

# PROGRESS.

VOL. IX., NO. 443.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

RAILROADS.  
Atlantic Railway.

LEAVE ST. JOHN  
St. John, Fugwash, Pictou  
St. John and Quebec (Monday  
excepted, as follows:  
St. John to Fugwash, 7.00  
Fugwash to Pictou, 12.50  
Pictou to St. John, 16.00  
St. John to Montreal, 17.00  
or Pictou, 20.45

John for Quebec and Mont.  
St. John to Montreal at  
St. John, N. B.

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

St. John, 8.30  
Fugwash, 10.30  
Pictou, 16.30  
St. John, 17.30  
Montreal, 24.30

Intercolonial Railway are heated  
and cooled, and those between  
St. John and Pictou, via Lewis, are lighted by  
gas by Eastern Standard Time.

POTTINGER,  
General Manager.

September, 1896.

DIAN  
CIFIC RY.

ain Service

BOSTON &c.

N. B. Standard Time, at

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## SOME ONE BLUNDERED.

THE CITY IS PAYING THROUGH THE  
NOSE FOR DREDGING.

The Freeport Wonderful Charter—A Profit  
of \$830 a Day—Towing to the Foul  
Ground—What the Gravel is Costing a  
Square Yard—The Probable Expense.

Varying reports come from Sand Point  
in regard to the progress of the improve-  
ments and the average citizen cannot make  
up his mind whether the wharves will be  
ready for the steamers in good time or not.

What everyone is sure of however is that  
the city in taking the chance of carrying  
on the work itself is bound to pay heavily  
for the privilege, and it is safe to say that  
never again will such a work be under-  
taken except by contract.

The dredging is progressing slowly and  
the tax payers are paying through the nose  
for it. The Cape Breton which was loaned  
to the Dominion government is idle be-  
cause there is a dispute who shall pay for  
repairs—the city or the government. The  
reports in the news papers at the time in-  
dicated that the crew did not know how to  
handle her and it only seems reasonable  
that the city should repair any damage to  
machinery which was broken in its own  
service. But the expense is becoming so  
large that the city fathers are scared and  
are trying to civil about this matter. They  
paid \$1000 for getting the Cape Breton  
here to lie at one of the public wharves idle.

But what about the Freeport, that won-  
derful dredge of an asphalt Portland firm?  
Is she doing the work expected of her?  
Not by any means, and the city is paying  
her owners the nice sum of \$600 a day of  
20 hours for her services. When it is con-  
sidered that this is for every working day  
no matter whether the Freeport dredges or  
not one can imagine what a sum the dredging  
is costing the taxpayers. When Mayor  
Robertson made such a contract with  
Colonel Moore he must have been magneti-  
zed by that gentleman, or else he would  
have thought of the fall season, the high  
winds and seas which would make it im-  
possible to tow the scows away, and many  
other drawbacks already experienced and  
incidental to the season. But no, the  
winds may rage and prevent tugs and  
scows from leaving their berths, but the  
Freeport whether idle or not gets the  
sum of \$325 for the day and \$275 for the  
night. Then as to accidents, while the  
time limit for repairs with the American  
and the Canadian governments is two hours  
the city allows the Freeport 24 hours to  
make repairs; that is to say she can injure  
her machinery and if the damage is re-  
paired within 24 hours, lose nothing by the  
accident.

It is said that it costs no more than \$70 a  
day to run the Freeport and if this is true  
the owners are receiving the nice profit of  
\$530 for her daily work. Of course it has  
been shown long ago that the dredge is  
one of the clam shell machines that are em-  
ployed along the coast at the ordinary  
price of \$200 a day and it is difficult to  
understand what possessed his worship to  
close at \$325. Colonel Moore is a better  
bargainer than he is.

If the offer of the Portland firm had  
been the only one then there might have  
been some excuse for the blunder but  
when Morris, Cummings & Co. of New  
York offered to supply the best dredge on  
the coast—a combination dredge, clam-  
shell and bucket—having a capacity of  
4000 yards a day for \$325 it is difficult to  
realize that Colonel Moore's dredge was  
chartered. Moreover the New York firm  
only asked the usual conditions, making  
allowance for wind and weather and the  
government time limit for accidents.

This New York firm made so many  
verbal offers at the request of the city  
and it is curious none of them suited the  
mayor and his advisors. The first one was  
the offer to do the work for \$89,600 which  
included the placing of the dredged material  
behind the work to the extent of 100,000  
yards or more if the city wanted it there.  
This sum included the towing outside of  
the harbor—not to the foul ground where  
the city is dumping the scows.

The second offer was to send the big  
dredge as described above, at \$325 a day.  
It must be remembered that this dredge is  
one of the largest on the coast and has  
the capacity of the Freeport.

Then there was a third offer of 45 cents  
per square yard in situ which included  
towing to sea and depositing whatever  
quantity the city wanted behind the wharf.  
In addition to this knowing that time was  
an object this firm offered to bring more  
than one dredge and to have the work  
completed in two or early in December.  
But all of this was in vain; the mayor was  
evidently determined that Colonel Moore  
should have the job and it went that way.

If he has begun to count the cost he will  
see where the figures are apt to lead him.  
The original estimate was the city would  
require 300,000 yards to be dredged.  
Progress understands that it is  
said now that 360,000 yards will be  
nearer the quantity in situ measure-  
ment. In situ measurement means as the  
matter appears above the water, not

after it has been dumped in the scow and  
mixed with water and foreign sub-  
stances. There is a difference of  
about 40 per cent in scow and in situ  
measurements. By adding the 40 per cent  
to the 260,000 yards it will appear that the  
quantity in scow measurement will be  
364,000 yards. The Freeport cannot aver-  
age more than 1000 yards a day in situ  
measurement or 1400 yards in scow. If  
she keeps on doing the work practically  
alone it would take her 260 days to com-  
plete the job or more than four months  
night and day. Supposing this to be true  
the cost for dredging will be \$78,000  
while to that must be added \$50  
a day for towing or \$130,000 more.  
Then as the specifications called for the  
material to be deposited behind the wharf  
the cost of that must be included. The  
way it is being done is costing the city 25  
cents a yard, measuring the square yards  
under the cars. The city is calculating car  
measurement but the yard measurement  
was adapted in the first place and should  
be retained for the purpose of comparison.  
Here then is an idea of the cost:

Dredging 300,000 yards.....\$78,000  
Towing to foul ground.....130,000  
Filling back of wharf.....25,000  
\$133,000

Even if this was the total it does not look  
like the saving the city intended to make  
by not letting the work to contractors. But  
that this amount does not represent the total.  
There is an item of 2000 for bringing the  
Cape Breton here and then the repairs both  
on her and the other machinery.

But someone will say no allowance is  
made for the work of the other dredges.  
That is true but if a return of the amount  
dredged is called for and correctly given  
will the average be 1000 yards a day? It  
is said not.

But there is another serious matter so  
far as the harbor is concerned that should  
be inquired into at once, and that is the  
dumping of the dredged material on the  
foul ground. With such a wind and such  
a sea as last Saturday will pretend to  
say that the loose mud is not washed into  
the channel. Perhaps the city is relying  
on the fact that the Cape Breton will  
be here next summer and the govern-  
ment may not relish such additional  
work as this. More than this if it  
had been let to a contractor and he at-  
tempted to take any such liberty as the  
board of works director has, how many  
hours would it be before he would be  
answering the queries of the police magis-  
trate. Harbor Inspector O'Brien would  
not stand it for a moment. Why does he  
not inform on the present offenders?

Some one has blundered. That is plain  
to the taxpayers want to know who it is  
to blame. They have to pay the bills: they  
have a right to know but so far there has  
been the greatest secrecy maintained about  
the negotiations that went on. Now let  
some alderman call for a copy of the Free-  
port charter and then for a return of the  
record showing the cost of the work so far.

**SOME PROMISING YOUTHS.**  
The Actions of Boys Who are Allowed to  
Roam the Streets at Night.

While in St. John the standard of  
morality is admittedly higher than in almost  
any other city in Canada, it bids fair to be-  
come lowered if children, particularly  
boys between the ages of nine and fifteen,  
are permitted to go their own gait at the  
rate many of them are now rushing ahead.  
At any hour from half past seven  
until late in the night knots of  
boys congregate around various corners  
and to the passerby their conversation is  
anything but edifying. A night or two  
ago eight or ten of these future citizens  
were gathered at a corner on Mill street  
and two little girls who happened to be  
passing, claimed a share of their attention.  
The little ones were evidently unaccus-  
tomed to being out alone after night and  
were hurrying along in a manner that betokened  
extreme nervousness and fear. When  
they approached the group of boys they  
were greeted with the most vile and dis-  
graceful speeches that it was possible for  
utterly depraved youths to invent. The  
little girls hurried past and were breaking  
into a run when one of the largest of the  
boys hastened after her and catching her  
by the arm again indulged in even worse  
language than had been previously used.

A gentleman who happened to be follow-  
ing closely behind the children, gave the  
boy a sharp rap over the knuckles, with  
his cane, and thus came in for considerable  
abuse himself.

This is only one of many similar in-  
cidents that occur nightly, almost under the  
eyes of the police, for in the case mentioned  
above an officer was only a short distance  
away. A night or two ago a well known  
city clergyman happened to be in the  
vicinity of a group of boys who were try-  
ing to "rush the growler." The clergyman says  
that for a few moments he was mystified as  
to what was the meaning of the phrase but  
was not left long in doubt when the youths  
began quarrelling as to the kind of "growler"  
they wanted. It was at this point that the  
clergyman joined the group and gave them  
a little lecture that had the effect of quiet-  
ing the "growler" for the time being, and  
sending the boys home.

## HE COLLECTED THE FARE.

THOUGH THE PASSENGER CLAIMED  
TO BE AN OFFICIAL.

Funny Incidents in the Life of an Electric  
Car Conductor—The Man Who Wanted  
his Change—He Thought Tickets Were  
Four Cents—Other Matters.

The life of an electric car conductor is  
usually an uneventful one as far as his busi-  
ness is concerned, but he has a better  
chance to study human nature than most  
people think and the average conductor  
usually has a good fund of stories which he  
can relate to his friends under the head of  
personal experiences. One of the conduc-  
tors had a queer experience lately with a  
passenger who was economical to a fault.

The passenger in question was a man of  
eminently respectable appearance who  
looked like a well to do merchant or trades-  
man. He entered the car and sat down  
between a very stout man and a middle  
aged maiden lady. When the conductor  
came round for the fare he divined into the  
furthermost corner of his waistcoat pocket and  
produced a nickel which he handed to the  
conductor with an air of grandeur that  
completely overawed his fellow passengers.

"I'll take one ticket" he said. The ticket  
was produced and placed in the collection  
box by the passenger and the conductor  
passed on. Before he had finished collect-  
ing fares he, of the nickel said "I didn't get  
any change." "Why," said the conductor  
"you only gave me five cents." "Yes," was  
the reply, "but tickets are only four cents  
each, or six for a quarter you know." At  
this the stout passenger and the maiden  
lady laughed long and long and the con-  
ductor has not as yet recovered from the  
shock.

Another conductor had an adventure  
with one of the officials of the road a short  
time ago that for a time filled him with  
fear and trembling but he was consoled by  
the knowledge that he did his duty. A road  
official who was not known to the conductor  
entered the car and when the conductor  
came for his fare he said that he was one  
of the owners of the road and was en-  
titled to ride free. "Where  
is your pass," said the conductor,  
to which the owner replied that he left the  
book home. "Well you must pay up," in-  
sisted the conductor. At this the official  
got wrothy and threatened to have the  
young man discharged but it was all un-  
availing; he could not pay up and the con-  
ductor was obdurate. The car was stop-  
ped at the next crossing and the official  
hustled out; but the conductor was not dis-  
hearted.

**THE LADY WAS LOCKED IN**  
And was Therefore Unable to Take in the  
Centenary Concert.

To be locked in a parlor no matter how  
elegant or comfortable the apartment, is  
not the pleasantest way of passing an en-  
tire evening but whatever joy or discom-  
fort it entails was experienced by a Queen  
street young lady on Tuesday evening. At  
supper the lady announced her intention of  
accompanying some friends to the Centen-  
ary church concert that evening and as she  
disappeared immediately after tea and  
nothing more was seen of her it was  
naturally thought that she had dressed and  
gone out without saying any more about the  
matter.

This young lady has a mother who is a par-  
ticularly careful housekeeper and how usually  
makes a tour of inspection before going out,  
to see that everything is secure and the  
doors all locked, she also intended going to  
the Centenary with another lady for whom she  
was to call at an early hour and it was not  
more than a quarter to seven when she  
made her nightly raid upon the doors.  
The key was turned in the parlor door the  
last thing as the lady was on her way out,  
so she went content in the belief that every-  
thing was safe at home.

As the story goes she was a little too  
particular, or rather her daughter thinks so,  
for that young lady had entered the parlor  
a few moments before and wishing for the  
little rest had encased herself upon the  
sofa and had fallen into a light doze from  
which she was awakened by the slamming  
of the front door as her mother went out.  
The family occupy the middle flat, so there  
was nothing to hope from the windows; the  
fair prisoner had not even the comfort of a  
light, no matches being available. It was  
almost eleven o'clock when the family re-  
turned to be met with the indignant and  
fearful reproaches of this cold and weary  
member of the family who insists that lock-  
ing every door in the house without first  
ascertaining whether there is anybody in-  
side who has no means of getting out, is a  
downright outrage.

**THEY LIVE IN HARMONY.**  
A Catholic Bishop Addresses The Dalhousie  
Y. M. C. A.

HALIFAX, Oct. 29.—Archbishop O'Brien  
addressing a gathering of Y. M. C. A. stu-  
dents marks a new era in religious work  
in this city. Last Sunday afternoon His  
Grace lectured to the regular meeting of  
the Dalhousie college Y. M. C. A., and he  
gave them just such an address eloquent

and forceful and correct as would be ex-  
pected from a presbyterian or baptist min-  
ister. True His Grace did not enter the  
room till after the devotional exercises  
were over but this may have been  
merely because he arrived too late.  
There is very little of denomina-  
tional bitterness in Halifax, a fact  
upon which we here often congratulate  
ourselves. There is not much of that feeling  
it is pleasing to know, which caused a  
dissonance in a prominent presbyterian church  
to say, on the occasion of a Roman Catholic  
officiating at the church organ: "If that  
young man ever again plays the organ here  
I will leave the church." The world must  
be getting better and broader for this  
dissonance is not a sample of Halifax views.

**HE IS A MODEL OFFICER.**  
Captain Wm. R. E. is Greatly Admired for  
his Good Works.

HALIFAX, Oct. 29.—Captain Wm. R. E.  
to whom PROGRESS referred in a re-  
cent issue as having performed the rite of  
baptism for a brother officer who sought  
immersion, is a remarkable man. He is  
the backbone of the Nova Scotia Sunday  
school organization "financially and other-  
wise." In appearance he is stern, but in  
reality he is kindness and gentleness itself.  
His rulings from the chair, and any re-  
marks he makes, are given in the tone of a  
general shouting orders to his brigade.  
There is not a Sunday school teacher in  
Halifax who has met Captain Winn in  
admiration. The qualities of Captain  
Winn, however, are not so remarkable in  
themselves as that they should be posses-  
sed by an officer in the army, where one  
generally expects to see something very  
different from his manly christianity; in  
connection with Captain Winn it is interest-  
ing to note that Rev. W. A. Hall is out  
with a challenge to Rev. H. H. Pittman,  
Church of England of this city, asking him  
to produce a single scripture text to prove  
that Christ will on earth ever baptize an  
infant. This Mr. Hall is the clergyman to  
whom Captain Wiggan of the Royal  
Berkshire regiment, appealed for baptism for  
himself and wife. Brother Hall agreed to  
perform the ceremony but when he found  
that all the captain sought was baptism,  
and not membership in the baptist church,  
he refused to perform the ceremony and  
the affair was declared off.

Rev. Mr. Pittman replies with a challenge  
to Rev. Mr. Hall which seems completely  
to floor that gentleman. He asks him for  
one single scripture text which will be  
clear, that Christ ever positively ordered  
the holy observance of the first day of the  
week as the Sabbath.

**THEIR CIVIC TROUBLES.**  
Halifax Aldermen Experience Some  
Stormy Times.

HALIFAX, Oct. 29.—The city council on  
Tuesday evening refused to reconsider its  
action in shelving the city auditor bill and  
removing the city treasurer, the vote stand-  
ing nine to eight. If the minority had  
shown the same activity, previous to the  
vote that they did after it, the charge would  
not likely have been made. When the  
names had been called and recorded Ald.  
Musgrave, Lane and others started a cam-  
paign against the proposal which Ald.  
Hamilton, the father of the scheme, called  
filibustering tactics.

What is the true inwardness of the op-  
position to Ald. Butler's civic salaries re-  
form scheme, or rather to that part of it  
which proposed to make J. J. Hopwell  
city treasurer? Some of the aldermen say  
it is because Hopwell is blamed for having  
given the information which led to the  
hardware contract investigation of some  
months ago. But this is not likely to  
be so. Others urge that the man who  
opposes Hopwell Butler have some  
man in their minds eye who they wish to  
displace from the new clerk-treasurer's office,  
and that man is not Hopewell. Ald.  
Hamilton himself is certainly honest in his  
advocacy of the abolition of the treasurer-  
ship. For years he has consistently urged  
that this step be taken, and now he has  
his chance. There will be some fighting  
yet, however to make it sure.

During the discussion there was a char-  
acteristic passage at arms between Ald.  
Hamilton and Foster. The former asked  
Ald. Foster if he had been canvassing Ald.  
Mosher, as he seemed to know very well  
how that city father would vote. Ald.  
Foster replied that he did not canvass; it  
was Ald. Hamilton who did that kind of  
dodging. To this Ald. Hamilton replied:  
"Ald. Foster's hardest work is dodging  
himself."

Ald. Eden "takes the cake," as a modern  
early rising business man. He solemnly  
and with philosophical determination  
fought in the council on Tuesday for the  
'privilege' to shopkeepers of washing their  
shop windows up to 10 o'clock in the fore-  
noon. Notwithstanding this 'wide-awake'  
representative of the people the aldermen  
almost unanimously resolved to keep the  
limit at 8 in the morning.

Go to McArthur's Book Store for Rowlett  
Gates.

## PEACHY STILL TALKS ON.

CARROLL THE PICTOU POLICEMAN  
AND THE DUTCHER MURDER.

He Gives Out Stories Said to Have Been Told  
Him by Mrs. Green Who Denies the State-  
ments—Who Owns the Bloodstained Gar-  
ments Found at Milltown?

Stories, most of them of a more or less  
sensational nature, relative to the discovery  
of new evidence against John Sullivan  
implicating him still further in the Meadow  
Brook tragedy, seem to be the order of  
the day, and it some of those whose in-  
ventive genius seems to be far in advance  
either of their discretion or their veracity  
have their say, the unfortunate young man  
in Dorchester jail who is so patient await-  
ing an opportunity to defend himself, will  
have as scant mercy shown to him as that  
meted out to the unfortunate "Buck" a few  
years ago.

It has always been the aim of PROGRESS  
to judge the poor man by the same  
standard as the rich, and to see, so far as  
possible that justice was done. Many a  
poor and friendless man has felt a glow  
of gratitude in the midst of his desolation  
when he discovered that PROGRESS was  
on his side, determined to see that he was  
fairly treated, and many a wealthy sinner  
has trembled at the fearless denunciations  
of the paper which has never hesitated to  
speak in the cause of justice and right.

If ever there was a man tried, convicted,  
and executed by public opinion before his  
preliminary examination was over, that man  
was the unfortunate "Buck" and to the  
last PROGRESS sturdily maintained that he  
was a victim to the public clamor for  
vengeance, and that he had not been fairly  
tried. It begins to look as if John  
Sullivan might be another victim to mis-  
placed zeal, and misdirected newspaper,  
and detective enterprise; and as if, PROGRESS  
would be again obliged to adopt the role  
of moderator, and if necessary mentor.

A person known amongst his intimates as  
the euphonious nick name of "Peachy"  
Carroll, of Pictou N. S. seems to have  
been interesting himself in the case to a  
wonderful degree, and in his zeal for the  
triumph of right over wrong he has even  
gone so far as to put words in the mouth  
of Mrs. Jane Green of Meadow Brook,  
which Mrs. Green has felt called upon to  
publicly deny. Carroll stated that Mrs.  
Green told him that she saw a man carry-  
ing a light in the large room of the Dutcher  
house on the night of the fire, and after-  
wards saw a man—presumably the same—  
come round the corner of the Dutcher  
house and run away. Mrs. Green writes  
to the Daily Times stating that she never  
made any such assertion, and told all she  
knew about the tragedy on the witness  
stand. Of course it merely amounts to a  
question of veracity between Mrs. Green,  
and the valiant capture of "Jim" the rever-  
sufficiently to be admired-on-that-account  
"Peachy"; and the one possessing the best  
reputation for truthfulness, whichever that  
may be

THE MAN OF THE MASSES.

BRYAN SPRANG TO THE FRONT IN AN HOUR.

His Wonderful Energy in Speaking Throughout the Campaign—The Uncertainty of the Result Because of the Silent Vote—Tuesday Tells the Tale.

BOSTON, Oct. 29.—It is hard for people in St. John or anywhere else to understand the conditions which exist in the United States at this time. One of the greatest campaigns this continent has ever known is being waged, and here in the eastern part of the country, the ablest politicians when they come down to an honest declaration say they do not know how it will come out.

Under these circumstances, it will be readily seen, the people of Canada will find it almost impossible to understand what this great fight means.

Without venturing an opinion in regard to the merits of the case on one side or the other, whether free silver would be a good thing, or whether gold is the only safe basis for a country's monetary system, the one great figure among the advocates of free silver in the United States has proved himself one of the most remarkable men this country has ever produced.

William Jennings Bryan, a young man, sprang into prominence by an eloquent speech delivered before the democratic convention in Chicago. At the republican convention in St. Louis a few weeks earlier he was present simply as a newspaper man representing an Omaha paper. He had no money or property, and wore store clothes, notwithstanding the fact that he had been to Congress, where men usually have opportunities to make money, and do make it. He was undoubtedly honest.

His speech electrified the convention, and next day he was selected as the leader of the party, chosen as the man best suited to make one of the biggest fights ever entered into by a political party.

At that time he announced his determination to stump the country from one end to the other, east, west, north and south. He lost no time in starting out.

He found every powerful influence in the United States against him. His party was without money. It was disorganized. Almost the entire east declared for the republican platform. The business men republican and democrat were against him, the corporations, the trusts, the syndicates, the administration, the entire press of the large cities, with only one or two exceptions against him.

He started out three months ago and has spoken every day to thousands of people, until now the aggregate number runs into millions. The strain has been terrible. Weeks ago people asked how much longer he could hold out, yet the latest news from Chicago is that Bryan is as fresh and energetic as ever.

The people and the politicians are all in the dark. No man can tell how the election is going. Canvasses have been made by state committees and newspapers, but no stock is taken in them.

No matter what is said to the contrary, the issue has narrowed down to the masses against the classes.

There is talk of coercion everywhere, the charge being made against employers of labor. It is said that the working people are afraid to declare themselves, and this is denied by the managers of the Republican campaign again and again. And what they say may be true, but the fact remains that the campaign is so bitter, and the line between capital and labor is so closely drawn that nobody doubts that working men are afraid to declare themselves.

This can be readily understood, when it is considered that meetings are held by railroad employes and others, and that men who work for large firms are asked to appear in trades processions gotten up by their employers. Secret canvasses have been made in large establishments, and while the employers are given to understand that nobody will know how they vote, they are fully aware that their employers are hoping for a McKinley majority and have their suspicions as to what might happen if these hopes are not fulfilled.

In fact the issue is such, that while both parties are claiming enormous majorities and all the preliminary voting so far has been largely in McKinley's favor, there is still uncertainty as to the result on election day. Here in the east we hear all that is favorable to the republican party, and very little reliable news is received from the west.

Although the press of the country is almost unanimous for McKinley and is doing everything possible to secure his election, people who know how newspapers are run understand that if Bryan was sure of election this fact would be published as a matter of news. The press predicts McKinley's election, but the people of the east hear comparatively little of the campaign Bryan is making in the west.

It is the great silent vote of the working people and the farmers that is causing all the uncertainty in the campaign, and the fact that people who are so confident of victory are nevertheless fighting so desperately, means a great deal.

There have been a number of St. John people in Boston lately, but I suppose by this time they are all safely at home. With-in a week or so Dr. Maher of the North end, and Dr. Bonnell, the German street dentist, were here with Mr. Hoben, the

North end druggist. I suppose the former have been home pulling teeth for a week, and the latter has his new soda fountain set up. They were as far as Washington and intended going further, but changed their mind.

Dr. McAvenny was also here last week and called on an old classmate, Mr. A. G. McVey, yachting editor of the Herald, and the best known yachting authority in America today. R. G. LARSEN.

HEALTHY DIGESTION.

A BOON AND A BLESSING TO MANKIND.

The Life of a Dyspeptic one of Constant Misery—One Who Has Suffered From It Finds the Way to Renewed Health. From the Cornwall Freeholder.

The life of the dyspeptic is proverbially miserable one, eliciting universal commiseration. Not so much because of the actual painfulness of the ailment, but largely because it projects its pessimistic shadows upon all the concerns of life, and here they sit like a deadly incubus upon every enterprise. An impaired digestion gives rise to an irritability that exposes the person to much annoyance, besides being extremely trying upon others. We are all aware of the value of cheerfulness in life. It is a flower of the rarest worth and strongest attraction. It is a tonic to the sick and a disinfectant to the healthy. Those things that destroy a man's habitual cheerfulness, lessen his usefulness, and ought therefore to be resisted by some drastic and efficient remedy. The duties that devolve upon the average man and woman are invested in so much difficulty as to put a premium on hopefulness. The relation between the prevailing moods of the mind, and the health of the digestive apparatus is close and vital. Hence it is not surprising that many would-be benefactors have caught the patronage of sufferers from indigestion. Judging by results Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remedy unique in its success, therefore it is confidently recommended as a safe and adequate cure for acute dyspepsia. This claim is substantiated by experience as the following facts will show.

Mrs. D. McCrimmon of Williamstown, Glengarry Co., suffered untold misery from a severe attack of dyspepsia, which manifested itself in those many unpleasant ways for which dyspepsia is noted for. Every attempt to take food was a menace to every feeling of comfort, until the stomach was relieved of its burden by vomiting. When not suffering from the presence of food in the stomach, there were other symptoms more or less disagreeable connected with the functional disturbance of the stomach, such as impaired taste and appetite, un-wonted languor, increasing spathy, and falling ambition. Such an aggregation of the symptoms produced a trying state of affairs, and relief was eagerly sought. One of the best physicians of the neighborhood was consulted. He prescribed. His medicine was taken and his directions followed, but unfortunately three months of the treatment brought no substantial relief.

When Mrs. McCrimmon expressed her intention of trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the doctor laughed and held the thought in derision. However Mrs. McCrimmon decided she could not afford to leave untried such a well recommended remedy as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Hence she took a course of this medicine, which at a fair trial was eminently successful. From being only able to take stale bread and milk or soda biscuits, she became able to take a hearty meal of any variety, without the painful effects that once assailed her. After every meal, it only remains to be said that Mrs. McCrimmon improved in flesh and general comfort from the first taking of the pills, and almost any thing going she could eat with impunity. Dyspepsia became a thing long dreaded, and largely belonging to the past. It is little wonder therefore that she urges the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills upon other similarly afflicted.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

LUCKY ENGLISHMEN.

Big Pensions Paid by the British Government on Account of Ancestors.

The Englishman most highly favored in the matter of pensions is the Duke of Richmond, whose predecessor was granted a pension of £19,000 a year, in perpetuity, in lieu of a duty of one shilling a chaldron on all coals exported from the Tyne, granted by Charles II. 1676. Up to 1799 the family had received, as proceeds of the duty, upwards of £2,000,000 sterling, and in July, 1799, the duty was commuted for an annual payment in perpetuity of £19,100 a year from the Consolidated Fund. As security for its payment, consols to the value of £263,888 6s. 9d. were purchased. In the following year £486,434 4s. 7d. worth of these consols were sold and the proceeds invested in land, and during the present reign the remainder of the consols were sold and the proceeds similarly invested.

Taking the actual payment on account of pensions at the present time, Earl Nelson is in receipt of the highest, outside the royal annuities, viz., £5,000 per annum, payable in perpetuity to all and every the heirs male to whom the title of Earl Nelson shall descend.

The Duke of Wellington's annual pension of £4,000 is for life, and Lord Rodney's pension of £2,000 is like that of Earl Nelson, perpetual. The amount of Royal annuities excluding the Queen's grant of £385,000, is £173,000, and together with pensions for naval and military services, £27,700; political and civil, £13,086; judicial, £70,705, besides a large number of miscellaneous pensions, brings the total up to £316,758 yearly. The largest pension on retirement from office is the £5,000 a year given to retiring Lord Chancellors.

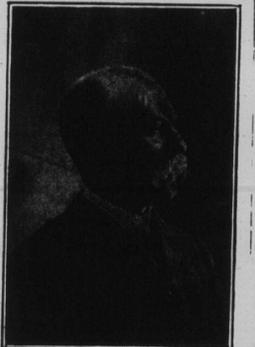
SUCCESS HAS BEEN HIS.

THE IMPORTANT POSITION FILLED BY MR. H. B. HARDING.

A Son of the Late Sheriff Harding's of This City—He is Manager of one of the Largest Medicine Companies in the United States—Portraits of the Firm.

If PROGRESS was able to print the portrait and biography of all the successful men in the United States who have made their start in St. John there would be room for little besides in many issues. But such good material for newspaper use is hard to obtain. Some time ago when Mr. Herbert B. Harding the general manager and director of the Humphrey Homeopathic Medicine Company of New York was pictured in Printers Ink. PROGRESS secured the portrait engraving and prints it today. Mr. Harding is a son of the late Sheriff Harding whose name will always be held in pleasant and honored remembrance in this province. The short sketch of his successful son in Printers Ink reads as follows:

"Mr. Harding comes from an old New York city family, of the Revolutionary period, his great grandfather, a pronounced Loyalist, having emigrated to St. John, N. B., where he received a grant of land from the British Government. Mr. Harding's father, James A. Harding was a lawyer, a prominent man in St. John; Ex-Speaker of the House of Assembly; and



H. B. HARDING.

for the long period of thirty-five years, High Sheriff of the City and County of St. John, N. B.—a man honored in all his relations of life.

The subject of our sketch born at St. John, N. B., in 1856, became identified at the early age of fourteen, with the Homeopathic Pharmaceutical business, as a clerk with Dr. Ring. At the age of seventeen, seeking a wider field of activity, he entered the old and well remembered Smith's Homeopathic Pharmacy in New York City; and, after some years, was for a while with Messrs. Boerick & Tafel. In 1881 he became identified with the interests of the Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Company, one of the wealthiest concerns in the United States, of which for years past, he has been a director and general manager.

In the conduct of the affairs of this corporation, which expends over \$150,000 in advertising (mostly in the principal Sunday and daily papers) Mr. Harding has found ample scope for the exercise of his admirable qualities as a business man and keen advertiser.

As treasurer, also, of the Association of Manufacturers and Dealers in proprietary articles, he is widely known and respected.

OUR Graduates Occupy the Lead in Post-ions

In almost every office in Saint John, and our motto is still Excelsior. The diploma for excellence of our exhibit, showing thorough and practical methods of Business Education, was awarded us at the late Saint John's Exhibition.

Students can enter at any time—the sooner the better.

Send for Catalogue and Short-hand Circulars.

Oddfellows' Hall, S. Kerr & Son.

1896-97.

The Coming Styles

For Ladies Costumes

A MOST UNIQUE

publication under the above title is just out, containing the

Fall and Winter Designs

by leading European Costumers.

Price 20c. Add 2c. for postage

Corticelli Silk Co., Ltd.

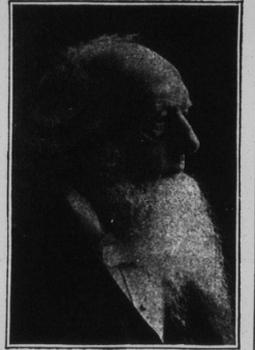
ST. JOHNS, P. Q.

throughout the proprietary and drug trade. In the prime of life, with a fund of rare experience behind him, and a splendid opening of future work before him, a successful and career of usefulness seems to be assured to him.

Mr. Harding married Miss Aimee, daughter of John W. Culbert, one of New York's oldest merchants.

Dr. Humphreys will celebrate his eighty first birthday on the 11th of March next.

The doctor enjoys remarkably good health at fourscore and divides his time



DR. HUMPHREYS.

between his three palatial homes in New York City, Monmouth Beach and Tarrytown, Ga.

Dr. Humphreys' Species are known to the world over, and his writings have been translated into many languages. He is still in business. His associates are his sons, Doctors Fred. H. and F. Landon Humphreys, and Mr. H. B. Harding.

To Store Preserves for the Winter.

At this time most housekeepers have an abundant supply of preserves to take care of and are often puzzled as to what sort of place is best for them. Preserves of all kinds should be secluded from the air and light, and in a dry place. Do not allow them to come in contact with a wall. A good plan is to spread a number of thicknesses of newspaper on the shelf, spreading it so that it turns up back of the jar. If the closet is not perfectly dark, spread some newspapers over the jars to protect them from the light.

For Paper Stock.

Paper can be manufactured out of almost anything that can be pounded into pulp. Over fifty kinds of bark are said to be used, and banana skins, bean-stalks, cocoon fiber, straw, sea and fresh-water weeds, and many kinds of grass are all applicable. It has also been made from hair, fur, wool, and from asbestos, which furnishes an article indestructible by fire. Leaves make a good strong paper, while the husks and stems of Indian corn have also been tried.

NOT OFTEN

You find a competent stenographer or bookkeeper out of employment. Bright young men and women train three to four months in my school. That is long enough. Learn "real business methods" by doing real business, get better positions and earn better money. Write to me about it. S. G. SNELL, Truro, N.S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

UNDERTAKERS! Glass side HEARSE in fine order, worth \$250, at \$125. Burial Coach, good style, worth \$200, for \$100, almost new. Burial Coach, latest style, for \$250. Fine light Barouche, \$65. For HEARDERSON BROS., North Cambridge, Mass.

FOR SALE—ONE CELEBRATED HALL OR KILN, for drying China, in first class condition. For \$150 in cash. Cost \$18; will be sold at a bargain. Fires in 35 minutes. Apply BOX 83, St. John.

WANTED Bright men and women canvassers for Canada and Australia. "QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTH DAY" Introduction by Lord Dufferin. A thrilling new book. Sales Marvelous. The Queen as a girl, wife, mother, monarch. Read like romance. Grandly illustrated. Big commission. Bids on time. Prospectus free to canvassers. Exclusive territory. Lots of money in it. THE BRADLEY-GARRINGTON CO., LTD., 49 Richmond St., W. Toronto, Ont.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a bonus about \$12.00 a week to start with. DANFORTH 29, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED! Our White Enamel Letter make elegant signs for office and store windows; for beauty and durability they are unsurpassed. We are sole importers and agents of the original Letter since 1881. BOWENSON STAMP AND LETTER WORKS, St. John, N. B.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in the '97" free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Lincoln, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Outfits and materials. Kodaks and Cameras from \$5 to \$100. Practical information ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting with ROBINSON PAT. SUPPLY CO., Masonic Building, St. John, N. B.

WANTED MEN everywhere to paint signs with our patterns. No experience required. Thirty dollars weekly. Send stamps for particulars. BARNARD BROS. TARRYTOWN, ONT.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof and water-fast. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Rothesay for sale or to rent for the summer months. This pleasantly situated house known as the Thine property about one and a half miles from Rothesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebecasis. Best reasonable. Apply to H. G. FUSBY, Barrister-at-Law, Peggibly Building.

We Make a Specialty of Lanterns. WE HAVE 26 DIFFERENT STYLES.



LANTERNS

For Steamboats, Vessels, Barns, Railroads, Express Wagons, Farmers, Streets, Carriages, Mills, Fishermen, Conductors, Firemen, etc.

W. H. THORNE & CO., Limited, MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Sporting Goods.



Single and Double-barrel Breech-loading and Muzzle-loading Guns.

Rifles, Revolvers, Cartridges, Shells, Pow Shot, Wads, and everything in the Sporting line.

PRICES LOW

T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 to 17 King St. St. John, N.B.

How to Advertise.....



Is a question open to much difference of opinion. Our conclusion on the matter may be summed up by saying that the BEST way is to offer

The Right Goods At the Right Prices

EMERSON & FISHER.

The most complete Stove and Housefurnishing Hardware Store in the Maritime Provinces.



Sleep, Sound and Refreshing

Whits the nursing mother and her child if she takes

INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM

DO YOU WANT A Second-Hand Bicycle?

We have them in good running order, and of almost all makes, from

\$85 to \$65.

LOOK AT THE LIST. Singers, Raleighs, Betsize, Quadrants, Hartfords, Crescents.

ALL IN THOROUGH ORDER.

QUICK REPAIR SHOP

THERE WILL BE NO DELAY, for we realize how much a rider dislikes to part with his wheel, even for a day. We hope to make friends by being prompt.

MARCH BROS., BICYCLE ACADEMY, SINGER RINK.

# Musical and Dramatic

## IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

As the days go by the interest in the approaching Albany Concert increases and the local list of those desirous of hearing this great singer and her talented companions is so large that there is at present a strong probability the space available for people outside of the city will be very limited. Indeed the outlying towns and cities—such as Moncton and Fredericton—realizing this are endeavoring to have Madame Albani appear in these places, thus ensuring their citizens a pleasure they might otherwise be prevented from realizing. So well known to all lovers of music is Albani's great musical talent that as stated last week, it would be superfluous as it would be unnecessary, to say anything specially eulogistic of it. Her fame is world-wide. But some at least of those in her company not being so well known it has been considered of probable interest to give readers of this department some idea of the strangers, leaving the question of their musical merit to individual taste and judgment, after they have been heard here. For the present purpose it need only be said that their musical connections and experience on the other side of the water is "confirmation strong" that they take rank among the most distinguished in the world of music and song.

In view of her nationality and on the principal of "place aux dames." The first to be dealt with is Miss Beverley Robinson, the mezzo soprano. This lady is the youngest daughter of the Hon. John Beverley Robinson, ex-lieutenant Governor of Ontario. Miss Robinson is a special favorite of Madame Albani. She inherited her musical gifts from her mother. She studied in New York under Sig. Agrimonte who had a school for opera in that city. Later Miss Robinson went to Paris where she studied under Madame Laborde subsequently touring England with such well known artists as Antoinette Sterling, Marie Brema, Ben Davies, Pinnett Greene and others. Miss Robinson has sung with all the first-class artists of the day and also studied different stage parts under Mrs. Crowe (once the distinguished actress Miss Bateman) and Mrs. Hovey. One of Miss Robinson's warmest admirers in London is Miss Mand Valerie White one of the most gifted song writers of the day. Testimonials such as found in this little sketch of the young lady's musical life pay high tribute to her ability and justify

the high hopes already indulged in with respect to her contributions to the programme for the approaching musical feast. An interesting and somewhat unique concert was given in Centenary church school room last Tuesday evening when Miss Bruce and the Webb sisters of Sackville took part in the programme. The concert was unique in that with the exception of a vocal solo by Miss Pidgeon and readings by Miss Brown, it was chiefly instrumental in its nature.

**Tones and Underlines.**  
For the first four nights of next week, the opera house will be the abode of minstrelsy. Under the management of W. S. Harkins, the popular actor, a company of colored minstrels, known as Wilson's Minstrels will give performances. They are credited with a big success in Halifax. The Mapleson Italian Opera Company opened a season at the Academy of Music, New York, last Monday evening, with Madame Bonaparte-Bau in the title role. Mascagni is said to be writing a Japanese opera.

Camille D'Arville, who is playing the leading role in Oscar Hammerstein's new opera "Santa Maria," has differed with the author on a question of dress. Miss D'Arville refuses to admit any right in her employer to direct her how to dress the part. It appears the second act of the opera is in a retiring room in a tailor's establishment and the plot provides that the tailor, while measuring the lady, shall insult her, whereupon she rushes out of the apartment without the dress. Miss D'Arville rushes on the stage with a white dress on that is cut low and plentifully bedecked with ribbons. Mr. Hammerstein insists on her being more literal. Miss D'Arville declines and—there you are.

"The Chimes of Normandy" at the Castle Square theatre, Boston last week was a particular success. For this week "The Pirates of Penzance" has been provided and next week "The Mikado". Miss Clara Luns and Miss Laura Millard still alternate in the leading roles in the productions at this house.

The latest heard from Lillian Russell is that in her new opera "An American Beauty," she has a French song with a French kick whatever this latter may mean.

The Geisha has passed its fiftieth performance at Daly's (N. Y.) theatre.

Damrosch is giving a series of Sunday concerts at Carnegie Hall, New York. On next Sunday (to-morrow) evening the programme will contain the Jubal overture of Weber, two numbers from "Pagliacci"; the Academic festival overture and serenade of Brahms and the allegretto from Beethoven's seventh symphony. Among the soloists will be Miss Alice Verlet who makes her American debut in a selection from "Traviata" and in Greig's "Solveig Lied." Herr Wm. Martens will be heard in Pagliacci selections and in a ballad.

Auguste Von Bieul, the actor musician, has cabled that Maudie Crichton who plays the role of Mrs. Spinnaker in "The Broken Melody" will not come to America. The result is that Miss Edythe Chapman has been engaged by T. H. French to play the part. Miss Chapman has been leading lady with Louis James, Frederick Warde and Robert Mantell.

A new opera entitled "Dolores" written by Gaston Polinai is to be given shortly at Nice, with Madame Patti in the leading role. The opera is in two acts.

Mr. C. A. E. Harris, of Vert and Harris, who is guiding Mme. Albani and Company on the tour through Canada has written a new opera, which he has called "Torquill". It is founded on a Scandinavian legend. The work will be first produced probably in Dublin.

Mme. Julie Rive-king of Boston will be the solo pianist, with Sidi and the Metropolitan orchestra while on tour.

Besides Mme. Januschowsky who was mentioned last week, other soloists for the Boston Symphony Concerts this coming winter will be Mr. Ben Davies, Franz Kneisel, Carl Halir the German violinist, Miss Lena Little, Martinus Sievking, and Emma Eimes who will sing on the 15th and 16th of January next.

Paderevski, who is in the south of France, is said to be busily engaged on a new opera which he hopes to publish early next year. He is again in vigorous health.

Mr. George J. Parker will sing in "Moses in Egypt" at Music Hall, Boston, to-morrow evening.

During the coming visit to the United States of Mascagni and Leoncavallo it is intended that the distinguished musicians shall give concerts in the leading cities during November, December and January, directing operatic performances of their own works. No artists will accompany the composers, as they are confident that satisfactory performers are to be found in America, provided the necessary details of the tour can be arranged.

At the concert in the Berkeley Temple Course Boston, last week and in which Mr. Tom Daniel took part, a great musical success was scored. A notice of the concert says that for a solo "Mr. Parker chose 'Dream Thee of a Day' and sang it with the rare art which makes everything he sings so exquisitely effective" and "Mr. Daniel sang Gounod's 'Auril Song' in a way to win applause and the demand for an encore."

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**  
The season of the Bennett and Moulton Co., at the Opera house, closes this evening. The next dramatic talent, booked for the Opera house here, is Miss Ethel Tucker and her capable company. The engagement begins on the 16th inst. Miss Tucker is easily ahead of any lady who has appeared here this season, and her plays have much more quality in them than those produced by other dramatic visitors.

It is said that Macaë Modjeska is arranging a Shakespearean production with a star cast, and that a comedy with three prominent female roles is under consideration.

Beebeholm Tree is busily engaged in rehearsing "The Seats of the Mighty" the play by Gilbert Parker, which he intends producing during his coming visit to New York. The author of the play will accompany Mr. Tree who will sail for this country on the 14th Nov. They will bring the scenery, furniture and costumes which will be of the period of Louis XIV.

E. M. Holland, of Holland Bros., who produced two new plays viz 1871 and "A Superfluous Husband" at the Hollis theatre, Boston, last week, is credited with great talent for roles of many kinds; he has fluency and vivacity, swiftness of action and firmness of technique.

So far as the more refined of the New York set is concerned the theatre hat (a much assailed nuisance) is doomed. It is already pronounced bad form.

Next week will be the last week of "The Two Little Vagrants" at the Boston Museum. Were it not due to other engagements this play could run indefinitely where it is now being given.

Loie Fuller, the danseuse, it is said, has been secured for China and the Orient under a special contract to appear before the Emperor of China. Miss Fuller is at present in Mexico.

Edythe Totten, a young and pretty actress, in conjunction with her mother and brother has a suit pending for a big tract of land at Mobile, Ala, which is said to be valued at fifteen million dollars.

A recent New York paper says that Charles Frohman is in receipt of no less than twenty five plays a day the year round.

Neil Burgess of "County Fair" fame will shortly appear in a new comedy by Alice E. Ives, entitled "Old Miss Podd." He will not appear in the "County Fair" at all this season. He has let that play out on royalties.

Thomas W. Keene, the tragedian is credited with possessing thirty two valuable watches which have been presented to him on different occasions.

Robert Drouet, who is young, handsome, with a charming manner and is the new leading man at the Girard avenue theatre, Philadelphia this season, has distinguished himself as an author as well as an actor. He wrote "Doris" for Edie Ellsler and a new romantic play of Southern life entitled "Colonel Bob," in which Wilton Lackaye will star later on. It is pronounced a charming play and if it acts half as well as it reads will bring both distinction and wealth to its author.

"Rosemary" will soon reach its one hundredth performance at the Empi theatre N. Y. The play will continue until the 14th of December, until which day the opening of the regular stock company has been postponed.

At a supper party given in honor of Isabella Eveson, the talented leading woman

of Thoroughbred, the conversation turned on "talking shop." Some one declared that an actor or musician was never happy unless allowed to talk shop by the hour, and then it was pointed out that doctors and lawyers were "just as bad." Miss Eveson clinched the argument by laughingly adding: "Yes, philosophers talk Schopenhauer, ladies shopping, tipplers 'schoppen,' musicians Chopin and actors 'shop.'"

J. E. Dodson recalls an amusing incident that happened while he was playing Valentine, in Faust, in a small Lancashire town. After the duel, Marguerite rushed on the stage and raised his head exclaiming, "Oh, what shall I do? There was a death-like stillness in the house, when an old woman in the gallery shouted, 'Unbutton his waist, ye stoopid!'"

Mrs. McFinnigan wudn't have no cop' per called in at Danny's wake, wud she? 'Trot she wud not! She said as how she'd allus be'n ekal to kapin' th' pace while Danny was a-love, so she thot she cud attend to it with him lyin' dead an' not able to lit a finger.—Boston Courier.

First Boy—"I kin lick you." Second Boy—"Jos' you try it." "Hub! What 'll ye do?" "I look like you, an' the furst time I hear your dad calling you when you ain't around, an' I am, I'll wiggle my fingers at him an' sass him; an' then you'll catch it when you git home, an' if you say you didn't do it, he'll lick you harder for lyin'."—N. Y. Weekly.

**"77"**  
FOR  
**COLDS**  
We Refrain

Trimmed and Untrimmed  
**MILLINERY**



this week from extolling the virtues of Humphreys' Specifics as our Canadian stock has been entirely destroyed by fire, and while we are keeping druggists supplied direct from New York, the high duties make it rather expensive and we are no anxious to increase the demand, for a week or two, until we can re-establish our factory in Montreal.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOP. MED. CO.,  
Co. John & William Sts., New York.

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK to select from, in Trimmed and Untrimmed HATS, TOQUES and BONNETS including the latest novelties from Paris, London and New York.  
At our usual low prices.  
CORSETS A SPECIALTY.

## A MADRID.

SPANISH MARCH. (TO MADRID.) HENRY GREENO.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

Copies can be purchased at every news stand in New Brunswick, and in every part of the city, town and village of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, or Five Cents each.

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Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

The Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 31

ASSISTING TOURIST TRAVEL.

The Summer Resort Association is proceeding with its work, but as PROGRESS intimated last week are not placing too much dependence upon a large civic grant in aid of their plan.

POLITICAL RUMORS.

Politicians are not making much noise at present but there are evidences that there is some preparation for contests in several counties in the province this winter.

LIQUOR LAWS AND CLUBS.

The Nova Scotia liquor law it appears makes a distinction between incorporated clubs and those not incorporated.

province will be attacked and reviewed elaborately and without any regard to cost, and it is confidently asserted that new constructions and interpretations of the liquor law will be established which were not dreamed to exist.

It seems absurd to make any such distinction but there are many strange things in most liquor laws.

For more than a year the sympathetic heart of the people of the United States has been bleeding for the poor Armenians, and now that a boat load or two of these refugees from the fury of the Turks, have arrived at their shores it is proposed to send them back to almost instant death!

The HOLLANDER who invented the patented corn-cob pipe has just died in Missouri. His invention is pretty well known in most parts of the world, and smoke enough to hide the world forever has been drawn from that sweet imitation.

M. J. E. B. MCCREARY, formerly the editor of the Telegraph and now of the Daily Guardian, Charlottetown, was in the city this week, meeting many old friends.

Grand Duke VLADIMIR, now on a visit in Paris has received from the Czar at Dramstadt, the following despatch: "We are enjoying well earned rest under the hospitable roof of the tyrants of Czarina."

The manager of a New York theatre has dealt, perhaps, the most effective blow yet aimed at the large hat by providing a dressing room, in charge of a maid and furnished with numerous mirrors, in which the obnoxious millinery may be checked free and readjusted in comfort.

There have been several surprises in the custom house this week and among them was the promotion of Mr. BURKE. It was thought that if the government touched that official at all he might not have been as well pleased as he is.

dividual. Perhaps his good fortune is accounted for, if he followed the example of another high salaried official in the customs service who when he saw by the returns that the tide had turned abruptly left the Mechanics Institute and the conservative party—toward the fund of which he had contributed—and joined the jubilant liberals in the opera house.

One STUTZKE of New York, who has constituted himself high priest and prophet of a new set of calamity seekers, whose mission it is to precipitate the end of the world, declared last week that this sensational episode would surely come to pass before sundown Thursday night or sunrise Friday morning, for the reason that the North pole had reached the melting point and was about to slip over.

The fact that the chief justice of this province was passed by in the appointment of an administrator during the absence of Governor FRASER has caused considerable comment.

IT WAS NOT CONSUMPTION.

In all times it has been conceded that the color to nature an artist gets his production the greater the skill; and this holds good in every direction of art including the stage—the stage of Shakespeare's day the stage of the present, and the stage of the future.

The lady did not know or if she knew had quite forgotten the fact that in the story by Dumas the central figure "Camille" is supposed to be a victim of an incurable disease which asserts its incognitum at intervals, amid the wild excitement of the life led by Camille.

The Land of the Long Ago. There's a dear old home in the Far Away, A realm of rest where the children play, A realm of rest where the old folks stay.

On the north and south are the joy and rest Of a sister's smile and a mother's breast; And a father's love to the east and west.

The Old, Old Friends. Some changed; some buried; some gone out of sight, Some enemies, and in the world's swift flight No time to make enemies.

Her Faith was Shaker. A little girl of this city with a birthday in near prospect, at the suggestion of her fond parents prayed fervently every night for a bicycle on her natal anniversary.

The Academy of St. Cunegonde, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Fante Piano for the use of its advanced pupils.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

How calmly before us she slept, The summer was passing in bloom; And we with the beautiful wept.

How often alone on my way, A watcher in shadows and night; I sit I hear the singing of day.

As for that glorified throng, Beyond all our sorrow and pain; Now singing love's heavenly song.

How softly their footsteps still hall Who bring the Lord's message and take; The sweetest the best loved of all.

Dying eyes, what do ye see? I see the love that holdeth me; I see the love that holdeth me.

The Last Answer. Dying eyes, what do ye see? I see the love that holdeth me; I see the love that holdeth me.

Don't nothing 'tis lay'n 'erout, Watchin' the grass on trees put out; 'Tis been 'er wuz 'er wuz wuz bare;

The Old, Old Friends. Some changed; some buried; some gone out of sight, Some enemies, and in the world's swift flight.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

WHAT FRIENDSHIP IS. It is a monstrosity. Words fail to do it anything like justice. It is the incarnation of selfishness.

Friendship in its purity is that bond existing between two individuals—not necessarily of the same sex—of which there cannot possibly be any go-between to sever it.

Friendship exists, it is, and has been the happy privilege of many, to have experienced it in its very intensity, both as to thought and act, thought, in so far as the inability to forget, act, the impossibility of withholding those little kindnesses that spontaneously exhibit themselves in a manner that compels the recipient thereof to accept in the same spirit they were proffered, and at the same time, quite aside from the thought, that any obligation exists through it.

Friendship is a sort of social cement that binds two people together in such a way, that their interests are equal, and whose thoughts are one for the other, are ever uppermost, and that no matter what comes or goes, that in pleasure, each receive in the knowledge that they do really enjoy that heavenly gift "true friendship" to a degree that on the one side is not unequal to the other, and while those lives may never approach nearer to "friendships" (if of opposite sexes) still the thought that each may be happy through all the various changes, disappointments, ups and downs, etc., is a sort of compensation that makes up, in a small degree, for what may have prevented a chosen union, and the earnest and heartfelt desire to have and know of each other's success in all of the coming years, stamps true friendship with a seal that savors of a very much stronger emotion.

THE OTHER AND HIS PREY. A Naturalist Watches Him Capture a Rabbit on the Bank. 'I may claim some rights,' says Mr. H. R. Francis, 'to speak confidently of the other's proceedings when in pursuit of his prey, since I was the first person to record, from the testimony of intelligent eye-witnesses, both by land and by water. It is unlucky that Major Fisher, who writes on such subjects with the keenest interest of a sportsman, should not have seen this testimony, which would have saved him the gratuitous error of denying that the other seeks his prey on land as well as in the water.'

THE LARGE THREATER HAT. It has Many Lives and Absolutely Refuses to Give up the Ghost. That the large hat worn in the theatres by some ladies is a nuisance and an abomination is beyond a doubt. It is attacked everywhere, in public and private, in the press and out of the press, but its vitality is surprising. In spite of every onslaught, no matter how violent, it strives desperately for life. The proverbial cat would fall a victim to less forcible assault. In construction they are wonderful, and when one unfortunately is seated behind one of the more aggravated and aggravating specimens of this kind of head-gear good opportunity is afforded for its study; there is nothing else to do. There is nothing else to be seen. It absorbs all attention. To see the stage is impossible unless one keeps up a continuous "peck-a-boo" performance, now on one side and then on the other of the fair—or rather unfair wearer. The hat in the abstract studied from the rear is "fearfully and wonderfully" made.

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We Have A Good Thing (IT FLOATS)

And we want the public to know it. This good thing is the best of its kind and is known as

Fairy Soap A most delightful, free, velvety lathering Vegetable Oil Soap.

The Clear, White Color indicates its Purity.

Made in two sizes—a small, twin cake for the Toilet, and 12 oz. cake for the Nursery, Bath, and Washing of Fine Fabrics.

WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Sea Foam It Floats. 5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

A Pure White Soap, Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.

The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft, smooth, and healthy.



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More practicable, economical, sensible and durable than any other, and costs no more.

Wakefield Leather Skirt Binding, Patented.

USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

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The world of society has been rather gay of late though, unfortunately, several of the most enjoyable functions have been overlooked by Phoenicia.

On Tuesday evening Miss Jones gave a charming little whist party at Caverhill Hall. There were three tables only and much interest was taken in the play.

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Rev. Dr. Pickles of Boston who spent several days in the city this week left Tuesday for home.

Senator George Baird of Perth Centre spent Wednesday in St. John.

Mr. D. R. Hunter of Moncton was in the city for a day or two this week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McLachlan of Chatham were in St. John this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall of Middleton and Mr. and Mrs. Phinney of Wilmet, N. S. are spending their honeymoon in this city, arriving by steamer Bridgewater on Tuesday evening.

Miss Shaw of the Dramatic Art Society of Montreal is making her home at the Clifton.

Mr. A. L. Gibson of Halifax is here on a short visit.

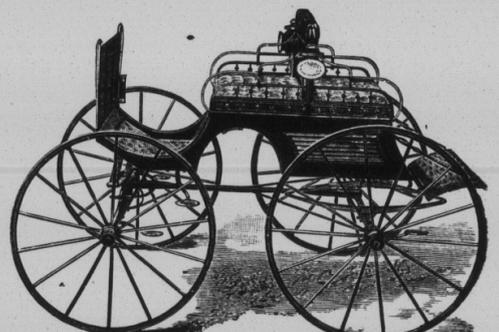
Mr. J. C. Brien and R. W. Douglas of Boston were here for a short time lately.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Fray and Alexander Leslie of Montreal were in the city for a few days lately.

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Tetley's TEAS. For SUPERIOR FLAVOR, FRAGRANCE, BOUQUET, HEALTH PROPERTIES. DRINK... FROM ANCIENT INDIA AND SWEET CEYLON.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES! Handsome and Comfortable; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished. HERE ARE TWO DISTINCT STYLES!



A Stylish Dog Cart. Will carry Two or Four with comfort.



The Comfortable Bangor Buggy. Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable single Carriages built. Rides as easy as a cradle. Not too heavy and as light as you want it made.

For further Particulars and Prices inquire of JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

ALDERBROOK! ITS FARM... Is thoroughly equipped for its large herd of Jerseys. Its Milk, Cream and Butter, Direct from the Farm, are guaranteed the Purest and Best in St. John. And Its Dairy Store, 91 Charlotte Street, Is the only one in the Maritime Provinces that is directly connected with its own farm. TELEPHONES: Store, 918, Farm, 73 C.



Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the new boys and at the following news stands and offices: S. D. Farnham, Brunswick street; Robinson & Co., Barrington street; Clifford Street, 111 Hollis street; Lewis & Cornwall, George street; Fowles & Sons, 100 Barrington street; Opp. I. C. R. Depot, 100 Barrington street; Barrington street; Dartmouth N. S.; J. W. Allen, Dartmouth N. S.

The hall given lately by the captains and officers of H. M. S. Crescent was one of the most successful ever held in Halifax. The decorations were on a most elaborate scale, the ball room being profusely decorated with flags and bunting. The walls were covered with white hanging, festooned with flags and designs made from light implements of war. At the northern end a huge star was displayed made of swords, tomahawks, revolvers, cleaning rods and cutlasses. A life buoy, studded with miniature lights formed the centre piece, and the handles of the cutlasses were so arranged inside the buoy as to form a sparkling steel crown from which flashed a very powerful electric light. On the wall under the music lights formed the centre piece, and the handles of the cutlasses were so arranged inside the buoy as to form a sparkling steel crown from which flashed a very powerful electric light.

Some very handsome gowns were worn by the ladies, the following being particularly noticeable. Mrs. Powell was very handsomely dressed in dull blue and white brocade. Her daughter, Miss Powell, looked very sweet and pretty in white. Mrs. Krabb wore a very smart combination of cream and green. Miss Granville, sister of Lieut. Granville, who is starting at Admiralty House, wore one of the handsomest gowns in the room. It was of heavy white silk, the bodice swathed with pink and fastened with diamond buckles. She carried a beautiful bouquet of white and pink roses.

Miss H. H. wore a dress of coral blue silk, with queen lace and diamond necklace. Miss Colbourne was in pale blue silk. Miss Turton was dressed in pink and white striped silk. She looked extremely well. Mrs. Farrell wore a very handsome gown of black satin with scalloped trimmings. She was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Daisy Farrell, who was in white, and Miss Gertrude Dever, of St. John, who was dressed in yellow satin, with gold and pearl ornaments.

Miss Oliver was also in yellow and carried a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums. Miss Wood and Miss Story were both in black. Mrs. James Morrow wore a green silk skirt with pink bodice. Miss Stetson wore a charmingly pretty pink frock and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. Mrs. Rusey looked very pretty in black with very small green tulle sleeves. Mrs. Leach wore black. Mrs. Hodson had on pink brocade. Mrs. Alex. Donahue wore a pretty frock of pale heliotrop. She carried a bouquet of white roses and carnations. Miss Lawson and Mrs. Ferris wore dark green. Mrs. William Dunbar looked extremely well in black. The Misses Cady who also wore black, looked very pretty. Miss Kinnear wore a pale blue satin dress, the bodice being trimmed with violets. The dance music was supplied by the band of the flagship and was superb. The order of dances was as follows:

- 1. Valse-Santiago. 2. Valse-Eldorado. 3. Polka-Oh Honey, My Honey. 4. Lancers-Songs of London. 5. Valse-L'Etrole Polaire. 6. Mazurka-La Czarine. 7. Valse-Bitter Sweet. 8. Barn Dance-Faust up to Date. 9. Valse-Blue Danube. 10. Valse-Dream on the Ocean. 11. Valse-Torador. 12. Two Step-Honey Moon. 13. Valse-Venetian Song. 14. Valse-Don't be Cross. 15. Lancers-The Original. 16. Barn Dance-Happy Darkies. 17. Valse-Don't Widen. 18. Two-Step-Liberty Bell. 19. Valse-Linger Longer Loo. 20. Galop-John Peel. Another event of almost equal importance was the ball given by the chief and first class petty officers of the same ships and for which a very large number of invitations were issued. The decorations were the same as on the occasion of the fall given by the captain and officers of H. M. S. Crescent and all those in the arms holding ranks corresponding with those who gave the ball, and a very large number of others. The dance programme had the following numbers:

- 1. Polka. 2. Lancers. 3. Valse. 4. Barn dance. 5. Valse. 6. Quadrille. 7. Bon-Ton. 8. Valse. 9. D'Alberts. 10. Shottische. 11. Valse. 12. Quadrille. 13. Polka. 14. Barn Dance. 15. D'Alberts. 16. Shottische. 17. Valse. 18. Bon-Ton. 19. Lancers. 20. Valse. 21. Barn Dance. 22. D'Alberts. 23. Shottische. 24. Valse & Galop.

THE Elegancies, Luxuries, and Perfection

of refined workmanship, with the finest materials to be had, are embodied in our latest

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PRICE & SHAW, CARRIAGE BUILDERS,

222 to 228 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A Better Oatmeal

Cannot be made than Pan-dried Rolled Oats. There is more real nourishment in a single breakfast dish of "Pan-dried" than in two of any other kind. You simply get all the nourishment of the oat in "Pan-dried"—in other kinds you do not. The Tillson Company, Ltd., Tillsonburg, Ont. High Grade Cereal Foods.

Sportsmen and Clubmen

Insist upon

Watson's Dundee Whisky.

A Blend of the Finest Scotch Whiskies.

The Biggest Stock of Millinery

Anywhere in New Brunswick.

An emphatic fact! No such display, no such richness, no such variety anywhere else! More room here, more light, more experience, more style and more money's worth. The focus of an enormous trade, and the climax of successful retailing. As a matter of course every imaginable HAT need has been anticipated. We buy in the world's best markets, buy direct from the makers, and buy for cash. We pay a little more for our MILLINERY and sell for a little less than anyone else. That's why we are so busy.

H. G. MARR, MONCTON, N. B.

BRANCH AT 165 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

The "Leshchitzky Method," also "Synthetic System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

NEW GLASGOW.

[Progress is for sale at J. O. Fichard and H. H. Henderson in New Glasgow.]

R. F. Stupart Esq., director of the Dominion Meteorological service at Toronto, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. Geo. B. Murray, late agent of the Bank of Nova Scotia has removed to Halifax where he will in future reside.

Mr. Harry Strong and wife (nee Ella Murray) have gone to Halifax to reside.

Mrs. Murray, widow of the late Dr. George Murray, now to Halifax, where she will reside in future her children will be all residents there, including Professor Murray of Dalhousie college and Mrs. Hensley. After a residence here of over thirty years Mrs. Murray and her family will be very much missed in local circles.

Mr. George M. Kerr has received the appointment of agent for the Dominion Government Savings Bank.

Mr. Ernest Lord of the Bank of Nova Scotia has been removed to Charlottetown.

Mr. H. T. Sutherland is at present very ill with typhoid fever.

Mr. Jack McKinnon is slowly recovering from a severe attack of typhoid.

Dr. Keith's residence on George street is rapidly approaching completion, and will be ready for occupancy about Christmas.

Mr. Wm. D. Ross, late Inspector for the Bank of Nova Scotia, is now permanently located here, and has taken up his residence at the bank here.

The funeral of the late William Stewart Esq., took place on Monday last, and was attended by a very large concourse of the citizens of the town. Mr. Stewart was widely known over the whole of the Maritime Provinces, and was a successful railway contractor, and came here from Montreal many years ago while the Intercolonial railway was being built.

Layton and Rennie have moved into their new premises in McDougall's block. It is one of the finest drug stores in the Maritime Provinces; the grand opening took place on Thursday and Friday, and the many attractions drew a large crowd. The firm were "at home" to all who called, chocolate and cake were served by Miss Annie Graham and Miss Lena Fobson. A large music box at the end of the store furnished music and was a great attraction. The floral decorations were most admired, the whole store was filled with beautiful plants and cut flowers tastefully arranged; the fur display was excellent, the four windows being filled with furs of every kind, the stuffed and mounted Assam or manes Lion, and the white seal were special features of the show.

Mr. James M. Carmichael who has been confined to his home for some weeks, and seriously ill, is convalescent.

Mr. Sydney Lochart has returned from the States, and will go into business here again.

Miss Rae Garvie who has been visiting her sister Mrs. E. Fulton, Truro, for the past few weeks, is home again and much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Jenkins of Providence, R. I. are visiting friends in town.

Miss E. J. Gray, who has been visiting in Halifax and Truro, the past few weeks, is home again, and Mrs. Robertson entertained the choir of St. Andrew's very pleasantly on Monday evening.

A lecture and concert course in aid of the Aberdeen Hospital has been arranged for the winter. "The New Humor" by Rev. A. Robertson, on Nov. 3rd, concert Thanksgiving day, "Ancient and Modern Rhythms" by F. M. McLean, M. P. F. of Truro, Dec. 8th, "Passion Play" concert, Feb. 10th. Lecture by Rev. Dr. Back of Halifax, March 2nd, lecture by Rev. A. Gandler, B. D. Halifax, March 18th. The lecture in the New St. Andrew's hall on Nov. 3rd, will be given by Mr. Robertson, who has been accepted of the choir of St. John's Newfoundland, and Jack Frost put in his appearance for the season on Friday night last, and the beautiful flower garden in town are no more a thing of beauty.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Purdy.]

Oct. 25—Judge Morse's lecture on our Local History given on Monday evening in the Y. M. C. A. hall was both interesting and instructive to the audience, who are pleased to know that he will at an early date continue the lecture, bring in the events to the present time.

On Friday evening Miss Grace Pipes entertained "the club" at progressive whist. The first prize which was very prettily won by Miss Lucy MacKinnon and Mr. Bert McLeod and the booby by Miss Brenda Main and Ken Fowler after which dancing was the order; and I understand that Miss Alice Sleep will entertain the club on next Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Fuller entertained a number of their friends this evening at progressive whist at their pretty cottage on Spring street and Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. E. Biden will entertain their club at progressive whist followed by a dance. There is also rumors of a large dance at the home of a charming hostess where a rare amount of pleasure is in store for the fortunate.

The old Tyme New England tea given by the W. C. T. U. at their coffee rooms on Victoria street Tuesday evening was well attended and as pleasant as was unique, the antique cookery being greatly relished.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Maynard of Ottawa are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Dickey, Grove Cottage.

Mr. Geo. Nelson and Miss Blanche Nelson of Truro are the guests of Mrs. Nelson's mother Mrs. N. Tupper, Church street.

Mrs. Mark Curry returned to her home in Bridgetown last Wednesday, after a pleasant visit to relatives in town.

Bishop O'Brien and Rev. Dr. Welsh, London, were the guests of Father Mihan last Wednesday.

Mrs. A. D. Munro came home last week from a short visit to Fort Greenville.

The foot ball game between the Amherst Y. M. C. A. and team from Mt. Allison, was played on Saturday afternoon on the Athletic grounds. The weather being most unpleasant, there were very few spectators but the teams after the game looked as if they had taken advantage of all the mud available.

ANTIGONISH.

[Progress is for sale in Antigonish at I. R. McMillan & Co's Drug store.]

Oct. 23—Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Dickson, Hazel Hill, were in town a few days last week, the guests of Mrs. Grant, Main street.

Mr. A. M. Cunningham went to Halifax on Monday to consult doctors about his health. He was accompanied by his son, Mr. N. G. Cunningham.

Mrs. Cooke and Mrs. Whitman, Capso, were in town last week.

Mr. C. Munroe, Oxford, spent Sunday in town. Mr. Duran, Windsor, who has been visiting Mrs. Brothers, left for her home on Monday.

Mrs. J. A. Kirk entertained a number of friends at whist last Thursday evening.

Mrs. R. Henry is visiting Mrs. Hale at the Meritmas.

A number of young people have been taking advantage of the fine autumn weather by organizing a walking club. Last Friday they went to the Reservoir on Tuesday to the Sugar Loaf. The members of the club are Mr. and Mrs. F. Trotter, Miss Gospy, Miss Bernasconi, Miss Tobin, Miss Kelley, Miss McMillan, Miss McCurdy, Miss MacDonald, Messrs. R. MacDonald, Stevens, W. Archibald, Thomson, McCarroll and Gardner. I haven't

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. "Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

Jacket Materials. In Great Variety. LADIES' TAILORING. The most exclusive designs. The best workmanship, and perfect fitting qualities. OUR PRICES: Jacket to order, \$ 8.00. " " " 11.00. " " " 12.75. " " " 18.50. The above in Beaver or Mixed Goods, and silk or satin lined. One Jacket at \$18.50 cannot be equalled elsewhere under \$30.00. Compare our goods, prices and completed garments with the so called imported jackets, and then decide where your new jacket will be purchased. Measuring Form and Samples on application. MERRITT D. KEEFE, Costumer and Ladies' Tailor, - - 48 King Street, St. John.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. I WAS CURED OF terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT. REV. WM. BROWN. I WAS CURED OF a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. S. KATLACK. I WAS CURED OF sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. S. MARTENS.

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Teaberry FOR THE Teeth. RESTORES NATURAL WHITENESS. PLEASANT & HARMLESS TO USE. A 25c. ZEPESCA, CHEMICAL & TOBACCO.

COME and SEE OUR STOCK. Ferguson & Page. Always keep a full line of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry.

Suffered for 40 Years. W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN. Dear Sir—I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for forty years. I have spent hundreds of dollars trying different remedies, but never obtained any relief until I procured a bottle of your B 14498 Anti-Dyspepsia Remedy. I can heartily recommend it, as it has made a permanent cure of me. Respectfully yours, JAMES STEPHENSON, Hampton, Kings county. B 14498 is prepared only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 25 King Street - - St. John. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

You'll enjoy the Winter through all its varying moods if you have your clothing interlined with Fibre Chamols. This wonderful fabric is so light that you never notice its presence in a garment till you get out into the wind and cold, then you realize that you are cozily warm even though lightly clad. Fibre Chamols is a complete non-conductor of heat and cold, not the strongest wintry blast can penetrate it, nor can the natural warmth of the body escape through it—This explanation and the fact that it sells for 25c a yard gives the whole story, and easily proves that for health and comfort's sake you can't do without it.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 25 King Street - - St. John. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Messrs. John F. ...]

Oct. 28.—Mrs. Wilfred Eaton and her ...

Rev. Fredric Robertson of Trinity church ...

A theatre party which was arranged by a ...

The young ladies of the Calais high school ...

Mrs. E. Broad who has been visiting relatives ...

Mrs. M. A. Whidden has returned to Worcester ...

Mrs. Nelson Clarke, St. Andrews, is visiting ...

The Misses Washburne on Saturday evening ...

Mrs. Mary A. Perkins will spend the winter ...

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blaine and family of St. ...

Mr. and Mrs. Fredric Pike MacNichol have ...

Mr. Frank E. Boston.

Miss Emma Pr. Wall, W. B. Tho.

Mr. and Mrs. J. several days stay.

Mr. R. E. Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blaine.

Messrs. Walter Luches, A. L. Drake, and Alfred ...

Dr. Frank L. Blair and his mother, Mrs. S. H. ...

Mr. James Bogue of St. George was here for ...

Mrs. B. K. Ross, and her daughter Miss Bron ...

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Meredith have returned ...

Mrs. Benjamin Black of St. John is the guest ...

The "Harvest" supper given by the ladies of ...

Mrs. E. H. Clarke, who not only origina ...

Mrs. William Grimmer and Mrs. Alexander Mc ...

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel ...

Mr. Havlock Ross and wife of Douglas were ...

Messrs. Walter Scott, Coburn and Davis of ...

Mrs. and Miss Bristol of Philadelphia spent ...

After several weeks spent pleasantly with ...

Mrs. Charles W. Young and Mrs. W. F. Broad ...

A party of ladies, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Mrs. James ...

Hon. Edgar Whidden has returned from a pleas ...

Mr. Harry Dean Creed arrived here yesterday ...

Mrs. Charles F. Beard has returned from a short ...

Mr. John E. Algar has returned from a business ...

Mrs. Mattie Young and Miss Marion Curran ...

The Ladies of St. Stephen and Calais ...

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Crane of Whiting and Mrs. ...

Mrs. Charles F. Beard has returned from a short ...

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PLEASING AND INSTRUCTIVE NOVELTY.

The question box was introduced and Miss Constance ...

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Mrs. Harry Dean Creed arrived here yesterday ...

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Mrs. Charles F. Beard has returned from a short ...

DECEMBER.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. ...]

Oct. 28.—The marriage of Miss Evelyn Seery to ...

Mrs. W. W. Short passed quietly to rest on ...

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REICHBUTO.

[Progress is for sale in Reichbuto by Theodore ...]

Oct. 28.—Rev. Mr. Clarke of Newcastle occupied ...

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Seasonable Garments AT Reasonable Prices



During the past three weeks we received five different lots of Fall and Winter JACKETS AND CAPES. With each consignment we received New Designs, thoroughly up to date in style and finish.

FUR DEPARTMENT,

and would like to have our out-of-town customers forward Fur Garments that require remodelling at the earliest possible date.

Seal-skin Jackets and Capes re-dyed

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
Miss Madeline Black who has been visiting city friends returned last week to her home in Windsor.
Mrs. J. J. Ritchie has returned from a week's visit to Northumberland county.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at Wm. I. Goodwin's Book store. In Middle Sackville by E. Merritt.]
Oct. 29.—A number of the friends of Conductor and Mrs. Trueman were very pleasantly entertained by them at their home Weldon street on Friday evening, among those present were Mr. and Mrs. C. F. McCready, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Trueman, Point de Bute, Mrs. Joseph Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLeod, Dr. and Mrs. Bowser, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Fulton, Mr. and Mrs. Harsh, the Misses Copp, Trueman, Ogden, Fawcett, Smith, Carter, Messrs. Smith and Black.

ST. ANDREWS.

Oct. 29.—Mr. M. N. Cockburn who has been visiting in Boston the last three weeks has returned home.
Mrs. George S. Grimmer is in Woodstock visiting her sisters.
Capt. John Ross paid his old home a short visit this week.
Judge Stevens opened the County court on Tuesday.
Mr. Geo. Mitchell has returned to her home in Woodstock, accompanied by her sister Miss Georgie Stevenson.

BLACKSMITH AND PREACHER.

An illustrious Tennessee Evangelist who has had great success.
The Rev. Tom Sexton, the blacksmith preacher, who is known to thousands of people throughout East Tennessee, has been preaching the Gospel for eight years and never went to school a day in his life. This man has an interesting career; in fact, it is remarkable. He is now just 40 years old, and during the coming winter he is going to take a study course, and some day he will doubtless be one of the leading evangelists of the country. His home is in Maryville, where he has a wife and a family of little ones.

Help

Is needed by poor, tired mothers, overworked and burdened with care, debilitated and run down because of poor, thin and impoverished blood. Help is needed by the nervous sufferer, the men and women tormented with rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, scrofula, catarrh. Help Comes Quickly

When Hood's Sarsaparilla begins to enrich, purify and vitalize the blood, and sends it in a healing, nourishing, invigorating stream to the nerves, muscles and organs of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the weak and broken down system, and cures all blood diseases, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

to manhood ever dreamed that he would be a minister of the Gospel. He was born near Clarksville, Ga., and is the son of John Sexton, who was a veteran blacksmith.

In 1870 the Sexton family located in Blount county, and the old man opened a small blacksmith shop alongside the Knoxville and Augusta Railroad track, about three miles beyond Rockford. Here he remained until a few years before his death, which occurred seven years ago. Sexton's shop was known far and wide; in fact, it was the only one in that neck in the woods for several years. Tom grew up around the shop, and about all he learned was the trade of his father. When he became of age he was married, and soon after opened shop for himself at Maryville, but later moved to Rockford, where he spent at least ten years of his life. He was known over the country as an habitual drunkard, and was often in trouble, neglecting his business to a great extent.

One day he had been to Knoxville, boozing pretty heavily, and thought the train had left him, so he attempted to walk home. Out near the Knoxville and Augusta junction he sat down upon a cross-bench and when the train came along he refused to get up, and the consequence was that he was knocked into a ditch, but not seriously hurt, and was picked up and taken to his home, which then was in a little farm but just beyond the Rockford depot. Another time he was going home late one night, riding horse-back, and rode his horse into a ditch, the animal falling on him, and neither was able to get up until a man came along and took the animal off the man. Another time he drove a blind mule into the river, having in the buggy his wife and children, but it happened none of them were killed.

Eight years ago Tom professed religion and determined to lead a better life. He concluded that he had been called to preach and so at Maryville, in London county, he preached his first sermon, and from that day to this he has kept constantly at it. In Knoxville he has held four revivals and had 390 conversions. During all his life of drunkenness he says his good wife prayed for him, and never did he doubt her religion, and since he became a preacher she has taught him to read and write. Since then he has had a strong desire to attain more knowledge, but has never had the time nor the means. He is now preaching throughout East Tennessee to get money enough to support his family for three months during the winter, while he puts in that time in studying. Some of the college professors at Maryville have agreed to give him instructions and to hear his recite. While in the city one day last week he said that he was going to cast off all care and do nothing but study. Early in the fall he will open a big revival in Knoxville, and what money he can make will go toward keeping his family while he is studying.—Knoxville Tribune.

Hotel Aberdeen.

The Aberdeen Hotel Company (Limited) desires to give its sincere thanks to the travelling public, and the citizens of St. John, for their generous and steadily increasing patronage extended to the Hotel Aberdeen since it was opened by the late proprietor, Mr. G. R. Pugsley. Consequent upon Mr. Pugsley's death certain changes have been rendered advisable, and in making them the utmost care has been taken to preserve the high reputation which the hotel had attained under the management of Mr. E. M. Tree, with whom the company will part with much regret. Mr. D. A. Pugsley, proprietor of the Hotel Belle View at Robesay, which in the summer months will be operated in connection with the hotel, has been appointed treasurer of this company, and will on the first of November assume an active part in the management of the Aberdeen. The complete satisfaction afforded the patrons of the Belle View and the success achieved by Mr. and Mrs. Pugsley in placing it at once in the front rank among the summer hotels of Canada will be a sufficient guarantee to the public that the high standard of the Aberdeen will be maintained under the new management. The aim of the company will be to make this house more than ever a comfortable, home-like hotel. For the coming winter, a number of additional permanent boarders will be taken at reasonable rates. For terms, etc., apply at the Hotel Aberdeen to

ROBERT B. HUMPHREY, Secretary.

The Morality of Dancing.

Harmful? Demoralizing? Sinful? That depends entirely upon the individual and associations. Henry Ward Beecher once said: 'I have numerous inquiries as to what I think about church members attending the theaters. To such I always ask, what do you think of it yourself? If you think it is harmful, then it is harmful. If not, under rational conditions, there is no harm whatever in it.' And so it is with dancing. Those who dance purely for the sake of amusement or for the ease and grace which the pastime imparts to the individual, can derive no harm from it. Those who are demoralized by dancing would be led astray by anything else. Always taking into consideration selectness and respectability, dancing in itself ought not to harm the individual person so will it.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Figures on Electric Power.

The ever-increasing multiplication of the uses to which electric power is being put is strikingly illustrated by the report of one of the large electrical manufacturing companies of this country, which states that during the first six months of this year they have received contracts for over 48,000 horse-power in power machinery alone, which aggregate is greater than the total output for the last year. Each successive year has shown a large increase in the power of machinery thus supplied, but this year the increase has been unprecedented.

McArthur's for Dolls, Toys and Fancy Goods

The Tone Ideal



Is the aim of every piano maker. In no instrument has it been so nearly attained as in the Pratte Piano.

Without being "wooly" the tone is mellow without being "metallic" or "wiry"; it is brilliant, it is ringing sympathetic, full.

The power of tone modulation as well as the capacity for expression in the Pratte Piano, give it almost the influence of the singer's voice.

It enables the artist to portray emotion of joy, sadness, anger or love, more delicately on these instruments than on any other.

Pratte Piano Co. 1676 Notre Dame Street. MONTREAL.

You can Walk or Drive or Skate

or anything else you like in perfect comfort all winter through, if your garments are interlined with

Fibre Chamois

It gives the very best healthful Winter warmth you can find, keeping out all cold and wind, keeping in all your natural warmth, and yet so light in weight you never feel its presence.

Sells now for 25c a yard.

OPERA HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY EVEN'G, NOV. 27.

The First and Only Positive Appearance in New Brunswick of

MADAME ALBANI

(Under direction of Messrs. Vert & Harris).

Grand Operatic Concert AND Scenes in Costume

From the Opera of Gounod's

FAUST!

Act III. - - The Garden Scene Act V. - - The Prison Scene

ARTISTES: MARGUERITE, - - Mme. ALBANI

MARIA, - - MISS REVERLY ROBINSON MEFISTO, - - MR. LEMPERLIER FRINGLE

AND FAUST, - - MR. BRAXTON SMITH

Together with MISS BEATRICE LANGLEY,

The Famous Solo-Violinist, Conductor, - - Signor Seppilli.

ERNEST GYE, Conductor of Scenic Productions.

(Late lessee of the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket Theatre, London.)

Prices \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50; Gallery \$1.00

Seats can be registered now in advance, payable at time of Concert, at C. Flood & Sons, King street, and orders from out of town will be received when accompanied by money order.

Cheque Bank Cheques.

THE undersigned having been appointed agents for the sale of Cheque Bank cheques, are prepared to sell them in any sum, from one shilling upwards, and for such amounts as desired, each Cheque being signed by purchaser only as required.

CHEQUE BANK LTD., LONDON, ENGL. has been issuing these Cheques for over twenty-one years.

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CONVENIENT FOR TRAVELLERS.

How a Tourist Can Always Have Money Without a Bag.

The traveller who has felt it necessary in the past to provide himself with certain kinds of funds for use when journeying has a more convenient and safer method presented for his inspection in the cheque bank system, which saves one the trouble of making such preparations and enables him to draw his money en route as he needs it by using the cheque book of the Cheque Bank. Messrs. Blair & Co. are agents for this bank in this city and are authorized to issue these cheque books. The cost of them is small and some of the many advantages are outlined in a little hand book which contains a lot of information respecting the bank's methods and agents:

In the case of an ordinary cheque there is always a certain amount of doubt that it will be paid, as there can be no assurance that its drawer has the necessary balance at the bank on which it is drawn. This can never be a question in regard to cheque bank cheques, as they cannot be obtained until the maximum value for which the cheque can be drawn has been deposited in cash with the bank, and that money is retained until the cheques are presented; consequently merchants, tradespeople, hotel keepers, and the public may treat the cheque bank cheque as absolutely equal to cash. As Bank of England notes are, and for the same reason—that they positively represent so much cash held for their payment on presentation. Every cheque is numbered and the number is recorded in the bank's books.

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It is not necessary to keep a banking account to get cheque bank cheques cashed—they may be freely passed from hand to hand, like bank notes, until at last, through a banker, they are paid by the cheque bank.

Cheque bank cheques are the most convenient form of carrying money while travelling. The cheques are cheaper, and afford innumerable advantages over circular notes or letters of credit.

The bank has agents and correspondents in every part of the world, who will cash checks on presentation without advice or identification at the current rate of exchange.

Cheque bank cheques are also accepted by the principal hotels both at home and abroad. Railway companies in the United Kingdom for fares; steamship companies for passage money etc.; and by tourist and shipping agents for tickets, hotel coupons etc.

HORSES AFTER SEDAN.

Horses Grow Accustomed to War and Learn to Take It.

Cavalry horses, as soldiers well know, become in time so accustomed to military discipline that the ways of warfare are not less than second nature to them. Often they appear to share the excitement and ardor of the strife; again, when wounded or terrified, they will frequently keep with their companions and continue to share dangers which they in part understand rather than fly alone beyond the reach of orders and orderly formation, in which they seem to feel a certain protection.

Striking indeed is that passage in Kinglake's narrative of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, where he describes how the riderless and often injured gallies, so long as they could gallop, remained with the last thinning ranks of the devoted six hundred, dashing down the "rally of death" straight upon the Russian batteries, unurged, unguided, and indeed undesired. One officer, riding ahead of his men, was so closely beset and pressed upon by these riderless steeds that he was obliged to use his sword to free himself, lest when he met the enemy he should not have space enough in which to fight.

In a recent interesting volume on his experience with the Anglo-American ambulance during the Franco-German War, Mr. Charles Ryan gives incidentally a graphic picture of the war-horses which wandered loose by the hundred after the battle of Sedan. After a compassionate word upon the sufferings of wounded horses, which from one of the minor yet most hideous of the horrors of war, he tells how the sound and slightly wounded animals flocked together and came under the very walls of the hospital where he served.

"A source of disturbance during the night was the droves of loose horses, principally Arabs, that kept neighing and pawing the pavement outside the build-

JEALOUS RIVAL'S

Cannot turn back the tide. The demand for Dr. Agnew's little Pills is a marvel.

It's the old story, "The Survival of the Fittest" and "Jealousy is its own Destroyer."

Cheap to buy, but diamonds in quality—banish nausea, coated tongue, water brash pain after eating, sick headache, never gripe, operate pleasantly. 40 doses in a trial, 10 cents at all druggists.

Proper Tires

We have made a study of tires—pounded them year in and year out by thousands on our wheel-testing machine, tested them for elasticity, for speed, for durability—had reports from riders and agents everywhere. Result is the wonderfully elastic and durable Hartford Single-Tube Tires used on



Hartford Tires are easiest to repair in case of puncture, strongest, safest, best.

Columbia Art Catalogue, telling fully of all Columbia, and of Hartford Bicycles, trustworthiness of their price. Call for my Columbia agent, by mail for two 3-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn. We appoint but one selling agent in a town, and do not sell to jobbers or middlemen. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

Bicycles Gold Watches Diamond Rings And Numerous

The little girl in the picture is... The BEST OF ALL A REWARD WITH EVERY CORRECT ANSWER complying with conditions and sent with the Pills by return mail also the following list of valuable articles given away in the contest:

To the first person marking the picture of the dog correctly we will give a Bicycle. Latest Model for Lady or Gentleman. To the 2nd Solid Gold Watch, Lady or Gentleman. To the 3rd Diamond Ring, Set in Solid Gold.

To 12 each Beautiful Nickel Watch, good Time-keeper, Stem Wind and Set. To 25 each Solid Gold Ring Set with Pearls and Turquoise or Garnet. To 50 each Complete Editions of Dickens's Works. To 75 each Ladies' Gold Filled Thimbles, or Gent's. Handsome Pocket Knife. To 100th Correct answer received Ladies or Gentleman's Watch, Solid Gold Hunting Knife.

MIDDLE AWARDS. To the Middle correct answer received a Gold Filled Watch, Ladies or Gentleman. And to next 12 on each side of Middle answer choice of Solid Gold Ring or Handsome Dress Pattern, 16 yds. of a Fashionable shade.

FINAL AWARDS. To the last correct answer received a Bicycle, Latest Model, Ladies or Gentleman. To the next Ladies or Gentleman's Gold Watch. To 2 to 4 each Solid Gold Ring Set with Pearls and Turquoise or Garnet. To 14 to 20 each Cake Basket Triple Plated and Beautifully Engraved. To 25 to 40 each 1 Doz. Quadruple Plated Silver Spoons. To 40 to 50 each a Handsome Nickel Watch, good Time-keeper, Stem Wind and Set.

CONDITIONS. Mark the dog concealed in the picture with pencil or pen, cut out the picture and return to us together with 25 cents in silver or stamps for one box of Fox's Liver and Lung Pills which we will send by return mail prepaid.

Liver and Lung Pills are the result of years of study and scientific research and contain the best known remedies in a concentrated form for the cure of all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys and digestive organs, and for Watery or Impure blood are a certain specific. Send in your answer at once. The first answer to get the first award. We decide from date of post mark on envelope, so that those far away are on an even footing with those nearer by. This competition closes Nov. 30th, one week from that date we will allow to receive letters posted at a distance after which rewards will be distributed.

A list of those securing the articles offered will be published immediately after the close of the competition. If you do not need medicine yourself show this to your neighbor as we are making these offers only to advertise our medicine.

Please write name and full address plainly. Address FOX MANUFACTURING CO., 205 Spadina Ave. TORONTO, CAN.

ing in their endeavor to reach the water which was stored in buckets near the open windows. Every night as their thirst increased they became more frantic; and during the daytime they came in dozens, drawn by the scent of the water, all the while kicking each other furiously.

"Some had bridles, some mere fragments of their trappings, and the rest had got quit of all their furniture. It was novel to see these chargers careering about in demit-toilette. In a few days, however, all the wounded animals, now become useless, were shot; the others were brought together—chiefly by the sound of the trumpet, to which they quickly answered—and were picketed in the valley beyond the Meuse and above Donchery."

Mr. Ryan and a friend went out one night and helped themselves to a couple of these poor strays,—two beautiful Arabs,—which they used while they were in Sedan, and turned loose again for a short-lived freedom when they left. Many of the horses that were shot were used for food, but provisions were scarce and dear; while the price of living and unhurt horses fell so low—naturally enough, when any one with a little energy and skill could obtain a horse for the trouble of going out and catching it—that he saw a fine, sound handsome pair sold in the public square of the city for about two dollars and a half!

MISBE-MOKWA.

This Bear Eats at a Restaurant—And Has Bachelor Apartments. The best reportorial story of the week in any New York paper, was the following taken from the Herald:

Central Park society has unanimously awarded the palm of social prestige to Misbe-Mokwa, whose mother was a Canadian bruin. The bruin has been identified with the fur trade for years and has at times been equally prominent in Wall street.

Misbe-Mokwa arrived at Zoovion on Friday from Tarrytown, on the Hudson, where he had been spending the summer. He made his first appearance on Saturday afternoon clad in a well-fitting fur overcoat. Misbe-Mokwa, like Eugene Field, was up a tree when he was caught. This is sufficient to show that he is exceedingly clever. His father met a man in the woods once who had written a book and promptly assimilated him. On account of the literary tastes of his family the cub was named Misbe-Mokwa. This name was further extenuated by the fact that the cub had gray spots on his nose. Mr. Hiawatha, in the libretto of the well-known comic opera, you will remember describes Misbe-Mokwa as

Like a rook with mosses on it Spotted brows and gray with mosses.

When it comes to a matter of social

SPENCER'S Private Dancing

My Academy will be open on THURSDAY AFTERNOON and EVENING, Oct. 29, for the reception of pupils, at 74 Germania Street.

A. L. SPENCER, Teacher.

FROG IN YOUR THROAT

Cold in Your Head, Sharp's Balsam, An-son's Balsam, Ewinger's Balsam, Wistar's Balsam, Nun's Syrup, Gray's Syrup and all the leading cough mixtures at

CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE,

107 Prince St. N.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1896.

GOT HIS CLOTHES BACK.

THE SAILOR KNEW TOO MUCH FOR THE SOLDIERS.

He Owed the Refuge \$18.00 for Board and They Tried to Keep his Garments—The Law was on his Side and he Recovered Them—Other Matters.

HALIFAX, Oct. 29.—Eva Booth the commissioner of the Salvation Army, spent Sunday in Halifax. She showed herself to be a woman of great eloquence and remarkable earnestness. Miss Booth shines above all, however, as an administrator, and she knows how to manage with an idea to success. She will have a few pointers to give in this direction to the corps in Halifax, who latterly seem to be in need of one or two lessons. At the exhibition harbor or shelter house, the other day, the management found themselves the creditors of a sailor, yclept Matin, to the extent of \$18. The sailor left the shelter without paying up the bill and in self-defense the Salvationists kept the sailor's clothes and refused to give them up. Now that sailor knew a thing or two, more than the Salvation harbor management, for he was aware that they could not legally retain the clothing of a sailor for any amount greater than one dollar.

Other words, the law is that if any boarding house people allow a sailor to get more than one dollar in debt they have a remedy, but it is not that of the power to keep his clothing. The dues, therefore, the Salvationists had to relinquish. They went to the city hall, and took out a capias for Matin. He was too spry for them though, and up to date has not been heard from. This is a small matter but it shows how kee-ee even salvationists must be in order to keep financially right in these days. Everybody almost, admits that the Salvation Army has done much good in Halifax.

In order to show from an other quarter how necessary it is to keep up with the times and avoid mistakes and loss, the case of a minister in Springfield was mentioned. This minister was member of a church board of missions. Early one morning recently he packed his valise and started for Halifax to attend a meeting which he believed was to take place that night. He went to the place of resort for such gatherings and was surprised to find himself the only cleric, or layman either, for that matter, who thought it worth while to put in an appearance. A little inquiry showed the mis-guided minister that the synod had changed the date of meeting and the time for it to convene was yet weeks off. The Rev. brother lost two days over the trip but he had the benefit of a worthy resolve to keep better posted in future.

A DAY IN COLOMBO.

Described by Mrs. H. E. West—Formerly Miss Margaret Bailey.

Mrs. H. E. West, formerly so well known in Fredericton as Miss Margaret Bailey, sends from her Australian home an interesting account of a visit to Colombo. Her old friends will be glad to revive this pleasant acquaintance through the medium of such a letter:

Arriving in Colombo on the morning of a beautifully bright clear day, a party of us left our good ship the "Oruba" to go ashore in our row boat manned by native oarsmen. We passed on our way, innumerable small, queerly shaped crabs called catamarans formed of a larger and smaller boat connected by two bamboo poles. The day was intensely hot, but one did not have time to give much thought to it, amongst so many novel and interesting sights. Having visited the bazars and been almost driven wild with native shopkeepers running after us with all sorts of oriental curios, and insisting upon buying things which we did for peace sake, we soon left the bazars, and engaging a carriage and Singapore driver, we proceeded to the Cinnamon gardens, passing on our way the most beautiful tropical trees, and plants resplendent with colour, one tree bearing clusters of vivid red blossoms; also large coconut palms, under which the natives have their dwellings. Such queer little dwellings they are too; made of mud, with thatched roofs, and without doors, with their long hair was drawn back by circular pieces of tortoise-shell resembling combs. After resting and cooling ourselves thoroughly, we engaged a Hindoo driver and

drove to Mount Livinia where we had tea at a very fine hotel situated on a bluff with the Indian Ocean on one side, and on the other, and stretching for miles along the shore, vast coconut groves; it was indeed a lovely scene. Several natives, dealers in silver, were at the hotel and much fun we had over our purchases, which we thought we were making grand bargains for, but for which we were afterwards told by the officers of the ship that we had given just double their worth, which was most discouraging. One hat to be quite prepared for these native dealers and give them only a quarter of what they ask. It was the native Xmas day in Colombo, and the entire native population was in the streets putting up floral decorations in front of their dwellings and seeming very happy at their occupation. One or two natives we passed of the better class, were clad in bright yellow satin which at a distance looked quite effective against the dark foliage. We drove back during the fashionable hour in Colombo, along a pretty drive by the sea, where we saw numbers of rick-shaws run by natives, which to us looked very odd, and many pretty carriages, and officers on horse back. We returned immediately to the ship, quite decided in our minds that it was the most interesting day we had ever spent.

A ST. JOHN MAN HONORED.

Mr. J. F. Lormer Presented with an Address in Melbourne, Australia.

In the recent issue of the Melbourne Age of Australia there is a long and flattering notice of a presentation made to Mr. J. F. Lormer a gentleman formerly well known here who has evidently been stirring up matters in that big city. PROGRESS reprints the account which cannot fail to be interesting to many.

"The upper room of the Athenaeum Hall, Collins-street, was crowded last evening by friends and admirers of Mr. W. J. Lormer, J. P., the occasion being the presentation to him of a cheque for £133, publicly subscribed to reimburse him the expense to which he was put in substantiating the charges of corruption he had brought against certain justices of the peace. He was further presented with a painting of himself, and an address from the committee which took charge of the public testimonial.

Mr. James Cook, chairman of the testimonial committee, who presided, stated that the object of the gathering was to express sympathy with Mr. Lormer for his worry, anxiety and trouble he had experienced during the past 12 months in connection with the difficult task of purifying the administration of justice, and also to show admiration for the moral courage he had displayed in fighting such a cause. (Applause.) Mr. Lormer's task was a most difficult one, as he had to fight a number of people only too anxious to hush up matters. (Applause.) He was also hampered by the lethargy, supineness and hesitation of the Government, and especially the Law department. (Applause.) But noting all these drawbacks, Mr. Lormer had come out with flying colors. (Applause.) When he and Mr. Rodier pointed this out to the Premier as a reason why Mr. Lormer should not be called upon to pay all his own expenses, Mr. Turner became rather warm, and said he had to keep a tight hold on the purse strings of the colony.

Mr. W. B. Bodier, described as one of the oldest justices of the peace in the colony, and town clerk of Ballarat East, said that until the report of the board was published he had not been acquainted with Mr. Lormer; but when he found that the result of the inquiry was to purify the administration of justice, he felt it his duty to personally sympathize with this gentleman in the great struggle he had gone through, and the manly battle he had fought. (Applause.)

Mr. S. Manger said the one thing he admired in this episode was the moral courage displayed by Mr. Lormer. (Applause.) Unfortunately their public men and semi-public men were, generally speaking, wanting in this quality, and when it was shown by a man whose action would be of inestimable value to the country, it was their duty to honor him in the highest possible manner. (Applause.)

The Chairman then presented Mr. Lormer with a beautifully illuminated address. Mr. Lormer, on rising to reply, was received with cheers. After thanking the members of the committee and the subscribers for their presents, he stated that his expenses in connection with the inquiry amounted to about £60. He would gladly accept that amount, and the remainder he would devote to some of their very needy charities. (Applause.) He then proceeded at some length to detail the circumstances which led to the charges made by him from the bench, the dilatory conduct of the Government in appointing a board to inquire into them, and the unfair manner in which the Law department cast upon him the onus of proving whether or not the fountain of justice was polluted. He claimed his right to sit on

the bench and deal with liquor cases. (Applause.) He regretted to see that their fellow Jewish colonists were represented in public matters out of all proportion to their numbers, and this was a matter that would have to be carefully considered. His recollection of the emblem of justice was a female standing blind-fold, holding a sword aloft, and a pair of scales evenly balanced, but on the Law Courts she was sitting down—(laughter)—her eyes were uncovered—(laughter)—possibly to see which of the rich and which the poor applicant for justice, while the scales were almost hidden from view in her lap. (laughter.)

WHAT BREAKS A HEART?

Is it Unconscious Suicide or an Excess of Human Emotions?

What is a broken heart? You hear bad news, you know that some terrible trouble has come into your life; for a moment your heart thumps in your breast, and then it seems to stand quite still, to pause, to hesitate. You wonder, vaguely, as if you were speculating about the fate of some person a long way off, whether you are going to die, and then you feel a sharp pain as if your heart had escaped with a great throb, from some pressure which has stifled its motion.

There is a sense of doubt, of stuttering, in the heart-beats, and with a cold weakness you realize that you have lived through the shock and have got to face a sorrow. You have had a narrow escape. Your heart has been almost broken. If it had been altogether broken, that moment of vague wonder would have been the last thought of your life, for when people die of heart-break, death comes just at that instant. But why is the heart, rather than any other one of the vital organs affected by violent emotion?

It is in your brain, not your heart, that a derangement of molecules and rearrangement of purposes and wishes waits upon the coming and the going of the woman you love, the success and the failure of the effort you make, your gains and your losses in the game of life.

What has the heart to do with it? The heart is a bulb as big as your fist; a bulb like the rubber bulb on a spraying bottle. Opening, it fills itself with blood; contracting again with a violent shock it pumps the blood out through the arteries, forcing it through all the various parts of the body. The valves which direct this flow, the muscles which produce this strong contraction, are governed from the brain, and any sudden perturbation of the brain, such as a sudden perception of joy, or grief, or fear, interferes with the just rhythm of their operation.

If your life is made beautiful for a time by the knowledge that a woman whom you love loves you, every time she comes into a room and stands before you your heart begins to beat a little more quickly than before. And when you feel her heart beating against yours, when you know she finds the same heaven in your touch that you find in hers, every pulsation so shakes your independence that it seems impossible that you could live without her.

All hearts are not alike. Just as one man's hearing is keener than another, one heart responds more quickly than another to an agitation of the mind, and the valves are strong in one heart and weak in another, able sometimes to go on doing their work when the nervous system has received a terrible blow, in other cases, breaking down under a comparatively feeble shock.

For it is a breaking down, a failure, to act, rather than a breaking in the sense of a fracture, which causes sudden death from emotion. The heart stops; as the mainpring of a watch stops, and then you die as inevitably as the hands of the watch cease to move.

And here one has to face a very subtle and a very delicate question; a question which theologians most carefully avoid. Men and women have been known to die in an excess of joy; a prisoner unexpectedly released after years of darkness, a woman whose shipwrecked husband comes back to her when she has long believed him dead, a man who after years of slavish poverty finds himself in a moment rich and free. Such surprises have been followed by death, but only in cases where there already existed a developed disease.

Why will violent sorrow break a sound heart, when joy as shocking is only strong enough to interrupt the beating when already enfeebled? Is it because in the first moment of great sorrow we lose the wish to live and the sense that life is a duty after it has ceased to be a privilege? A man receives the tidings of a disaster which takes away from him all desire to live. He leans forward, his hand flies to his heart, his head droops; he is dead. Has he committed suicide? There has been no bow, no dagger, and no pret will refuse him a Christian burial. But has he not felt his heart, staggering under the blow, pause and hesitate? Has he not felt that by an effort of his will he could



EQUIPOISE WAIST FOR LADIES.

Manchestor Robertson & Allison, St. John.

make it move again? And has he not abstained from making that effort; feeling only half consciously, perhaps—that the death which will come if he does not make the effort is more welcome than life?

The Patriotic writings touch sometimes upon this matter of the borderline of suicide, this obligation not only to live but to struggle to live, when life is most difficult. But no one among the fathers of the church ever considered in set terms the weakening of the power to live as a result of the weakening of the will to live. Some recognition of such a correlation has, however, shown itself in our common forms of speech.

There are myriads of infinite gradations between the covert sin of the man who puts the muzzle of a pistol against the root of his mouth and pulls the trigger and the sin of a man who does not fight for life quite so vigorously as we think we might have done. But has not every man who ever felt the wish to live flag and grow weak in his heart approached, in some measure, the crime of suicide?

Bereavement by death, the one irretrievable calamity, the one inevitable disaster which must come either to man or to woman, either to parent or to child, either to brother or to sister, of every two human creatures who cherish one another with an absorbing love, is an experience of which almost every one of adult years has some personal knowledge. And among the many whose hearts have not broken are there not a goodly number who have almost wished, for an instant that their hearts might break?

SOON MARRIED AGAIN.

After His First Wife's Funeral Sermon Introduces the New Bride.

Mrs. Jennie Montague, wife of Marion Montague, a farmer living six miles from this town, died after a brief illness of about ten weeks ago. The interment took place with only a simple and short ceremony. The funeral sermon was postponed for some time, after a custom that obtains in this section of West Virginia. The date of the funeral sermon was fixed for last week. The neighbors for many miles around were invited to be present. Men and women both attended. The women were dressed in plain, somber garb, wearing long black veils that had done service on many similar occasions. Benches had been borrowed from the church, and these were arranged in rows facing a slightly raised platform for the clergyman, and behind him hung a large crayon portrait of the deceased appropriately draped.

Rev. Mr. Owens, of the Baptist church, preached a long sermon full of rugged eloquence from the text "Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

The women went ahead. The men kept their eyes turned to the ground. At the conclusion of the ceremony a dinner was served to all present on large tables roughly built in a grove near by. At the dinner many expressions of condolence for the bereaved husband were heard. He accepted these kind expressions with a strange calmness. When the dinner was over Mr. Montague invited the neighbors to return to his house.

The Rev. Mr. Owens led the procession. The women wondered what was about to happen. They were ushered into the parlor again, but the benches from the church had been re-arranged. The temporary pulpit from which the funeral oration had been preached had been removed. The crayon portrait had been taken from the wall. Mr. Montague was absent for a moment, but he reappeared wearing the same black coat, but his trousers had been replaced with white ones.

Miss Dora Findley, a very young girl—possibly not over 16—appeared leaning shyly on Mr. Montague's arm. She was dressed in white, white ribbons flying from her shoulders and waist. She had not previously appeared on the scene. Mr. Owens evidently knew what was coming, although the others were completely taken by surprise.

With a few words the marriage ceremony was performed. The guests who had come to tender their condolence to Mr. Montague on the death of his wife left his home after giving him congratulations on his new bride.

Stylish, Comfortable, Hygienic THE CORSET SUBSTITUTE.

Made upon true Hygienic principles, with full graceful figure advantage of the fashionably modeled Corset. A perfect support from the shoulders, distributing the clothing-strain and weight.

603—White, lace back, bow neck, boned front and back, strong twilled cotton, 8 and 9 inches under arm length waist. Price \$2.50. 603 C—Drab. Same style as 603, but in drab twill, 8 and 9 inches under arm length waist. Price \$2.75.

STYLES KEPT IN STOCK. DIRECTIONS FOR MEASURING. Take a tight measure around the waist, over dress; supposing this to be 21 inches, the size required would be No. 24.

Manchestor Robertson & Allison, St. John.

BREAKING A WILD HORSE.

Cowboys Are Usually Very Cool Even When They Are Injured by the Animals.

The coolness of the practical cowboy, who feels in duty bound to appear unharmed and without agitation even when he may be wounded and possessed of every excuse for excitement, is well illustrated by an incident of rough riding in Idaho, related by a frontiersman. Just below Ashton, on the Snake River, there is a cliff at least fifty feet high, at the foot of which the deep water of the river winds; it is, in fact, rather a cape than a mere cliff, for the face of the rock forms a sharp, jutting point around which a narrow bridal-path runs.

To Ashton there once came a cowboy of considerable skill named Billy Crites; and to him was brought a wild horse from a neighboring ranch, which no one there could tame. Billy at once undertook the task of riding the animal, and stood bravely while his assistants performed the preparatory task of throwing blind-folding and saddling the bronco. When the animal was allowed to get up, and Crites mounted into the saddle. "All right!" he shouted, and the bandage was removed from the wild horse's eyes.

At the same instant Billy touched the horse with his spurs; and the creature, in general, as wild horses under such conditions generally are only on getting the rider off his back, began to "buck" violently. This performance was repeated for some time, quite in vain. Crites was far from being the sort of rider who could be dislodged by this proceeding.

All at once the animal began the next performance on the bronco programme. He started off on a dead run, and took the trail down the Snake. The spectators looked to see Crites manage to rein him off this dangerous path, but evidently from his unfamiliarity with the ground, the cowboy did not do so, but kept straight on. "He'll be killed!" several yelled. "No human being can keep a running horse on the trail around that point!"

This was quite true. All riders who came to this point on the trail dismounted, even when their animals were walking, and then around the dangerous place. It was but a sloping path, and the river ran swiftly straight below.

There was a sharp bend before the point was reached, and Billy and his bronco disappeared from the spectators' view. This added to their suspense.

The bronco went straight on to the very edge of the precipice, and then paused of his own accord as if frightened at the gulf. But the presence of the awful object on his back overmastered the horse's fear of the cliff, and standing on the very edge of it he began to back violently. Billy clung hard. The first leap of the bronco did what might have been expected—it carried him and his rider straight down the precipice and into the current of the river.

When the spectators who had followed on as fast as they could, reached the place, neither cowboy nor bronco was to be seen. The trail of the animal was plain to the place where he had gone off the rock. It was quite apparent what had happened. By a circuitous route the men went down to the river shore, and followed along to see if they could find Billy's body. There was a deep gorge below with a bit of shore and there the people found Billy Crites, not dead, but standing on the shore apparently unharmed, unexcited, very wet, and engaged in an attempt to fish out with a pole a drowned horse in the stream, in order to recover his saddle and bridle!

When the horse went over the precipice the cowboy kept his seat, but left it as soon as the animal's body had broken the fall. The bronco was killed instantly, but Crites swam out quite unhurt. Seeing the men, he yelled to know why they had not brought him a rope, and when this was brought he soon recovered his saddle and bridle.—Youth's Companion.

INDIAN BETROTHALS.

The Mode in Which Nez Perces Maidens Selected Their Husbands.

An old custom was revived by the Nez Perces Indians and their visitors on the occasion of a recent celebration. The ne-

tives of the local tribes are very wealthy people, and there are designing mothers among the aborigines as well as in the different classes of civilized society. The young bucks of the Nez Perces tribe are regarded somewhat like the scions of nobility in matrimonial circles. The maidens from all visiting tribes were brought to Lapwai to find husbands. The customs of the tribes, which were revived for the occasion, were more effective than the Boston man's way, says the Portland Oregonian.

The marriageable maidens were by common accord quartered in a selected spot in the Valley of the Lapwai. At an appointed hour the young men who wanted wives to share their annuities, their Lomesteads and the affections of their hearts, appeared in procession on the hallowed camp ground. The hour was midnight, and the scene was in a grove of trees made fragrant by the wild flowers, and every heart danced to the music of rippling waters. The young men marched forth, and none but candidates for matrimony joined the march. They were dressed in their brightest colors, and each carried a white willow cane. As they approached the tents they chanted an Indian chorus that was doleful as the song of the owl, and kept time by beating upon the tents with their canes. The drumming was deafening to the distant spectator, and must have been distracting to the waiting maidens in the tents. At last the singing and the drumming had the desired effect.

The maidens came forth, after a delay just long enough to satisfy that universal passion of the mind of a woman to drive a lover mad with doubt. There were more men than maidens. The former kept up the march and the music without. The maidens counter-marched on the line of the same circle, each selecting a husband from the line. The chosen ones hastened to follow their brides away into the darkness. The unfortunate suitors were left to despair.

Any person who has used Nerviline, the great pain cure, would not be without it if it cost ten dollars a bottle. A good thing is worth its weight in gold, and Nerviline is the best remedy for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia in five minutes; toothache in one minute; lame back at one application; headache in a few minutes; and all pains just as rapidly.

Woman's Advantage.

Atletic Friend—"And so you are to be married?" Miss Maria Bilkins (struggling artist)—"Yes, it is simply impossible to sell a picture with such a name as Bilkins on it, so I have accepted the heart and hand of a grocery clerk named De La Croix."—N. Y. Weekly.

Perhaps You're Thinking

of Winter clothes. Your Summer ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's the reason you should take them to UNGARS. Nothing is slighted there, but everything receives the care and attention necessary to satisfying the public.

UNGAR'S Laundry and Dye Works;

22 to 23 Waterloo Street. We pay expressage one way.

Advertisement for bicycles, including text like 'Best', 'Safest', 'Lightest', and 'Most Useful'.

Advertisement for 'Gold Watch' and other jewelry, mentioning 'Ladies or Gentles' and 'Gold Hunting Case'.

Advertisement for 'PENCER'S' and 'Dancing', including text like 'will be open on THURSDAY' and 'Dancing'.

Advertisement for 'YOUR THROAT' and 'DRUG STORE', including text like 'Head, Sore Throat, Cough'.



Sunday Reading.

THE 'HOLD-ON' SOCIETY.

'The 'Hold On's' will meet with John Ray, on Thursday night. A full attendance is requested.

This notice was read at the Christian Endeavor meeting, and Carrie Ray explained that mother had given them this big new house, with its unfinished rooms, for this anniversary of the 'Hold On's'.

This society was one year old. From eight members, it had grown to forty-five. When Grandfather Ray asked the president 'What they did particularly?' Nathan replied promptly, 'We stick to things and help boys and girls hold on to the right!'

They had a brerary, cheery, bright, young society. The new house was decorated with flags, and mottoes, bougns of green, and pots of flowers. Seats were brought in from the Sunday school room, and the young minister opened the meeting with prayer. After their business was attended to, he gave them a little talk.

'One summer,' he said, in a clear ringing voice, 'I spent on the Jersey coast, near to a life saving station. You all know that these people live in a world to themselves.'

'Hold on, little home is full of labor, and danger, and a mingling of the grand and pitiful; heroic in true courage and bravery, and a humble trust in God. They know your motto! I saw one wild night, in a dreadful storm, an almost drowned boy saved by an old surferman. The little fellow's courage and strength were fast failing, when the old man in a gruff, sea worn voice shouted cheerily, 'Hold on! Hold on, my boy! I've got hold of the rope, and God has a good hold on both of us.'

'The lad thrilled with the voice, and held on—and was saved.'

'That same wintry week, the dreary coast was almost hidden by sleet and rain, but the red light of a poor wrecked schooner was seen, and the life-saving service was on hand, with the crew and apparatus, bravely at work, in a moment's time. Their lanterns were dim with ice; the storm so wild that we were ordered into the station. The big rope was at last thrown on board, after the shot had sent the line flying from the shore. Then the breeches buoy slipped across the waves, and one by one the people were saved. Last of all came a little girl in the arms of her father. The old surferman carried her to a snug, warm home, and said, 'I thought she was dead, and I jolted her. 'Hold on, hold on, little darling,' and I wasn't ashamed to cry for joy. The little thing held on as held on, and gripped my neck with her cold hands, and chattered away to me, cheery as a lark in winter!'

'Oh, boys and girls! a word of magnetic strength lies in your voice, your smile, your courage. Hold on, yourself, and don't be afraid to shout the words to the weak and faltering. When the bark 'Liverpool' ran aground in a storm, and her hopeless, despairing passengers clung to the masts and rigging until a great silence fell over them, and death seemed near, one man saw moving figures in the shore. He shouted above the roar of the storm, 'Hold on! Hold on a little longer! They see us! Sing, every one of you! And with all his might, he sang 'The flag that acts you free.' The sailors' song was sung in wild melody, for precious lives. The thrill of hope and cheer in the voice of one man saved them all; for the surferman heard the song, the shot wizzed through the storm, and the life-boat brought them to shore. You are all little-savers: never let go! Hold on to the end.'

Steve Rogers was the next to speak. What-er could he say, after the minister's wonderful talk? At last he bravely rose, ran his fingers through his hair, and began:

'Boys and girls of the Hold On's, I am proud of you; proud of our society, and of all we have done in one year. I feel stronger to do right, to resist temptation. I owe a great deal to your help; but we all owe our strength to God.'

Tom Barry spoke next: 'Comrades, I thank you for picking me up and holding on to me! It was the hold-on part that saved me from drinking and smoking and my dreadful companions. I try to hold on tighter to God every day.'

Little Jimmy Owen, the youngest member, said timidly: 'I love to hold on! I thank you all for getting a good hold of me. Never let go! I don't fight or swear, because every day I hear some of you say, when I am tempted: 'Hold on, Jimmy! The devil will run away, if you hold on to Jesus' hand. He never will let go, if you keep trying.'

Mary Seawell said in a sweet voice: 'We were pretty well discouraged, boys and girls, when some of our members failed us, when the oldest one went back to his idle, drinking companions, and when our dear Leonard, for whom we hoped so much, fell—why, we cried to God in distress. He heard us and held us, and now I want to say to that comrade that we rejoice with him again. Hold on Hold on, boys and girls, to each other, and to Christ.'

Up jumped Leonard himself. His black eyes shone as he spoke: 'I am holding on, and Jesus is helping me. Three times I fell back into my old ways, but Miss Mary and Steve and Tom and all of you held on to me, and they held on to God!'

The new young minister received a blessing. The guests went away with fresh courage. The members of the 'Hold On society' felt that it had been 'good to be there.'

—Washington D. C.

QUICKENED TO ACTION.

Examples of Little Deeds that Have Prompted Famous Acts.

When the survivors of the ill-fated 'Jeanette' expedition reached Washington, a reception was given them by the principal citizens of the Capital. An escort met them at the depot, and a procession was formed comprising many of the noted men of the land. As they passed up Pennsylvania avenue the famous Marine Band struck up "Home, Sweet Home."

The peculiar appropriateness of the music, blending so sweetly with the glad sunshine and the joy of home-coming, touched all hearts and dimmed many eyes. In the foremost carriage rode the banker and philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran. He had known and befriended the writer of this article, and he had been a close friend of the man who, homeless in life, had lain in a neglected grave thirty years in a land of strangers. That moment he made a resolve that was creditable alike to his heart and his patriotism. That night he wrote to Secretary Frelinghuysen concerning it. The government lent its aid through the American consulate, Mr. Corcoran bearing all the expense, and the lonely grave near Tunis was opened. And thus it happened that one bright day in June, 1883, all that was mortal of John Howard Payne was brought home to rest, at last, in his native land.

Edward Gibbon, smarting under his life disappointment, wandered through the streets of Rome gazing carelessly, it is said, at the Colosseum, at those majestic works. He stood on the tessellated floor of the great cathedral and looked up at the wonderful frescoes that darkened the mighty dome. He went into the Vatican and stood before the masterpiece of the master artist of all time. He passed under the Arch of Titus with its weight of seventeen hundred years. He walked out on the Appian Way among the thousand year old tombs of kings and heroes. And nothing moved him. But one evening as he sat amid the ruins of a stupendous pile of masonry and thought of the scenes and the pagans that the Colosseum had witnessed, and saw its broken columns and tottering arches crumbling before him and fading into twilight just as the great empire had crumbled and faded more than a thousand years before, the idea came to him to write the history of that decline and fall. So he began the great work that held him for twenty-four years—a work that in spite of its glaring faults is an everlasting monument to the genius of knowledge and research.

These are examples of quickening to action as nearly by chance as any that could be selected, perhaps. In each case the beginning was a little thing that might easily have been put aside. A passing thought was held and followed up, and it led to important results. Is not this the story many times. We pass by wonderful things: what we regard as great opportunities slip through our fingers; and our action is determined at last by some little thing. The strangeness of it is, God is able by the little things to lead us into strong and useful life.

Who knows what our lives might be if we gave recognition to every thought, and called not anything too simple to be heeded? The fact is that no one can tell where a train of thought may lead. Moving by the subtle laws of association and suggestion, it carries one on sometimes into entirely unknown fields. The beginning may seem to us trivial or accidental, but from the other end of the series it has great meaning. Whether a thought is commonplace depends upon what it leads to. Whether an act is trivial depends upon its consequences. A hearty greeting is a little thing, but if it puts hope into a discouraged man and leads him to make an effort that lifts him into success, it is no longer trivial. A frown and a hasty word may seem of little account, yet they may embitter a life or drive a proud spirit to destruction.

'Guard well the beginnings,' is an old proverb which emphasizes the fact that one dare not say how far his lightest word shall go, nor where his simplest act shall end.—Prof. O. E. Olive.

Be Glad.

God says, Be glad. Christians may have earthly joy. Health, spirits, youth, society, accomplishments—let them enjoy these, and thank God with no misgiving. Let us hear their merry, ringing laugh.

But observe, everlasting considerations are to come in, not to sadden joy, but to calm it, to moderate its transports, and make even worldly joy a sublime thing. We are to be calm, cheerful self-possessed.—F. W. Robertson.

A ROYAL ASSASSIN.

An Able Sermon on the Suffering of Christian Armenians. Rev. Sydney H. Fleming a noted English preacher said in a recent sermon on the sufferings of Armenian Christians:

'The blood of 100,000 victims has cried for justice to the skies, and to-day God is compassing with all His storms the most heinous criminal since the time of Nero that ever desecrated the purple or to-asmirched a throne. Why an apparent conspiracy of silence has obtained so long, God only knows. England is stunned and dismayed at the stupendous lethargy which, in the face of these appalling crimes, has betridden her leading citizens. Where are the bishops of the English and Roman churches and the chief Nonconformist ministers? Where the responsible leaders of her Majesty's Opposition? Their untended action would strengthen Lord Salisbury's hands with the invincible determination of a mighty people that on a question of righteousness and mercy is at unity with itself. We rightly boast our open Bible, and we profess to shape our national policy upon the broad principles which it inculcates. Today the finger of God points to lands deluged with human blood, and the stern query is uttered in our ears, 'Where is thy brother?' We cannot answer that Divine query with the cynical subterfuge of Cain, 'I know not, am I my brother's keeper! By your numbers, your wealth, your political importance; by the binding force of solemn treaties, and your record-signature to international obligations; by your boasted liberty, by your profession of the faith in Jesus, by every tie of humanity reposing upon the sweet Fatherhood of God—you are bound, be the consequences what they may, to rise in the majesty of your strength and hurl that ghastly assassin from his blood-stained throne. I have warned you, if you wish to succeed in a national agitation, to throw every party consideration to the winds. I would add one warning more. The temptation which the case offers to earnest, God-fearing people to regard this serious matter from what is called the religious point of view is almost overwhelming. But we must resolutely resist the temptation, and must endeavor to lift the burning question above the fascinating issues of faith-systems into the broad expanse of a cosmopolitan benevolence. Without baiting one jot of our christianity, we will speak to Mohammedans as brethren in the great family of God. Religious in the highest sense the question is, if religion be the broad issues inculcated in His august life and teaching whose sympathies were drawn from the springs of a divine enthusiasm or humanity, welling up into the sublime apprehension of an eternal Fatherhood. In this its widest sense the question projected by the ghastly enactments of the last two years is, indeed, a religious one. But we will not accept the role of Peter the hermit; we have had in the bad old days enough of the sickening marauderades of pell and Orgle, and limitless barbarity under the guise of the Cross. If fight we must—which may God avert—we will fight with clear consciences and with clean hands; we will fight in the spirit of that Cross to pull down the ramparts of hell, and throw the axis of the kingdom of Heaven over the untold miseries of a down-trodden nationality. O Saviour of the world, who holdst the nations in the hollow of Thy hand, and from Thy Cross drawest all men unto Thee, stop the way against the Persecutor, and avenge the blood that is shed openly in Thy right. Staunch the wound and heal the sore of Thine afflicted children. Stand by them in the blinding agony of their despair, say unto their fainting souls 'I am thy salvation.'

Whole-Hearted.

A famous ruby was offered to the English sovereign. The report of the crown jeweler was that it was the finest he had ever seen or heard of, but that one of the 'faces' was slightly fractured. That little fracture reduced its value many thousands of dollars, and it was rejected from the crown of England. The highest reward, a place in our King's crown, will come only to the whole-hearted Christian.—(Sal.)

'Jesus gives us our duties. He will never ask too much of us, and will let us be glad and happy in his service, and grow stronger and stronger, and at last we shall be worthy to receive his 'Well done!'

COULD NOT TURN IN BED.

Terrible Suffering of an Eloquent Lady From Rheumatism—Fifteen Years a Sufferer, But Cured by Two Bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure.

No pen can describe the intensity of suffering that may come from an attack of rheumatism. For fifteen years," says Mrs. John Beaumont of Elora, Ont., "I have been more or less troubled with rheumatism, which took the form of pins in my back, often confining me to bed, and rendering me part of the time wholly unfit for my duties. At times I suffered so intensely that I could not turn in my bed, and the disease was fast reaching a point where both myself and my husband had become thoroughly discouraged of recovery. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure, and after the first bottle I was able to sit up, and before four bottles were taken I was able to go about as usual, and have been in excellent health since."

SPOKE FROM A FULL HEART.

The Words Were a Tribute to a Wife's Faithful Companionship.

The Illinois Central train was half a hundred miles from Chicago, headed for the city, and at a little station an old farmer came aboard. He was a little, weathered man, with a sensitive mouth half concealed by an iron-gray beard. His ill-fitting clothes were evidently his most uncomfortable best. He slid softly into a seat occupied by a grave stranger, reading a newspaper. Two or three times the old man turned his face towards the brown flying landscape. The stranger was struck with the troubled expression and glanced wistfully at his companion.

The later spoke at last with a strange buskiness in his voice. 'I am going to the city for the second time in my life,' he said, half startled at his own words. 'Yes.' 'Thirty years come July I went there for a wedding suit and I am going back there to-day for a coffin and a shroud for the little woman that married me.' 'You don't know what it is, mister, to live and work 'longside a woman for thirty years, day in and day out, to find her always patient and willing and working, and then leave her laying dead and cold with her worn-out hands crossed on her breast. It was just a little after the turn of the night, and nobody but me was watching. Europe, but how did they hear about it?'

Spreading the Story of Christ.

Lucy, curled up in the corner of the ouch in the library, was studying the topic for the young people's meeting and I suppose her thought grew out of the topic. She suddenly exclaimed: 'Mamma, how came we to know anything about Christ?'

Her mother looked up from her book in surprise. I might just say that she was not reading a book on missions. 'Why, what a queer question! This is a Christian land and everybody knows about Christ.'

'That is not what I mean,' persisted Lucy. 'Everything in the Bible happened in Jerusalem and in places around. I mean how did the people of England and Germany hear of the things of the Bible? Of course I know from history that this country was settled by people from western Europe, but how did they hear about it?'

'Why, child, don't you know that Christ sent out the disciples to preach, and when he went away he told them to preach to all nations? If you will think about it you will remember that Paul made several missionary journeys.'

'I remember, but I never thought about it! I see, the good news spread—but somebody must have spread it.'

It was several minutes before Lucy spoke again. Then she said, 'Mamma, it must have been foreign missionaries that brought the Gospel to our ancestors.'

'Why, yes, I suppose so,' was the rather listless reply.

Lucy seemed puzzled and presently she asked: 'Don't you think they ought to have done it?'

Mrs. Bates laid down her book. 'Child, what are you getting at?' she asked.

'Well, you said this morning when I asked for some money for the missionary collection that you had no interest in foreign missions and that you didn't believe in them anyway. We have got to believe in those foreign missionaries that come this way—and why not in those that are taking the news the other way? It seems as though if those people away back there had just worked for spreading the story of Christ at home it would have been a long time getting here, and maybe wouldn't have reached us yet. I should think we in this country ought to believe in foreign missions.'

Mrs. Bates did not reply, but I will tell you what she did do. She joined the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at the next meeting.—Verona, N. Y.

Whole-Hearted.

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TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., Ltd., St. Stephen, N. B.

'David,' says she, 'it's restful, so restful, and I am so tired.' And so she went to sleep again and waked up in eternity. You know, stranger, these words of hers has set me to thinking. Poor, tired soul, I never knew how much she needed rest. We never thought of it while we were working and skimming and saving, trying to lay up something for the children. She never had any pleasure; she never took any holidays or visited the other women. She raised the children and slopped the pigs and milked the cows and churned and cooked for harvest hands. I never knew or thought how she did it all with those poor crossed hands of hers.

'Some folks say I won't do any good, mister, but I am going to see that she is put away in something rich. We wasn't skimming and saving for thirty years for this, but I'm going to have the best money can buy. She's earned it, God knows.'—St. Louis Republic.

A BROKEN DOWN LUMBERMAN.

Not a Financial, But Worse, a Physical Wreck—Fast Doctor's Skill, But Cured by South American Rheumatic Cure.

Prostrated by nervous debility Mr. E. Everett, lumber merchant and mill owner of Merrickville, Ont., was forced to withdraw from the activities of business. He says: 'I tried everything in the way of doctors' skill and proprietary medicines but nothing helped me. I was influenced to use South American Rheumatic Cure, and I can truthfully say that I had not taken half a bottle before I found beneficial effects. As a result of several bottles I find myself today strong and healthy, and ready for any amount of business, where before my nervous system was so undermined that I could scarcely sign my own name with a pen or pencil. I feel, feelingly and knowingly, get a bottle of this wonderful medicine.'

SIGNALING WITHOUT WIRES.

Successful Experiments of English Experts in This Direction.

The chief electrician of the English Postal Telegraph system, Mr. William H. Preece, some years ago conducted a series of experiments on telegraphing without wires which were successful for short distances. Last year he directed other experiments in communicating without the aid of direct wires with the Fasnet lighthouse and achieved equal success. In a recent discussion at a scientific meeting at Liverpool, Mr. Preece, according to the London Electrical Engineer, said that some time ago he was approached with a request to investigate an invention for transmitting signals without wires. The first experiments, he says, were carried out on the top of his post office, St. Martin Lane. While not at liberty to divulge the full details of the apparatus, he said that a 10 inch induction coil was used with a Lodge original or a parabolic reflector. The experiments were so successful that the apparatus was taken to Salisbury Plain, where further trials were made. With the crude instruments at hand, the first made by the inventor, they succeeded in signaling 1 1/2 miles. Further experiments will be made by the Post Office Department by which it is hoped the utility of the apparatus for certain cases will be amply demonstrated.

TRIALS AND TROUBLES.

When Inferior Dyes are Used.

The Diamond Dyes Make Work Easy and Pleasant.

It is admitted by all that the good wife and mother has, in her management of home affairs, many trials and tribulations. These trials and troubles are very frequently increased when the mother or daughter makes use of some of the many deceptive and worthless package dyes put up for home dyeing.

Merchants who sell such dyes are certainly deserving of public censure and condemnation. The women of Canada who use dyes with the view of economizing should never be deceived; it is cruel and heartless to do so. However, the case is plain to those who know; the greedy dealer thinks more of his big profits than he does about the welfare and happiness of his best customers.

All troubles and losses in home dyeing are avoided when the Diamond Dyes are used. By their use, work is well and quickly done; results are perfectly satisfactory, as the colors are at all times bright, clear, brilliant, and fast. In order to guard against all future trouble, you must watch the merchant who recommends the something just as good as Diamond Dyes. Tell him plainly that no other dyes are as good as the 'Diamond.' Take only the 'Diamond,' and your work will be done easily and well.

A Recommendation. Mrs. Ogden—'Ah, that's the new doctor, mamma; an' I'm sure it was an swin' kindess if ye gived him a bit trial. He had a heap o' patients when he cam' first, but now they're a' dead.'—Punch.

A Lingering Regret. Helen—'Are you sure God will forgive me for slapping Ester if I ask Him, mamma?' Mamma—'Certainly, dear.' Helen—(reflectively)—'Then I wish I had slapped her harder.'—Litt.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights. Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is perfect. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.

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Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturer of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX TALKS OF CARMAN'S "BEHIND THE ARRAS."

The Subject Lengthily and Entertainingly Discussed—What has Been Said About the Poem—Some of Carman's Other Poems and Their Merits.

Mr. Bliss Carman's successive volumes have, like their author, much individuality of character; each embracing a series of his poems which are homogeneous not only in style, but in sentiment and subject.

Essential life is the problem with which our poet largely deals; and in tracking suggestion to its inner cell, it is no marvel if some lack of definiteness and clearness appears, and we should lose its meaning like a brook underground.

Who loves the booming wind in his ear As he sails the seat of clover. Heart and genius and life at liberty— scope with no orbital limit, and joy therein—this is the dominant note of this volume:

Down the world with Marna! That's the life for me! Wandering with the wandering wind, Vagabond and unconfined!

It is said that when he drew near the bound we may not retrace a mighty longing seized the soul of Schiller to visit all the climes of earth.

A legend, too, of Aying Time, and the soul's progress. The haunting passion of poet for Nature; the transference of the individual spirit through her lovely forms and elements; his reaching out to find the eternal, essential being; these are the expressive chords in the music of his first book.

When the wind calling us, Some summer day, Into the long ago Lures us away.

Where shall we go, dearie, Wandering—thus? Far to and fro, dearie, Life leads for us.

The motive of this earliest book is more decided in his latest, and expressed with greater intensity "Behind the Arras,"—a book somewhat out in garb, typographic arrangement and illustration,—yet impressive.

So the "Red Wolf" is an easily understood parable of the haunting fears by which the soul is at times possessed,—of the doubt, misgiving, and despair of life,—the moods of glastiness that at certain seasons gain accession:

With the fall of the leaf comes the wolf, wolf, wolf. The red wolf at my door. This is the lurking evil. But there is the coward heart of fear, with prophecy of bale:

The scarlet maple leaves and the sweet ripe nuts, May strew the forest glade at my door, But my cringing, cowering dwarf, with his slavered knocking laugh, Cries "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" at my door.

It matters not what the harvest of the year may be, Mr. Moneybags dreads the poor house. The baser and weaker the nature, of course, the more capable of fears. But a time is to be hoped for, by any noble life, favorably to escape from such tyranny:

I loathe him, yet he lives; as God lets Satan live, I suffer him to slumber at my door, Till that long looked for time, that splendid sudden prime, When spring shall go in scarlet by my door.

He goes through the old mansion, and what he sees and hears he tells—and it is much the same whether the roving ground be the body, or the whole earth, or the universe, for we are not microcosmic?—and we note what color and form the objects encountered derive from the soul's mystic seeing.

Of men and women in that rich design, Sleep soft and free, Dew—conous and free, A tone of the infinite wind—themes of the sea, Borne to me.

awake, filling with glamor and harmony even the midnight hours:

The light under his door Is glory enough, It outshines any star. . . . The garrulous landlady bears marvelous sounds, as she listens outside his chamber, and can hardly credit their origin; but, 'of course, it was only his hand.'

All 'the magic of the universe' meets ear and soul of her who stands in the dim hall before the door of that plain chamber.

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of these are those particular jewel-lines and golden phrases, for which Carman is peculiar:

The old nurse, the rocking sea, Hath him to tell. . . . On the high seas there are regions Where the heart is never old, Where the great winds every morning Sweep the sea-floor clean and white, And upon the steel-blue arches Burnish the great stars of night.

TO BREATHE FOR US NEXT. Here's a Company That Will Do Almost Anything for You.

Articles of incorporation of the United States Guide and Information Company have been filed with the secretary of state of New Jersey, in Trenton. The authorized capital stock is \$1,000,000. The incorporators, include some of the best known men of New Jersey, among them being State Treasurer George B. Swain and Comptroller W. S. Hancock.

The company has issued an elaborate prospectus of its plans. The objects are to furnish the public with an authorized corps of guides, under bond, for a certain fixed rate of compensation, with a guarantee for the faithful performance of their duty; to solicit passengers for steamboats, steamships and railroads and guests for hotels and boarding houses; to furnish the public all kinds of information and advice; to sell tickets for all steamship and railroad lines, parlor cars, trolley and elevated roads and for theatre, concerts, lectures and all public entertainments to act as agent for express and freight companies, and between such companies and the public; to investigate all branches of business and report as to their reliability and responsibility; to place advertisements in the United States and in foreign countries; to employ attorneys, managers and agents for those needing them, and to purchase materials, supplies and machinery of every description. The guides are to be uniformed and stationed at railroad depots, steamship landings and in prominent hotels.

DEATH FROM SUFFOCATION.

Almost a Fatality but for Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—Strange Story of a Northwest Lady.

A death to be dreaded is that from suffocation, and yet this is one of the usual phases of heart disease. Mrs. J. L. Hillier of Whitewood, N. W. T., came as near this dangerous point as need be. She says: "I was much afflicted with heart failure, in fact I could not sleep or lie down for fear of suffocation. I tried all the doctors in this section of the country, but they failed to give me relief. A local druggist recommended Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I tried it, and with the result that I immediately secured ease that I did not know before, and after taking further doses of the medicine the trouble altogether left me. It is not too much to say that I saved my life."

SHOOTING UNDER WATER.

The Result of a Novel Experiment Recently Made in England.

The most curious experiment ever made with a piece of ordnance was at Portsmouth England. A stage was erected in the harbor within the tide mark. On this an Armstrong gun of the 110-pound pattern was mounted. The gun was then loaded and carefully aimed at a target—all this, of course, during the time of low tide. A few hours after, when the gun was at six feet, the gun was fired by means of electricity. We said aimed at a target, but the facts are that there were two targets but only one was erected for this experiment, the other being the hull of an old vessel, the Griper, which lay directly behind the target and in range of the ball.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Cures Every Form of Inflammation.

It was originated in 1870, by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old fashioned, noble hearted Family Physician, to cure all ailments that are the result of irritation and inflammation; such as asthma, abscesses, bites, burns, bruises, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, chilblains, colic, cramps, cholera-morbus, diphtheria and all forms of sore throat, catarrh, soreness, gout, headache, influenza, jaundice, lame back, side, neck, mumps, muscular toothache, tonsillitis, wind colic and whooping cough. The great vital and muscle nerve.

"Best Liver Pill Made." I have used your Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for more than fifty years in my family. Have used it for colds, coughs, sore throat, stings, cramps, sore stomach, rheumatism, la grippe, colic, toothache, neuralgia, etc., and found it always good in every way. THOMAS CLELAND, South Robinson, Maine. Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. All Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Parsons' Pills. Positively cure Biliousness and Sick Headache, liver and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from using them. Price 25c; five 25c. Sold everywhere.

Granby Rubbers. Modelled each year to fit all the latest shoe shapes. Extra thick ball and heel. Sold everywhere. They Wear like Iron.

The "Famous Active" Range. THE PRODUCT OF... 50 YEARS EXPERIENCE. The Handsomest and Best Working Cooking Apparatus ever made in Canada. For sale by R. J. SELFRIDGE, St. John.

K.D.C. SMALL YET LARGE. A dollar bottle of K. D. C. is a small thing as regards size, but when its contents are taken for any form of INDIGESTION, it is then you see its LARGENESS. IT IS THE MIGHTY CURER OF STOMACH TROUBLES! IT STANDS THE TEST OF TIME, And is Canada's GREATEST CURE for INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA. CAREFULLY READ THESE TWIN LETTERS.

BEWARE LASTING EFFECTS. Rev. E. V. CARTER, Madock, Springfield P. E. I. wrote the following under date June, 1895: "It is impossible for my wife to find words to praise your K. D. C. for what it has done for her. She suffered with water brash and awful distress, in fact, she was in misery all last winter, so much so that she could not bear to have her clothes on, so I thought I would get her some K. D. C. Each dose she took, and long before she took two bottles she was cured, and can now eat anything."

MORE NEARLY TWO IT NEVER FAILED. years ago Rev. Job Bradhouse of Steeple's Bay, Ont., wrote us:—"Allow me to tell of my high appreciation of the K. D. C. The state of my stomach was affecting my throat, at times I feared the loss of my voice, but K. D. C., brought such relief that I cannot but believe it to be Godsend. It is the best stomach medicine I have met with."

LAWYERS. and all other brain workers are subject to Addictive Flatulency, Heartburn, Headache, Constipation, indigestion, and many other ills arising from Indigestion. On the evidence of a host of prominent men, we unhesitatingly recommend K. D. C. and K. D. C. Pills as the great Twin Remedies for these ills. They bring comfort, clear the brain, brighten the eyes, and impart strength and energy to the whole body.

TEST THEM. K. D. C. Company, Limited, New Glasgow, N.S. and 127 State St. Boston, Mass.

Free Samples for the asking. K. D. C. Company Limited New Glasgow N.S. and 127 State St. Boston Mass.

If a Dollar bottle of K. D. C. were prepared in liquid form, it would be sufficient to fill a quart bottle. It will therefore be seen that while K. D. C. is the best as regards merits, it is also the cheapest as regards quantity.

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

"A FRIEND, ST. JOHN."—I answered your letter briefly last week but consider it worthy of a more extended reply as the subject is again attracting a good deal of attention both in England and the United States.

I do not consider myself that the embargo on the wearing of bird's wings plumage and the stuffed birds themselves applies to ostrich feathers though there are people who contend that the plucking of the ostrich is attended with a great deal of pain to the birds, but I think this is unlikely as we know that all birds shed their feathers, and that there are times when a touch removes them. Which of us has not some memory of our childhood's days when we triumphantly caught a hen by the tail, only to find our hands filled with feathers and a tailless hen rapidly disappearing in the middle distance, peering forth lamentations as she fled? The ostrich is too valuable a bird to be injured by its owners, and if the feathers were plucked too soon, or the delicate flesh injured in any way, it would cause inflammation, and soon render the bird worthless. There is a proper time for plucking the plumes, and I have read that during the moulting season the birds are carefully watched and kept in clean quarters, so that the numerous plumes they dropped would be uninjured.

We know that the ostrich lives and flourishes for years and it is subjected to the cruel treatment some people would have us believe, this would scarcely be the case.

As for the quills which have dazzled our eyes this autumn with their beautiful, but utterly impossible colors, there can be no question of their being manufactured as no living bird of any known species ever grows such feathers. By manufacture, I mean that they are the feathers of fowls and turkeys, especially the latter, dyed and skillfully prepared for the market.

You are quite right in saying that we human beings do not give sufficient thought to the dumb creatures committed to our care, and I wish there were more women who thought as you do. It is a terrible thought that it is we women, "the sex" as we are called, who have the most to answer for in the needless slaughter of dumb things. Men hunt and shoot and enjoy it finding in these sports an outlet for the natural savagery of their natures, and to do them justice they generally eat at least part of the game they kill, but it is for our needless adornment that the birds are slaughtered by the million that the beautiful gentle and helpless sea's are cruelly butchered, and are being rapidly exterminated; for us that millions of squirrels and other fur bearing animals are annually destroyed; and we have the nerve to attend meetings of S. P. C. A. and other benevolent associations arrayed in seal skin sacsques or squirrel lined coats and mufflers to the ears in the skins of harmless little animals which have died to minister to our vanity, not to mention our hats which are very monuments of thoughtless and reckless cruelty. There are people who take the ground that it is no more harm to kill birds for the adornment of women's hats and bonnets than to kill turkeys and chickens for the table, and who dispose of the subject of bird destruction as easily as if it were one of the many fads of the day. I regret to say that one of these is no less influential a person than Florence Fenwick-Miller editor of the Ladies Page in the "Illustrated London News."

Some time ago Mrs. Miller published an article boldly giving it as her opinion that there was entirely too much fuss being made about the destruction of birds, and that it was decidedly inconsistent to raise such a disturbance about the birds that were killed for the adornment, and say nothing about those killed for food. In effect she promulgated the doctrine that it was no more harm to destroy an entire species of bird merely to gratify a whim of fashion, than to kill barn door fowls for food. Mrs. Miller also threw discredit on the well authenticated fact that the egret is heartlessly slaughtered in nesting season, to obtain the plumes which only grow then, leaving her nestlings to die of starvation, and that birds have their wings torn off, and are left to die, by the savage people who engage in the trade of supplying birds, and their plumage to the dealers.

Of course Mrs. Miller's deliberate publication of her views has had the effect of drawing down a storm of indignation upon her head from all lovers of birds; and by her own account she has received many very vigorous letters on the subject. Perhaps the most interesting of these is from the pen of the gifted Louise de la Ramee better known to the world as "Ouida" well known as a lover of all dumb things and an enthusiastic writer in their behalf. "Ouida" expresses her feelings after this manner. "Sport, vile and stupid as it is, preserves for its own selfish reasons many races. Fashion, still more vile and stupid, causes the wholesale destruction of entire races. The wearing of wings and egret feathers is in no sense beautiful. It is barbarous, foolish, and gives the most shameful example to the middle and lower classes that has ever been set by royal and patri-

cian women. All hunters kill the egret in the breeding season because it is then more easily slain. I beg you to weigh these facts, and to remember that two wrongs do not make a right."

Here is Mrs. Miller's answer to that earnest appeal—"No doubt madam; but my objection to this agitation against feathered hats is that it is magnifying a comparatively very small matter while paying no attention to the innumerable serious cruelties that exist in our midst. I do not perceive that it is any more a 'wrong' to kill for human adornment, than it is to kill for the gratification of human appetite, or for mere idle amusement; and I complain that the people who bombard me with tracts on bird protection, say no word as to the greater quantity of killing that daily goes on for these latter purposes. In fact they spend more energy on a comparatively trivial topic apparently only because it affords a peg for the abuse of the whole female sex that is so popular a modern diversion. . . My feelings are as keen for Mrs. Chuk-a-biddy of the farm-door as for the most gorgeous denizen of Eastern climes. Why not tears for the harmless hen too? But presumably the Bird protection league which only feels for foreign feathered life, will be placated by this tale."

It is a pity that Mrs. Miller whose influence is wide spread should have allowed herself to give utterance to such views thus placing herself publicly on the side of the bird destroyers, and also giving the public the impression that she has devoted a little thought to the subject as to be in a state of lamentable ignorance about it. Surely Mrs. Miller must be aware that the agitation has been largely on behalf of singing birds, and English singing birds at that, and as such creatures are not used for food her argument in favor of their wholesale destruction scarcely holds good. They are in no danger of being killed for the table, therefore but for the senseless fashion which is destroying them they might live and fulfill the destiny appointed for them as insect destroyers. They are not to be confused for a moment with the barn door fowl which is bred for food, and which is at least killed mercifully, and never molested when bringing up its young. Neither does an interest in protecting the helpless birds imply an indifference to other forms of cruelty "going on in our midst" I think it Mrs. Miller took the trouble to make inquiries she would find that the people who bore her with remonstrances against her very extraordinary attitude on the subject are equally active in trying to suppress cruelty of every kind.

It is an awful thought that the lives of countless animals are daily sacrificed for our convenience but it seems to be unavoidable, I am sorry to say, and the fact that it is should not deter us from making every effort in our power to suppress all unnecessary and thoughtless sacrifice of animal or bird life.

I have given you a long answer to your letter, but it interested me, and was upon a subject which I had already selected for discussion this week. I shall always be glad to hear from you.

Every spring and every autumn as regularly as the leaves come out and fall, comes the threat that waists unlike skirts will no longer be worn and that suits and suits alone will be de rigueur. But I cannot see that the final passing of the fancy waist is one whit nearer than it was last year. It is true that a large proportion of the new dresses have the bodice like the skirts but as there is almost invariably a second or perhaps a third color and material. With a combination of lace, jet, or some other trimming, in the same bodice, so it often requires a second glance in order to see the resemblance between bodice and skirt, the likeness often coming out only in the sleeves. For instance a new French dress of navy blue canvas, made up over green and blue shot silk, has a finish of heliotrope velvet, a knife plating of green silk down each side of the cream lace vest, and a green silk belt and collar band. The sleeves are of the canvas with green plaiting and cream lace at the wrist. And this is a fair sample of the French gowns which have the skirt and bodice alike. Waists of chameleon silk with wide linen collars and waists of soft flowered silks made full above the wide satin belt, are very much

worn. The Louis Quinze coats of brocaded silks are shown among the new styles to be worn with skirts of light cloth.

There is no longer room for doubt that the skirts are narrowing, they are growing smaller by degrees, and beautifully less. The change is gradual, it is true, but none the less decided. Four and a half yards, or even four, might safely be taken as the average of the fashionable skirt, which fits with glove-like closeness and smoothness over the hips, and hangs very gracefully, though in less voluminous folds than formerly. In shape, the seven gored skirt, is the favorite, but one sees an occasional bell shaped skirt, with but one seam in and very little fullness in the back.

I do not think there is much cause for alarm over the approach of the tight sleeve, because it is so rarely that an old fashion is revived, without some modification that I cannot believe we shall ever see the ugly skin tight sleeve of six years ago in style again. There were so few people whose arms and shoulders were perfect enough to bear the severe outline of a sleeve sewn tightly and plainly into the armhole; and the mere fact which is indispensible, that a tight sleeve accentuates every defect in a woman's form, will have a potent effect in keeping a respectable amount of draping and fullness, around the armhole. It would never do to have the fashions designed exclusively for perfectly formed women, because the great majority of us would protest and the result would be confusion.

The newest sleeves are really very stylish and give a delightful air of trimness, and at the same time quaintness, to a costume. Tight almost as the skin, up to midway between shoulder and elbow, they spring out into a puff, a cluster of frills, or the genuine leg of mutton fullness, and though they are decidedly uncomfortable after the delightful freedom of the balloons we have been wearing, their style almost reconciles one to the discomfort of being unable to raise the arms without due thought and serious preparation.

## LONDON'S WASHING.

Nearly All is Done at 8,000 Steam and Electric Laundries.

The satirical literature of the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century is thick with shafts leveled against three pet grievances of the middle class of those years of grace—namely, cold mutton, mothers-in-law, and the miseries of washing day. Since that benighted period the chef of commerce has discovered at least fifty ways of spoiling wholesome cold mutton; mothers-in-law we still have with us—though not necessarily in the form of nuisances—while the miseries of washing day have been so far mitigated by machinery as to be reduced to the rank of a minor inconvenience. Indeed, washing day has been banished from all but comparative humble homes, and the more fortunate householder sends the family linen to be treated at a huge steam laundry, where the heat is produced by electricity and the elaborate engines are driven by electricity. London and the suburbs contain about 8,000 laundries of different kinds, with an invested capital of six to seven millions sterling. The very largest employ from 200 to 500 hands, representing a turnover of from £500 to £700 per week. These monster laundries, in reckoning their expenses and profits, allow 50 per cent. for labor, 5 per cent. for fuel and materials, and 45 per cent. for the cost of and deterioration in machinery, rent, taxes, management, and a return on capital expended. In cities and large towns the time appears to have passed forever when a copper in the back kitchen, a washing tub, a corrugated board, and a few flat irons were deemed sufficient stock-in-trade for a first-class laundry; and the large laundries, springing up with the celerity of mushroom growth, declare that in washing clothes hand labor cannot compare for cleanliness and economy of means to and end with machinery. It is not, therefore, surprising to find a laundry, engineering and sanitary exhibition—the fourth of its kind—flourishing exceptionally, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

All the wide floor space is given over to machinery in motion, ironing machines, air-propellers, hydro-extractors, disinfecting, tumbling and separating machines, portable boilers, fans for ventilating and drying purposes, pressure washing machines, improved blowers, gas irons, wash tubs, ranges, steaming, rinsing and blueing tanks, drying hoppers, ironing presses, smokeless combustion furnaces, artesian wells, and soap and soda, lime, starch and blue of every aspect, quality and price. Enthusiasts in the hall proudly boast that there is hardly an engineer or chemist of consequence, practising two callings in these

We Have Left

# 120 Pairs Misses Fine Kid Opera Slippers

Made by J. & T. BELL. Sizes 11, 12, 13, and 1. Regular price \$1.25.

We will close out this lot during the next few days at - - **68c. PER PAIR.**

## OUR LINE OF LADIES' HEAVY SOLED DONGOLA LACED BOOTS

Easily beats anything offered in St. John for \$2.00.

# WATERBURY & RISING,

61 King Street. : 212 Union Street.

# RIPANS

## ONE GIVES RELIEF.

islands, not engaged in working out some process or other connected with the laundry trade. And all this invention, talent and enterprise is essentially of modern growth. It appears to have reached maturity within the past dozen or so, necessitated in the first place, by factory Acts and encouraged to its liveliest manifestations by the Public Health Act of 1851. These intelligent custodians of whirling hydro-extractors and American shirt starchers will tell you that washing was never properly done until now; that the old—or, rather young—Parisian blanchisseuse was not much better than a bungler, and that the pretty English laundrymaid of the long ago could not be trusted nowadays to properly wash a pocket handkerchief. They at least, have no belief in the continental rustic washerwoman dabbling the family wash in a clear and running stream. The surroundings may be picturesque—the grass green, the poplars bending to the wind, the upland fair with patches of sunlight and racing cloud shadows—but, from their cast-iron and revolving band point of view, the result is execrable.

## TILES OF GLASS.

They Are Made for Use on all Sorts of Roofs, and are Useful.

A great deal of attention is now being given to a new roofing which has lately been patented, and is of German invention. It is said among architects that this tile roof undoubtedly will be the roof of the future. Like many of the patents of German origin, it is at once, simple, cheap and yet so durable, that when once placed it will never wear out. When an order is given for one or more of these roofs, the builder, instead of giving an order for a number of tiles, as is done in other cases, causing a large expense for transportation, may, if he prefers, simply send a small machine to the grounds where the house is in course of construction, accompanied by a man understanding the use of the machine, and in a few days enough tiles are produced to cover the building. Sand and cement are its component parts, hence its cheapness. One part of cement is mixed with three parts of sand; to these is added enough water to give it the consistency of thick mortar. The mass is pressed into a mould, and the tile, after standing for three days, is ready for use. The machine is so light, and simple that a boy can work it, and no boards are needed under the tiling when placed, whereby a large item of expense is done away with, the tiles being set on laths, placed six or eight inches apart. The tiles have a locking ledge, by which they fit closely into each other, making a roof absolutely proof against rain, snow, wind and weather. No paint, or plaster, or cement is needed, and they are proof against chemicals and, what is of supreme importance in this country, against fire. A report made by Consul Managahan, of Chemnitz, Germany, to the State Department, says: A man named Kohler, living in Limbach, Saxony, has recently invented a cheap, durable roof. It consists of cement and gravel or cement and sand, and is as durable as slate, is very much cheaper, looks as well or better, can be made much easier and put on quicker. In a country like the United States, where wooden shingles are almost universally used, heightening very much the danger from fire. This roof will soon win its way to favor.

The practical values of the new roofs are: First, of all, against fire; second, it fills every requirement of a good roof, is durable, being proof against all kinds of weather; it is light and may be made as light or heavy as one may wish; it may be given all the colors of a natural slate and 50 shades besides. A square yard of these tiles weighs 65 pounds, but can be made lighter or heavier. The distinction is due to certain ridges that run around the inside of the plate and permit of one so lying on and into the ridges of another so as to pre-

clude the possibility of wind or water working their way inside. Nothing whatever is needed for these roofs, except these plates. Nails, paint or plaster play no part whatever.

Plates may be made of pressed glass in exactly the same form, and fitted to roofs, thus avoiding the cost of building in windows, or for the purpose of an artist or photographer a whole roof may be made of glass tile, thereby getting the greater amount of light without obstruction.

## SCHOOLS FOR THIEVES.

London's Police Have Discovered Several of Such Places.

In the East end of London there are still in existence several training houses for thieves. Although the police keep a strict and severe watch upon them, these houses sometimes do a flourishing business, and the proprietors are so cautious, move about so cautiously, and take such elaborate precautions, that it is only with the greatest difficulty that any reliable evidence can be obtained against them. Not only that but at the best of times, with the most conclusive evidence, a detective often attacks them only at the risk of his life.

A short time ago a man was arrested and charged with burglariously breaking into the house of a lady and stealing a quantity of silver plate and other articles. The arrest led to a revelation. It transpired that he was a somewhat celebrated trainer of burglars, and has been "wanted" by the police for months. At the time he was sentenced, no less than four of his pupils were in prison, and some half dozen were being carefully watched.

At the beginning of the year a house was raided by the police, and was found to be devoted to the training of female burglars. The proprietor, a quiet, middle-aged,

and most respectable looking man, was enormously rich, and the owner of property worth hundreds of pounds a year. He combined the training "profession" with that of receiver of stolen goods, and since the profits were very great and he was a keen speculator, his wealth had increased by leaps and bounds. He himself was an old criminal and in his time had undergone several years of penal servitude for house breaking. Amongst his pupils were some of the cleverest and most successful thieves known to the police at the present day, and these thieves had in many instances apprenticed their children to him.

## Letters Come.

Letters come day by day telling us that this person has been cured of dyspepsia, that person of Bad Blood, and another of Head-ache, still another of Biliousness, and yet others of various complaints of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through the intelligent use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

It is the voice of the people recognizing the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood. Mr. T. G. Ludlow, 33 Colborne Street, Brantford, Ont., says: "During seven years prior to 1886, my wife was sick all the time with violent headaches. Her head was so hot that it felt like burning up. She was weak, run down, and so feeble that she could hardly do anything, and so nervous that the least noise startled her. Night or day she could not rest and life was a misery to her. I tried all kinds of medicines and treatment for her but she steadily grew worse until I bought six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters from C. Stork & Son, of Brantford, Ont., for which I paid \$5.00, and it was the best investment I ever made in my life. Mrs. Ludlow took four out of the six bottles—there was no need of the other two, for those four bottles made her a strong, healthy woman, and removed every ailment from which she had suffered, and she enjoyed the most vigorous health. That five dollars saved me lots of money in medicine and attendance thereafter, and better than that it made home a comfort to me."

## SILVERWARE

OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION "WILL IT WEAR?" NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF 1847 ROGERS BROS. AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX "1847" IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

## SILVER GLOSS STARCH

IS THE "OLD RELIABLE" LAUNDRY STARCH. HOUSEKEEPERS WHO HAVE TRIED IT AND THEN OTHER MAKES ALWAYS RETURN TO "SILVER GLOSS." THOSE WHO HAVE NOT TRIED IT SHOULD DO SO AT ONCE. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Starches made by the Edwardsburg Starch Co., L't'd., are always reliable. THEIR LEADING BRANDS ARE Benson's Canada Prepared Corn } FOR COOKING. Silver Gloss Starch, } FOR LAUNDRY. Enamel Starch, }

## PICTURES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.

A Pretty Colored Picture for every 12 "SUNLIGHT" or every 6 "LIFEBUOY" Soap wrappers. These Pictures are well worth getting. Address LEVER BROS., Ltd., 23 Scott Street, TORONTO. N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.

## ODYNE MENT

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## ERS



DR. RUMSEY'S PATIENT: A VERY STRANGE STORY.

BY L. T. MEADE AND DR. HALIFAX.

Joint authors of "Stories from the Diary of a Doctor."

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Hetty left the room, leaving the dog behind her—she uttered a frightful howl when she did so and followed her as far as the door, which she shut and locked; she scratched at it to try and release herself, but Hetty took no notice of her as she regarded the dumb beast's fear in her own agony and terror.

She ran upstairs to her room, put on her hat and jacket, and went out. Stumbling and trembling, she went along the road until she reached the summit of the hill which led straight down in a gentle slope towards Grandcourt. She was glad the ground sloped downwards, for it was important that she should quicken her footsteps in order to see the Squire with as little delay as possible.

She was quite oblivious of the lapse of time since her last visit, and hoped he might still be in the office. She resolved to try the office first. If he were not there she would go on to the house—find him she must; nothing should keep her from his presence to-night.

She presently reached Grandcourt, entered the grounds by a side entrance, and pursued her way through the darkness. The sky overhead was cloudy, in other moon stars were visible. Her feet and hands were numb from cold, and by and by she saw a light burning dimly behind the closed blinds—her heart beat with a sense of thankfulness—she staggered up to the door, brushing her dress again, it as she did so—the put up her hand and knocked.

The next instant the door was opened to her—a man, a total stranger, confronted her, but behind him she saw Andrew. She tottered into the room.

The comparative light and warmth within, after the darkness and chilly damp of the spring evening, made her head reel and her eyes at first could take in no object distinctly. She was conscious of uttering excited words, then she heard the door shut behind her. She looked around—she was alone with the Squire. She staggered up to him, and he said to her, "What do you want?"

"What is it? Get up. What do you mean?" said Andrew.

"I mean, Squire—oh I mean I wanted to come to you today, but Vincent, he—his voice faltered—Vincent was mad with jealousy. He thought that I ought not to see you, Squire; he had got summat in his eye, and it made him mad. He thought that, perhaps, long ago—Squire, I loved you—long ago, Squire, I loved you—anything tonight, the truth will be out to-night—I loved you long ago, I love you still; yes, yes, with all my heart, with all my heart. You never care a notion for me I know that well. You never did me wrong in thought nor in deed, and I know that well also; but it was you were a God, and I loved you, I love you still, and Vincent, my husband, he must have seen it in my face; but you did me no wrong—never, in word nor in deed—only I loved you, and I love you still."

"You must have loved me," said Andrew. "Why have you come here to say such words? Get up at once; your words and your actions distress me much. Get up, Hetty; try to compose yourself."

"What I have come to say has the best of me," said Hetty; "it eases the awful pain in my side to kneel. Let me be, Squire; let me kneel up against your father's desk. Ah! that's better. It is my heart—I think it is broke; anyhow it beats awful, and the pain is so other reason than to say the words you have just said, say them and go," replied Andrew.

Hetty glanced up at him. His face was hard, she thought it looked cruel, she shivered from head to foot. "Was it not this man she had sacrificed her life for? Then the awful significance of her errand came over her, and she proceeded to speak.

"Vincent saw the truth in my face," she continued "he was mad with jealousy, and he said that I wasn't to come and see you. He heard me speak to you last night, he heard me say it is a matter of life and death and he was mad. He said I wasn't to come; but I was mad too, mad to come, and I thought I would get over him by brute force. I put summat in his stout, and he drank it—summat I don't know the name, but I had taken it myself and it always made me a sight better, and I gave it to him in his stout and he drank it, and then he slept. He lay down on the settle in the kitchen, and he went off to sleep. When he slept I stole round I stole away and I come to you. I saw you this evening and you spoke to me and I spoke to you, and I begged of you to keep our secret, and I thought perhaps you would, and I come away feeling better. I went back home, and the place was quiet, and I got into the kitchen. Vincent was lying on the settle sound asleep. I thought I would go to him, but I was afraid, for I knew he could never have missed me. I made him supper for him, and built up the fire, and I lit the lamps in the house, and I took off my outdoor things. The dog howled, but I took no notice. Presently I went up to Vincent, and I shook him—I shook him hard, but he did not wake, I took his hand in mine, it was cold as ice; I listened for his breath, there was none. Squire," said Hetty, rising now to her feet, "my man was dead; Squire, I have killed him, just the same as you killed the man on Salisbury Plain six years ago. My husband is dead, and I have killed him. Squire, you must save me; I saved you."

"How can I save you?" asked Andrew. His voice had completely altered now. In the presence of the real tragedy, all the hardness left it. He sank into a chair near Hetty's side, he even took one of her trembling hands in his. "How am I to help you, you poor soul?" he said again.

"You must prove an alibi—that is the word. You must say, 'Hetty was with me, she could not have killed her man,' you must say that; you must tell all the world that you and me was together here."

"I will do better than that," said Andrew. "What do you mean?" Hetty started back and gazed at him with a queer mixture of hope and terror in her face. "But there ain't no better," she cried. "If you don't tell the simple truth I shall be hanged; hanged by the neck until I die—I, who saved you at the risk of my own soul nearly six years gone."

"I will not let you be hanged," said Andrew, rising. "Get up, Hetty; do not kneel to me. You do not quite know what you have done for me to-night. Sit on that chair—compose yourself—try to be calm. Hetty, you just came in the nick of time. God and the devil were fighting for my soul. In spite of all the devil's flouts God was getting the better of me, and I did not want him to get the best. I wanted the devil to help me, and Hetty, I even prayed to him that he might come and help me. When I saw you coming into the room I thought at first that my prayer was answered. I seemed to see the devil on your face. Now I see differently—your presence has lifted a great cloud from before my mind—I see distinctly, almost as distinctly as if I were in hell itself, the awful consequences which must arise from wrong-doing. Hetty, I have made up my mind; you, of all people, have been the most powerful advocate on the side of God to-night. We will both do the right, child—we will both of us confess the simple truth."

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"She is not well," answered Andrew for her, "but she will tell you presently. Come into the drawing-room, too, Anne; I should like you to be present."

"I cannot understand this," said Anne. She ran on first and opened the great folding doors—she entered the big room, her face ablaze with excitement and wonder—behind her came Andrew holding Hetty's hand. There was an expression on the Squire's direction a step or two, he paused—seemed to see by a sort of intuition that the moment for ordinary civilities was not then. Margaret left her seat by the piano and came into the centre of the room.

Her husband's eyes seemed to motion her back—her uncle went up to her and put his hand on her shoulder; he did not know what he expected, nor did Margaret, but each felt with an electric thrill of sympathy that a revelation of no ordinary nature was about to be made.

Sir holding Hetty's hand, Andrew came into the great space in front of the fire; he was about to speak when Rumsey hurried forward.

"One moment," he said. "This young woman is very ill; will someone see to her?" Rumsey looked at her, and a slight wriggle between his finger and thumb, and he left the fluttering pulse.

Anne rushed away to get the brandy. The doctor mixed a small dose, and made her take a faint color to her cheeks, and her eyes looked less dull and dazed.

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The quality of the Coffee we sell under our trade mark is our best advertisement.

This Seal is our trade mark, and guarantees perfection of quality, strength and flavor.

BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

I have given his case my greatest attention. I consider it one of the most curious psychological studies which has occurred in the whole of my wide experience. Andrew killed Horace Frere, and forgot all about it. The deed was doubtless done in a moment of strong irritation."

"He was provoked to it," said Hetty, speaking for the first time.

"It will be necessary that you put all that down in writing," said Rumsey, giving her a quick glance. "Squire, I begin to see a ghost of daylight. It is possible that you might be saved from the serious consequences of your own act, if it can be proved before a jury that you committed the terrible deed as a means of self-protection."

"It was for that," said Hetty, again. "I can tell exactly what I saw."

"The excited people who were listening to this narrative now began to move about and talk eagerly and rapidly. Rumsey alone altogether kept his head. He saw how ill Hetty was, and how all-important her story would be if there was any chance of saving Andrew. It must be put in writing without delay."

"Come and sit here," he said, taking the girl's hand, and leading her to a chair. All the others shrank away from her, but Mrs. Everett, whose eyes were blazing with a momentary combination of passionate anger and wild, exultant joy, came close up to her for a moment.

"Little hypocrite—little spy!" she hissed. "Do not forget that you have committed perjury. Your sentence will be a severe one."

"Hush," said Rumsey, "is this a moment—? A look in his eyes showed that he was about to shrink away near one of the windows to relieve her overcharged feelings in a burst of tears."

"Sit here and tell me exactly what you saw," said Rumsey to Hetty. "Mr. Cuthbert, you are doubtless a magistrate? He seems my stars, I don't know what I am at the present moment, said the worthy Squire, moping his crimson brow."

"Try to retain your self-control—remember how much hangs on it." This young woman is very ill—it will be all important that we get the deposition before—Rumsey said; Hetty's eyes were fixed on his face, her lips moved faintly.

"You may save the Squire after all if you tell the simple truth," said Rumsey, kindly, but being too ardent and speaking in a low voice. "Try and tell the truth, I know you are feeling ill but you will be better afterwards. Will you tell me exactly what happened? I shall put it down in writing. You will then sign your own deposition."

"Is it the case that if I tell just the truth I may save Squire?" asked Hetty. "No, now begin." The others crowded round; all but Mrs. Everett, who still sat in the window, her face buried in her handkerchief.

Hetty began her tale, falteringly, often trembling and often pausing, but Rumsey managed to keep her to the point. By and by the whole queer story was taken down and was then formally signed and sworn to. Rumsey folded up the paper and gave it to Squire Cuthbert to keep.

"I have a strong hope that we may clear the Squire," he said. "The case is a clear one of manslaughter which took place in self-defence. Mrs. Vincent's position is most important, for it not only shows that Andrew committed the unfortunate deed under the strongest provocation, but explains exactly why Frere should have had such animosity to the Squire. Now Mrs. Vincent, you have rendered Mr. Andrew a very valuable service."

"Before Hetty leaves the room there is something to be said on her own account," said the Squire.

He then related in a few words the tragedy which had taken place at the Gable Farm. While he was speaking, Hetty staggered to her feet and faced him.

"Will what I have told just now really save you, Squire?" she asked.

"It is impossible to believe it, Hetty; but Dr. Rumsey thinks so," answered Andrew.

the twelve respectable men who acted as jurors.

Hetty's all important deposition made a great sensation; her evidence was corroborated by Mrs. Armistead, and when Rumsey appeared as a witness he abundantly proved that Andrew had completely forgotten the deed of which he had been guilty. His thrilling description of his patient's strange case was listened to with breathless attention by a crowded court.

The trial lasted for two days, during which time the anxiety of all Andrew's friends can be better imagined than described. At the end of the trial, the jury returned the verdict of "Not Guilty." In short, his strange case had been abundantly proved; he had done what he did without intent to kill and simply as a means of self-defence.

On the evening of his return to Grandcourt, he and Margaret stood in the porch together side by side. It was a moonlight night, and the whole beautiful place was brightly illuminated.

"Robert," said the wife, "you have lived through it all—you will now take a fresh lease of life."

He shook his head.

"It is true that I have gone through the fire and been saved," he said, "but there is a shadow over me—I can never be the man I might have been."

"You can be a thousand times better," she replied with flashing eyes, "for you have learned now the bitter and awful lesson of how a man may fall, rise again and conquer."

[The End.]

The Chief Organ of the Body.

When Rebellious and Out of Order Paine's Celery Compound is Your Only Hope.

It Brings Comfort, Happiness and Health.

Too few recognize the fact that the stomach is the chief organ of the body. When this great and guiding organ is out of order, every other organ depending on it for nourishment is affected by sympathy. So long as digestion is properly performed, and healthy fluids secreted from the food, the body is nourished. When the stomach is inactive the system is impoverished, and disease rapidly develops.

If your stomach is rebellious and out of gear, be assured your whole system will soon give evidences of trouble, and your life will be a miserable one.

When you suffer the tortures of indigestion and dyspepsia, just remember that Paine's Celery Compound has brought ease, comfort, happiness, and health to thousands in the past. This marvellous and wonder-working medicine when used for a short time restores perfect digestion, and gives to every organ new life and activity.

Thousands of the strongest testimonies on file from our best Canadian people testify to the efficacy of Paine's Celery Compound in cases of stomach troubles that could not be cured by any other medicine. These letters of testimony can be inspected at any time.

It is folly, dear reader, to continue in suffering from dangerous stomach troubles. One bottle of Paine's Celery Compound may suffice to give you freedom from pain and misery; one single bottle has often banished the dreaded enemy forever. Your neighbors and friends have been cured by Paine's Celery Compound. Do not delay its use in your own case.

wherefore. Why should our people with dissimilar interests and dissimilar lives, be forced to pay tribute to a king and a people who cared nothing for them and who fattened upon them? Why had God given any nation a right to say to another nation: 'We discovered you and you are ours. Give us so much of your riches and be thankful that we allow you to live.' Young Macco could not understand this. No more could his father, Marcus. In good time other children came to bless the Maccos, until there were eleven sons, from Antonio, the eldest, a young man of twenty, to Jose, the youngest, but little more than a babe in arms.

Then one day in 1868 Antonio returned to his father's house with the news that the Cubans had rebelled. The father counselled neutrality for several months. Then one day, while Marcus Macco and his older sons were absent, a band of Spanish guerrillas swooped down upon the place, burned the buildings and bound and gagged the remaining members of the family. The father called his sons about him and exacted a promise from each that they would take up arms and never lay them down until the last Spanish invader was driven from the soil of Cuba.

After arranging for the care of the women members of his household the elder Macco led his sons to the headquarters in the mountains, of Maximó Gomez. Little did Gomez know that in this gathering of raw recruits there stood his future lieutenant general. They were so green, so taciturn, so backward that Gomez smiled as they walked away from his hut. He had asked them if they could fight. They smiled and said "perhaps." Soon afterwards, near St. Augustine, some Spanish troops were riding leisurely along with an ammunition train, bound for Guantanamo.

Around the bend of the road, in front, swept a flying body of horsemen, with their maces glittering in the sun. They were guerrillas of Gomez and at their head rode the "awkward squad" of the Maccos. But how they did fight! Right into the heart of the Spanish troops they drove pell-mell, cutting, slashing, and striking right and left. When the fight was ended the elder Macco lay dead on the ground. Before the expiration of two months, Manuel, Fermín and Justice Macco had been killed in battle.

Raphael was so cut up by wounds that he left the island to die as an exile in Costa Rica. For six months after the death of Justice the remaining members of the Macco family seemed to bear charmed lives. The "awkward squad," or, rather, the survivors, had become the foremost fighters under Gomez.

The next death to occur was that of Miguel. He was killed by a bayonet thrust at the capture of Uña Titas. A short time subsequently Julio was shot dead in that bloody affair at Nuevo Mundy. Felipe and Thomas were so badly wounded that they became helpless cripples in San Domingo.

Then, almost at the end of the long ten years' war, Marcus, Jr. was killed in a gallant charge, leaving Antonio, of all the "awkward squad" of fighters, still in the field. His brother Jose was still too young to join his relatives in the field.

It did not take long for Antonio's awkwardness to rub off. His bravery was absolutely dauntless. During his twelve months of service he received a dozen of the twenty-one severe wounds that marked his body at the close of the six years' war. With great tenacity and unparalleled grit he combined a magnetism that drew men to him. Within a year he had been promoted through the various grades of sergeant, lieutenant and captain to that of major, and at the close of the struggle he had reached the rank of major general. When finally a treaty of peace was signed between the Spanish and certain Cuban generals a messenger was sent to Macco to obtain his signature to the compact. He would not give it and for a time kept on fighting. He was finally forced to yield and in offering to lay down his arms, he wrote to Martinz Campos, the Spanish general, demanding that a Spanish man-of-war be placed at his disposal to convey him and his officers to Jamaica. The offer was accepted by Campos and Antonio and his companions were landed in Jamaica.

Here Antonio took up the study of military science and after a few months came to this country, where he obtained a position as hostler at West Point. He continued his studies there and thence went to Costa Rica, where he continued planning the overthrow of the Spanish power in Cuba. Then in February of last year, when the Cubans had again arisen, he and a few followers, among them his brother, Jose, landed in Cuba and again took up arms for the overthrow of Spain's rule. Since then Jose had been killed, but Antonio still fights on, with the prospect bright that he will yet see the end of Spanish tyranny in Cuba.—Utica Globe.

SAD FOREBODINGS OF AUTUMN WEATHER.

