

# PROGRESS.

VOL. II, NO. 408.

ST. JOHN N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## NO NEW LAW IS NEEDED.

**PROHIBITION WOULD BE A BAD THING FOR ST. JOHN.**

The Experience of the City when Licenses Were Not Issued—The Conditions of Affairs under the Scott Act in Old Portland—St. John a Sober City.

The most disgraceful and continual display of drunkenness ever known in St. John was in the summer of 1854, the one year in which no liquor licenses were granted. It was a time of all others when men should have avoided strong drink, for it was the year of the cholera and the intemperate man took his life in his hands. Yes prohibition had been thought to be the one thing the country needed, and the legislature had enacted a prohibitory law, which it was glad to repeat a few months later. While it was in force, however, there was practically free trade in rum. No license fee was required, and all who chose could deal in liquor, which in the majority of cases was of the vilest description. It was plain that prohibition did not prohibit, and that instead of the evil being crushed it assumed a new and infinitely more deadly form.

A third of a century later, there was a similar experience in what was then the city of Portland. The Scott Act had been carried in the county, but Portland having become a city there was a doubt as to how far the law applied to it. No licenses were granted, but for three years liquor was sold as it never had before and as it is to be hoped it never will be again. There were at least one hundred bar-rooms, publicly known as such, while liquor was to be bought in many private houses and in stores which were ostensibly for the sale of other goods. At the foot of Portland, in a distance of a hundred yards, were no less than seven bar-rooms in full blast. Men who could not get a license in the city of St. John had merely to move across the line and sell to their heart's content. Little capital was required. A few jugs and bottles of liquor with some cheap glasses sufficed for an outfit, and whatever may have been the quality of the stuff in the first instance, it was reduced and fortified until it became the veritable fighting whiskey which drove men to all sorts of desperate acts. So numerous were the bar-rooms and so keen the competition that many of the dealers actually stood in their doorways and solicited custom, waylaying the laboring men on their way to and from work and offering all kinds of inducements for people to drink. These places were kept open until all hours of the night, and they held high carnival all day Sunday. There was no regulating them. They were simply an unmitigated evil. The condition of affairs beggars description, and had it not been that Portland became a part of St. John and the License Law was enforced, it is hard to tell to what extent the mischief would have spread. Under the License Law now, the North End is a place where very little drunkenness is seen and where the best of order is found in the streets at all hours of the day and night.

Some citizens who undoubtedly believe they have the best interests of the people in view are now trying to bring about a no-license condition of affairs in St. John. The movement originated in the decision of the people of Carleton to have no license granted on that side of the harbor. That was well enough. Carleton is in many ways a suburban town, and in such places prohibition is practical. There are enough bar-rooms on the east side to supply all the needs of the west side, and there was no need of a license in a place where none had been. If the people of any of one of the city wards did not want a tavern in that ward they would be protesting against it, but it is by no means a logical conclusion that what may apply to any one district will apply to the city as a whole. No licenses are granted on Waterloo street, for instance, but to apply the same idea to every street would be very bad policy. There are a certain number of the people of the city who drink, and while the city stands there will be a certain portion who do so. If they cannot get it under sanction of the law they will get it without that sanction. The saloon is a crop that never falls.

The action of the Carleton people encouraged the prohibition element to undertake the stopping of the sale of liquor in the whole city, and petitions have been in circulation asking that no licenses be granted for the current year. The law provides that if a majority of the ratepayers, assessed on real or personal property, so petition, no licenses shall issue. The work of securing signatures was undertaken with great vigor, but it has proven a harder task than was imagined at the outset, for a majority means not only more than half of the resident ratepayers, but of non-residents and estates as well. Even should a majority sign such a petition, however, it would necessarily include Carleton ratepayers, who in strict justice should have no voice

in the matter, whatever their legal right may be. A majority swelled by a Carleton vote is not an expression of the people who are immediately concerned in the question of license for the East side alone.

The prohibitionists have another gun loaded, however, and it is in the form of an amendment to the existing law. At present the number of licenses is limited and the man who wants one has to secure the signature of one third of the ratepayers in his district. This condition prevents a great number of improper persons from engaging in the traffic. Should a license be convicted of illegal selling three times in a year, he cannot be licensed the next year. The law is as good a one as is needed, and the fact that it is not fairly applied is no argument against it. It regulates the traffic, even as it is, and as regards orderly licensed places, St. John has nothing to fear in comparison with any city of its size in America.

The legislation now sought compels the applicant for license to secure the signature of one half the rate-payers in his district. This means prohibition. When the number of non-residents and of people who never sign petitions is considered, the work of getting a majority of signatures is such that the liquor dealers are unlikely to trouble themselves about it. They will simply sell without license and fight the matter so far as the fight can be waged. Should the final decision be adverse to them some of the more reputable dealers may retire, while their places will be filled by a greater number who are not reputable. It will be the old story of St. John in 1854 and of Portland in the latter part of the eighties. The city will lose the license fees to the amount of about \$30,000 a year, and more liquor, and infinitely worse liquor, will be sold than is sold today. This is what prohibition will mean for St. John, and the question is, if in the face of such a prospect, there is anything to commend the legislation now sought by well meaning but unpractical men and women.

Prohibition could prohibit it would be a blessed thing, but even the advocates of the change have no such hope. They simply object to the city giving its sanction to the liquor traffic. They do not suggest any way in which the loss of revenue is to be made up, but on the contrary they say that such a question does not concern them. They do not care what the city loses, provided they can have their theory made a part of the law.

The Maine law is as sound and practical a prohibitory enactment as can be devised, and is carried out with zeal, yet there is more drunkenness in Portland than in St. John, and the dens are of the lowest class. The Scott Act is a failure in cities and its adoption in St. John would be a mistake. A still worse mistake would be the unlicensed sale of liquor without even the protection of the Scott Act.

The city of St. John stands high as regards the general sobriety of its people. There is less liquor sold than there was even a few years ago, and despite the fact that the police now arrest very often when there is no need of their doing so, the number of arrests for drunkenness is smaller than it formerly was. In former times, the police only arrested when a man was incapable or disorderly, but nowadays the prospect of getting relief from duty after making a night arrest tempts some of them to go beyond their duty and seize men slightly drunk. The figures of today should be discounted for a fair proportion of arrests which would not have been made in Chief Marshall's time, but even without this allowance the comparisons speak well for the sobriety of the people at the present day. In 1863, for instance, there were 759 arrests for drunkenness in the old city and Carleton alone, and 389 intoxicated persons were helped home. This would mean over 1,000 arrests had the present grab-all system been in force, and yet the population at that time was only a trifle over 27,000. There was about the same number on the following year, while in 1865, the number of arrests was nearly 900, not counting the people seen home.

In 1874, the number of arrests for drunkenness was 1,268. In 1878, it was 1,448. For some reason it dropped to less than 700 in 1881, but that was an exceptional year.

In 1894, the total number of arrests for drunkenness in the united city, including the North end, was only 763 and last year it was 769.

It will thus be seen that intoxication is not increasing in St. John under the License law, but there would be a very different story were the experiment tried of a year without license.

Congratulations to the Doctor.

Dr. Geo. A. Hetherington is the recipient of many congratulations, in which PROGRESS joins, on his appointment to the position of superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum. The choice is a good one, and the Doctor, in a political sense, has fully merited this recognition of his services.

## IS A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

**THE Muddle in regard to the Appraiser's Office.**

Double, Double, Toil and Trouble as Found in the Revised Version of the Drama of McBeath—Preventive Officer Kelly and How He Was Appointed.

James Kelly reported for duty at the custom house on Friday of last week and was assigned to work in the appraiser's office. This does not mean that he has been appointed appraiser. He has not been, nor is he likely to be. He is a preventive officer, and as such may be assigned to duty anywhere. He is under Appraiser McBeath just now, but next month he may be under Inspector Timothy Burke in the Inland Revenue office, or he may be detailed to accompany his distinguished namesake, Inspector John Kelly, on an official visit to the light-houses. A preventive officer may be made to fit in anywhere, and there seems a great deal of uncertainty as to where Mr. Kelly is best fitted to shine as a Dominion official. All that is definite is that he has an office, though what the salary was to be nobody seemed to know, and it is rumored that Mr. Kelly himself was quite in the dark on this important point, until yesterday, when it was announced in the House of Commons that the compensation was \$1,000 a year.

The whole performance of the government in regard to the appraiser's office would furnish ample material for a comic opera. The St. John members undertook to procure the office of chief appraiser for James H. Hamilton, who had fully earned some position by his work for the party. To put him in place it was necessary to put Mr. McBeath out of place. Mr. Hamilton told them he did not want to do anything to injure Mr. McBeath but he was told that the latter gentleman was to be superannuated in any case, and that he, Hamilton, might as well urge his claims for the position. He did so and the St. John members went ahead with the programme. Up to a certain point they met with great success.

There was no earthly reason why Mr. McBeath should be superannuated, except that the office was wanted for somebody else. He was not disqualified by age. He was a most efficient officer and he was held in high esteem by the merchants. During the second week in January, however, word came that Mr. McBeath was superannuated and that Mr. Hamilton had been appointed in his place. Pending the arrival of the official notification Mr. Hamilton was the recipient of many congratulations.

In due season Mr. McBeath got notice of his superannuation, closed up his books and retired. A petition that he be reinstated had in the meantime been forwarded to Ottawa. Yet though Mr. McBeath went out, Mr. Hamilton did not go in. Like Mordecai, he sat at the gate, and he is still sitting there, despite the unfavorable character of the season for standing or sitting around gates of any kind.

The St. John members, in the same stroke by which they had procured Mr. McBeath's retirement had, as they supposed, secured Mr. Hamilton's appointment. The order containing Mr. Hamilton's name as appraiser had been duly made out, but had not been formally passed upon. At this juncture Mr. Kelly went to Ottawa and saw his friend Mackenzie Bowell.

The two were not strangers. They had met on previous occasions of critical moment when the country was supposed to be in danger and the counsel of Mr. Kelly was freely given to avert the impending disaster. On this occasion R. W. Broder Kelly wanted an office and M. W. Broder Bowell, believing that Mr. Kelly controlled the Orange vote in New Brunswick, set about to find him an office. The appraiser-ship seemed to fit him, and Bowell was willing that he should have it, quite regardless of what the St. John members might think.

Then, according to the story, an extraordinary thing took place. The identical paper in which Mr. Hamilton's name had been written was used for Mr. Kelly. The word "James" was left in and the "H. Hamilton" struck out and "Kelly" substituted. This made the order to read that Kelly was to be appointed as appraiser at St. John.

When this had been done, Mr. C. N. Skinner arrived in Ottawa. He was called there by Bowell on business which had nothing to do with the Kelly matter. It is to be assumed that he said many good words for his friend Kelly, but in some way or another Bowell seems to have learned that Kelly not only did not control the orange vote in New Brunswick but was not in any way qualified for the important post of appraiser. Then another queer thing was done. The word "appraiser" was struck out of the already altered order, and the words "preventive officer" were substituted. In this form the order was passed and it is the appointment that Mr. Kelly really got and what he holds today. There is no more reason why he should have been put on duty in

the appraiser's office than there was that he should have been sent to any other department, and the current opinion is that he will be set at work somewhere else at an early day.

Last Tuesday Mr. McBeath walked into the appraiser's office and resumed his old position. He had been reinstated, though the curious fact remains that he is on the superannuated list and must stay there. He therefore gets his retiring allowance and an additional sum to make his salary equal to what it was before. This is the same kind of a case as that of Mr. Gardner in the Immigration office. The worst of it is Mr. McBeath's case, is that having now been superannuated, he has all the allowance he can ever get. He may continue to hold the office for years before a competent man to retire, but all the additional years from this time forward will not count for an increased allowance, as they would have done in the ordinary course of things.

Mr. Hamilton will probably be appointed as assistant to Mr. McBeath and with an equally good salary. That seems to be the easiest way out of the difficulty, and a fitting finale to this comedy of errors.

## FAIR PLAY FOR THE BENCH.

The Telegraph Surprises Its Friends by Its Defence of Judge Tuck.

Under the caption of "Let the Judges have Fair Play" the Telegraph of Monday had an energetic editorial article in defence of Judge Tuck in answer to a first page article in PROGRESS last week. The Telegraph's article was, no doubt, an inspired one, but whether the inspiration came directly from Judge Tuck himself or from some close friend, there can be little doubt that it will defeat the object intended. Apart from the merits of the case altogether, there was great indignation and disgust among liberals everywhere that such an article should have appeared in the Maritime provinces, a paper which still claims to speak on behalf of the liberal party. Rightly or wrongly the almost unanimous feeling among liberals in New Brunswick is that Judge Tuck has never forgotten that he was once a politician, of which they think the Queens county election case among other things furnishes some evidence. To say, therefore, that the average liberal is mad with the Telegraph for its defence of the Judge, is to put the matter very mildly indeed. With that view of the case, however, PROGRESS is not concerned.

It would be a mistake to suppose that Judge Tuck will escape having an examination made of his private and public conduct after the challenge thrown out in his behalf by the Telegraph of Monday. If it is found upon full inquiry that he is the truly good man the Telegraph describes him to be, then many people will no doubt ask to be forgiven for having so long had the impression that Judge Tuck was not of the class of men out of which chief justices should be made. Apart altogether from the question as to whether Judge Tuck is the best living example on the present bench of all that constitutes a worthy judge—one who will command the confidence of other members of the bench and of the bar—there has been all along an idea that he lacks a few at least of the qualities which should be found in a gentleman who aspires to be at the head of the bench of this Province.

The article in the Telegraph in his behalf says that the "attacks upon him seem to be inspired from some quarter which is interested in seeing him lessened to the esteem of his fellow men." That is entirely incorrect. That esteem must depend upon the judge's own character and conduct. This paper has no feeling against Judge Tuck and never has had any. It has always considered him a hail fellow, well met, but the fact that a man may be a pleasant enough associate in everyday life is no reason why that strong quality should entitle him to a chief justiceship. Any story which PROGRESS has published with which Judge Tuck's name was directly or indirectly connected, has been simply a narrative of an actual occurrence and not even a private occurrence either, and it is the greatest absurdity for anyone on the judge's behalf to say such publication has been inspired with a view of injuring him.

If the circumstances reflect upon His Honor, so much the worse for him, but PROGRESS should not be held responsible if on some occasions on the bench Judge Tuck displays the qualities of a cold rather than the dignity of a judge; if at other times he attempts to "run" the Supreme court on bloc without any regard for the feelings of his brother judges, and if again he goes out of his way to talk while off the bench in a boisterous and offensive way about some of his associates, and is not careful to maintain that circumspection which is essential to the dignity of his position and to the efficient discharge of his responsible duties. The main question that PROGRESS is concerned in promoting the interests of some other candidate for the chief justiceship, is entirely without foundation, although it is free to express what is believed to be a common opinion, that there is a judge, on the bench who would make an excellent chief justice. His name, it need scarcely be said, is not Mr. Justice Tuck.

## THAT HOSPITAL AFFAIR.

**THE HALIFAX SCANDAL IS BEING INVESTIGATED.**

Dr. Chisholm of the Medical Staff and His Startling Surprise—Counter Charges of Inefficiency—The Superintendent of Nurses Generally Condemned on all Sides.

HALIFAX, Feb. 27.—The investigation into the Victoria general hospital management has begun before Premier Fielding's commission. The proceedings are in secrecy, but people have a pretty good idea of what in general terms will come before the commission, at least on one side of the question.

A story is going the rounds, for instance that a young lady who was employed in the office of the steward, bursar and dispenser, assisting in the keeping of accounts, either came to know too much, or was too inquisitive by long odds, for the management. They accordingly decided to act according to precedent. It was argued that if the superintendent of the hospital could be "promoted" for incompetency from the hospital for the insane to the Victoria hospital, that, therefore, this young lady in question could, with equal reason, be "promoted" from the accountant's office to a position of importance in the kitchen. The logic of it seemed so convincing that this was what they did, and she was hidden go.

The medical board, as stated by PROGRESS last week have in effect unanimously petitioned against Superintendent Reid on the ground of inefficiency or carelessness. It would not be a bad idea for Dr. Reid to bring a counter charge against the medical board based on Dr. Chisholm's "surprise." A patient came to the hospital and was for two months under treatment for a diseased knee. No one imagined there was anything else wrong with her. Dr. Chisholm, a prominent member of the board, made regular visits as in duty and in conscience bound. The patient apparently received every attention from all concerned in her case. One fine morning the young woman surprised the nurses and Dr. Chisholm by presenting to them and him a bouncing baby. This was so little dreamed of so little expected, that, as it was Dr. Chisholm's month in charge at the hospital, the new-comer was labelled "Dr. Chisholm's surprise." Now possibly it would not be a bad idea for Dr. Reid to strike back at the medical board and charge them with inefficiency for one reason on account of this unwelcome and unbidden and unexpected arrival at the hospital. Would it not be possible for Superintendent Reid to effectively ask this question: "Why should the medical board and its representative on this occasion, Dr. Chisholm, have remained so ignorant of the condition of a patient for two months in the hospital if they were 'efficient and careful?' Possibly Dr. Reid might use this case to turn the tables upon his accusers, and probably no one would blame him if he did."

Steward Putnam, it is understood defends his confiscation of delicacies sent to the hospital to "charity patients" by saying that the rules of the institution authorized him to prevent such things falling into the hands of this class of patients, or possibly into the hands of any other patients, without the knowledge of the attending physicians. But what became of Dr. Murphy's delicacies about which he has lodged a complaint against Mr. Putnam, and what about other delicacies regarding which as yet there has been no specific charge? If the patients did not eat them who did? Were they sent over to the poor's asylum adjoining, where aged and infirm and deserving paupers might have something more than plain though wholesome bill of fare which the city provides for the more than 200 wards of civic charity? There is no trace of those confiscated good articles in that quarter. If the hospital patients were not to be allowed to indulge in those things who were, and who did? Echo seems to answer: "who were and who did?"

Usually when such trouble arises as this, which now distracts a noble institution like the Victoria general hospital, there are partisans of the contending parties, people, or officials take sides. But in this case, and more particularly regarding the superintendent of nurses, there is no such division. It looks like Miss Elliott on the one side and a "whole phalanx of nurses or of student nurses on the other."

"Well, in all my days, I never came into contact with eleven men so stubborn and so little amenable to reason. For four days they have held out 'against me.'"

And this isolated jurymen entered upon the fifth day in the hope that ere sunset the eleven men might lose somewhat of their perversity and agree with him upon a verdict which he had drawn up for their acquiescence.

Nestor of the Press.

In the death of Adam W. Smith, so long identified with the St. Andrew's Standard, the province loses its oldest editor, and one for whom both the past and the present generations have had a kindly regard. Mr.

Smith was a man who worked long and faithfully with small reward for his labor, but he will long be remembered as journalist with qualities of heart which are not too common. He had many friends, and no enemies; his life was a useful one, and he has gone hence leaving behind an un sullied reputation.

## THAT FORGED BOND.

One of the Most Peculiar Cases That Has Ever Happened Here.

The arrest of Ernest C. March on Wednesday night, charged with the forgery of a school bond for \$2,000 has created more public speculation than any event in local police matters for many years past. As the preliminary examination had not taken place when PROGRESS went to press, little can be said in regard to the case, though if a very small portion of what is public talk were given in print it would be by far the most interesting reading that has been seen for many a day.

Justice to living and dead alike, as well as the proprieties necessary to be observed in a pending investigation, prevent such a story as might be written. The mere facts are that a school bond for \$2,000, never issued by the board, has unexpectedly turned up, it having been part of the assets of the estate of the late T. Partelow Mott, held by the Bank of New Brunswick for the last six years. Every six months during that period Mr. Mott cut off the coupons of this \$277 A bond, but never presented them for payment, and thus the existence of the bond was not even suspected nor would it have been discovered until the bond matured years hence, had not Mr. Mott died. Then the bank, which held the bond as security, sold it to J. Morris Robinson. When he presented a coupon for redemption, the school board first became aware of the forgery.

The forged bond bears the genuine signature of the late John Boyd, chairman, and is filled out in the handwriting of Ernest March, a fact which he does not deny, but for which he says he cannot account. The signature of John March, secretary, is declared to be a forgery. As Ernest March seemed to be the only one who could be got at as he was put under arrest. Whether he be innocent or guilty, the universal belief is "there are others."

Many theories can be advanced as to how Mr. Boyd came to sign a bond not afterwards accounted for, but those who know the trustful and in some ways careless disposition of that gentleman can understand how he might sign a paper and at a later date sign another under the impression that he had not signed in the first instance. The regular bonds, Number 277, and 278 were taken by Mr. Boyd himself, but several months passed between the time he agreed to take them and the time he completed the transaction. It is a good theory that he affixed his signature to both at the outset, that in the interval No. 277 was abstracted, made No. 277 A and only No. 278 remained in the vault. When the time came for Mr. Boyd to take his bonds, only No. 278 was to be found, and under the impression that only one had been made out another No. 277 was prepared and signed by Mr. Boyd. This theory does not necessarily implicate the man at present accused, who may have filled out the bonds as a matter of routine and with no more wrongful intent than Mr. Boyd himself.

How the bond got into the possession of Partelow Mott, and why for more than six years he regularly cut off the coupons but never presented them remains to be seen.

Another very curious circumstance is that, in 1893, Secretary Manning signed for 41 coupons at the Bank of New Brunswick, but when he came to check them, after having left them lying in the school trustees office, he found only 40. The bank official who had delivered them to him was the late Ludlow Robinson, a most accurate man, and it seems hardly probable there was any mistake in the count. If not was the missing coupon that of 277 A, or was it an uncancelled coupon of some other bond? In any case, if Mr. Manning got it, who took it from the envelope after it reached the school trustees office? It certainly was not Ernest March, for he was not around the office. If anybody else had knowledge of the forged bond, who was that person?

That Partelow Mott knew of the character of the bond he held seems a conclusion that cannot be avoided. The question is, how many more knew of it, and who are they.

The Late Mr. Ward.

The death of Mr. Charles C. Ward is a real loss to the world of art, and many who have known him only through his paintings will mourn his taking away. He was a true artist, who threw his soul into his work and whose studies were from the natural scenes in which his heart took delight. The works he has left will be his best monument, and they will cause him to be honored by the generations to come in an even greater measure than his genius has been appreciated by the people of today.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

News is for sale in Halifax by the news boys and at the following places: C. S. DeFesta, Brunswick street; M. Brown & Co., Barrington street; C. Brown & Co., 111 Hollis street; C. Brown & Co., George street; F. Brown & Co., Opp. I. C. E. Depot; M. Brown & Co., Railway depot; H. Brown & Co., Dartmouth N. S.; J. Brown & Co., Dartmouth N. S.

The first of the week there were a number of small tea, two tobogganing parties and a very amount of sleighing and skating. The Citadel hill has been excellent lately for tobogganing and is also very safe. Collin's hill has also been good as it is within easy reach and the going is not too fast. Mrs. White was among the hostesses of Monday and though her tea was very small it was very much enjoyed. It was quite informal also, the invitations being verbal. Mrs. Montgomery-Moore had also a small gathering of intimate friends as it was her day at home.

On Monday evening Mrs. W. S. Fielding gave a very pleasant little euchre party, the prizes were pretty and the supper excellent. The hostess looked charming in a dainty gown and the evening is spoken of as one of the nicest this winter. On Tuesday evening every one went to see Hispania. The S. R. O. sign was out long before the performance began and the house was packed to the doors. Professionals seldom draw such a crowded house as was accorded our amateurs on the evening in question. Every body was anxious to see how a lady would fill the roll of Isabella and it is safe to say that even the most critical could find nothing to find fault with in Mrs. Hagarty's rendition. Her singing charmed the house and her acting was excellent. She has splendid stage presence and so thoroughly at home is she that she carried the audience with her. "Whisper and I shall hear" was substituted for "Promise Me" as Isabella's principal solo and it was a wonderful success. It drew forth tremendous applause; a very beautiful bouquet of red and tea roses was presented to Mrs. Hagarty. Mr. Everett made a very good king of Spades and his acting and singing were good. Mr. Lyde as the Sergeant of Police was as amusing as ever and while he was intensely amusing did not overdo his work. Mr. Wyld as in splendid voice and in his solo and the duet with Mrs. Hagarty delighted the audience. Mr. Salter's skit dancing was exceedingly clever. The electric effects were very pretty, but so brilliant that if they had not been so cleverly managed they might have detracted from the effect of the stage. However, as it was they were quite lovely, and the Hispania club were anxious to have existed such capable assistants as the electrical firm which supplied one of the newest features in the stage setting.

There were two or three suppers given after the performance at various houses, and a small dinner took place at Bellevue before the play. Mr. and Mrs. Shannon arrived from England by Labrador last week and have been the guests of General and Mrs. Montgomery Moore, at Bellevue. The first three evenings of the week the General and Mrs. Montgomery Moore gave large and pleasant dinner parties for their relatives. Col. DuRoi, North chief of the general's staff left last Saturday for a visit to England. Friday of last week there was a sleighing party from Bellevue, among whom were noticed: Miss Henry, Capt. Semple, Major and Mrs. Longe, Col. and Mrs. Shannon, Miss Malcham, Major Smythe and Lieut. Capt. and Miss Corbore.

On Thursday evening, Mrs. John Strachan entertained a number of young people at a dance at her residence, Rockingham. The Halifax young people took the cars to North street, where a large team was waiting to convey the party to the scene of festivity. There were also quite a number of young ladies and gentlemen from Bedford and vicinity, and the enjoyment was kept up for several hours. Friday evening the Misses Book, 63 Victoria Road, gave a party to a number of their young friends. The handsome residence is admirably adapted for entertaining a large company, and those who accepted the hospitality of the Misses Book vote the party one of the pleasantest of the season.

NEW GLASGOW. [PROGRAMME is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Pritchard and H. H. Henderson.] FEB 27.—The entertainment Monday evening in McNeill's hall had a large and appreciative audience. The first part of the programme consisted of a piano duet, Rhapsodie Hongroise, Op. 11, by Miss Rice and Mr. Wright; solo by Mr. Musgrave; reading by Miss Ritchie selected; with piano accompaniment was enthusiastically received and encored; vocal duet by Miss Graham and Mr. Musgrave; and quartette by Miss Mackay, Miss Rita, Mrs. Musgrave and Stewart; the second part of the programme was the "Chronicle of the Past." The costumes and acting were very good the only fault being that some of the ancient personages brought little by the "Chronicle" did not speak loud enough for a nineteenth century audience. The "Genus," Miss Jamieson and "Inventress" Miss Fulton both spoke clearly and well. The first character that stepped out as the black doors of the machine slowly opened was "Sarah" (Abraham's wife) Miss Jennie Fraser, that "Pharaoh's" daughter, Miss Rachel Eastwood; both made excellent Egyptians. Miss Jean Mitchell made a charming and haughty "Cleopatra," Miss Gertrude Ritchie as mother Bickerick amused the audience by her quaint dress and witty sayings regarding herself as equal with the royal personages Queen Elizabeth and Cleopatra; and meeting Pouchontas as an old friend; Miss Annie C. McKay as "St. Cecilia" sang the "Ave Maria" in Latin very sweetly; the other characters were "Cornelia," Miss Rice, Jean O'Arc, Miss A. M. Graham, "Agness of Bologna," Miss Underwood, "Priscilla," Miss Winnie McDonald, "Hippolyta," Mrs. K. Stuart, "Queen Elizabeth," Miss Ester Eastwood, "Pouchontas" Mrs. Torry, "Sappho" Miss Annie B. Graham, "Martha Washington" Mrs. Rennie. They all had something to tell of the people of their time and joined in a chorus "Chronicle of the Past" thus ending a pleasant and profitable evening.

Lady Archibald, Truro, paid a visit to New Glasgow on Tuesday. Rev. Mr. Parry of Chester is the guest of Pastor Raymond. Miss Fulton, Miss Jamieson, and Miss Ritchie, of Truro are the guests of Mrs. W. H. Rennie "Blink-bonnie." The annual recital of the pupils of Miss Tweedy and Prof. Logan in the High school convocation hall Tuesday evening was well attended. Both violin and piano pupils did great credit to their respective teachers. Mrs. J. D. McGregor entertained about fifty lady friends with a fine o'clock tea Tuesday of last week. A drive to Pictou to attend the rink Thursday evening was much enjoyed by all. The carnival Friday evening was the best ever held in New Glasgow; over one hundred skaters in costume were on the ice. The Skellerton band furnished the music. The prizes for the two most original costumes were given to Miss Jean Mitchell and Miss Mary Woodhead. The following is a list of the lady skaters, Miss Conrod, "Valkyrie," Miss Gray, Defender; Miss Jessie Graham, Canada; Miss Jennie Eastwood, Night; Miss Sarah Brown, Norway; Aberdeen Hospital; Miss Flossy McGregor, Bob Roy's Wife; Miss Daisy Bell, Daisy Bell; Gertrude Douglas, Dr. of old school; Mary Thell, Snow-flower; Mary Eastwood, Money; Minnie McGregor, Spanish Queen; Lillie Shadle, Shade; Lena McKerscher, Nurse; Sadie Fraser, Night; Stella McDonald, Bank of Friction; Lillie Jamieson, Student; Bessie Mackay, Egyptian Belle; Mabel Greenwood, Rainbow; May Blackwood, Skellerton Night; Lucy Cunningham, Skellerton Belle; Alice Smith, North West; Jessie Fraser, Spanish

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T. J. COOKE & Co., Canadian Depot, 20 St. Peter Street, Montreal. CURE FITS! Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent free to any sufferer from Fits. Write to T. J. COOKE & Co., 20 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Que. Dancer: Sylvia Fraser, Royal Stuart; Carrie Fraser, St. John's; Spanish Dancer: Jean Mitchell, Mother Ship; Ella Howard, Flora McDonald; Jet and Maria McDonald; Pictou, Two old Widdis; Mabel McDonald, Spanish Dancer; Maggie Smith, Marie Anicette; Minnie McDonald; Pictou, Pictou; Mrs. T. G. Fraser, Artist; Misses Walker, Monique, Givry; Annie Fraser, Lamp shade; Jessie Wynne Fraser, Paper Doll; Jessie Rose, Hungarian Gypsy; Ester Eastwood, Egyptian. The last five named were no doubt the best and most interesting costumes on the ice and will worth the admiration they received. The gentlemen skaters it will not attempt to name as there were about fifty of them. Some very noticeable however were: John Grant, Spanish Cavalier; Geo. Howard, New Woman; Andrew Deane, Knight; E. Lord, Arab; D. Brown, Partis; Kipling; S. D. Day, Turk; Chas. Crockett, Recruit; H. K. Fitzpatrick and W. S. Moore, "I don't want to play in your yard"; Geo. Fraser, New Woman; W. S. Currier; Harry Grant, Spring Fashion; Thomas Fraser, Bicycleist; Tim Egan, O'Donnell.

TRURO. [PROGRAMME is for sale in Truro by G. O. Fallon and D. H. Smith & Co.] FEB 28.—Mrs. Eaton, Maitland, is a guest of Mrs. H. F. McKenzie. Miss Congdon and Miss Corbett, who have been guests at Mrs. Arthur Somerville's returned to their homes in Grand Village, on Monday last. They were accompanied by Miss Frances Somerville. Snow shooting parties seem still to be very much in order, the more hilarious games being in a vogue, in most circles until after the Lenten time. The Misses McNaughton gave a small snow-shoe. We pay highest prices for old, postage stamps used before 1878. From 81 to 810 paid for single extra rare spots. Some times first mail order. The Stamp & Coin Co., 150 Queen St. W., Toronto, Canada.

AMHERST. [PROGRAMME is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Purdy.] FEB 27.—The Amherst exhibition of the Y. M. C. A. takes place this evening in the academy of music, where a very interesting programme will be given by the boys assisted by the band. Mr. Hunter and Mr. C. L. Benedict, entertained a number of gentlemen friends at what last Wednesday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Sleep, Victoria street. Among the gentlemen present were Mr. A. B. Borden, Dr. C. A. McQueen, Dr. H. R. McCully, Mr. N. Curry, Mr. Robert Pugsley, Mr. W. D. Mann, Mr. D. W. Douglas, Mr. H. Pipe, Mr. W. T. Pipes, Mr. D. T. Chapman and Mr. J. Med. 177 Toward street. Invitations have been issued for a private skate at the Aberdeen rink on Thursday afternoon, by Mr. Hunter, and Mrs. C. L. Benedict, and a fire o'clock tea after at Mrs. D. W. Robb's residence, Maplehurst, Church street; a large number of invitations have been issued and a very enjoyable time is anticipated. Mrs. Barnes of Sussex is the guest of Mrs. J. H. Hickman, Hatchford street. I am sorry to hear that Mr. R. A. Borden is rather ill with a cold at Mrs. Steep's, Victoria St. Miss Black is enjoying a few days' holidays from her duties as operator at the station. Mrs. McSweeney of Mt. Whately visited her brother, Dr. Bliss on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Curry of Bridgetown are among our most welcome arrivals in town this week, they being on leave on Tuesday evening and are the guests during their short stay in town, of Mrs. Curry's mother, Mrs. Lowe, Church street. Prof. N. Hill Nesbit and Mrs. Nesbit are stopping with Mrs. Gates, Prof. Nesbit having formed classes in French for the coming month. Mrs. T. R. Black and Miss Mrs. Black gave an unusually pleasant five o'clock tea on Tuesday afternoon at their home on Victoria street. The weather was favorable for the gay event and the younger guests looked very pretty. Mrs. Black's home is capitally arranged for such events and the tea was a charming success. Mrs. J. S. Henderson of Parrboro is paying a visit to her sister, Mrs. C. R. Smith, "Cherry Row," Lawrence street. Miss Ellis Johnson who spent last week with Miss Ella Hillson returned to her home in Campbellton on Friday. Miss Howard of Parrboro, is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Howard, Lawrence street. Miss Reed of Mt. Allison, Sackville, spent Sunday in town the guest of Miss Lucy McKinnon, Laplanche street. Miss M. R. H. of Oxford, visited Mrs. James McCall on Friday. Miss Alice Page paid a short visit to friends in Sackville last week. Miss George Knowell and Miss Jennie Knowell of St. John, are paying a visit to Mrs. N. C. Calhoun at the Terrace. Miss Hattie Borden is spending her vacation at her home in Canada. Miss Fullerton, Miss Lillie Moffat and Mr. Osborne Moffat drove to Sackville last Thursday to enjoy a skate at the Sackville rink. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster and Miss Carol of Springhill are the guests of Mrs. Foster's mother, Mr. D. D. Frida, Havelock street. 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SAFE CURE The Old Reliable.

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of all diseases arising from deranged Kidneys and Liver, and is effective at once at the root of the difficulty.

ST. STEPHEN AND OMAHA.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trumbo, and at the bookstores of R. S. Dugan, G. S. Wall and J. W. Brown & Co. in Omaha at O. P. Treasler's.

Feb. 28.—A number of ladies went on a sleighing party to the Lodge on Saturday and enjoyed a picnic supper at the cottage formerly known as "Rockaway cottage" but now occupied by Mrs. Scott.

Arrangements are now being made by a number of gentlemen in Calais to purchase a handsome private residence and convert it into a club house.

Miss Carrie Baber's new party on Thursday evening, was a jolly time from the start and was so much enjoyed that several other young ladies will entertain their friends in a similar manner.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young entertained the I. T. Y. T. club at their residence on Thursday evening.

Miss Alice Graham and Mr. Harry Graham, invited a party of friends to join them on a snow shoe tramp on Monday evening starting from their home and to return there for supper.

Mr. George A. Gardner is enjoying the charm of spring weather in Nevada, California, where she is making a long and pleasant visit with relatives.

Rev. J. Bolton of Wilson's Beach, Campbellville, spent Monday in town.

Mrs. William Soper of Montreal, is spending a few days here and is the guest of Mrs. Ducon.

Mrs. M. A. Nichols visited at her home in Calais on Friday evening.

At a meeting of the Etete on Wednesday evening, the following programme was given.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. William T. Black invited the ladies of the Travellers' club to visit her at her charming home "Beachcroft" which is some two or three miles below Calais.

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Lovers of music are anticipating a delicious treat from Mrs. C. W. Harrison who is to sing at Miss

Louis Taylor's concert on Tuesday evening next. A fine programme has been prepared and Miss Taylor has every confidence that it will be the best and choicest she has ever arranged for a concert here.

The most brilliant social event of this winter will be the Harmony club "musical" at the Windsor tomorrow evening. It is hoped to be able to give a full description of it in my letter for next week.

A very happy but quiet wedding party gathered at the residence of Mrs. Frederick Stoddard on Thursday evening, to witness the marriage of her daughter Miss Emily Faye Harmon to Mr. J. Lewis Samaras.

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders will make their home for a time with Mrs. Stoddard and will be "at home" on Monday during the month of March.

Mrs. Andrew McWha is visiting in St. John her daughter Mrs. Harold V. Moran.

Mr. C. H. Clarke made a brief visit to St. John on Monday.

Miss Emily Milliken is visiting friends in Augusta, Maine, and will be absent a week or ten days.

Hon. E. B. Harvey has returned from a trip to Boston and New York city.

Mrs. Low Lowell one of the oldest and most esteemed ladies in Calais after a long absence, returned on Monday morning. She had reached the advanced age of eighty eight years.

Mrs. Frank Kennedy of Cambridge, Mass., and Mrs. Nelson Skillings of Winchester, Mass., arrived on Tuesday to attend the funeral services which take place this afternoon.

Miss Robin Hay after a long visit with her friend Mrs. Almon I. Teed expects to leave for her home the first of next week.

Miss Mary I. Teed expects to leave for her home the first of next week. Miss Mary is a most talented young lady, and has made hosts of friends here who greatly regret that she leaves for her home.

A "Winter Picnic," was a novel entertainment, given by the ladies of the Baptist church, in their vestry last week. I think a description of it would be most interesting to Progress readers and perhaps would give an idea to some society, who wish to give an entertainment. The vestry presented a veritable picnic ground, as one entered the door in the centre stood a grove of fir trees, in which were arranged little tables and chairs.

Mr. Hugh Hopper, brother of Rev. E. B. Hopper of St. George, spent several days in town last week, the guest of his brother.

The Faulkner students at Mount Allison ladies' college spent Monday at their home in Montreal.

I regret very much to be obliged to announce the departure of one of our young ladies who can't be spared from Montreal. Miss Miss Chapman who has accepted the position of organist and choir leader in the Baptist church in Montreal, and leaves to day for her sphere of usefulness.

Miss Chapman's departure will leave vacant in St. John the position of organist and choir leader in the Baptist church. I believe Miss Chapman remains in town until the first of next week, when she will join her father in Annapolis.

Mr. Peter McSwaney, and his son Mr. A. E. McSwaney, of St. George, spent several days in town last week, where they intend spending the next two months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Moore of the Amherst branch of the Bank of Montreal spent Monday in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke of Steadman street.

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Feb. 28.—I believe I neglected to mention in my notes of last week a very pleasant whist party given on Thursday of the previous week by Mrs. E. A. Fries, of Bonaccord street. There were six tables and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Whist seems to be the amusement of the day and the devotees of the grand old game seem to be so steadily increasing in number that one seldom hears of a dance now-a-days. The west end club met at the residence of Mrs. R. A. Chapman of Alma street on Thursday evening and enjoyed themselves as Mrs. Chapman's guests invariably do, and Mrs. W. J. Weldon, of Main street has invitations out for a whist party this evening.

Mr. Alexander Robertson of the I. C. R. office left town on Thursday for Valdo, Georgia where he intends spending the remainder of the winter in the hope of restoring his health.

The numerous friends of Miss Jean Thomson of Newcastle, are glad to see her in town again, as she is always a most welcome guest. Miss Thomson is a sister of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Henson of Alma street.

Miss Tenant of St. John is spending a week or two in town the guest of Mrs. Stinchcomb of Highfield street.

Mr. Chauncey Chandler of British Columbia who has been visiting his sister Mrs. R. W. Henson for the past few weeks returned on Saturday to his home in Dorchester.

Miss James Sayre left town on Saturday for St. Stephen where she intends spending some weeks visiting friends. Mrs. Sayre will visit relatives in Fredericton, Woodstock, and St. John before returning home.

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MINIATURE PAINTING. The Newest Thing in Fine Art Work for Amateurs. We teach Miniature Painting on GLASS, IVORY, CHINA, MEDALLION, in fact anything.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. The Household. Well-Known Editor's Testimony. I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT as a pain reliever.

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup. Rich in the long-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other potent herbs and barks.

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REGISTERED AT St. John, N. B.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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.

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

Copies Can be Purchased at every news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, or Five Cents each.

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The Circulation of this paper is over 15,000 copies, is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

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

PROHIBITION NOT WANTED.

The attempt to procure a change in the present Liquor License Act is admittedly a movement which aims at prohibition in the city of St. John. The design is to make the procuring of licenses such a difficult matter that the dealers will become discouraged and retire from trade, so that instead of saloons we shall have temperance refreshment rooms and instead of whiskey and beer the people will quaff lemonade and coffee. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but the question is whether such prohibition will accomplish all that its advocates expect. The saloon, in the abstract is an admitted evil, and there are few of any class who will not say that the country would be better if it could be wiped out of existence, but until it can be so wiped out the only possible way to deal with it is to lessen its power for evil by judicious regulation. This the present law is amply sufficient to do if enforced, and the law sufficiently guards the interests of all classes. It should not be amended without better reason than has so far been given, and if the legislature does proceed upon the petition of the temperance people, the true interests of temperance will suffer more than they have since the notorious prohibitory law of 1854, when the result was that liquor was dealt out without stint and drunkenness prevailed in St. John as it never had before and it is to be hoped it never will again.

The experience in many instances where cities of any size are deprived of license is that such kind of prohibition does not prohibit. In Portland, Me., there is more drunkenness than in St. John, despite the long experience of the Maine law. Fredericton and Moncton have been worse under the Scott Act than without it, while the adjacent city of Portland, before its union with St. John, was a place notorious for the number of its liquor dens and drunkenness was the crying evil of the community.

The non-issuing of licenses in St. John will mean as bad a state of affairs or worse. There are now less than one hundred licensed bars, the majority of which respect the law in its important provisions. They yield a large revenue to the city, but quite apart from the financial consideration is the fact that they are fairly under police control. With no licenses to be issued, the more reputable of the dealers would go out of business, probably, but in their place would come the unlicensed shebeen, save that there would be five of the latter where there is now one licensed house. This was the experience in Portland, where every man who was to be lazy to work and had a few dollars to purchase a jug or two of the staff, started a private bar. The number of unlicensed dens was so large that the police could not attempt to cope with them, and they were open at all hours on every day of the week. There can hardly be a doubt that St. John would have a similar experience should the legislature accede to the wishes of the prohibition element at the present time.

PROGRESS repeats its warning for the legislature to let well alone. Drunkenness is decreasing, rather than increasing in this city, the present law is a good enough one, and to change it so as to practically kill the intent of it is to court worse dangers than are possible as the law now stands.

JUDGE TUCK'S DEFENDER.

About three months ago, PROGRESS published a fairly full account of a tilt between Judge Tuck and Attorney General BLAIR in the supreme court at Fredericton. It was a very fair account of what was said on each side, but if the story pointed to anything more than another it was that the judge had lost his temper and left the bench. His tenor, fair as the report of the proceedings was, was not such as to place the judge in a particularly enviable light, and it was to be supposed that no paper having His Honor's best interests at heart would want to copy the article and make the scene still more a matter of record.

On the following Monday, however, the daily Telegraph, which rarely gives PRO-

GRESS credit for anything, copied the entire article, including the head-lines which told how Judge Tuck went out because the attorney-general was too much for him. The Telegraph duly credited the story to PROGRESS, and copied it with evident approval caring little, apparently, what Judge Tuck or his friends might think of the matter.

Since then, with the exception of quoting one or two humorous remarks made by Judge Tuck on the bench, which certainly did him no discredit, PROGRESS has not had occasion to refer to His Honor's position in any way. Last Saturday however, under the title of "Judges Spoke Plainly," an account was given of some uncomplimentary remarks made by one of the judges in the judges' room at Fredericton, in regard to one of his judicial brethren. No names were mentioned, but even had there been, the incident was not one of grave importance. Somebody, however, among the number of those who inspire the Telegraph, now one way and now another way, seems to have thought otherwise.

Accordingly, on Monday, the Telegraph came to the front with an editorial, complaining of "an attack which was made upon Judge Tuck, on Saturday, by a weekly paper published in this city." This "weekly paper" is the same PROGRESS from which the Telegraph hastened to copy a story reflecting on Judge Tuck in November last, but neither the name of that judge nor of any other judge was mentioned in the lesser incident related on Saturday last. The "morning paper," however asserts that Judge Tuck was the man meant, though it also adds that the "circumstances never took place." If it was a pure piece of fiction, as alleged, it is a singular thing that the Telegraph should select Judge Tuck as the hero of it, and by thus assuming him to be the only judge who could be capable of rude remarks about another it pays him a very small tribute indeed.

The "morning paper" goes to the length of nearly half a column in whining about "these attacks" which seem to be inspired by somebody who wants to injure the prospects of Judge Tuck for the chief justiceship. This is utter nonsense. If it were necessary to assail the judge with such an end in view there are other and surer methods of reaching him than by giving currency to humorous anecdotes such as might be told of any public man on or off the bench. The Telegraph once before, a few years ago, attempted to come to the rescue of Judge Tuck when he made an unwise after dinner speech, and it is understood that the judge's own friends hastened to put a damper on his zeal when PROGRESS proposed to discuss the matter to a finish. It would perhaps be as well for the Telegraph to subsidize as promptly in the present instance, especially as the only article which has been at all in the nature of an "attack" was that which the Telegraph was so prompt to copy only three months ago.]

WOMEN AT THE BAR.

There are now eight women practicing law in New York city, three of whom were admitted last week. The other five have had their offices open for some time, and all of them declare that they have no lack of business. There would seem to be no reason why they should not succeed as well in this vocation as in any other. Indeed, in proportion to number they should excel the men lawyers, for a woman is not likely to choose this profession unless she has an aptitude for it, while a large proportion of men lawyers, in every country, are men who have been pitched into the profession because it was cheap and easy to acquire. They may make a living at it, but they never rise above mediocrity, for the reason that they were never intended to be lawyers. They have been put into the profession to please parents who want to make "gentlemen" of their sons, whether nature has given any foundation in that respect or not. As a result, plenty of good farmers, blacksmiths and the like, are spoiled and a profession is overcrowded with men who find themselves misplaced for the rest of their lives.

It is quite different with a woman who studies law. She is not drawn to it by the inducement of an easy life, nor can it give her social distinction beyond what she may already possess. She seeks the vocation because she has an aptitude for it, and so far as business is intrusted to her she is likely to give satisfaction to her clients. There is no reason why a woman lawyer should not be as successful as a woman doctor.

The women lawyers in New York are nearly all unmarried, but one of them is the mother of Assistant District Attorney DAVIS, and has become a partner of her son. Another, who has already been in practice in California, is a widow with five children. She is Mrs. CLARA FOLTZ, and it was with a view to earn a living for herself and these children that she entered on her studies. That she is a woman of unusual pluck and a spirit that must command success is shown by the fact that before she could be admitted in California she had to secure an amendment to the state constitution, and also had to bring a suit to compel the trustees of a college to receive her as a law student.

The only unpractical idea which is expressed by any of these legal ladies is that of a Miss DODGE, who says that it will be

her aim to try to discourage litigation, and who has a scheme for the establishment of a bureau of arbitration. This is all right in theory, and has occurred to a good many young men lawyers as an excellent idea, but in the rush for business lawyers must take their clients as they find them, and the jungle of the guinea does much to silence the conscience on the subject of the abolition of lawsuits. If Miss DODGE lives, practices and prospers, she will probably have more modified views on this subject a few years from now.

It might be supposed that the woman lawyer would be limited in the nature of her practice, but the New York ladies are in the field to accept whatever business may offer. They will take a divorce case or even a murder case. On this point Mrs. Foltz is quoted as follows: "Would I defend a murderer or murderer? Most certainly I would were I retained for that purpose. I have had a large experience at public speaking, both on the stand and in the court, and I think I will be able to hold my own both in cross-examination and in addressing the jury of the courts of New York. There is no reason why a woman should not defend an accused murderer, or any other crime, and as I have devoted much attention to the study of criminal law I feel thoroughly qualified to undertake such a case."

CURFEW IN NEW YORK.

An enterprising woman, who is a school trustee in New York city, has a curfew bill in preparation to be introduced into the state legislature. It proposes to have all children warned off the street by an evening curfew bell, and provides penalties of fine and imprisonment. Such a law in New York would be even more absurd than in St. John, where it would be bad enough, but the chances are the lady will never see it on the statute books. The Advertiser has some remarks on the subject which will be read with interest by those who have considered a curfew law a necessity for St. John. It says: "And now it is seriously and actually proposed to introduce a bill at Albany making it punishable by fine or imprisonment for children under sixteen years of age to be found in the streets of this city after 8 o'clock in the evening in winter and 9 o'clock in the summer. Assassins and burglars, of course, will be allowed the full freedom of the streets at all hours of the day and night, as usual. It is difficult to characterize the contemplated bill in St. John's words. It is not only an attempt to carry the policy of paternal legislation to the point of the grotesque, but if such a bill should disgrace the statute books of this State it would work the greatest injustice. Multitudes of lads would be stopped from earning a livelihood as messenger boys, hall boys, elevator boys and the like, night schools would form a standing incentive to lawbreaking, while any child who dared to venture forth after dark in the tenement districts in search of a breath of fresh air during the summer season would be liable to become the prey of the police. The framers of this remarkable bill should have gone a step farther and made childhood itself a crime. Some well-meaning but misguided people are seemingly determined to make the metropolis, like Mexico, a good place to emigrate from. By securing the passage of a few such measures as the pro-posterous one under consideration they will succeed in that purpose. Fortunately all signs indicate that grandmotherly Rooseveltism has almost reached the end of its tether."

The editor of the St. John Sun, who is in the habit of taking long walking tours every summer would do well to confine his pedestrianism to the Northern latitudes. They are as far for such excursions than the South appears to be. Not long ago a party of pedestrians from the North, well dressed and highly respectable in appearance, were arrested at Ocala, Florida, charged with being tramps, and a stupid county magistrate committed them to the convict farm. There they were chained to negroes and given tasks they were unable to perform. Each night for failing to do the work they were stripped, tied across logs and flogged with rawhides. Finally they were released on habeas corpus, the judge remarking that their treatment was a disgrace to civilization. More will probably be heard of the matter, but in the meantime the possibility of ignorant justices mistaking tourists for tramps should not be lost sight of by journalists and others who prefer to walk over such portions of the country as are not traversed by the railways on which they have passes.

The discovery that by the aid of the X rays the contents of sealed letters may be read has started a Berlin chemist to invent an envelope which will be impervious to these rays. This however will not prevent the country postmaster from knowing as much as in the past about the affairs of the neighbors, for the X rays have never been a necessity in his investigations.

The first of the Easter weddings announced is that of ex-president HARRISON, who is to be married to the widow DRYMICK in New York on Monday, the sixth of April. The parson has been engaged, and there is no doubt the tailor and dressmaker will be up to date with them part of the work.

It is now stated quite definitely that the English Home Secretary has decided to release Mrs. MAYBRICK, who has spent several years in prison on what most people believe to be an unjust conviction of poisoning her husband.

Experiments are now making with a view to photograph the tones of the human voice. By and by things will come to such a pass that wires will use kodaks to get the size of their husbands' breaths on lodge nights.

BOOK AND MAGAZINES.

The life of Lincoln becomes more and more interesting with each issue of McClure's Magazine, and four portraits are given in addition to the numerous pictures in the March number. Another bit of war history is a paper by Col. John Hay on Elmer Ellsworth, who was killed at Alexandria at the beginning of the conflict. The paper is partly illustrated. A story by Kipling that breathes the breath of life into every plate and rivet of a great ship, and makes it an all but human community, is a feature of the number. Scarcely less notable are a poem, "Cy and I," by Eugene Field ("Cy" being Cy Warman); a poem by Robert Louis Stevenson, and a story by Robert Barr. Cleveland Moffitt, in a profusely illustrated article, tells how to make and fly the modern kite, which, shorn of the old-time tail, goes more than a mile into the air, and lifts men, takes photographs, transmits weather reports, and bids fair to take a hand in the making of war. Mr. Will H. Low adds a new chapter on the great paintings of the century, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps relates how, having made her way into the leading magazines only to find that one could not live by "magazine stories alone," she wrote more than a dozen Sunday-school books.

The second number of Massey's Magazine bears out the promise of the initial number and has a fine table of contents. The frontispiece, from a painting by L. R. O'Brien is a Reminiscence of England's Navy of the past, and Mr. O'Brien illustrates a concise article on the British Navy of Today, by H. J. Wickham, late R. N. Other articles are on Venezuela and the Venezuela, by B. Lawrence, late consul in Montreal; the Armenian Atrocities, by Principal Caven; The Transvaal Football, on Ontario, etc. Bliss Carman contributes a sea song and there are other readable poems and papers. The departments are well edited, and Massey's is a credit to Canada. Price 10 cents. The Massey Press, Toronto.

"Cot and Cradle stories" is the title of Mrs. Catherine Parr Traill's latest contribution to little folks literature. The book is beautifully bound, and contains a collection of short stories all written with the special object of inculcating a love for the birds, bees, and other helpless creatures. Mrs. Traill is a Canadian and the fact that she is now in her ninety fourth year will give an added interest to this, her latest book. The work of editing her copy was done by her niece, a young lady of decided literary taste and ability. Among the many sketches that the little ones will find in this charming collection are "The Queen Bee" a very gracefully told little fable; an interesting account of the different ways in which three little girls man aged their garden plots, and many other tales that will please youthful readers.

THREE ALDERMEN TO RETIRE.

Vacancies in Prince, Victoria and Kings Wards for this Year. It is understood that Ald. McRobbie will not again be a candidate for Prince ward, having had enough of glory to satisfy him and more than he feels consistent with his business affairs. The retirement of Ald. McRobbie is a matter which the citizens at large will regret, as he has been a most efficient representative and his presence at the board has been of material advantage in the city.

Ald. Law also finds that new business arrangements will demand more of his time and attention, and he also will retire from the council this year, leaving Victoria ward to find a new man in his place. As already stated by PROGRESS, ex-alderman Stanton is in the field and he now will have a much easier fight than he anticipated, if indeed he has any opposition.

Ald. Cooper retires from King's ward. He never sought the place, and he has had no time to attend to it for the last year. He has attended the council meetings on at least two occasions, and for this somebody suggests that he should have a vote of thanks.

No names of new candidates have been mentioned, apart from that of Mr. Scaton, but there is yet plenty of time for a live campaign to be inaugurated. The names of one or two possible candidates for the mayor's office have been heard, but so far Ald. McLachlan is the only one of whom any really serious mention is made. There is a general impression that he will be to the front. This will leave another vacancy in Queens ward, but it ought not to be hard to find a good man to fill it.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Love's Tender Twilight Dream. When twilight through her purple veil, Came all the earth and sea; And whisp'ers in her welcome voice, Fond words to you and me. We love the nightfall o'er the land, The blue wave's starry gleam, But most together dearest heart, Lovers' tender twilight dream. You promised me for ever true, You were my love my own; For ever dear couldst thou talk, You gave me love alone. Your treasured words with me I hold, Your self they fondly seem; As when in raptures sweet we loved, Love's tender twilight dream. Your eyes were filled with happy thoughts And in your soul the rose, Of love's sweet language to your lips, A true love ever knows. And bright as in an angel's path, We saw our life star beam, When love's most we ever loved, Love's tender twilight dream. That dream in robes of snowy white, Passed softly as a sigh; Across the ghost like moon white sea, Last night sweetheart to die. Our love for ever warm and true, Our parting tears must deem, The rapture still in which we knew Love's tender twilight dream. O silver twilight golden crown'd, A star gleam'd on your brow; Sweet memories of love and tears, Are all you bring us now, My white rose sweet no more you see, Walk by the green leaf stream; But love immortal has the light, The life of your sweet dream. ERY HED WEST.

She Was So Bright. She was so bright, she was so fair, She was of all the world so dear, How could I choose but linger where She shined my eye and charmed my ear! That was love's morning-tide of bliss, With many a meeting heart to heart; But Oh! love's anguish—it is this: To kiss our last, and then depart! She was so bright in that glad day, With such a grace her charms she bore, How could I bear to turn away, And look upon her face no more! Alas! who and so blindly love! Feels we no madness in the thrill? Nay, who is the sweeter band we weave, I thought no wrong, I dreamed no ill. But there was that I do not know, Who came to seek in her a wife; There was the bond—O world of woe! That bound her to another life! How dared I bid her linger still, Nor all her fatal charms repel? Yet death severed us the word—Farewell!

She was so bright, she was so fair! Now, she across the sea is gone, How can I linger musing where Our blissful hours went gliding on? On every grove shall seem a bill to, Since love's green leaf must fall so soon; And hence her face is not my pain, In vain the beams of sun and moon. She was so bright, she was so fair! How will our haunted soul appear, When summer sweetens all the air, And every bird is singing clear? There shall I cast me down and sigh, And change the happy past to pain, While moments halt, that once would fly, Since she may come no more again.

She was so bright, she was so fair! And, Oh! we loved each other well! How could my heart forbode despair? How could it bear, nor keen my soul? Dear city of my early fame, And my ill-fated love, adieu! I seek the fields when on earth I came, But all my dreams shall be of you. —Pastor Felix in Portland Transcript.

Old Letters. The house was silent, and the light Was falling from the western glow; I read, till tears had dimmed my sight, Some letters written long ago. The voices that have passed away, The faces that have turned to mould, Were round me in the room today, And laughed and chatted as of old. The thoughts that youth was wont to think, The hopes now dead forever more, Came from the lines of faded ink, As sweet and earnest as of yore. I held the letters by and dreamed The dear dead past to life again; With many a change in heart and mood, Their little faces were to me. As sunrise in the cloud of gloom.

Then, with a sudden shroud of gloom, The children burst into the room, Their little faces were to me. As sunrise in the cloud of gloom. The world was full of meaning still, For love will live though loved ones die; I turned on life's darkened hill, And gloried in the morning sky. —Frederick George Scott, from "My Lullaby and Other Poems."

Wanderers. We followed the path of years, And we led for awhile together Through the hills of hope and the vale of fears. Summed by laughter and washed by tears, In the best and worst of weather. Till we came to gloomy wood, Where our steps were forced amunder By the twisted, tangled trees that stood, Meeting above like a frowning hood, With a world of darkness under. And whenever by chance we met In the woodland's open spaces, We were hurried and hurried and settled and wet, With much to pity, forgive, forget, In our scarred and dusty faces.

Well—it was long ago, And the leaves in the woods are falling, As we wander to and fro, With many a change in hearts, I know; But still I can hear you calling. —London Sun.

Song. Joy came as youth as a humming-bird, (Sing hey! for the honey and bloom of life!) And it made a home in my summer hours; With the honey-suckle and the sweet pea I swear (Sing hey! for the blossoms and sweets of life!) Joy came as a lark when the years had gone, (Ah! hush, hush still, for the dream is short!) And I gazed far up to the melting sky, Where the rare song dropped like a golden dew. (Ah! sweet as the song the dream is short!) Joy hovers now in a far-off mist, (The night draws on and the air breathes snow!) And I reach sometimes with a trembling hand To the red-tipped cloud of the joy-bird's land. (Alas! for the days of the storm and snow!) —Sophie M. Almon-Henley.

Rewards to Engineers. Is Life Worth Living? Is life worth living? Yes! so long As spring revives the year, And hails us with the cuckoo's song, To show that she is here; So long as the day of toil takes; In smiles and tears, farewell, And with flowers dappled all the brakes, And perfume the dell; While children in the woodlands yet Adorn their little play; With lady-moors and violets, And daisy-chain their caps; While ever orchard daffodils, Cloud shadows float and fleet, And omelette and trumpet still, And young lads buck and blast; So long as that which burns the bud And sweetens and tenses the soil, Makes springtime in the maiden's blood, Life is worth living still. —Alfred Austin.

PHOTOLOG.

Feb. 28.—On Friday evening there was a surprise party at the residence of Mr. Brown, "Elmwood Farm" for Mrs. Brown's sister Miss Curry. There were about 25 invitations and it was much enjoyed by all. On Saturday evening Mrs. Belyea gave a party for her daughter, Tina. Those present were: Alice Keith, Edna Yrles, Katy Fleming, Ella Blakely, Lena Fowler, Katy Fairweather, Messrs. Robert Yrles, Albert Jones, Gordon Kinnison, Fred Lawrence, George Purdie, Arthur Fairweather and Stephen Pascoe. The party was very much enjoyed and must be the amusement. Mr. B. A. Triggs was in town Saturday, the great Mr. D. L. Triggs. Mrs. Emmerson of Dorchester was here and spent last week with her son, Judge Emmerson. Mrs. F. W. Emmerson was in St. John last week. Mrs. Lena Keith is in St. John, the guest of Mrs. C. A. Stockton. Miss Curry of Hillsborough is here visiting her sister, Mrs. Brown. Rev. Mr. Saunders of Elgin occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church on Sunday last. Mr. Lowrey, who has been ill for the past week is on his feet. Mrs. Smith of St. Martins is here, the guest of her sister, Mrs. D. Herrit. Mr. Fred Moore was here on Saturday last. Miss Agnes Melvin, who has been spending much at her home, returned to Boston on Friday. Last Wednesday there was a very pleasant sewing party at Rev. Mr. Brown's about fifteen were present. Miss Annie Webster, who has been spending a month with friends in Sussex, returned to her home Saturday. Mr. Sherwood of Salisbury was here and spent Sunday. CHAS.

HARFORD.

Feb. 28.—Mr. J. Pope Barnes of St. John spent Sunday in town at the home of his mother "Norfolk Villa." Mrs. George M. Young who has been quite ill for the past few weeks is improved and will be able to go out in a few days. Miss Helen Godwin is visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Evans, Maplehurst. Mr. and Mrs. James Gilchrist spent Sunday at Ravenswood, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Palmer. Mrs. Noah M. Barnes who was last week visiting Mrs. Wm. Hayward at St. John returned home on Saturday. Mr. Thomas Blair of St. John spent Sunday in town with Mr. and Mrs. J. Ernest Whitaker. Mrs. Geo. L. Taylor and Mrs. R. W. Gass went to the city on Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tins of Bloom field spent Sunday here the guests of Mrs. Tina's father, Mr. T. A. Peters. I hear that Miss Annie L. Barnes intends to remove to Boston, where she will reside in the "Farm. Miss Barnes will be greatly missed in this community. Mr. A. J. Sprout has returned from his trip to the Miramichi. Miss H. Langstroth was visited by her brother, Mr. Wm. Langstroth, last week. Mrs. E. L. Winkler spent Friday and Saturday with friends in the city. Miss Helen McDivin of St. John was the guest of Mrs. J. M. Humphrey at her home. Mr. F. Taylor of Moncton was in town on Saturday. Miss Eva Ritchie is visiting friends in St. John. Mr. H. A. March spent Sunday with friends here. Miss Eliza Jordan was visiting Rev. E. Evans at Lakeside last week. Mr. Harry McAvity of St. John was in town over Sunday. I. O.

Cycles For 1896.

Persons who intend purchasing cycles during the season of 1896, will do well to read the advertisements in this and following issues of Messrs. E. C. Hill & Co., Toronto, who have decided that instead of sending travellers through these Maritime Provinces to appoint agents they will sell their goods direct to the riding public and purchasers at agents prices with the double object of doing at once a fair share of the Eastern trade, and of more thoroughly introducing their cycles. Their goods are known in the West to be at least equal to the best lines offered, and no firm has a better reputation amongst wheelmen for fair dealing, and supplying good reliable machines. Their offer affords a grand opportunity of obtaining excellent goods at exceptional prices, and prospective purchasers should write them for their catalogue and terms. We understand that a cycle will be shipped C. O. D., subject to examination before purchase, upon receipt of the sum of \$3.90 to cover express charges in case of goods not being taken, and in token of good faith. The following gentlemen are a few who have already purchased cycles from them and will be glad of an opportunity of giving information as to the satisfactory methods of the firm and the quality of their goods:—L. M. Jewett, Rev. J. W. Manning, St. John, N. B., Isaac Burpee, Fredericton, N. B. The fact that the senior member of the firm E. C. Hill, has been President of the Canadian wheelmen's association and Harry H. Love the junior member was elected to the captaincy of the Toronto Bicycle club during 1895, is sufficient to show the reputation of the firm in wheeling circles.

Suggestion from Nova Scotia.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—Reading the account of the excellent financial year of the Dominion Atlantic, the question again arises in my mind as we as just to our resident rail-road men as we should be? I think not, or so wish, through the medium of your paper, to congratulate our officials of whom Kenneth Sutherland is the manager, ably assisted by Mr. F. Giffins and others, on their successful management of the road. We think as the burden falls upon their shoulders, and they cope with the difficulties—they are many—so should the praise be. I am afraid as a travelling public we should come to grief if we were left to the half yearly trips of the general manager. We would suggest if all credit is to be taken by him, that he, Mr. Campbell, take up his residence among us and take the bitter with the sweet. Until he does so he is only to us a figure head while Mr. Kenneth Sutherland and staff is the power that operates the road. NOVA SCOTIA.

Women's stays are made to the value of \$2,000,000 every year in Paris and \$10,000,000 in France altogether. At birth no infant can see. It requires two or three weeks for the sight to come into full operation.

WHAT? Y... WELCOME SOAP FOR FAMILY USE... R U using it. Economical housekeepers will tell you that for Quality, Value and good work with the least labor IT IS THE BEST.

WELCOME SOAP CO., St. John, N. B.

FREE... The Latest and Best Washing Machine... SHERATON & WHITTAKER. 38 King Street.

Wakefield Leather Skirt Binding... SOARS ABOVE COMPETITION. THE BEST FAMILY SOAP SOLD.

BABY'S OWN SOAP... Soars Above Competition. THE BEST FAMILY SOAP SOLD.

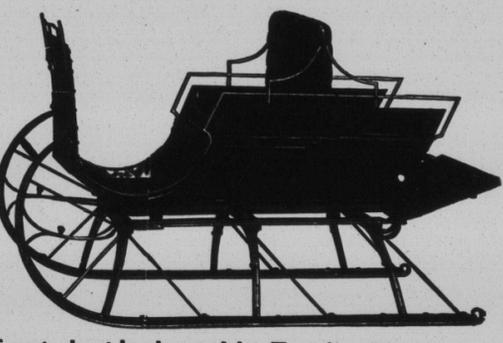
WATSON'S DUNDEE WHISKY... DAINTIEST BLEND IN THE WORLD.

Social and Personal.

The dull season is in full force with a vengeance and nobody realizes this better, not even the gayest social devotee... On Monday evening Mrs. G. R. Murray...

Look for this Print in the Snow... It is the pattern of the heel of the Granby Rubber and Overshoe.

Merry Sleigh Bells. The Finest Winter Turnouts in the Country.



If not, just look at this Family Gladstone. Neatest and handsomest turnout made.



And then on this Sleigh. Just the thing for Comfort, and for Fast Driving, Strong and Durable.

For prices and all information apply to JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

Bisquit Dubouché & Co. COGNAC. FAMOUS Vintages of Brandies.

Sea Foam It Floats. A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.

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WHO WILL BE LEADER.

THE HALIFAX FIRE DEPARTMENT WANTS A CHIEF.

An Old Quarrel Between Rival Factions Revived With Vigor—Some Remarkable Conversations Going on—The Future Chief Will Receive a Salary.

HALIFAX, Feb. 20.—Who is to be chief of the new Halifax fire department, Alderman John Ryan, or Captain John Connolly? Alderman Ryan is chairman of the board of fire commissioners, while John Connolly is by vote of the city council, in command of the men comprising the Halifax fire department, without salary.

The battle for the positions is not one merely between the rival candidates—it originated and continues largely to be a fight between factions. Nearly two years ago the quarrel began, or even further back, in the agitation for a paid fire department instead of the volunteer service which, since 1768, had protected the city.

Quietly Alderman Ryan and the men at his back, organized a new fire department, and when all was ready the coup d'etat took place. The city council ordered the U. E. C. to accept as a member F. J. Horneman, whom the company had black-balled; they persisted in their refusal to receive him, and suddenly the city council dismissed the U. E. C. with the intimation that they had outlived their usefulness, and that other and better men were ready to do their work.

That same night Alderman Ryan's raw men took charge, and they are still in control. The city council appointed John Connolly, captain; at this time Alderman Ryan was chairman of the board of fire works, a position he still occupies.

At the recent session of the legislature the fire department of Halifax was changed from its present half volunteer, half paid character into a paid department; the new order of things to go into effect on May 1st.

The chief will be a salaried official, and the battle for the place is now fully on. Hence the breach between the erstwhile comrades in arms, John Ryan and Captain John Connolly, for both want the office.

The canvass has begun and as between the men it looks as though Ryan were ahead. Unless the proverbial "dark horse" looms up, which people say he will likely do, here is the way sixteen aldermen will likely vote.

For Ryan:—Ald. Stewart, Musgrave, Geldert, Dennis, Hamilton, Mitchell, Mosher, Creighton and Foster—9. For Connolly:—Ald. Butler, Redden, McFadden, Eden, and Lane—5. Alderman Outhit will be absent from the city when the vote is taken, for he is off on a prolonged trip for the benefit of his health. In order to run for the position Ald. Ryan will have to resign his seat.

This is why the alderman voting strength will be sixteen instead of the full eighteen. The slate printed above however, only gives the names of fourteen aldermen. The reason for that is that aldermen O'Donnell and Habley are doubtful. They may both go to Ryan and both may go to Connolly, but the chances are that they will divide and one go to each. In that case the vote would stand 10 to 6. There are some remarkable canvasses going on and some peculiar appeals for votes are said to have been made to render possible such a state as that which is given. For instance a compact is said to have been entered into between a south-end alderman and one from the north-end for both to support Ryan on condition that Caretaker Spelman is allowed undisturbed possession of his position, for it is generally acknowledged that, while Mr. Spelman is a useful man and his office by no means a sinecure, that a properly qualified chief of the fire department could perform the duties of both officers without injury to the public service. Ryan is willing if need be, to be more of a "call chief" than an officer devoting his whole time to the service. In case of the appointment of a "call chief" there would be the same work for the caretaker that now exists, while with a fully salaried chief, devoting his entire time to the city, there need be but little left for the caretaker to do. When therefore this south-end and north-end alderman came to this understanding it practically means that they favor Ryan as a "call chief." Advocates of this system cite the example furnished by Chief Kerr in St. John.

A canvass that is made for votes for Connolly and possibly also for Ryan, is the threat that aldermen will be opposed at the fourth-coming elections, and that this opposition will also be continued next year, if they do not vote for one candidate or the other, according as the canvasser wishes. This argument of electoral opposition is doubtless a legitimate one, but in the language of the street the chances are that it will not "cut much ice" with the alderman when the final blow is to be struck which

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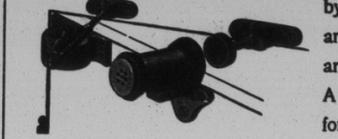
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Doors Left Open

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W. H. THORNE & Co., Limited, Market Square, St. John, N. B.

Wringers. Wringers.

The CHEAPEST is always the BEST. OUR STOCK is LARGE. Our PRICES as low as THE LOWEST. Think of it, A GENUINE AMERICAN WRINGER At \$2.35.



A great variety of all patterns on hand, including the Novelty, Eureka, Buckeye, &c.

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Knives, Razors, Scissors, Shears. A large and well selected assortment at reasonable prices.

T. M'AVITY & SONS, 13 to 17 King St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Blickensderfer Typewriter.

FINE ART PRINTING is the way to describe the work of writing without ribbon. A Clear Saving of \$5.00 to \$10.00 a Year. VISIBLE WRITING AND DIRECT INKING, GOOD DUPLICATOR. Price Only \$45.00. The Visible Writing is worth the money.



A Full Key Board Machine, 84 Characters, Capitals, Figures, Fractions, French, German and English, Change Wheels. It will do all that can be done on the \$100 Ribbon Machine.

For years a large majority of the people have been looking for a practical, low-priced, portable, key board machine. A machine that equals any of the high-priced ones in capacity and quality of work, and excels them all in convenience. This is the purpose of the Blickensderfer No. 5.

MANUFACTURING. Hereafter it has been found impossible to manifold satisfactorily on a typewriter of the wheel class.

The Blickensderfer, No. 5, while possessing every desirable feature of the wheel machine, has the direct powerful stroke of the lever class, thereby manifold with unequalled force and clearness.

DUPLICATING. This machine will do excellent Mimeograph work. The annoyance of cleaning the type can be avoided by having an extra type wheel for this purpose.

DURABILITY. The Blickensderfer is a marvel of simplicity and strength. From 1,000 to 3,000 parts in other key-board machines. The Blickensderfer has about 200. Our automatic power machine for operating the No. 5 machines makes 450 strokes a minute, \$8,800 an hour, 288,000 a day. One of our No. 5 machines has been operated by this automatic power machine for months, making many millions of strokes, and yet its perceptible wear is apparent.

EXTRACT FROM JUDGE'S REPORT, CHICAGO COLLEGE EXPOSITION, 1893. BLICKENSDERFER SMALL TYPE-WRITER. Excellence of a small type-writing machine, designed to meet the requirements of general office and clerical work.

It is a type-wheel machine; the wheels are interchangeable and inexpensive, writing is always in sight; has very few parts; can be adjusted to any width between lines; is good manifold, and has a light, well arranged key-board. It shows lightness, simplicity, scope, inexpensiveness and strength.

IRA CORNWALL, GENERAL AGENT FOR MARITIME PROVINCES, AGENTS WANTED. Board of Trade Building, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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PHOTO. Outfits and materials, Kodak and Camera from \$5 to \$100. Practical information concerning same. Save time and money by consulting us. CHESTER PHOTO SUPPLY CO., Marine Building, St. John, N. B.

RESIDENCE. At Rosheys for sale or to rent for the Summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the "Blue Bird" is about one and a half miles from Rosheys. It is within two minutes walk of the Kennebec. Call on Rosheys at 10:30. BARRISTER-AT-LAW, Fugatey Building. 24-6-41.

STAMPS. For Hand Printer, Banks, Railways, Man of Letters, etc. Send for Catalogue. LITTLE, MARKER, Monograms, Stencils, Seals, etc. to order. ROBINSON'S PRINTING AND STAMP WORKS, St. John, N. B.

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STENOGRAPHERS WANTED. Five applications from merchants have been received in the last few days. Three of these were for YOUNG MEN who could write short hand. This is an indication of the demands of the times. Book keeping is good. Short hand is good, but the combination is better.

Our revised terms give excellent opportunities for those who can spare time for the combined courses. Send for Catalogue giving terms &c. B. KERR & SON, Old Fellow's Hall, St. John Business College.

WANTED.

We pay highest prices for old Postage Stamps used before 1870. From \$1 to \$100 paid for single extra rare specimens. It will pay you to look up your old letters. Remittance made at once after receipt of stamps. A. F. HANSMAN & CO., 19 Leader Toronto, Canada.

30 DAYS SURE. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. I will send you a list of all the stamps I have for sale. Absolutely sure. I furnish the work and teach you free. You work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully. Remember. I guarantee a clear profit of \$5 for every day's work. Address: A. F. HANSMAN & CO., 19 Leader Toronto, Canada. 302 P. S. WINTER, N. B.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The events of the week in musical circles were the concerts given by the Bicycle minstrels in the Opera house on Monday and Tuesday evening last. As was anticipated the performances taken all together were very satisfactory and were at least up to the previous record of the club's work. The music of the circle this year was somewhat better than that of last year I thought, but "Trilby" (the closing sketch) while very funny was not made quite as much of as might have been. Its production suggested a forgetfulness of lines and cues in the part of some of the performers. The incident of the self-acting piano which continued playing the air of "Ben Bol" after the visible pianist had abandoned his seat at the instrument was very funny and enjoyable, but the piece generally was not at all as good as that burlesque of last season. The circle work, of that of the chorus particularly was an improvement. It goes without saying that the young men who provide these entertainments are recognized as deserving good patronage. The public manifests this belief by giving them a crowded house at each performance. They are all amateurs and as such they make more than a creditable effort to retain the good will of all which they now enjoy.

The St. John Oratorio society this week mourns the death of Mrs. Diaper, one of the most ardent and devoted among its active members. The deceased lady was one of the altos and among the very best. Her loss to the society is very great.

Tones and Undertones. Mrs. Shaw, the whistler, will shortly sail for Europe. The Cadets who recently gave "Jack and the Beanstalk" made a big financial success. The net profit of this years theatricals amounts to about \$23,000. Of the receipts \$15,700 was for tickets, \$9,100 for premiums and \$11,000 for advertisements in the programme. The expenses were about \$13,000.

Florence Elme who used to sing suggestive songs with a very innocent air, has retired from the stage. Having been asked a short time since if she intended returning soon to the United States, Madame Patti is said to have replied: "I am never going back to America. It is too fatiguing. Mr. Pratt, of Chicago, offered me \$200,000 for forty concerts, but I would not accept it. I am now on my way to Monte Carlo, where I give four performances. It is our intention to stop there and in Nice for about six weeks, and then we return to Cragynoa. That will get us back in time for the fishing season."

Hammerstein of New York theatre fame, has made a munificent offer to Madame Calve. He offers her \$24,000 each for fifty performances.

W. H. Clark, the basso, who has been heard here and who a short time ago joined an opera company, has resigned his position as leading basso of the choir of Mt. Vernon street church, Boston.

New Bedford, Mass., Choral association will hold a festival in April next. The dates selected are 20th, 21st, and 22nd. The following are the names of the principal artists already engaged, viz. Frau Louise Klafsky, Lillian Blauvelt, Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, Gertrude May Stein, Evan Williams, Barron Berthold and J. C. Bartlett. Max Heinrich, and another baritone of great reputation, are being negotiated with. The instrumentalists will be Mr. Timothee Adamowski, violinist, and Mr. Arthur Whiting, pianist.

He—I hear you attend the Handel and Haydn performances. Were you present at the "Creation" She (indignantly) — I suppose you will next want to know if I sailed in Noah's ark?—Boston Beacon.

At Castle Square theatre, Boston, the idea of giving a double bill in the shape of "Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" two entirely dissimilar works was a great venture and a great success. In respect to the first, however, a notice says "the impression was given that during its rendition the singers were careless."

Maurel, the famous baritone, does not expect to return to America next season. Verdi wants him to create the part of "Caliban" in his new opera "The Tempest."

A book has been written entitled "Personal Reminiscences of Mme Emma Calve" and it will be given to the public early next month. As the subject of the book has hosts of admirers who would like to know something more about her, there is no doubt the book will have a very large sale.

The frontispiece will be a copy of Chartres's picture of Calve. It will be published by the New York Photogravure company.

"I'll bet her musical education cost a lot of money." "Yes?" "You ought to hear her pronounce Wagner."—Detroit News.

Miss Clara Hunt of the Grand Opera company is a Bostonian.

On last Monday evening the Bostonians gave the 200th performance of "Robin Hood."

Jessie Bartlett Davis invited a friend to see "Robin Hood." After the performance Miss Davis asked her how she liked it. "Well," was the reply, "I enjoyed it immensely, but I confess I was surprised that a company like the Bostonians should omit such an important episode in the plot. I refer to the place where Hood shoots the apple off the boy's head. You had neither the boy nor the apple. Why is this?"

Frau Klafsky is another great German singer. She abounds in dramatic farce. She dominates the stage. Such dramatic ability as hers seldom exists with such a voice. Never out of tune, rich and broad in voice delivery she sings the difficult music of the role of Isolde without a flaw.

Calve does not "bunt" nor row, nor swim, nor ride on horseback, nor bike, but she walks miles every day, it is said, to keep down the shadow of increasing size.

The repertoire for this, the second season of the Abbey, Schoffel and Graun week of Grand opera in the Mechanics' building auditorium, says a Boston paper, was as follows:

Monday night, Gounod's opera, "Romeo et Juliette" (in French), with Mme. Malba, Mlle. Bauermeister, Mlle. Oltzka, M. Ed. de Reszke, M. Piancon and M. Jean de Reszke.

Tuesday evening, joint appearance of Mme. Calve and Mme. Nordica, in Verdi's opera, "Aida" (Acts I, II, III), with Mme. Nordica, Mlle. Bauermeister, Mme. Mantelli, M. Piancon and Sig. Russiano, followed by the first and only performance in Boston of Massenet's opera, "La Navarraise," with M. Lubert, M. Piancon and Mme. Calve.

Wednesday evening, Massenet's opera, "Manon," with Mme. Malba, Mlle. Bauermeister, Miss Clara Hunt, M. Jean de Reszke, M. Piancon and M. Maurel.

Thursday evening, Boito's "Mefistofele," with Mme. Calve, Mme. Mantelli and M. Ed. de Reszke.

Friday evening "Lohengrin," with Mme. Nordica, Mlle. Marie Brema, M. Ed. de Reszke and M. Jean de Reszke.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Madame Rhea is appearing this week at the Amphion theatre Brooklyn in "Nell Gwynne" and "Josephine." The madame has also been recently supplying the press with her views of the stage, and in her communications manifest much independence.

"The Rivals" will shortly be played in New York with a star cast. "Joe" Jefferson will be there of course, while Lotta will play the role of Lucy and Julia Marlowe Taber will play the part of Lydia Languish.

The latest from Madame Madsjaks is that she will not act again this season. Her company has been disbanded.

Vernona Jarbeau who is well remembered here has joined Keith's forces at his continuous performance house.

A good newspaper story is always a pleasure and the following speaks for itself. "Alan Dale," the well known dramatic critic, attended the opening performance of "Gentlemen Joe," at the Bijou theatre, New York. In common with a large number of other persons, he did not like it. He had the hardihood to say so in the New York Journal, then the bright, energetic and shrewd managers of the Bijou—Rudolph and Albert Aronson—ordered out the advertisement of their theatre from the Journal. Afterward they read some other New York papers and ordered it to be taken back at any price. William R. Hearst, the new owner of the paper, who hails from San Francisco, seems to know his business.

A New York dramatic writer has recently expressed himself on the subject of theatrical patronage during Lent, as follows: "Far from being a theatrical blank, with the exception of Holy Week, I imagine that more swells go to the theatre during Lent than during any other season of the year." He also says "I fancy that the theatre habit has grown to be one over which Lent can exercise but little control. For the first few nights of the forty the luxurious sense of having nothing to do, of absolute rest, will keep the fashionables at home. A week, too, is about the ordinary lapse of time one allows for a good resolution to evaporate."

Boerbohm Tree has decided to return to America next season.

This is the last week of the Boston engagement of Julia Marlowe Taber, at the Hollis theatre. On Monday evening she

gave Goldsmith's Comedy, "She stoops to Conquer." The rest of the weeks repertoire was varied and ranged from "Lady of Lyons" to "Twelfth Night."

Bernhardt is said to be giving evidence that she is growing old, in the ill-natured remarks she makes about other actresses.

Stuart Robson, who will celebrate his sixtieth birthday on the 4th prox., is now playing an engagement at the Park theatre, Boston. He is giving "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past." This is an English version of Blum and Touche's farce entitled "Madame Mongodia."

Rumor says that Miss Annie O'Neil, leading lady of W. H. (Senator) Crane's company, will shortly be married to Henry C. Miner the well known theatrical manager. Miss O'Neil will retire from the stage.

Theatrical statistics show that the people of New York spent about \$2,500,000 for theatre seats, last year; the people of Paris \$4,000,000 and the people of London \$7,000,000.

"Madame Sans Gene" in English, with Kathryn Kidder in the title role is in its second week at the Boston theatre.

W. H. Howells is said to be dramatizing his novel "The Rise of Silas Lapham" for W. H. Crane.

Mme. Eleonora Duse opened her season at the Fifth Avenue theatre New York, last Monday night, appearing in "Camille." She appears four times this week, and so great is the desire to see and hear her that on the opening day it was almost impossible to get a good seat for any of the four performances.

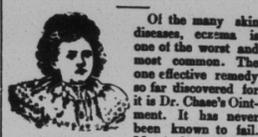
Augustin Daly is about to reproduce "A Midsummer night's Dream," at the Grand Opera House and the Company is headed by Miss Emily Rign and Louise Thornadyke Boucault.

It is stated that "it is a fact that it is now about thirty years since "Henry IV" was last given" and for that reason a revival by Julia Marlowe Taber, in Boston last week, was an occasion of much interest. Mrs. Taber was not favorably cast for the title role, it is also stated.

And the Next day it Rained. Rain today, sleet tomorrow, and bitter cold and windy the day after. How can a sprayer dress to keep comfortable? It might seem impossible without Rigby proofed Fibre Chamois which is absolutely waterproof, no degree of moisture can penetrate it, it is also perfectly windproof, giving a healthful warmth, and at the same time is not felt on mild days. Have some in your coats.

IT STRIKES HOME!

Chase's Ointment Cures All Skin Irritations.



Of the many skin diseases, eczema is one of the worst and most common. The one effective remedy so far discovered for it is Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. Mr. Andrew Alton of Hartland, N. B., says: "My little daughter Grace Ella, aged three and a half, was a dreadful sufferer from eczema for three years. We tried a number of alleged cures and several doctors but all without effect. Her's was indeed a bad case. Her little body was entirely covered with rash. One day our local druggist Mr. Wm. E. Thistle recommended me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. I did so and four boxes effected a complete cure and saved our child." Dr. Chase's Ointment is just as effective for piles, salt rheum, and sores of all descriptions. For sale by all dealers and Edmanston, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto; price 60 cents.

Why Kidney Disease Cannot be Cured by Powders, Tablets or Pills.

One of America's most eminent specialists, who has for years studied profoundly the construction as well as the disease of the kidneys, gives it as his belief that pills, powders and tablets are almost worthless in the treatment of kidney diseases. Bright's disease, diabetes, gravel, and almost all disorders of the kidneys are caused by the presence of oxalate of lime and uric acid, both of which are solids. In order to dissolve these solids so that they may be eliminated from the system a liquid medicine must be used. South American Kidney Cure is the most perfect solvent known, and for this reason it generally relieves in six hours, and never fails to cure. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Mourning Millinery

A SPECIALTY. In Stock HATS, CAPES AND BONNETS in the latest styles.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King St.

Im Sturm. (The Storm.)

Musical score for 'Im Sturm' by A. Gerber. Includes vocal line with German lyrics and piano accompaniment. Lyrics include: '1. Zur Stun - de der tief - sten Wilt - nacht, Wenn der Sturm die Ei - de...' and '2. Die Wo - gen des Stur - mes, Ein - men rasch am Torf vor - sur - ing dark wa - ters thun - der, Rush in wrath the ham - let...'.

Musical score for 'Im Sturm' by A. Gerber. Includes vocal line with English lyrics and piano accompaniment. Lyrics include: '1. Then sweet and so qui - et slum - bers, As peace - ful as a...' and '2. Still sleeping she dreams my hearts ease, the wind and flood a...'.

careless people... doors that slam... alike annoying... desirable device... closing doors with... and, is the ECLIPSE... have shows that... and see it.

mito, Square, St. John, N. B.

Wringers.

The CHEAPEST is always the BEST. OUR STOCK is LARGE. Our PRICES are LOW as THE LOWEST.

AMERICAN WRINGER

At \$2.35.

A great variety of all patterns on hand, including the Novelty, Eureka, Buckeye, etc.

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Shavers, Shears. Reasonable prices. JOHN, N. B.

Perferer.

PRINTING is the way to be wiser of writing without the cost of \$5.00 to \$10.00 a Year. BLENDING AND REPRODUCTION. ONLY \$45.00. Writing is worth the money. Figures, Fractions, etc. will do all that can be done for a practical, low price of the high-priced ones. This is the purpose of the machine. Satisfactorily on a type. A desirable feature of the machine, thereby manifoldly increasing its utility. An annoyance of cleaning purpose. From 1,000 to 2,000 copies about 200. The machine makes 400 strokes to a machine has been made many millions of strokes. EXPRESSION, 1896. WRITER. Meets the requirements of a machine and is inexpensive, with a wide between lines; in strength.

ALL.

PROVINCES, Trade Building, JOHN, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Page 7.)

Free Press, Mr. Robert Johnson, and Mr. Walter... The dinner was served in a splendid manner...

FREDERICTON

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

Feb. 25.—The dinner party at Government house on Thursday evening last, was given by His Honor...

Friends will be sorry to hear of the severe illness of Mr. Geo. E. Fenety, although I believe he is much better to-day.

Yesterday Mrs. Leonard W. Johnston entertained a very large number of friends at a ladies' afternoon at home...

CAMPBELLTON

[Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander...

Feb. 25.—Since the Lenten season opened, every thing has been quiet, although it has not diminished the number of attendants at the ricks...

Mr. Tom West who has been on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Vennor, left for home in Bird Island, Minnesota, Monday night.

Miss Madeline Hopper of Moncton was here last night en route to Montreal where she will take up her duties in the morning.

Members of the Division enjoyed a very pleasant snow shoe tramp Monday evening after which they returned to the hall where refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Atkinson of Newcastle were in town a few days, guests at the Waverly.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. who have been spending some days here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Hall have returned home.

Mrs. Geo. Bliss has been giving a series of whist parties, the last was on Thursday evening.

Mrs. J. S. Neill has issued invitations for an at home for tomorrow evening from 7 to 10.30.

Mrs. Geo. Bliss has been giving a series of whist parties, the last was on Thursday evening.

Mrs. J. Y. Gibson of Marysville entertained a number of her friends on Friday evening.

The entertainment given in the city hall on Tuesday evening by the hospital aid society, reflected great credit on the performers...

Mr. Miller of Houlton, Maine is here visiting his son, Mr. J. C. Miller.

HARCOURT

Feb. 25.—Mr. James Whitty, who has been residing here for some time past left for his home in Chatham last week.

Mrs. Hutchins, who has been visiting at St. John returned on Monday evening in company with Miss Annie Hutchinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sandler gave a large party at their cozy residence on Monday evening of last week.

On the same evening Miss Liz's Smallwood entertained several of her friends at her residence in Mortimer.

Mr. Joseph B. Woods returned from Nova Scotia last week, after several months' absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Smith celebrated the tenth anniversary of their marriage at their residence, Grandville, on Monday evening.

Miss Sullivan of Coal Branch was the guest of the Misses Buckley on Saturday last.

It is said that the Rev. General A. D. C. will shortly give an entertainement in Harcourt where they will be greeted by a large number of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Backerfield has been quite ill the past few days.

Mr. Edward Wheat of Marysville is visiting Mr. Clarence Wry.

Mr. John Robertson of Bathurst is here today en route home.

Mr. John Walker of Bass river, left here on Monday for Sackville where he will visit his sister, Mrs. (Dr.) J. C. Bower...

Mr. Philip Woods is receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Dr. Kossel Alex. Curran is in town today.

A dramatic and musical entertainement will be given at the hall here on Monday night at the Richibucto brass band.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Vennor, left for home in Bird Island, Minnesota, Monday night.

Miss Madeline Hopper of Moncton was here last night en route to Montreal where she will take up her duties in the morning.

BICYCLES.

For some weeks, we have given considerable thought and enquiry as to the most effective method of more thoroughly introducing our fine line of cycles into the Provinces of NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK and P. E. I., and have finally decided a good plan for us, and one most conducive to the purchase of our goods.

At Agents Prices.

Direct to the Purchaser or Rider.

Our Cycles are fully guaranteed for one year; our list prices are low; our goods unsurpassed in their respective grades, and we can furnish abundant evidence to show that our 1896 World's Standard "KING" and "QUEEN" of SCORCHERS, are approached by few in quality and by none in the number of useful and valuable improvements.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES AT ONCE

WE cannot mention our full line in detail here, the following are but a few points or special features in our "KING OF SCORCHERS." The bearings always run in oil, and require oiling once a season only; are absolutely dustproof and have locked adjustments, rendering it unnecessary to adjust the bearings in case of rust coming loose on axles, or wheels being removed for any purpose.

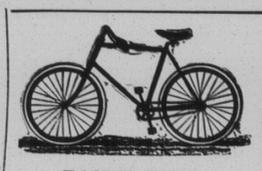
Our "SPEED KING and QUEEN,"

As per cuts opposite, are made in 28 in. wheels, list price \$80.00; 26 in. wheels, ladies' list, \$75.00; 26 in. wheels, gent's list, \$70.00; and boys and girls, 24 in. wheels, list \$55.00.



Our "FAIRY KING" and "QUEEN,"

Although not quite so highly finished as the "Speed" lines, are grand value for the money, and are guaranteed to give as good results as regards riding and durability as any \$90.00 machine made.



ANY CYCLE SHIPPED C. O. D. SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION BEFORE ACCEPTANCE.

References: L. M. Jewett St. John, N. B., Rev. J. W. Manning, St. John, N. B., Isaac Burpee, Fredericton, N. B., or Canadian Wheelman, Cycling or American Dunlop and Tire Co.

E. C. HILL & Co., Toronto, Sole Canadian Representatives

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John W. Couplins

Tired but Sleepless

Is a condition which gradually wears away the strength. Let the blood be purified and enriched by Hood's Sarsaparilla and this condition will cease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the Only True Blood Purifier

For sale in the public eye today. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. Do not be induced to buy and other.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, etc.

FOR SALE: An English made Kion suit, new, in a box of 12 to 14 years; for further particulars apply to A. D. C. Progress office.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1896.

THEIR WARLIKE SPIRIT.

PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS WANT TO WEAR UNIFORMS.

Department of Militia Will Furnish Arms and Clothing for a New Company Composed of Inhabitants—The Men Who Will be Future Officers.

HALIFAX, Feb. 27.—"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," but there are many winds that blow good all round. One of these good winds is that which has created the military feeling among the student and even among the solemn professors of Dalhousie college in this city.

Then again look at this wind from another point of view. The officers and men of the 63rd Rifles have for more than a year felt the disadvantage in which they were placed from the fact that the 66th Fusiliers had been granted an increased establishment which placed that regiment ahead of the 63rd, though the Rifles professed to look down upon this increase of the 66th and to ridicule their necessary recruits, as they sometimes called the new men.

Then the wind has blown, or will blow, personal good to two or three officers of the 63rd. The new company is being organized on the understanding that not only are the rank and file to be drawn exclusively from the college halls, but that its officers shall be none other than men who have graduated, and who call Dalhousie their Alma Mater.

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It is said that Colonel Egan of the 63rd has offered similar to that from Dalhousie from Bedford, Dartmouth, and other points, to raise companies for his regiment. The department of militia has promised to furnish the arms and clothing for the

PICKED UP A TREASURE.

SINGULAR GOOD FORTUNE OF A CALIFORNIA TRAMP.

He Found the Place where Train Robbers Had Hidden Fifty Thousand Dollars in Gold—How He Spent Most of the Money—He is Now in Jail for Larceny.

In the California State prison at Sacramento is confined a man whose experiences during the past fifteen months read like the wildly improbable adventures of a dime novel hero. A year ago last November he was a penniless tramp, making his way to San Francisco on the brake beams of a freight train.

The man's history previous to his finding a fortune by the railroad track is far from uninteresting, and altogether his life has been such that even the remarkable West could not easily furnish a duplicate. He was a wealthy man before he was a tramp, and when he found the fortune fifteen months ago he had all the knowledge of money to use it to advantage in getting the most pleasure for his money.

The tramp's real name appears to be Carl Herrmann, and he was at one time a prosperous business man in New York. He is now 50 years old. His parents owned, in his early life, a farm on the outskirts of Hamburg.

He saw a good deal of various phases of life in the West, and eight years ago reached the Pacific coast penniless. Since then he has wandered all over the coast region and the adjoining States, practically a tramp. Still he was not a professional tramp.

Fifteen months ago, in November, 1894, he was working his way toward Sacramento, intending to go thence to San Francisco, and further South for the winter. A few miles outside Sacramento he camped for the night beside the railroad track.

The army rules are that two-inch ice will sustain a man or properly spaced infantry; four-inch ice will carry a man on horseback or cavalry or light guns; six-inch ice, heavy field guns, such as 80-pounders; eight-inch ice, a battery of artillery with carriages and horses, but not over 1,000 pounds per square foot of sledges; and ten-inch ice sustains an army or an immense multitude.

Experiments of General gave 208 pounds; those of others, 810-830 pounds; and on the Delaware River 700 pounds for clear ice and 400 pounds or less for ice near the mouth, where it is more or less disintegrated by the action of salt water.

BURIED A SPARROW WITH POPE.

A Queer Incident of the Cuban Revolution of Nearly Thirty Years ago.

What is a historical fact in Cuba and what appears to be a second edition of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" is an interesting story related by Col. Figueroa, a noted Cuban leader.

The sparrows invaded the city, where they multiplied in a surprising manner. They proceeded to wage war upon a small city bird, which they drove entirely from the city limits. For this act the Cubans called them the Spanish bird, and in time began calling the Spaniards "gorion," which means sparrow.

After the outbreak of the revolution in 1898 the bitterness in this line as well as others became intensified. One day a sentinel on guard at the palace in Havana found the body of a dead sparrow, which had fallen from one of the trees in the park.

All the city and military officers visited the hall and paid homage to the bird. The volunteers appointed a strongly armed body to guard the remains. A Bishop was forced to officiate at the ceremonies. While the body was lying in state the occupants of the houses on the streets on which the funeral procession was to march were ordered to have their houses draped.

When the day of the funeral arrived the volunteers were out in full force, and the procession was one of the most imposing. During the march several persons lost their lives. One was observed on the sidewalk laughing and presumably ridiculing the demonstration, and one of the volunteers shot him down in his tracks.

Troutman gives the crushing strength of firm ice as 167-260 pounds per square inch. Col. Ludlow, in his experiments in 1881, on 6 1/2-inch cubes, found 223-289 pounds for pure hard ice, and 223-289 pounds for inferior grades, and on the Delaware River 700 pounds for clear ice and 400 pounds or less for ice near the mouth, where it is more or less disintegrated by the action of salt water.

Experiments of General gave 208 pounds; those of others, 810-830 pounds; and on the Delaware River 700 pounds for clear ice and 400 pounds or less for ice near the mouth, where it is more or less disintegrated by the action of salt water.

Manchester Robertson & Allison. St. John

UNUSUAL EXCELLENCE IN

Black Dress Fabrics.

We Mention as Especially Prominent. Mohair Materials, Crepons, Brocades, A Transparent Novelty. In addition to the above, our lines of Henriettes, Cashmeres, Merinos, Sataras, Serges, and many other Materials are worthy of special interest.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

opening them, found them brimful of golden eagles. There was about \$50,000 in gold in the sack, the robbers having taken about \$10,000 with them, as one of them explained when captured later. What he thought about how the money might have come there he has not yet told.

Just what he did in the ensuing two or three months is not yet known. He appeared in San Francisco last spring, and established himself in expensive quarters, and from that time on until last week, when he was arrested, he lived the life of a wealthy man of somewhat sporty tastes and habits.

Herrmann was most generous with his money. He was everybody's friend, and spent his money pretty much as any other spendthrift might have done. He had an expensive establishment, dressed in the height of style, and dispensed generous hospitality at the most expensive hotels.

He is said to have visited New York at least once during the past year, and to have remained here a week or so seeing the sights. He lent several thousand dollars to acquaintances who wanted to start in business, and Wells, Fargo & Co. are going to try and recover this money.

Just how he was discovered to be the finder of the plunder of the express robbers is not yet clear. Several months ago his rooms in San Francisco were robbed, and it is said that among the articles taken were some letters or other documents that gave an inkling of his find. This information was given to the express company, and detectives were put on Herrmann's track.

The landlord protested and finally called in a policeman. When the policeman found one of the searchers was a deputy sheriff of Sacramento county, he quietly left the house. But the story was out then.

Herrmann is now held on a charge of grand larceny. He denies that he knew that the money was stolen by train robbers, and does not believe he can be punished for finding money and spending it. He has made what restitution he can, and in jewelry and various valuables and securities has turned over about \$9,000 to the detectives. Just what will be done in his case is, of course, not known.

Meantime the San Francisco papers are finding dozens of people who knew Herrmann and who profited by his bounty. Every one seems to speak well of him, saying he was in all his manner and dealings an honorable gentleman, and all sorts of interesting stories are told of the spectacular way he spent his money during his brief career in San Francisco.

True, we are more emancipated than our sires, who played golf, and even cricket, in orthodox tall hats. Advanced thinkers wear deer-stalking caps, round cloth caps, socialists or Bible-readers flat-shaped soft-brimmed hats, and the Tyrolean or Monte Carlo hats, which a lady has described as more brigand than Socialist.

All hats are so alike that they are often changed at clubs. So evanescent are the glories of the topper that a self-respecting person ought to have a new one every day. The wretched cylinder heeds the brows and produces baldness. In brief, the tall hat has a thousand faults and not a single redeeming virtue.

make them should wear them. However, we ought not to grumble at a singular and to us a profitable aberration. If the original hatter who invented the tall hat was insane (as tradition indicates and reason suggests), his delirium has been catching. Few can throw the first stone at the hatter, and, indeed, we presume that he seldom wear his own hats.—London News.

Whiskers from the sea. And Long Brows Hair That is Made From the Same Material. There is a marvellous marine growth called sertularia which has the appearance of a delicate bush, although its slender stalks or fibres are built up by thousands of minute animals, something as the coral polyp builds up coral.

As the children of the carpenter adorn themselves with shavings from their father's work bench, so do the children of the fishermen with the sertularia cast up from the sea. Its fibres are pretty nearly straight, so they cannot be made to serve as ringlets, as curly shavings do, but the girls take the longer, finer bunches, which are usually the lighter in shade, and make of them long brown tresses.

Everybody on the road knows W. A. Kimball, the clever advertising agent of the Maine Central. His views on any subject are worth hearing. When he says that after having suffered for years from dyspepsia he was completely cured by Hawker's dyspepsia cure his words are golden winged messengers to all sufferers from indigestion or dyspepsia.

Want the earth; this is leap year and we know it from the fact that this day and date tells the tale. Moral: UNGAR'S work tells the tale leap year and every other year. Of course we do not want to dictate to the ladies during leap year, but are desirous of helping the ladies send their work to our Laundry and Dye Works.

Rider. abundant evidence to by none in the number ONCE CORCHERS. are adjustable to any having any unsightly or as regards strength all the latest general This cycle is fitted with



QUEEN. QUEEN.

ACCEPTANCE. Federicton, N. B. Sole Canadian Representatives

with the Baptist church was a decided success, present and a very pleasant one.

Miss Annie is keeping house for her

IN MAXIMILIAN'S DAYS.

A BIT OF HISTORY RECALLED BY A BILLIARD TABLE.

The Tragedy in the Career of the Ill-Fated Emperor of Mexico—A Story Told by an American Secret Service Officer—When the Monroe Doctrine Prevailed.

Colonel Ford, the veteran secret service officer, had ridden with my father in the famous Third Michigan Cavalry, writes Ford Davenport in the Chicago Inter-Ocean. They had been boon companions and when my father fell in the earliest part of the struggle the Colonel obtained leave of absence to accompany the body home. Shortly after that he was assigned to special secret service duty in Mexico and I had seen him but once since. The other day I met him in Chicago. Our conversation drifted to the old days and finally turned to the orders calling him from the front when the fight was getting interesting, as he put it, and sending him off on secret service duty to Mexico. He could speak Spanish, French, and German like a native, and possessed natural qualifications that fitted him for the peculiar work to which he was assigned. The subject of Mexico had no sooner been touched upon than the Colonel seemed struck with a reflective mood, and when he began chewing the end of his unlighted cigar I knew there was a story coming. I will relate it in his own words:

"I have had some strange experiences during the past thirty years," began he, "but I did not suppose that right here in Chicago I should encounter a striking reminder of one of the saddest incidents of my whole life.

"Happening into the salerooms of a big store on Wabash avenue, where they sell billiard tables, I ran across a table which struck me with something of the sensation a man feels when wandering through a graveyard and suddenly encounters the gravestone of an old-time companion in arms, whom he still supposes to be in the land of the living. I should have recognized that table if one in a thousand. The last time that I had seen it was in the drawing-room of the ill-fated Ferdinand Maximilian, Archduke of Austria and Emperor of Mexico. That was just thirty years ago this coming fall. It happened this way: When I was recalled from the front, a few months before Lee's surrender, I was ordered to report at the war office in Washington. I was then placed at the disposal of the State Department and received a secret service commission for duty in Mexico. This looked like a prospect of two or three years' inactivity and I did not relish the idea at all. My personal inclinations were, however, not taken into consideration. I was simply ordered to go and go I did. My instructions were very simple, I was to introduce myself in the Mexican capital as a rich American from the North and a sympathizer with the Confederacy. My work was to be entirely independent of the American Minister and I was to report happenings at Maximilian's court direct to the department.

"I had no difficulty in satisfactorily establishing myself on friendly terms with several personages of importance in the Imperial party, which was then in power, and within a week was presented to both Maximilian and his handsome wife, Carlotta. I shortly became on intimate terms with both and could not help observing that, while they endeavored to make most of the situation, particularly in public, they were filled with nervous apprehension and misgiving. With but few of their own nationality about them and a doubtful following among the changeable people of this half-barbaric country, they appeared to me like a couple of castaways on an inhospitable island. They bravely faced every contingency, however, and in public never betrayed by word or act a doubt of being eventually able to quiet the opposing factions and establish themselves on a firm and substantial foundation in the government of the country. My sympathy went out to them at once as I could see even then that the result of the rash experiment would be poor Carlotta! I spoke to her in German at our first meeting and never shall I forget the glad light that came into her sad and beautiful face, for the moment as she heard the familiar tongue. We were soon quite friendly, as well as the gentlest of women. She spared no opportunity to advance her husband's cause and that she might better cultivate the friendship of the native people of the middle and lower classes she was constantly on the move and was fearless in her efforts to learn the Spanish language.

"Her hesitating 'Buenas dias, señor,' or 'May bien gracias,' had a touch of the pathetic about it, even at that time, when there was no particular reason to believe that their lives were in danger, I was soon a regular visitor at the palace, and upon calling one day I found this child empress in high glee because of a surprise store for her husband, who was absent from the city. She was in an ecstasy of delight at the thought of being able to break the dull monotony of their existence by something out of the daily routine. The surprise consisted of a billiard table, which she had just received direct from France. It came as a present from Napoleon III. She construed the present as an assurance of good faith on the part of Napoleon. The table was a marvel of workmanship, being handsomely inlaid with foreign woods in variegated colors. Each alternate panel of the sides and ends consisted of portraits of the marshals and principal generals of France in full uniform. These were produced with remarkable fidelity to likeness, and I question if there is another piece of inlaid

work of superior merit in the world. Certainly not in a billiard table.

"One week from that time I was ordered by the State Department at Washington to privately impart to Maximilian the information that the United States intended to insist on an enforcement of the Monroe doctrine as regards the occupation of Mexico by the French troops. That was probably the most painful duty that I ever had to perform. I felt as if I had in some way betrayed the confidence of these two, who seemed to be almost friendly in a strange land, with none to lend assistance to extricate them from the meshes in which they were involved.

"Carlotta heard me request a private interview with her husband, and evidently suspecting from my manner that the message was of unusual importance, insisted on being present.

"I blundered through the difficult task as best I could. Both listened in perfect silence to what I had to say. He stood beside his wife, cold and stern. His eyes seemed to have a far-away look, as if reviewing the past and foreshadowing the fateful future. He had the blood of a hundred generations of Generals in his veins, and never flinched a muscle, although I believe that he decided at that moment to seal his failure with his life. None knew better than he that as soon as the information which I possessed became public the imperial power in Mexico would cease to exist, and that his wife would be demanded within the hour. Carlotta, who had sat the whole time with her large, sad eyes fixed on me, advanced to where I was standing, and, laying her hand on my arm, said, in her musical German tongue, and a voice that I will never forget: 'Then you, too, have explained the plan he would be following in this awful land? There was nothing of anger or reproach in her tone. The uncomplaining helplessness of the poor child was almost too much for me. Maximilian saw the emotion which I could not altogether suppress, and relieved me somewhat by kindly taking my hand and telling me that I had but done my duty. He then thanked me, as well as our government, for the kindness and forethought of giving private notice in advance, that he might make arrangements for the safety of his household before the crisis came.

"I met him by private appointment later in the day, and he explained the plan he had decided upon to induce his wife to at once return to France, for the ostensible purpose of obtaining assistance either from Napoleon or from her own private resources, as she had quite recently become heiress to an enormous amount of money in Austria. 'As for me,' said he, 'I will remain here to the bitter end, rather than to return to my country men a dethroned Emperor. A soldier's death is preferable to the decision of a Paris mob or the patronizing condolences of my own people. My poor wife will be among friends, and when we part here it will, I believe, be for the last time on this earth.'

"His prediction proved true. I assisted in the departure of the unhappy Carlotta, and could hardly restrain the tears which welled to my eyes when I saw how eagerly she grasped at the forlorn hope of being able to get sufficient financial assistance from Napoleon to maintain her own fortune to maintain the imperial party in power without the aid of the French troops.

"Maximilian knew that I held his life in my hand, for had I but whispered the fatal secret to friend or foe the news of the proposed withdrawal of the French forces would have spread like wildfire. With any other man to do with I would have had good cause to fear assassination. That was thought kindly of at Washington was evidenced by the later instructions which I received to the effect that I was to use all possible means to induce the Emperor to seek safety in flight before the publication of the decree which looked had formulated and which would be laid before Congress by President Johnson in the very near future. It was of no use Maximilian would listen to no reason urging that end.

"He deemed the imperialist cause hopeless, and would not consent to any further activity against the rebels, as he considered it a useless sacrifice of human life. He was as solicitous as ever in the care of his troops, but would not consent to an advance against the enemy. We passed the spare time in playing billiards and in waiting for the news that would dissolve the imperial party, which had a few months before honored for a King and a monarchical form of government. Then came the report of poor Carlotta's death. I don't know where the rumor started. We were playing billiards at the time the despatch was handed to him. He read it through, dropped his chin upon his breast, brushed a tear from his eyes, and said in a choked voice: 'It is better so. A moment thus and he handed the paper to me. I believe that his soul died at that instant, and that the rifle balls of his executioners, some two or three weeks later, but stopped the functions of a body in which human existence was totally extinct. I never heard him speak again. He grasped my hand in a mechanical sort of way, and as I was too overcome by the affliction to say a word, I left him standing there beside the billiard table which poor Carlotta had prized so highly but a few short weeks before. That was the last time I saw him. The next day I was ordered to Washington, and when I called at the palace to bid him good-by I learned that he had ridden out to a distant fortress, and I could not wait his return.

TOLD HIS TALE IN MILK.

OLYBEE DEVISE TO CONVEY NEWS TO A PRISONER.

The Message he Got Appeared to be Only an Innocent Letter From His Sister—It Read Two Ways and Showed a Well Laid Plot for an Escape.

On a recent stormy night a number of gentlemen, whiling away an hour or two in a cafe, were entertained by Mr. James Morrison, who is on a tour of inspection in this country says a St. Louis paper. He had but recently arrived from England, where for over twenty-five years he has been identified with the work of caring for convicts in one of the largest prisons in the British possessions. Speaking of some of the incidents of his life in that capacity, he drifted into a recital of the tricks, many and ingenious, which the convicts resort to from time to time in their efforts to outwit the guards and effect an escape.

"On one occasion," said the venerable guard, "I had charge of tier No. 12. It was filled to the limit with long-time prisoners, and at its furthest end several cells had been set apart for those serving life sentences. One of these prisoners, a rough-looking chap, but keen as a razor, had given us a great deal of trouble, and when he was placed under my care I was especially admonished to keep a sharp eye upon him, as he had already caught two other keepers by his tricks, and had done much mischief before they had got the upper hand of him.

"For weeks he was quiet as a mouse, even refusing the usual 'constitutional,' or half hour of exercise in the corridor. I suppose he thought he had me off my guard one day after supper had been served—in the English prisons we serve this meal at 4 o'clock in the evening—and while I was at another part of the tier busy receiving some supplies he began his first bad break on my good book."

"After I had finished receiving and re-counting for the supplies and setting them into place I took my regular beat down the tier again, and when I had finished began closing the outer cell doors, securely padlocking them.

"I had peeped in through the little windows of his cell door and found him sitting quietly on the edge of his little cot, reading a book that had that day been sent him as a present from his sister—this was Christmas eve—and, after ordering 'lights out,' I fastened his door and went on to the next. This, 'No. 10,' was next and occupied by a 'trusty.' As I started to close his door, he stepped to the opening in the grating and asked to speak a few words with me.

"Those few words startled me. He had heard 'No. 9' sawing bars. Could he hear such a sound through forty-eight inches of stone wall that divided the cells? No, he heard the sound that attracted his attention through the narrow slit of a window that served to light his cell. With an 'all right,' to let him know I understood, I slammed the great bolted door with a bang, the vibration from which must have been heard in 'No. 9's' cell, and passed on down to the end of the corridor, finishing looking up. Removing my shoes, I climbed out on the guard gallery, and, after proceeding cautiously for a distance, was directly over the window of the cell occupied by 'No. 9.'

"Listening intently for a few moments I could hear the soft 'alish, alish' of the steel saw that, with keen teeth, was slowly but surely eating its way through the steel bars below, and hurrying back I sent the 'quiet alarm' to the outside guard; then, taking my keys, I went quickly to the other end of the tier and unlocked and threw open his cell door, at the same time turning the rays of my lantern full upon him.

"He was in bed according to orders, but as his clothing had not been removed the ruse was 'too thin.' I had assistance by this time in the person of the supervisor of my section, and, after we had placed 'mine' safely in another cell, we began an investigation which resulted in the discovery that three bars had been cut cleanly through. Then we found the finely tempered steel saws secreted in the mattress of his cot.

"Finally my eyes fell upon the book he had been reading, and upon examining it carefully I found that the edge of a binding was loose. I tore the book apart and discovered the whole conspiracy.

"The saws had been pasted up in the binding of the book, and there I found a letter which I had passed in to him that very day, and as it had the 'O. K.' of the governor of the prison on its face, showing that it had been read and its contents officially examined, it did not arouse any suspicion in my mind, but, upon reading it now, I was struck dumb to find that it gave 'No. 9' the 'tip' as to where the saws were hid in the cover of the book, and other 'pointers' that never should have reached him.

from his 'pal' outside of the prison. The letter read thus: "HOME, Dec. 24.

"UNDER COVER, Dec. 24th.

"Dear Brother William: "Halloo, Old Pard: "It is just a year since you saw me. "And you won't be jugged this Xmas day.

"I send you a nice book: inside of its 'skin' are the 'cutters,' and you will find a marker, too, that will give you the 'fish line.' "I saw the Governor about the pardon, but you must crack your way out, and it is useless to hope. Your loving sister

"MAY. "RED MIKE." "By the word 'skin' in the rogues' parlance is meant cover. 'Cutters' are saws; a 'marker' is a confederate who helps in or will cover up an escape, and a 'fish line' is a rope used by burglars in scaling a wall or getting over any other obstacle that has height. The whole scheme was laid bare to the eyes of the governor and his examiners, and thereafter all mail for the convicts was subjected to more crucial tests than this one had been, and we knew how it happened that we had previously lost one of the most desperate criminals ever within jail walls."

NERVOUS HEADACHE.

A TROUBLE THAT REMENDERS THE LIFE OF MANY WOMEN MISERABLE.

A Sufferer for Twelve Years Whose Troubles were Aggravated by Kidney Disease Tells How to Regain Health and Happiness.

From the Smith's Falls Record. Since the Record began to publish accounts of the cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, its representative have found that half the wonderful cures effected by this medicine have not yet been given to the public. Women as well as men who have found relief are eager to let the facts be known for the benefit of other sufferers. Among them is Mrs. James Cotnam, of the township of Wolford.



SUFFERING FROM SEVERE HEADACHE.

The lady referred to was for twelve years a constant sufferer from nervousness, headaches and kidney trouble. Having read so much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she determined to give them a trial. Their use for a short time brought a great improvement, and after taking them for about a month, the nervous headache and kidney trouble left her. The degree of thankfulness felt by one who receives such benefits as the above can better be imagined than described. Here are Mrs. Cotnam's words: "If you could only know or if I could but tell of that intense suffering which I have endured and the many sleepless nights I have spent in mental and physical agony, you would not wonder at the degree of thankfulness I feel for my restoration to health." Her trouble was a continual dread to her, and for a long time prevented her from doing any work. Since using the pills she is as well as ever—or to use her own words—"fully restored." In this household Pink Pills are now looked upon as one of the necessities.

As in the case with every good cause Pink Pills have much to contend with; spurious articles have been placed on the market, and, though in appearance and color they may resemble the genuine, they have an altogether different effect on the system. The writer was once in a store when Pink Pills were asked for by a customer. The dealer hadn't them but said that he had something "just as good." The public are warned against this "just as good" scheme which is too often resorted to by some shop keepers. It should be borne in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the nervous condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effect of grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a certain cure for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressing and all forms of female weakness, building new the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. Sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Wanted an Experienced Doctor.

One day, while mending the roof of his house, a Japanese lost his balance, and, falling to the ground, broke a rib. A friend of his went hurriedly for a hakim (doctor).

"Hakim, have you ever fallen from a roof and broken a rib?" was the first question the patient asked the doctor.

"Thank heaven, no," replied the hakim. "Then go away at once, please," cried Chodji; "I want a doctor who has fallen from a roof and knows what it is!"

Not Particular.

Ethel—Don't tell any one, but your brother Jack kissed me last evening. Minnie—Oh, that's nothing; I saw him kiss the servant girl yesterday morning.

Looking Backward.

Mrs. Youngbride—Oh, dear! I wish I had married a man I had no love for. Mr. Youngbride—Why so, dear? Mrs. Youngbride—So that I might look back and dream of what might have been.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Text: NO ONE KNOWS how easy it is to wash clothes—all kinds of things on wash day with SURPRISE SOAP, until they try. It's the easiest quickest best Soap to use. See for yourself. Includes illustration of a woman washing clothes.

Advertisement for Pelee Island Wine Co's Wine. Text: Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's Wine. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. Includes illustration of a wine bottle.

Advertisement for Robb-Armstrong Engines. Text: "Robb-Armstrong" Engines. Center or Side Crank, Sizes up to 300 H. P. Includes illustration of a large industrial engine.

Advertisement for Robb Engineering Co., Ltd. Text: Robb Engineering Co., Ltd., Amherst, N. S. J. S. CURRIE, Agent, 57 Water Street, St. John, N. B.

Large advertisement for Progress magazine. Text: PROGRESS. The best advertising medium in all Canada. Try it. A high class publication. Circulation is over 18,000. Includes illustration of a hand holding a pen.

Sunday Reading.

GEORGE FLYN'S PRAYER.

How it was answered and the Effect of it on Old Billy Mulligan.

A day late in October. In the woods along the fences great heaps of crimson and yellow leaves were lying. The frost had laid his hand on all the lovely green things of summer. The wind was keen, although the sun shone brightly.

But to Mr. William Mulligan, familiarly called 'Old Billy' by the rude boys of the village, the sight was a goodly one. He was walking between the rows of great shocks of corn, his hands clasped behind his back, and his head bent forward.

He was calculating how many bushels of golden ears the deft-fingered huskers would make the field yield. And the bushels of corn would fatten a certain number of the cattle and hogs in yonder meadow.

Then their sale would bring a roll of crisp bills. Oh! Mr. Mulligan could imagine he felt them in his hand when a voice brought him back from dreamland to reality.

"Humph!" he muttered, "I wonder who George Flynn has found to talk to now. Just the way with a boy."

There seemed to be only one voice. Mr. Mulligan stepped behind a shock of corn and listened.

"Please, dear Father," were the first words he heard, "won't you read some word that I can earn money fast, ever if I am only ten. You know how poor we are, and how hard mother cried when Mr. Mulligan wouldn't give her any more time on the mcr'gagge. It's only a poor place, dear Lord, but it's our home. Do help us, Mother says you will. And help Mr. Mulligan not to be so hard on poor folks 'cause he's rich. Amen."

"Humph! if he's anxious to earn money I'd advise him to stick to his work and not lose time praying. And praying for me. I wonder how long it is since any one did that. Somehow it makes me think of my mother," and away back in the past went the mind of the old man.

His mother had been a widow too. And poor; ah! he had known that poverty was. How earnestly she used to pray that her only son might grow up to be a good man and

Here he was close by the Widow Flynn's home. It was little better than a hut, yet everything was in order, from the white muslin curtains at the windows to the shabby little pen wherein a lespig was greedily devouring the potato parings Mrs. Flynn had just thrown into his trough.

How hard the poor woman had worked through the long illness of her husband! Three hundred dollars.

"I fear it will trouble me to sell the place," he said as he let himself out into the road through the gate. "Humph! 'hard on the poor."

It was a week later when George Flynn rang the bell at the door of Mr. Mulligan's home. The ring was answered by Mollie, the dejected looking domestic, who eyed the boy suspiciously.

"Yes, Mr. Mulligan is at home," she said in answer to his question. "But he is in a dreadful temper over something, and won't see you."

"Please, I must see him," George's tone was earnest. "I've found something I think he lost."

"Very well. If you get turned out of doors I shan't be to blame. He's in there," and pointing to a door, Mollie beat a retreat.

George crossed the little hall and knocked upon the door.

"What do you want?" demanded a gruff voice.

The boy opened the door and entered the dusty, cheerless room that Mr. Mulligan called his office. There was no fire in the rusty stove. Before it sat the master of the house, his face pale and haggard.

"Go away," he said petulantly.

George walked up to the table and laid upon it a large, shabby-looking pocket-book.

"I found this in the cornfield. Your name is on some of the papers."

He was interrupted by a cry of joy from Mr. Mulligan. With trembling fingers the old man opened the purse and examined the content.

There was a large roll of bills, but it was to the papers the owner turned first. He ran them over, counted the money, and turned to George.

"Did you know the value of what you found?"

"Yes, sir. I counted the money. There is five hundred dollars."

"Humph! Why didn't you take the money and answer the prayer you made in the cornfield the other morning?"

George's fair face reddened. "I could not, sir. I asked God to help me, and stealing would not have been an answer. I'll go now."

"Yes, go. But listen first. The papers in here were of great value, and were confided to me for safe keeping. Had they been lost money could not have replaced them. Then tell your mother you have done the best day's work of your life. And I, I wish you would keep on praying for me. It, it—well, I like it, and I think your prayer will be answered."

George and his mother were not disturbed in their little home. Moreover, George was enabled to attend school, being so well paid for the work he did for

Mr. Mulligan out of school hours that many comforts came to the dear mother.

This was not all. George's prayer was answered, and Mr. Mulligan, never "Old Billy" now, had learned the happiness of doing good with the money given him by God.—"Christian Intelligencer."

UNOALENDED SAINTS.

Men and Women Unknown to Fame who Have Done Much for the World.

Rev. Henry R. Rose of Auburn, Me., has this to say on the above topic:

And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.—Malachi iii., 17.

In a country churchyard, there amid the solemn memorials of hearts that once throbbed and minds that once dreamed and planned, Gray wrote his immortal elegy, in which he said:

Full many a gem of dust and rare essence  
The dark, unshodden caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

It is about lives such as these—lives true, lives good, lives Christ-like, yet lives un-known and uncelebrated—that I desire to speak. I have a word of commendation and of cheer for all such.

Think of the number of such uncelebrated saints that abound. There are the people of integrity. Do not look for them all in seats of eminence and posts of great responsibility. While there are ten like Henry Clay, who missed the Presidency three times because he would not compromise his principles, there are 10,000 humbler souls who are missing wealth and ease and freedom itself for conscience sake.

Peer into the recesses of the lives of some of our store and shop girls and see the sacrifices they are making, because they will not part with their virtue. God in heaven looks down on the payers of a wage that is not enough to enable a woman to avoid fearful temptations, but he smiles approvingly and encouragingly upon his myriad daughters who keep their chastity in spite of their circumstances. All around us, every day, every hour, we pass and are passed by souls—humble, modest, determined—the incarnations of integrity.

Think, also, of the unbranded people of courage. When so esteemed a patriot as Gladstone finds that a cataract has begun to form on his eye, the whole world is apprised of the sad fact. And when that grand old man, in spite of his 84 years, goes to the oculist, and says: "I wish you to remove the cataract at once," and to the oculist's remonstrance and caution that it may not prove a successful operation calmly and resolutely replies: "That is a risk I accept"—when the news of such pluck is flashed to us over the wires, we thank God that the old world had had such a hero to mold its destiny. But such courage in a conspicuous man must not blind us to the same fearlessness in multitudes the world knows little or nothing about. Our military reminiscences are replete with stories of the bravery of Hooker and Sheridan and Farragut and leaders of their rank and nerve, but for every heroic deed ascribed to them number the men under their fifty. Our civil war was fought and the Union preserved by the heroes in the ranks, thousands of whom are sleeping today in nameless graves.

Think also of the obscure saints of devotion.

The bravely dumb that did their deed,  
And scored to blot it with a name;  
Men of the plain, heroic breed  
That loved heaven's silence more than fame.

Spirits like these are filling the slum sections of our cities with their angelic presences and heavenly cheer. They are to be found, also, in a hundred homes where least suspected and seldom discovered. Yes, how many saints there are who get no recognition as such, no appreciation at all. Who spreads your table and makes your home tidy and cheery? A saint. Who, hearing that sick lies has invaded your house, comes with the speed of the sunlight and the tenderness of an angel to help you in your extremity? A saint. Who sits with silver hair and a heavenly spirit close to your hearthfire, holding her grandchild with a fondness almost your own, and though she is not strong enough to work with her hands, is so ripe and rich in her soul as to cause the very peace of God to pervade your circle? Truly, a saint. Who, in the face of poverty, hard times, discouragement, keeps a hopeful countenance and a cheery voice and economizes at every point for your sake and the children's sake and the home's sake? Verily, a saint. All of them saints, to be recognized and appreciated and loved.

Now, as we think about such faithful, obscure lives, two thoughts arise:

First, we think that they cannot be without influence. However humble and circumscribed a saintly life may be, still we feel that it affects its race, and for good. In this feeling we are not astray. History is filled with confirmations. One of the most retired women of her time was Monica, the sweet mother of Augustine, and yet her devout spirit, her beautiful ways, and her tireless pleadings reclaimed her son from infidelity to faith and gave the world the greatest of the Latin church fathers.

The lives they lived and the deeds they did have welled up, and are welling up, and will forever well up in the mighty men and

the mighty movements that are bearing the race nearer and yet nearer its destiny.

Our other thought about these uncelebrated saints leads us to deny that their lives are unnoted. No church writes their names on its scroll, no history sketches their career with its deathless pen, no monument of any perishable kind lifts its spire to do them honor, and yet they are remembered. In their own day and neighborhood some one noticed them and admired them.

They are tombed in true hearts that know the worth of a life. But, in the language of the poet, there is an all-seeing eye that does not miss them. "Thou God see'st me, even me," the humblest soul may say, feeling that its purity, its devotedness are known above. And even where such a life is being lived without any expectation of appreciation or reward, angelic tidings of its fidelity to God.

His prophetic outbursts Jesus portrayed the future; that day in which God would make up his jewels, and these were the wonderful words that he spake for cheer of the uncelebrated and unappreciated faithful: "Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, and fed thee? Or thirsty, and gave thee drink? Or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick or in prison, and came unto thee? And the king shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

O, my faithful brother, my devoted sister, of your limited circumstances and unpromising goodness, here are thoughts to cheer you and stimulate you in patient fidelity. Your life and your works are influential; they are known of men, not because you live for influence or human praise, but because you are true to your nearest duties and are working with God. You are beloved. At this moment some one would rise up and call you blessed; some one would help you bear a burden did it come to you; some one would press your hand warmly were you passing through a fiery trial. You are not listening for the word of eulogy, but your name is on some lips and your praise is being chanted in some heart. You are not living a pure and consecrated life in vain. Heaven, too, is bending down and doing you homage. There was a song on the Judean hills when the supreme saint was born into this world, for the angels of God knew of his birth and rejoiced in his promise. There are songs above all hills, beyond the blue, over your consecration, for the angels of God know that you are walking where the Saviour trod, stooping as the Saviour stooped and blessing as he blessed. Your name is written in heaven. What matter, then, if here it is uncelebrated? What matter if the world or the church in blazoning forth its worthies omits your name, so long as you know that when the lord of hosts comes to make up his jewels you will have a place in his diadem?

DICK'S OPPORTUNITY.

It Came in Good Time and When he had Begun to Despair of it.

"You don't mean that you are trying to do anything with that fellow?"

The question was asked of a prominent worker in some special revival meetings which were being held in a large town. The person addressed had just been in close conversation with a well-known, but not altogether well-looking, boy.

"What fellow?"

"Why, that Dick Martin."

"Well, we try to do with all who come within our way."

"I'm afraid you'll have your labor for your pains. I wonder at his listening to you for a moment."

"What is there so strange about it?" asked John Spencer.

"Why, you don't seem to know what Dick is. One of the worst young rascals in town. A bully and a tough—ring-leader in every piece of mischief going—teaching other boys to go to the bad. Strong as a young giant, as you can see, and always ready to put his strength to the worst uses. Well, there! If he isn't going in to the meetings. Do you really mean that you can do anything with such a Dick Martin?"

"Mr. Grant, you speak as if we were doing these things ourselves, or by our own power. Would you limit the power of the Holy Spirit?"

Mr. Grant again glanced at Dick Martin, who now stood on the church steps in earnest conversation with one of the movers in the work. Then, with a sober face and a few half apologetic words, walked away.

"It is no good for me to try to get a start here," said Dick to his friend John Spencer.

The meetings were over and those who had been shiners in their blessed influences were taking their new outlook on life. To Dick it seemed doubtful and perplexing.

"Don't be so sure of that," said John.

"There isn't a soul in this town would give me a day's work," said Dick, in a tone of discouraged conviction. No wonder; they don't know anything about me but evil and mischief."

"You're strong and active," began John.

"Yes, I'm strong as a horse, and could do good work, and want to. But look at it. Every bit of trouble I've made and every mean trick I've played rises up against me now."

"You can live it down, I'm sure," said John, confidently.

"Well, I don't know as I want to try," said Dick; "I'd rather break right off and go and take my chances somewhere else, where everybody didn't think when I asked

em for work: 'Oh, you're Dick] Martin, the worst boy in town.'"

"I know it seems discouraging," said his friend, sympathizingly.

"I wouldn't have stopped one day to think about it. I'd have been off at once if it wasn't for mother."

Dick's voice had fallen. His gentle little mother, to whose lack of firmness was due the most of Dick's badness, still kept, through her belief in him, a hold on the big boy's affections, which probably had its share in this wonderful transformation in his character.

"She hates so to have me leave," he added. "But I'm going to work hard and get my foothold and then she'll come to me. 'Only it'll be hard for her to give up the little house and garden.'"

Hard though it all seemed to her, Dick at length made up his mind to go. He worked like a beaver to set things in order about the little house, leaving the garden, which had up to this time enjoyed only such feeble care as she could give it, in a condition which gave promise of great profit during the summer. Then one morning he walked down to the railroad station with John Spencer.

"There's no hurry," said John, as they drew near it. "That's a part of your train, switching off the southbound cars, to back up to the station again."

They had come down a street which crossed the track about the distance of a block from the station. Dick was not far from the moving train when he heard loud voices behind him.

"That's our train, Ralph."

"Yes, I told you we'd get left if you dawdled so."

"We're not left it. Let's jump for it."

"Stop! stop!" cried John. "The train will back up. Don't try to board now."

But the two young fellows, both a little excited with liquor, paid no attention to what they rushed towards the train. The foremost one jumped upon a step, reaching out for a hand rail. But he missed his hold—to fall with both feet on the track.

No one could ever tell how it was done, but, quick as a flash, with one tremendous effort of strength, Dick had snatched the young man, stung with his fall, from before the cruel wheels, just in the moment of time to prevent his being crippled for life.

"Bob, you stupid, look out there or you'll—"

"I began his companion, stumbling against Dick just as he was making his brave effort. Dick lost his balance and would have fallen between the cars but for the ready hand of John Spencer. As it was, he struck his head heavily against an iron rail.

A crowd quickly gathered around the actors in the little scene. All had taken place with such lightning rapidity that the young men stood dazed in the first few moments, scarcely realizing what had taken place. Then as Dick lay insensible from the blow he had received, John called for help in caring for him.

"We must get him home," he said.

"Dick Martin, is it?" said one. "What scampiness has been up to now?"

"Nothing more nor less than saving Rob Grant's limbs, if not his life," said John.

"That's so. I saw it all," said another.

"It was the neatest done thing, the quickest and the strongest and the bravest, I ever saw in my life."

"What's all this about, Rob?"

It was his father, who had been waiting at the station.

"You don't mean that you tried to board that train when it was moving?"

Young Grant, fully sobered by the nearness of peril, turned from his father with a shamed look. Mr. Grant made a few more inquiries of John Spencer as he prepared to have Dick taken back to his mother.

"Just so much time lost," Dick was sorrowfully thinking to himself a few days later, "and all the breaking away to be gone over again."

There was a knock at the door and Mr. Grant followed the summons to enter.

"I don't know whether there's anything in what I hear about you," said the gentleman, after a few kind inquiries regarding Dick's injury, "but I am told that you have turned over a new leaf and want to take a new start."

"I do," said Dick, earnestly.

"Well, if that is really so, you shall have your opportunity. There is a situation open for you in my business, and if you are honest and plucky—in short, if you mean to make a man of yourself, and the right sort of a man—you shall not lack for help in doing it."

"And so you are to stay here," said his mother, rejoicingly, as he talked it over with her.

"Yes," said Dick, "but it takes a little away from the satisfaction of it that I didn't get it by my own hard knocks, instead of its coming to me just because I gave Bob Grant a jerk in the very nick of time."

"It seems to me," she said, "that an opportunity sent straight from the Lord's own hand must be better even than one worked out by yourself."

AS DAVID BEYERD.

Every Man Has the Opportunity to be a God-Fearing Servant in This Age.

"For David after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep and was gathered to his fathers."—Acts xiii., 36.

He needs must wield the pen of a master who, in a brief sentence, can write a suitable epitaph for a King, and especially such a king as David, King of Israel! And yet it would be difficult to find, should we search through the whole realm of literature, a more appropriate and comprehensive summing up of the life and work of Israel's great King than the brief phrase quoted from that famous sermon at Antioch by the Apostle Paul. The highest point of kingship is that of servitude, of servitude according to the will of God. The shining door of opportunity is wide open before every man to be the God-fearing servant of

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

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his age! More than this he cannot be, though you crown him with a thousand crowns. All that David did for Israel is summed up in this: "He served his generation according to the will of God." All that crowded into that brave, sad, stormy life, from the day he left his father's fields in happy Bethlehem till, all weary "he fell on sleep," is compassed in that one impressive line. All our land has called to mind in the week just passed the memory of a later King—a King of the people, who loved the people with all his great heart and soul. This King of the lowly lot wore the crown of patriotic servitude through the darkest years of our modern history. He was the hero, the martyr, the idol of his age; but, above all things, he was supreme in the love of his fellow-men, and, "according to the will of God." For our history has not been a chapter of accidents. The footprints of God are seen as surely in the history of America as in the history of Israel.

Living for Christ. It is enough incentive to a man to be allowed to live for such a one as Christ. Only let the thought of Christ fill the enlightened intellect, and it must conquer the sanctified affections. Let but Jesus be well understood as the everlasting God who bowed the heavens, and came down and suffered shame and ignominy that he might redeem us from the wrath to come; let us get but a sight of the thorn-crowned head, and those dear eyes all red with weeping, and those sweet cheeks bruised and battered by the scoffers' fists; let us but look into the tender heart that was broken with griefs unutterable for our sakes, and the love of Christ trust constrain us, and we shall thus "judge that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again." In the point of motive believers do not need the aid of Moses. That you ought to do such a thing because otherwise you will be punished will but little strengthen you, nor will you be much aided by the spirit of prophecy which leads you to hope that in the millennial period you will be made a ruler over many cities. It will be enough to you that you serve the Lord Christ; it suffices you if you may be enabled to honor him, to deck his crown, to magnify his name. Here is stimulus sufficient for martyrs and confessors, "Jesus only." Brethren, it is all the gospel we have to preach, it is the only ground of confidence which we have for ourselves; it is all the hope we have to set before others.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Dangers to Society. There is at present an unparalleled interest in social problems. Social evils have become obtrusive. We can no longer ignore their presence or their importance. Theology is giving place to sociology. Worship is of less importance than service. Creeds have lost their magic. Hall unconsciously all churches have changed front. They are less interested in getting a man safely out of this world and housed in some harp-playing abode in another world, and more interested in teaching a man how to live here. The other world, it is seen, can take care of itself, but this world is known to be in a bad way. Good sanitation is seen to be of more importance than ritual. A chance to get honest work more valuable than tracts. Hell is not a distant condition. Its red portals open on Clark street, and no less in more fashionable locations in Chicago. Not the church merely, but many of the most important forces of life outside the church are swinging into line in this matter of present social and life problems. But in this social revo-

lution the miseries and shortcomings of the rich need no less to be ministered to. Not all misery is in the slums. Not all danger to society arises from the victims of poverty. It may be that there is as great danger to society from the boulevardards as from the slums.—Dr. R. A. White.

Knows the Bible by Heart. A baptist minister named W. C. Hicks has been preaching at different points in this county for the past two or three weeks. He is a remarkable man in some respects, and claims that he received his education at Columbia. He is between twenty-five and thirty years of age, and has been a student of the Bible since early childhood. The Spectator has been informed by reliable men that he has committed to memory every chapter in the Scriptures with but two exceptions. In order to test the reliability of his claim his Bible is closed, and chapter after chapter is called, and he repeats them word for word. His church members are not particularly pleased with his construction of many passages of the Bible. Mr. Hicks differs with Moses in the account of the flood and the creation, and ridicules, so we understand, some of the old patriarch's statements. Large crowds attend the services, curiosity being the principle object.—Columbia S. C. Spectator.

For Christ and Humanity. Plank after plank has been taken from the church to build houses of God. One Christian plank goes into a hospital, another into a reform school, another into a Christian college, another into a free kindergarten association, until the Christian spirit thus diffused, thus embodied, thus illustrated, makes the Christian life found only within church walls appear but a small portion of the church's ministry to the world. Let us not be satisfied with the world unto himself. I have often had a dream of a church which, maintaining every vestige of truth and glory which belongs to the church of the past, should yet be a better embodiment of the larger Christ. Over such a church I would write in letters of gold the words: "Let Unselfishness Be the Law of its Life," and the other words: "For Christ and Humanity."—Dr. Barrows.

A Message from God. "Ye have not, because ye ask not" James 4:2 "Whosoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you" John 16:23 "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss" James 4:3 "Ask in faith" James 1:6.

ALWAYS PLEASED! No Grumblers or Growlers When Diamond Dyes Are Used.

Thousands of pleasant, happy and grateful letters are on file from ladies who have tested the popular Diamond Dyes that always do their work well and satisfactorily. Lavin Newark, Ont., says: "I find that Diamond Dyes beat the best, as I always get good and fast colors from them. I have used other dyes, but they are all inferior." Mrs. Wm. Moore Steenburg, Ont., says: "We like Diamond Dyes better than all others on the market; they always give splendid colors." When ladies ask for Diamond Dyes, they should always insist upon seeing the name on the package, as there are so many worthless dyes sold by dealers

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

Women are said to be even fonder of power than men, and to wield it mercilessly when it falls into their hands! Perhaps so.

to invite their master into that ideal surgery of mine, for a few minutes? A horse with a flowing tail is a beautiful creature, and he presents that picture of proper proportion which his Creator intended he should.

It must be very delightful to feel that one can sway millions by a wave of the hand, and I confess that there are times when I positively yearn for the absolute power which is vested in His Majesty, though repulsive Highness, the Shah of Persia!

Quite apart from all other considerations is the human aspect of the matter. The horse is deprived of his daily defence against flies, and is left a prey to every insect from the terrible gad-fly, to the aggravating mosquito. He has much to suffer at the hands of tyrant man, poor brute, and he has reason to lament the awful lack of common sense, and common humanity with which latter day man seems to be cursed.

There is no use in talking to the woman, You may preach at her from the pulpit, and do your very best both by precept and example to abase her out of her brutal taste. You may tell her of all the horrors the palpitating little body that once animated her stuffed bird, went through before it reached her empty head, and she will smile innocently, smile, and say "That is not my fault you know, and what difference does one bird make, if I did not wear it some one else would, and bird would be killed just the same?"

Of course no woman need wear a veil unless she wishes to, but she generally looks so much better when her charms are seen through the medium of a dainty film of net or gauze that the chances are she will decide in favor of the veil every time.

I have done with the woman, I say and until a merciful God is pleased to put some mercy into her heart, in default of brains into her head we will leave her in the well grounded hope that if she is not punished in this world, she will have a heavy reckoning before her in the next. But I am sorely afraid the only hope for the birds in this world, is a change in the fashion, and it seems such a long time to look forward to, for the women who encourage their slaughter, to wait for punishment.

Colored moire silks, which are watered in such a manner as to show a distinct pattern are very much used for waists and are also popular for the revers, and collars of cloaks, and gowns.

To return to my horses—whenever I pass a man who is driving one of those poor mutilated ridiculous looking creatures, thrashing and twitching their wretched stumps of tails in sheer nervousness, I long for power to stop him quietly, and say "my dear sir, I am sorry to interrupt your drive, but will you kindly accompany my Chief of Police here to the office of our surgeon in ordinary? Don't be alarmed I beg, he is only going to amputate the forefinger of your right hand. It won't hurt you much, not one quarter as much as it hurt your horse to have his tail docked. Of course we shall not be able to allow you any chloroform or unnecessary indulgence of that kind; you did not consider them necessary for your horse, but the operation will be most skillfully, and expeditiously performed. It is only just a little whim of mine to let you try how it feels to get along without one unimportant little member of your body, so that you may the better understand what your horse suffers in the deprivation of his own defence against the enemies which render his life a burden to him in summer. You didn't dock him yourself, you say, but bought him that way? I am very sorry but my Imperial edict reads: 'Any man possessing or driving a docked horse' and I am afraid you will have to suffer the penalty!"

Walnut Cake. Stir to a cream one cup of butter and two of sugar, and add the yolks of four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, and three teaspoonsful of baking powder. Last add the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff, and one cup of chopped walnut meats. Butter a sheet of square jumble tins and half fill them with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven. When cool trim them and place on each a half of a walnut meat.

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NEW STEAMSHIP CO. ST. JOHN, HALIFAX & BOSTON.

Perhaps it may not be out of order to remind these about to indulge in a cape, that with a wide, spreading cape, and a high fur collar only, a large hat should be worn, and the skirt should flare out well, in order that the width of the cape should be properly balanced.

Spangle embroidery is so much worn now that many ladies who possess nimble fingers and good taste, are employing their spare time in spangling satin or lace to be used as trimmings for their gowns. Filo floss is used in addition to the spangles and sometimes gold or silver thread. The designs are usually small and delicate, showing little sprays of small flower, ribbons, or scrolls. Often one spangle forms a flower, or again three or four are required for one blossom. Each spangle is provided with one or two holes by which it is sewn to the material with strong silk, and the leaves and stems of the blossoms are usually worked in fine silk, sometimes green spangles in long, pointed shapes are used for the foliage, but the silk gives much the prettier effect.

Ribbon work has been revived, and some of the newest examples are lovely. Only the thinnest and narrowest ribbons are used, and a silk thread ran in the edge gathers it into the design required. A sofa cushion of white satin with a pattern of small roses, and blue forget-me-not, in ribbon work, is lovely.

Colored moire silks, which are watered in such a manner as to show a distinct pattern are very much used for waists and are also popular for the revers, and collars of cloaks, and gowns.

Walnut Cake. Stir to a cream one cup of butter and two of sugar, and add the yolks of four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, and three teaspoonsful of baking powder. Last add the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff, and one cup of chopped walnut meats. Butter a sheet of square jumble tins and half fill them with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven. When cool trim them and place on each a half of a walnut meat.

Crullers. Rub together one and one-half cups of sugar and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Add one cup of milk, three beaten eggs, half a grated nutmeg, and two teaspoonsful of baking powder. Stir in flour enough to make a dough that can be rolled out in a sheet half an inch thick and cut into rings and fry in boiled lard. Test the heat first by dropping in one. It should rise almost instantly to the surface. The crullers should be a light brown.

Small fruit cakes may be prepared thus: Cream one cup of butter and two cups of sugar, beat two eggs light and add with the juice and grated rind of four lemons half a pound of citron chopped fine and one pound of raisins seeded and cut in half. Sift two teaspoonsful of baking powder into two and one-half cups of flour and mix thoroughly together and bake in buttered gem tins. These cakes will keep for weeks if locked up.

Mock Turtle Soup. Soak over night in two quarts of water one pint of black beans. In the morning drain off the water and add three quarts of boiling water, a small piece of lean ham, half a dozen whole cloves, a small piece each of cinnamon and mace, a stalk of celery, one bay leaf, and a sprig of parsley. Cut fine a medium-sized onion and a thick slice of carrot and trimp and fry them in three tablespoonsful of butter. Add the vegetables to the soup and put a spoonful of flour in the pan with the remaining butter and stir until brown. Add this to the soup and cook altogether very slowly three hours. Put in the tureen one lemon sliced thin, two hard boiled eggs cut into slices, and one gill of sherry wine. Season the soup with pepper and salt if required, and strain through a coarse sieve into the tureen and serve.

Chicken Gumbo. A famous Southern dish that is more like achowder and is used in place of soup is called chicken gumbo. To make it cut a fowl into moderate-sized pieces, roll the pieces in flour, and put them in a porcelain kettle with half a dozen slices of salt pork and one onion sliced. Fry them to a delicate brown, pour over them two quarts of boiling water, and let the mixture simmer one hour. Then add one quart of okra (canned, if fresh cannot be procured) cut fine, half a can of tomatoes and some chopped parsley. Season with salt and pepper and cook until everything is tender. Boiled rice and the same quantity of cream. Let it boil up once and serve.

Green Pea Soup. To make green pea soup without stock: Turn a can of green peas into a large soup-pan and cover them with hot water. Add a small onion sliced and let them boil until the peas are soft. Mash them with a potato masher. Add a pint of water. Melt two tablespoon-

A High Grade Shoe

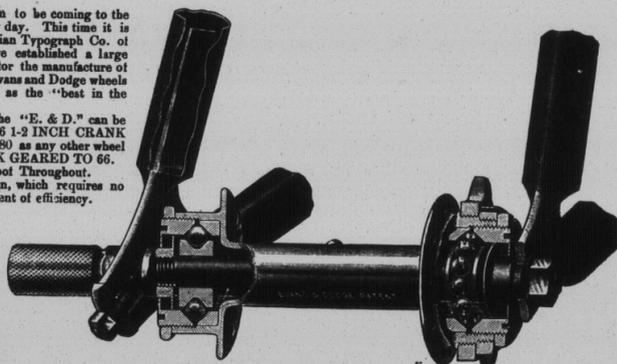
Only can claim the honors of the foot. To gain this rank takes a combination of qualities such as Shoes we sell invariably possess. They have the right form to which the foot takes kindly. That's our idea, and we freely realize it in our stock. A poor shoe is no sooner worn than it is worn out. Footwear can't present too many good points. Ours have them all, and the price is one of them.

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A SPLENDID Canadian Bicycle.

The Canadians seem to be coming to the front in new lines every day. This time it is Bicycles. The Canadian Typograph Co. of Windsor, Ontario have established a large factory at that town for the manufacture of what is known as the Evans and Dodge wheels which is fully claimed as the "best in the world."



This explains why the "E. & D." can be driven as easily with a 6 1/2 INCH CRANK AND GEARED TO 80 as any other wheel with a 7 INCH CRANK GEARED TO 66. It is Dust and Oil Proof Throughout. It has the Morse Chain, which requires no oil and develops 98 per cent of efficiency.

If readers will examine the accompanying cut they will at once see a practical demonstration of the reason for this. The bearings are so constructed that the balls revolve in precisely the same direction as the hub, and for this reason all of the cutting and grinding is done away with as well as the friction of the ordinary bicycle bearing, and it will therefore be seen that this bicycle will wear over so much longer than any other wheel produced. The weak point in bicycles has always been the bearings, which, after a years riding, were completely cut to pieces and useless.

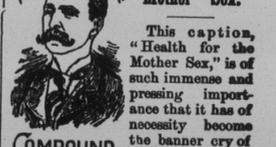
Of the great 80 gear roadster of this company if in the boat it is a thorough Canadian, invented in Canada. Patented in Canada, introduced in Canada, built by Canadians, with Canadian capital. First, we wish to impress clearly on the minds of the dealers that "E & D" bicycle is not an experiment, or in any way unf-

tested or untried wheel. The manufacturers have been working on the improvement of this bicycle for more than a year. Last May a wheel was fitted up with the bearings complete and has been running regularly throughout the season of 1895 as a test. It was fitted up with 80 gear, making 20 feet, 3 inches for every revolution of the pedal and has been put to the severest test of climbing hills alongside of other wheels with 63 and 66 gears and it is the universal opinion that our wheel with the 80 gear will climb a hill as easily as any other wheel with a 63 and 66. This is not idle talk. A wheel was taken to Toronto in the month of October and handed over

to the riders of the Toronto Athletic and Toronto Atheneum Clubs, who were asked to test it in this respect, and there is not a man of them who rode it who was not amazed at the ease with which he could climb the hills with a machine geared so high.

We learn that contracts have been made for the whole output of the factory this year and only a limited number have been allotted to this district. The Ira Cornwall Company (Limited) of this city have been appointed general agents for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland and are now opening agencies at all important points.

"HEALTH" FOR THE "Mother Sex."



This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Prolapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort. For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal. Price 75 cents.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

BEWARE OF THE FROG.

If You Let Him Sit By Your Croak, You Get No Fish, Says This Sportsman.

"If you are ever fishing," said an observant New York sportsman, "and see a bullfrog sitting near by, on a rock or a log or a bog or anything, you might as well wind up your line and go away, unless you kill the frog or drive him away, for you won't catch a fish. I found that out all by myself a few seasons ago. I was fishing up in Sullivan county for black bass. I used live bait for I couldn't get a fish with a fly or a troll. Sometimes I had first-rate luck, and every day I didn't have any luck at all, I finally noticed, when a frog was sitting somewhere near by, every now and then giving a croak or two. I couldn't see any reason why that should affect the fish so they wouldn't bite, and thought little of it.

"One day I went out to catch some young sunfish and young perch, as I found that they were killing bait for bass. I caught these fry near the shore of the lake, usually with a tiny barbless hook baited with a bit of singleworm, at certain places alongshore. I had never had any difficulty in catching plenty of them in a short time. On this particular day as I threw my hook in the water I saw a big frog sitting on a stone at the edge of the lake, not more than ten feet from where I stood. Presently a fine perch for bait came towards my hook. The water was clear and only a couple of feet deep, and I could see the fish plainly. Just before this perch got to the hook the frog gave a peculiar croak, loud and deep. The perch turned and disappeared. By and by a young sunfish came edging its way to the bait, and was on the point of grabbing it when the frog croaked again. The sunfish stopped, backed away, and disappeared in deep water. This went on for ten minutes—fish coming up to take my hook, the frog's croaking had given warning to the fish.

"That blame frog is telling those perch and sunfish to look out sure as cels," said I.

"I grabbed up a club and sent it flying at the frog. It struck him and killed him. Then I went to fishing again. In less than a quarter of an hour I had caught every perch and sunfish in sight. On the same day I got corroborative proof that frogs spy on the fisherman and warn the fish against him. I took some of the bait fish I had caught and went out after bass. I was having immense luck. In less than an hour I had hooked and landed twenty big fellows and was feeling fine. Suddenly I heard a frog strike up, off to my left, with a tremendous bellow. I looked around. There sat a big green chap on an old stump. When I looked at him he turned one of his goggle eyes up at me, and I gave you my word he winked it at me, as much as to say:

"I'm onto you!"

"I thought I'd fish a while longer before I tested the frog-spying theory. Five minutes passed; then the frog let loose again. I looked around. He gave me another wink. I fished on for half an hour, during which the frog croaked ten times, and I got not so much as a nibble.

"This settles it," I said.

"I chucked a stone at the frog. It missed him, but he skeddaddled off the stump and disappeared in the lake. I fished again. In less than a minute I hooked a three-ponnd bass and landed him. Within a quarter of an hour I had caught five. Then the frog croaked again. I looked around. There he was on the stump, and he glared at me in a way that showed he knew I had discovered his game. As long as I let him stay there and croak I didn't catch a fish or get a bite. Then I whipped out my revolver and shot him. Fifteen minutes after that I had five more big bass."

Origin of the Word "Canard."

What is the origin of the expression "a canard" when a wonderful story that has no foundation in fact is meant? Even Frenchmen cannot say. It is now claimed that the honor of the invention belongs to M. Cornelissen, a member of the Academy of Brussels. He had noticed some wonderful "yarns" in the *Canary* paper to which he subscribed, and in order to satirize the writers he sent in one himself, as a joke.

It was about a pretended experiment with twenty-five ducks, and tended to show that ducks are cannibals. He had, he said, killed the ducks one by one and fed the survivors exclusively on the body, and in course of time there remained but one duck of the whole twenty-five. This last of the ducks was said to have had a post-mortem examination made of its body, when it was found to be suffering from certain internal injuries as the supposed consequence of its strange diet.

The paragraph, which the writer never expected to see in print, was published and sent the rounds. It got to America, whence it was constantly coming back, and the phrase, "It is another canard," or duck, became common in newspaper offices.—London News.

Again the New Woman

"Are you doing anything with your camera now, Madge?"

"Yes, indeed; a burglar got into our room the other night, and Nan held him while I took his photograph by flashlight."

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Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR.

CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache

HERBINE BITTERS

Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Indigestion

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The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Dyspepsia

HERBINE BITTERS

For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

For sale in St. John by S. McDIARMID T. B. BARKER & SONS, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indian Cove.

GERARD G. RUEL,

BARRISTER, & C.

Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Dedicate Females who are suffering from General Debility, Anemia and all diseases, of their sex, will derive great benefit from the use of

Puttner's Emulsion

It improves the Digestion, Purifies the Blood, repairs the waste that is continually going on, and completely removes that Weak, Languid and Worn out feeling.

SILVERWARE

OF THE HIGHEST GRADE.

THE QUESTION "WILL IT WEAR?" NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE

TRADE MARK OF 847 ROGERS BROS.

AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY

BESURE THE PREFIX 1847 IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.

THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR A HALF CENTURY.

SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

SHARPS BALSAM

OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED.

GROUP, WHOOPING COUGHS, COUGHS AND COLDS.

OVER 40 YEARS IN USE.

50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, BARRIE, ONT., CAN.

CAFE ROYAL,

Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM OLARK.

AUSTRIA'S WOMEN PRISONERS.

Even the Worst Criminals are "Erving Sisters," and are Treated Kindly.

In Austria a woman, no matter what she may do, is never regarded or treated quite as a criminal. She may rob, burn, kill—set every law at defiance, in fact, and break all the commandments in turn—without a fear of ever being called upon to face a gallows. She is not even sent to any ordinary prison to do penance for her sins; the hardest fate that can befall her, indeed, is to be compelled to take up her abode for a time in a convent. There the treatment meted out to her is not so much justice seasoned with mercy as mercy seasoned, and none too well, with justice. Even in official reports she is an "erring sister"—one who has, it is true, strayed from the narrow path, but quite involuntarily.

The convent to which Vienna sends its erring sisters is at Nendorf, only a few miles away from the city. There any woman who is convicted of either crime or misdemeanor is at once transported. The Judge before whom she is tried decides, of course, how long she shall remain. He may, too, if he deems it right, give orders that while there she shall pass a day in solitary confinement from time to time, and on these occasions be less plentifully supplied with food than usual. In the great majority of cases, however, no instructions of this kind are given; the women are simply handed over to the keeping of the Superior of the convent, to be dealt with as she thinks best. She houses them, feeds them, clothes them, and provides them with instruction and occupation; and the government gives her for what it does 35 kreuzers a day (about 7 pence) for each prisoner under her care.

So long as these women are in the convent the responsibility of their safe keeping and general well being rests on the Superior; and, in return, she is allowed practically a free hand in her management of them. There are, it is true, certain regulations in force with regard to the amount of work they may be required to do, but the punishment that may be inflicted on them; but these are not of a nature to interfere seriously with their freedom of action. She is, in fact, virtually an autocrat within her own domain, and there are not half a dozen women in Europe today who have so much power for the weal or woe of their fellows as she has. The only man attached to the place—a government inspector—is little more than her aide-de-camp; and as for the great officials who pay her flying visits from time to time, they are more inclined to seek advice than to give it.

The convent itself is a fine old building, which once upon a time was a castle, and seems to have been strongly fortified. The religious community to which it now belongs received it as a present from its owner, who cared more for the Church than for his heir. There is nothing in the appearance of the place to show that it is a prison; the courtyard stands open to the whole day long, and there is never a guard within sight. The doorkeeper is a pretty little nun whom a strong woman could easily seize up in her arms and run away with. She welcomes all comers with the brightest of smiles, and leads them into the parlor without making a single inquiry.

PEOPLE WHO DISTURB US.

The Man Who Doesn't Turn Out as He Should on a Muddy Evening.

"One of the men we meet who disturb us," said Mr. Gimby, "is the man who doesn't turn out; we meet him on muddy crossings and in snowy paths where the snowfall has not yet been cleared away. He may be merely thoughtless, or he may be simply selfish, or he may be a brute; he is more or less disturbing.

"Of course we have our own responsibility to bear at this meeting, and we should be not only unselfish about it, but we should have our wits about us too. Obviously the conditions being alike, each should turn out to the same extent. That might result in each getting one foot muddy or snowy, but that would be the fair thing to do. In some circumstances you would turn out altogether; you would do that for women or children, and for the infirm. If you had on overboots, and you should meet a man who did not have them you would turn out and give the whole path to him, and you might reasonably expect the same from him if the conditions were reversed.

"But you sometimes meet a man who stalks right along, holding the path, whatever the circumstances may be; you meet men who give way grudgingly or as little as they can; you meet men who look to see whom they are about to meet and who act accordingly; who, if you yield an inch, take all. And then you meet the man who seems to give no thought to it at all, but who simply follows the path.

"So far as I am concerned these last disturb me but slightly, and that only because I hate to see anything done thoughtlessly or in the wrong way; I have no feeling toward them; but of all the rest my opinion is clear and well-defined."

The Jewish population of Jerusalem is now about 12,000, and it is said to be steadily increasing. There must be cut rates on ready-made clothing in that historic city.

I WAS CURED of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Sydney, C. B.

I WAS CURED of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. [CHARLES FRIEDER. Yarmouth.]

I WAS CURED of Sciatic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Lewis S. BOTTEN.

I WAS CURED of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Sydney, C. B.

I WAS CURED of Sciatic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Lewis S. BOTTEN.

science

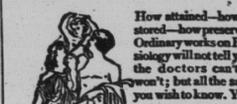
Science is "knowing how." The only secret about Scott's Emulsion is years of science.

When made in large quantities and by improving methods, an emulsion must be more perfect than when made in the old-time way with mortar and pestle a few ounces at a time. This is why Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil never separates, keeps sweet for years, and why every spoonful is equal to every other spoonful. An even product throughout.

In other emulsions you are liable to get an uneven benefit—either an over or under dose. Get Scott's. Genuine has a salmon-colored wrapper.

PERFECT MANHOOD!

How attained—how restored—how preserved. Ordinary works on Physiology will tell you: the factors are "will, vigor, but all the same you wish to know. Your SEXUAL POWERS are the Key to Life and its reproduction.



Our book has been true. Every man who would regain sexual vigor lost through folly, or develop members weak by nature or wasted by disease, should write for our sealed book, "Perfect Manhood." No charge. Address (in confidence), ERIC MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Br.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and St. Paul, Niagara, Toronto and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Montreal Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Rail way, Brunswick Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with monthly excursions.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa.

J. R. SPENCE, H. C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Mgr.

DOMINION Express Co.

Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe

REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES

Table with columns for weight (e.g., 10 lbs, 20 lbs, 30 lbs) and rates for various routes (e.g., To Walsford, Hampton and intermediate points, To St. Mary's, McAdam, Bristol, Moncton, etc.).

The Sun

The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.

The American Constitution! The American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever

Daily, by mail - - \$6 a year.

Daily and Sunday, by mail, - - - - \$8 a year.

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is the greatest Sunday News-paper in the world.

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Address THE SUN New York

I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent free to any sufferer. Give names and full address. Price 20c. 107, N. E. 10th Ave. Detroit, Mich., Toronto, Ont.

LABOR IN A FOUNDRY.

Trick Played in an Allegheny Shop Which Had Unsuspected Results.

At one of the Allegheny foundries, where large cast-iron car wheels are made, a longstanding joke practiced on green hands by some of the older employees was to send two men after a pair of wheels. The old employe, in accordance with the plans picked up a wooden wheel which was an exact counterpart of the cast-iron wheel, weighing 500 pounds each, and lifting his light burden, trudged away, to another part of the establishment, while the other workman concealed in various places, laughed themselves hoarse at the frantic efforts made by the new man to carry the little Englishman, not more than 5 feet 3 inches in height, and who weighed only 112 pounds.

The two were often sent to carry molds and other heavy articles, and the big Irishman complained that his partner was only a half man, and not fit to carry wheels for a clock tinker, not to talk about working in an iron foundry. The other men, seeing how affairs stood between the two who were so unevenly matched in strength, perceived an excellent opportunity to work the carwheel joke for the hundredth time. They posted the little Englishman, and, after getting the foreman's consent, had the wooden wheel with its counterpart, a cast-iron one weighing 550 pounds, placed at the lower end of the foundry, and then they ordered the Irish giant and the British dwarf to go quickly and bring the couple of wheels.

The two started off together, and the men hid behind boxes and barrels, and in anticipation of the fun, undisturbed their vests, so as to give their lungs full play for laughter. Little Billy, the Britisher, reached the place first, and, picking up the wooden wheel, hoisted it to the top of his head and started off with an easy motion that surprised the son of Erin, who was in doubt about the ability of the little fellow to carry the side of a wheel, not to talk about lugging a wheel.

Pat then bent down, and after giving the iron wheel a mighty tug, straightened himself up, with a look of the utmost amazement depicted upon his face, watched the Englishman hurrying away by his load. Then it was that those who were near enough to the scene heard Pat make use of an awful oath, and, stopping down to his head, and with the tremendous load in the air staggered into the other room and threw it to the floor with a crash that shook the whole building. The floor gave way under the shock and the wheel went clear through to the cellar, while the men who stood by in amazement watching the prodigious feat of strength finally broke forth in a shout of laughter and applause.

Many a time had the joke been perpetrated, but never before was the iron wheel lifted and carried until Pat performed the formidable task.—Pittsburg Post.

CIVILIZED CANNIBALS.

Instances of Human Appetite for Fellow Beings Under Strange Circumstances.

Then it comes to pass, when the moment of keenest agony is reached, that the starving man begins to eye his companion with the wolf-glare of a beast of prey. His pangs become paroxysmal. During their greatest intensity there springs up within him a fierce impulse to slay his neighbor that he may feed on his flesh and slake his thirst with his blood. This terrible prompting to cannibalism, it may be noted, is, however, rare, save in cases of famine from shipwreck.

Although it is customary to regard it as a common feature of starvation, and to make thrilling statements of the frequency with which even mothers will, under the goad of hunger, kill and eat their children, and although startling assertions to this effect have been made by historians of great sieges, yet it ought to be said that, as a general rule, well authenticated cases of cannibalism among civilized people will be found to occur only at sea. They are very rarely found on land. And what is more curious still, whenever famished, shipwrecked men set foot on shore, no matter how desolate and barren may be their rock of refuge, they seem as if by magic at once to banish from their minds the very idea of anthropophagy, or man-eating, and that, too, though they might have been resignedly contemplating it as an imperative necessity a few hours before.

In the case of Esau's Primitives of the Eighty-fourth Regiment and his companions, who were wrecked on the barren island of Cape Breton in 1780, the difference between famine on shore and on sea is curiously exemplified. Primitives too ord that they were able to endure the most fearful pangs of hunger without, ever so much as a thought of resorting to cannibalism for relief so long, however, and only so long, as they kept on land. But when they took to their boats—and it was not merely that they experienced this—in order to escape from the rock-bound prison, though they were not a whit worse off for food than they were on land, yet the moment they put to sea with one accord they began to think of killing and eating one of their number. On the other hand, when they found their attempt to escape futile and put back to shore, whenever they landed the horrible idea of cannibalism seemed to vanish.—Science for All.

A centenarian who died recently in London had smoked steadily since he was fifteen years old. He began smoking, that is, the year before Napoleon was driven back from Moscow and kept it up till after Jameson surrendered at Kruger'sdorp.



CURED BY TAKING

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

free from eruptions as ever they were. My husband, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned.—THOMAS A. JONES, Stratford, Ont.

Ayer's Only Sarsaparilla

As admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

CLEAN TEETH

and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI.

Take no imitations.

Fifty Years

BEFORE THE PUBLIC AND GAIN STILL INCREASING.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL LUNG AFFECTIONS. 25 cts. a bottle. Sold everywhere.

KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS

63 MONTREAL.

Pigs Feet and Lamb's Tongues,

RECEIVED THIS DAY.

10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 Lamb's Tongues.

At 19 and 21 King Street.

J. D. TURNER.

MEN AND WOMEN

Dr. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE CURE

ASTHMA, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ETC.

FREE

DR. TAFT'S, 100 ADELAIDE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed

Slits a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when slovenly and indifferently clothed.

Newest Designs Latest Patterns.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor,

64 Gorman Street, (Lat door south of King.)

PROFESSIONAL.

GORDON LIVINGSTON,

GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

Collects Mails. Remittances Prompt. Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

HOTELS.

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CONNORS BROTHERS, MADAVARAKA, N. B.

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BELMONT HOTEL,

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Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

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QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Literary Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

BULGER'S REPUTATION.

We all remember very distinctly Bulger's advent in Rattlesnake Camp. It was during the rainy season—a season only slightly conducive to settled reflection...

counter. "I was speakin' to you," he said, with his eyes on Mosby, and slightly accented the pronoun with a tap of his revolver butt on the bar. "Ye don't seem to catch on."

try to sweep the board. After this it was felt that matters were becoming serious. There was no subsequent parading of the camp before the stranger's cabin. Their curiosity was singularly abated. A general feeling of respect, kept within bounds partly by the absence of any overt act from Bulger and partly by innocent over-consciousness of his shotgun, took its place...

General Agency

BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, CANTERBURY STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Controlling the largest line of BICYCLES REPRESENTED IN THE DOMINION. 1896 Catalogue. General Agent for the Maritime Provinces for The Yost Writing Machine Co., American Typewriter Co., The Blickensderfer Typewriter Co., The Edison Mimeograph Typewriter, The Edison Automatic Mimeograph, The Edison Hand Mimeograph, The Duplograph Manufacturing Co., The Electric Heat Alarm Co., &c., &c. All kinds of bicycles, Typewriters and other intricate machines carefully repaired. Type-writer and Mimeograph Supplies of all kinds. IRA CORNWALL, General Agent, I. E. CORNWALL, Special Agent.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments like anemia, weakness, and digestive issues.

On the hill who should we see hanging around in the brush but that d-d Bulger! We all stared at him. Percy Briggs as fixedly as any. But there was not the slightest trace of irony, sarcasm, or peculiar significance in his manner. He went on slowly: "When I struck this yer camp a munit ago; when I seed that thar ditch meanderin' peaceful like through the street without a hotel or free saloon or express office on either side; with the smoke just a-curlin' over the chimney of that log shanty, and the break just set fire to and meanderin' in thar potato patch with a kind of old-time stagin' in yer eyes and nose and a few w'en's duds just a-fletterin' on a line by the fence, I says to myself: 'Bulger—this is peace! This is not yer're lookin' for, Bulger—this is not yer're wantin'—this is not yer're wantin'!'"

mental is a point not easy to decide. It depends largely on the nature of the disease, and the make-up of the individual. Experience seems to show, however, that in one prevailing disease—indigestion or dyspepsia, the two kinds of suffering are very evenly divided, and both very great. The mental disease being chiefly due to the illusions and deceptions which attend it. For example, though dyspepsia is solely an affection of the digestive organs, it has power to set up disorders in others which always alarm the sufferer, and often perplex his medical advisers. These symptoms may relate to the head, the heart, the sight, the hearing, the lungs, or to other organs or functions. Take an illustration or two.

By this time we were no longer astonished when Briggs rose, and not only accompanied the stranger-looking stranger to the empty cabin, but assisted in his negotiation with the owner for a fortnight's occupancy. Nevertheless, we sagely assented to Briggs on his return for some explanation of this singular change in his attitude toward the stranger. He coolly reminded us, however, that while his intention of excluding ruffianly adventurers from the camp remained the same, he had no right to go back on the stranger's sentiments, which were evidently in accord with our own, and although Mr. Bulger's appearance was inconsistent with them, that was only an additional reason why we should substitute a mild firmness for that violence which we abruptly dismissed. We were all satisfied except Mosby, who had not yet recovered from Briggs's change of front which he was pleased to call "awfulshavin'."

"In October, 1888," writes another, "I began to feel weak, heavy, and tired. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had distress at the stomach, together with shortness of breath, and a good deal of pain across the chest. Sometimes I would be taken with sudden dizziness, as though I must fall to the ground. Cold, clammy sweats used to break out all over and I trembled from head to foot. Finally, I got so weak I could scarcely walk to my work; indeed, I had occasionally to leave my work; I have been away as long as a month at a time. In this way I suffered for about two years.

THE PERIL OF THE DEEP.

CHAPTER I. "Right away," proclaimed the clear tones of the guard, and with sonorous puffs the Liverpool express drew out of Euston Station.

Occupying a solitary first-class compartment in this train was a good looking young man, who heaved a sigh of relief as the welcome whistle announced the time of departure.

He had contravened the by-laws of the railway company outrageously, to procure for himself the privacy of a compartment, for he was not in the mood to endure the society of fellow-travellers, and he now had the leisure to meditate on matters which had hitherto been put aside for duties of more pressing moment.

So he was fairly on his way without interruption. What a period of trouble and anxiety he had undergone since—no matter what! He consulted his "Bra-shaw" and a shipping list with eager scrutiny.

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Dicky noticed this look, and with unusual tact made a move.

"Well, bye-bye, Jeff."

Geoffrey, with his hand with more vehemence than is customary in society, and hurried away to join the throng on board the Scrimmager.

Dicky waited until the last rope was let go and the little scurrying machine was fairly under way. Then he turned with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"It's beyond me entirely," he muttered, gnawing his moustache. "Well, it's none of my business, I guess, but Jeff has fairly staggered me. What's come to him? Looks very like a mess of sorts. No, it's none of my business."

But all the same he adjured to the telegraph office and sent a wire to Steyning Towers.

CHAPTER III. Much to his relief Geoffrey Durant found that no one he knew was a passenger on the Alabama.

With his six hundred and forty fellow-travellers he mixed but little, except in the ordinary amenities of the dining saloon and the smoking-room.

He had no desire to connect the Alabama with so frequently springing up in six days' voyage, and which not seldom form the prelude of lifelong friendships.

Some of the first poignant of his grief and remorse were off under the healthy and briskening influence of the sharp sea air and the sound of rapid motion.

He managed to put it away, as it were, for a time, his dreadful burden sufficiently to preserve an untroubled appearance before his fellow-passengers. The only noticeable feature about their taitura, but not discourteous, companion was his habit of sleeping during the morning and pacing the deck during the night watches.

Throughout the bitter cold of the March nights he would pace to and fro along the promenade deck, muffled up in cap and overcoat, and smoking cigars in what seemed like endless succession.

So the time went on, and the constantly-maintained speed of the Alabama was rapidly bringing her within soundings. It was on a dark, clear, starlight night that Geoffrey learnt that they were approaching Sandy Hook. As is usual on the crack mail-steamers, an excellent look-out was kept.

With this careful watch, what suddenly happened was inexplicable. The Alabama, taking advantage of the clear, open atmosphere, was running at full speed—some eighteen knots per hour—and not a vessel was in the range of the seaman's vision, which must have extended five or six miles at the very least.

Geoffrey passed in one of his many paces on the deck, standing near to the look-out. He heard a muffled shout from forward, and the man at his side repeated it. Then the fourth officer, perched above the wheel-house, suddenly called out to his superior:

"Do you see that light on the port-bow?"

"Yes, I see it," replied the first officer. Geoffrey turned quickly to the point indicated, and saw the faint glimmer of a green light; then in what seemed the matter of seconds, his eyes, preternaturally quick of sight from much night promenade, saw looming up the sharply-defined outline of a three-masted schooner, apparently, as he was some enough to perceive, close-hauled on the port tack.

In these seconds, however, the first officer had done his best. He had ordered the helm hard-a-port, and the rattle of the steering-gear spoke to the promptness of the alteration of the course.

But collision was inevitable. The speed of the two vessels was to great and the alarm too sudden to avoid what was to come. The ghostly schooner arising, as it were, from nowhere, and disappearing into the blackness of the night, struck the mail steamer forward of the bridge, on the port side, rebounding from the force of impact to strike another blow farther along.

Poor Guy! His joke—after all it must have been a joke—had cost him dear. He was dead. And Geoffrey, what of him? Is he to succeed to the title and to the fortune? Alas, no! He will never take the rank of Lord Steyning. He is a murderer. So far from gaining benefit from the deed he is now a miserable fugitive from justice, striving to place the broad Atlantic between himself and his crime.

CHAPTER II. Geoffrey Durant stood leaning against the railing of Prince's Landing stage, surrounded by the usual busy crowd of voyagers and their friends, and the loafers and sightseers who are always to be found attending on the departure of a steamer.

The tender was rapidly approaching the wooden structure to pick up its last freight of passengers and baggage.

Geoffrey scarcely noticed the scene about him. He leaned with his face turned seawards, and his eyes fixed on the black hull that must be his home for a week.

Then he thought of Gwen turned tritride. Poor Gwen! She had been very fond of him, and now—now it was all over and done with.

He pictured her as she would be when she received the news of his crime and flight—her tall, graceful form bowed with shame and sorrow, her queenly head lowered from its usual proud pose, and the gray eyes dimmed with grief at the sad and disgraceful end of his career.

Poor Gwen! His own eyes became misty, and a something uncomfortable rose in his throat. For a moment the black hull of the Alabama was blotted from his vision, and it was not without an effort that he regained his customary self control.

Suddenly, to his dismay, he caught sight of a familiar face—Dicky Temple of the 26th Dragoons—and worse, still, Dicky saw him, too.

"Why, Jeff, old man, what on earth are you—elsewhere, are you doing here? According with the family plate, or doing an element with the family diamonds? Going across, eh?"

Geoffrey smiled somewhat nervously.

"No, Dicky; not exactly that. Fact is, I'm going as far as Queenstown with another Johnny, who's doing the whole business, and I'm waiting for the Scrimmager to come on board."

"What! Going by the Alabama, and only as far as an old Ireland? No, my boy; that won't do. Too thin. Say, now, what's your little game?"

"Fact, 'pon my word, it's the absolute truth I'm going with—Smith, you know."

"Oh, ah, yes, of course, that accounts for it. Well, old man, give my love to—Smith, you know—by the way, which of him is it?—and say I'm sorry I can't come, too. And you might ask him if he knows Annasia while you are about it?"

Geoffrey cast an agonized glance at the tender which was looming up alongside

glided down into the bed of the ocean. As she slowly and majestically disappeared great waves of water were forced up over her with a roar like thunder.

Then all was calm once more. The strately vessel lay on an even keel in twenty-two fathoms of water, as level as if she were floating in dock, with her three masts—the foremost snapped in the final plunge—standing about ten feet out of the water.

CHAPTER V. Nothing could have been kinder than the action of the crew on board the Eida, which had picked up the shipwrecked passengers. Each vied with the other to show the greatest consideration for the people of the sunken vessel. Every man gave up his berth to the use of the rescued ladies, and no pains were spared to make one and all as comfortable as circumstances permitted.

For eight hours Geoffrey Durant had been working hard, calming men's fears and soothing women's distress, with a disinterested kindness of which he would have scarcely believed himself capable, and the constant strain had wearied him thoroughly.

So he sought a quiet nook as quickly as possible, where he could stretch himself at full length and snatch a little slumber, a little closing of the eyes in sleep.

How long he slept he did not say. He was roused by hearing a voice that he at once recognized, speaking in the well-known mocking tone.

"Have I found thee, O mine enemy?" He started to his feet. It was the dusk of the evening, and he shivered with cold. He had been sleeping on deck, exposed to the sea-breeze in March, and was chilled to the bone.

His brother's voice repeated the question and there, before him in the dim, shadowy half-darkness, stood the form that had haunted him for more than a week.

"Why do you trouble me?" he muttered querulously. "Am I to have no rest? Am I to be always haunted and shadowed— even before the daylight has faded out of the sky?"

The figure stood motionless.

"I cannot get away from you, I know," continued Geoffrey, still in the same wearied, heartbroken tone. "I know that for that horrible deed I shall always have you as my companion. What are you? Are you really poor Guy's wraith, poor Guy whom I struck down with that murderous force? God knows how it happened, and he would forgive."

"He would, indeed. He does." It had come at last, the long-expected answer. Geoffrey laughed mirthlessly. He had known it would come. Perhaps now he would get relief from this horrible visitor.

But the horrible visitor showed no signs of going. On the contrary, it stepped up to him, and gripped his hands in a clasp, not icy-cold as he expected, but warm and insistent as a human hand.

"Jeff, old boy, you are ill. Forgive me for trying to frighten you. I didn't realize till now all that had happened and what it meant."

Geoffrey showed no surprise at this strange conduct on the part of the accusing spirit. He laughed feebly. Then something seemed to give way in his head, and he fell heavily to the deck.

Some weeks passed. Lord Steyning removed his brother from the Eida. He was suffering from a severe attack of brain fever.

Guy managed to get his patient into a quiet hotel in New York, and nursed him through all the illness with unremitting attention.

Skill and loving attention gained the day, and Geoffrey at last became conscious. His first lucid interval occurred when Guy was for a moment absent, and it was from the nurse that he learned whose hand had always been ready to minister to his wants, whose presence had always seemed to bring a sense of calm and peace, and he fell heavily to the deck.

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frey could not trust himself to speak; but presently he stretched out a hand and feebly clasped his brother's.

Guy still studiously avoided seeing the other's emotion, and after returning the hand-pressure, he jumped up and said: "Well, I mustn't jaw any more. The doctor said I mustn't see you for more than five minutes, else you wouldn't be able to go back with me in the Umbria, to-morrow week, 'twas hum,' as they say here, and Gwen."

And he left the room somewhat hastily. —G. F. Bird.

WHO IS HE?

A Genuine Business Knave!

What is His Object?

Profit, and That Without Regard to Your Life.

Your Condition Requires Paine's Celery Compound

The Wily Substituter Tries to Induce You to Take Something Else That Pays Him Larger Profits.

Beware of Dealers Whose God is Unholy Lucre.

Who is he? Just a business knave, known as a "substituter." A business substituter is a person whose dishonest intentions, puts, gives, or, by spurious and false arguments, induces a person to take some article in place of what is distinctly asked for.

The "substituter's" prime object in business is profit first and last, without any regard to your condition of health or life.

Are you prepared to risk your life by submitting to the wiles and treachery of any substituter? Your first duty is "self-preservation" by taking care of your body—ridding it of the diseases and troubles that make life a burden to you.

Your condition demands the use of Paine's Celery Compound, that health-restoring medicine that has cured thousands of men and women who suffered as you now suffer.

When you are thoroughly and honestly convinced that Paine's Celery Compound is your sure hope, see that you get it when you ask for it. There is no other medicine that will so promptly and effectually meet your sufferings. Paine's Celery Compound always works a perfect cure.

Do not for one moment listen to the deceptive arguments of the retailer whose only God is unholy lucre. See that the bottle and carton show the "stalk of celery" and the name "Paine's"; other preparations are spurious and endanger life.

ARBITRARY NUMBERS. The Meaning of the Sizes Named for 800s Buttons, Buttons and the Like. Pearl buttons are not numbered actually; they are described as having so many lines in their diameters. A line is 1/40th of an inch; a 12-line button has a diameter of 12/40ths of an inch, &c. In making thread, half the number of "hanks" (each containing 840 yards of yarn) that weigh a pound is the basis of numbering. Thus 30 thread is made from yarn 60 hanks of which are required to weigh a pound; 60 thread is made from 120 yarn, &c. The numbering of shot is arbitrary and originally did not express the size of the shot. So is the numbering of gun caps. At first there were three sizes of gun caps, numbered 9, 10, and 11; a fourth size was made larger than 10, smaller than 11, and it was called 12. The number of the bore of a gun depends on the number of balls fitting its barrel that will weigh a pound; thus a 12-bore gun carries a ball that weighs 1-12th

BORN.

- Digby, Feb. 16, to the wife of Charles Trank, a son. Caning, Feb. 16, to the wife of Harry Road, a son. Nixson, Feb. 9, to the wife of Whitman Ruggles, a son. Yarmouth, Feb. 16, to the wife of J. E. Ferguson, a son. Windsor, Feb. 19, to the wife of J. C. Simpson, a son. Belleisle, Feb. 14, to the wife of Campbell Willet, a son. Moncton, Feb. 21, to the wife of W. W. Wilbur, a son. Windsor, Feb. 16, to the wife of Fred Lavers, twin sons. Spith's Cove, Feb. 17, to the wife of Geo. W. Potter, a son. East Baccaro, Feb. 2, to the wife of Herbert Smith, a daughter. Salem, N. B. Feb. 11, to the wife of Lotan J. Steeves, a son. Truro, Feb. 18, to the wife of David C. McKenize, a daughter. Hantsport, Feb. 6, to the wife of M. S. Treffy, a daughter. Shelburne, Feb. 8, to the wife of Capt. Alex. Cox, a daughter. Milton, Feb. 14, to the wife of Frank Steward, a daughter. Cornwallis, Jan. 27, to the wife of Oscar Chase, a daughter. Bonaville, Feb. 12, to the wife of N. J. Raymond, a daughter. Middlesex, Feb. 12, to the wife of J. F. Will, a daughter. Toronto, Feb. 19, to the wife of Frank A. Anglin, a daughter. Campbellton, Feb. 12, to the wife of Daniel Doucett, a daughter. Digby, Feb. 19, to the wife of Capt. Fred Robinson, a daughter. Beverly, Mass., Feb. 5, to the wife of H. E. Robson, a daughter. Bridgewater, Feb. 11, to the wife of James Grosvenor, a son. Lawrenceport, Feb. 16, to the wife of L. M. Durand, a son. Upper Grandville, Feb. 14, to the wife of Frederick Wilson, a son. Yarmouth, Feb. 15, to the wife of Adolphe B. Elie, a daughter. Campbellton, Feb. 12, to the wife of Archibald McKenzie, a daughter. Lawrenceport, Feb. 14, to the wife of Millidge Daniels, a daughter. Annapolis Royal, Feb. 5, to the wife of Rev. G. J. C. White, a daughter. Curran Hill, Yarmouth Co., Feb. 16, to the wife of James Bartlett, a son. Philadelphia, Feb. 5, to the wife of John T. Smith, formerly of Yarmouth, a son.

MARRIED.

- Hallifax, Feb. 12, Peter Grant Sutherland to Lizzie Allen. Calais, Jan. 29, John A. Thompson to Jessie M. Smith. Berwick, Feb. 14, Wilford Westcott to Louise Frank. Suctonché, Feb. 16, Prof. Deslaurvitre to Eugenia Melancon. Malian, Feb. 12, by Rev. G. R. Martell, James P. Miller to Sarah White. Lismore, Jan. 27, by Rev. A. McGilvary, Theodore Iron Mines, C. B. Jan. 29, by Rev. A. Ross, John D. McKee to Mary Jane McKee. Orangeville, Feb. 18, by Rev. A. Ross, Angus McKay to Mary Jane McKee. North Lube, Feb. 20, by Rev. W. A. Morgan, John P. Calder to Maud Patterson. Millford, Feb. 11, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Stinar C. Currie to Barbara M. Isenor. Havelock, Feb. 12, by Rev. E. A. McNell, John W. Kingston to Lillie Fowler. Painsmouth, Feb. 12, by Rev. Joseph Murray, John L. Smith to Mrs. Sarah Curry. St. Stephen, Feb. 15, by Rev. O. S. Newham, William M. Hall to Emma Harris. Malian, Feb. 12, by Rev. G. R. Martell, James Putnam Miller to Sarah White. Scotch Village, Feb. 19, by Rev. William Ross, John Allen to Sadie C. Waiser. Calais, Feb. 18, by Rev. J. D. Morrell, J. P. James Cochran to Florence Sherman. East Florenceville, Feb. 8, by Rev. D. Fiske, Charles Barker to Alice McKay. Fort La Tour, Jan. 29, by Rev. J. Appleby, Leroy Sime to Ida May Christie. Lismore, Feb. 15, by Rev. A. McGilvary, Donald McKinnon to Margaret McSichera. Florenceville, Feb. 11, by Rev. D. Fiske, D. Hegerman Sample to Myra B. Whittead. Florenceville, N. B. Feb. 12, by Rev. D. Fiske, Watts Stickey to Jennie B. Upton. Blackville, Feb. 8, by Rev. J. McCarty, M. A. John McDonald to Mary M. Covert. St. Andrews, Feb. 3, by Rev. Chas. Comben, Marshall S. Hanson to Mary A. Eye. Middle Newville, Feb. 15, by Rev. G. McKinnon, Isaac C. Archibald to Sophia Fisher. Isaac's Harbor, Feb. 5, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, William H. Lintop to Sarah E. Judd. Brooklyn, N. B. Feb. 1, by Rev. J. D. McIlwain, George H. Godfrey to Mary B. Peters. Charlottetown, Jan. 25, by Rev. C. W. Carey, Albert W. Mitchell to Annie Bonfield. St. Stephen, Jan. 29, by Rev. A. A. McKinnon, Alexander Hannan to May B. Dinmore. Sherbrooke, N. B., Feb. 18, by Rev. Theo. Adams, D. C. E. Dupont Knibb to Violet Brown. East Dalhousie, Feb. 8, by Rev. S. G. Lawson, Allister Knibb to Louisa A. Barkhouse. Fort Hawkesbury, Feb. 12, by Rev. C. W. Swallow, Capt. Alex. Morrison to Sarah A. Morrison. Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 18, by Rev. D. J. Ayers, Lyman B. Gavill to Lizzie F. Furlong of Halifax. East Somerville, Mass., Feb. 19, by Rev. Orville Coste, George B. Drake to Kate A. Hanlin both of St. John.

DIED.

- Fitch, Feb. 11, John Ross, 87. Shelburne, Feb. 1, John Lawson, 75. Stillwater, Feb. 17, John Donald, 82. Roseway, Jan. 10, Augusta Perry, 22. Avondale, Feb. 11, Marcus Palmer, 84. Fort La Tour, Feb. 4, Sarah Snow, 74. Chatham, Feb. 15, J. Wm. Balguy, 65. Brasill Lake, Feb. 18, Andrew Cunn, 71. Omslow, Feb. 13, Amelia H. Munro, 92. Fitch, Feb. 12, John Russell Noonan. Chatham, Feb. 18, Mrs. Wm. Johnson. St. John, Feb. 21, William Stewart, 45. Calais, Feb. 18, Hannah D. Wheeler, 61. St. Stephen, Feb. 16, Frank Nash, 26. Fort Station, Feb. 4, John Greenwood, 68. Robbinston, Feb. 18, Oscar W. Holmes, 4 Advocate, Feb. 15, Wm. B. H. Elderkin, 78. Bayville, Feb. 10, Mrs. Ralph Cookson, 82. Fort Harbor, Feb. 4, Donald McAnally, 46. Bartlett's Mill, Feb. 12, Cyrus Greenwood, 68. Tossy River, Feb. 10, John McDonald, 87. Woods Harbor, Feb. 4, Mary Branson, 81. Golden Grove, Feb. 20, Helen W. Shaw, 22. Fitch, Feb. 15, Mrs. Matira, 47. Kelly's Cove, Feb. 19, Jacob