

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

AND STILL THEY COME.

FURTHER EXAMPLES OF CRESTS BORN BY CITIZENS.

The Horse and What it Signifies—How the Valiant Sir Knight Relied on It—The Fiddle, the Stag and the Gymnastic Grin as the Crest.

The horse was a valuable adjunct of the knight of old. Without it, he was apt to be as inept as a justice of the peace without the consolidated statutes. He became very helpless. His iron clothes were so heavy that he could not pursue the

members who shouted "get on to the duke." It was quite safe for barefooted urchins to fire snowballs at him and seek safety in flight around the nearest corner. He could not climb fences and cut across lots when he went to see his lady love, nor could he run to catch the ferryboat on the last trip, unless indeed he shed his armor and made a race on *deshabille*, a thing not permitted by the strict construction of the constitution and by-laws of civility. All he could do when the boys called him names or chafed FOOL in big letters on the back of his sheet iron summer duster, was to clench his mailed hand and fling forth defiance by saying: "An by my halidom, ye varlets, had I my trusty steed and lance, I would out battle with thee to thy death. Out upon thee for base hirelings of a cowardly crest."

The boys of those days would be no more crushed by words than are the street arabs of this generation. Perhaps they would even reply "Oh, come off! Go sell yourself to Lantulum for old junk! Gimme ten cents and I'll blacklead yer helmet," and other phrases equally disrespectful to a warrior who had solemnly sworn off from work, and constituted himself one of the champions of christendom. There the OF FID DEL STYX knight would have no remedy but to go to the record office and register a vow to avenge his wrongs when the hour came.

It was very different when the knight was mounted on his charger and armed with his picaoons, peavies, carving knives and cleavers. If anybody presumed to affront him then, he put his lance at rest and charged along the street to the terror of small boys, dogs and ladies who were out shopping. If some fierce hound had the temerity to bark at him it was transfixed by the trusty lance and borne as a trophy to the nearest sausage shop. The knight on horseback was a very different man from the knight on foot. He galloped whithersoever he listed, and it would have been a bold policeman who ventured to report him for furious riding and making a disturbance on the public street.

The knight loved his horse, and usually had it clad in an iron blanket, which was warranted fly-proof. When the faithful creature died the hide was tanned and the shoes made into souvenir brooches. The body was converted into canned corn-beef, while the bones went to the fertilizer factory.

The first crest displayed herewith shows the crest the knight bestowed on his horse. It is a cross-section of an improved stable, as designed by one of the leading architects of the day. The plan is very simple. The lower section is for the every-day family horse, while the upper story is for the fast pair. The slope of the floor is for the purposes of drainage. A stuffed horse's head occupies the place of honor on the roof. Such a stable is admirably adapted to the requirements of an undertaker or orator. When the crest is displayed by one of the latter, the idea conveyed is that he keeps three horses. The amputated head at the top may mean, "operations performed with neatness and despatch," or as it is a portion of the mortal remains of a dead creature, it may signify that inquests are held promptly, and satisfaction is guaranteed. The motto "Per Ardua" by hard work—means that it is only by attending strictly to business that the other coroner is prevented from grabbing the bulk of the inquests.

The next device represents an ancient instrument of music, and the symbolism of it is that those who dance must pay the piper who furnishes the music as well as the engraver who hunts up the crests. It means too that there is sometimes a good deal of hollowness where there is the most noise made

in society. The motto "O fid del Styx" means that the spurring of crests is growing in popularity. It is just the language an ancient knight would use if he were in the habit of getting invitations to swell affairs in St. John.

The third crest shows a stag's head with the motto "Vince Malum Bono," which may be said to mean that we can overcome evil with good by putting out a first-class article of domestic make. The crest is quite "heady."

Next in order is an escutcheon showing a variety of instruments of torture used by knights who had the title of D. D. S. after their names and drew the teeth of unfortunate captives who were placed in chairs for the purpose. The motto "Secundum Artem," signifies "Teeth extracted without pain."

The last device is that of a ferocious looking brute with wings like an enraged gander and claws like a belligerent tomcat. It is walking along the top of a fence, balancing itself on one hind leg, and doubtless caterwauling at the top of its voice. It would not be so fresh about it if somebody fired a bootjack and up-ended it. It has creepers on its feet, which seem to be an improvement on the old style of "soldier-skates." Yet the animal is not a winged cat, but a hippogriff, or a griffin, or a griffin, or some such fabulous beast. It is just as well it does not exist now. Fancy a young man about town meeting one of them on his way home early in the morning. He would think he had them bad. The motto, "Probum non Poenitet," means that the reprobate does not repent.

No wonder the knights of old wore boiler-plate clothes when animals of that kind were prowling about the country. Let the world rejoice that the ferocious creature is a back number, and is not, like the crests of the butcher, the baker and candlestick maker, liable to be sprung upon society at any moment.

WANT TO INVESTIGATE.

HALF OF THE COMMON COUNCIL ON A COMMITTEE.

What the Aldermen Say They Intend to Do and what They May Do—Figures which Ought to Have a Deep Interest for the Citizens.

On the 3rd day of July, 1891, the common council considered a report under which, if adopted, there would be a reduction of \$10,000 in civic salaries. The result of the debate was that \$75 was taken from the salary of the assistant grand director of police affairs, Capt. Rawlings, while the other \$9,225 remained as before.

The suggestions of PROGRESS that more economy is desired in civic affairs have again aroused the aldermen to a action, and they have started to solve the problem. At a recent meeting of the council, Ald. Lewis offered a resolution that a committee of thirteen be appointed "to consider a possible way to reduce the rate of taxes on the people, and if possible to bring it down to one dollar a hundred, with reasonable time for consideration." The committee held its first meeting Tuesday, the mayor being chairman. The other members of the committee are Alds. Allen, Barnes, Baskin, Blizard, W. A. Chesley, Kelly, Lewis, McGoldrick, McLaughlan, Nickerson, Seaton, Shaw and White.

Three of these gentlemen represented the treasury board, while the remainder consisted of five each from the board of public works, and the board of public safety. Ald. Lewis, the father of the new scheme for retrenchment and reform, had a long resolution or series of resolutions, which he had not succeeded in getting on record in the council, but which he found useful for purpose of reference. They covered a great deal of ground and touched on a variety of subjects, including, of course, harbor improvements.

A small but interested audience during a portion of the proceeding consisted of two leading officials who stood in the lobby outside the committee room. The door was shut, but the transom was open.

There were several suggestions at the outset to effect the desired saving by a reduction of salaries. One proposition was to make a reduction of 20 per cent. on all salaries above \$1,000 and of 10 per cent. on all between \$1,000 and \$600. Another was to make the reduction of 10 per cent. on all above \$600. This was the plan of Ald. Lewis, endorsed by Alds. Baskin, Chesley and Nickerson, but the latter gentlemen was most vigorous in his disapproval of a suggestion that the aldermen themselves receive no pay.

The scheme to knock off 10 per cent. from the salaries of all the officials, regardless of whether they are now overpaid or underpaid was conceded to be admirable in its simplicity, but rather sweeping to be adopted without a further knowledge of the subject. After a good deal of talk the committee determined to investigate every department and find out what could be done. The committee will meet weekly, at night, which fact will reduce the committee to twelve, as Ald. Blizard declines to risk his health by venturing forth in the evening breeze. The chamberlain's and assessors' offices are the first in order.

It is also a part of the committee's plan to find what, if any, officials are superfluous. That was the duty of the committee of last year, but when the report was struck out until the whole report was knocked away like a row of nine-pins, the Rawlings section standing in solitary insignificance. There did not appear to be any superfluous officials, and every man seemed to be earning his salary. It was pretty well understood before the report came up that the sweeping changes proposed would defeat the whole motion. Every official felt as safe before the meeting as he did afterwards. The sectional feeling came to the front of course, and the "don't hit me and I won't hit you" had its usual telling effect.

To reduce the rate of assessment from \$1.47 to \$1.00 is a pretty heavy contract. To talk of effecting it by a reduction of salaries is utter nonsense. The assessment for 1891 was \$378,000, and of this warrants to the extent of \$121,000 were issued for the departments. Even if the latter could be wholly done away with, there would be \$257,000 to be raised, and the \$1 rate could not be reached. The salary list is about \$80,000, and only a portion of this can be touched by the council. Were it possible to make reduction of 20 per cent. on the whole of it, there would be a saving of no more than \$16,000, while 10 per cent. would mean only half of that sum. It must be quite plain to the committee that, while economy in the salaries is desirable, there are a good many other leaks to be stopped before the rate of assessment is reduced.

The following figures show the progress of the city debt since the union.

On Dec. 31, 1886, it was \$3,748,348; " " 1890, " 2,337,702; " " 1891, " 2,802,902.

There was a reduction of \$14,640 in 1890, by debentures paid and redeemed, but

SAY NO TO RODNEY SLIP.

THE COMMON COUNCIL WILL DECIDE THURSDAY

What is To Be Done—Give the Subsidy to the C. P. R. and Let It Do the Work—Reasons Against Rodney Wharf and in Favor of Sand Point.

At the special meeting of the city council next Thursday, called to consider the issue of bonds for harbor improvements, one of three things will probably be decided upon:

Either to place the improvements and elevator at Sand Point at an estimated expense of from \$100,000 to \$150,000, or to place them at Rodney slip at an estimated expense of from \$200,000 to \$300,000.

Or to give the city subsidy of \$2,500 a year to the Canadian Pacific railway and memorialize the dominion and provincial governments to do likewise, on the condition that they make the improvements.

PROGRESS has pointed out again and again that this city is in no condition at present to make a large expenditure in this direction. It is only the great necessity of harbor improvements that has brought about their consideration again, and the question that stares the representatives of the people in the face is how can the most suitable and best located improvements be obtained for the least money?

Of the better site there is no question. Sand Point is by all odds the site for any work that is to be done. In the comprehensive article published in PROGRESS a short time ago this was shown beyond a doubt. It is not necessary to go into detail again in that direction, but the facts may be recalled.

First, that the extension of Rodney wharf 300 feet into the harbor will so narrow the outlet of the river St. John that the current will be tremendous, and the merchants freights would be reduced just that much. The real burden of the bridge tolls comes on the St. John merchants after all, and local freight rates from the western and northern points of New Brunswick will always appear high so long as the cars cross a toll bridge.

Second, that it will be absolutely dangerous for any large ocean steamer to attempt to cross the harbor in the narrow channel proposed with such a current.

Third, that the channel from the East to the West side will be constantly filling up and necessitate continual dredging to keep it clear.

Fourth, that there is every probability that it will have to be excavated in a great part through rock and therefore be very expensive.

Fifth, that the Canada Pacific railway, without whose co-operation any improvements will be worthless, has no approach to Rodney wharf, and that if such are provided they will be a great expense to the city and even then of the most inadequate nature.

Sixth, that while the proposed wharf improvements will provide berths for four steamers, the warehouse accommodation will not be more than sufficient for one steamer.

Seventh, that there is no good chance to erect an elevator at this point.

Eighth, that the expenditure as calculated by competent contractors will be near \$300,000 than \$200,000.

These are but a few of many good reasons why Rodney wharf is no place for the proposed improvements.

WILL TAKE THE ORPHAN'S PART.

But Not in the Peculiar Way it was Taken by the Mortgagee.

There appeared to be a great decrease in the value of real estate on Winter street, when a house and lot were sold there not long ago. The property cost \$1,100 a few years ago, and it had been mortgaged for \$700. It was purchased by the mortgagee for the ridiculously small sum of \$500.

The former owner of the property died awhile ago, leaving a daughter, a young woman with no knowledge of the ways in which business should be done. She had nobody to advise her or to see that the sale by the mortgagee was carried out so as to leave anything for her, and so the man went about the business to suit himself. He advertised the sale in the *Weekly Telegraph*, which however valuable it may be for country circulation, is not commonly perused by the citizens of St. John. As a consequence, while the mortgagee knew the sale was to take place, the general public was ignorant of the fact. Hence he had no competition and secured a great bargain. The orphan girl left her home and went to live with a neighbor.

Since then the affair has preyed seriously on the girl's mind, so much so that the fear of her friends have been excited. Some of the neighbors, indignant at the matter in hand and retained a lawyer, with a view to having the sale set aside and substantial justice done. The outcome of the matter will be awaited with interest.

Lots of Work for Officer Stevens.

The news that the I. C. R. had decided to have only one policeman at the depot after March 7, caused some surprise here this week. The depot is not a place that can take care of itself, and even with two policemen some very active duty has to be performed. As trains arrive at and leave the depot at all times of the day and night, it is necessary for an officer to be on hand about 20 hours out of the 24. Officer Stevens will have to follow the example of a city officer, and take his bed to the depot.

The fire department account does not include the new engine house, and the street account does not pertain to the highway to Indian town. The latter has cost pretty nearly \$100,000 up to the present time.

It may be that the committee will recommend some changes in salaries, but nobody supposes the results will be proportionate to the ideas some of them entertain. Then the council must pass on the matter, and it will not be the present council, unless the people have such faith in the aldermen as to invite them to continue their work of reform for another year.

But even if the committee, formed so suspiciously late in the year, is not an election dodge, and even if the members are retained in office for another term, there is much beyond the salaries to call for their attention. Some salaries they cannot touch, and some they should not touch if they could. There are officials who get too little as well as some who get too much. In the meantime there is plenty for the committee to "investigate."

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END WHO SHOULD BE INDEPENDENT OF INFLUENCE IN THE MATTER AND TO ALL GOOD ALDERMEN WHO HAVE THE INTERESTS OF THE CITY AND ECONOMY MORE AT HEART THAN THE SUPPORT OF A SELECT Coterie OF SPIRITS WHO HAVE CONTROL OF THE PUBLIC WORKS DEPARTMENT AND SEEM TO IMAGINE THAT ALL POWER AND INFLUENCE ARE CENTERED WITHIN THEIR "RING."

What Mr. Timmerman Says.

PROGRESS called upon Mr. H. P. Timmerman as the manager of the Atlantic division of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and asked him which site, Sand Point or Rodney wharf, was in his opinion the more desirable for harbor improvements. He said that he had not looked into the plans of either site, but from what he knew of the two locations he would certainly pronounce in favor of Sand Point. Regarding it from both land and sea approaches it was without doubt superior to the Rodney wharf location.

Mr. Timmerman went further and said that from their experience of Sand Point, from the wharves they have already built there, it was certainly admirably adapted for such a purpose. The water was deep enough for any steamer close to the bank, and the bottom was hard and firm, in fact a natural foundation.

He spoke briefly of the conclusion of the council to boost the bridge matter, saying that he did not think all the advantages were understood. The idea of the Canadian Pacific Railway was to reach St. John as cheaply as possible. This was impossible at present owing to the Cantilever tariff. With a bridge across the harbor at an estimated cost of \$250,000 (the C. P. R. bearing the other half), the annual interest charge would be \$1,000—less than the ferry deficit. The bridge would permit the Canadian Pacific Railway to come into St. John without paying toll and the merchants freights would be reduced just that much. The real burden of the bridge tolls comes on the St. John merchants after all, and local freight rates from the western and northern points of New Brunswick will always appear high so long as the cars cross a toll bridge.

Mr. H. D. Troop Speaks.

Mr. H. D. Troop, as a large ship owner, was asked his opinion as to the two sites. He said he had not looked into the plans, but from what he knew of the Sand Point and Rodney wharf, he was in favor of the former, as a site for harbor improvements.

PROGRESS will be able to give more information on this subject again.

Peace But Not Reconciliation.

One of the city churches has lost three pewholding families since the first of the year. The trouble grew out of the demand of the clergyman that three boys of the three families should apologise to an official of the church association for alleged misconduct. The boys and their parents did not consider apologies in order, and it is understood some warm words were exchanged. One of the pews thus made vacant has been in the continuous possession of one family for half a century or so. The three families are not likely to go back, and the head of one of them, at least, has felt deeply aggrieved. Up to the date of his departure he had been an official of the Sunday school for nineteen years. As the matter now stands, there is peace but not reconciliation, nor any prospects of the latter.

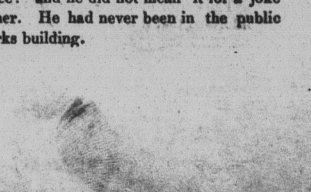
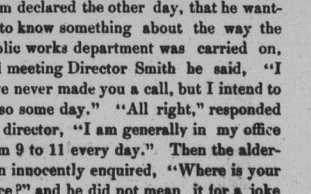
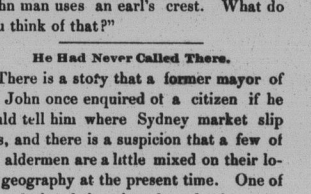
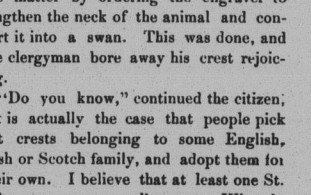
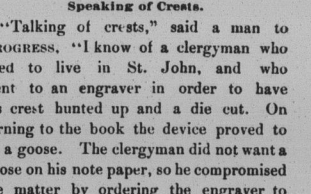
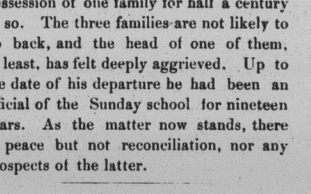
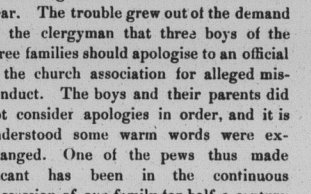
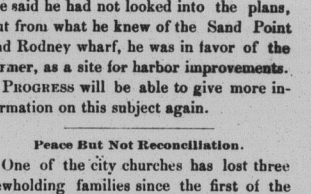
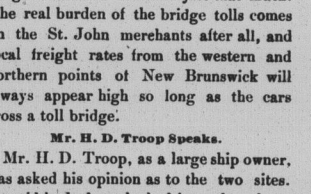
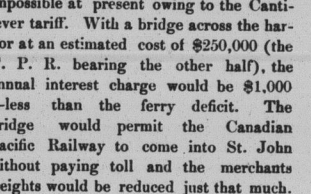
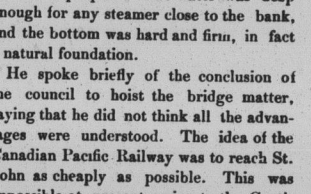
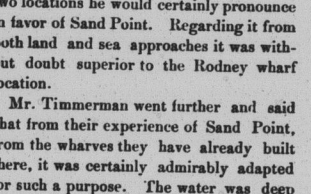
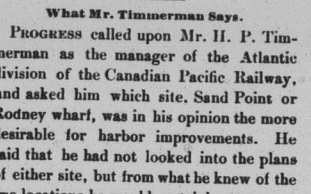
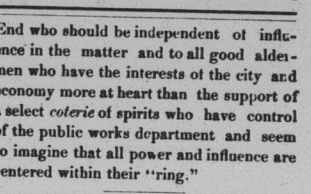
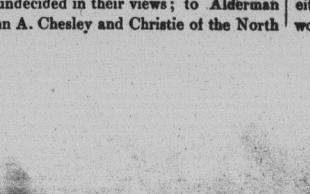
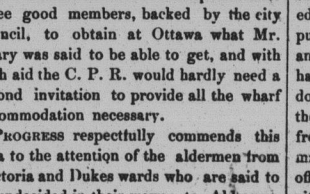
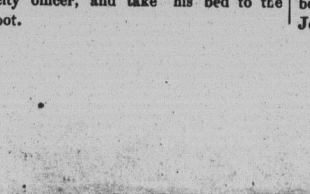
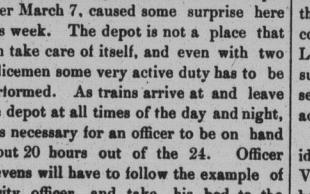
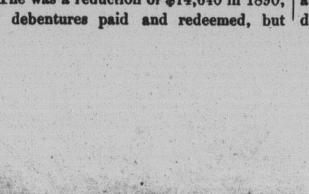
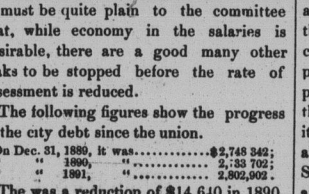
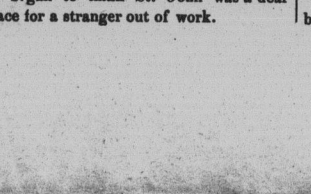
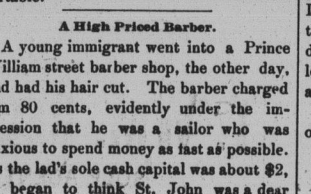
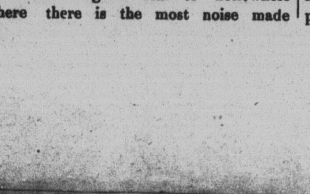
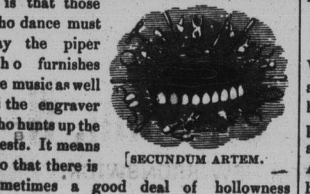
Speaking of Crests.

"Talking of crests," said a man to PROGRESS. "I know of a clergyman who used to live in St. John, and who went to an engraver in order to have his crest hunted up and a die cut. On turning to the book the device proved to be a goose. The clergyman did not want a goose on his note paper, so he compromised the matter by ordering the engraver to lengthen the neck of the animal and convert it into a swan. This was done, and the clergyman bore away his crest rejoicing."

"Do you know," continued the citizen, "it is actually the case that people pick out crests belonging to some English, Irish or Scotch family, and adopt them for their own. I believe that at least one St. John man uses an earl's crest. What do you think of that?"

He Had Never Called There.

There is a story that a former mayor of St. John once enquired of a citizen if he could tell him where Sydney market slip was, and there is a suspicion that a few of the aldermen are a little mixed on their local geography at the present time. One of them declared the other day, that he wanted to know something about the way the public works department was carried on, and meeting Director Smith he said, "I have never made you a call, but I intend to do so some day." "All right," responded the director, "I am generally in my office from 9 to 11 every day." Then the alderman innocently enquired, "Where is your office?" and he did not mean it for a joke either. He had never been in the public works building.



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M.B., M.R.C.S., Eng., Etc. ANALYST'S LABORATORY, 138 BATH STREET, LAGWAO, 30th, Sept. 1890.

sample of Messrs. MACKIE BLEND "of Whiskey, received... analysis of a sample... bottles of Messrs. MACKIE & WHISKY, and I find that it... entirely free from any color... except such as is naturally... atured in Sherry Casks. I am... several years old, and a superior

ARK, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S., Chemistry at the Royal Infirmary... Medicine, and Public Analyst for Glasgow, etc.

John, N. B. NEWBRUNSWICK.

MUSICAL THEATRICAL

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The concert given in the Trinity church school room last week attracted a large number of people, who were somewhat disappointed at the unavoidable change of several items on the programme; some of the performers being prevented from attending owing to severe colds and other similar complaints. The orchestral numbers were fairly good, though the time was somewhat at fault at times. Of the vocal solos that of Miss Olive was the best, and received much applause. Miss Clara Quintana sang "Pretty little maiden mine," by Mr. J. S. Ford. The rendering of Sullivan's "Lost Chord," by a boy was not a success; a song of that class should never be attempted except by a person who is especially strong, and is capable of feeling and expressing the sentiment implied by the composer. During the absence of Mr. James S. Ford, the organist at the Stone church will be Miss Wilson. This young lady is a good organist, and will doubtless enjoy this opportunity of playing on so fine an instrument as the Stone church organ.

The Amateur musical club has decided to give another performance in the city soon after Easter. It is to consist of a chorus, with the usual choruses and jokes; a miscellaneous selection of solo, vocal and instrumental, concluding with a burlesque on Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury." The accompaniments will all be orchestral, and the whole will be under the musical direction of Mr. Custance.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Boston Press Club benefit has been and gone and captured the entire outfit, including the roof of the bakery. What a day they did have to be sure. Never in the history of benefit performances in this town has such a programme been offered to a deserving and appreciative public. The day was fine to begin with, and when at 12:30 on the afternoon of Thursday, Feb. 18, as ever was, the leader of the orchestra swung his baton and started the performance, he sat with his back to an audience of over 4,000 people and such an audience, an enthusiastic, representative one and also one that wanted to see the whole show, for the people who went away during the five hours that the curtain was up so few that they were not missed. The programme was unique, and but that a certain member of the fourth estate with no fear of a hereafter incontinently swept mine away you should have had a copy, but perhaps I may be able to follow a good example and steal one for you later. The show, well the show was immense. First there was an act from the County Fair, which as everybody knows is careering along in its successful highway at the Park Theatre, there we had the divine Lillian Russell, looking as lovely as only Lillian can look and singing as only Lillian can sing, she by the way is playing in La Ciole at the Globe and is here for four weeks, it is needless to remark that the nightly sign is S. R. O. Sweet winsome Julia Marlowe and her company appeared in a little one act piece called *Rogues and Vagabonds*, a pretty little thing, the scene of which is laid at the time of Shakespeare. Speaking of Julia Marlowe, she has completed a three weeks season at the Hollis street theatre, and has won all hearts, those of the critics included, by the way in which she has rendered some of the Shakespeare's women; Beatrice, Juliet, Viola, Imogen, have all been played by her, and all played more than passing well. When this clever little lady has the experience of a few more years she will take the place of the lampetted Adelaide Neilson in Shakespearean women; well to return, then we had an act from the *Le Paradis* by the company from the Columbia Theatre, and by the way this play is on its eighth week at this pretty house with no sign of the houses being any smaller, it will only run two weeks longer however, and will be followed by the *Junior Partner* and *Gloriana*, two recent New York successes, in both of which plays E. J. Henley will appear; following the Columbians came pretty Mary Hampton in a recitation charmingly given, then we had the specialty members of the *Hoss and Hoss* company, who came from New Haven for the occasion, and we had the entire Museum company in the second act of the *Schoolmistress* in which Miriam O'Leary shines to great advantage; then there were a lot of specialists and we had Cyrene, the dancing star, tall, lithe, and beautiful of figure, with a face and style peculiarly her own, a dancer who has captivated Boston, who can give the famed Carmelita points and beat her, and whose high-kicking wants to be seen to be appreciated. All in all the Press Club show was a great one, and best of all it put money in the treasury to quite a satisfactory amount.

I have not much space left to discuss anything else in. At the Tremont, Marie Wainwright is playing Amy Robart to crowded house. The play is magnificently set and costumed, and some of the scenes are far ahead of what is looked upon as good even in this day. Queen Elizabeth's entry into the grounds of Kenelworth compares favorably I woen, with that of the real queen when she honored my lord of Leicester with her company. The company supporting Miss Wainwright is very good, and the piece goes smoothly and satisfactorily.

The Hollis street this week has been given up to farce-comedy, and Jimmie Powers in the *Straight Tip* makes his audiences laugh merrily.

The Bowdoin Square, Boston's newest and prettiest theatre, opened auspiciously on the 15th, and this week George Monroe has pleased lots of people with *Aunt Bridget's Baby*.

The old Museum has been giving us a Dickens course in the shape of a dramatization of *The Holly Tree Inn and Dombey and Son*. In the former two clever children, Wallie Ellinger and Violet McNeil appear, and in the latter George Wilson as Captain Cuttle is very funny.

The Boston has a new melodrama on called *The Trumpet Call* which is billed as "a melodrama without a villain, a military play without a gun," rather paradoxical I confess, but true. The play draws well, is splendidly mounted and there are some clever people in the cast.

PROSCENIUM.

ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at T. O'Brien's store].

Feb. 24.—A. H. Gillmor, M. P. and Mrs. Gillmor left last Friday for St. Martin, where they will make a short visit with their son, Dr. Gillmor, before leaving for Ottawa.

Mrs. Jas. Grierson was suddenly called to Calais, Me., last week by the severe illness of her mother. Rev. B. H. Hughes made a brief visit here this week, he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Young.

Mrs. Jas. McLean of La Tete, who has been here visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. A. Parks, for the past three weeks, has returned home.

I hear a rumor of an interesting event to take place shortly, in which a young lady recently returned from the West and one of our prominent merchants will be the principals.

Mrs. Wenzmore of St. John, is here visiting her sister Mrs. Hugh Lodge.

Miss Jessie McLean of Le Tete, has been visiting her sister Mrs. Jas. McCormack for a few days with the delight of her many friends.

The many friends of Rev. H. E. S. Mader will be pleased to learn that he has recovered from a severe attack of influenza and is able to attend to his duties again.

Mr. Geo. F. Hibbard, M. P. P., will leave next week for the colonial city.

Mr. Seymour McLean is in town today.

Mr. M. Parks and Mr. Frye drove over to St. Andrew today.

Miss Misera McLeod is at present visiting friends in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Russell of Chicago, arrived here last week. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Russell.

Mr. A. G. Beckwith of Fredericton, was here this week on business.

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL.

THE GREAT Canadian Emporium

FOR DRY GOODS, CARPETS, CURTAINS, FURNITURE, CHINA AND GLASSWARE, BOOKS AND STATIONERY, READY-MADE CLOTHING, LADIES' BOOTS AND SHOES, SILVERWARE and KITCHEN UTENSILS.

ORDERS TAKEN FOR "CRESCENT BRAND" CEMENT.

N. B.—We invite correspondence, and give prompt and careful attention to mail orders.

HENRY MORGAN & Co., COLONIAL HOUSE, MONTREAL.



Madame Dean's Spinal Supporting Corsets for Ladies and Misses.

These Corsets are specially constructed with two curved springs so as to fit exactly on and support the shoulder blades, and another spring to support the spine, both made of the very finest and best tempered clock spring, thus creating a complete support for the spine, sure to prevent or cure backache, spinal irritation, round shoulders, stooping habits, weakness, nervous or general debility. They supply a covering for the open space at the back, and they protect the spine from cold, and also give a smoothness of fit to the back of the dress, making them a valuable and necessary correct for general wear. They are highly recommended by the medical profession. For sale only by

GRAND MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

ROSSINI'S BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 29th.

THE CITY CORNET BAND WILL HOLD AN ENTERTAINMENT IN THE

Opera House,

ON THE ABOVE DATE, TO CELEBRATE THE EVENT.

Assisted by a number of well known amateurs they will produce the very pleasing Three Act Drama

"The Irish Patriot."

Abounding in Pathos and Humor. In addition to the drama the Band will perform some of the choicest selections of the famous Rossini, including "Barber of Seville."

Admission 25 cents; Reserved Seats, 35 cents.

Plan at A. C. Smith & Co.'s.

LOOK AT THIS

And say what you think of it. A general design of all kinds of the choicest Flowers and best workmanship done up at shortest notice. Designs solicited for all kinds of Orders and Societies a specialty. Cut Flowers and Plants for table decorations always on hand. You cannot do better than to say in the city. CARRISBATH'S FLOWER STORE 181 Union St., (next door to Padlock's Drug Store).

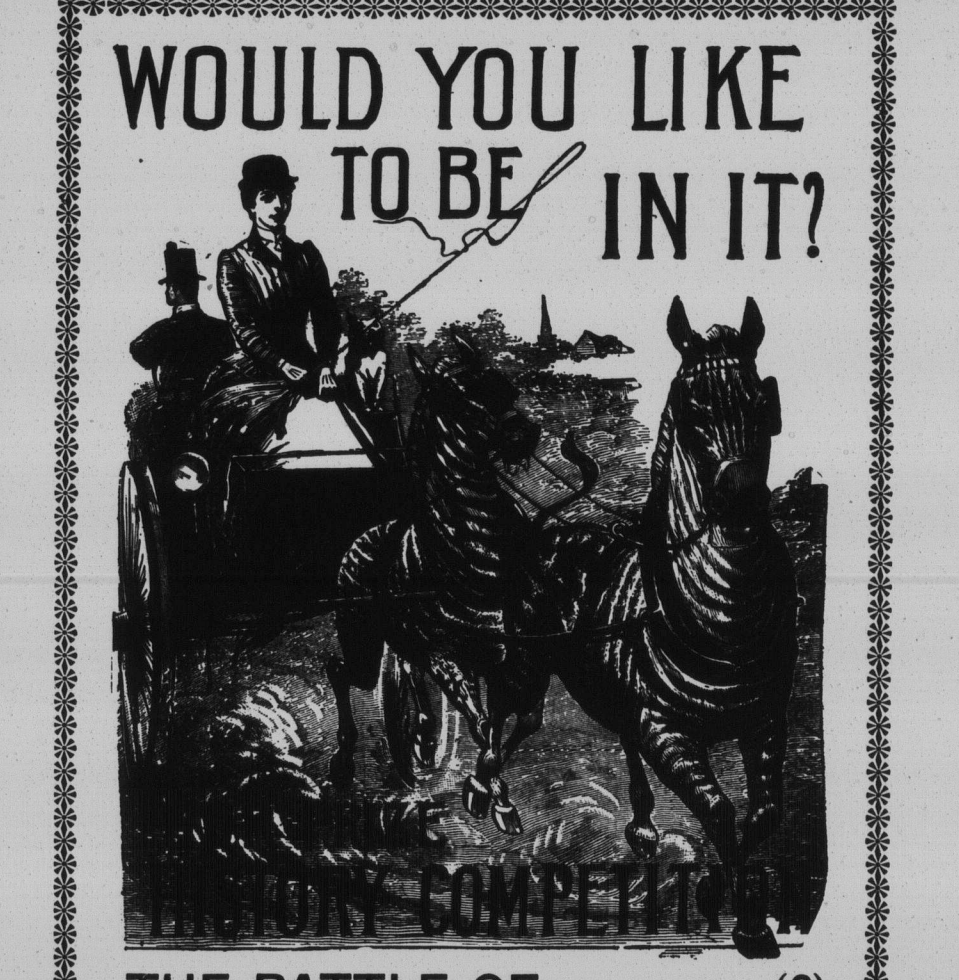
Kensington Art Squares. LACE CURTAINS. CARPET SWEEPERS.

I am now showing a very extensive variety in all the various makes and styles.

Are out of season, but I have on hand a large stock, and will allow 20 per cent. discount on all Curtains purchased this month.

THE PRICES ARE VERY LOW.

HAROLD GILBERT'S CARPET AND FURNITURE WAREHOUSES, 45 KING STREET.



THE BATTLE OF... (?)

One of the most remarkable and terrible ever fought. The army of the general whose previous successes had terrified Europe was posted along the ascent with Hougoumont, and the general himself had taken up his stand in a farm house called the "Belle Alliance." The opposing forces were extended over an elevation in the Charleroi Road about two miles from the little village in Belgium which gave its name to the battle. Each commander was thus able to command a view of the whole field. The first general with better equipped and better drilled troops and unable to see the reserve force of the other was over confident. The second commander, supported by the brave old Prussian marshal, divided his troops into two lines and awaited the beginning of the battle. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock on Sunday the 18th of June, 1815, that the actual engagement began. The action opened with a brisk cannonade on the house and wood of Hougoumont which were held by the troops of Nassau. The contest continued here all day with terrible fury, but without being able to expel the... who, although the building had been set on fire, maintained their post amid the flames. Frightful slaughter and great loss ensued. Terrific and resolute attacks were made by the... cavalry on the... centre, and at six in the evening the allied army had lost ten thousand men. Their opponents had suffered still more severely losing fifteen thousand soldiers. Then the great general on seeing the... sweep the old grounds before them exclaimed:

"All is lost for the present," and rode from the field. The battle was over.

QUESTIONS.—1st. Name the battle referred to in above description. 2nd. What two nations were principally interested? 3rd. Give names of two principal commanders. 4th. Did defeated commander ever regain his position? 5th. Where did he die?

Toronto, February 2nd, 1892.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY to ship for them two of the "Heintzman & Co's. Upright Pianos, Style D.," valued at \$350.00 each, to the two successful contestants in their Prize History Competition, and have received their order for the same. (Signed) HEINTZMAN & CO.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at \$350.00, will be given for the FIRST correct answers to the above questions and a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the next TEN correct answers received.

All correct answers are numbered and entered on our books as received.

\$100.00 in Cash will be given for the correct answers to the above questions which is the MIDDLE one received during the Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received next FOLLOWING the middle one. DUPLICATE prizes will be given for the ten correct answers received next FOLLOWING the middle one.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at \$350.00, will be given for the LAST correct answers received before the close of this Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received PRECEDING the last one.

Over \$100 Given Away each Day in Special Prizes.

And the names of winners announced each day in the leading daily newspapers of Canada.

A solid gold watch will be given each day during this competition for the first correct answers received and opened at the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY office upon that day. A handsome rich glass Berry Bowl mounted on an elegant silver stand of the best quadruple plate valued \$75.00 will be given to EACH province and state daily for the first correct answers received and opened upon that day.

EXPLANATION.—As the Publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY do not consider it advisable that the names of the winners of either of the prizes should be announced until the close of this contest, no daily prize will be awarded for the first correct answers received on THE FIRST DAY; The sender of such necessarily being the winner of the first prize.

In awarding the daily prizes the second correct answers received from the province or state, which have carried off the solid gold watch for that day will be awarded the Berry Bowl mounted on a silver stand, this to prevent the first received from that province or state from securing both the watch and berry bowl on that day.

AWARD OF PRIZES.—A committee consisting of a representative from each of the six Toronto daily newspapers will be invited to act in the award of the prizes at the close of this competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid for proof of any unfairness or partiality in the award of the prizes.

CONDITIONS.—Answers must be accompanied by one dollar for six months TRIAL subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY which will be sent to any address in Canada or United States that constant desire, decision will be based on the correctness of the answers rather than on the language used in answering. Answers may be mailed any time before May 15th, 1892, as the prizes are equitably divided over entire time competition is open, persons can enter at any time with an equal opportunity of securing one of the leading prizes. No corrections can be made after answers are mailed unless another six months trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY is enclosed with corrections. The LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY is an established and financially responsible publishing concern who offer the above prizes purely as a legitimate manner of attracting attention to their elegant sixteen page illustrated weekly. The purpose is to introduce it (on trial) into every possible home in Canada and the United States. It is intended to make each prize winner a permanent advertisement for the merits of the Weekly. Each daily prize winner is expected to secure from amongst their circle of friends at least two new six months trial subscriptions and it is expected that every winner of a leading prize will renew their trial subscription for an entire year. By this plan we shall introduce the Weekly into at least ten thousand new homes, it is simply a business plan of increasing our circulation. If you have never seen the Ladies Weekly send three two cent stamps for sample copy. There is no other like it in Canada. Address.

LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY,

Building 192 King St. West, TORONTO, CAN.

Out this announcement out it may not appear again.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

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was united in marriage to Mr. W. L. Thompson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. Shore. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are residing at Mrs. Noble's house, Watson street.

Mr. W. E. Scully is able to attend to his duties in the Shore Line railway again. Mr. M. F. Mooney has been confined to his home with the grippe the past week.

St. John—North. Mrs. S. Bailey of Douglas avenue, has been ill for some time. Miss B. Seely of Mount Pleasant, spent a few days at Norton last week.

Miss Tapley of Douglas avenue, entertained the members of the DeForest-Peters assembly on Friday evening. The members met last week at the home of Miss Fleming, Gorman street.

The Peboan club meet this evening at the home of Miss Aggie Carleton, Paradise Row. A large party drove out last week to the Loch Lomond house where the young folks danced till morning. Mr. Rogers by his kind hospitality gained the esteem of all, having done everything in his power to make his guests comfortable.

Miss McKinley will entertain a number of her friends at her home on Saturday evening. The party will be given at the home of her sister, Mrs. McDonald, Douglas avenue.

The sleighing party arranged by Miss Bradley last Thursday evening, was very successful. The party drove out to the Ben Lomond house, where a pleasant evening was spent. The chaperons did most towards making the evening agreeable to all. It was 6 a. m. when the party arrived home.

Mrs. J. Rubin, who has been ill for some time with the grippe, has entirely recovered. PEANETS. Mrs. Sancton Belyea, of Greenwich, who has been visiting friends here, has returned home.

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The Celebrated Stanley Cloth Skinner's Carpet Waterrooms. SPRING, 1892!

COLORED CASHMERES. BLACK CASHMERES. SATEENS. PRINTS. IN THE LATEST COLORS AND DESIGNS. VERY HANDSOME. 97 KING ST.

We have just received a portion of our Spring orders in the above Goods, and have placed them on our counters for the inspection of the Ladies, whom we respectfully invite to call. Our prices are very low, and will give buyers every satisfaction.

W. TREMAINE GARD, Practical Jeweler, Optician and Goldsmith. No. 81 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. (UNDER VICTORIA HOTEL). Importer and Manufacturer of FINE GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, Jewelry, Solid Silver Goods, Reliable Spectacles, Eye-Glasses and Clocks.

But it Gets there Just the Same! MURRO'S CONCENTRATED LICORICE COUGH ELIXIR. Is only 25 Cents per Bottle, but is really worth a dollar. For sale by WHITE, COLWELL & CO., 30 to 36 Union St., St. John.

ENGRAVING. STORES, ADVERTISEMENTS. "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

St. John—North. Mrs. S. Bailey of Douglas avenue, has been ill for some time. Miss B. Seely of Mount Pleasant, spent a few days at Norton last week.

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ROMAN

A FLIRT WEDDING. A Story of Love and Marriage.

"What a familiar, I am before," arose from him in a moment. "I should say he was a familiar, I am before," arose from him in a moment.

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RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B. NO. 17.

As a poet Mr. Howe contributed to different Magazines, and also put to Press a volume of between three and four hundred pages. As a metrical writer he stood high in the opinion of capable judges—while his Poems and Songs and Lyrics are highly felicitous in expression and poetical grandeur. Besides this volume, from which I quote what follows, he has left behind him in manuscript, a number of fugitive pieces highly creditable to the genius of the writer, and may some day find their way into print. The first selection I make is addressed—To THE QUEEN—and was presented to Her Majesty by Lady Laura Phipps, at Windsor, at the request of the ladies of Hants County, who were greatly interested in the Poem when it appeared among private friends.

"Queen of the Thousand Isles," whose fragile form, Midst the proud sceptre of our Father-land, Grace the throne, that each subsiding storm That shakes the earth, seems as yet shall stand, Thy gentle voice, of mild yet regal command, In heard in every clime, on every wave, Thy dazzling sceptre, like a fairy wand, Strikes off the shackles from the struggling slave, And gathers, 'neath its rule, the great, the wise, the brave.

But yet 'midst all the treasures that surround Thy Royal Isle, one bliss is still denied,— To know the true hearts at thy name that sound, Which seem from thy presence to divide, Whose voices never cease the boisterous tale Of hourly homage that adores thy side; But yet who cherishes, with a Briton's pride And breathe to infant lips, from year to year, The name thy leading virtues taught thee to revere.

How little deem'st thou of the scenes remote, In which one word, all other words above, Of earthly homage seems to rally round, On every breeze, and sound through every grove— A spell to cheer, in anxious hours of care, To old age throw off the weight of years, To cherish thoughts of loyalty and love, And gain round the heart those hopes and fears Which, in our Western Homes, Victoria's name endears.

'Tis not that, on our soil, the measured tread Of armed legions speaks its warning way, 'Tis not the hove levitans that spread Their flag above our heads, and bid us pray; That bids the soul a forced obedience pay!— No! At our altars surely freemen pray— The deopot's tribute from the trembling thrall— No! That blesses on Victoria's head may fall, And happy household groups each pleasing trait Recall.

And gladly, with our Country's choicest flowers, Thy son and heir Acadia's maidens greet, Who shared thy roof, and devoted to honor ours, For moments rapturous, but alas! how fleet! And if in future times the thoughtless street To him of humble scenes beyond the sea, When turning home his mother's smiles to meet, And mingle with the high hopes and the fears, We'll long remember him who best reflected thee!

The next poem is addressed to the Hon. Mrs. Norton, whom Mr. Howe met at Lady Palmerston's Soiree in London, her ladyship being the wife of the then Prime Minister. Hon. Mrs. Norton was a granddaughter of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan and aunt of our late Governor-General, Earl Dufferin—now Marquis. At this time the lady's fame as a poetess extended to both hemispheres—she ranked as such with Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, "L. E. L.," and other bright female stars of the period. Several of her gems I have beside me—most beautiful pieces of composition, but not required to be copied here. Her husband was the Hon. Fletcher Norton, the son of a Viscount whose name I have forgotten from whom she separated, as he was not one of the best of husbands. I remember his brother well in Halifax, as son-in-law and aide-de-camp to Sir Colin Campbell, Lieut. Governor. He was a fine-looking, tall young man of ruddy complexion, and was what the ladies I suppose, would call—handsome—an adjective out of place, as it has always appeared to me, when applied to the stronger sex. At all events, this Captain Norton would be noticed in ten thousand for his good looks. When on duty, in the dead of the winter he took a severe cold, which soon settled into congestion, and his death followed in a few days afterwards. He was buried from Government House with military honors. These matters, however, are only by the way.

A few days after his return from the Soiree, Mr. Howe sat down and indited the following lines, addressed to

Hon. Mrs. Norton. Lady, how eagerly I tread the maze Of rank and beauty, 'till thy noble form Stands full before me—"till I get lost in gaze, In joy and thankfulness, to find the storm That shook the trait protestant, spared the tree; To realize my dream of time and thee— To find the eye still bright, the cheek still warm, The regal outlines swelling, soft and free, And lit by luminous thoughts, as I would have them be.

Unconscious thou, how far beyond the wave, The lowest murmur of thy softest strain In early life articulate music gave To thousands, who, when agony and pain Shook every tremulous string, yet sigh'd again, That ever sorrow should the notes prolong, Unconscious thou, that 'neath the light and vain, The stranger turns him from the glittering throne, In Men's stores to hoard the graceful Child of Song.

How oft, in weariness, we turn away From what we've sought, from picture, fan, or stream; But well dost thou the ling'ring glance repay With full fruition of the fondlest dream; The light that o'er the billows used to beam, Looked in a stately tower, the minister's smile Is sweeter than her Song—the playful theme Of early genius, even to verities; Than art the matron charms that Soul and Sense beguile.

The Maple, in our Woods, the frost doth crown With more resplendent beauty than the snow, And thus, in spite of all my doubts and fears, I joy to see thy ripened branches glow 'Neath arrows' gentle touch that more endears; To feel thy strains will all the sweeter flow From that deep wound that did not lay thee low.

Mr. Howe and Re-Organization of the Empire. In 1842 Mr. Howe addressed a series of letters to the Colonial Secretary (Lord John Russell) upon the re-organization of the Empire—a sort of Imperial Federation of the present day—but then things were altogether different at that time. Then the Reformers were struggling for Responsible Government and saw no chance of getting it, unless through process of a gigantic operation which would enable

Colonists to hold seats in the Imperial Parliament, and not to be kept continually beneath the hatchets by a small, narrow exclusive circle in Halifax. It was to break these bonds asunder that the Imperial Government was asked to open the doors of Parliament to Colonial talents. Again there was that time a Trade Zollverein between England and her Colonies—the great days of protection, when her colonies were all but obliged to consume British manufactures. The system was then something like what the Imperial Federationists are asking for today, and that the whirling of time shall be made to revolve backward—in other words, that in consideration of her Colonies England shall re-imposition of the duties ancillary to her free trade days—and that foreign articles entering our markets shall be considerably weighted—in a word, asking that the old boot shall be revamped and placed on the other leg this time. Ay, and there are combinations simple enough to believe, or are trying hard to make themselves believe, that the Bright and Cobden school of politicians are all dead and buried, and because Lord Salisbury is at the head of affairs John Bull is going down on all fours in order that the protectionists, or fair traders, as they now call themselves, may walk over his body. However, what I wished to convey is that persons should not run away with the notion, that because Mr. Howe wrote in favor of the re-organization of the Empire fifty years ago, at a time when the circumstances were altogether different to what they are now, he would if alive today entertain similar opinions.

Howe and Dickens. After the elections in 1847, Mr. Howe was chosen Speaker of the House. At this time the Great Novelist Charles Dickens, arrived in Halifax on board a Cunard Steamer on his way to the United States. Now both these gentlemen had formed an intimacy in London when Howe was on a visit there a few years before. As soon as Dickens landed Mr. Howe took him in charge and introduced him to honorable members, and had a chair placed beside that of the Speaker's for "the distinguished visitor." Now Dickens at this time was the lion of the English speaking world—for his works were just fresh from his pen, and the sayings of the elder Pickwick and Sam Weller, were in everybody's mouth. Dickens afterwards dined with Howe, and they kept well together during the remainder of the former's stay on shore. On his return to England Dickens described the occasion, and likened the Legislative Chamber in Halifax to that of London, by bringing the former into view looking through the big end of a telescope.

The next article will be devoted to the Canadian Rebellion of 1837—a brief account of that remarkable event—in which will appear the portraits of Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, the instigator—Sir Francis Bond Head, the arbitrator—and Lord Selkirk, the pacificator. This article, in the judgment of the Editor of PROGRESS, will prove to be the most interesting of any that have yet appeared.

A Crowd in China. At any spot a Chinese crowd is interesting, and we sat for half an hour or so watching the people streaming past us through the narrow streets. There is, it is said, no nation in the world whose features give more appearance of composure and want of expression than the celestial Chinaman. To guess of what he may be thinking or whether his thoughts are happy or otherwise, or even if he is thinking at all, I believe to be an impossibility—as these "Look at those two big boats coming alone;" or "Here come two old ducks"—the boats and ducks referring to the lady in question's natural-sized feet. The subject is a nasty one, and so covered, as a rule, in a state of nature, and so covered, as a rule, are their crumpled ankles with sores that the removal of the bandages with which the contraction is maintained is a most unpleasant process. The difficulty and discomfort of the victim, in getting about and the hideous waddling gait small feet necessitate ought one would think, from common sense, to abolish the custom, but the Chinaman wishes to abolish nothing except the European and European influence, and this he finds difficult.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Skatin'. I chased the maid with rapid feet, Where ice and sunbeam quiver; But at my word, my stily feet, She flashed far down the river. Sometimes, blown backward in the chase, I felt across my glowing face The waft of perfumed tresses. Sometimes a glance she shot behind, O'er graceful shoulders turning, A cheek whose tints the eager wind Had led like morning dawns from ocean. Then, in a sudden onward glide, She rushed with even motion, At a long wave the ripples rise, Drives shoreward from ocean. And with an eagle winged creature sped Far down the abiding river, Until the shining form that fled I dreamed might fly forever.—Boston Journal.

THE HIGH EXECUTIONER.

The Gallotine in Paris and the Man Who Operates It. M. Joubler, the public executioner of Paris, is perhaps better known than his successor may ever be. He is a character conspicuous before the whole French nation, and though of a rather retiring nature himself does not forget that he embodies famous traditions. His attire and manner show that he feels that he has a position to keep up. Closely buttoned up in his suit of somber black, with a stovepipe hat on his head, he is a man of few words and goes about his duties like one who feels he has a responsibility on his shoulders, but intends to carry out the affairs intrusted to him without mishap of any kind.

In September next he will have accomplished thirty-four years' labor in the service of the state, during the last four of which he has occupied the proud position of head executioner. Two hundred and eight persons have been launched by him into eternity, including many notorious criminals. His execution of that thorough-paced rascal, ruffian, assassin, and murderer, the poor fellow, who for the second time, shortly before the pair of youthful murderers were awakened and informed that their hour of doom had arrived. Each in his respective condemned cell was sleeping soundly, and within sixty minutes of the time they were awakened their bodies were laid in their graves.

The hideous scenes around the guillotine have too frequently been described to need more than passing mention here. Any sensational criminal who is to be executed will attract a crowd numbered by thousands to witness his death. These spectators, mostly of the lowest class in Paris, come to enjoy themselves, and they hold ghastly revels in the broad square and its approaches. Men and women, boys and girls, thieves, broken down cottages, the haunts of low wine shops of every description, all gather together and form a mob which, as the old saying has it, simply "beggars description."

On the one side of the square stands the forbidding looking building known as the "Petite Roquette," from whose portals the criminals are shortly to be hurled by the way is the other prison, or rather penitentiary, called the "Petite Roquette," an edifice scarcely more inviting in its aspect, which is used for the reception of juvenile criminals and incorrigible offenders of every description. But it is now mostly produced by distillation. For this purpose the flowers of the cabbage rose are gathered before sunrise, as after that they lose half their fragrance, and distilled the same day. The petals are placed in an alembic with water and boiled, the steam being carried to a refrigerator. The otto floats on the condensed steam and is then collected. On an average 4,000 pounds of leaves produce one pound of oil. A more recent process is to steam the petals, and the condensed steam produces the same result; but it is alleged that this method makes a finer oil.

THINGS OF VALUE. We never knew a person who was not saturated with some fool notion. "Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters" is highly recommended for Indigestion, Headaches, Biliousness, etc. Gettin' elected one can't a shore sign to havin' the dose repeated. The best remedy for Summer Complaints is Fellows' Speedy Relief. Speedy in results as well as in name. Farmers ain't got no bizness tryin' to raise crops in the polittic field. Soup! Kerr Soup! Kerr Evaporated Soup! Kerr Evaporated Soup Vegetables is the proper material to concoct a substantial dish of soup from.

The difference between a partyman and a patriot gets the government jobs.—Judge Waxen. There is comfort for the man with a prematurely gray beard in Buckingham's Eye, because it never fails to color an even brown or black as may be desired. The Prohibition party used so much water it gets a washout two or three times a year.

We have found your Wilmot Spa Water of great service to me in rheumatism and kidney derangements." Wilmot, April, 1889. ROBERT MORTON. Adversity is a test by which we show either how much or how little we think of each other. Royal Belfast Ginger Ale, Wilmot Spa Lemonade, Wilmot Spa Club Soda and Wilmot Spa Water are all filled from the celebrated Spa Springs at Wilmot which have effected so many cures in disease.

The average man does as he pleases and then grows because other men expect the same privilege. If you are troubled with hawking and spitting, dull headaches, losing sense of taste or smell, you are afflicted with catarrh, and to prevent its developing into consumption, Nasal Balm should be used promptly. There is no case of catarrh which it will cure, and for cold in the head it gives immediate relief. Try it. All dealers. "If you want to please the people," said an old editor to a new man, "never speak well of amateurs."

K. D. C. Co., DEAR SIR:—I have been troubled with dyspepsia and bilious attacks for some time and have tried many things for relief. Five doses of your K. D. C. have done more for me than all other medicines I have tried. My mother has been a sufferer for twenty years. I procured for her some of your K. D. C. and after taking only a small quantity she enjoys better health than she has had for many years. She has faith in it, and so have I. Yours sincerely, F. A. DYKEMAN. Commercial Traveller, St. John.

Things are not Always what they Seem. A waterproof overcoat may be made of Worsted, Whipcord, Melton, Venetian, or any other fabric commonly used for such garments, and no one is able to discover the fact that it is waterproof until a shower comes up, when the wearer can unconsciously delay the elements. This is a Risky coat. It seems an ordinary stylish-made overcoat, possessing no special virtue not held in common by other overcoats, but such is not the case, it is not only a thing of beauty, but a joy forever.

MAKING PERFUMERY.

The Process Employed at the Great French Perfumery Centre. The chief production of genuine perfumery is in the part of France bordering upon the Gulf of Lyons and the Mediterranean Sea, where it is an important branch of agricultural industry.

The town of Grasse is the great centre where, with only about 12,000 inhabitants, there are over seventy factories, giving employment to more than 6,000 persons in field and factory. Many manufacturers grow their own flowers and plants, others buy them daily in the market, and still others are supplied by contract, making a fixed price for a term of years for the total product of a farm. The average price stated in American currency and weight at Grasse is as follows: Rose leaves, 4 to 5 cents a pound; jessamine leaves, 20 to 25; orange flower leaves, 25; acacia buds, 30 to 40; tuberose leaves, 50; violet, 40 to 60. These are the principal garden flowers used in Grasse. A great breadth of land is devoted to lavender, rosemary, thyme, sweet marjoram, cherry, laurel, sage, balm and other medicinal and culinary plants, which are sold at much lower rates than the products of the flowers above mentioned.

For distillation the plant of saturated fibrous material is introduced to a still, water poured upon it, and heat being applied, the oil is volatilized, by the aid of the watery vapor, at a temperature of 212 degrees. When the singled vapors of the oil and water are condensed into the liquid state by the refrigerator of the still the oil separates and is easily collected. The volatile oil of some plants, such as bergamot, lemon, orange, citron, etc., where the oil exists in the skin or rind, is best obtained by expression. For this purpose hydrostatic pressure or its equivalent is necessary.

The original otto, or attar of roses, the queen of perfumes and highest type of fragrance, which was chiefly obtained from the foot of the Balkin mountains, was produced by collecting the drops of oil which floated on the surface of vessels filled with rose water, in the following manner: The petals are placed in a wooden vessel with pure water and exposed for several days to the heat of the sun. The oily products are disengaged by the heat float on the surface and are taken up by fine cotton lint. From this lint the oil is pressed into small bottles and hermetically sealed. But it is now mostly produced by distillation. For this purpose the flowers of the cabbage rose are gathered before sunrise, as after that they lose half their fragrance, and distilled the same day. The petals are placed in an alembic with water and boiled, the steam being carried to a refrigerator. The otto floats on the condensed steam and is then collected. On an average 4,000 pounds of leaves produce one pound of oil. A more recent process is to steam the petals, and the condensed steam produces the same result; but it is alleged that this method makes a finer oil.

THE GERMAN ELECTRIC BELT AGENCY. Comparing our prices with other ELECTRIC BELTS. THE GERMAN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES WILL CURE FEMALE COMPLAINTS, RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK, KIDNEY DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, LUMBAGO, &c. We claim that our Belt is far superior to any other Electric Appliance Manufactured.

SURPRISE

SOAP

Makes white goods whiter, Colored goods brighter, Flannels softer.

To Our Patrons!

We take pleasure in announcing to you that we have opened, in connection with our Laundry Business, a Dyeing and Cleaning Department, and have secured the services of an expert English Dyer, who has had an experience of a great many years in LONDON and PARIS; all work will be done at Lowest Possible Prices.

Table with two columns: CLEANING and DYEING. Lists various items like Coats, Vests, Pants, etc. with prices.

All orders entrusted to us will be promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Ungar's Steam Laundry and Dye Works, 28 to 34 WATERLOO STREET, 62 & 64 GRANVILLE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Advertisement for German Electric Belt Agency. Includes text: 'ARE THEY ELECTRIC?' and 'Canadian Branch German Electric Belt Agency, Parkdale, Ont.'

Advertisement for Model Grand Ranges! and all kinds of Kitchen Furnishings from COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street. Includes text: 'Now Is the time to have your Furniture Repaired and Re-upholstered. We are selling Lounges Cheaper than ever—good ones from \$5.00 upwards.'

EVERETT & MILLER, - 13 WATERLOO ST.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including fragments of other articles and advertisements.

FAIR OF FACE AND FORM.

THE PRETTY WOMEN WATER CARRIERS OF PALMA.

The History One of Hardship and Persecution—Palma's Homes and People, Grand and Costly Ornamentations—A Great City of the Mediterranean.

The three principal islands of the Balearic group are, in size and importance respectively, Majorca, Minorca and Ibiza. The first is but 60 miles from east to west and 50 miles from north to south. Cabrera and other lesser islets belong to the group but these are trifling in size, almost uninhabited and of little general interest. The population of the islands now exceeds 300,000 souls. Majorca is by far the most beautiful of all the islands, and as one at once falls in love with her capital city, Palma, and all her sunny-heated folk, few who first land in Palma's sunlit bay will care to seek adventure here beyond Majorca's glowing shores.

One of my first enthrallments there was by the water-carriers of Palma. They are not so naive as those of the Azores, so bold as those of Italian cities, so voluptuous as those of Lisbon, nor so languorous-eyed and poetic as those of Granada and Seville. But I could not help thinking that here an artist would find hundreds of perfect models for a Rachel at the Well. Tall, lithe, slender but shapely maidens are these, and their dress, carriage, features and ways constantly increase my admiration and interest. Had they been simply animal in their saucy beauty, one study of one group at one fountain would have answered even a sentimental traveler.

But for days I found myself, against all apparent reason, drawn to this fountain and that, and making all manner of mental excuse for my own judgment regarding me with an accusation of impropriety. As I might to study all other lovely, become interested in the majestic cathedral, or essay tramps into the interior, back I came to the fountain to contemplate these fair maidens and endeavor to unravel the strange spell they had cast upon me. In the first place, I never saw but one woman whose unrivalled art gave her the perfect carriage these women unconsciously own as nature's heritage. That woman was Sara Bernhardt. Added to this was a conscious dignity and a not coyish but superb and stately modesty which lent positive radiance to every movement, gesture or look.

Their attire added a rare charm to all else. Their tiny feet were encased in dainty slippers. A skirt of loosely woven dark stuff fell in close and graceful folds about their long and shapely limbs. Over this lay a short napkin-like apron, spotlessly white. A dark bodice low at the neck displayed exquisite shoulders and breast, and its sleeves stopping at the elbow, where an edging of white was seen, showed the lower half of beautifully moulded arms. The head is bare, covered by a wealth of hair coiled low and heavily in the neck, giving in the sunlight the blue black lustre of the grape. The forehead is strangely wide for the Latin type; and the eyebrows, which almost meet, have the low wide arch. The eyes are large, luminous, melting, sad; and never were seen eyelashes of no other length and blackness on any other woman. The nose is finely chiseled and the nostrils are thin and have a perceptible tremor. An oval chin, dazzling teeth, a mouth that suggests the hot blood of the south, chastened by endless repression, with lips of crimson, complete a face of Madonna like depth and feeling. This face looks out of a filmy white kerchief drawn close beneath the chin, with points fastened with a rose or trifle of jewelry to the hair at either side of the head; while its longest point covers the neck and breast to the girdled waist below.

In processions of a dozen to a score wending their way to and from, or when loitering beside, the fountains, they form groupings against the quaint old walls beneath the lonely palms, fit for Takema's master hand. Their burdens are never carried upon their heads. The bottom of the empty or filled ever rests upon the right hip, the handle against the carrier's breast, and her bare white arm is flung carelessly around the vessel just below its mouth.

All inquiries regarding these beautiful water carriers of Palma brought from the native population a shrug of the shoulder with a contemptuous smile and the sneering words, "La Chuetta!"

"That meant 'a little long-eared owl.' I could not understand why these radiant maidens could have so offensive a name. I followed some of them about the city and then to their homes. It brought me to a strange quarter where a strange people with kindly yet sad and smileless faces wrought in all labor with that patience and diligence which characterize but one race of men. This was in the 'Chuetta' quarter of Palma, and this is the story of the folk that live within it.

"Death to the Jews!" was the brutal cry of all good Christians in southern Europe towards the end of the fourteenth century. In Palma they were persecuted with relentless fury, beaten with crosses of wood the had been compelled to kiss, and their houses looted and sacked. During Passion Week of 1455 they were so desperately baited that some Jews attached to a slave whom they named "Jesus," to a cross and mocked him in secret revenge. Four of the Jews concerned in the affair were condemned to be burned to death. Their sentences were then commuted to death by hanging on condition of becoming Christians. As the fury of the Christians seemed to promise the murder of all the Jews in Palma, not only did the four condemned men embrace Christianity but within two days' time more than two hundred were baptized, and eventually the entire Jewish population followed their example. The descendants of these are the folk of the Chuetta quarter. They profess Christianity, though living wholly apart from the Majorcans of Palma. Many are rich; some are artisans such as silversmiths, weavers of embroideries and the like; and some are honest, cleanly and industrious. But their bearded, solemn men and these faces by the fountains, betray, if but faintly, the memory of those olden tragedies which can never be effaced from their inner lives and hearts.

In Palma and throughout the fair Balearic isles studies of the deepest interest are among the people themselves; and then among the lowliness of these. The city has few great lions for sightseers who are already familiar with the southern cities of Europe. If one has friends, or can secure them, it is true that there are no more beautiful and exquisite examples of the Moorish-Spanish interiors than can be found in Palma's homes. Indeed I have never seen in art, as representative of the patio or court of the Italian, Spanish or Moslem home, anything equaling the beauty of these open courts. The stonework, while never on so grand a scale, rivals the delicacy of texture, and richness of ornamentation anything to be found within the walls of the Alhambra.

The scenery of the bay, though not so noble as that of Naples, is far more winsome and enchanting. Then there is the ancient fortress, the Castle of Bellver, rising from one of the heights of the city, clinging shore. It is 600 years old, and its dungeons, patio and Gothic arched gateway are among the most interesting of medieval architecture in Europe. Palma's cathedral, one of the most majestic in the Latin countries, was built more than seven hundred years ago. While the Lonja, built as an Exchange, in ratification of a convention between the Balearic islands and the republic of Pisa, with its massive roof supported by but four slender fluted shafts, its floor of polished black marble, and its wonderfully carved open-work gables, is as unique and impressive a structure as any traveler can discover among the storied haunts of the two peninsular continents.

In pretty and comfortable diligences, upon the backs of mules or donkeys, or better still upon your own stout legs, the remotest portions of the island are reached, over roads that will rival England's, and scarcely more than a single day's journey. If you are simply a sightseer there is much to do and see within the little sea-girt spot.

The alquerias, or country mansions near Albano, and at Bunola and Esporlas, with their splendid avenues, gardens and rich vestiges of Moorish architectural remains, are far more interesting than similar establishments I have at any time come upon in Spain. The wonderful roadway from Palma to Soller, is grander than any roadway in Italy, and half the distance winds along treacherous mountainside masonry of tremendous thickness and height. Over near the eastern shore is Menorca, the second largest city of the island. A little distance to the northeast is Arta, and here entered by a natural archway 140 feet high are doubtless the most wonderful grottoes of the world; and at Alcudia is one of the most famous fisheries of the Mediterranean.

A visit to Valdemusa and its once famous monastery is worth a special trip to the island. With its magnificent surroundings as those of Valombrosa in Italy, a mountain chasm is bridged by the ancient pile in an extraordinary and picturesque way as it seem at a distance like a gray old clouded nest that has for ages defied decay and the battling of the serial tempests there. But the gray of real decay is upon all things at Valdemusa; in the gray old church and endless cells and cloisters; in the gray old houses that nestle along the mountain side beneath it; and in the gray old folk that haunt the spot like wraiths of those who were there. An indescribable sadness hangs about this splendid Majorcan relic of monkish times and days. The rich of Palma come here in summer and live a gay mock conventional life. George Sand half a century ago passed the most dolorous winter of her life within these walls. With her was Chopin. Perhaps in these very cloisters was born the wild and inexpressible melancholy of the melodic creations of the master's later life. To me Valdemusa will remain more a memory of those two strange sad souls than merely a crumbling, deserted and majestic monastic relic upon the island mountains.

But best of all in Majorca you will love the peasant folk of the island and the story setting in which you will everywhere find them. The three classes in Majorcan provincial life are the titled landholders, the farmers who rent their land from the nobility, and the common peasant laborers who toil in the fields, forests and vineyards. The houses of the nobility are very fine and beautiful, and a large number of servants are retained. Many of the middle class farmers each control from 500 to 2,000 acres of land. Such as these possess farmsteads spread over acres of ground, all surrounded by vine-covered walls, and all possessing first the quaint court into which all the living rooms of the family enter, and behind this the greater court, from which all the out-buildings and granaries are reached. Many of these structures which formerly housed the country aristocracy, contain private chapels, or rather chapels into which a latticed gallery extends from the upper gallery of the court.

In my trappings about the island I secured entrance to many peasant and farmer's homes. From this I found that all methods of agriculture and homelike labor were of the most primitive sort, and that there were no idle folk in Majorca. Outdoor labor of some kind is continuous the year round. All the women spin, knit or weave, and I have never entered a peasant's cabin where mothers and daughters were not in some such manner employed. Hospitality is charming, naive and wholehearted. The plate of figs, basin of almonds or basket of oranges are ever ready for the friend or stranger's coming.

Somewhat grows upon one the winning notion that you have known all these lowly folk before. Surely they are an idle people in an idle land. Want is unknown; crime is unheard of. There are no politics in Majorca, and but one religion. All this in time may change. But as I know it, and you can know it, now, little Majorca, fastened in matchless beauty beneath a smiling sun, is the one land of plenty and content.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

His Crazy-Bone. The man that struck his crazy-bone, And hopped like a frog on one foot, His elbow straight before him—then Flashed white as lightning, and then And clutched his eyes and hopped again.

He spoke no word—he made no moan— He muttered no invective—but Just gripped his eyes and hopped about, And as the world whizzed past him then, He only knew his crazy-bone. Was stricken—so he hopped again. James Whitcomb Riley.

THE FIGHT OF A QUIET MAN.

His Name Was Unimportant, and so it Remains Unknown.

Near the Dells of the Wisconsin river stands this old house, once famous among the river men as a place of revelry, a harbor for fugitives from the pioneer justice of the time, and a place where physical prowess was the one safeguard of purse or peace. A good many stories cling to the spot, and any good guide can tell of battles that chill the blood of the summer tourist. For in the days when the Dell house was at its best great rafts of logs went down the river in charge of gangs of men who drank and swore, and fought like all the pirates in Algiers.

Once upon a time—so the guide will tell you—Bill Endsen came down with a raft of pine from the upper woods, and, before pushing through the narrow gorge now called "The Dells," he tied up at the Dell house and told his men they might stay over night. Among the crew was one Flintstone, a bully who had beaten half the men in the party, and only waited a proper opportunity before tackling the old Bill Endsen himself; and, although old Bill had for years been called the best man on the river, he was afraid of the savage rafterman who fought so like a tiger and whose passion was never staled until his victim was unconscious. Bill had decided if ever trouble did arise he would kill Flintstone with an axe rather than meet him hand to hand.

Sitting in one corner of the Dell house, when the noisy crew came laughing and swearing in at the door, sat a short, square man with a rather large bundle on the floor beside him. He paid no attention to the men, and at first they allowed him to be unnoticed. But as liquor stirred their blood they grew more boisterous and invited him to join them. He declined, and again they gave him some moments of peace. After a while the wildest rafter in the party came over to the corner and asked the quiet man what he had in his bundle. He declined to answer, simply saying it was his own and that he was taking it down to Madison. The rafter was angry, and he annoyed himself by standing across the room and tossing empty whiskey bottles at the motionless bundle.

"You stop that!" yelled old Bill Endsen. "The man is not bothering us and we won't bother him."

"But we will," said Flintstone, who had not yet seen so good an opportunity to quarrel with his rival. "Words could but lead to blows with these men. They were unarmed and there was no chance for postponement. They stepped outside on the level, grassy plat of ground and engaged in a battle which is still remembered by the pioneers. They rolled over the ground; they sent in heavy blows that kicked, wrestled, bit and gouged, till old Bill was utterly beaten, and lay defenceless against the brutal blows that fell upon him.

Flintstone desisted at last, and the other river men took the victim to the river and washed his wounds.

Then Flintstone went into the house and approached the quiet man, who alone had not followed the fighters and watched them.

"Now what you got in that bundle?" he demanded.

"No matter what I've got," replied the short man; "it's none of your business."

"Then you get up and fight."

"Well, you take an hour to rest up and I will fight you," responded the quiet man; and there was that in his eyes which promised he would keep his word.

He took an hour to rest up, and then he came to the cellar, lock the door inside, and throw the key out through the bars.

After that, God have mercy on the weaker man.

Flintstone was wild with delight. Here was a chance for two good fights in one day. He took a drink to his own good luck, and then stretched out on the floor and waited.

When the hour was up the quiet man cast one long look at his still motionless bundle, stripped to his shirt, and led the way to the cellar. The basement was walled with rocks. The door was heavy and strong. The windows were barred with iron. The floor was earth.

They looked the door, tossed the key out through the grating, and a moment later the crowding river men outside knew the fight had begun. They could see little through the bars. They pressed their faces against the windows, climbing upon each other for a vantage point, till the only air passage was a crack, and the men inside fought in poisoned atmosphere.

They were there scarcely twenty minutes. Then the man who had been quiet came to the window and calmly asked for the key. He unlocked the door, and the way to the cellar. There, in the middle of the floor, lay Flintstone, bound hand and foot, gagged almost beyond the point of breathing, and stripped naked. The tough clothing which had covered him now held him in a disheveled prisoner. When he had been freed the men asked him if he wanted to try it again.

"No," said he. "That man held me with one hand. He knocked me down whenever he wanted to. I couldn't touch him. And if I tried to clinch he downed me and fell on me. My ribs are broken. My heart hurts."

The quiet man still sat in his corner.

busy thoroughfare stop and uncover as it passes.

First is the coffin covered by a red velvet pall and carried by six frat, then a dozen couples of them, their eyes gleaming in the circle of white around them, out of the blackness of their mask-hoods. They carry their broad-brimmed hats in their hands; strange and weird they look, even more so perhaps because the ordinary life of the city is flowing on around them, than as one imagines them going about their errands of pity in the silence of a plague-stricken land. The last of the brethren has already crossed the Via de Carretani, where, advancing from the shadow of the baptistry, come three more black figures. The middle one bears aloft a crucifix of gold gleaming on high, a long red pennon hanging limp beneath; his companions on either side bear torches, whose flame throws a glare over the shrouded forms behind. The brethren pass, and some priests in full canonicals, touched with a gleam of scarlet, bring up the rear. Another moment and the Brothers of Pity with their still burdened have disappeared, and the stream of life and business rushes on.

February. Baby made a Valentine. Nestle's Food.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher PROGRESS, St. John, N. B.

"ASTRA" I do hope, girls, care of yourself, when no one knows the time of the tell, means sure when we shall not "be general said," "the morning," "made so many funerals, conflicting direct things all two separate lines above ground all not feel very many years after making people account." "You have no doubt of your second did of me. S literary women selves, almost in three times; but suppose, and I will the doubt be the first." "I see just where the flesh at the time but meanwhile he an not uneasy at What I really was that I hoped of yourselves, an less of wraps about's up in in wishes, and give your feet, I belie cases of illness. my dear girls, t overshoes; and a wear the senseless now to flap like ankles, be sure you come in, and talk for a few your things off, colds are caught other. So bewa Now Guess.— the best idea, but the pretty little. It was the only ceived for a long value it very high name body I thought her that name Christmas cards, also, packages of chocolates. LUCILLE, NOV Lucille, that I sh you soon? and th Geoffrey re "broken up," as I don't believe I though, my dear, much. What a I write to; you I am glad you ar your drive so m sleigh driving, are not clever. I that a very mod the expression di I is exactly my to imagine myself the address I had one by which I had so much illne I have had less t could not look up forget. Thank which she was returning with yo letters are always PRETTY LIPS— tery me, but I thought I really h in the hearts of th women," why you in your expressio make me as vain rowed the gorgeo and tried to fancy those "pretty lips speech. (1) To the writing pads, paper, in the co will cost you fit it is a very favor being easily han of the paper only as possible, pu attention, at tences carefully; the neat appear feel quite convinc risen to eminen session long ago i better hand. Le inch at the left h and wish a h the pages careful together at the u using paper faste any other rule, b I have a very exce did not, I know too much of my glad to give the my power. Dido—No, I n or rather the sign asked about, in fa have any meanin I have a very exce I am glad you en most of the pri never! NEVER one unparadise not think I quite editor always i in confidence, an permission. (2) are quite corr the type of bea much, but sti admiration for fa know, but I do n pay you as all w well as musician invar of each other.

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"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

(Correspondent seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Progress, St. John.)

I do hope, girls, that you are all taking care of yourselves in these exciting days, when no one knows who will be the next victim of the fell la grippe; and we are by no means sure when we go to bed at night that we shall not "wake up," as the Southern general said, "and find ourselves dead in the morning." Geoffrey says that I have made so many different arrangements for my own funeral, and given him so many conflicting directions that he knows he will get things all mixed up, and either give me two separate funerals or else leave me above ground altogether. "Not that I do not feel very certain, Astra, of your living many years after I am could in my grave," he always adds, with a man's love of making people feel unhappy on his account. "You will marry again, I have no doubt, and think far more of your second husband than you ever did of me. Statistics show that your 'lucky women' as you will call yourselves, almost invariably marry two, or three times; but some one must suffer I suppose, and I will have to be contented with the doubtful satisfaction of having been the first." I must say that I fail to see just where the satisfaction will come in for Geoff. unless he expects to be the fish at the time of my second marriage; but meanwhile he is very well indeed, so I am not uneasy about him.

What I really wanted to say though, was that I hoped you would all take care of yourselves, and if you would only think less of wrapping yourselves in fashions and shouglers up in fur till your ears are invisible, and give a little more attention to your feet, I believe there would be fewer cases of illness. Wear thicker stockings, my dear girls, thicker boots, and warm overboots; and above all, as long as you wear the senselessly long skirts in fashion now to flap like wet sails around your ankles, be sure to change them as soon as you come in, and don't sit down to rest, and talk for a few minutes before you "take your things off," as most of us do. More colds are caught in that way than in any other. So beware, girls!

Now Guess.—I really couldn't, I have not the least idea, but thank you all the same for the pretty little valentine you kindly sent me. It was the only one I received, or have received for a long time, and I assure you I value it very highly! I wonder if the sender's name could possibly be Bessie? Somebody I thought of getting dreadfully "broken up," as the boys say, on you. I don't believe I will be jealous of you though, my dear, because I like you too much. What a love of a girl you are to write to; you understand so quickly. I am glad you are better and have enjoyed your drive so much, and that you are not fond of sleigh driving. I do not believe that you are not clever. I think you are. I think that a very moderate weight indeed; so the expression did apply to you after all. It is exactly my own weight, too, and I like to imagine myself quite smart. The address I mean is really the only one by which I could reach you. We have had so much illness in our house lately that I have had less time than usual, and so, could not look up the paper, but I will not forget. Thank you for your nice letter, which shows that your old brightness is returning with you, and that your health and letters are always a pleasure to me.

PRETTY LIPS.—I am afraid you are flattering me, but I should be delighted if I thought I really had now a place for myself in the hearts of the girls. "Star among women," why you are absolutely oriental in your expressions my child, and you will make me as vain as the poor days who borrowed the gorgeous plumes of the peacock and tried to fancy them her own. Verily those "pretty lips" have cunning tricks of speech. (1) To begin with, every one of the writing pads containing 100 sheets of paper, in size about nine by five inches; it will cost you fifteen or twenty cents, and it is a very favorite size with publishers, being easily handled. Write on one side of the paper only and as clearly and legibly as possible, pay attention to your uncutness, and divide your sentences carefully; so much depends upon the neat appearance of MS. In fact I feel quite convinced that I should have risen to eminence in my chosen profession long ago if I had only "written a better hand. Leave a margin of half an inch at the left hand side of the page, and another at the top; number the pages carefully and fasten them together at the upper left hand corner, using paper fasteners; then fold it. Violate any other rule, break any other commandment of the printing office, but never! never! NEVER! roll MS.; it is the one unpardonable sin with editors. I do not think I quite understand you, but an editor always keeps a contributor's name in confidence, and never uses it without permission. (2) For evening wear they are quite correct. (3) Yes, I admire the type of beauty you speak of, very much, but still I have a great admiration for fair men. (4) I do not know, but I do not think you would find it pay you at all well; I tried once myself and I did not. I know. You did not take up too much of my time at all, I am always glad to give the girls any information in my power.

DIDO.—No, I never found the meaning, or rather the significance of the stories you asked about. In fact I don't believe they have any meaning or I would remember it. I have an excellent memory for such things. I am glad you enjoy our "talks" so much. (1) Under the circumstances you mention, it would be perfectly correct, and indeed rather strange, you near the precious relic. A Genoese antiquarian has written a book to demonstrate that this vase is one of the gifts made to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba.

fond of the lovely, though inexpensive turquoise, and I cannot see any beauty in diamonds, if anyone gave me a bushel of them. I would sell them all. Pearls are beautiful, but are supposed to bring sorrow to their owners, and I am superstitious enough to believe it; opals are lovely, too. (4) Black is a very trying color, and I prefer light evening dresses, though black skillfully combined with a color, is very stylish. (5) No; I have never been to Yarmouth. I will give you message both to Geoffrey and the pup, who is rapidly growing into a dog.

ALFONETTA, North America.—I am afraid you have grown tired of waiting for your answer, but as long as I have so little space at my command, the letters will accumulate. If I ever drift "out into the Golden West" I will make a point of looking you up and I hope you will be glad to see me. (1) The surname of Burns celebrated Highland Mary, was Campbell. (2) Which "Maid of Kent" do you mean? If it is "The Fair Maid of Kent" she was Joanna, daughter of Edmund Earl of Kent, called the "Fair Maid," on account of her great beauty. I regret to say that she was married three times, but I suppose she could not help herself; the men would propose, and she was too kind-hearted to refuse. She was first the wife of William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, from whom she was divorced. She then married Sir Thomas Holland, and after his death Edward the Black Prince, her second cousin. She was the mother of his son, Richard the Second, in whose reign she died. The other "Maid of Kent," the "Holy Maid," was popularly believed to possess miraculous powers, and to be an instrument of divine inspiration. She was beheaded at Tyburn in the reign of Henry VIII. for high treason, because she predicted a speedy and violent death to that much-married royal assassin, if he divorced Queen Catherine and married Anne Boleyn. Her name was Elizabeth Barton. You must take your choice as to which was the Maid of Kent. (3) Ammon was one of the titles given to the one only original Jupiter, king of Olympia; but, my dear girl, to ask me who his son is like casually inquiring how many stars there are in the heavens. Mercury, god of eloquence and thieving, was one. Apis was another. Castor and Pollox, the "Great Twin Brethren," were two more; and I think there were about fifty others. So, you see, I do not know which one you mean. (4) I cannot tell you who Alaric Cotton was. There are four Cottons celebrated in the history of Boston, but I really cannot remember anything about them. Perhaps some correspondent can give us the requisite information, as they are always so kind in helping us out when we get into a corner. (5) I do not quite understand your question. England was sometimes called "The Middle Kingdom" in old times, when Ireland and Scotland were still kingdoms, but you may have referred to something different. Perhaps you meant it in a spiritual sense. You did not tire me at all, and I hope your answers will please you.

ANNIE AND JOE, St. John.—You are going to Annie and Joe. I believe you are poking fun at me! If it were not that I have so little space at my command, I should have published your letter in full, but after all perhaps it is just as well I did not, as it would scarcely be a good example to other young people. When two young lovers have reached the mature ages respectively, of nineteen and twenty-one, and also such a state of devotion to each other that they "don't give a cat's curse"—whatever form of profanity that may be—for their parents opinion and have decided that "if they don't like it they can lump it," why, of course, they quite old and experienced enough to get married, and the sooner the better, since it would be a thousand times to spoil two houses with them, and the chances are, that before the first year of wedded life has passed they will be swearing at each other as cordially as the cats do, and wishing they could go back to their once despised parents. I think "Annie" parents had better give way at once and thankfully accept so witty, courteous, and respectful a son-in-law. I should not think so extreme a measure as an elopement would be necessary if I had the honor of being a parent of either of you. I should give you my parting blessing with the greatest alacrity, and speed you on your way with all the old shoes in the house. I am glad to hear that you don't either drink, smoke or chew; even negative virtues are something to be thankful for, but perhaps if you did smoke, and had our lips closed over a pipe stem occasionally, you would have less opportunity of making flippant jokes at your future father-in-law's expense. Seven hundred dollars is quite enough to begin upon, I think, as long as you love each other so devotedly, and you should be able to indulge in a moderate amount of luxuries too, that is if "Annie" is anything of a housekeeper. Of course as long as you have loved each other for so long, three whole years, there cannot be the least doubt that such devotion will last throughout all your lives, through storm and sunshine, sickness and health, poverty and riches, and finally land you comfortably in the one grave. Good-bye, Joe! I comfort you, and may you be happy in the present, and more so in the future. I really don't know that you could have a better wish from your friend.

A Wonderful Vase. In the Cathedral of Genoa is preserved, and has been for 600 years, a vase of immense value. It is cut from a single emerald. Its principal diameter is 12 1/2 inches, and its height 5 1/2 inches. It is kept under several locks, the keys of which are in different hands, and it is rarely exhibited in public, and only by order of the senate. When exhibited it is suspended around the neck of a priest by a cord, and no one is allowed to touch it but him. A decree passed in 1476 forbids anyone going too near the precious relic. A Genoese antiquarian has written a book to demonstrate that this vase is one of the gifts made to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba.

REASONABLE RECIPES.

Specialty Prepared from Practical Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress."

REASONABLE FOOD. FISH—Haddock, cod, chicken, halibut, smelts, herring, lobsters, oysters, clams.

MEATS—Beef, mutton, veal, kidney, ham, bacon, liver, tripe, sausages, pork, turkeys, fowls, rabbits.

VEGETABLES—Potatoes, artichokes, beets, cabbage, turnips, squash, onions, parsnips.

FRUIT—Oranges, figs, bananas.

"A lover of eggs," who inquired about fried eggs some time ago may be interested in the following which I have just noticed in one of Whitehead's works for the first time. He says: "Fried eggs are best known and most commonly ordered, and still cannot bear to see the raw surface of 'straight-up' eggs are not likely to be omitted unless they learn to order their eggs 'half turned over' which means doubled over in half moon shape as soon as the under surface is cooked enough to 'flip.'"

"What is the meaning of Maitre D'Hotel" asks a correspondent. It means "Master of the house," or "House steward." Any dish styled a la Maitre D'Hotel means that it is served with a Maitre D'Hotel sauce or butter. It is nothing but soft butter stirred up with chopped parsley and lemon juice. It is mostly used for broiled fish and meats, put on cold, but for maitre d'hotel potatoes the sauce is thrown into a saucepan with a little water, slightly thickened with flour and poured over new potatoes, or old boiled potatoes quartered and hashed with milk. It is pronounced matre do-tel, not "matre de hotel," as we sometimes hear it. I presume the sauce takes its name from the universal custom of French cooks to regard the dress of dressing all broiled meats and fish in this way.

"Chicken" Halibut, Baked. The halibut grows to an enormous size, but the smaller ones are the best eating. The very small ones are called "chickens," I suppose because they are so tender and delicious. Boiling is the least satisfactory mode of cooking halibut. It is much better baked, broiled, or made into a pie. The "chickens" are now in the market, and this is the way to bake them: Wash the fish and put it into a well buttered baking dish, dredge some flour over it, and season rather highly with salt, pepper and powdered mace, but very little of the latter. Put four or five good-sized lumps of butter on the fish and bake in a moderate oven until nicely browned, which will be in about an hour. Thicken the gravy which runs from the fish with flour and butter, and serve with the halibut. Shrimp or anchovy sauce may be sent to table with it.

Anchovy Sauce. Make a butter sauce as given in last week's receipts, and stir into it two or three teaspoonfuls of anchovy essence.

A Chat About Oysters. "An oyster, sir, is one of the elements of social existence, a delicacy of no age, sex, or condition, but patent to the universal family of men. Good in a scallop, better in a stew, best of all in the shell. Good at luncheon, dinner or supper; good to entertain a friend; good to eat by yourself; good when you are hungry; good, moreover, when you are not." There are many varieties of oysters, but our own Island "Malpeques" are, perhaps, equal to any in the world.

Eating of Oysters. An authority says, "as to such heresies as pepper and vinegar, let them be upon it. These charming mollusks should always be taken unmitigated, without losing the delicacy of their flavor, by a mixture with any condiment whatever, except their native juice." They should be opened in the deep shell in order to retain the liquor, which is the oyster what the milk is to the cocoon.

How to Open Oysters. Hold the Mollusk firmly with a cloth in the left hand, with the rounded part down, and the hinge towards the wrist. Insert the point of the oyster knife carefully just before the edge of upper shell, give a quick decided pressure until the point is felt to glide along the inner surface of the under shell. Force it sharply to the hinge, give a smart wrench rather towards the right hand, and off comes the shell. Separate the oyster from its attachment, and let it fall into the under shell, floating in its juice, lift it quickly to the lips, and eat it before the delicate aroma has been dissipated into the atmosphere. The method employed by most of the "smart" openers in restaurants is just the reverse, for they open them on the flat shell which makes them look more plump and fat, but all the liquid is lost—except when they are selling them by the quart, then they contrive to save every drop of liquor in order to help fill the measure, and you cannot very well "kick," but oysters bought by the quart are generally used for frying, scallops, &c., and you have no use for the liquor. That, perhaps, is the reason you get it. Such is life!

An Easy Way to Open Oysters. No knife is required. Wash the shells in cold water with a brush. Place them deep shell down on the hot clear fire. In a little while a hissing sound is heard, and the shells begin to open. There is no rule for ascertaining the precise point at which the cooking is completed, for every one has his own taste and must learn by experience. A little practice soon makes perfect. Take them off the fire with a pair of tongs and eat them hot. No one who has eaten oysters dressed in this primitive mode has the least idea of the piquant flavor of which they are capable. Stewed in their own juice, the action of fire only brings out the full flavor, and as the juice is consumed as well as the oyster there is no waste, and no dissipation of the indescribable but potent aroma. The same result is attained by baking in the oven, but the broil is perhaps the sweetest way.

Oysters Fried Without Eggs. Mixed rolled bread crusts or cracker dust

LADIES' FINE EVENING SLIPPERS!

For Latest New York Styles our assortment consists of

- Ladies' Red Morocco Duchess Tie Slippers. Ladies' Grey Suade Theo Tie Slippers. Ladies' Grey Suade Adonis Bkle. Slippers. Ladies' Black Kid Windsor Tie Slippers. Ladies' Black Kid Beatrice Slippers. Ladies' Black Kid low cut Opera Slippers.

We also have a few Pairs of SATIN SLIPPERS that we are closing out at \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

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and flour together, about half and half, but the former rather the larger.

Have some milk in a shallow dish. Dip the oysters out of their own liquor into the mixed meal and flour, out of that into the milk, then into the mixture again. If there is time let them lie a while before frying. Handle carefully so as not to rub the coating off, as it will not adhere a second time.

If a frying basket is not used, have enough lard very hot in a deep pan to quite cover the oysters. Drop in a few at a time, fry 3 or 4 minutes, take out with a skimmer, drain on paper or a cloth to free them from grease. If the lard is deep and hissing hot, they come out crisp and dry, yet full of the juice of the oyster. If simmered in lard that is only half deep enough, the breading peels off like so much greasy pudding. If too many are put into the pan at once, the temperature of the fat will be reduced and the oysters will be greasy and indigestible.

Millinery that will be Popular when the Snow Disappears.

The wisecracker who confidently prophesied an approximation to coal-scuttle bonnets and rooney crowned hats in the spring and summer millinery models are much out of their reckoning. Wide of brim many of the hats are, but such a thing as a crown large enough to fit the head is scarcely to be found, while the majority of the bonnets, toques, and turbans before they are trimmed suggest dolls' headgear rather than anything else. Frills, pleatings, puffs, &c., of velvet, lace, or silk projecting from the brim, and which are much used, of course add to the size and serve oftentimes to transform a meagre, insignificant shape into a graceful, becoming one.

As soon as the wholesale importers, the assortment of shapes is larger than usual, but the season is hardly far enough advanced to declare which will be the favorite. It was learned, however, that as to hats straight brims will be worn more than ever, both with a low crown and in plaited style, slightly elongated and turned up at the back. Where the brim is curved the tendency is upward rather than the reverse. For instance, the popular shape of last season, drooping at the sides and with a slight elevation in the centre of the front, is superseded by a droop or straight in front and upward curves on the side.

"The Guardsman," with a decided roll upward on either side of generous dimensions and with a comparatively large flat crown, is cited as one of the most stylish and becoming of this year's hats.

The sailor is worn again, the shap somewhat disguised with a loose puff or velvet or other material falling over part of the crown and the brim. Other than a low crown is not to be seen, but the disposal of the trimming pyramidal effect, with the base of the pyramid located in the centre of the forehead rather than the hat. Full cap-like crowns caught into a stiff, narrow band, representing one of the latest models, are trimmed low on the side. These are made of all sorts of straw, twisted, tufted, braided and plain, chip, especially, which is soft and pliable, occupying front rank.

In fact, the use of cloth and felt hats is rapidly on the wane, and the variety of combinations of fancy straw is a noteworthy feature, also their diversity of coloring.

All the neutral tints we are accustomed to have been supplemented with the daintiest shades, such as pink, pale blue, Nile green, lilac, and many of red, all of which, together with numerous mottled varieties, including cream dashed with brown, brown with red, cream with blue and white with almost any color, are procurable in both the large and small models.

Straw ribbons exquisitely variegated in color vie in popularity with those of silk woven in the most bewildering of watered patterns in changeable or shadow effects. From all indications flowers will enjoy an unprecedented reign. Whatever may develop later, it is certain the French models to date show scarcely a trace of ostrich tip or plumes, their place being supplied tirely by flowers. Small hats and bonnets made entirely of flowers are sold by the wholesale dealers, the retailer adding a twist of ribbon, lace, fancy straw, etc., to suit the whim of the customer.

Worthy of comment in this year's exposition of artificial floral beauty are samples of the late prize chrysanthemums and unusually beautiful varieties of green leaves, which include many specimens of the leafy fern family.

Green is undoubtedly one of the leading colors. Yellow and yellow and black combined find equal favor.—N. Y. Sun.

Women Who Walk Well. How few women walk well. Most of us wobble. Even vanity is not strong enough to make us practice that smooth, even glide that is so fetching. The old-fashioned plan of carrying a book on the head is a great thing, after all; and if there are no such luxuries obtainable as gymnasiums and Delsarte classes, the simple, old plan will do a good work. A firm, easy walk is as good almost as a certificate of health, because the training

RAILWAYS.

which secures an elegant carriage is precisely that which counteracts the tendency to a dozen fatal relaxations at different points of the frame, and prevents their appearance. French women carry the weight on the call of the leg. If you would test this posture, the next hill you ascend, straighten your body and throw your shoulders back, instead of leaning forward and pulling yourself up. You will immediately feel the tension on the call of the leg, and the lungs will be relieved of strain. In going up stairs walk erect, and you will notice the same. The Crocetes of the Gall, by a practiced movement of the hips, get a sinuous glide, besting forward and pulling yourself up. You will immediately feel the tension on the call of the leg, and the lungs will be relieved of strain. In going up stairs walk erect, and you will notice the same. The Crocetes of the Gall, by a practiced movement of the hips, get a sinuous glide, besting forward and pulling yourself up. 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THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The average marrying age of a Frenchman is 30 years.

To every 1,000 miles in London there are 1,123 females.

The population of the United States increases by 1,000,000 persons yearly.

All petitions to the British House of Commons must be in handwriting, and may not be printed.

In Australia no newspapers are published nor railroad trains run on the Sabbath. Telegraph offices are closed and all business is suspended.

The microscope shows 4,900 muscles in the body of the common caterpillar, and that the eyes of the dragon fly contains 28,000 polished lenses.

Hats for men were first invented at Paris by a Swiss in 1404. They were first unfastened at London by Spaniards in 1510. Before that time, both men and women in England commonly wore close-knit woollen caps.

The number of passengers carried on Egyptian railways in the year 1890 was 4,696,286, as against 4,378,453 in 1889 being an increase of 317,833. The number of miles of line open in 1890 was 970, as compared with 945 in 1889.

Twenty-two acres of land are needed to sustain a man on fresh meat, while the same amount of land under wheat feeds 42 people, under oats 88 people, under potatoes, Indian corn and rice 176 people, and under the plantain or bread fruit tree over 6,000 people.

Twenty-four carat gold is all gold; 23-carat gold has 22 parts of gold, 1 of silver and 1 of copper; 18-carat gold has 18 parts of gold, and 2 each of silver and copper; 12-carat gold is half gold and has 3 parts of silver and 8 parts of copper. Its specific gravity is about 19; pure gold is 19.

A few years ago it was suspected that the latitude of places on the earth's surface changes. A number of astronomers agreed to make observations for two years, and the result has just been made public. Latitudes do change. Berlin, for example, was fifty feet nearer the north pole in September than it was in March. This change is not, of course, a shifting of any one point on the earth's surface. It is a tilting of the axis of the earth.

The most ancient sacred fire now existing in India was consecrated twelve centuries ago in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsees when they emigrated from Persia to India. The fire is fed five times over 24 hours with sandal wood and other fragrant materials combined with very dry fuel. This fire is the village of Godwara, near Bulsar, is visited by the Parsees in large numbers during the month allotted to the presiding genius of fire.

The standard coins on the Continent are: In France, the franc; in Spain, the peseta; in Italy, the lira; in Holland and Austria, the florin; in Germany, the mark; in Russia, the ruble. Belgium and Switzerland use the French name for the piece of 20 sous. Each of these pieces is like the American dollar, divided into 100 parts, called centimes in Germany, kreuzer in Russia, and in Austria, cent in Holland, and in Italy, France and Spain by the word meaning hundredth.

A curious and interesting calculation has been made on the dynamic power of coal. A single pound of good steam coal has within it dynamic power equivalent to the work of one man for one day. Three tons of the same coal represent a man's labor for the period of 20 years, and one square mile of a seam of coal, having a depth of four feet only, represents as much work as one million men can perform in 20 years. Such calculations as the above serve to remind us how very wasteful our methods of burning fuel are, in spite of the efforts of inventors in the direction of economy.

The size of the biggest ball ever fired from a cannon was four feet in length and weighed 2,600 pounds. Such were the dimensions and weight of the enormous projectile fired from the largest cannon yet manufactured at Krupp's works at Essen for the fortifications of Cronstadt. It is made of the finest quality of cast-steel and weighs 270,000 pounds (about 135 tons). The caliber is 13 1/2 inches and the barrel 44 feet long, the core having been removed in one piece. The greatest diameter is six and one-half feet and range about twelve miles. It will fire two shots per minute, each estimated to cost £300. At the trial the projectile was propelled by a charge of 700 pounds of powder and penetrated nineteen inches of armour, going 1,312 yards beyond the target.

The title "The" still borne by so many Irish gentlemen, is claimed to be the oldest one in Europe, meaning the chief man of the chief family of the name, although only a minority of the present chieftains are rich men. The title does not of necessity go by primogeniture, a younger brother being, on occasions of deaths in the family, sometimes elected. It is a great discourtesy to address an Irish chief as "Mr." the mode of address being the seemingly abrupt surname, such as "Yes, O'Connor," "No, O'Donoghue," and so on. The signature is the same as a peer's, "O'Reilly," "MacDermott," &c. The description in lawyers' deeds is as thus: "Hugh MacDermott, of Fitzwilliam square, in the County of the City of Dublin, Esq., Q. C., commonly called The MacDermott, Prince of Coolavin, Chief of his Race," "The Marshal MacMahon is The MacMahon, and very proud of the fact is the old last Marshal of France.

Few persons have ever troubled themselves to think of the derivation of the word dollar. It is from the German thal (valley) and came into use in this way some 800 years ago. There is a little silver mining city or district in northern Bohemia called Joachimsthal, or Joachim's Valley. The

reigning duke of the region authorized this city in the sixteenth century to coin a silver piece, which was called "Joachimsthaler." The word "Joachim" was soon dropped and the name "thaler" only retained. The piece went into general use in Germany and Denmark, where the orthography was changed to "daler," whence it came into English and was adopted by our forefathers with still further changes in the spelling. The Mexican dollars is generally called "plastre" in France, and the name is sometimes applied to our own dollar. The appellation is incorrect in other cases, for the word piastre or piaster has for the last fifty years has only been applied with correctness to a small silver coin used in Turkey or Egypt, which is worth from five to eight cents.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

"You have been losing flesh lately, haven't you?" "Yes, I've been shaving myself."—Exchange.

Citizen (to tramp)—"Say, do you want a job?" Tramp (haughtily)—"Do you know who I am, sir?"

Judge—"If I let you off this time will you promise not to come back again?" Prisoner—"Yes, sir. The fact is I didn't come voluntarily this time."—Boston Post.

"I would like to get a muff." "What fur?" demanded the clerk. "To keep my hands warm, you sniping idiot!" exclaimed the venerable female.—Texas Sittings.

"Suppose the devil should rise before you, Littleton," said Cobely. "What would you say?" "I'd ask him if he'd laid in his winter coal?" said the coal merchant.—Epoch.

Mamma-in-law—"So, Harold, your papa said he hoped my trip would be of benefit to you?" Harold—"Yes, pa said he hoped if you went to California you'd go for good."—Boston Budget.

"You know that I love you," she said. "Then why not give me time to consider before I name the day?" "That's all right enough," he said, gloomily, "but I've lost three girls that way already."

Old gentleman (to little boy, who is playing soldier)—"Ab, my little man, you're a son of Mars, eh? Little boy (indignant)—"Course I'm a son of Mars. Didn't I suppose I was a son of auntie's, did you?"

The Impossible—"Miss Sears has a good voice, but she is always attempting the impossible." "Bess—What did she sing last night?" "Jess—Make Me a Child Again Just for To-night."—New York Herald.

Wife—"Dear, what does this mean in the paper where it says the toast will be drunk standing?" (Husband, experienced)—"That means, darling, that that particular toast comes early in the evening."—Columbus Post.

He (at 11 p.m.)—"There's one thing I'd do, Miss Smithington, if I were rich." She (wearily)—"What is that, Mr. Lingerly?" He—"I'd travel." She (sympathetically)—"I'm so sorry, Mr. Lingerly, that you are not rich."—Detroit Free Press.

He—"Do you think I—ah—shall have a good beard?" Barber (after a close inspection)—"I'm afraid not, sir." He—"Aw, weally, my fawther has aw very fine beard, you know." Barber—"Maybe you take after your mamma, sir?"

He—"You can always tell when a woman has told all she knows about a piece of neighborhood gossip." She—"How?" He—"She concludes with: 'I should be glad to tell you all about it, but my lips are sealed.'"—New York Herald.

Mr. Billus—"Maria, I think you lavish altogether too much time and attention on that poodle." Mrs. Billus—"Doo little fellow! I feel so sorry for him, John! You know he hasn't any club where he can go and spend three or four hours every evening."—Chicago Tribune.

Sweet-tempered wife—"Don't you know, Jim, it looks very bad for you to come home so late every night?" Jim—"Looks bad? How? S. T. W.—The neighbors will think you are dissipated. Jim—Why, that's the very reason I come home so late. So the neighbors won't see me."

Editor—"You say you wish this poem to appear in my paper anonymously?" "I would-be-contributor—"Yes; I don't want any name to it." "Then I can't publish it." "Why not?" "Because I am conscientious about the matter. I don't want an unjust suspicion to fall upon some innocent person."

Miss Primrose—"Do you know, my brother Ned told me the other day that Tom Allison said I was N. G. Miss Violet—"Why, whatever did Tom Allison mean by saying such a thing as that? Miss Primrose—"I'm sure I don't know. I've been trying to make out ever since what N. G. stands for, and all I can think of is 'nice girl.'"

Mr. Jolliboy—"My gracious! The old fashioned show storm makes me feel young again. Little Johnnie should be over at the hill coasting instead of sitting in a stuffy school room such grand weather as this. I'll go up to the school and find him. Mrs. Jolliboy (quietly)—Perhaps, my dear, you might save some steps by looking for him on the first hill.

Miss Youngly—"The men of the present day do not compare with those of ancient times. Nowadays, no young man would swim across the Hellespont to see the object of his affections as did Leander. Mr. Syboul—"You are quite right, but the reason is that there would be no possibility for it. Nowadays in a case of that kind the girl herself would swim across!"

He had resented the affront with vigor and emphasis when the tailor presented his bill and insisted upon payment. "Bah," he said, scornfully, "bah, sir, it takes nine tailors to make a man." "I know it does," responded the tailor, pleasantly, "and now that I've done my share, why in thunder don't you go around to the other eight?"—Detroit Free Press.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Baron Hirsch gives away a million dollars a year, the Parisian papers say. There is a woman in Oregon who has worked twenty years at stone cutting.

The young Empress of Germany is a champion knitter, and uses big wooden needles for most of the work she does.

"About the only time my tailor gives his customers regular fits," said Buttins, "is when they neglect to pay their bills."—Yonkers Statesman.

The King of Belgium always sleeps on a camp bed. He is an adversary of capital punishment, and no execution has taken place in Brussels during his reign.

Buffalo Bill's Indian warrior, "Charging Thunder," has an apt name. The redskin has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment at Glasgow for fracturing the interpreter's head with a club.

Spain's little king takes a daily drive in a carriage drawn by four mules, which are selected instead of horses because they are considered safer and never get impatient, no matter how long the royal ladies' complaints are admitted, while several soldiers and minor officers of the law are close about to prevent the admittance of undesirable persons. A "trade interview" with his Royal Highness is said to last about three minutes.

Rider Haggard at one time wore a gold ring taken from the mummy of the Egyptian Queen Taita. In its place the finger now bears a signet-ring found with the coffin of Rameses the Great, the Pharaoh of the Oppression. Ditchingman Hall, his house in Norfolk, abounds in curious and sporting trophies.

It is apparently almost as difficult for a tradesman to gain entrance to Marlborough House, the London residence of the Prince of Wales, as it is to get within the lines of an armed camp. A narrow glass door in the right wing of the palace is reserved for such visitors, and only those having an appointment previously arranged for by the Prince's valets are admitted, while several soldiers and minor officers of the law are close about to prevent the admittance of undesirable persons. A "trade interview" with his Royal Highness is said to last about three minutes.

Justin McCarthy once said to a publisher: "I have come to see if you will take that story I offered the *Galaxy*?" "Yes," cordially responded Mr. Sheldon, "and sixty more." "Time passed," and one day McCarthy walked into the *Galaxy* office with an imposing pile of manuscript under his arm. "What is that?" asked Mr. Sheldon. McCarthy pointed to the bundle of manuscript upon the publisher's desk and replied: "There are sixty stories you ordered on the occasion of my last visit." He got a cheque covering the whole sixty.

A curious story from Russia relates that the Grand Duke Sergius, Governor of Moscow, recently went about that city disguised as a peasant to find by personal observation whether there was any truth in the complaints of extortion made against the bakers. At one bake shop, however, he insisted on buying three kopecks' worth of bread from a loaf valued at three kopecks and a half, a quarrel ensued, which resulted in the calling of the police, who closed the premises and removed McCarthy. When the Grand Duke's identity was disclosed three of the police officers concerned in the affair committed suicide.

Otto, King of Bavaria, is reported to show symptoms of breaking his word. Were it true, this would be comfortable news for his attendants. He is a madman in whom the instincts of the wild beast predominate and the qualities of a human being are almost lacking. At times his behavior is that of a caged tiger. As he possesses enormous physical strength, and has, until lately, exhibited perfect physical strength, his attendants are exposed to great peril while his paroxysms last. The difficulties of their position are increased by the fact that they are compelled to show a certain degree of respect for their lawful king, even when in his ferocity he wants to kill them and smash the furniture.

A French journalist has recently given some curious information about the women who are tempted and who fall during their robbing expeditions. He says that in Paris no fewer than 4,000 women are caught every year stealing before the counter. The number of titled ladies seized with kleptomaniacs while examining the fashions is almost incredible. Among the most recent culprits were a Russian writer, a French countess, an English duchess, and the daughter of a reigning sovereign. As a rule, these more distinguished offenders are let off on the payment of a round sum for the relief of the poor, and when the shoplifter is known to be a 10,000 francs. The police authorities consent to this sort of condonation.

Cardinal Manning was married when quite a young man to one of the Miss Sargents, of Lavington, "the four celebrated sisters," who became respectively, Mrs. Samuel Wilberforce, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. George Ryder, and Mrs. Henry Wilberforce. They all inherited the consumptive taint which had proved fatal to their two brothers, and all died young. Manning accepted the family living of Lavington one of the most beautiful places in the south of England, having speedily acquired an extraordinary reputation as a preacher, writer, exemplary parish priest and learned divine, that at the age of 32 Bishop Otter appointed him Archdeacon of Chichester. The death of his wife, four years after their marriage, closed the most blissful period of his life, and this bereavement left a permanent impress on his character.

Gen. Gallifet, of whom the French expect rather more than of any other officer in case a war should soon involve their country, was originally a Bonapartist, but was converted to the republic. He was a cavalry officer in the Franco-Prussian war and led a charge against the enemy at Sedan that appalled the Germans. He was made a prisoner at that battle, but offered to exchange himself for a Prussian officer and join the French army to give up the man of whose restless energy in the field they had seen so much. And thus Gallifet's services were lost to France for a time. His age is now 62.

"German Syrup"

Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschec's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschec's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." REV. W. H. HAGGARTY, of the Newark, New Jersey, M.E. Conference, April 25, '90. Remedy.

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W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN. EASTPORT. I have had Rheumatism for five years. I found nothing to give satisfactory relief until I used Scott's Cure for Rheumatism, and it has proved a perfect cure—Yours truly, Mrs. ELIZABETH MCCARTHY.

Scott's Cure FOR RHEUMATISM is the greatest discovery of the age for the immediate relief of RHEUMATISM. Applied to a bruised surface, it will relieve the pain and allay inflammation. Scott's Cure is a preparation that no household should be without.

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Dear Sir,—I have used your Phospholine (the disease Chronic Bronchitis) and my experience of it I feel justly cases of Wasting Diseases, and a son and public as a remedy M. F. Eagar.

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(In M. F. Eagar, Esq., Halifax Dear Sir,—I am very happy been used in this Hospital in being so palatable, is a kindly let me know the lower.

Toronto, Nov. 30, 1890. I have often prescribed ficial in the cases under my testimony in its favor. Being ing nausea, which is of the especially designed to benefit almost every other similar pr.

Member of the College Bedford, N. S., May 15, 1890.

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Mr. M. F. Eagar, Halifax Dear Sir,—It is with phosoline it has met my expectations. Some of pleasant, which is very great \$36.00, to balance my account.

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Halifax, January, 1891. M. F. Eagar, Esq. Dear Sir,—Your Phos like it better than any other in wasting Diseases of child and two doz. Wine of Rent

Mr. Purdy, of Moncton many cases for which it whose stomach absolutely could devise, but so soon trouble was experienced. in all cases of Wasting Dis

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Campbellton, N. B., A. M. Moncton, " W. F. E. Stephen, " W. F. Woodstock, " H. C. St. John, " A. C. Fredericton, " C. F. Also by

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WYMOUTH, N. S. Dear Sir,—I have used your Phospholeine in many cases for which it is recommended, and am well pleased with the way in which it acts. In a case of the most obstinate Chronic Bronchitis (the disease had baffled the usual treatment in such cases) your Phospholeine acted like a charm, and I ascribe the recovery entirely to the use of it. From my experience of it I feel justified in saying that it is an important remedial agent in all cases of Wasting Diseases, and I can heartily recommend it to the notice of the profession and public as a remedy of real merit. M. F. Eagar. HENRY D. RUGGLES, M. D. HEALTH INSTITUTE, 273 Jarvis Street, Toronto. Mr. M. F. Eagar. Dear Sir,—Enclosed find P. O. order for amount due for last gross of your (Phospholeine); it was not received for a month after being shipped by you. I find it all and EVEN MORE THAN YOU RECOMMEND IT TO BE. E. A. TEFFT, M. D. Mr. M. F. Eagar. Dear Sir,—Nearly out of your Phospholeine. Please send another gross as soon as possible. E. A. TEFFT, M. D. YARMOUTH, N. S., July 30th, 1882. Mr. M. F. Eagar, Esq., 157 Hollis street, Halifax. Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to state that I have been prescribing your "Phospholeine" or "Cod Liver Cream" during the last two years, and the longer I use it the more gratified I am with the results. H. L. KELLY, M. D. TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL. Established, 1819. (Incorporated by Act of Parliament.) Mr. F. Eagar, Esq., Halifax, N. S. Dear Sir,—I am very highly pleased with the action of your Phospholeine. It has been used in this Hospital in Pulmonary and other wasting Diseases with success, and being so palatable, is a splendid substitute for the Crude Cod Liver Oil. Will you kindly let me know the lowest wholesale rate for a quantity for Hospital use? Yours truly, C. O'REILLY, M. D., C. M., Superintendent. Toronto, Nov. 30, 1880.



EMBLEMATIC OF HOW PHOSPHOLEINE OUTHINES ALL OTHER EMULSIONS.

PLYMOUTH, PENOBSCOT, MAINE, C. Mr. M. F. Eagar. Dear Sir,—While away from home hauling bark last winter I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I was a stout, rugged man, never was sick hardly a day in my life, but this cold got the better of me; I could not get rid of it under the usual treatment. I began to grow worse, coughed a great deal and became very weak, so that I had to give up work. I was so hoarse I could not speak aloud. I consulted several physicians. I took their medicine but received no benefit, but gradually grew worse. The last physician consulted said I could not live. About this time my attention was called to the Phospholeine by your agent in this place, who induced me to try a bottle, which I did with marked results. To tell the truth, I had but little faith in it, I have tried so did with marked results. Before I had finished taking one bottle I began to feel better and to gain in health and strength. After taking a few bottles I was able to work in the hayfield, and have since been steadily improving; my hoarseness is nearly all gone and I have gained nearly 25 lbs in weight. Please accept this as a grateful testimonial from one who has received great benefit from your valuable medicine. Very truly yours, PARKER HOLT. FROM REV. H. J. WINTERBOURNE. HALIFAX, September 11, 1882. Mr. Eagar. Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellency of your "Phospholeine." It has been most beneficial to me at different times when suffering from debility, etc. I may add that it is pleasant to the taste, which, of course, is a great advantage. I can confidently recommend it as a really good preparation for building up the system. Yours very truly, H. J. WINTERBOURNE, Rector of St. Mark's and St. John's Parish.

TRAIN DESPATCHER AT VANCEBORO'. M. F. Eagar, Esq. Dear Sir,—My wife, Laura A. Finson, was taken ill early this year and suffered severely with a bad cough, accompanied by expectoration of mucus containing blood and great weakness of the chest, general prostration and clammy night sweats, and continued to grow worse until I was recommended to procure for her some bottles of your Phospholeine, and Wine of Renet. This I did, and after using about five bottles of the Phospholeine, taking a teaspoonful at a time in a wine glass of milk, increased afterwards to a tablespoonful, and shortly after each dose a teaspoonful of your Wine of Renet, she became thoroughly well, her improvement commencing after the first half bottle had been taken. She is now superintending her household duties without any inconvenience, eats and sleeps well, and every symptom of consumption has vanished. I have to thank your medicine for her restoration to health. WALTER R. FINSON. Vanceboro', Maine, U. S. I feel assured that I owe my cure to your medicines. LAURA A. FINSON. September, 1882. RIGHT LUNG CONSOLIDATED, ONLY SIX YEARS OLD. ASHDALE, HANTS CO., Nov. 13, 1880. Mr. M. F. Eagar, Halifax, N. S. Dear Sir,—Last winter my son, aged six years, caught the whooping cough. The disease settled on his lungs, and for some time we almost despaired of his life. Our doctor advised me to give him your Phospholeine, and under its use he completely recovered. Yours truly, LEWIS DIMOCK.

PLYMOUTH, MAINE, Nov. 26, 1883. Mr. Eagar. Dear Sir,—At the time I first sent to you for the Phospholeine in June, 1882, I had a cold that I contracted in March. I coughed considerable and was reduced in weight. I tried several cough medicines without much benefit, my cough had become chronic, I commenced taking the Phospholeine and received immediate relief and soon commenced to gain in flesh. After taking four (4) bottles I felt like a new man, had gained 20 lbs. in weight and have not felt so well for several years, and have enjoyed very good health since. One thing more I wish to mention, for several years past I have been troubled with a numbness in the two middle fingers of each hand, sometimes the pain was quite severe, extending to the elbow. I consulted a physician who gave me some medicine that afforded only temporary relief. I am happy to say since taking the Phospholeine I have not had a recurrence of the trouble. Very truly yours, CLARENDON BUTMAN. [Copy.] OLDHAM GOLD MINES. Mr. Eagar. Dear Sir,—I have been suffering from pain in my lungs and chest for past three months, with hard cough, loss of appetite, unable to work; obtained no relief from the Emulsions and other medicine which I have taken; received treatment from leading physicians without benefit, but growing worse and weaker, I was advised by Mr. Baker of this place to try Eagar's Phospholeine. I got a bottle, and the first dose my appetite improved and returned, pains left my lungs and chest, and I am now as well as ever. I consider that I owe the restoration of my health to Eagar's Phospholeine. I am, dear sir, yours truly, W. C. MORRISON, Practical Engineer.

PRICE 50 cts. per Bottle CONTAINING 60 DOSES. Medical Electro Therapeutic Institute, Corner Jarvis and Gerrard Streets, Toronto, Ontario.

PRICE 50 cts. per Bottle CONTAINING 60 DOSES. SCROFULA AND SALT RHEUM. Dear Mr. Eagar,—I have much pleasure in giving you a record of the effect produced by the use of your Cod Liver Oil Cream. The following cases have come under my particular attention while visiting the sick and poor: A Case of Hereditary Scrofula. The patient had tried most of the blood purifying remedies and apparatuses in use, but for the past 19 years obtained no relief. After taking three bottles of your Cream (Phospholeine) his flesh became smooth and healthy, and he is now completely cured. A case of severe cough in the last stages of Consumption.—The cough was eased, and patient regained flesh and strength. This case is past curing, and the patient was pronounced so by the physicians; but had she obtained of your medicine sooner, would no doubt have been cured. A case in which the patient had given up the use of alcohol.—The craving was cured, and the patient was regaining health and strength. A case of loss of flesh, great weakness, and indisposition for exertion of any kind, has been remedied to the health and strength by using your Cream (Phospholeine). I have also recommended it to many who have been suffering from Dyspepsia, loss of strength and flesh, and in every case it has effected a cure. I have derived much benefit from the use of it myself. I remain, yours &c., E. C. NEWBERRY.

SECOND CERTIFICATE FROM DR. SLAYTER. Since giving you my last certificate I have had many opportunities of further testing your Phospholeine, and of comparing its action with the Emulsions and preparations of oil in the market. I may state that I BELIEVE IT TO BE THE BEST PREPARATION NOW OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC, the drugs and oils used being of the finest quality, while the facilities and machinery used for mixing them are of the most perfect kind. I have no hesitation in stating that where oil is indicated, Eagar's Cream (Phospholeine) will be found to be EVERYTHING THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT BY ITS PROPRIETOR. W. B. SLAYTER, M. D., &c., &c., &c. Halifax, January, 1881. BATHURST VILLAGE, N. B. Mr. F. Eagar, Esq. Dear Sir,—Your Phospholeine has given me entire satisfaction, my patients too like it better than any other Emulsion. Its results are sometimes surprising, especially in wasting Diseases of children. Forward to me, per I. C. R., two doz. Phospholeine, and two doz. Wine of Renet, enclosed find \$36.00, and oblige. G. M. DUNCAN, M. D. Yours truly.

Mr. M. F. Eagar, Halifax, N. S. Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure that I can recommend your Phospholeine. In every case it has met my expectations, and is the BEST PREPARATION OF THE KIND THAT I HAVE EVER USED. Some of my patients come to like the taste, and none call it unpleasant, which is very greatly in its favor. Enclosed, please find Post Office Order for \$36.06, to balance my account to date, and oblige me by sending another gross. Yours very truly, E. A. TEFFT, M. D.

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS. Dear Mr. Eagar,—I caught a severe cold the first of this winter, and having suffered from Congestion of the Lungs, I became somewhat alarmed. I tried the usual remedies, but they did not seem to relieve me, and not being able to take Cod Liver Oil, I thought I would try your Phospholeine, which I found very pleasant to take, and with good results, as in a few days my cold and cough left me, and I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to any person whose lungs are affected in any way. I remain, yours respectfully, S. H. SUGATT. Halifax, June 20, 1879. NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL PROSTRATION. Eagar's Cod Liver Oil Cream, with Hypophosphites Phospholeine.—Mr. Blum, who lives on the Rosebank Farm, says: "You can publish the fact that Eagar's Phospholeine has effected a complete cure of my wife. Her cough is gone, distress in her chest removed, and health, strength and flesh is regained, and she has not yet finished the fourth bottle." He says it is the best medicine that he has ever seen.

FROM REV. DR. HILL. HALIFAX, N. S., June 25, 1883. Mr. F. Eagar, Esq. Dear Sir,—I feel it is my duty to you that I should say publicly what I have said privately very many times, namely, that I firmly believe your PHOSPHOLEINE was the means of restoring a near relative of mine to ordinary health. The patient was apparently in the last stages of Consumption, but with the concurrence of skilled physicians your PHOSPHOLEINE was tried, and, I am happy to say, with results that I certainly did not anticipate. My friend is today in the enjoyment of excellent health. Believe me, yours very truly, GEORGE W. HILL, D. C. L., Rector, St. Paul's.

COLD IN THE CHEST. HALIFAX, March 16, 1880. M. F. Eagar, Esq., Chemist, &c. Dear Sir,—Having been attacked by a bad cold, which settled on my chest as no other cold had ever done with me before, I was induced from the many favorable reports I had heard of it, to try Eagar's Phospholeine, and am glad to say that it has completely cured me. I may say that it is a remarkably pleasant medicine to take. Yours truly, ALEX. S. BAYER.



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For Sale by the following Wholesale Druggists: Campbellton, N. B., A. McG. McDONALD. Hartland, N. B., W. E. TRIBLE. Moncton, " CHAS. T. NEVENS. Sackville, " H. FAWCET. St. Stephen, " W. H. CLARK. Amherst, N. S., R. C. FULLER. Woodstock, " H. FALTON BAIRD. St. John, " A. CHAP. SMITH. " " C. P. CLARK. Annapolis, " A. B. CURRIENHAM. " " C. McGEORGE. Bridgewater, " C. T. G. TAYLOR. Fredericton, " GEO. C. HUNT. And all Druggists. T. B. BARKER & SONS, St. John; BROWN & WEBB, SIMSON BROS & CO., FORSYTH, SUTCLIFF & CO., Halifax.

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Also by all dealers. Don't be induced to take substitutes, and if any reader should not be able to secure it in their district, write to 181 and 183 Lower Water St., Halifax, N. S.

HUGH MACNAIR.

A bride who waits at the altar for the bridegroom that never comes is not always an object of pity. Frequently her friends might well congratulate her. Her faithless lover, at the last moment possible for him to do so, saved her from the life-long misery of being his wife. Without him, her hearts aches for a time; with him, it would have broken. Thrice happy and fortunate maiden!

If you do not believe this, read the following story and be converted to my view of the matter. The names are fictitious; I would that I might say the same of the characters.

Doctor Hugh Macnair and his wife dropped, one spring day, into our little European and American colony at Nagasaki as suddenly as if they had fallen from the sky. No one had heard of their coming; no one knew anything about them. They were both very tall, both red-haired; neither of them was handsome. Doctor Macnair could not have been more than thirty years old, his wife must have been considerably younger. They had no children.

The foreign concession at Nagasaki has grown very much, I am told, during the past few years, but in 1885 it did not contain more than twenty-five families, and these were about equally divided among attaches of the consular service, members of missionary boards and merchants. Our life was a quiet one, and the coming of a new family, like the departure of an old one, was always something of a noteworthy event. The sudden appearance of the Macnairs created an unusual amount of interest.

"What is the fellow's business?" men asked; and the newcomer answered their inquiries by hanging out his shingle:

HUGH MACNAIR, M. D.

"Is she sociable?" the women wondered; and Mrs. Macnair satisfied them that she was uncommonly so by calling on every woman in the concession before half of them got around to call on her. This was a new departure in the social regime of our little colony; it created a sensation; it wore a revolutionizing aspect, and called for prompt and vigorous action.

The ladies met and discussed the matter over Mrs. Greatly's tea-cups. Greatly was British consul, and therefore Mrs. Greatly claimed social precedence as a matter of course. Her claim was allowed. Even the wife of the American consul accepted the situation with all that delightful unselfish devotion which characterizes the genuine Anglomaniac, and her fellow-countrywomen took their cue from her. It was in Mrs. Greatly's parlors, therefore, that the Macnairs were arraigned for trial. It was there that an imposing array of witnesses testified to the very indiscreet sayings and doings of the doctor's wife. It was there that at this portentous sentence fell from Mrs. Greatly's lips:

"Wasn't it bad enough to be running about where she was wanted? But to solicit practice for her husband in every house she went to, just fancy! Call on her, who wants too, but I shan't!"

"I shan't!" "I shan't!" came back a chorus of echoes from every part of the room, and then the court arose. It was very unfortunate indeed that Mrs. Macnair's zeal to help her husband had so outrun the bounds of discretion. There was just at that time a place for a new doctor in our little colony. Doctor Gower had died a few months before, and the only foreign physician in Nagasaki was Doctor Van Eck, and his time was fully occupied with his duties as superintendent of the large native hospital in the city. Had the right sort of a man appeared he would have found a tolerably lucrative practice awaiting him. But no one seemed to regard Doctor Hugh Macnair as the right sort of a person.

The Macnairs had rented a small bungalow just below my place, on the sloping hillside, and, from my library window, I could see them as they passed in and out of their home. It was clear that they were in very straitened circumstances. Throughout all their rooms cheap Japanese matting did service for carpets, their furniture was old and worn, and, saving the parlor, the walls of which were adorned with a few native hanging pictures, their house was devoid of any artistic embellishment.

During the summer months Macnair gradually built up a ship practice. There is always in Nagasaki harbor a goodly number of sailing-ships from every quarter of the globe, and their officers and crews depend for their medical service upon the physicians of the ports they visit. I cannot say what it is, but it is a fact that throughout the Far East respectable doctors avoid ship practice, and the man who follows it as a business is always looked down upon by the shore community. Soon as it became known amongst us, therefore, that Macnair was paying professional visits to the ships, the harbor what had been before but a vague distrust of the man deepened into a positive dislike. Rather than have sought medical aid of him, the people, I really believe, would have called in a native physician.

I noticed that Mrs. Macnair always accompanied her husband as far as the bund (an embankment or esplanade), where he took a sampan (a Japanese boat) to convey him about the harbor from ship to ship. Here she would wait for hours until he came ashore, and then, arm in arm, the two would return to their bungalow on the bluff. I could not understand this strange conduct, for I had seen enough of their private life, and their one servant had told me cook enough to satisfy me that they did not live happily together. I finally discovered the reason for Mrs. Macnair's watchfulness. Passing one evening along the bund I saw her seated on the stone sea-wall, anxiously looking out over the water for the doctor's return. She was very pale and haggard, like one exhausted by a long sickness, and, though she turned her face away as she saw me coming up to her, she did not do so quickly enough to prevent my seeing that she had been crying. A few hours later, as I was walking homeward in the dusk of the summer twilight, I saw the doctor and his wife ahead of me. His voice was raised in a loud, incoherent babble, and I perceived that he leaned heavily upon his wife, who, with her arm about her husband's waist, was fruitlessly endeavoring to steady his uncertain, staggering steps. Macnair was drunk. He

had evidently made more than his usual number of professional visits that afternoon, and on every ship, I presume, he had drunk to the recovery of his patient and to the health of the patient's brother tars. As a consequence Hugh Macnair, M. D., was garrulously, gloriously drunk.

During the remaining summer and the autumn and winter months, I often saw Mrs. Macnair piloting her intoxicated husband home from the bund. In the following spring my college class-mate and friend, Harry Bressel, made me a visit. After we had graduated from the university together, Harry had wandered off to Colorado, and by a streak of luck in mining speculation had acquired a large fortune. The previous year he had spent in Scotland, among his mother's kinsfolk, and it was at Edinburgh that he had met Agnes Dean, who was now Mrs. Bressel. It was their wedding-trip this journey of theirs from the Firth of Forth to Harry's home on the Hudson, via India and Japan.

Harry was a good fellow, and I liked him. Agnes Dean had certainly made a good match. Her husband was a millionaire; but, better than all his wealth, he was as honest and noble a man as ever wooed and won the woman of his choice. It was only natural, therefore, that I should be a little curious to learn what sort of a person the fortunate Mrs. Bressel might be. It was on a Sunday evening that the *Mitsui Bishi* steamships *Genko Maru*, brought Harry and his bride to Nagasaki, and, before the week was out, I was satisfied that my old friend had chosen a wife in every way worthy of him. Agnes Bressel was not what the fastidious would call beautiful, but she was a thoroughly good woman.

Harry and Agnes were delighted with Nagasaki—as who that has ever wandered through its crooked and picturesque streets, or has gazed upon the charming prospects unfolded from the summits of its encircling hills, or has sailed its silvery, landlocked bay, is not? I, too, was overjoyed to have them with me, and the brief limit of their intended stay glided into two weeks and then into a month. Agnes, I noticed, after the first few days, formed a liking for sitting in the large bay window of my library. This window, I believe I have already said, commanded a view of the bungalow occupied by the Macnairs. Toward this I frequently perceived Harry's wife directing her gaze, her countenance at the same time wearing such a strange expression, that I could not help wondering what it all could mean. I was sure that she had not met either the doctor or his wife since she and her husband had been my guests; indeed, Harry had told me that in our walks about the city Agnes hoped we might not meet the Macnairs. She had heard me speak of them, and the sight of a drunken man, she said, always threw her into a state of nervous excitement, from which she did not recover for days. Yet the doctor's house seemed to have a strange fascination for her.

One evening, on our way down to the bund, Harry and I passed the Macnairs. He was drunk as usual, and she was leaning him home. After we had passed beyond ear-shot of the wretched couple, I said: "Poor woman! It had been better had she died before she bound herself to such a living death as her life with that brute must be."

To my surprise, Harry stopped in the middle of the road, and turning upon me a look that I shall never forget, he cried, passionately: "She deserves it all! Are not the wages of sin, death? If Jane Campbell's life is a living death, it is God's judgment upon her. She stole Hugh Macnair from the bride that was awaiting him at the altar. Now let her enjoy her theft!"

I need scarcely say that this sudden outburst of my friend greatly astonished me. "What?" I exclaimed, "you know the Macnairs! How is it possible? What does all this you are saying mean?" "No, I don't know them," Harry returned, more calmly; "neither do I wish to know them. I never saw either Macnair or his wife until a few days ago, but I have heard of them."

Then we resumed our walk down the hill, my friend told me the story of the Macnairs. Harry was never addicted to the use of many words, and here is what he said, briefly as he told it to me that May evening:

"Six years ago the present Mrs. Macnair, then Jane Campbell, was living with her cousin, a young woman of about her own age. Jane's parents had died, leaving her a penniless orphan, and, had it not been for this cousin who opened her heart and her home to receive her, she would have had a hard struggle to earn a livelihood. This cousin was engaged to Hugh Macnair, who had just attained to his degree in medicine; and, during the latter's visits at the home of his betrothed, he and Jane Campbell frequently met. But no one dreamed that he was base enough to prove false to the woman that loved him, or that Jane Campbell would repay her cousin's kindness to her by attempting to lure away her lover. The day set for the wedding came, the guests assembled, the clergyman was in waiting, but company and minister and bride waited in vain. Hugh Macnair did not come. Toward evening it was discovered that he and Jane Campbell had fled to Glasgow to be married; they had been seen going aboard the train together."

Harry was silent for a time. I waited patiently for the speaker to continue. At length he said: "You will scarcely believe it, but the next thing that was heard of the runaway couple was that Macnair had secured an appointment as medical missionary to China. He was to have charge of a mission hospital in Nankin, I think it was. Three years ago tidings again came from them. The doctor had become so intemperate that he had been dismissed from the mission. He and his wife then went down to Foochow, where he tried to build up a practice in the foreign settlement. He could have done very well there, I have been told had he not been cursed with a foolish woman for a wife and an unquenchable love for strong drink. He was finally starved out of Foochow. Next they went to Chefoo, and failed there; and now it seems that he has come down to ship-practice here in Japan."

Late that evening, as we were seated in my library, the door that opened on the veranda was suddenly flung open, and Mrs. Macnair, pale as a ghost, rushed into the room.

"Oh, gentlemen!" she cried. "Help! Help! Gentlemen, run, save my husband!"

He is trying to kill himself! He is in the field behind the house hanging himself! Oh! Oh! And then she staggered back against the wall with such an unearthly scream that I thought she was going mad. Then I saw that she had caught sight of Harry's wife, who had arisen from her seat in the shadow of the window-curtain and had come forward into the light. Oh, such a look of compassionate pity as was that which transfigured the countenance of Agnes Bressel, as she gazed into the haggard, terror-stricken face of the covering and heart-broken creature before her.

Then Harry and I rushed out to search for the doctor. The two women were left alone, but what passed between them I never heard. We found the would-be suicide behind the hedge that inclosed his grounds. The poor drunken wretch was actually trying to hang himself from the limb of a large orange-tree, but, in his intoxicated condition, his efforts had been futile. We carried him by sheer force into his house, and, despite his struggles and screams, put him to bed. Harry then returned, but I staid with Macnair. His wife did not come into the room while I was there. She was in the house, however, for I could hear her all night long moving about and moaning and talking to herself. In the morning the doctor awoke from the drunken slumber into which he had fallen. He was sufficiently sobered off to realize what an exhibition he had made of himself, and he begged my pardon for the trouble he had caused. He promised to drink no more, but scarcely had I left the doctor's room when I heard him calling for brandy.

Two days later the foreign concession of Nagasaki was agreeably surprised to hear that the Macnairs had left for parts unknown. Where they went and what became of them remains still a mystery. Harry and Agnes stayed with me until June, but neither of them ever spoke to me again of the Macnairs. I sometimes wish that they had, yet it was scarcely necessary. To Agnes at least the subject was doubtless a painful one, and as far as my curiosity is concerned, I fancy that I know who Jane Campbell's cousin was.

—N. Y. Ledger.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The most prevalent idea of liberty is liberty to interfere with the liberty of other people.—Saturday Review.

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THE exclusive right of Fishing (WITH THE ROD ONLY), in front of the ungranted Crown Lands on the following Streams, will be offered for Sale, at Public Auction, at this Office at noon on WEDNESDAY THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY OF MARCH, 1892. Leases of the Fishing Rights will be governed by existing Regulations and will be for the terms of FIVE and TEN YEARS from the 1st of March, 1892, as mentioned below.

Table with columns: No., STREAMS, FORMER LEASEE, and Upper Price Per Acre. Lists fishing leases for 1897 and 1902, including locations like Restigouche River, Upsalquitch River, and Miramichi River.

Copies of the Regulations to govern the above Sale, or any further information, may be had on application to the Fishery Commissioner, J. Henry Phair, Esq., Fredericton, N. B.

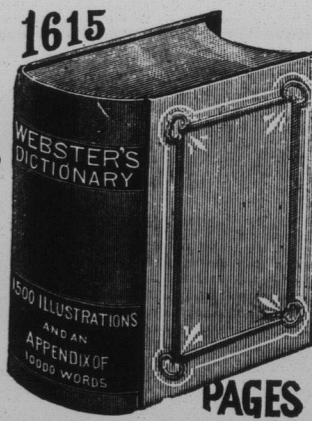
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