce over.

Chocolate Biscuits are beguiling, are they not, says Madge, and this is by no means a difficult way to make them: Beat six yolks of eggs, one and a half ounces powdered chocolate, and six ounces powdered sugar for twenty minutes; add six whites of eggs well whisked in by degrees six ounces of flour; when all well mixed, put the paste in even spoonfuls on greased paper, on biscuit tin. Bake in very slack oven for about thirty minutes.

The following makes A Picturesque Little Dish, As well as very good eating: Make a ragout of stewed sorrel and a little melted butter, and mix with it a little cream; also make two French omelets. For these, beat well four eggs with a gill of cream, pour half the mixture into an omelet pan containing a very little heated butter; scatter over it some finely-minced cold fowl, parsley, small cres, a dash of pepper and salt. Do not turn it. Make the second omelet in the same way. Lay the ragout of sorrel between them; garnish the dish with fried bread standing up like a paste border. This may be done by dipping the edge of each piece into the white of an egg so that it will stick. Pour good melted butter over each one, stew them with bread crumbs, and screen with grated Parmesan cheese. Brown with a salamander. Garnish with small pickled gherkins and scarlet capicums.

Chicken Livers. The livers of chickens, generally burned black in the roasting, and consequently wasted, are delicious when made into this ragout: Prepare a sauce by mincing an equal quantity of ham and bacon, put it into a stewpan with a lump of butter, bouquet of parsley, an onion, sliced carrot, three cloves, a bay-leaf, half a clove of garlic, and a wineglassful of white wine; let it simmer for an hour, then pass through a sieve. Lard seven fat chicken's livers with narrow strips of truffles, set them in a stewpan on small pieces of butter, moisten them with a rich gravy, and let them cook slowly for twenty minutes with covered stewpan in a hot oven. Then drain and dish them, covering them with the above sauce. A piece of fried bread should be placed between each liver, and a fine truffle in the centre of the dish. Rabbit livers can be prepared in the same way.

Oyster Stew—Milk Stew. Cook the oysters and the milk in separate sauce pans. Dip the oysters from the saucepan into the bowl they are to be served in, add a ladleful of the milk and a small piece of fresh butter. Serve oyster crackers separately with the stew.

Just Opened.

Children's English Ankle Ties, Spring Heels. Children's French Ankle Ties, Spring Heels. Children's Dongola Ankle Ties, Spring Heels. Children's Bronze (Paris made) Ties. Children's Bronze (Paris made) Ankle Ties. Children's Dongola one strap Shoes. Children's Dongola two strap Shoes. Children's Hand-Sewn Oxford and Button Shoes.

Our assortment of Children's Fine Footwear is the largest and most complete we have yet shown, and includes lines from the best English, French, American and Canadian manufacturers, in different widths and Half-Sizes.

WATERBURY & RISING, 34 King and 212 Union Sts.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS COMPANY.

Lace Curtains Cleaned & Dyed by a French Process

Office—South Side King Square, Works—Elm Street North End, St. John, New Brunswick.

Oysters do not always curdle the milk when boiled in it, but there is always a danger that they may, so the rule is not to run any risk. Instead, cook the oysters in the milk, although good for flavor, always makes a dingy looking stew, with a scum on top. To obtain the best quality and appearance, boil some oyster liquor separately and keep it ready for orders. As it reaches boiling point the scum on top must be skimmed off, and after that pour it through a fine strainer into a clean saucepan, and you have the oyster essence clear and ready for use without detriment to the appearance.

It is with cooking an oyster as with cooking an egg. It may be soft-boiled or hard-boiled, only there is the difference that an oyster boiled hard is spoiled. To cook oysters for stew, set some of the liquor that has been boiled as above mentioned in a little saucepan and drop in the oysters with a fork. Add a pinch of salt if needed, a little pepper, shake them back and forth while heating, and as soon as the liquor fairly boils they are done. Time, about three minutes, or less, for one stew.

Oyster Pies. These are very nice for luncheon or tea. The size can be varied according to requirements. They can be individual pies of the size of a small saucer or larger to admit of division. Lay a very thin crust of common pie paste on the plate or saucer, and do not take others said to be as good, some of which are made from waters absolutely impure.

White Oyster Sauce—Common. A cupful of oyster liquor prepared as for oyster stew. Butter, the size of an egg. 1 tablespoonful of flour. Have the liquor boiling. Drop the oysters into it, and as soon as they are heated through take them out and keep hot. Stir the flour made into thickening with a little water into the liquor, then the butter, and last the oysters. Boil up again and take from the fire before the oysters become hard.

White Oyster Sauce—Common. A cupful of oyster liquor prepared as for oyster stew. Butter, the size of an egg. 1 tablespoonful of flour. Have the liquor boiling. Drop the oysters into it, and as soon as they are heated through take them out and keep hot. Stir the flour made into thickening with a little water into the liquor, then the butter, and last the oysters. Boil up again and take from the fire before the oysters become hard.

THE Grodger's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup. The Grodger's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup, St. John, N. B. GASTRO-ENTERIC: For five long years I suffered with the worst form of DYSPEPSIA imaginable. I could eat nothing without distress, even the lightest food causing me untold agony. For the last three years I have been confined to my bed more than half my time. I would have terrible distress in my stomach, severe headache, and be so dizzy at times that everything around me would grow dark; many a time I have said: "I wish I were dead!" I tried all kinds of Dyspepsia CURES without any relief whatever, and my physician did me no good. Very respectfully, GEO. H. MCKEE, I hereby certify that I gave a bottle of Grodger's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup to my brother, Geo. H. McKee, and that he believed the above statement to be true. Signed, E. H. W. INGRAHAM, with T. A. Chipman Smith & Co., ST. JOHN, N. B.

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PLAYED AND ENDORSED BY The World's Most Eminent Musicians and Pronounced by Them THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE! W. H. MOORE & SONS, St. John, N. B. Agents for the Maritime Provinces.



# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The average weight of a horse is 1000 pounds.

The first American paper money was made in 1740.

Mount Etna had its first recorded eruption in 425 B. C.

Covered carriages were first used in England in 1800.

The next transit of Venus will occur in the year of 2004.

Brazil declared her independence of Spain, Sept. 18, 1810.

Corn on the ear is never found with an uneven number of rows.

The human family is subject to 44 principal forms of government.

Manitoba has 627 schools, with 640 teachers, and 23,256 pupils.

Salmon, pike, and goldfish are said to be the only fish that never sleep.

The highest speed attained by a typewriter is 200 words a minute.

The whole number of stars known to astronomers at present is 10,000.

Eighty-five per cent. of the people who are lame are affected on the left side.

The Davy safety lamp for miners was invented by Sir Humphrey Davy in 1815.

The rifle was invented by Whitworth in 1800; the repeating rifle by Sharp, 1848.

The bagpipe, the favorite Scotch and Italian instrument, was invented in Greece 200 B. C.

Window glass was used in Italy in churches in the eleventh century, in English houses in 1557.

The Normans landed in England A. D. 1066, and the Spanish invasion was established in 1480.

Copper-plate engraving was first done in 1511, wood engraving in 1729, etching on metal with acid in 1512.

Cannon were invented in 1330, were used by the Turks at Adrianople in 1453, were made in England in 1547.

At the castle Simonetta, Italy, there is an angle in the building which re-echoes a pistol shot sixty-one times.

Glass mirrors were known in A. D. 23, but the art of making them was lost and not recovered until 1300, in Venice.

The last census shows that while 33,163 lawyers receive \$35,000,000 every year in fees, 37,000 ministers get only \$6,000,000.

Quill pens were first used A. D. 553; steel pens were invented by Wise, of England, 1805, and improved by Gillott, 1822.

Tobacco was taken to Europe by the Spaniards early in the sixteenth century; was introduced into England by Raleigh in 1555.

It has only been eighty-one years since the first tomatoes were introduced into America. The original plant was cultivated as a vegetable curiosity at Salem, Mass.

If the atmospheric pressure is fourteen pounds to the square inch as usually reckoned, the man of average size is constantly subjected to a pressure of 28,000 pounds.

The first circumnavigation of the globe was completed by Magellan, Sept. 8, 1522, and on Sept. 26, 1579, Sir Francis Drake completed the first English circumnavigation.

According to the almanac, autumn opens on the first of September, but according to the astronomers, it does not begin until the equinox, the 22nd of September, when the sun starts on its southward march.

The healthiest trade is said to be that of a waller, a man who attends to the pans in salt works. If he falls in he dies, but while he lives he is free from cholera, small-pox, scarlet fever and probably influenza.

Canada lacks only 237,000 square miles to be as large as the whole continent of Europe; it is nearly thirty times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and is 500,000 square miles larger than the United States.

An eminent physician believes that savage races have better color perception than civilized. Of 100 Indian boys he found none color blind; another group of 250 had but two, while none of the girls was found to be color.

An advertisement of a new stage coach, which it was proposed, in 1790, should run between Dublin and Sligo, set forth, as a special attraction to passengers, that the coach was "lined with copper, and therefore completely bullet proof."

The actual consumption of intoxicants on one of the large ocean steamers during a voyage from New York to Liverpool was 8,030 quarts and 17,613 pints of champagne, 13,941 quarts and 7,310 pints of claret, 9,200 quarts of other wines, 489,344 pints of ale and porter, and 34,400 quarts of "spirited liquors."

Canada's pensioners number 210. There are 41 survivors of the war of 1812, the youngest of whom is aged 89 years. The ages of 31 of these veterans (the ages of the remaining ten are not given) when added together made a total of 2,992 years, being an average age of 96½ years each. There is one old warrior who has seen seven summers since his hundredth birthday, and the ages of two are given as 104.

The English ivy attains so great an age that in England they say it never dies. There are ivy stocks 10 or 12 inches in diameter which are known to have been

planted as slips 600 to 800 years ago. An English winter is not severe enough to kill it, while the extreme moisture of the climate induces a luxuriant growth and a rich green, which is unsurpassed by nothing in the vegetable kingdom. It is planted against the old walls, and often trained on screens to conceal unsightly buildings, and everywhere forms one of the most attractive features in an English landscape.

**"PROVERB" PICKINGS.**

"Mamma," said little Johnnie, "if I swallowed a thermometer would I die by degrees?"—Boston Post.

No one can blame the oyster for not showing his appreciation of the fall opening.—Baltimore American.

"Much adue about nothing," remarked the summer boarder when his bill was presented.—Binghamton Republican.

The man who marries his own typewriter is pretty likely to do most of his dictating prior to marriage.—Boston Bulletin.

"A man may be drove to drink," said Officer McCobb, "but to git 'im away from it I find he has to be pulled."—Indianapolis.

"Does the new railroad pass your property?" asked a city man of his country minister.—"No, it don't. It won't even pass our minister—he has to pay reg'lar rates," was the discolorate reply.

He Lacked Vim—She—"Did you kiss me then?" He (in confusion)—"Yes." She—"Are you ashamed of yourself?" He—"Y-e-s." She—"Well, I don't blame you if that's the way you kiss."

George—"Do you think it is safe for me to approach your pa on the subject?" Lucy—"I think, George, you had better wait until October. He always has the rheumatism in October."—Texas Sittings.

"Her taste in music is improving wonderfully," said one young woman. "Why?" replied the other, "she never plays or sings now."—"Yes," was the rejoinder, "that is how I know."—Washington Post.

Eve—"Addy, my dear, I'm going shopping this morning. Can you let me have a hundred dollars?" Adam—"Great heavens, Eve! You seem to believe the report that I'm made of dust!"—Harper's Bazar.

And why did the maiden softly sigh  
And lower her lovely face,  
And why did tears come to her eye  
And leave their salt trails?  
"Oh, dear," she cried, "I never thought,"  
Her lips expressed a point,  
"You had your trousers creased so nice  
And I have sat them out."

Tutter—"Awfully pretty baby of yours, Bender, but—er—what is it a boy or girl?" Bender—"Can't you tell it's a girl?" Tutter—"No. How on earth do you tell?" Bender—"Can't you see? Her reaching up to put her mother's hat on straight."

Mrs. Millet—"Well, Mrs. Clover, I reckon you saw a heap of the noise and bustle of the city." Mrs. Clover—"Yes, there was a good deal of noise, but the bustle was such little mites you couldn't hardly see 'em."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A well-ordered household.—Gentlemen—"Good evening, my little dear. Is your papa at home?" Little Dear—"I don't know; I'll see. Mamma is at home, and when she's around I can never tell whether papa is here or not, he's so quiet."—Good News.

"Say, Sam, why is it you carry a bucket of water in one hand and a tiny piece of ice in the other?" Ice-man—"Well, I tell you; some o' my customers get up late, and I just leave a little lump of ice and pour a whole bucket of water on it. See?"—Judge.

Willie—"Mr. Dashaway, what is a thoroughbred?" Dashaway—"A thoroughbred, Willie, is a fellow who is game for anything." Willie—"Then von must be one." Dashaway—"Why?" Willie—"Sister says you are game for her."—New York Herald.

Mamma (enthusiastically)—"How I wish we could afford to send Nellie abroad for a few finishing touches to her musical education!" Papa (no ear for music)—"I could buy the finish without the touches, I'd pawn the furniture."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"I'm sure I'd give satisfaction," said the man who wanted a place on an ice wagon. "I've got a record as a sprinter, mister." "What has that to do with your application?" "Why, I could get from the wagon to the front door before the ice melts, every time."

Mr. Hall B. Roome—"Do you buy your sausage by the pound, Mrs. Hamonee?" Mrs. Hamonee—"Yes; why?" Mr. Hall B. Roome—"Nothing; only I would humbly suggest that in future you select a butcher shop a little more remote from that institution."—Puck.

She (letting him down easy)—"I'm sure, Mr. Hardleigh, that you can find plenty of girls right here who could make you much happier than I could." He (mournfully)—"Yes, but you see that's just the point. I've asked 'em all. You are my only chance."—Brooklyn Life.

Mother—"Have you heard how Mr. Spanker is this morning?" Small son—"Oh, he's all right. He's gettin' well fast." "Who told you?" "No one." "Then how do you know?" "His little boys has begun to hear w'en their mother calls."—Street & Smith's Good News.

Always Ahead.—Mr. Blecker—I see, Mr. Lively, that so far the World's Fair people have managed to get the biggest deficit ever known in a great exhibition at the present stage of the work. Mr. Lively (of Chicago, proudly)—Chicago always has the biggest of everything, sir.

His dying request.—Physician (to dying editor)—"My poor friend, I can not conceal the truth from you any longer. You have only half an hour to live." Editor (feebly)—"Doctor will you please tell the foreman, when I am gone, to place my obituary on the front page, top of column, next to pure reading matter? I wonder if I am extravagant in indulging myself in that luxury for once in my life?"—Puck.

## MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The oldest member of the Beecher family, Dr. Edward, is now in his 90th year. He preached in his great brother's, Henry Ward, ordination in Lawrenceburg, Ind., and the latter always regarded him as his mentor in religious liberality.

Martin E. Brown has been awarded the contract for printing the official ballots of the ensuing election in New York City. The aggregate number of ballots required is 11,824,000, for which Mr. Brown is to get \$3.75 per 1,000, or over \$40,000.

Baldwin the famous parachutist, spent two years and a half in Europe, during which time he gained \$100,000. He would not enter his parachute at the Alexandra Palace for less than \$700 per journey. This sum he used to receive in gold, tied up in two stout bags, before he left.

Mrs. Martha Ricks, the aged negress, came all the way from Liberia to England in order to see Queen Victoria, has returned to her African home. Mrs. Ricks has been so much petted and well treated by royalty that she will have enough topics and to spare to last her in gossip during the remainder of her life.

Humbert, the King of Italy, is wonderfully fond of driving, and keeps upwards of two hundred horses in his stables for the purpose. His Majesty's difficulty is that a public he takes of his hat three times a minute with his right hand, and he is consequently obliged with the left to hold the reins, guide the horses, and also hold the whip.

Some years ago, when the late Victor Hugo was a resident in Jersey, his manuscripts were bound under the great poet's own eye, by Mr. Henry Turner, of Mill street, Guernsey. So careful was the author about them, that during the process of binding Mr. Turner had to return them to the Hauteville House every night, and fetch them back next morning, lest they should suffer from fire, or get otherwise injured.

The house at Valladolid, Spain, in which Columbus died, is now used as a cow stable. Above the stone archway is a time-stained medallion, bearing a man's head, standing out in bold relief on the success. Underneath is the engraved inscription, "Aquino Colon—Año 1506." (Here died Columbus, year 1506). Close to this hung a small signboard with the following inscription: "New milk sold here; you may see it milked."

Charles E. Hatcher, one of Capt. McGrath's secretaries in the city delivery department of the Chicago postoffice, is preparing a unique exhibit for the postoffice at the World's Fair grounds. Part of Mr. Hatcher's duties is to decipher badly addressed letters after all the postoffice experts in that line have failed. In this Mr. Hatcher has no equal. The bulk of the badly addressed letters come from foreign lands. In sorting over these letters, Mr. Hatcher kept an account of the number of different ways the word Chicago is spelled. The record now shows 197 different ways.

The bust of the queen upon which the Princess Louise has been engaged for some months is now complete. It is a notable example of the princess's skill, and standing in the queen's boudoir at Osborne, it has attracted much attention among members of the royal family. The princess has also been at work upon some pictures, which are intended for Chicago, and these, it is said, will enter the exhibition when sold, the proceeds being given to one of the charitable institutions in this country in which she takes so much interest. Of all the daughters of the queen, Princess Victoria is the best artist, though she is closely run by Princess Beatrice.

Whittier was always inclined to depreciate himself. His story is told of him illustrating his innate modesty. A gentleman sojourning at a certain Eastern summer resort in the course of his rambles came across an elderly, sweet tempered old man, who was withal quite genial. As they walked along nothing seemingly escaped the eye of the old gentleman, who plucked the wayside flowers and remarked repeatedly, "How beautiful." He said his so often that his companion was about to put him down as an agreeable old crank or a "Nancy," but when they reached the hotel he asked the hotel clerk out of curiosity, "Who is that old gentleman?" "That, sir, is John Greenleaf Whittier."

Safe in her Highland retreat, Queen Victoria has now plenty of leisure in which to recover from that fearful ordeal of hand-kissing through which she and so many eminent noblemen and gentlemen have lately passed. Nobody could pick up a newspaper without reading something about it; so what a mercy it is that all is over until the next time. It is recorded that when the Queen as a young girl held her first Council, she blushed up to the eyes when her elderly uncle, the Duke of Sussex, kissed her hand in token of homage. Her Majesty was not accustomed to her rank then, nor to such reverence from her elders; but she soon became used to it all. Any blushing now is done by new ministers hardly yet accustomed to their position and sensitive as to what their colleagues think of them while going through the graceful constitutional performance.

The name of Sarah Helen Whitman will be forever associated with the name of Edgar A. Poe as that of the woman he most passionately loved during life and who most jealously guarded and defended his memory when he was dead. Their names will be linked together like the names of Surrey and the fair Geraldine. Byron and Mary Chaworth. Burns and Highland Mary. It is well known that after the death of his child wife, Virginia Clemm, Poe, seeking "surcease of sorrow for his lost Lenore," became engaged to Mrs. Whitman. But it was not to be; the engagement, for some mysterious reason that never has been clearly explained, was broken off. That Poe was blameless in position at the present stage of the work of the matter is proved by Mrs. Whitman's affection for his memory and defence of his character. Scarcely was the dead poet in his long neglected grave when slander and obloquy were heaped upon his memory. Mrs. Whitman was one of the first to come to the defence, and she was beautifully said, "she walked backward and threw over his memory the shining mantle of her love." She appeared as his champion whenever he was attacked, whether it was by some penny-litany seeking to puff himself into brief notice by abusing Poe for some silly woman trying to skip into fame on Poe's name.

## "German Syrup"

**Asthma.** "I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Pictou, Ontario."

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**PERRIN'S COUGH DROPS**  
BEST ON EARTH

**Colonial House,**  
PHILLIP'S SQUARE,  
MONTREAL.

WE HAVE A FULL STOCK OF  
**Fruit Jars!**

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Ministers, Students and others suffering from Nervous Debility, Mental Worry, Sleeplessness, Lack of Energy and Loss of Nerve Power, positively cured by HAZELTON'S VITALIZER.  
Address, enclosing 50c stamp for treatise, J. E. HAZELTON, Graduated Pharmacist, 508 Yonge Street, Toronto. July 11, 1892.

A Daily Hint from Paris.



For a gentleman's nob, Any kind of a job Or a straw of a cheap Panama lot, But a lady says "drat it!" "When I buy a hat, it" "Shall be after the style" "LADY CHARLOTTE." "Lady Charlotte" Gelatine is the best.

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For the Summer Season it has no equal. A good, cooling drink, any syrup you want. Buy a book and call often. The Scent for a cent machine is still going. It works easy and gives more than a cent's worth every time.

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This Season's GOODS are All Personally Selected in the Foreign Markets.  
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Always carry a large stock, and are continually receiving New Goods in Watches, Jewelry, Solid Silver, Electro Plate, Clocks, Bronzes and all goods pertaining to the Jewelry Business.  
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Notice to the Travelling Public.  
DURING the repairs of the stringers, and laying the new flooring of the ST. JOHN SUSPENSION BRIDGE, it will be necessary to suspend all travel thereon. The public are therefore notified that on and after  
**Monday, 8th August,**  
the bridge will be closed for some days.  
A. G. BECKWITH,  
Engineer of Public Works.  
Department Public Works,  
Fredericton, Aug. 2, 1892.

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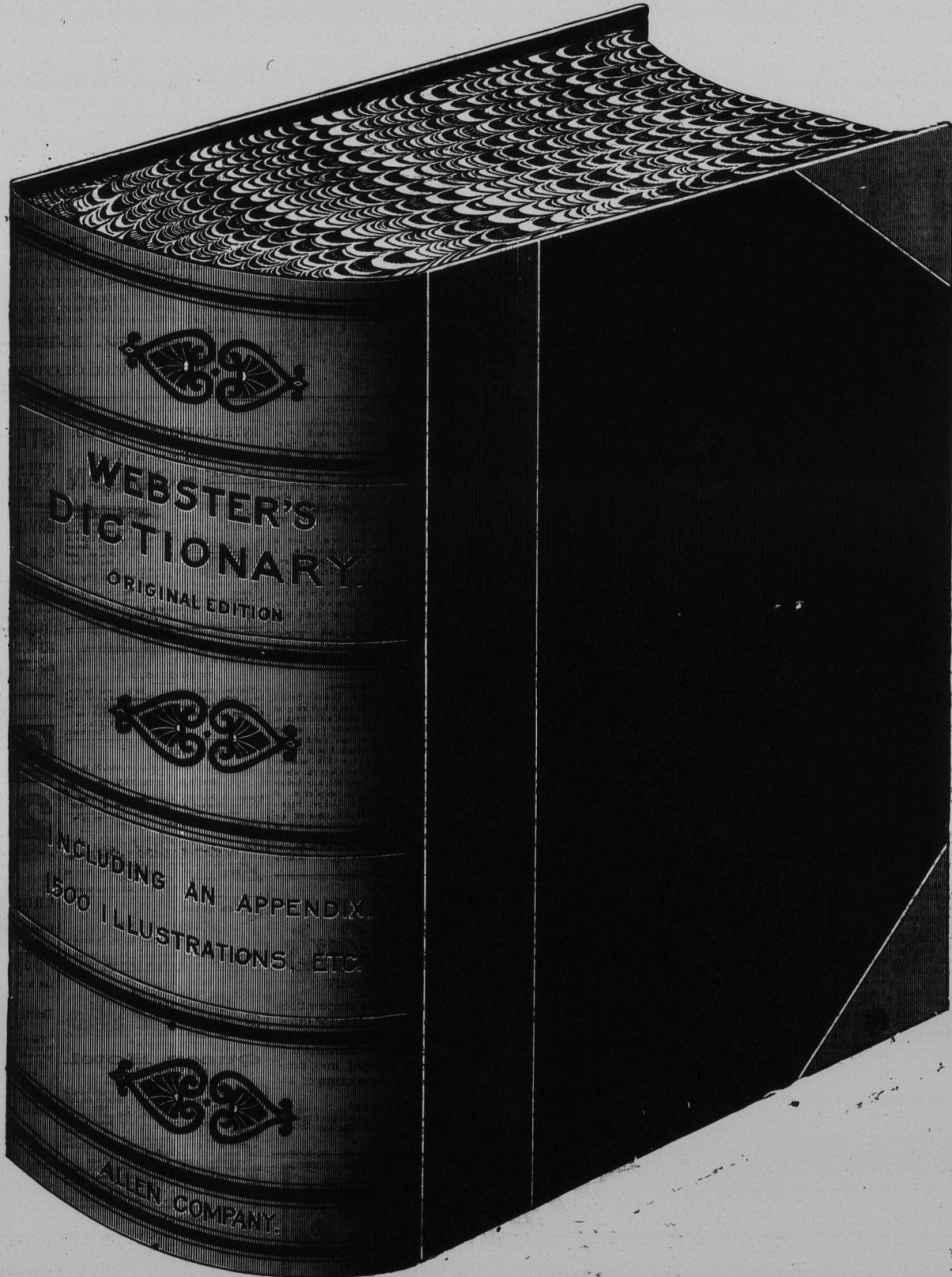
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GABE HARRIS.

The wooden tanks on all the leases in the Hartford region had been full for many days, and every time a well flowed "off a head" the petroleum was wasted. It ran over the tank's brim, saturated the dry leaves and formed pools on the hill sides in the depressions behind the trees and stumps.

The spring had been early; by the last week of April the snow was all gone from the recesses of the deep forest. There had been but little rain, and the warm sun had dried the rotting timber in the woods. The leaves strewn the ground were crisp and combustible as paper. They were scattered hither and thither by the frequent breezes blowing strong from the Great Lakes, and they found lodgment only where they fell into loose petroleum and became soaked. Never were there conditions more favorable for a terribly disastrous forest fire.

Everybody was careful of fire. Men, who, in silent silence, or with angry denunciation of the Pipe Line Company, watched their oil run to waste, forbore smoking in the woods for fear a spark from a pipe would light the conflagration they all dreaded. Drilling was stopped; fires were drawn from the boilers at pumping wells.

The producers had held mass meetings and denounced the action of the company; they had even attempted violence. To all complaints the company seemed indifferent; to protect their property they had called upon the sheriff of the county and his posse, which consisted mainly of men in their employ.

From all the meetings Gabe Harris had been absent. In the attack upon the pump station he had taken no part; but every day he had gone to the office of the "Lines" and asked to have his oil "run." Having made the request and received an answer, he handed the superintendent an estimate amount of petroleum that had run to waste on his lease the previous day. The reply he received was the same that all applicants were met with.

"We have no room, but are increasing our tankage daily, and hope to relieve you soon. However, if you wish to sell your oil for immediate shipment, we will run it at once." "Immediate shipment" oil brought twenty cents a barrel less than the market price for crude petroleum, and many of the producers, pressed by their creditors or needing money to buy the necessities of life, were forced to accept the company's terms. But Gabe though his credit was nearly exhausted, would not thus yield to monopoly. Rather than sell his oil for immediate shipment he would let his creditors have his property, and support his family by working on the streets of Hartford. His home he could retain, for the little portable house with its furniture was paid for, and he had no debt to pay ground rent, as on the leases the surface of the ground had no value, save where the derricks and their engine houses and tanks were located.

Perhaps he would not have been so courageous had he not been of the opinion that his course was right. Her nature, though affectionate and gentle, was independent and self-reliant. Poverty had no terrors for her. She had endured it, had suffered many privations in practicing a rigid economy in order to save the wages Gabe had earned as a driller, so that some day they might have a lease of their own. They had secured one; on it had put down three wells, and were meeting with regularity and promise the notes given for machinery and tanks, when the "shut down" came, and their oil joined to that of other producers on the hill-side—forever lost. She was glad Gabe had not become violent and made threats as his neighbors had done, because she thought must be a display of weakness, and she would have regretted her marriage had she at last found herself the wife of a weak man. She knew she could rely upon his silent determination to win in his conflict with the lines without an appeal to dynamite, which remedy for their abuses was daily threatened by the producers.

Meantime Gabe formed a plan. He resolved to run his oil himself, first gauging his tanks in the presence of witnesses to ascertain the amount they contained; then he would turn the stopcock, and set a donkey engine to work pumping the petroleum into the main line. When his tanks were empty, he would demand of the "Lines" a storage certificate for the amount of the oil run.

On a clear, warm morning in May he kissed his wife good-bye for the day, and set out on horseback for Hartford to make a final demand on the company to run his oil.

His lease was at the head of the Kendall Creek Valley. From the door of his house he could see the Tuna, into which the rapid Kendall Creek emptied. Scattered through the valley were several villages, the nearest to his home being Kendall. On the bank of the creek were a great number of iron storage tanks, each one painted red, and having on one side the name of its owner and its capacity stated in white letters. Gabe had often looked at them, and thought, as many another passer-by had done, what a big fire they would make if the petroleum in one of them should be ignited! But that day as he rode toward them his thoughts were far from the subject of a conflagration in them. Suddenly his reverie was rudely interrupted. The sound of an explosion startled him, and looking up he saw a large, flat object flying in the air. Recognizing it as the roof of an iron tank, he gave rein to his horse and dashed toward the column of smoke and flame intermingled that he saw rising near the town of Kendall.

The petroleum in an iron tank was burning, and he knew with what danger the fire threatened Kendall. The tank was one of a group on the bank of the creek, and if it should overflow or another tank be ignited and burst with an explosion of gas, the burning fluid would surely be borne on the stream among the houses that further down lined its banks. From these houses the town lay in the direction the wind was blowing, and the wooden canvas-lined dwellings were as combustible as tinder. If a fire should break out among the houses on the creek, the town would soon be in ashes and many families homeless.

All of this Gabe comprehended in a moment, and he rode right into the village, shouting to the women whom he saw standing in their doorways and gazing curiously at the blazing petroleum. "Bring all the shovels and picks you can find."

Looking back over his shoulder he saw fire running up the side of the hill, the blazing leaves blown by the wind apparently in a hot race to spread the conflagration, to carry destruction far and wide. At a glance he saw the direction of the fire toward his own home and lease—to ward his wife and children, whom he had left but a half hour before.

At the telegraph station of the "Lines," he drew rein and yelled to the operator: "Tell Hartford we want men with picks and shovels, and we want them quick. Wire the railroad company for a special train."

The operator, who had already reported an iron tank on fire, promptly sent Gabe's message. Before it reached Hartford, Gabe was on his way at full speed on his horse. He rode to within a hundred yards of the burning tank and hitched his horse to a tree on the windward side of the fire. Then snatching a shovel from one woman and a pickaxe from another, he ran to a bend of the creek and began the construction of a dam.

Two old men and some boys came to help him, while the women brought picks and shovels and laid them on the bank of the creek in readiness for use by the husbands and fathers, who, to men were attending a mass meeting of the producers in Hartford.

The blazing oil heated the tank, the flames roaring and struggling to maintain a perpendicular against the wind, growing in force and height steadily.

Gabe was working with wonderful energy making a sluice for the escape of the water, at the same time directing his assistants how to build a dam, which was to be constructed of stone laid one on the other and banked with dirt. The old men, whose strength was unequal to the efforts they put forth in the excitement, leaned on their shovels presently, and took an observation of the progress of the fire, and reckoned on the probability of the small force being able to complete the dam before the overflow would come.

"Why, Gabe, how can you work so hard in this heat with your coat on?" one of them remarked querulously, as he wiped his brow with a soiled handkerchief. "Didn't think of that," said Gabe, and in a moment he was at work again without coat or vest to impede him. "Does go easier," he said cheerily, as he strengthened the side of the sluice with a large stone. "Now if you old fellows ain't played out you can shovel some dirt behind that rock."

"I ain't played out," one of the old men said, "but I'm thinkin' you'd better git fast your horse can carry you, or you won't save much from that little house of yours up to Summit."

One of the boys stopped in his digging, his breath growing short, and looked at the conflagration sweeping up the mountain side. "Gabe, had you better get up and tell your wife the fire's comin'?" he said.

"No; you stay here and dig. Mr. Harris knows as much about the fire comin' her way as we do. She's got eyes."

Yet, with all his cheerful manner and the courage in his voice, Gabe did not dare to look up from his work, for fear the sight of the tempest of flames that was rushing to the destruction of his home would overcome his resolution to save Kendall if possible.

"Bag don't you think you'd better go Gabe?" the old man quered. Charity begins to home, you know."

"Stop pesterin' me and work, or get out of the road!"

The old man, offended, shoveled in a desultory way.

"Spoonfuls don't count; 'tain't the little grains of sand we want here, but shovelfuls," and suiting action to word, Gabe dumped a pile of sand against the stone he had just put in place. The old man, feeling that he was useless, threw down his shovel and walked away; the other one joined him, and together they went to chat with the women who were standing in the highway, alternately gazing at the fire and noting the progress of the dam.

"Is the dam done?" asked one woman eagerly of the old men.

"Done? It will never be done, for the overflow will come first."

"Better get out your things," said the other old man.

This suggestion stampeded the women. They scattered, each to her home, the children crying after their mothers, who were hastening to save keepsakes and small valuables. Here and there a frantic woman carried a baby, but was heedless of its cries.

Meanwhile Gabe was cheering the boys, some of whom were beginning to flag— one, then another of them, pausing to draw a shirt sleeve over his perspiring forehead.

"Here, Dick, you carry stones awhile. You help him, Bill. And you two fellows there with picks, take shovels. We'll beat that fire, or we ain't men."

Thus encouraged, the boys worked with increased vigor, and Gabe saw with growing hope that the dam was assuming proportions which would offer effective resistance to considerable of a "boil over," as the overflow was sometimes called.

Once again the boy who had wanted to ride to Gabe's home with news of the approaching fire recurred to the subject. "Tain't too late yet, Gabe. Hadn't I better go?"

"You can go if you want to, Dick, but only to not to my house. We need all hands here."

The boy shamefully renewed his exertions, and the others, in dogged imitation of Gabe's unflagging zeal, worked with their heads down, bestowing all their attention to obeying his orders.

There was silence among them except when Gabe spoke; but amid the roaring of the fire in the tank they could hear the shrill voices of the women screaming to each other, and presently there came to their ears the welcome screech of one of the little narrow-gauge engines. Buoyed by a reprieve of the whistle, the little band seemed to redouble their efforts. Soon again the locomotive shrieked, nearer to them, and there was silence until the rattle of the train and the clatter of the boys looked up; but Gabe did not pause in the particular task he was engaged upon—packing the sand between some stones. The train ran up to a point opposite the tanks, and before it was at a standstill men carrying picks and shovels had leaped from the platforms and were running to the dam, shouting to the workers to make way for new men.

Then Gabe paused. He looked up the valley, but could not see his home for the dense smoke that was blowing over the summit. He was jostled aside by the new comers who came to the work like a company charging a battery. Gabe felt that he would not be needed now. He could no longer restrain his heart. It called on him louder, more urgently than it had done when there was time for him to get to his house before the conflagration had reached it, and he obeyed.

In the tumult he was not missed, and no one heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs over the stony road. Bending low over the pommel of his saddle he dashed into the smoke. He could not see, but he trusted his horse, now mad with fright. Presently, he said: "Thank God!"

The lessening of the heat on his chest, then a breath of cool air, told him that which he had not observed—the wind had veered and had carried the fire off in another direction, west of his house, and he was safe. He knew, too, from faith in his wife, that she had conducted the children to a place of safety. Soon he was out of the blinding smoke, and the horse slackened the pace of his own accord. Then he dismounted and climbed the side of the mountain where he soon found his family on a point of rocks.

"I saw it all," said his wife; "but I did not know it was you working there all the time till I saw the horse start up the valley. Then I knew."—And she kissed him.

"But the overflow! Did it come?" "Yes. Just after I lost sight of you in the smoke."

"And the dam?" "It held. See, Kendall is safe; and there would not have been time to save it after the train came."

And in the look of pride and love she gave him Gabe found his reward.

A DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

Cousin Ruth was playing waltzes for the young people. Near her stood John Graham, one of her old beaux. He had lately come home after an absence of twenty years.

John was looking at Ruth with apparent concern, counting the lines that began to mark her pale face and noting the streaks of gray that ran through her hair. It had been so dark and thick the last time he had seen it! Then he gazed thoughtfully at the merry young dancers, and at last, feeling that he ought to say something, asked:

"Who is that graceful, yellow-haired girl?" "That is Grace Deering, Cousin Tom's daughter," Ruth replied. Her hearer exclaimed wonderingly:

"Tom Deering's daughter! I remember him so well." After a pause he added: "I thought you and he would have been married long ago."

Cousin Ruth smiled, shook her head, and played on without speaking.

"The last time I saw you," said John, musingly, "you were waiting with Tom himself at the door of the hotel."

Did she recall it? Twenty years had passed since Young Jack Graham had bidden her a cold and brief farewell, and she, amazed and awe-struck by his manner, had been so dark and thick the last time he had seen it! Yet the memory of that night had never left her.

"I wonder why Ruth is playing that old-fashioned waltz," said the elders of the party to each other, and John Graham listened absently to the well remembered strain.

"Ah," he said suddenly, "the tune recalls the past. I sent you a bunch of violets that very night, and hoped that you would wear them!"

Old as John had grown, his eyes wore a familiar expression as they met hers.

As soon as the young people had tired of dancing, Cousin Ruth went up to her room and locked herself in, giving way to her own emotion. From the lowest depths of her trunk she took an old brass-bound box that had not been disturbed for twenty years. Unlocking it, she hastily raised the lid. Instead of the fresh, sweet violets she had left in it there were a few crisp, shapeless and withered petals, beneath which for the first time she discovered a bit of paper, on which were written these words:

"Once for all, Ruth, is it yes or no? If yes, wear these violets at the ball tonight. I go away tomorrow; and it is no, I shall not return."

For a few moments Ruth stood motionless. Clapping the little missive she went down stairs. One of her nephews passing her in the hallway, thought how pretty she must have been when she was a girl. Her face was aglow with an unusual beauty. She went into the sitting-room, where John Graham sat alone. He was gazing moodily into the embers of the fire. Ruth approached, and putting the piece of yellow paper gently into his hand, said calmly:

"I never saw it until this instant."

He looked at her in mute astonishment as she was about to turn away.

"Would you have worn my flowers had you found the note?" he asked hurriedly.

"Ah, Ruth, is it now too late?"

"The merry and laughing voices in the adjoining room where all the young people were so happy and joyous drowned her blushing answer to all but John Graham; he alone heard it and was very happy.—Short Stories.

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After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform, and was soon airing his eloquence in magnificent style, striking out powerfully in his gestures, when the old cry was heard for Mr. Henry.

Putting his hand to his mouth like a speaking trumpet, the man was bawling at the top of his voice, "Mr. Henry, Henry, Henry, Henry!" "I call for Mr. Henry!"

The chairman rose and remarked that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from any further calling for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was then speaking.

"If that Mr. Henry?" said the disturber of the meeting. "Thunder! that can't be Mr. Henry?" Why, that's the little chap that told me to holler."

Murder in America.

Mr. Andrew W. White, United States Minister to Brussels, has been lecturing on the subject of murder in the United States. He says the number of deaths by murder in America are more than double the average of the most criminal country in Europe, and after years that number increases. Even Italy and Corica, where crimes of violence are frequent, are below the United States in the proportion of murders occurred in the United States during 1890, and in 1891 the number increased to 6,000. The greater number of men who committed these crimes are still at large, and statistics show that only one murderer in fifty suffers capital punishment.

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Another says:—"Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little fishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my friends."

Another says:—"I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. ... has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply gorgeous as a dessert."

Another says:—"I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sent it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

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LEAVE WYEMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 8.15 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.0 a.m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of the Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 125 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, at St. J. BARRINGTON, 125 Hollis St., Yarmouth, N. S.; at General Superintendent.

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The above Steamer will make three trips a week during the season, leaving Hampton MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings, at 7 a.m., local time, for Digby and Annapolis, on the same days, at 9 o'clock in the afternoon, stopping at the usual landings.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.-(LTD.) S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander.

Sailings for September. From the Company's Pier, Head's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 7 a.m., local time, for Digby and Annapolis. Retuming will sail from Annapolis every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday upon arrival of the "FLYING DUTCHMAN" from Halifax, due at 12.15.

Passengers by this favorite route are due at Halifax at 6.30 P. M. HOWARD D. TROOP, President.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

2 Excursions LAND MANITOBA

Canadian North West. Leaving Stations on C. P. R. St. John to McAdam J.C., and St. Stephen, inclusive, on Sept. 27th and Oct. 4th, and from other points on line in N. B. on the previous days.

Tickets will be good for return passage until November 6th and 13th, 1892.

For rates of fare and other particulars enquire of nearest Railway Ticket Agent. Colonel Sleeping Cars will be provided for Boston every Tuesday, D. MCNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt., MONTREAL. ST. JOHN, N. S.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y.

Summer Arrangement. On and after Monday, 27th June, 1892, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m. arrive at Annapolis at 11.0 a.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 5.30 p.m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.00 p.m. arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.30 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.0 a.m.

LEAVE WYEMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 8.15 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.0 a.m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of the Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 125 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, at St. J. BARRINGTON, 125 Hollis St., Yarmouth, N. S.; at General Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway. After June 27, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00 for Pictou at 11:00 a.m.; for Halifax, 11:30 for Sussex, 12:30; for Quebec and Montreal, 12:30. Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 6:30; from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 1:45; from Pictou at 4:45; from Halifax, 12:30 from Halifax, 8:45.

J. & A. McMillan, 98 and 100 PRINCE Wm. St., St. JOHN.

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VOL. V DONOVA NOT NOVEL THE P... The Hustle with Suppl... So Do Ald... Latter Gets... It is genera... Michael and... come to tow... away money... and they prop... Point impro... realize the lar... least uneces... the business o... the week. Neverthele... be expended... light of so m... some of the c... hustle. The... after the arriv... The dredge... man of war, ... would have l... "Half a doz... and they le... a boarding... groceries and... until the pro... pleted, some... The Conno... city of St. J... contract for... the work bec... most satisfact... not as a pers... the terms of... independent r... regards the a... whole. If th... question wh... alderman sho... is under no c... There is a... some of the... Connolly sh... contract, and... right side of... of the city go... on them wh... may or may... that the pull... the Connolly... Anyway, the... It has not... anything ev... Nery to the... to the Connolly... brothers hav... the subject s... There has... would be pa... voters—wh... aldermen. I... merits as m... special reg... though the l... in case of a... So it is th... last section... while Tim... orator, is b... gentlemen h... but the drec... crew did not... the groceries... Colwell, wh... butcher, bro... meat. His... Donovan ha... while Mich... street. The... them. Ald. Col... the field... composed o... Donovan fo... The contr... St. John, o... is alleged t... officials as... thing or th... was settle... meant, and... began to fu... In the... appeared o... name was... End. He... grocery tic... Donovan a... it was belie... Donovan... listed all th... in Carleto... Kelly to m... one of the... Donovan w... Monday. Colwell an... dredge as... told them t... be furnis... Donovan. All of v... up Utica... powers of... reaches ev...