

# PROGRESS.

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## PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHT.

### TAX REDUCTION CANDIDATES ARE IN THE FIELD TO WIN.

First symptoms of the intention of leading Kellyites to make their associates—A Disorganized Opposition—The Reform Ticket Sure of a Good Majority.

The work goes on merrily in the committee rooms of the T. R. A. The number of citizens who have come forward to lend their assistance to elect the ticket is one of the most encouraging signs of the contest. There is no doubt in the minds of those who have gone over a part of the wards, who have moved among and talked with the people, regarding the result. Tax reduction is in the air and the candidates of the T. R. A. will be voted for by the people. Abundant canvases are met on every side for the friends of the opposition are not idle but it is a personal canvass. They are working for men not for principle. The copied platform of the Kelly-Christie-McGoldrick ticket is not put forward as a vote lever. In fact the canvass of the opposition has come down to the "split," "Vote for me" says each candidate, "and put on any other man, T. R. A. or not, I do not care."

It is borne out by the tickets that are distributed. Those of Mr. Law of Victoria Ward has the name of Alderman Seaton "scratched" and the voter is expected to do the rest. This is very safe for Mr. Law but not so satisfactory to the gentleman who are associated with him.

There seems to be some sort of cohesion between the "King of Dufferin"—the "boss of Dufferin" is old now—John Kelly and Aldermen Christie and McGoldrick. The opponents of T. R. A. count them as their choice men and they will make a desperate effort to carry them. Tickets with their names unscratched are being scattered everywhere and unless voters are cautious and scan their ballots carefully some of those who intend to vote otherwise may hand them in.

No far the association has not had much assistance from Alderman Shaw, though he is expected to arrive in the city to-day and to carry out his promise to the executive to vote and work for the whole ticket. It is well known that while personally friendly to Mr. Peters he is opposed to a fourth term and on that ground will take his stand. Wellington ward will be good battle territory on next Tuesday and the result of the vote there will depend largely upon the vim and earnestness Mr. Shaw throws into the contest. The good work that he does for the association in this election will no doubt lose him nothing in the future. The leaders in the T. R. A., look for more than the election of a majority of their ticket—they expect the election of the whole ticket and will work to that end.

They have the surplus office holders against them. Many of the officials fail to realize that it is dangerous for them to take too active a part in civic elections and few if any of them follow the example of Chamberlain Sandall and do not vote. Of course there can be no objection to any official exercising his right to vote but those who, like Director Smith, show their preferences too strongly place themselves in a peculiar position.

The policy of the T. R. A. is economy, the abolition of what they consider useless offices and unnecessary officials and when the pruning day arrives these things may not be forgotten.

PROGRESS has always held that three engineers are too many for the city to pay; that there are too many official heads in the department of public works and that the office of director of public safety should do away with at least one, if not two officials now drawing comfortable salaries.

These may be unpopular changes so far as the officials and their friends go but the people look for retrenchment in these as well as in other directions. The policy of the T. R. A. is not an empty one. They are pledged to economy and the people who have supported them and will support them expect to see some tangible evidence of their proposals as soon as it is possible for them to make the changes.

So far as anything can be morally certain in this world, the T. R. A. ticket is a sure winner. Allowing for any amount of scratching, and the dropping of the men with the least strength, the new council, at the worst, would be two to one in favor of civic reform, but it may be even better than that. If the people do as they ought to do, every man will be elected, and even the anti-reform people will not be surprised if this is the result.

The Kelly ticket has no chance as a ticket, and the gentlemen on it are realizing that it is a case of every man for himself, whoever gets in. The T. R. A. candidates, on the contrary are working loyally for the whole ticket. That is the difference between men who are working for themselves and men who are working for a principle.

There will be a keen contest for the office of mayor. Mr. Peters still poses as the "people's candidate," oblivious of the fact that he publicly disclosed last year that

he would not be a candidate this year, and that on this occasion he has brought himself out because he is anxious to hold on to the office. Mr. Robertson, on the contrary, has been brought forward to represent something besides personal ambition, and the names on his nomination paper speak for themselves. They include many men, who have heretofore supported Mayor Peters, who on personal grounds would like to support him again, but who like to see any man satisfied when he has enough, without wanting to hold an office for life.

Mr. Geo. A. Davis, is making a strong fight as a candidate for alderman at large on a ticket of his own, and has hired halls to a greater extent than anybody in the field.

The reform candidates for aldermen at large are Patrick McCarthy and D. J. McLaughlin. The election of the former is conceded by everybody, and it is more than probable Mr. McLaughlin will also be elected.

C. B. Lockhart and J. B. M. Baxter will be the West Side aldermen in the new council, unless all signs fail. It would be an extraordinary thing if they were not when their splendid record as representatives is taken into the question, and the election of their opponents would be a mistake. Lockhart and Baxter may confidently look for majorities in their own wards, where they and their opponents are best known, while on the east side they will get a rousing vote from all friends of reform.

On the east side, Messrs Waring, Blizard, Daniel, Kennedy, and McTobbin, have more than good chances. The North End is not counted on as favoring the T. R. A., but allowing for a majority for Kelly and company there, it will be more than neutralized by the vote in the city proper.

The only course to be taken by people who want lower taxes is to vote the T. R. A. ticket without the omission of a name. If the city is ever to have reform, now is the time to strike for it.

## PRECEDENCE IN HALIFAX.

Attorney General Longley Gets a Pointer from a Society Lady.

HALIFAX, April 12.—There is a piece of gossip at the clubs to which the society writers will probably not give currency, but which is vouched for as strictly true. The principals were attorney-general Longley and Mrs. Archer, wife of principal Medical Officer Archer, of the garrison, and the place government house. The point of it will be appreciated when it is remembered that Hon. Mr. Longley is professedly a democrat in contradistinction to an aristocrat. He loves the masses as he hates the classes (theoretically). Nothing could be more repulsive to his theory of what is right in the state than the idea that any man is better than another unless he made himself better by his own genius or industry. Every one is born equal in Mr. Longley's eyes.

Lieutenant Governor Daly gave a dinner a few days ago, when his honor's table was surrounded by the quota of society, professional and business people. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Longley, and Mrs. Archer. The Attorney General was the only member of the local government present. Of course the evening passed off pleasantly. Towards the close of the dinner Mr. Longley found himself in conversation with Mrs. Archer. The lady remarked to him that she would have to leave almost immediately, as her carriage had been announced and she had to make a call on her way home.

"Oh, excuse me" Mr. Longley replied animated by his recollection of what court etiquette provides in such cases, "but you have not precedence here, and how can you think of doing such a thing?"

In the absence of premier Fielding it said the attorney-general considered he himself had "precedence."

"My dear Mr. Longley," was Mrs. Archer's unhesitating response "you may have precedence of me in age, but as for any other 'precedence' in Halifax society I do not know what it is."

That brought the conversation to an end, and the democrat was once more anew convinced that in this country there should be no such thing as class distinction. Mrs. Archer did not delay her departure.

## Outgrow His Uniform.

One of the officers of the volunteers made an alarming discovery when getting ready to go to the recent concert of the Fusiliers battalion. During the non-military days of the winter, he had been taking on flesh to a rapid extent, and when he went to put on his uniform, he found he had outgrown it. By dint of earnest effort and the assistance of friends, he succeeded in getting tightly buttoned up, but with the knowledge that he did not dare to sit down lest his clothes would fly asunder. He went to the concert and stood up during performance, and when he went later to a social gathering the same military, though uncomfortable, attitude was necessary in order to make sure there would be no accident. The problem now is whether it will be better to invest in a new uniform or be in a course of dieting.

## LOOKS AFTER HIS MEN.

### O'SULLIVAN'S WAY OF GETTING AT THINGS IN HALIFAX.

He Believes in Being Vigilant and Has Some Surprising Parties—Inspector Banks and his Aggressive Policy in Regard to Enforcing the Liquor License Law.

HALIFAX, April 12.—Chief O'Sullivan is getting the police force of Halifax down to a fine point of efficiency, and the end of the first year of his command is marked by a wonderful difference compared with the force when he took charge of it. At that time it was broken up into cliques, each faction with its band so to speak, on the throat of a rival faction. There was the Nickerson faction, the Power faction and the O'Sullivan faction. Every man was against his neighbor. A different order of things prevails today. Factions have been broken up and, as far as possible, the force has been moulded into a homogeneous whole working well together. There is now only one head for the men on duty and they know it.

This reform has not been accomplished without patient work. Agitation on the part of the citizens was necessary to initiate the movement. A bitter fight in the city council had to take place to secure the appointment of Chief O'Sullivan, and next the new chief had to take off his coat and set to work directly on the men. Some weeding had to be done and many changes had to be made.

Eternal vigilance has to be exercised in order to maintain the efficiency that has been secured. An instance of this necessary watchfulness, and its results, occurred a couple of nights ago. Everything could not have been going quite right, for Chief O'Sullivan, contrary to his custom, walked into the police station at midnight. He is usually in and about the station from 7 in the morning till 10 or 11 at night. The chief went away, ostensibly for home, at 10 o'clock on this occasion, so that his re-appearance an hour later, at 12, was a little surprise for the men who had just come in for relief and for them who were on station duty. The chief had come to stay for the night and have after hours, till 4 o'clock, as the different reliefs came in and he was there to inspect the men. Finally he repaired to his private office to consider the mental notes he had made, and to sleep till morning, when he was on hand for his seven o'clock inspection as usual.

The chief's vigil was not without result, for next day, without a word of explanation, the command was given that there were to be three changes in the beats. Policeman Fitzpatrick was ordered to leave the north end and take the south; Policeman Rowan to leave the south for the centre; and policeman A. Sullivan was transferred from the centre to the north. Though no explanations were made the men had a pretty clear understanding why the new orders were given, and the key to it is found in a remark that fell from the chief: "While it is desirable that men should be acquainted with their beats, there is such a thing as being too well acquainted with them."

The police force of this city consists of the chief; deputy chief; detective; 6 sergeants; 36 men.

While on the subject of police reform in Halifax it is just to mention the efforts put forth by ex-alderman G. E. Boak while chairman of the old police committee. He set the ball rolling which did not stop till the present satisfactory condition was attained. This is true despite the fact that he was opposed to the election of Mr. O'Sullivan to the chiefship.

There is another civic official in Halifax in whom PROGRESS readers are interested, on account partially of the curiosity with which they watched the career of his predecessor, J. A. Mackassey. H. H. Banks, the new liquor license inspector, is not allowing the grass to grow under his feet. Hardly a day passes but he either makes a seizure or it becomes known that his eye is on some "suspect." So far he is largely taking lessons from the police, and he and Chief O'Sullivan seem to be walking hand in hand. He has lots of courage and is as prompt as clock-work. Possibly Banks errs on the side of rashness, at least that is what some people thought when he sprang over the counter in Donnelly's establishment some time ago. The whole police force is at his disposal and usually he is accompanied by a uniformed man, though some of his visits he has made alone. For considerable time yet to come he will have to act on advice of the police, and see that he has at his side a stout policeman.

Inspector Banks is following an "aggressive policy" there is no doubt. There are those who say it is only the "new broom which is sweeping clean," and they predict that Banks will soon get into the rut—almost as deeply as his predecessor, especially if he finds out that in some line of business, doing one's duty does not always pay best. Time will tell. At present, it certainly looks as if Banks intends to make it decidedly interesting for many people all the year through. He is said to be keeping

a close watch on the big hotels and billiard rooms. He visited the St. James' billiard parlor Monday night. The proprietors of these establishments are meeting Banks' scrutiny by extra vigilance. It is pretty safe to bet that this year Inspector Banks and Chief O'Sullivan will make a record in their joint attack on their friends or enemies in the liquor business who fail to observe the provisions of the rigid law. Both are determined men and don't look much like turning back. Inspector Banks wants to keep his position more than one year. Will a faithful or a lax carrying out of his duties best secure re-election? Judging by Mackassey's fate he had better carry out the law if he wants to get back. But that is a hard task. By the way, it is said that the late inspector is being kept in view by the liquor trade as a candidate for the inspectorship next year, but that they are paying him an old salary is very doubtful.

## JOHN KELLY IS GENEROUS.

Very Willing to Reduce the Taxes When It Costs Him Nothing.

The appeals committee had a session on Monday, the last before the election, and Ald. Christie and Kelly were there in their glory. Mr. Kelly is always ready to make friends among voters who want their taxes reduced, and he was more than agreeable on this occasion. One citizen considered that he had been unduly assessed at \$57, and wanted a reduction. He did not say what he felt he ought to pay, but he would doubtless have considered that he was let off easy at \$40.

"How much do you think you can pay?" asked Ald. Kelly.

The applicant did not know. He was probably thinking, but fortunately for his own interests he did not immediately name any sum.

"How would \$25 suit you? Do you think you could pay that?" asked the affable Kelly.

The citizen jumped at the offer of course, and everybody was happy.

Everybody knows that Ald. Kelly, personally, is an exceedingly genial man, and it must be admitted that he is an exceedingly generous one as well, especially on the eve of an election, when the city only is the loser and he is likely to be the gainer.

## He Took in the Situation.

Rector Little of Sussex "knows a thing or two" as the saying goes, and for giving his enemies a sly dig or other such innocent pranks, he is unsurpassed. At the time of the beginning of the troubles in the church, when the regular choir had left, a new choir, composed mostly of the younger people, had taken their places, the rector got in a rib-tickler on the "strikers" which has not yet appeared in print. On the night of the first services after the regular choir had been "ordered out" they all attended church to hear the "youngsters" sing, and during the rendering of the last piece joined in the singing with a will, evidently bent on drowning out the new-comers. After the hymn was finished the rector arose. He expressed himself as delighted. Had never heard so good singing in that church since he came there; was very much pleased to hear the members of the congregation join in the singing with such hearty good will—a thing he had always believed in. The congregation took in the situation and smiled; the old members looked foolish. They did not sing the next night.

## Supporting the Constables.

The chamberlain's office is doing its duty by the constables this year. Despite the fact that in every year people voluntarily pay large amount of taxes before the elections, some 4,000 executions have been issued, and when a man goes to pay his bill he finds 50 cents against him for alleged "costs." He has heard nothing of an execution, the constable has not been near him and has done nothing, in fact, to earn the fee. The charging of these costs seems to be simply for the purpose of raising a fund to support the constables. The latter, when cornered, will sometimes admit they have done nothing to notify those against whom they have executions, while in other cases they will simply lie by alleging that they have called at a man's house when he was out. In the aggregate the people have to pay a good deal of money to men who have done nothing to earn it. A good deal more might be said on this question. The law may be right enough in theory, but its application is anything but fair to the citizens.

## Told Some Plain Truths.

Rector Sibbald gave the congregation of St. Luke's church a plain talk last Sunday morning on the dissensions and strife that some of them had been creating. He also had a few words on what was and was not good deportment around the church on Sunday. It was wrong, for one thing, for people to stand in the lobby before service, to discuss matters in general, and he requested that in future the ushers alone should stand there. This advice was taken by most of the people in the evening, but the vestry clerk and one of the new vestrymen showed their independence by standing there as usual.

## THEY OWN AN AVACANT LOT

### WARDENS AND VESTRY DISCOVER THEY HAVE NO CHURCH.

Fairville People Cannot Have a Rector at the Church of the Good Shepherd—They Think Bishop Kingdon Allowed Them to Get Very Badly Sold.

The rector at the church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, has utterly disappeared, and Rev. W. LeB. McKiel, late of St. Martin's is priest-in-charge.

There is no scandal connected with the mysterious disappearance, from the fact that there has never been a rector in point of law, though in point of fact the people were sure they had one when they secured Mr. McKiel. Bishop Kingdon is authority for the statement that there is not and cannot be such a functionary for the church of the Good Shepherd, and that if the people want a rector they will have to find a church in which to put him. The church of the Good Shepherd belongs to the bishop and not to the people.

Readers of PROGRESS will remember the story of Rev. Mr. Hudgell's experience in Fairville a few months ago. Mr. Hudgell was the successor of Rev. J. C. Titcombe, priest-in-charge, who was located there as a missionary for more than seven years. He managed the affairs of the church in a business-like way, and was responsible only to the bishop. Last July, before leaving for England, Mr. Titcombe inducted Mr. Hudgell as his successor, with some sort of a ceremonial of his own, which included the ringing of the church bell by the new man, who felt that to all intents and purposes he was to carry on the work just as Mr. Titcombe had carried it on.

There was this difference, however, between Mr. Titcombe and Mr. Hudgell. The former had always made the people conform to his way of doing things, while in Mr. Hudgell's case the people undertook to make him conform to their way of doing things. Mr. Titcombe had been a ritualist, with an altar, crosses, candles, colored cassocks and even a red sanctuary lamp, which in a catholic church would have some significance, but in a protestant chancel was simply a misleading ornament, which did not even furnish light enough to give an excuse for its existence. This lamp went away when Mr. Titcombe went, but the other ornaments remained and Mr. Hudgell used them, for he, too, was a ritualist who aimed at a somewhat high service.

The congregation took the bit in their teeth, however, and decided to ask for incorporation as a parish. Mr. Hudgell opposed the idea, but the bishop, on being consulted, pointed them to the law providing that any three communicants can summon a meeting for the election of wardens and vestry. In respect to Lancaster, he added, it was thought a church corporation once existed which had died out. If such was the case, the bishop suggested that it would "be well to give the newly formed corporation the same name."

The bishop further wrote that, before the church of the Good Shepherd was built, the only church was the little one on the Manawagonish road, consecrated in 1847, and if there was a corporation then it was probably called after that church. "In the meantime," he added, "though there need be no particular trouble about the formation of a church corporation, I think it would be well to wait a little till we are quite sure of our ground as to the name."

This was in September last. The petitioners then felt that everything was favorable, and the question of the name seemed to them a matter of minor importance. They held a meeting early in October, and had a pretty warm time between the Hudgell and anti-Hudgell parties. They elected a corporation, however, but would not consent that Mr. Hudgell should be rector. They acquainted the bishop with their course, and he replied hoping that no name would be given to the corporation until more was known as to the corporation supposed to have existed before. He concluded by remarking, "I hope it may be possible to maintain peace, now that a step has been taken in the direction of a corporation."

The legality of the meeting for incorporation having been affirmed by the bishop, the people felt that matters were looking very bright for them. They needed only a rector, for they had declined to elect Mr. Hudgell, though he was the only candidate for the place. They kept on the lookout for available men, however, and shortly before Easter they secured Mr. McKiel.

Mr. Alford Lordly had been named by the bishop as his agent, and during Holy Week he wrote to the bishop, asking a number of questions in the capacity of a warden of the church of the Good Shepherd, to which position he supposed he had been duly elected. The bishop's reply came as an Easter greeting, and was a very large surprise.

The bishop did not think it ever could be such. The land was leased to the bishop and the corporation could have no control not conceded them by the bishop. He pointed out that the "parish church" of Lancaster had been pulled down a few years ago. Its name he said was St. Anne's and that would be the name of the corporation. When St. Anne's church was rebuilt the new corporation would have control over it, but not over the church of the Good Shepherd. He also intimated that the people active in the new corporation had not either spent money in the erection of the latter church or been constant and devout attendants. It was doubtful even if they were entitled to the name of "parishioners," and it would be unfair to listen to them to the exclusion of others.

The alleged parish church down the road is claimed by the people to have been merely a chapel of ease for St. Anne's church, Musquash, and they hold that the bishop has got the two badly mixed. Musquash was formerly included in the civil parish of Lancaster, and then the church in which Mr. Spike now officiates was St. Anne's, as it is now, and was, of course, the parish church. When the parish of Lancaster was divided, the new parish of Musquash got the church, while the old wayside chapel subsequently fell into decay. Mr. Titcombe, utilized as much as he could of it to build the Fairville clergy house, which the bishop now says does not belong to the parish.

So the members of the congregation of the church of the Good Shepherd who went to so much trouble to have wardens and vestry, to run things to suit themselves, find that the only church they are supposed to control is that which is not yet built on the vacant lot down the road. The church of the Good Shepherd is just where it was before, and Mr. McKiel, instead of being rector, is simply priest-in-charge. According to the bishop's ruling, if a rector is wanted a new church will have to be built on the old lot down the road.

Mr. McKiel is likely to suit the majority as priest in charge. He is a "Prayer Book Churchman." Before he came he told the people that he had never used candles, and that they would rather hinder than help him in his services. This gave the new corporation the idea that they could get rid of the obnoxious candlesticks on and around the altar, and they asked the bishop about it. They were willing to retain the cross and a number of the ornaments, but they did not see the need of candlesticks when no "candles would be used." The bishop, in his letter to Mr. Lordly, declined to give his sanction for the removal of the candlesticks, which he says "are perfectly legal ornaments."

Bishop Kingdon has gone to England, leaving an amazed and perturbed body of wardens and vestry in charge of a lot on the Manawagonish road, on which they have full liberty to build their parish church if they want to enjoy the luxury of a rector. Why the bishop did not explain the matter at the outset, before they had put themselves to so much trouble for nothing, is something they fail to understand.

## A Twenty Page Paper.

It will not need more than a hasty glance at the 20 pages of PROGRESS to-day to convince any one that it is a very healthy paper. The first part of this week we had no intention of issuing 20 pages but the orders for advertisements continued to come so rapidly and for such large spaces that if more space had not been added the reading matter would indeed have been curtailed.

But with 20 pages, as its regular issue to-day PROGRESS gives some indication of its value to advertisers. It is also an evidence of the capacity of the mechanical department of the paper and their great efficiency that a 20 page paper, requiring such careful press work and of such large circulation, can be issued in three days of the week.

Two full page advertisements that have never appeared before claim attention in this issue, and an old favorite, the dictionary, which is undoubtedly the most profitable "adv." PROGRESS ever inserted, is found room for once more. Dictionary duty is high now, more than three times what it was before the new tariff, but the price of PROGRESS and Webster—\$3.95—remains the same while the present stock lasts.

## For The Fortieth Time.

Readers of PROGRESS ought to know by this time that it is of no use for them to send persons for publication without some evidence of their being sent in good faith. Items of this kind are rejected every week, and will continue to be rejected. Most of them no doubt are all right, but it is impossible for PROGRESS to judge.

## Not a New Kellyite.

Mr. T. Barclay Robinson, one of the aldermen at large on the Kelly anti-reform ticket, is not wholly new to municipal politics. He was in the old Portland town council for a time.



SEEKING FOR REFORM. MOVEMENTS IN VARIOUS CITIES ON THE CONTINENT.

Boston is in the front with a Municipal League—What they think ought to be done—An effort to get the Working People to take an interest in Affairs.

Boston, April 12.—When a number of prominent citizens set up a standard of reform, the people are pretty sure to follow in line and make things interesting, it is only for a time.

Take the St. John tax reduction association, for instance. Viewed from this distance it seems to have things pretty much its own way.

I do not know what the tax reductions are going to do when they take hold of the affairs of the city, and a careful perusal of the platform published in the St. John papers fails to throw much light on the subject. It is evident that the reformers are going to change the methods of doing civic business considerably, but just how this is going to be done effectively seems to be a matter of some doubt.

I became more thoroughly impressed with this fact while attending a meeting of the Boston Municipal League a few evenings ago. You must understand that St. John is not the only city that is making an effort to reform its civic government about this time. In fact a great civic reform movement seems to be sweeping over the continent. Not long ago the municipal reform associations of a number of cities sent delegates to a convention held in Philadelphia, and a national league of civic reform was formed. The idea of the national league is that by reforming the political methods of the large cities the gateway will be opened to introduce a great reform in the conduct of the affairs of the nation.

The situation in the large cities of the United States is very different from that in St. John. Here national politics enter into every department of the city. It is a continual fight between the two great parties from one year's end to another, one party is always on the lookout to gain an advantage, but both parties being corrupt one cannot say much about the other. So when a new movement is started many partisans of national politics usually hesitate before giving their support to a new movement, while others will enter in to it in order to lay wires to swing the reformers into line with one of the old parties when the proper time comes, and events have shown that the proper time does come sooner or later.

The fact that so many reformers start out with little to work on, with no definite plan which they can put in operation after having secured control of affairs, has always made it possible for the politician to bury the new movement in one of the old parties which have such thorough organization, and through ward representatives have such a hold on the people, that it is in a city like Boston a great undertaking to try to lessen their influence, even with the best sentiment of the community behind the reformers. St. John is practically free from party politics in its civic affairs and the reformers will probably find favor with the people, and they can keep the good will of the people; they may be able to reduce the taxes, without depriving the people of the things which they have a right to expect from the city.

There is nothing that will make the average voter disgusted more than the failure to keep promises, on the part of his representatives, especially when it is not clear in his mind at the outset just how it would be possible to keep these promises.

This matter was thoroughly discussed at the meeting of the Boston municipal reform league, referred to a few moments ago. One of Dr. Parkhurst's New York lieutenants was there; so was a reformer from Philadelphia, one of the Quaker city's leading citizens; while Mr. Moorfield Storey, a thoroughly representative Bostonian also had something to say.

The addresses all covered the same ground and were pretty much to the point. They explained why former reform movements had failed; now they had been started for the purpose of patching up leaks, in certain city departments, and when the leaks were fixed, or the people thought they were, the usefulness of the reformers was gone. The opinion seemed to prevail that the present system of city government was antique and inadequate; that it was the same as that devised for the towns a hundred or more years ago, and by which towns are governed to-day; the cities having patched up and added to the original plan as the populations grew.

One of the ablest speakers took exception to the generally expressed opinion that a city should be run the same as a private business, with the object of making money, in view. A city, he claimed, should be conducted for the benefit of the people living in it, and in following up this argument he questioned the advisability of giving charters to street railway companies, gas companies, and other corporations which pay large dividends by making their own terms with the taxpayers, who through their representatives have been good enough to give the corporations these exclusive rights.

The same argument was used in speaking of the protection the city should give the people, especially the poorer classes. The rich, it was claimed, could look out for themselves. If poor men were brought into the market, the poor man had to buy it, if disease entered the city the poor man had to stay and face it; the rich could move away for a time, and so on in every department where the city is supposed to look after the welfare of its citizens.

These sentiments cannot be appreciated in St. John, perhaps, because the capitalists do not show their hands so plainly as they do here, where city governments do not govern nor legislatures make laws.

Despite all the bluster one sees in the papers about fighting the corporations, the capitalists always win. The big corporations control legislation, and men who go into the board of aldermen or legislature without a cent begin to build houses and buy real estate before they are there six months.

The idea of those engaged in the present movement is to get all the plants controlled by the corporations under civic control and have them operated for the benefit of the people, instead of making them pay big dividends for the few people who now control them.

Of course no definite plans have been proposed, but the Boston League has already appointed a long list of committees, on which are many representative men; men, too who if they perform their duties faithfully will have to keep a close watch on the department of the city to which they are assigned, so that when election time comes they will be able to report on the fitness of the men holding city offices.

As I stated before, this movement is not a local one. New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and a number of other American cities have taken it up, and Montreal, I understand, has made rapid strides toward civic reform, by means of a local association.

Just at present the heads of the movement are trying to get the working people interested, and expect a thorough organization outside of the political parties. They intend to organize clubs of a semi-social nature in the different wards, to bring all the people in contact with each other, and keep up the interest during the year.

A great deal of this is not pertinent to the situation in St. John, but the point I want to make is the great necessity of having something definite in view; of an association knowing what it is going to do to fulfill the promises it makes to the people.

The men I have quoted, men of wide experience in these matters, knowing a great deal of the ins and outs of city governments in large cities, and many of whom have been reformers for years; these men see the folly of patching up leaks, or meddling with simply the ruptured parts of a diseased machine, which is liable to break out in another spot despite their best efforts.

Mr. William H. Welsh's many friends among St. John printers will be interested to know that he is now in business on his own account, a member of the firm of Welsh, Freeman & Co., dealers in printing supplies, 165, 167 Pearl street. Mr. Welsh made hosts of friends in St. John while the representative of the Cranston printing press company.

R. G. LARSEN. The Brownley Boiler Feeder. The following is a report of an actual test of Brownley Patent Injector received by The Brownley Injector Co., of New York. (recently incorporated for the manufacture of the Brownley Patent Injectors for the United States). The patent rights for the United States having been sold to said firm by Messrs. Stirling & Brownley of this city for a large sum of money.

LOUIS BLOCK, Vice Pres. De La Vergne Refrigerating Machine Co. New York March 29th, 1894. The Brownley Mfg Co., New York City Gentlemen: We herewith give you the results obtained by us in testing one of your No. 35 Injectors.

We started the test on the morning of February 21st., and stopped at 5:30 p. m. February 24th. We give you the average performance under two lifts viz. When lifting two feet and when lifting 18 feet and discharging against a boiler pressure of 120 lbs., the injector stopped working when temperature of water had reached 145 degrees; and the temperature of the water discharged into the boiler was at that time 260 degrees.

When lifting 18 feet against same boiler pressure it broke with temperature of suction at 114 degrees, while the temperature of the water fed into the boiler was again 260 degrees.

This performance is evidently satisfactory and most assuredly must be gratifying to you. We will be only too pleased to show the working of the injector to any one whom you may send, as we have it in use; it taking the place of one which we thought was an excellent one.

Besides doing remarkably good work, the injector is substantially built and is very simple in operation. Yours truly, De La Vergne Refrigerating Machine Co. LOUIS BLOCK, Chief Engineer.

Messrs. Stirling & Brownley, St. John, N. B., guarantee every injector manufactured by them and will be glad to send one on 30 days' trial to any reliable Steam user. They also will pay all expenses in connection with same if injector does not give satisfaction.

Over 150 words a minute written in Simple Shorthand (taught by mail) by Mr. C. J. White, now stenographer for T. C. Allen & Co., Halifax, in a little over 3 months. SHELL'S ACTUAL BUSINESS, and SHORWHEAD COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. SPRING SIGNS. Our white and colored letters, after 12 years test, are recognized as the best, most durable and cheapest office and store signs. ROBERTSON, 94 German St., St. John, N. B. 4-7-17

TO LET AT DIDDY, N. S., furnished rooms for the summer, pleasantly situated at the south end of the town with ground in connection. For particulars apply to Miss Oakes. 4-7-17

THE RUBBER MARKERS use our rubber stamps for marking linen and printing visiting cards, all completely ink and fancy initial so etc. postpaid, ROBERTSON STAMP WORKS, St. John, N. B. 4-7-17

A COMPETENT DRESS-MAKER, who sews by system, will cut and fit at her home, or go to the house if preferred. Dresses cut and made \$1.00, waist only \$0.50. Address N. B. S. PROGRESS OFFICE.

AMATEUR Photographers and all who would like to take Pictures, but are afraid to try, should consult an expert. Quills finished to \$100. Practical instruction free and success guaranteed. The Robertson Photo Supply Co., 94 German St., St. John 4-7-17

STAMPS of every description for Hand Books and Ballads, Manufacturers, Stamps, Seals and Stencils. Catalogue free. Robertson Printing and Stamp Co., 94 German St., St. John 4-7-17

PATENTS Thomas F. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide. 5m

INTERESTING AND PROFITABLE employment for ladies and gentlemen selling the celebrated "Sole Photographs and Works of Art," Prince Edward Island, by applying personally or by letter to A. FERRAND, 86 King St., St. John, N. B. 9-3-47

YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD mailed to us brings you promptly 50 samples of cloth, guaranteed self-measuring blanks, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and sent to any express or mail order house, for \$1.00. Suits from \$12 up. Agents wanted. PILORIN FANTS CO'Y., 35 Mill St. St. John, N. B.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Developers, fixing and solutions for sale. LORAIN PHOTO STUDIO, 35 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

RESIDENCE at Robbessay for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated home known as the Tussock property about one and a half miles from Robbessay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Hotel. Best reasonable. Apply to H. G. FANEY Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 94-47

SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms, 58 KING STREET.

I HAVE Opened an immense Stock of all Grades of CARPETS for this Season's Trade.

I find I could cover every room in the City, which will give an idea of the enormous stock to select from.

My warerooms are well adapted for showing stock, having twenty thousand square feet of floor room.

Table listing carpet types and prices: Moquette Carpets, Beautiful Designs, \$1.15 per yd.; Brussels Carpets, Borders to Match, 1.00; Tapestry Carpets, from All Wool, (English Manufacture), 35c to 95c; Irish Point Curtains, \$3.50 to \$20.00 per pair; Nottingham, 90c to 5.00.

The above with a complete Stock of Mats, Rugs, Poles, Oilcloths and Linoleums makes the finest Stock to select from in the Maritime Provinces. A. O. SKINNER.

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Grand display of FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MILLINERY. See our Windows HAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

Several months ago the Tax Reduction Association, composed of our citizens, entered upon the work of civic reform, and being assisted by the masses of our people matured, and in the face of determined opposition carried through the legislature a bill that has changed the mode of elections and broadened the representation, altered the constitution of the council and secured the selection of representatives who will look to the interest of the city as a whole and secure the administration of public affairs with efficiency and economy. This movement of reform has entered its most critical and vital stage, because you are now called upon to elect under the new constitution men who will secure the triumphant completion of the efforts so nobly made on our city's behalf. Therefore, we, as friends of this progressive movement, solicit your support, and pledge ourselves to absolutely oppose any increase in the debt by the issue of bonds or otherwise, unless in cases of absolute and unforeseen emergency, to keep the annual expenditure of the city within the income, and not to allow more money to be spent for any account than the amount assessed for the current year, to apply for legislation giving the citizens more direct control of school, and other expenditures; for the appointment of many officials at present appointed by the local government; also to vote in the city council the fixing of the salaries of all civic officials, and generally to demand for the citizen the right of responsible local self-government; also the consideration of the departmental system, with a view to its revision and the abolition of all unnecessary offices, to inquire into the management of the business of the assessors' office for the purpose of having the assessment law or its administration improved and generally to enter upon an investigation of the city's affairs with a view to the practice of the most rigid economy and a sincere effort to obtain a dollar's worth for every dollar spent.

George Robertson for Mayor. Patrick McCarthy, for alderman D. J. McLaughlin, for Guy's ward. C. Burton Lockhart, for Guy's ward. John B. M. Baxter, for Brook's ward. George H. Waring, for Sydney ward. Stephen B. Hazard, for Duke's ward. John W. Daniel, for Queen's ward. James Kennedy, for King's ward. William Shaw for Wellington ward. John H. McRobbi, for Prince ward. James Swaton, for Victoria ward. Thomas Milledge, for Duffin ward. Robert W. DeBury, for Lunddown ward. John McMulkin for Lorne ward. Michael O'Mahoney, for Stanley ward.

THE CANADIAN STRICTLY HIGH GRADE BICYCLES. PRICE \$100.00. THE GOLD BICYCLE COMPANY BRANTFORD, ONT. ENGLISH PATENT SAFETY VALVE

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE PRIZES given to boys in towns and villages who have to recollect, besides to secure the right to sell Prizes. There are cases of small prizes where the people would be glad to take. Prizes every week. If any boy could be found who could deliver it, and collect the money, there is a prize of \$1.00. Send for the coupon.

WM. HARLAND & SONS' English Varnishes

Table listing various varnishes and their prices: Pale Durable Body Varnish, Medium Durable Body Varnish, Durable Body, Pale Carriage, Red Shade Carriage, One Coat Carriage, Pale Rubbing, Quick Rubbing, Gold Size, Black Japan, Black Color and Varnish, Black Enamel Japan, Pale Oak Varnish, Pale Oak Varnish, Dead Escudo Varnish, Gillett's Gold Size, Harland's Patent Filling-up Powder.

W. H. THORNE & CO., MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN.

W. ALEX. PORTER,

Choice Confectionery, Bon Bons, Chocolate Cream Drops, Barley Toys, New Figs, Dates, Malaga Grapes, Florida Oranges, Nuts, all kinds, Fruit Syrups, Jellies and Jams, with a full line of staple and fancy groceries.

REFRIGERATORS FOR 1894.

ONE CAR LOAD JUST TO HAND.

These Refrigerators are made of Ash and Oak. Charcoal Filled. SOLID BRASS HINGES AND LOCKS. Heavy Zinc Linings. STYLE AND FINISH VERY SUPERIOR. Prices Right.

A Full Line Now on the Floor.

Emerson & Fisher, Prince Wm. Street.

P. S. Seasonable goods such as Brushes, Brooms, Wringers, Tubs, etc.

The "NIAGARA" Spraying Pump.

BEST AND CHEAPEST SPRAYER manufactured for spraying POTATOES, TREES, GARDENS, LAWNS, &c. Will thoroughly spray a 10 acre Orchard per day. Made of BRASS. Parts interchangeable. Just what is needed by every Farmer, Fruit Grower, Gardener, Nurseryman, Florist, Stockman, &c. Fitted with GRADUATING SPRAY ATTACHMENT FOR FRUIT TREES. Can change from solid stream to spray instantly while pumping. Everything screws together and can be taken apart readily and cleaned. Will throw fine or coarse spray or solid stream as desired. It is the BEST, MOST POWERFUL, EASIEST WORKING and CHEAPEST first-class BRASS SPRAY PUMP made. Can be attached to a pail or barrel. Just what you require. Sent by express (prepaid) on receipt of price, \$6.00. FOR SALE BY—

T. McAVITY & SONS, 15 & 17 KING ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.



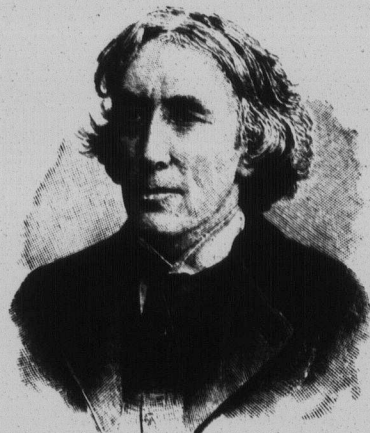
# VIN MARIANI



"VIN MARIANI" gives to my "White Fathers," sons of Europe, the courage and strength to civilize Asia and Africa. CARDINAL LAVIGNERIE.



I am happy to write you what I tell 'o a'l my friends, "Long live VIN MARIANI." LOUISE THERO.



I can certainly add my testimony to the virtues of "VIN MARIANI," which I have found excellent, and am well convinced of its quality. HENRY IRVING.



In truth "VIN MARIANI" is perfect, gives us health, drives away the blues, and is of such excellent quality that whoever taste it might almost desire to be forever debilitated and depressed, thus to have a pretext to drink it. VICTORIEN SARDOU.



Homage to the virtues of "VIN MARIANI," which so often has given me strength. ROSITA MAURI.

This popular French Tonic, as prescribed by the entire Medical Profession, is uniformly efficacious. It nourishes and strengthens when everything else fails, is readily digested and can be taken indefinitely without any unpleasant reaction, and this cannot be said of any other tonic; its beneficial effects are immediate and lasting. Being a diffusible tonic, it renews and stimulates the vital forces, giving life and vigor, and is invaluable for all bodily and mental over-exertions. VIN MARIANI refreshes in the most agreeable manner, and is considered by everyone testing it, as palatable as the choicest old wines. For Invalids, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Lung Troubles, Impoverished Blood, Malaria, Influenza, etc., VIN MARIANI is the tonic par excellence. The entire system is fortified and toned, thus preventing many ills.

## TO TONE AND STRENGTHEN BODY AND BRAIN

nothing equals VIN MARIANI, and every test will prove this assertion. Most popularly used tonic-stimulant in Hospitals, Public and Religious Institutions everywhere, since 30 years. Over 7,000 written endorsements from prominent physicians in Europe and America warrant aforesaid assertions, and a trial will convince.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Was ever such an array of the world's celebrities brought to testify to the merits of a tonic, and yet the faces you see here are only a few taken from the following list:

- |  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| ALBANI,<br>SARAH BERNHARDT,<br>ADELINA PATTI,<br>THEBELLI,<br>EMMA EAMES,<br>SEMBRICH,<br>NILSSON,<br>JANE HADING,<br>MINNIE HAUK,<br>JUDIC,<br>FURSCH-MADL,<br>FANNY DAVENPORT,<br>JULIET CORSON, | EX-EMP DOM. PEDRO,<br>FLAMMARION,<br>CARDINAL LAVIGNERIE,<br>SIR MORRELL MACKENZIE,<br>AMBROISE THOMAS,<br>HENRY IRVING,<br>CAMPANINI,<br>FAURE,<br>DEL PENTE,<br>JULIES CLARETTE,<br>LILLIAN RUSSELL,<br>THEO,<br>SARASATE, | EMILE ZOLA,<br>VICTORIEN SARDOU,<br>CHARLES GOUNOD,<br>BARTHOLOI,<br>EMMA CALVE,<br>ROCHEFORT,<br>COQUELIN,<br>DE VERE,<br>JEAN DE RESZKE,<br>EDOUARD DE RESZKE,<br>VALLERIA,<br>CAPOUL,<br>MOUNET SULLY. |
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FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS AND PARTICULARS ADDRESS

### LAWRENCE A. WILSON & CO.,

SOLE AGENTS IN CANADA FOR

**Mariani & Co., of Paris,**

AND

DEUTZ & GELDERMANN'S GOLD LAO SEC CHAMPAGNE.

28 & 30 Hospital Street, Montreal.



To Mr. Mariani, in remembrance of his excellent wine. ADELINA PATTI.



To my good friend, A. Mariani, beneficent discoverer of that admirable wine which has so often restored my strength. CHARLES GOUNOD.



The Elixir of Life, which combats human debility, the one real cause of every ill—a veritable scientific fountain of youth, which, in giving vigor, health and energy, would create an entirely new and superior race. EMILE ZOLA.



"VIN MARIANI" seems to brighten and increase all our faculties; it is very probable that had I taken it twenty years ago, the Statue of Liberty would have attained the height of several hundred metres. I console myself, however, with the thought that this precious wine will give me the strength to carry out certain other projects already formed, and for which accept thanks from yours cordially. BARTHOLOI.



My DEAR MARIANI: Your marvellous wine needs certainly no further recommendation, as every one is familiar with it, and no one would be without it. I think "VIN MARIANI" can have no equal. BERTHELIERE, Theatre des Nouveaux, Paris.

MONSIEUR MARIANI: Man always and everywhere lacks energy and endurance—it is his misery—you have succeeded in giving him a new and exquisite source of energy; you are a benefactor of man. REV. FATHER DIDON.











SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.]

HALIFAX NOTES.

Programs for sale in Halifax at the following places:
Book Store, 24 George street
Morris & Co., 111 Hollis street
Clayton Smith, 111 Hollis street
Morris & Co., 111 Hollis street
Morris & Co., 111 Hollis street
Morris & Co., 111 Hollis street

Mr. Montgomery Moore had a small children's party last Wednesday, which was greatly enjoyed by the small guests, and by those who helped to amuse them.

On Monday evening a small whist dinner was given at the Halifax club by some of its members, as a farewell to Colonel Raymond, who leaves for England today.

Talking of sports, there is a strong movement on foot toward getting up a golf club, which was once before proposed though it came to nothing.

Yachting conversation is beginning to be heard again in spite of the unseasonable and inhuman weather.

Major Stone and Lieut. Parmenter, King's regiment, returned from leave in England on Monday.

The approaching marriage is announced of Dr. Walter Wescheott, so well known in Halifax, though for many years a resident of Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Alexander Henslein goes shortly to Bermuda, to meet her brother, the Rev. W. H. Henslein, who has received the appointment of parish priest at St. George's.

There is some talk of getting up a ball for the benefit of the S. F. C. Judging by the late shocking occurrence in Dartmouth, there is plenty of work for the society to do, and the ball and making it a success.

An event of Monday afternoon was a small farwell tea given by Mrs. Odell for Mrs. Binney and Mrs. Lancaster, who were her guests for the week.

I hear that Miss Stella Ross, who has been very ill, has made an excellent recovery, and will be able to leave for London, where Sir John has taken a house.

The author of "Key-note," one of the most famous books of the year, is the sister-in-law of a well known Halifax lady.

The Parisian today takes a large number of well known people to the theatre.

Miss McNeill is the guest of Mrs. James Duffus, Morris street. I hear that Mrs. Daly expects two young ladies, her nieces I think, to spend the summer with her at Government House.

Miss Carman, the well known poet who is so far the most talented of Canadian singers, has accepted a position as "reader" and literary adviser to Stone and Kimball, publishers in Cambridge, Mass., and in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Smith came home on Tuesday from a short visit to Parrboro.

On Tuesday Miss Campbell, Miss Miles and Mr. Campbell, Mr. G. and Mr. A. Robb, went to Yarmouth to assist Prof. Sterne at a concert.

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THE SOULE Photograph and Art Comp'y Boston
The goods of this celebrated house are for sale by the undersigned, who is about to appoint representatives in every town in Canada.
All Photographs handsomely mounted ready for framing. They are first copies of the leading pictures of Europe and America.
Any merchant desirous of adding an excellent selling article to his regular trade, will please address for particulars to A. PETERSEN, 68 King St., St. John, General Agent for Canada. STEINWAY, CHICKERING AND NORDHEIMER PIANOS

\$37.50
THIS GIVES YOU AN IDEA OF OUR SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICES DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO FAMILY.
Write to-day (For our Handsome Illustrated Catalogue Free to All.)
Special terms of sale.
We ship ORGANS direct to the Home on TEN DAYS TEST TRIAL, and sell on easy terms of payment as well as for spot cash.
Every Instrument Fully Warranted for Six Years.
Address: H. E. CHUTE & CO., YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

PRICE & SHAW,
This Carriage has improvements in suspension and construction; giving INCREASED advantages over all similar vehicles. It is a roomy, comfortable, two or four passenger carriage of the highest grade. Unobstructed entrance, lots of bundle room. Stylish and serviceable. Write us for cuts and price.
222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

plano duo given with good style and the trio by Miss Smith, piano, Mr. Pelton, violin and Mr. H. Hillcoat, cornet, were really appreciated and helped to brighten up matters wonderfully for I am told the ladies made a regular clearance sale.

Miss Read, of Sackville, gave a piano recital on Friday evening in the G. T. hall that was quite a treat to those favored with an invitation.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Robt. Pugsley gave a very interesting party for a number of ladies at her home in the city.

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Mr. Chas. Godfrey arrived home on Friday last. He was accompanied by his daughter.

Mr. E. H. Barrill, B. A., of McGill medical college, is in town for a few days.

Mr. J. Churchill, from McGill college, is visiting Miss Sawyer in Halifax for a few days.

Mr. M. F. P., returned from Halifax this week.

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HANINGTON'S
GENTLE BUT EFFECTIVE
AND
PAIN EXPELLER!
THE GREAT TONIC. Purifies the Blood, Improves the Appetite, Prevents the attacks of Fever and Diphtheria, removes Pimples and gives Tone and strength to the whole system.
J. P. HANINGTON, General Agent, Montreal.

EMERSON'S
S. THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER.
The entertainment is given at the residence of Mrs. J. P. Hanington, on Friday evening, April 13th, at 10 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Smith came home on Tuesday from a short visit to Parrboro.

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MURPHY'S GOLD CURE
Alcoholism, the Morphine and Tobacco Habits.
MOUNT PLEASANT, ST. JOHN, N. B.
CARROLL RYAN, Manager.

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NEW GLASGOW.

[Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. ...]
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ST. STEPHEN AND GALLAH.

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MILLTOWN, N. B.

[Progress is for sale in Milltown by ...]
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NEWCASTLE.

[Progress is for sale in Newcastle by ...]
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MAUGERVILLE.

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ROXBORO.

[Progress is for sale in Roxboro by ...]
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Various small notices and advertisements on the left margin.

Various small notices and advertisements in the middle column.

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MAGNET SOAP. SEND Twenty-five MAGNET Wrappers and get one of our Elegant Engravings: free from Advertising. Logan's Soap Works, 20 Cormain Street, St. John, N. B.

NEWCASTLE. [Progress is for sale in Newcastle by Max ...]
Apr 11.—Mr. J. H. Henderson ...

MAUGERVILLE. [Progress is for sale in Maugerville by ...]
Apr 11.—Mr. J. H. Henderson ...

ROXBORO. [Progress is for sale in Roxboro by ...]
Apr 11.—Mr. J. H. Henderson ...

You Have Had The Grip and your appetite isn't right and you are not yourself. You won't be until you regulate your stomach. In such cases as yours we prescribe Groder's Syrup. Pleasant To Take Sure to Cure. It will give you an appetite. It will put you on your feet. A great many Druggists and general dealers have it for sale. \$1 per bottle - \$5 for six bottles. GUARANTEED.

Armbricht's Tonic Cocoa Wine - For Fatigue of Mind and Body, Nervousness and Sleeplessness. ARMBRICHT, NELSON & Co., 2 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, At Druggists.

ST. JOHN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND ELOCUTION. 125 Prince William St. Boarding and Day School. A thorough course given in Piano, Harmony, etc. Vocal, Singing, Elocution, English, French and German. Orchestral Music. M. S. WHITMAN, Director.

MRS. R. P. PORTEOUS (Frances Franklin) of London. Winner of Madame Sainton Dolby's Vocal Scholarship for Great Britain. Mrs. Porteous is prepared to receive pupils for lessons in the art of singing and advanced piano for the pianoforte. Oratorio and ballad singing. Communications to PETERSEN'S MUSIC STORE, King Street, or HOTEL STANLEY, King Square.

GENTLEMEN: YOU CAN BUY SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, UNDERWEAR, TIES, SUSPENDERS, UMBRELLAS, HANKERCHIEFS and all kinds of Men's Furnishings AT 32 KING ST. Cheaper Than Elsewhere. Because the entire stock must be disposed of before the first day of MAY. Next door below Waterbury & Risley's.

PROVIDENT Savings Life Assurance SOCIETY OF NEW YORK. SHEPPARD HOMANS, - President. R. H. MATSON General Manager for Canada, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED. T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE.



SOCIETY AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Page 7.)

FREQUENTS.

[Persons in the sale in Frederick by W. T. H. ...]
April 12.—The government ball held here last evening in the provincial parliament building, was the most magnificent social affair that has taken place here in years. The council chamber was reserved for dancing. The assembly rooms were delightfully arranged for "vision out."

The original list of invitations was as follows. The supplementary list did not reach Frederick in time for insertion.
Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Allen Rev. and Mrs. Alexander ...

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Allen Rev. and Mrs. Alexander ...
Miss Ida Allen Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen ...

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Allen Rev. and Mrs. Alexander ...
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Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Allen Rev. and Mrs. Alexander ...
Miss Ida Allen Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen ...

Mr. H. B. & Miss ...
Mrs. George, white satin, trimmed with white ...

Mr. H. B. & Miss ...
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Bankrupt Stock.

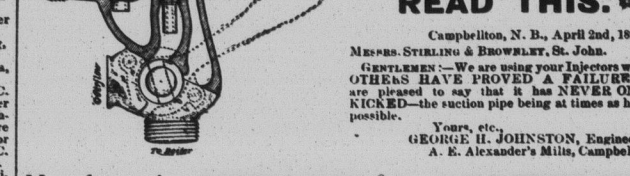
There has been some stir in our store the last five days, in consequence of the Tremendous Bargains we are offering. The bargains consist of a stock of Dry Goods which we secured at a figure which enables us to sell it at One-Third Its Original Value.

Rich Real Thread Lace at 8 to 75c., the prices of which were 45c. to \$3.00 per yard.

Ladies' Cashmere Gloves, with gauntlets, 40c. quality for 15c. A great variety of Ribbons at prices ranging from 2c. to 40c. A large assortment of Gents' furnishings are included.

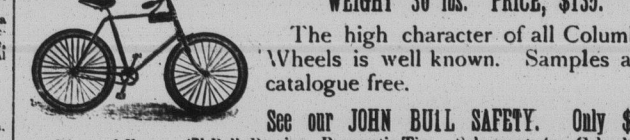
FRED. A. DYKEMAN & CO., 97 KING ST.

"Brownie" Injector.



Manufactured and sold by STIRLING & BROWLEY, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Columbia Model 34.



The high character of all Columbia wheels is well known. Samples and catalogue free.

SAINT JOHN CYCLE CO., St John, N. B.

"YE ENGLISH SHOPPE," 108 KING ST.

To our Friends and Patrons WE ARE GOING OUT OF BUSINESS ON the first of May next, and are anxious to dispose of our stock during the present month.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

IF YOU WANT SOMETHING EXTRA in the above line visit H. CLIMO, PHOTOGRAPHER, 85 CHERMAN ST., ST. JOHN.

CITY CORNET BAND.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT, Opera House, TUESDAY, Apr. 17th, EVENING, Apr. 17th.

THE WOVEN WEB.

The first time in St. John of the beautiful drama, in 4 acts entitled THE WOVEN WEB, or the "Darkest Hour Just Before Dawn."

IAT Allan's Drug Store.

35 King Street, you will find the best selected stock of PERFUMES, SOAPS, TOOTHBRUSHES, AND TOILET REQUISITES of Every Description.

Deaf for a Year.

Catarrh is a CONSTITUTIONAL disease, and requires a CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY like Hood's Sarsaparilla to cure it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a purely vegetable, and does not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RINGS A SPECIALTY. All orders obtained to promptly executed and satisfaction guaranteed. W. TREMAINE, 81 KING ST., St. John, N. B.

Deaf for a Year. Catarrh is a CONSTITUTIONAL disease, and requires a CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY like Hood's Sarsaparilla to cure it. HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.



PROGRESS, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1894.

Our Carpet Department contains all grades of Carpets, in Brussels, Tapestry, Wilton, Axminster, Moquette, Union, in all the latest designs and colorings.



Also a great variety of Rugs, Mats and Squares, Linoleums and Oilcloths. China Mattings in neat Designs and Patterns.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Progress' Short Stories.

Sketches of Personal Adventure Submitted in Competition for a Prize of Five Dollars.

VIOLA MAY ALDRIDGE.

Beside the Arno's dark dreamy flow. You know love we were seated, in these sweet moments long ago, When food words were repeated, Ah, little in that happy time, We thought love we could sever; Or dreaming in that sunny clime, Would be love's dream forever.

Above is the opening verse of one of my own songs. The sadness it has thrown over my whole life makes it the song of all songs to me. In truth I never find myself even humming it over; but again I am a pensive wanderer under that balmy Italian sky. I was in love then, yes deeply in love with an angel on the earth, and I have been in love ever since, sweet Viola May Aldridge, was, like myself, a summer tourist. She had come from the quaint old city, on the banks of the Delaware, I had come from the meadows of Grand Pre. What was she like?

My thoughts have no eloquence to describe her. Tall and queenly, graceful in perfection of figure; bonny brown hair in abundance, perfectly oval face, hazel eyes overflowing with language, and the golden promises of affection in every uttered tone. We met at Naples, Italy: an hour after our introduction we knew we were one in soul.

"Miss Aldridge, allow me to introduce Mr. Minton." This was her uncle's voice, married and travelling with his wife and sister. It was however in a later moonlight ramble along the storied Arno that we had our first interview alone. She had an earlier admirer. I told her the immortal story. I dreamed I might be preferred; that dream came true. It was dreaming in that sunny clime, but it was to be love's dream for ever. I had my sketch book and we were looking over it together.

"I love your sketches, Mr. Minton. Are these real pictures of the Acadian valleys? Is this truly the old well, and are these the willows in the land of Evangeline?"

"Yes, they are all said to be perfectly true to nature. You see Grand Pre as it is today. This is our Gaspereaux river, and you see it represented in all its old time beauty."

She looked a few moments pensively upon the rippling Arno, veiled in moonlight glory, and then remarked, "How lovely both places seem."

In reply the fragrant flowers, the sweet blue haze of the sky, and the soothing influence of twilight gave a voice to my longing soul.

"They are indeed beautiful scenes, Miss Aldridge, unless you will permit me to call you May; it is a name I most highly esteem."

"I do not see any harm in your mentioning it," she said. "It is simply May; many of my friends prefer it."

"The name of May Aldridge will ever be a cherished name with me."

"The name of a friend is often more dear than its owner. This from her. Do you think she went on that Longfellow's Evangeline of Grand Pre, like Rebekah in her own land, ever drew water or drank from this well?"

"Such is the legend of the Prairie and the same I believe to be true. It is called Evangeline's well, and what that well and river was to her this scene and the Arno is now to me. Evangeline was dearer than life to the heart of but one, and so would I have you to myself alone. Parting from you must bring me sorrow, and then as the shadows of the twilight

lengthened her fair white hand only trembled a little in my own. A deep colour came over that beautiful face, and the glance of the hazel eyes was far away. She made me no reply. "May shall I remain?"

In answer to this there was no outspoken response, but her beautiful head rested confidently upon my shoulder, and but one whispered word was, "Remain."

But that heavenly moment was destined to be of brief duration. At the same instant a dark figure emerged from the laurel shadows, and stood directly facing us.

"Miss Aldridge!" said the young man in a passion of anger, "I have heard and witnessed all. I see you think yourself separated from me for ever, but beware! I shall never let you go." Then to me he almost hissed forth with intense bitterness, "We meet again, sir, in due time."

At the close of the tourists season we were all crossing the Atlantic coming to our American homes. We had passed a very cheerful and social evening, and all seemed quite secure about the steamship Britannia. But as the hours wore on and the company had mostly retired; thick darkness fell upon the Atlantic, and the weather grew strangely threatening. I was standing by the railing on the starboard bow and on the lower deck. I had not seen anything of that strange young man since he came upon us so unexpectedly by the Arno river. May had merely spoken of him as Mr. St. Lorne. Suddenly a strong arm was twisted about my neck, and with a mad cry in my ear "Remember the Arno," I felt myself forced backward towards the ocean. It was May's jealous admirer.

In the midst of my frantic effort to throw him off, came a loud crash. We had collided with an unknown vessel. A great billow swept down towards us, something struck my antagonist a powerful blow, I saw him swept into the dark waters. Instantly I rushed away to seek my affianced bride. In the midst of the awful confusion I discovered her prostrate form upon the floor of the state room saloon. I took her in my arms and held her securely, and as I praised God saved.

When I found her robed in the white garment of her state room, one wave at least had already gone over her.

How that scene in the future became an awful reality of death; oh would that I had not to tell.

The Aldridge family had a stately home in the city of brotherly love, and it was really a sweet home in every sense of the word. In the following spring we were married from that dear old place.

"I Viola take thee Albert to my wedded husband," is engraven for ever in my heart of hearts.

Our bridal tour included a short stay at our old Grand Pre homestead. It is still standing under the elms, though a stranger's footstep has crossed the door since then. How my beautiful May revelled in our charming Acadian scenery. How often there together we sang another of my own songs, of which this is a verse.

Oh! the dear old home, By the bright Grand Pre; Is the sweetest spot, In this world to me. Where the great dykes sweep, To the mountain side; And look far away O'er the salt sea-side. What to us then was a lake of Lucerne, or a Naples bay, compared with the green

meadows and the Blomidon of my boyhood. But we bade adieu to them all, and she my life's idol left them forever. Our bridal tour was continued, we were again on the broad Atlantic. We were to revisit our enchanting bower by the Arno river, and dream once more our dream of love unending.

But when will there be no storms, when will there be no more wrecks at sea. Be still my soul and cease to pray to penetrate the mysterious veil of the hereafter.

A good sea boat? Yes, but "the sea is mighty and rages horribly." A fearful storm arose with seas sweeping down upon us like uprooted mountains. Like many others, with vows and prayers, we stood ready to go down together. Now a tremendous hurricane on wings of living fire. The deadly corpse, the fire ball of heaven, rushes along the gleaming sky. It floods with purple flame the masts, the deck and the angry surges. Then the awful panic, and the rush for the lowering boats. My beloved May is torn from me in the mad struggle and passed into one; I am hurried for safety into another.

We parted heart-broken As fearful we bowed To His will the far future still keeping, And there in the shadows Within that dark cloud, Our voices were silent with weeping.

Somewhere uncuffed with millions of our race, abandoned in the last vestments of the remorseless deep, she slumbers in eternal silence. Rescued next day, I but watch and wait, while I tell my sorrow to the sea. "O when will the day break and the shadows flee away." I have another song to sing for myself alone. One verse only I give here. Some day the thoughtless world may have the rest.

"Till the sea gives my love to me waking I'm her's and her true heart is mine; My bride is my angel there sleeping, As long as the holy stars shine. In my dreams are our wedding bells blending, Love's music in melodies low, And ever her voice calls me softly, Across the blue waves as they flow. I was her treasure, her's only, May is my love till I die; So broken hearts often may follow I under the honey-moon sky."

IMMORTALE. OVER THE CLIFF. "Just imagine," it's a year ago that this month on the 26th of April last, that we had the great gale and snow storm in the provinces. How rapidly the time flies, and yet, so vivid to my mind are the experiences of that terrible night, that it seems only a few weeks, instead of many months since they transpired.

In looking up my diary I find that my good wife and I were at Cow Bay, Cape Breton, and left there about five p. m. the evening of the 26th, bound for Little Glace Bay, with a horse and covered carriage. It looked a little dark, but apart from that it was mild, and now and then a drop of rain would remind us to hurry forward on our journey of several miles.

But the rain came on only too soon and the wind increased so much that we wondered if we would go on or return. We decided to press forward as it was difficult to turn where we were, and consoled ourselves that it might be worse in the morning. The roads were dreadful. Sometimes we would sink almost to the hub of the wheels in mud and water. To make matters worse the spring on my side of the wagon was broken or disabled in such a manner that when the wheels would sink in the mud or uneven road the carriage top would lean fearfully to that side. Through the approaching darkness I therefore tried to drive in such a way that my side would have the best of the road.

Darkness came on very fast. Hail and sleet, rain and wind also increased. The horse would not go faster than a walk as the roads were so bad. Then it became colder, and a snow storm came upon us

almost as quick as it takes to write its arrival. The wind dead in our faces, increased to a terrible gale. The canopy top of the wagon blew out like a sail and made it all the harder for the horse to jog along. I let down the top of the carriage, but we were worse off than ever for the iron frame part caught in my side of the wheel, owing to the damaged spring, and the wheel slid along instead of turning round like the others. I hoisted sail again but we were beating against the wind and I was but a poor sailor.

It was by this time quite dark. Imagine if you will, our position, it indeed you can. Strangers in a strange place. Not a soul to be seen; not a light from a wayside house. In a terrible storm, increasing every moment, with a stubborn and tired-out horse and a disabled wagon upon frightful roads.

My brave wife clung on to my arm. My hands were quite numb with the cold wind, and I could not see ahead of the horse a yard. We were blinded with the snow, likewise the horse, as the sequel will show.

The horse stopped short and would not be persuaded to go ahead. I said "Get up there," but it was no use. I used the whip but he would not budge. So I gave the reins to my wife, and got out and led him along by the bridle.

In this way I fancy I covered about half a mile, when I noticed on my right a glimmer through the darkness. As it turned out afterwards we were near Big Glace Bay, and the home of Mr. McDonald.

Oh, I cannot relate the joy of the shipwrecked sailor as he sees relief coming, for I have never experienced it, but I tell you we were grateful to see anything or any place that would give us shelter.

It did not take long to decide what to do. I led the horse over to the gate and went to the door. Never shall I forget the kindness of these good people. One of the sons took the horse and housed him for the night. My wife and I were soon bathing our numb hands in water to bring circulation to them. My, how they tingled. We had tea beside a great grate fire, and our hearts were all aglow in gratitude. Having disposed of our meal we all sat around the fireplace and we related our experience. As we sat there the house creaked with the wind, and we could hear the roar of the sea as it dashed upon the shore.

We retired, but sleep was out of the question. I thought the house would blow away, so great was the gale felt at this exposed point where the house was situated.

In the morning, with grateful hearts, about 9.30 a. m. of the 27th, we continued our journey toward Little Glace Bay, a distance of about three miles.

The wind had very much subsided, and all nature seemed sorry that it had been so bad the night previous.

We had crossed the long sandy bar by the sea shore and had arrived at the top of a hill when we struck a snow drift about 50 yards long right across the road, and almost even with the fences. Nothing daunted, I made straight for the centre of it, full cry.

The horse took us over about 10 yards and then sank to his middle, he began to flounder and I jumped out and surveyed the scene.

Reader do not smile, when I say we were peculiarly situated.

The snow was hard on top and we could stand on it with ease without sinking. So far so good. My wife looked at me and laughed, outright saying this is lovely, what are you going to do. I stood to my post, and held the horse's bridle. I saw a farmer about 300 yards away and beckoned to him to "come and help us." "He caught on," and brought a large wooden

shovel. He worked for some time making a path for the horse's feet, and when he was tired I took up the good work. At last we made a start, after an hour's exertion and got through the large drift.

This good man then informed us that there was another large drift ahead. So I asked him to come along and help us out, and I would do the same for him.

Forward we went and alas only too true another drift not quite so large awaited our arrival. We went through the same mode of procedure and after considerable delay we arrived safely on the other side of the second snow drift. Nothing further happened until we brought up at McPherson's, Glace Bay.

Imagine our surprise when this gentleman informed us that he had staid up until 4 a. m. awaiting our arrival. They all thought, that we had perished in the storm, or driven over the cliffs into the sea.

Telephone inquiries were made from Sydney and several other places, and nearly all predicted we had perished in the gale.

I went down the main street of Glace Bay after dinner and overheard one boy telling several others that I was the man that went over the cliff the night previous.

Strange to say we were none the worse of this strange unexpected experience not even taking cold.

We often think of the 26th, of April 1893, and when we do our hearts well up within us in gratefulness to those who so kindly gave us a helping hand in the hour of need. ALAN DECLUS.

HANTERTIDE AT WHERE?

It was a wet foggy afternoon, too unpleasant to go out, so I take my book and drawing a rocking chair up in front of the sitting room fire I settled myself to enjoy my last library story. The wind blows fiercely and the rain dashes in angry little slaps against the window panes, the fire snaps and crackles cheerily and I read on and on.

Suddenly my ears catch the sound of strange, sweet singing and then a very peculiar sight is spread before my wondering gaze. I was in a little old fashioned building—a church. The walls were rude and bare, the floor uncovered and the long narrow benches looked hard and forbidding. But what my eyes at length caught and became fascinated with were the two central objects the altar and reading-desk. Such banks of magnificent flowers, my eyes had never before beheld, such glorious roses, red and white, pink and yellow, lilies pure and fair, and behind on the chancel wall was what seemed like an immense mirror framed in gold. The glass reflected the beautiful flowers again and again. (On the glass were written "Easter." "He is risen Christ the Lord, "Hallelujah." And the congregation, could I believe my eyes; yes, they were all negroes, and they were all very black, but the blackest of all was the preacher, he stood up there in his white robe among all those beautiful flowers and he preached his little sermon to his little flock, and the words he spoke were wise and the advice he gave was good and then after the sermon he said "Let us pray," and that prayer was the very strangest part of this very strange service. What ever the congregation wanted they told the preacher and he prayed, and this is the way he prayed "Please Lord send sister Hettie a new hat," and the response came from all the people, "Please Lord do," and then "Please Lord send brother Ben a pair of boots," and the response "Please Lord do." After several more requests, a great large negro woman who was sitting next me whispered loudly in my ear, "Now honey what you want ter pray for?" I did not reply. "Come on, honey, don't be afraid, speak up." I still did not answer, and then with her great black hand, she gave my



Is your suit alike all over? You know what we mean, it is faded? We make it all one color here and all one color is better than clothes of many colors now a-days.

UNGAR'S Laundry and Dye Works. Telephone 58.

arm one or two gentle little taps. I shook myself free from her touch and opened my eyes, to find myself still in the fitting room, with the rain dashing against the window, the fire burning brightly, and, by my side, with two paws on my arm, his head nestling against my shoulder, and his kind brown eyes looking up in my face, was my own dear, little brown-coated, lapped dog "Pug." JEANNETTE.

TOLD OF BROWN-SQUARD. Historic Reason For Remembering a City in New Jersey.

About twenty-five years ago rather a queer looking old Frenchman applied for lodging at the City Hotel in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and for six months or more he was a source of great curiosity, if not suspicion, by his fellow guests and neighbors. His room was a mystery to the landlord, filled as it was with all sorts of queer looking bottles filled with acids and the viscera of animals.

The Frenchman seldom spoke to any one but left the hotel early in the morning and returned at night with a well filled bag, the contents of which were still more of a mystery than the old man himself. He was thought to be a counterfeiter, a burglar or a dealer in charms, and as a hoodoo by the negroes, who became thoroughly afraid of him and gave him a wide berth.

After a time one of the physicians located here, Dr. Clifford Morrrough, discovered his identity, and occasionally Dr. Brown-Squard, for he it was, availed himself of Dr. Morrrough's fine laboratory in pursuing his scientific investigations and researches. However, nothing could induce him to converse on any topic foreign to his studies, nor would he accept of the hospitality of the local physician.

Several years later Dr. Morrrough was in Paris and attended one of Dr. Brown-Squard's lectures. He stopped to see the celebrated physician, but had hard work to secure recognition. He finally mentioned the talismanic word, "New Brunswick," and the face of the doctor lighted up instantly.

"New Brunswick! Ah, yes, I will remember it. I never shall forget it. Mon Dieu, what frogs, what toads, what terrapins," and with this he resumed his work, perfectly unconscious of Dr. Morrrough's presence.

Temperance in the Army.

Lord Roberts says of the Army Temperance Association which he founded in India that it had succeeded beyond his expectations. It began with about 10,000 members. This was in 1888. Two years later there were 14,000 total abstainers and some 300 temperance men on the rolls. And last April, when he left India there were more than 30,000 total abstainers and nearly 3,000 temperance men—just one-third of the British army in India.

Better Than Intuition.

Jack.—So you knew I loved you? Ada.—Yes, I have known it for some time. Jack.—Ah, what was it told you—your womanly intuition? Ada.—No; your sister Jennie.



POLITICAL NOTES.

A Glance at the Leading Measures Carried in the House of Assembly of New Brunswick, from the Year 1864.

By G. E. FENKIV, Fredericton, N. B.

No. 15.

Debate on the Liquor Law Continued—Speeches by Sir Albert J. Smith—The Government's Conduct Revisited—Toryism Rampant (See 2nd section in Reply to the Speech of the Governor)—Bill Introduced to Repeal the Liquor Law—Repealed—The Session Closed—Remarks by the Writer on the Whole Business.



HON. ALBERT J. SMITH.

Mr. Smith (late Sir Albert)—another member of the late Government—also made a lengthy speech in opposition to his Excellency's course. He spoke of the powerful influence the liberal party had to contend against in the last contest, in consequence of the antagonistic conduct of his Excellency. He denied that the late Council had tried to violate the principles of the Constitution; spoke of their determination to preserve inviolate the rights of the people, observing that they were fully as loyal as those who made such eternal protestations of loyalty. He asked if the Governor of the Province was anything more than a human being, and if he was not liable to be corrupt, and he repudiated a tame submission to the Governor's will when it was known that he was in the wrong. As an instance of an arbitrary Governor, he referred to the case of Sir Francis Bond Head in Canada, who threw his influence into a political contest in order that his party might be sustained. He maintained that if the decision was now averse to the cause of political freedom that decision would be long reversed. He dwelt on the unusual course pursued by the Governor's advisers in pronouncing an opinion upon his motives as contained in the Speech and Address, thus throwing down the gauntlet, but not permitting a reference to such motives on the floors of the House. Mr. Smith declared that the Governor had other motives and considerations in view than those upon which he proposed to dissolve. He detested the resignation of the late Council who being men from the people were perhaps not congenial to the feelings of his Excellency. He alluded to the almost total absence of any evidence whatever whereby the Governor thought a dissolution was requisite, there being scarcely any petitions, and those from Westmorland did not represent one-fifth of the free hold population. He asked if the Council did not know better than his Excellency of the feeling on the subject, and he as one of them felt bound to resist this invasion of the rights of the people. He justified the declaration they made in their correspondence that the law was not wholly inoperative, in proof of which the Brewers had petitioned the House last winter for losses sustained by the stoppage of their works. He maintained that the Governor had listened to the advice of irresponsible men, and had been operated on by back stairs influence. He would not yield to the Governor in zeal and anxiety for the public welfare. The hon. gentleman also defined the anomalous and undignified position the Governor had assumed in respect to the Proclamation for a Dissolution, and also to his having rejected the advice of eight men in order to exercise the highest prerogative, and then call a smaller number, (six) to his Council and take their advice.

Mr. Tilley said, I do not regard the dissolution of the House on personal grounds; but I still entertain the opinion that the public interests will not thereby be advanced. I have always considered the dissolution of the Assembly by his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, in opposition to the advice of his Executive Council, an undue exercise of the prerogative, and without precedent in the Colonies since the introduction of Responsible Government, or in Great Britain for the last century and a half; and whatever may be the verdict of the people at the present time in this question, I feel assured that ere long it will be so considered by a majority of the electors of New Brunswick.

Many other gentlemen spoke on both sides; but the above "glance" at the discussion is enough to convey all that is necessary for public purposes. It very frequently happens that a whole subject is exhausted by one or two speakers.

On the 22nd the House divided on the

second clause of the Address in reply to his Excellency's speech, which read as follows:—

"We acknowledge with satisfaction the propriety of Your Excellency's having recourse to the sense of the People, and believe that an judicious exercise of the power entrusted to Your Excellency by the Constitution, will not fail to be attended with the most beneficial effects."

Yeas—Gray, Kerr, Barberie, Boyd, Street, M'Monagle, S. Z. Earle, J. Earle, Scoville, Wilnot, Lawrence, Desbriay, Montgomery, M'Phelin, Harding, Allen, Macpherson, Botsford, Landry, Read, Hatheway, End—22.

Nays—Gilmour, M'Adam, Fisher, Connell, W. E. Perley, Tapley, Ferris, Gilbert, C. Perley, Johnson, McLellan, Waters, Sutton, Smith, Lewis, R. K. Gilbert—16.

This was a submission to his Excellency's course of proceeding, and an admission that a Governor has the sole Constitutional right to exercise the prerogative, when and how he thinks fit, without consulting his advisers.

On the 5th Paragraph the House also divided.

"We feel assured that Your Excellency has no wish but to consult the general welfare and preserve unimpaired the Constitution and we regard the promptitude with which Your Excellency has called the Legislature together, as affording an additional proof of your watchful care for the public interests."

Yeas—Gray, Wilnot, Allen, M'Phelin, Kerr, Botsford, Read, Landry, Harding, Botsford, M'Pherson, Montgomery, End, Desbriay, Lawrence, S. Z. Earle, Goddard, Hatheway, Street, Boyd, J. Earle, M'Monagle, Scoville, Gilbert—24.

Nays—Fisher, Smith, McLellan, Waters, Johnson, Mitchell, Sutton, Lewis, W. E. Perley, Tapley, Connell, C. Perley, Ferris, M'Adam, Gilmour—14.

On the 25th, the Government introduced a Bill entitled—"A Bill to Repeal the Act to prevent the Importation, Manufacture, and Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors, and regulate the Sale thereof." This Bill passed after a very brief discussion—was sent to the Legislative Council and confirmed. Thus, by a bold stroke of the Governor, by the exercise of an authority, which even in the old days of irresponsibility, could not now be regarded with approval by enlightened public opinion, a law, the result of the utmost deliberation by both branches of the Legislature, is swept away, after having been in existence only seven months. The whole proceeding, from first to last, was a retrograde movement in Constitutional government, which, when the Liberal party came into power in 1854, (only two years before this) could not have been anticipated by the greatest opponent that Responsible Government has had.

The subject of the Session having been accomplished, his Excellency on the 26th July prorogued the Legislature in a speech of about a dozen lines. Responsible Government received a serious set back on this occasion; for self-interest or self-indulgence of the people, more so than the political ground we had obtained, after more than a score of years of fierce struggle for Constitutional liberty. In supporting the action of the Governor, in allowing that he was the sole arbiter of the prerogative, a precedent was laid down for any one of his Excellency's successors to act in a similar manner whenever his opinions did not coincide with those of his advisers.

NOTES ON THE LIQUOR LAW.

It was high water with the temperance organizations in New Brunswick in 1855, but not high enough to float successfully the plan contemplated for destroying the liquor traffic. Suffused with victory at the polls in helping to return a reform house and thought to be firmly seated, the temperance societies considered the time opportune for putting in practice the decrees of the distant rooms.

Several members who supported the measure expressed their opposition privately among their friends; but the pressure brought to bear upon them by influential portions of their respective constituencies was irresistible. Then again they felt that even if the bill was sustained down stairs, it would be sure of defeat in the council, for the "old school" held sway in the council, by three-fourths, and understood too well the value of "old Port" to have it legislated out of existence. But up stairs proved a fatal trap for the government as will be seen hereafter. The upper chamber, it was thought at the time, sanctioned the plan of assenting to the bill, with a view of circumventing and striking a deadly blow at responsible government in the house of its friends, as their proceedings would furnish Mr. Manasse-Sutton, the governor, with a capital opportunity at driving the medical eye even "Annexationists" as they were called, to the wall, and so cripple them; that the old compact would come in, and enjoy a new lease of power. And so it turned out; and the Metcalf automatic exchange was again insisted.

The bill was carried, (17 to 21 in lower house) and all but unanimously in the upper house and received the governor's assent and became law—to take effect 1st January, 1856. The old bill provided that liquor should be imported, mechanical or scientific purposes—and inspectors were appointed in towns and cities to see the law faithfully carried out. So unpopular, however, was the measure that it would have been as easy to prevent the tide from rising in the harbors, as to close up the shops, as a general thing, or keep down the clamors of the thirsty, aided and abetted on all sides by the Tory party, whose politics ran in any direction that might have a tendency to overthrow the Liberals. No matter how good or bad the law, it afforded a fulcrum upon which to plant their lever, and an excuse to many

of them who had joined the Liberals a year or two before to upset the former government, and seemed anxious to get back again into the old fold, probably through jealousy of the young men who had joined the government, or were disappointed in their expectations for office, which then as now, seemed to be the guiding star of their political principles. Groups of men might have been seen gathered at the street corners—Chubb's corner especially, the great "Rialto" of St. John—discussing the pros and cons of the liquor law, as to its workings, and the good or bad it was doing. Liberals and Tories might have been found in the same group, fraternizing in conversation over their cups, or rather the stoppage of their grags. The old issues were for the nonce hushed between them. The Liberal and the Tory were most numerous and influential in the same group, as determined to have the monster strangled; and this was the feeling evinced all over the province. The cholera or the small-pox could not have proved a bit more virulent to the imaginations. A requisition most numerous and influentially signed by citizens of St. John, Liberals (alas!) and Tories alike, was sent to the lieutenant-governor, requesting him to dissolve the house and appeal to the country upon the liquor law, notwithstanding the fact that a long struggle for the upholding of the former system, and were death upon the usurpation of former governors, now called upon the governor to exercise the prerogative and dissolve. Was there ever greater inconsistency? Liberal journals also broke ground and died in their old sides, and from that time afterwards those that remained true and the recalcitrant took opposite sides and became political opponents. Reasons other than for the great issue itself for this journalistic change were assigned at the time, but they are not material now.

Cycles with Sails. An innovation in cycling, is the use of sails for safeties. A Californian enthusiast first tried the experiment by lashing a mast fifteen feet high against the centre of the handle-bar, and rigging up a sail on a boom eight feet long. The sheet runs down the mast, through a pulley under the seat, and is held in the hand, so that in the event of a fall the rider can immediately douse the sail. In spite of the fact the whole weight of the canopy was on one side, he attained a speed of fifteen miles an hour, and found steering no more difficult than handling the tiller of a yacht. Cyclists take up quite enough room already on our country roads without clearing everything before them with an eight-foot boom; besides it you sit on a machine and go along without touching the pedals all the time where do the fun and exercise come in?

Platonic Love Defined. Love has been defined as the marriage of souls, the term having its origin in Plato's theory that an individual human soul is incomplete without its other half, and must remain so until a perfect complement or affinity is found. Platonic differs from ordinary love in that the idea of sex does not enter as a disturbing factor; from friendship, in being invested with a halo of imagination which tinges it as though of celestial birth. It is like love, it is like friendship, but different from both and superior to either; for as one star differs from another in glory, so does the platonic love from that ordinarily felt. The term excites a smile among many who bear the expression, as though the thing were Utopian, an idle dream of novelists and poets. The average man and woman will admit the possibility of friendship between man and man, but not between man and woman. It is, therefore, with evil eyes that most men look on an intimacy between persons of opposite sexes, as though naught but evil could result. Others, more lenient, admit the possibility of platonic friendship among persons of another age or country, living under other circumstances, but deny the existence of such a feeling among their own circle of acquaintance. Let a gentleman, married or single, show a preference towards the society of a married lady of his acquaintance and the tongue of gossip at once begins to wag. "Follow a virtue and it will lead you to a carcass," and in like manner the guidance of a self-constituted moralist will generally lead you to a head-stall for too often the Mator of human morals is like the fish fly, interested only in corruption; and as the fly will detect the scent of carrion, though the cause of the odor be concealed beneath an alabaster slab, so the self-ordained critic, under the purest appearance, will discover the taint of vice.

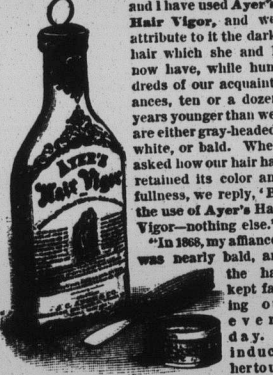
Concession of Guns at Sea. To one unaccustomed to the experience, it is anything but pleasant to be on board of a line of battle ship at sea when the big guns are being fired. Before they are discharged the decks are cleared for action, and all the chairs in the cabin are laid down and tied together, while every bit of movable furniture is secured. The doctor goes round and makes sure that every man has had his car stopped with cotton wool. The concussion when the charges are fired is tremendous, and the ironclad quivers from stem to stern with the vibration; in fact, the shock of the explosion is so great that every pane of glass in the skylights is invariably shattered, and much of the ornamental wood-work is splintered. After a few hours of this rough play the carpenters have a busy time in making things look presentable once more, for the ship resembles a wreck when she has finished her practice. Nobody likes it. The sailors standing by the big gun sometimes find themselves thrown all of a heap across the deck and after an hour or two officers and men become as black as swags. It is impossible to be well out of the way of annoyance, though, perhaps, the one place in the vessel where the guns trouble the crew the least is down in the engine room, which is low the level of the deck upon which most of the armament is put.

When She Wasn't Hurt. Police Magistrate.—"What's the charge against this man?" Officer.—"Beating his wife, your worship; but here's a statement from his wife that he didn't hurt her." Police Magistrate.—"Why isn't she here to testify in person?" Officer.—"She doesn't like to come into court with two black eyes and a broken nose, your worship."

When marriage is a failure, the chief bankrupt usually puts it all in his wife's name.

A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When I asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'"



Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarum, Eastrop, Tex.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

HUMPHREYS'

THIS PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine. Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used over 40 years, and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

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In the past two or three years "PROGRESS" has been able to make some tempting offers for new subscribers with such satisfactory results that the very best bargain in literature is none too good to offer. The very latest arrangement that has been made enables the publisher of "PROGRESS" to send the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, of New York, to anyone who will send him one new subscription to "PROGRESS" for 85 cents. In other words for \$2.85 he will send "PROGRESS" to a new subscriber for one year and the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE to the person who forwards the subscription.

Please fill out the blank below and send it with a Money Order for \$2.85 to Edward S. Carter and take advantage of the most attractive offer "PROGRESS" has ever made.

Subscription form for Progress magazine, dated April 1894, addressed to Mr. Edward S. Carter, Publisher Progress.

The regular subscription price of the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is \$1.50, and for "PROGRESS" \$2.00. This offer is only open to new subscriber

Sum

Interesting Letter... The following letter... Mrs. F. W. Dani... I has been just... that they are unwe... in childhood, unl... when married, acc... unlamented when... women who have l... loved ever since w... obey our Divine l... unglorifies as ye... do unto you? I... ought to send the... vation to those H... darkness, whose... darkness we know... know nothing of... when the "age of... forbidding the b... twelve years of... we frequently b... old—often to any... that the father c... lepers, cripples w... children and too... Bramhan priest w... their little daugh... this dead body, a... daughter was a p... in the village wo... say he was a Br... law. After the... was carried on t... same farce to be... little daughter w... tortured and deg... her live in this... faced woman for... news to the so-c... and his power to... no hope in this... next beyond the... letting them be b... the lower animal... this world. As a married... is miserable. S... of her mother-in... (at present one... being educated... nothing but be... with, shut up wi... smallest, darkest... house, never all... flat roof until it... passes her life w... has cooked her l... rel with those w... her. One Hir... misionary lady... said, "I sit on... an tired, and th... er." What m... lives to have th... white-faced wor... working, and a... tutored mind c... hear of the lif... cruelty and tyr... for them? Can... have God's wor... or send what G... has given us, to... lessness? Wh... the father const... child, and his c... cannot be arran... I was told by... that the Mahor... daughters to dr... room. You c... ting and list... to death of star... put their little... to be devoured... do let them liv... dren do not di... constantly put... with opium—fo... in the world... account of the... the government... English paper... been sent in as... a year in one... boy. In Amat... the wild beasts... and take only... girls were dest... in the town of... In all the y... women of Indi... laugh—they ha... they smile or p... village you ne... happy laugh... India told me... laugh. So hav... to the differ... and the low c... nurses and ma... dia and who a... women seen... India, can lau... ing of the 40... whom it is a... man but thei... never go outsi... up in what w... never educated... are never spok...



# Sunday Reading.

## AMONG THE HINDU WOMEN

Interesting Letter From Hon. Winifriede Sugden to a St. John Lady.

The following letter from Hon. Winifriede Sugden, Zenana missionary in Bengal from 1862 to 1891, was written to Mrs. F. W. Daniel of this city. Miss Sugden's words will be read with deep interest by all who are interested in missionary work:

It has been justly said of India's women that they are unwelcome at birth, untaught in childhood, unloved in girlhood, enslaved when married, accursed when widows, and unlamented when dead. Can we Christian women who have known what it is to be loved ever since we were born, refuse to obey our Divine Master's command "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you"? If only in gratitude for the position we hold as Christian women we ought to send the message of love and salvation to those Hindu women who sit in darkness, whose very light is darkness—a darkness we women in Christian countries know nothing of. Until early in 1891 when the "age of consent" law was passed forbidding the betrothal of girls before twelve years of age, the daughters of India were frequently betrothed at a few months old—often to anything in the shape of a man that the father could get hold of—idiots, lepers, cripples were married to these little children and too, as the body of a dead Brahman priest was being carried to the burning ghaat, fathers would bring out their little daughters and marry them to this dead body, so that he might say his daughter was a priest's widow: his position in the village would be raised if he could say he was a Brahman priest's father-in-law. After the ceremony when the body was carried on to the next village for the same farce to be enacted if necessary, the little daughter was a widow—to be cursed, tortured and degraded as long as God let her live in this world, or until some white-faced woman for the Master's sake carried news to the so-called widow of that Master and his power to heal and raise those with no hope in this life and not much for the next beyond the hope of God in His mercy letting them be born a cow and not one of the lower animals in their next birth into this world.

As a married woman a Hindu lady's life is miserable. She is entirely in the power of her mother-in-law, she has no education (at present one in every eight hundred is being educated among the women of India), nothing but her jewels to amuse herself with, shut up with her sisters-in-law in the smallest, darkest and worst room in the house, never allowed to walk even on the flat roof until it is dark. The Hindu lady passes her life with nothing to do after she has cooked her husband's food but to quarrel with those women who are shut up with her. One Hindu lady when asked by a missionary lady how she passed her time, said, "I sit one side of the room until I am tired, and then get up and sit the other." What must it be in these women's lives to have the regular visits from the white-faced woman, to be taught reading, working, and anything else the poor untutored mind can take in, and above all bear of the life beyond the grave when all cruelty and tyranny will be passed away for them? Can we who are educated and have God's word in our hands refuse to go or send what God in His mercy and love has given us, to those women in their helplessness? When a little daughter is born the father constantly curses the mother and child, and his one idea if a good betrothal cannot be arranged for is to get rid of her. I was told by a missionary in Peshawar that the Mahomedan fathers leave their daughters to die on the floor shut into a room. You can imagine the mother sitting and listening to her baby crying itself to death of starvation. The Hindu fathers put their little girls constantly out at night to be devoured by wild beasts, and it they do let them live a few years and if the children do not die a natural death, they are constantly put out of the way by poisoning with opium—for it is "only a woman" less in the world. When in India I read an account of the statistics of deaths sent in to the government, and it was remarked in the English paper, that about 2,000 girls had been sent in as destroyed by wild beasts in a year in one part of India, but not one boy. In Amabai's book she says: "Even the wild beasts are against women in India and take only the baby girls; 800 baby girls were destroyed by wolves in one year in the town of Amritsar, and no boy."

In all the years I worked among the women of India I never saw a Hindu lady laugh—they have not the wish to laugh, they smile or perhaps giggle but in a Hindu village you never hear a woman's bright happy laugh. Friends have often from India told me that they have seen women laugh. So have I, the women belonging to the different Christian denominations and the low caste women who work as nurses and maids among the English in India and who are perhaps the only native women seen by civilians and planters in India, can laugh merrily but I am speaking of the 40,000,000 high born women to whom it is a disgrace to be seen by any man but their fathers or husbands, who never go outside their zenana unless covered up in what we should call a "box"—who are never educated by their own people, who are never spoken lovingly to as they are

only we men, and who never laugh because they have nothing to laugh about—who have sometimes said that our Bible must have been written by a woman as no man could write so kindly of women as women were written of in the Bible. A Hindu may kill his old mother because she is not worth the food she eats, he may kill his wife on any pretext whatever, he may put his little daughter out to be eaten by wild beasts and there is no punishment for him by the Hindu law, mothers, wives and daughters are only women! but if a Hindu man's cow dies of old age he has to undergo a punishment to make him take more care of those left—there is redress for a cow but none for a woman by the Hindu law. Then let us see what it is to be a widow in India, betrothed up to February 1891 at any age after birth (now not until twelve years of age) if their husbands died a week after the wedding they were counted widows and as they themselves say "God does not know what we suffer"—do we Christian women in our happy lives dare re-echo that sentence and go on in our own selfishness and thoughtlessness when we know the truth and that God does know? That he expects us to do what we can to send help to the 120,000,000 women in India, 23,000,000 of whom are widows, (about 30,000 under nine years of age) all castes suffer alike—rich and poor, high-born or low caste, young or old when they get to seven or eight years of age they have to suffer as widows. No widow by the Hindu law can ever marry again and there are now one in every six women widows in India. They are accursed for as long as God lets them live in this world, forced to fast every eleventh day of the decrease of the moon and every eleventh day of the increase of the moon, from either food or water. What must a child or woman's life be with that always hanging over them, a ceaseless torture that you can never get accustomed to—think of it yourselves you happy Christian women who when the temperature in your Christian land reaches to 80 or 90 in the shade think it necessary to have constant iced drinks and feel injured if everything is not at hand at once the minute it is wanted if you are thirsty, think of the 23 millions of your fellow-creatures, made by the same Creator, for 24 hours at a time, once a fortnight from 6 p. m., one day to 6 p. m., the next, being kept from food or water with the temperature for six months in the year constantly up to 120 or 130 in the shade. "Fasting," ill-treatment and galling humiliations" are the words used by a well known Zenana missionary lady to describe the way these 23,000,000 widows are treated in their so-called homes by their relations and friends.

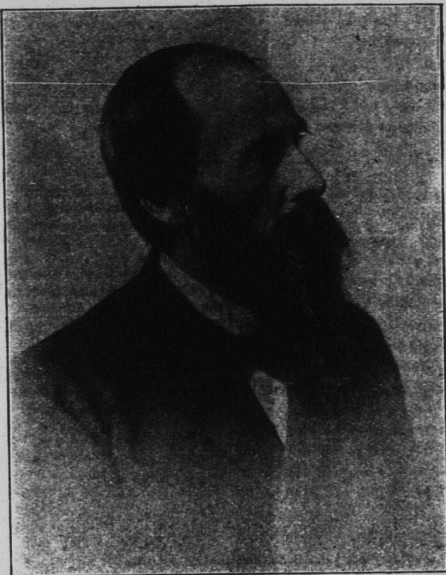
Never having a kind loving word is the usual lot of these widows unless the white-faced woman goes in the name of her Master to raise and comfort the fallen. A Hindu gentleman said that "The Hindus are not afraid of the mission school for they need not learn, they are not afraid of the mission books for they need not read them, nor of the preaching for they need not listen, but they are afraid of the foreign women and the medical missionaries who win their way into the homes and hearts of the women." What about the white-faced woman who win their way into the hearts of the women of India? How many are there? Are they going out in crowds with their hearts full of gratitude and love for the Savior who has done so much for them? Looking for fruit unto life eternal among the heathen and hastening the coming of the Lord. There are about 290,000,000 natives in India, there is one Protestant missionary to every 5,000,000 natives. In the districts of Multan in the Punjab, with a population of 3,000,000 there are I believe 4 English missionaries at work in a district as large as England. The average of deaths is 20 a minute among the natives of India. Will you add this up and see how many of your fellow-creatures in that vast country are passing into eternity without any knowledge of their Creator as their Redeemer. What Christianity has done for the natives of India must be seen to be understood. I had a day school in the Mudda district for high-born little Hindu girls, daughters of rich men, five years was the age at which they first came to school, there was only one who was ever allowed to stay until she had completed her 16th year. There were about eighty names on the roll when I left India, the daily attendance was about fifty. I never saw one of those little women laugh, they would smile in a sad quiet way and play quietly with the dolls I gave them, but the difference between Hindu girls and native Christian girls was always noticed by any one fresh from England. The Hindu girl is not recognized as a child in her father's house and made to feel bitterly that she was a thing not wanted there, and to be got rid of as speedily as possible, and the Christian child who knew she was cared for with her bright happy face and merry laughter, treated as a human being and not as a "thing."

Then about medical work, I believe that there are not altogether thirty medical missionaries working at this moment in India among the 120,000,000 women and that includes all sent from America and Europe, 85 to 45 percent of the women in India die when their little ones are born of fever and tetanus owing to the cruel way they are treated by their ignorant nurses. What with whole-sale murder and neglect or ill-treatment when they are ill they are only about 120,000,000 women to about 170,000,000 men. In there any other country in the world where the proportion is the same. There are several Hospitals belonging to the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, one in Amritsar in charge of Miss Hewlett, there were I believe in and out patients in one year numbering 7,500. In other medical missions there are just the same crowds of patients who would be left to die if there were no proper medical help. In Toronto diocese the ladies are doing their best to support a medical missionary for the women of India, in the Niagara diocese, Mrs. Hamilton has kindly said she will do what she can to send me yearly support from the ladies in that diocese. Ladies also in Montreal, Ottawa, London and other places have kindly promised to send us still further donations towards building and supporting the Hospital, I hope, please God to have in the Mudda District, Bengal. It seems

## IN THE HEREAFTER WORLD.

Dr. Hopper's Book on the Recognition of Our Friends in Heaven.

A fruitful subject for thought with all Christians who have loved and lost is the recognition of friends in Heaven, and all such must read with deep interest the new book, "Life in the Hereafter World," by Rev. J. E. Hopper, D. D. The book, says the author, is the substance of sermons on this topic which had afforded solace to members of a former congregation, and



REV. J. E. HOPPER, D. D.

has been given to the public "with the hope that it may be a pill of comfort to some, who in loneliness may sorrow for dear ones called to the better land." That it will prove such there is little doubt, for it breathes the spirit of hope and consolation from first to last. Dr. Hopper deals with the ancient and universal belief in the continuance of the friendships of this world in a world that is to be, and then proceeds to his views and the views of others are ex-

pressed. The book should have a large sale, apart from that it would naturally have from the reputation of the author, and will no doubt fulfil its mission in comforting the hearts of many who have been called upon to mourn. An excellent portrait of Dr. Hopper appears as a frontispiece. The book is issued from PROGRESS electric printing and publishing office, it will get up in every respect, and sells in cloth boards at 50 cents a copy.

in the clouds at present as I have only about £300 towards £1000, wanted to build and erect it but I know that at the right time that hospital will be built. I shall never forget the kindness and sympathy I received in Canada and when I return to India it will be a very pleasant work to write an account of my doings in that sunny land to my kind friends in the land of ice and snow. I cannot say that after India I quite appreciated that same ice and snow but I fully appreciated the warm welcome every one gave me and the warm hearts that listened to the story of India's women and who gave substantial help as well as kind words. Again in the Master's name I plead for workers and for support for these workers. The smallest sum given regularly mounts up, cannot each Christian woman make up her mind, not to rob other missions by changing her subscription but to give over and above what she now gives, regularly, a small monthly, quarterly or yearly something extra to go to the General Fund of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society and also to hunt up others who support no other mission and get them to give something in the same regular way, by so doing good work might be done and real help sent to the women of India.

I remain, gratefully and affectionately,  
Your sister in Christ,  
M. WINIFRIEDE,  
Zenana missionary—1882-1891—Bengal.  
Well, Somerset, England.

Mrs. T. W. Daniel, president of the St. John branch of the Zenana Missionary Society, will be glad to receive any contribution to the fund.

## COTTAGE HOSPITAL WORK.

An Appeal for the Consideration of the Good Work at Springhill.

A little "Quarterly" paper issued by the Rev. W. Chas. Wilson, rector of Springhill, has the following timely article from his pen on the "Decentralization of Charity." The point is well taken that charitable gifts and efforts gravitate towards large centres, while the advantages of such bounty are as well deserved and as much needed by smaller places in the land. The Springhill cottage hospital is evidently drawing attention and sympathy to its work. The article is the following:

During the past two years immense sums of money have grandly and generously been given by philanthropists for hospital endowment and extension. Several prominent Montreal capitalists have started a new large hospital, and some smaller ones have also been established. Large central hospitals, already richly endowed, have received still richer gifts. All this is very lovely. But surely the time has come to seriously ask our philanthropists to scatter some of their wealth to the poorer and less populous, but equally needy places. Montreal was already rich in well equipped and numerous hospitals. Large cities have many hospitals. But the smaller places of a country often have no such blessing nearer than one or two hundred miles. Mining towns and railroad centres are the great wealth supplies to the capitalists of large cities and consequently have a special claim upon the sympathy and liberality of the generous. The conditions of life in such places make accidents, sickness and suffering inevitable; and yet the sympathizing eyes and purses of those who could and perhaps would generously help at such times are away in large cities. Our little Quarterly seeks to draw the sympathies of the wealthy to the smaller and needy places where their gifts would be bounteous blessings and priceless boons. To build a hospital where none before was established; to erect a beautiful church, which shall tell its object lesson of the surpassing dignity

base his argument on the teaching of the Old Testament, the teaching of our Lord and the teaching of the Apostles. Then he does a most important task in referring to objections to the doctrine entertained by some, through ignorance and the crude conceptions of many not learned in scripture, etc. All in all, Dr. Hopper has dealt with the subject in a way to be readily understood by all classes of readers and yet has condensed a vast amount of scriptural argument into the 92 pages in which

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**SUNLIGHT SOAP**  
IT BRINGS  
**COMFORT**  
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**CHOCOLATES**  
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MARK.  
Stamped on every G. B. Chocolate.

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**PHILLIPS SQUARE.**  
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NEW SPRING MANTLES.  
On Thursday morning the 15th, and following days we will show our New Spring Mantles  
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**SODA BISCUITS**  
CHALLENGE  
COMPARISON  
WITH ANY MADE.  
THEY ARE SOLD  
ON THEIR MERITS. TAKE NO OTHER.

**CONDENSED MILK,**  
**"JERSEY" BRAND.**  
Mothers who wisely use Condensed Milk for INFANTS always buy "Jersey." There is none Superior. It is full cream, and only the purest and specially refined sugar used in its condensing.  
This milk is strongly recommended by Physicians as an excellent food for Infants and Adults.  
Agent for New Brunswick,  
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Manufactured by FORREST CANNING CO., of HALIFAX, N. S. in their Works at KINGSTON, ANNAPOLIS VALLEY, N. S.

**FERTILIZERS.**  
Imperial Superphosphate,  
Potato Phosphate,  
Bone Meal.  
Actual test proves these Fertilizers the best in the market for raising large crops.  
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Send for pamphlet. ST. JOHN, N. B.

**Modern!**  
Featherbone Corsets must not be confounded with those which were made five or six years ago. The Featherbone Corset of to-day is as far removed from the old style, as black is from white.  
**BUY A PAIR AND YOU WILL BE PLEASED.**

**AYER'S SARSAPARILLA**  
PURE BLOOD  
CLEAR SKIN  
HEALTHY  
MENTAL ENERGY  
OTHERS WILL CURE YOU!  
PERFECT DIGESTION  
SOUND SLEEP  
LONG LIFE  
QUALITY  
STRONG NERVES

M. Hamerly, a well-known business man of Hillsdale, sends the following testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg, from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I bought a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
**Cures others, will cure you**



# Musical and Dramatic.

### IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The concert of the 62nd Fusiliers at the Opera house on the 5th inst. partook largely of what might be designated, the spectacular. The pieces by the battalion band were supplemented by solos by Miss Olive, Rev. J. M. Davenport, Chaplain, and Rev. Mr. Dicker. The work of the band was not nearly so good as when I heard it some time ago, but it contains some ambitious material. This fact was demonstrated by the cornets during the selection in which Master A. E. Jones played very creditably, indeed, his clarinet solo. The cornet was altogether too prominent.

Rev. Mr. Dicker was the first soloist and sang "The Postillon" by Molloy, receiving a merited encore for which he sang a beautiful song by Pontet, and he sang it well. His accompaniments were nicely played by Mr. Bourne.

Miss Olive's solo "Tell me my heart" by Bishop, was a pleasing selection and well adapted to show her vocal training. She too was enthusiastically encored.

The Reverend Chaplain was next in order and sang "The Vagabonds" so well that an emphatic encore was insisted upon in response to which "Anchored" was sung. It is always a pleasure to hear this gentleman sing this song. It suits his voice and he interprets it beautifully. His accompaniments were admirably played by Mr. Wilson, organist of the Mission church.

The severe storm of Monday last did not prevent the concert at Trinity church hall, but the attendance was much lessened thereby. The programme was a good one and must have been a delight to the brave who were present.

"Pinafore" is truly, a wonderful work. I do not mean in respect to its intrinsic merit, but in the fact that, even when produced by amateurs, it fills the house on every occasion. Wonderful indeed! There was wonderful acting, wonderful stage setting, wonderful naval discipline, and wonderful singing, in some instances, in its presentation last Tuesday evening. There was a new Sir Joseph Porter in the person of Mr. Joseph Rennie, who, for an amateur and notwithstanding his uniform had dropped to the floor at awkward moments, gave a very creditable performance. His role is not an easy one either. It is the best the club has offered in that character.

One of the best bits of character work during the evening was the little lad who was the midshipman. It was a pity though the officers forgot to relieve him after his regular watch. Perhaps he had been indulging in some mischievous pranks and was compelled to do double duty as punishment.

Of the ladies who sang the principal roles viz: Miss Olive, Miss Quinton and Miss Lamb, it is only necessary to say they were individually up to the standard of their previous work in this opera. Miss Olive's solos were rapturously applauded, and she was complimented with a double encore for her solo, "The hours creep on apace," and Miss Quinton's impersonation of "Little Buttercup" again indicated the lady's cleverness as an actress. By the way, while I do not know what precedent this lady follows in her make up as "Buttercup" it seems to me it is rather incongruous. Be that as it may, the Horticultural Association made a judicious and consistent selection, and will reap substantial benefit by the performance.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers, with Mrs. Porter-Cole—one of the original Company—are booked at the Opera House for the 23rd and 24th instants, under the management of the Y. M. C. A. If this company possesses the cleverness of the originals, much pleasure will be realized by all who hear them.

The boy soprano, Master Turnbull Sinclair, from the Royal College of Music, London, will sing at the Centenary Church Concerts on 25th and 26th instants. No little interest is already being aroused in the coming of this young musician. There is a yet well remembered standard by which his work will be judged by many persons I think. Master Sinclair's singing however is spoken of in terms of high praise.

### Tones and Under-tones.

Patti has a sister in Paris—Mrs. Strakosch—who has a grown up son and a married daughter.

The story that Mechanics Hall in Boston, will be converted into an Opera House is said to be unfounded.

George Henschel is to write the music for an opera for which W. S. Gilbert is said to be preparing the libretto.

There is a rumor that Lilian Russell Perugini may occupy the Lyric theatre, London, Eng., during the coming summer.

It is now said that Patti will not be here again until the season after next, as she has promised a farewell to the Russians a few months hence.

"The Tar and Tartar" made a hit at Keith's new theatre, Boston, last week. Milton Aborn as Muley Hassen, the shipwrecked sailor, is specially complimented.

Ben Davies, the English tenor, has made a hit in Berlin. At the end of one of his concerts the public swarmed upon

the platform, pushed him back to the piano and made him sing another piece. Yet his hair is not as long as Paderewski's.

It is said that Auber, who wrote seventy operas, never heard one of them. He was afraid that he would die within a month if he should attend a performance of his own work.

Since the death of Von Bulow, Dr Richter is the oldest pupil of Wagner, and he has been pressed by Madame Wagner to conduct a number of performances at Bayreuth this summer.

Mrs. Kimball says that Corinne is just twenty-one years of age, and her first appearance was at the baby show in Horticultural Hall, Boston in 1876, when she was three years old.

Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, prima donna soprano, the daughter of the famous English baritone, made her first appearance in America at music Hall, Boston, last Wednesday evening.

Massenet's "Werther" was recently presented in Chicago, and for the first time in this country, by the Abbey and Grand Opera Company. Jean de Reszke sang the role of Werther and Mme. Eames that of Charlotte.

Johann Strauss, the celebrated composer of waltz music, is shortly to celebrate his artistic jubilee in Vienna. He made his debut in 1844 at the head of a dance band in the gardens attached to a Viennese restaurant.

Paderewski is not a good sleeper, and this has made him somewhat of a night-bird. Much of the severest preparations for his concerts takes place in the small hours. He seldom retires to rest before four or five a. m.

Comic opera remains at the Broadway (N. Y.) theatre this week in the shape of "Utopia, limited," it will stay for an indefinite period. The piece is far more spectacular than any other of Gilbert and Sullivan's works.

Mr. George J. Parker, the well known Boston tenor, took part in a performance of "Elijah," complimentary to Mr. Carl Zerrahn, last week. It was tendered to Mr. Zerrahn by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston in commemoration of his fortieth year, as conductor of that Society.

Lillian Russell, has been giving "Giroto-Girota," in New York, to large houses recently. All the music of Lecocq is sung for the first time in this country, a pretty new number being "Breakfast Together" by Miss Russell and Signor Perugini. Miss Russell, it is said, is a dream of physical charm, and she never sang better than she does now.

A musical composer of much talent and popularity—Smithkins—has a happy appreciation of his own work, as all his friends know. He startled his friends the other day when he gravely said "Did you ever notice that the names of all the great composers begin with 'M'? 'M' ejaculated his astonished audience. "Yes, 'M' said the composer, "Mozart, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Moskowski—and Me!"

Marie Tempest and Hayden Coffin were in the cast of Dorothy during their three years run and hated each other royally. They will be again together in the same cast in London shortly. Miss Tempest had a bad vocal emission which tore the cords of her throat badly. It is said a specialist advised some lessons from Madame Emma Eames and the bewitching Tempest's method is much improved thereby.

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**  
Zola's comedy, "The Hair of Rabourdin," has been done into English and played in London.

Denman Thompson intends to introduce a summer shower in "The Old Homestead" next fall.

At Covent Garden theatre recently seats were blown through the air by a large electric fan.

Amateur theatricals are very popular and fashionable in Boston and the neighboring towns.

Mr. P. A. Nannery, has quite recovered from his recent severe illness and gone to San Francisco.

Thomas W. Keene, the tragedian, will play in Winnipeg, June 1st, and close his season in Duluth.

James Owen O'Connor, the eccentric actor died at the Morris Plains state insane asylum on the 31st.

Leonard Boyne who is shortly to star in "Sister Mary" is one of the best amateur whips in England.

Fanny Davenport will be seen next season in a new play by Sardou. She will not go to Europe this summer.

A new publication in the interest of the Vaudeville stage has just been issued in New York. It is called "The Vaudeville Stage."

Champion James J. Corbett will appear in "Gentleman Jack" at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, on the 22nd, April, for an indefinite period.

T. Henry French has engaged Miss Elsie de Wolfe for his specially organized company that is shortly to produce "Sister

Mary." This is the play for which Miss Julia Arthur has been secured to play the leading female role.

Eugenia Lindeman Woodward, who is well remembered in this city as a clever actress, is a member of Julia Marlowe's company this season.

George C. Milne is in England, hard at work on a Napoleonic play, with which he will tour America next season. He will himself play Napoleon I.

Next season Marie Wainwright will appear in "The Jealous Wife," "The Belle's Stratagem," "The Unequal Match," and other old English comedies.

Stuart Robson has begun a western tour that will extend to California and is not to end until July 1st. The only play which will be "The Comedy of Errors."

"Aristocracy" will be on at the Peoples theatre (N. Y.). In the cast of this play are Mary Hampton, and Neil Warner, both well and favorably known in this city.

Henry Irving's expenses at home are said to be about \$1,300 a performance and the margin of profits is small. He says he has made the most of his money in America.

Fanny Davenport is regarded as one of the most charitable actresses on the stage. She is very generous to the members of her company and is greatly beloved by them.

A new melodrama called "The White Devil" has recently been put on in London with much success. It is of the orthodox style, the villain is foiled at the right moment, &c.

Ada Rehan is having her portrait done in oils by the London artist Monat Loudan. There is a rumor that some ardent English admirer has bequeathed her a considerable sum of money.

The contest over the will of the late Annie Pixley is said to be settled, and that Robert Fullord will pay over a considerable sum to the mother and sisters of the late Miss Pixley.

Ill health and continued rehearsals prevented Miss Ada Rehan's presence at a dinner proposed in her honor by a number of women in London, recently, all of whom were of literary and dramatic celebrity.

It is now said that Mme. Duse is actually growing pink and stout and that she has gained in beauty by this transformation. She will have to make up though for the dying scene in "Camille."

"The Sleep Walker" which has had a run of 200 performances in London, is on at the Bijou, (N. Y.) theatre this week. It is a force in which pretended somnambulism provokes much of the fun. Pretty Maud Haslam is in the cast.

A Mrs. Walsh, who has edited several plays, has written a drama entitled "The Heart of an Actress." A New York paper says, "The suspense as to whether it is made of adamant or india rubber is sustained until the final scene."

Ada Rehan's season as a "star" under the management of Augustin Daly will open at the Hollis street theatre, Boston, Sept. 24. She will be supported by selected members of Mr. Daly's present company and will appear in Shakespearean comedies.

The Still Alarm Company headed by William S. Harkins was at the grand opera house Boston last week. A critic speaking of Mr. Harkins work says "As the hero, Jack Manley, his sterling portrayal is now so well known, that no added praise is needed."

Mr. W. B. Yeats, the young Irish poet has composed a new drama in verse with five scenes, called "The Countess Kathleen," in which the denizens of the Irish fairy world will play a very considerable part. It will be staged privately in London and Paris before publication.

"A Summer Bizzard" is the somewhat incongruous title of a new play which was recently produced in Kansas city and in which Miss Mamie Taylor of operatic celebrity, is playing the leading female role. An American paper says it "will presently strike Missouri and if the people live through it, it will go northward."

The New York successes of this season, now rapidly drawing to a close are, "Shore Acres" at Daly's theatre; "Sowing the Wind," at the Empire theatre; "The Butterflies" at Palmer's theatre; "Charley's Aunt" at the Standard theatre; and "The Ambassadors" at the Lyceum theatre.

Julia Marlowe and Marie Burress both gave impersonations of "Rosalind," in "As You Like it," in Boston last week. The work of the former is pronounced "exquisite" and of the latter it is said "hers was a charming Rosalind, imbued with a gentle freshness and merriment and womanly as well."

### ABOUT TURNBULL SINCLAIR.

Interesting Facts Regarding the London Soprano Solo Boy.

The English boy, Turnbull Sinclair, who arrived here on Friday direct from London, although he has the title of soloist, by appointment, to the Royal College of Music in the choir training department, the little fellow is of a most retiring and modest disposition. He is a fair haired lad, with beautiful and expressive eyes, whose face and forehead denote an advanced ability far beyond one of his tender years. The boy in reply to a question, said: "I have been singing now in public for over five years. Iver McKay, the tenor, first took me in hand when I was 8½ years old. I tried for a probationership in St. Paul's Cathedral, when I was nine years of age, but Dr. Steiner feared I was physically too delicate, although

my voice proved satisfactory. Shortly after my father signed articles for me to sing under Mr. Stedman's management, and had it not been for this I should have gone to the Temple, as Dr. Hopkins wished me to do so, but Mr. Stedman would not release me from my contract with him. I have sung the solos at All Saints, Norfolk Square, for 1 1/2 years, and have had the principal solo work at St. Barnabas, Edgemoor Road, for over a year. In concert work in London and the provinces I have had the honor of appearing with such artists as Henry Percy, Iver McKay, Miss Hilda Wilson, Agnes Larocome, Miss Grace Damian (who, I believe, came to Canada with your Mse. Albani in a concert tour two or more years ago). I have also sung with Mr. Fell, of the Abbey; Mr. Fryer, of St. Paul's Cathedral; Mr. "Ter" point, of the Foundling; and many other vocalists of high reputation in London, with, I think, fair success. At Birmingham last year, I sang in Dr. Parry's "Judith," taking the child's part, the doctor conducted the work himself, and I have with me a letter which he gave me to use in this country, speaking of my efforts on that particular occasion. Dr. Dyer sent for me to sing at Cheltenham in the production of his "Salvator Mundi," and might mention who have been kind enough to enlist my services "from time to time in the interpretation of their works." This beautiful bound book of Mendelssohn's Elijah, is, as you see, the first prize for music awarded me in July, 1892, at Dame Alice Owen's school, Islington. There are 400 boys in the school, and I succeeded in obtaining such a coveted prize. "You must excuse me, please, in putting the cover on again, wont you," said the little gentleman as he carefully put his book away. "I have a pile of other works he had brought over. I study the organ under Professor Higgin's Mus. Bac. at Trinity College; harmony, with Dr. Pierce, and piano, under Professor Banbridge, when in London; and have tackled as soloist at the Royal College of Music in Mr. Hoyte's choir training classes for twelve months now. Before coming away Sir George Grove and Professor Hoyte gave me credentials to this effect. I see another little boy from Boston has only a few days since pleased your people very greatly, and I hope when I make my debut on Thursday I shall be able to meet with success too, for "England expects every man to do his duty," and every boy too! quaintly remarked the young gentleman, as he commenced to sort his music out and make ready for rehearsal. Montreal Herald.

Master Sinclair will sing at two sacred concerts in the Centenary Church on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 25th and 26th, when will also be heard the music of Mr. Charles A. K. Harris, solo organist, of the English Cathedral, Montreal.

### TURKEYS, CHICKENS, GEESSE AND DUCKS.

Annapolis Co., N. S. Beef.  
Kings Co., N. B., Leg. Mutton and Veal.  
Ontario Fresh Pork.

### DEAN'S SAUSAGES.

Ham, Bacon, Clear Pork and Lard.  
Celery, Squash and all Vegetables.

### THOS. DEAN, CityMarket

### Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Montreal, in the County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY THE TWENTY EIGHTH DAY OF APRIL NEXT, at the hour of Twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Saturday the Seventeenth day of February, A. D., 1894, in a cause therein pending, wherein Elizabeth Butt, Administratrix of the Estate and Effects of William F. Butt, deceased, is Plaintiff, and George J. Williams and Margaret his wife, George W. Kilnap and Annie his wife, Harry A. Black and Matilda E. his wife, Frances Williams, Anny Johnson and Etie. L. his wife, Helen M. Williams, are Defendants, and by Amendment wherein Elizabeth Butt, Administratrix of the estate and effects of William F. Butt, deceased, Arthur E. Butt, and Ethel M. Butt, are Plaintiffs, and George W. Kilnap and Margaret his wife, George W. Kilnap and Annie his wife, Harry A. Black and Matilda E. his wife, Frances Williams, Anny Johnson and Etie. L. his wife are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity the Mortgages premises described in the said Decreeal Order are:

1. A. L. that lot, piece or parcel of land situate on the Eastern side of Spring Street in the City of Portland, in the County of Saint John, and known and distinguished on the plan of building lots near Road, being numbered Ten (10) bounded as follows: Commencing on the Eastern side of Spring Street, at a point distant forty feet from the Northwestern corner of lot number eight (8) thence from last mentioned point running Northernly on Spring Street forty feet, thence at right angles Easternly one hundred and forty-one feet, thence at right angles Southernly forty feet, thence at right angles Westernly one hundred and forty one feet to the place of beginning.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitors:  
Dated this 20th day of February, A. D., 1894.  
CARLETON & FERGUSON,  
Plaintiff's Solicitors.  
E. H. McALPINE,  
Referee in Equity.  
W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.



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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

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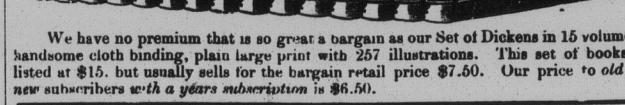
### JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, FREDERICTON, N. B.

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### WOM

I wonder if young there is in first impr manner in which the in public places is th they are judged, a which distinguis third rate plating they did we would terous and ill-bee



The bridal with two narrow puffines of cream bonnet, held The wedding slightly draped windows.

shops, churches, tact, all the places usually congregat. It has been tr study character, practised eye of world will scrool to distinguish the no matter how gathered together dressed in serge hand daniel in si the slightest diffe not the dress, th nature takes for makes a mistake judgment is of the Girls, if I coul stand how severe critic, a really re duct, especially that I really h the world! It is that all women l probation of mer were they err the ignorance. Every man nothing repels a as a desire to be the part of a gi served this m crowded railwa wondered that it too, and profi A group of n a cake take poss their belongings conversation by private nature, be heard by ev haps they have before, and th grammes and their lungs, an company with importance an they giggle an far to "a certai the other hav "Charlie." Th imposition tently wishes ceeds to bring her friend in th how long my Jack, my lady talk to me; ju if you dare. scuffle and sqwealing. A yielded up, ju stored, and the summed.

Across the a remarkably goo possesses that tion which see like an atmosp the gay quartet scious. He is newspapers, h



# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I wonder if young girls realize how much there is in first impressions, and how the manner in which they conduct themselves in public places is the standard by which they are judged, and the "hall mark" which distinguishes the sterling metal from third rate plating? I am afraid not, for if they did we would surely see fewer boisterous and ill-behaved girls on the street, in

and blind for all the notice he takes of his neighbors. Down to war-is the front of the car there are two girls, evidently friends, who are taking a little-pleasure trip together, because one asks the conductor whether they can get tea at S., or will reach their destination before seven o'clock. They are both pretty girls, and very young, but



WEDDING GOWNS

The bridal costume on the right is of white bengaline, with a long train bordered with two narrow puffs of crepe lisse. The corage is of bengaline, with transverse puffs of crepe lisse. The jockeys are of point lace. The veil is of tulle, unhemmed, held by a plating of the same, and a very small spray of orange blossoms. The wedding dress on the left is of white satin, the front breadth cut square and slightly draped. There is a demi-train. The whole costume is bordered with snowdown. There is a tall veil and plain Spencer waist.

shops, churches, railway stations, and, in fact, all the places where men and women usually congregate.

It has been truly said that the place to study character, is in a crowd, and the practised eye of a man or woman of the world will scarcely require a second glance to distinguish the lady from the vulgarian, no matter how many people may be gathered together. The lady may be dressed in serge or calico, and the second hand dame in silk, but that will not make the slightest difference, it is the manner—not the dress, that the student of human nature takes for his guide, and he seldom makes a mistake; but oh, how severe his judgment is of the girl who is not a lady!

Girls, if I could only make you understand how severe, and yet how just a critic, a really refined man is of our conduct, especially in public, I should feel that I really had done some good in the world! It is a common supposition that all women live only to win the approbation of men, but it is not true, it is were they would act very differently, unless they err through a very surprising ignorance.

Every man hates a "loud" woman, and nothing repels a true gentleman so quickly as a desire to be in any way conspicuous on the part of a girl. How often I have observed this masculine peculiarity in a crowded railway train, and how I have wondered that more girls did not observe it too, and profit by it.

A group of noisy, chattering girls enter a carriage possession of two seats, spread their belongings over a third, and begin a conversation which, although of a strictly private nature, is apparently intended to be heard by every one in the car. Perhaps they have been at a dance the night before, and they are exchanging programmes and confidences at the top of their lungs, anxious to impress the entire company with a sense of their immense importance and supernatural clearness. They giggle and tease each other and refer to "a certain person," and one accuses the other of having had six "dances" with "Charlie." The accused denies the soft impeachment vigorously, though she evidently wishes it to be believed and proceeds to bring a counter charge against her friend in the form of, "I'd like to know how long you sat out on the stairs with Jack, my lady. You are a nice one to talk to me; just let me see your programme if you dare." She doesn't and there is a scuffle and much giggling and playful squealing. At last the programme is yielded up, judgment declared, peace restored, and the interesting conversation resumed.

Across the aisle sits a very quiet but remarkably good looking young man, who possesses that indescribable air of distinction which seems to surround some people like an atmosphere, and of whose presence the gay quartette are by no means unconscious. He is apparently absorbed in his newspapers, however, and might be deaf

tries to turn over the vacant seat next her, in order to make a sort of couch for her friend, who seems to be suffering from a train headache; and the youth across the way drops his paper, springs to her assistance, turns the seat, lowers the blind, and starchy waiting to receive her courteous but reserved thanks, lifts his cap respectfully, and returns to his own seat.

Not long ago, I happened to be waiting for my train at a country station; the ladies waiting room was in rather an out of the way position for catching the first glimpse of the train, which stopped only for a moment, and had to be caught promptly, so my friend and I decided to go into the general waiting room, but found it too full to afford more than standing room, and retreated to the little den set apart for ladies.

It was a tiny room, with a very dirty floor, an equally dirty stove, a table and one solitary bench.

On entering it we found to our disappointment that it was much more full than than the other. There were only three girls in it, but they pervaded the room to such an extent that there was only just sufficient space for us to lean against the table, and take up as little room as possible.

The girls occupied one end of the bench, and their luggage the other, while the way they laughed, and shouted, and chaffed each other made us regret that we had chosen the comparative and quiet of the general waiting room. They never made the slightest pretence of making room for us, on the bench, and they seemed to be doing their best to get rid of our unwelcome society. One of them had a sheet of music, and was anxious to let all whom it might concern know, that she understood something about music. "Take that A, please" she shouted hilariously and for a moment we thought we heard the train whistling, but it was only those three girls coterwauling in a vain attempt to "take that A." I don't think I ever heard so much noise emanate from three ordinary sized throats before, or so much loud talking, and striving to impress the bystanders with the brilliancy and cleverness of the talkers. My friend and I did not attempt to talk, we could not have heard each other if we had, and I improved the time by taking mental notes of those dear young creatures, and resolving that as a very sincere lover of girls, I would use them as a sort of warning to my own large family of "paper" girls not to go and do likewise, but to remember that in no way is good breeding so plainly shown, or its absence so conspicuous, as in the behavior adopted by people when they are abroad in the haunts of men.

But I was glad when I heard the whistle of my train, and saw the last of those three fair maidens.

One of the most marked features of the Paris fashions for spring, is the variety and protrusion of paste and rhinestone buckles which crop out on all costumes! In fact there seems to be a perfect monomania for buckles of all sizes, shapes and designs. Their early advent into this country is confidently prophesied, and also their speedy popularity.

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STREET COWNS FOR SPRING.



The gown in the center is heliotrope cheviot mottled with green. The sleeves are trimmed with many rows of dark green soutache. The waist trimming is of gold colored brocade. The costume at the right is gendarme line diagonal serge, strictly tailor made, with an Eton figure. The costume at the left is brown mottled homespun, garnished with velvet in a darker shade.

parlor car where there are no common people and the porter lies always on hand to help you" says a third. But the traveller is deaf to their ever.

And yet those girls are dumb with amazement when, a little later, one of the quiet girls in the other end of the car rises and

The petty velvet crush collars which are now a feature of every gown with any pretensions to style are fastened with buckles of paste brilliants, which are curved to suit the wearers throat, and are very becoming and pretty. Skirt and bodice draperies are held in place by slightly larger buckles of the same description, and a size larger



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still fastens the belt; while hats, shoes, and slippers all show unmistakable evidence of the buckle craze, and some of the imported garters with diamond buckles, look more like bracelets than garters, and might readily be worn as such without anyone but the owner being a bit the wiser. Of

sleeve draperies. Make the skirt quite plain and turn up a hem two or three inches deep around the bottom; just above this hem run three rows of black moire ribbon about an inch wide and the same distance apart. Gather the skirt to the belt, over the black silk foundation, making it much



NEW WRAPS AND MANTLES.

The handsome mantle-wrap in the center is of green faille, trimmed with full frills of black Spanish lace, bordered by a double ruche of narrower lace. The back is round. The short wrap on the right is of golden brown velvet with facings of white lace. The short collar is nearly covered with the lace. The mantle on the left is of lissein cloth braided all over with black soutache, with a spring collar worked in the same way.

course such a paste buckle as the Parisian lady wears to catch down the knots of velvet on her dainty spring capote or toque, is not by any means a cheap article, in fact it costs from five to six dollars, but she can probably afford it, so that is a mere trifle; and for those who cannot, there are numerous graceful designs in rhinestone and metal buckles showing scrolls, arabesques, and other pretty designs. I don't think these pretty additions to spring costumes will be of much practical use in holding the materials they are supposed to confine, in place, because some of them have no slides at all, and those that have, are not of much practical use, unless they are well sewed down.

Moire is as popular as ever for a trimming of both ribbons and silks, and some of the newest moire ribbons are very lovely; clouded moire, striped moire and moire Nussé, are the newest. Moire edges and stripes are seen on fully one-half of the ribbons for sale in the most fashionable shops.

A pretty way of "making over" a half worn black silk or satin dress, is to rip all the flounces and trimmings from the skirt, sponge and press it out, to freshen it, and then buy enough Russian or fisher's net to make a plain, full skirt, with bodice and

fuller in the back than the front; drape the bodice in surplus fashion with the net, and modernize the sleeves with large puffs of the same. Straps of the ribbon can be used to simulate a belt, and the result will be a very stylish dinner or evening dress at a very slight cost.

Some of the new overskirts are sufficiently hideous to give a very bad attack of nightmare to anyone who looked at them very long, but yet I have little doubt that before another three months have passed over our heads we shall all be wearing them contentedly, and thinking them lovely.

Imagine a long, and very attenuated point which extends from the waist to within five inches of the foot of the dress, and then slopes upward, still quite plain until it reaches nearly to the hip where it suddenly breaks out into a triple box plait, the box plait itself being placed directly on the hip like the frill of a very full blouse, and the two plaits on each side forming a sort of cascade which ends in the point I have described; while the back displays a somewhat similar, but broader and fuller point. No, I am sure you cannot imagine it because it must be seen to have its hideousness fully appreciated. ASTRA.

If you praise a man to his wife you may usually notice a look of surprise on her face.

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A LIST OF DONT'S

is all very well when you have time to read it, but

DON'T Go to business with a headache, if you do you will find a customer who is hard to please, you will grow like a bear with a sore paw and perhaps lose your sale.

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DO NOT Dose it with injurious syrups or Narcotics. It may be troubled with worms, and wants

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The Great Worm Remedy.

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**THINGS WORTH KNOWING.**

Artificial ice was first made in 1783.

Scotland has fifteen divorces to every 1,000,000 in population.

Pliny, in the first century, was the first writer to describe the diamond.

The carat, used in estimating the weight of gems is a grain of Indian wheat.

Legal executions in Mexico are by shooting, and take place in the prison yard.

France and Italy raise 33,000,000 bushels of chestnuts for home use and export.

The pearl is only carbonate of lime, is rendered affected by acids and burns into lime.

The pearl is the only gem that does not require the lapidary's art to bring out its beauty.

The earth's lowest body of water is the Caspian Sea, which has been sinking for centuries.

It is asserted that in 99 cases out of 100 the left side of the human face is the more perfect in outline.

England's Volunteer force of 240,000 is maintained at a cost of under £200,000 a year—less than £4 a head.

Nearly everybody smokes in Japan, men and women. The girls begin when they are ten years of age, and the boys a year earlier.

The two highest inhabited spots on earth are Arevichary and Mucapata, mining camps in the Andes. The former has an elevation of 17,950 feet.

It is said that in America a hundred thousand horses have been thrown out of their ordinary employment in the past two years by the use of electric cars.

The Van Rensselaer House, near Albany, is believed to be the oldest inhabited house in the United States. The building was erected in 1812, of bricks imported from Holland.

The Congo is one of the widest waterways in the globe, if not the finest. It is twenty-five miles across in parts, so that vessels may pass one another and yet be out of sight.

The water at the bottom of the ocean is much colder than at the surface. At the depth of 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying very little from the poles to the equator.

A cannon ball could be made 555 times larger than the largest yet known, and if it could be charged with 555 times more powder than has ever yet been fired at a single discharge, the sound could be heard around the world.

San Francisco is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Every civilized language can be heard, and the ships of every maritime nation, from the British man-of-war to the Maltese felucca and the Chinese junk, are seen in the bay.

The famous old British wooden battleship Benbow, which took part in the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre in 1840 and is over sixty years old, has just been condemned as unfit for further service, because of the general decay of her timbers.

The Athenians began the year in June, the Macedonians in September, the Romans first in March and afterward in January, the Persians on August 11, the ancient Mexicans on February 23, the Mohammedans in July, Russia and the G-ek Church still use the Julian calendar for civil and ecclesiastical purposes.

Census returns show that the most common name in Ireland is Murphy. The numerous family after whom the potato has been named comprise more than thirteen to the 1,000 of the population. In England and Wales the Smiths still retain their position at the head of the list, but of late years the Joneses have been getting near them.

Christianity has in the world 420,000,000 followers; Buddhism, 340,000,000; Mohammedanism, 210,000,000; Brahmanism, 175,000,000; Confucianism, 80,000,000; Shintism, 14,000,000; Judaism, 7,000,000; Fetichism and all other creeds, 180,000,000. There are 28,991 Seventh Day Adventists in the United States. The Encyclopedia Britannica is authority for the statement that the Lutherans are the most numerous denomination of the Protestant religion. There are 230,866,583 Catholics in the world, and the Lutheran Church has over 42,000,000 members.

British agricultural returns for 1893 show the remarkable fact that during last year some 150,000 acres of land in Great Britain were withdrawn from cultivation and turned into pasture. This is spoken of as an "actual abandonment of cultivation" of the land. The main point deduced is that Great Britain is rapidly ceasing to be a wheat-producing country. Comparing the present wheat area with that of 1873 the decline is 1,800,000 acres. The returns also show that fruit farming and market gardening are largely increasing. In 1893 there were 65,487 acres in this kind of cultivation as against 64,148 acres in 1892.

Prof. Falb, the German weather prophet, has issued a list of "critical days" for the present year—days, that is, on which violent storms or other serious disturbances may be expected. Here are the days, given in the order of maximum disturbance: August 30, September 20, March 21, August 4, April 6, May 5, October 28. The most serious disturbance may be looked for on August 30, and the slightest on October 28. Prof Falb also states that the earth will, six years hence, probably come into close conjunction with a comet which was first discovered in 1866, and which has seemingly, been since moving in an uncertain orbit.

In the very early chronicles allusion is made to Billingsgate, which, at that date, was the only wharf in London. The market was originally, and, indeed, until recent times, frequented by women of the class known as "fish lags," who bought or sold fish in the market, and who used language which has made the term Billingsgate synonymous with all that is low and vile in English speech.

### Coughing

leads to Consumption. Stop the Cough, heal the Lungs and strengthen the System with

### Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites. It is palatable and easy on the stomach. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes! Scott's Emulsion, Baltimore, All Druggists, etc. &c.

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FOR  
**GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.**

OVER 40 YEARS IN USE

ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, BALTIMORE, M. D.

**FOR FIFTY YEARS!**

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

has been used by Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

**Unwritten Law in the Best Society**

For Dinners, House Parties, Afternoon Receptions and Five o'Clocks, the necessary, nay, the indispensable adjunct to the correct repast is

**CHOCOLAT-MENIER?**

Only Vanilla Chocolate of highest grade, is manufactured by MENIER—Beneficial even for the most delicate.

Can be taken just before retiring.

**FOR SALE.**

I HAVE Twenty "World's Star" Knitting Machines FOR SALE at less than one-third original cost. Also 500 pair of forns for manufacturers use. Machines are in good order and will be sold with or without ribbing attachments.

**T. PARTELOW MOTT,**  
165 Union St., - - St. John, N. B.  
Cash Paid for Wool.

**PROFESSIONAL.**

**CANCER TUMOR**

A Scientific Cure without the knife, which is permanent for treatment. Send for references.

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**Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.**  
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GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER,  
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Collections Made. Remittances Prompt.  
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**CONNORS HOTEL,**  
CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B.  
JOHN B. MCINERNEY, Proprietor.

Opened in January. Handsome, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

**BELMONT HOTEL,**  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

**QUEEN HOTEL,**  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.  
Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable Coaches, & trams and boats.

### SOME SYRUS OF FLIRTING.

Certain English Journals Discuss a Much Mooted Question.

The recent newspaper inquiry, "Is Flirting on the Increase?" has evoked an admirable article from the Spectator. That so philosophic and austere a journal should stoop to such a subject seems a little strange. One can hardly imagine the Spectator toying with Amaryllis in the shade, and far less in this public manner; but it has had, it seems, its strange experiences in this matter, like the rest of us. If it possessed the opinion, one fancies it would go a little further and state—that is the fact—that flirting is mainly a matter for the consideration of the fair sex, for as for men, they get no serious hurt from it.

The yeoman who loved Lady Clara Vere de Vere, and cut his throat on her account, must have been a very poor creature, and would have made a mess of his farm in any case. If he had had the least modicum of common sense he would, on the discovery of his most ridiculous error, at once have made up his mind to do no more of the kind, and would have been a real helpmate. "The man who looks back with wrath and resentment upon a flirtation because the woman who shared it has married somebody else, must be a cur-mudgeon;" not, indeed, a "laggard in love," but a traitor to it. The greater her charms and the greater the respect they attract, the more incumbent is the duty laid upon a woman to please the many before she makes happy the one. "It has been, we are reminded, 'the immemorial privilege of her sex.' This strikes one, indeed, not only as true chivalry, but as good sense. "For what has the disappointed suitor lost? Nay, is he not rather the gainer by such favor as she showed him?"

There is indeed, one exception to this liberty; it does not endeavor to do the affections of one who is another's admirer. She who does this is a bad lot, and generally and deservedly goes to the bad. Of course, there are selfish and egotistic men who, being unsuccessful in their suits, are determined to do not endeavor to do the affections of one who is another's admirer. She who does this is a bad lot, and generally and deservedly goes to the bad. Of course, there are selfish and egotistic men who, being unsuccessful in their suits, are determined to do not endeavor to do the affections of one who is another's admirer. She who does this is a bad lot, and generally and deservedly goes to the bad. Of course, there are selfish and egotistic men who, being unsuccessful in their suits, are determined to do not endeavor to do the affections of one who is another's admirer. She who does this is a bad lot, and generally and deservedly goes to the bad. 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ABOUT TRUTH TELLING.

RECENT THEORIES OF ASTRA CALLED IN QUESTION.

Instances in Which a Good Many People Have to be Deceitful—As to Praising the Baby—Some Exceptions to Be Made When Ladies Are of Doubtful Age.

My versatile contemporary Astra, gave us some excellent advice a few weeks ago, on the subject of avoiding the natural tendency to vivid coloring—she called it exaggeration which she believed was firmly implanted in the human race from its very birth. Now I have not the least idea of disputing any statement which my fair friend has made, because she treated the subject with the breadth of view which is so characteristic of her writings, and which, if she will pardon me for saying so, is such a very un feminine trait in her character. I have not the article at hand just now, but if I remember right Astra did not lay any very hard conditions upon us in the line of rigid truth telling. She admitted that "truth, in itself"—was not to be told at all times, and she confessed that she dearly loved telling an artistic story herself. She is quite right there, because I think we must all admit that the "gilded author" of the defunct "talks with girls" has told us some very good stories indeed in the past, and even though she now confines her talents chiefly to gastronomy, and fashions, she manages to throw a glamour of romance and poetry around those commonplace topics which almost deprives corned beef and cabbage of its vulgarity, and robs the dry goods, and dress making bills of half their horrors. So she must have a special gift for telling the truth in a pleasant manner and gliding what is frequently a very disagreeable pill to swallow with some sort of coating which makes it slip down easily.

Now I am quite certain that the habit of invariably telling the truth and thereby causing his Satanic majesty to blush with shame, is a very beautiful virtue, but easy as it seems in theory, I fear it would scarcely be a success if generally practiced, and that the man or woman who started out with the laudible purpose of introducing the new fashion would not only encounter a good deal of unpleasantness during the tour but would probably end in being the most disliked member of the particular circle in which he or she revolved. I am afraid there is no use in disputing the fact that prevarication is something like vaccination, a necessary evil; and as the wheels of the most perfectly built carriage in the world squeak and groan without the lubrication afforded by that murky compound called carriage grease, so a great deal of wear and tear, and an enormous amount of useless friction is avoided, and the wheels of life kept in smooth running order, by a judicious knowledge of when not to tell the truth.

For instance, your friend Smith was married a couple of years ago, and you have been a frequent visitor at his house ever since he and his bride set up house-keeping. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are the proud parents now, of a baby—just a baby, nothing more or less; with the same undeveloped features and singular sagacity of expression, which distinguished the offspring of Mrs. Maloney, the washerwoman, when she brought him up last week, to show us "what an intelligent boy the Lord did be after sendin' Mister Maloney an' me," and not one whit more intelligence or tractability. But at the same time it would scarcely do to tell that to Mrs. Smith, and therefore, when she insists on showing you the baby, and asks you with the innocent mother love shining in her eyes, whether you don't think Baby is the very image of his father, and if you ever saw any child of his age, who took so much notice, had such decided features, or showed evidence of such unusual intelligence; you tell her gravely that you never did, and that the likeness to his paternal ancestor is so striking, that if you met that baby-wandering alone in the Great Desert, you would recognize him instantly as a scion of the house of Smith, and clap him to your bosom with tears of honest emotion bedewing your manly cheek, at such an evidence of the progress of the age.

Of course, if you were a disciple of Truth, with a capital T, you might tell the happy young mother coldly that you really failed to see the resemblance, that her baby in your estimation looked so exactly like five hundred other babies of six weeks old that if he were to be undressed, and no benefit of any outward means of identification, and well shaken up with seventy-five other babies of the same age, she herself would be utterly unable to identify him, or to see one spark more of intelligence and individuality in his youthful countenance than in that of any other infant in the flock.

It is not at all probable that Mrs. Smith would either be pleased or see matters in the same light that you did, and it is almost certain that your pleasant friendship with the Smiths would come to an abrupt termination on the spot, but then of course you would have the consolation of doing what you believed to be your duty, besides enjoying the distinction of suffering for the cause you had espoused.

Or suppose the pilgrim of truth should be thrown into the society of a dame who had crossed the mysterious and elastic boundary line which divides youth from that dreary period of a woman's existence

known as "not so young as I used to be." Standing with rosy cheeks, where 20, and 30, most. Age looks so bitter! Youth so sweet!

And suppose she should chance to tell him in the course of conversation that someone who had been asked to guess her age the other day, had guessed that she was 25, and ask him if he did not think she looked much older than that? If he was just a plain ordinary person with a good heart and weak moral sense, he would reply that nothing but her own solemn affidavit, duly attested before a magistrate could convince him that she had reached that age. And he would not have brought a gleam of very bright sunshine into her heart, but made a friend for life.

If his conscience was sensitive, and his zeal stronger than either heart, or his common sense he would hasten to crush that hapless maid by telling her that she not only looked fully 35, but that he happened to know she was quite as old as she looked. How she would love him! and if it ever came into her power to pay him back perhaps she would not do it? Oh dear no! Truth is represented in art and poetry as a beautiful maiden with starry eyes, golden tresses and an angelic smile, but I felt it often a cruel goddess, and nearly always a stern one, or else her most ardent worshippers are given to misrepresenting her sadly, because I believe there are some people in this world who honestly believe that rigid truth telling is the only virtue really necessary to salvation; and that they have only to adhere strictly to telling the truth in order to be certain of a golden crown and a freshly tuned harp when at last they have attained their just reward.

If these people only knew where to draw the line and refrain from telling the truth without being asked, it would not be so sad, but when they see some extraordinary merit in telling their friends that their dresses are unbecoming, their business standing considered shaky, their noses red, or their word not quite as reliable as it might be; then it is indeed time to call a halt lest truth should become so unpopular that a reaction might set in and cause it to become as rare as the great Auk or the Dodo.

Now I hope sincerely that I have not said anything to offend Astra, and that she will agree with me when I say that it is sometimes more merciful to the truth out of sight than to tell it, because like many another good thing, it loses its effect when we are given too much of it.

GROFFERY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

He Was a Famous Lion.

There was really a Baron Munchausen a Hanoverian nobleman whose full name was Hieronymus Karl Friedrich Von Munchausen who lived at Bodenwerder in Hanover, served in the Russian army and died at home in 1795. But the author of the stories that have made the name of Munchausen famous was not Hieronymus Karl. It was Rudolf Erich Raspe a clever writer, a poet, a professor and curator of the museum at Cassel a thief. He fled to England to escape arrest for stealing medals from the museum, and, in 1785, while he was staying at a Cornish mine, he published in London a pamphlet, "Baron Munchausen's Narratives of His Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia." Within two years the book had passed through five editions. Raspe died in Ireland in 1794. Baron Munchausen is thought to have told to Raspe some of the stories ascribed to him in the book, but before the Baron's death he had become uncommunicative and would not discuss the subject of the stories. His is the fame of Joe Miller. Joe was so stupid that it was considered a capital joke to ascribe to him a joke book, and to this day he is thought by the general public to have been a witty fellow.

THINGS OF VALUE.

In this world a man must be either a hammer or an anvil.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.

Mrs. REUBEN BAKER, Riverdale.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair.

Mrs. CHAS. ANDERSON Stanley, P. E. I.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.

Oil City, Ont. MATTHIAS FOLEY.

Strange, that when a person happens to have deep feelings he tries to hide them but, possessing none, pretends that he has.

The remarkable longevity of Cape Breton people may largely be attributed to a whole-sale fish diet—the quintessence of which forms the basis of—Futner's Emulsion.

This would be a much better world if more people would mind their own advice.

Morning Service in Lone Gulch.

The Rev. Mr. Harps (pausing in the midst of the sermon)—What is the matter, Brother Isaac?

Alkali Ike (a new convert)—Since I joined the church, a month ago, I've been tryin' to be meek and humble and forgivin'; but, brethren and sisters, I'm no rabbit; and it them two fellers over in the corner I don't shuck off my coat and my religion at the same time, and give 'em a great big taste of the quality that used to distinguish me when I was in the bonds of sin and iniquity!

Very Considerate.

"Brinkles says you owe him five pounds," said the man with no tact whatever.

"That's very true," was the reply.

"I'd have paid it long ago, only I was afraid of hurting his feelings."

"What do you mean?"

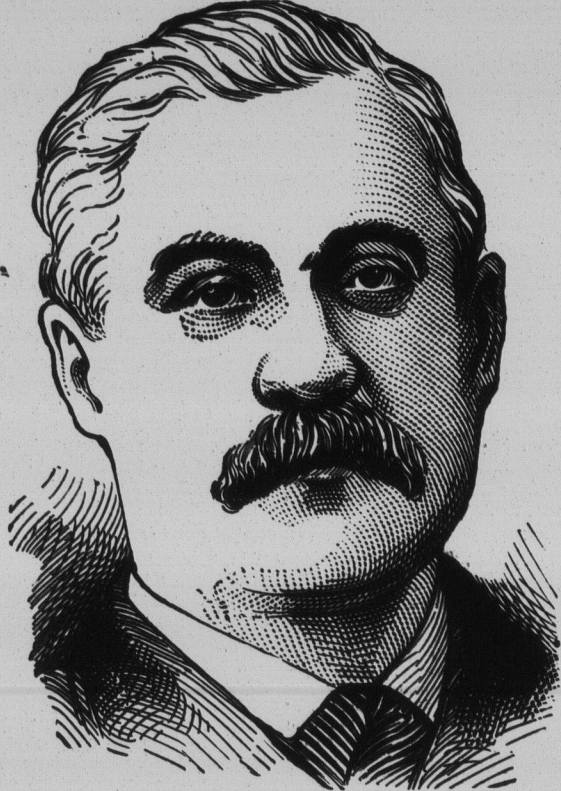
"I was afraid he would think I thought he needed the money."

Endyhard Kipling will return this month from Bermuda.

A VIGOROUS POLICY.

One True Source of Personal Force and Courage.

Tremendous Capacity for Accomplishing Work—Vigorous Digestion and Calm Nerves Accomplish All—Paine's Celery Compound a Remedy that Does the World Good.



COUNCILLOR GEORGE F. MORSE.

The admiration accorded certain public men is due to their splendid moral courage. Great moral courage and determination are impossible without a sturdy digestion, a healthy liver, and a vigorously nourished nervous system. No one can imagine a Glaston, Salisbury, Laurier, Thompson, or any great Champion of his party in parliamentary debate, with a badly nourished brain, a weak digestion, and shaky nerves.

Celery Compound, is the immediate improvement of appetite and gradual gain in weight. This remarkable remedy sets to work at once to nourish nerve centres and purify the blood of harmful humors. It was the blood of Prof. Paine's of Dartmouth college, the discoverer of Celery Compound, and he so stated to his classes at Dartmouth college, that only when the system is perfectly nourished in tissue, blood

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Council Chamber, Boston, Nov 28 1893

I am using Paine's Celery Compound with the most of results for medicine is from which I have suffered very much in the few years and I am very glad to recommend it to any likewise troubled. Very truly yours G. F. Morse

Only the healthy man, whose organs are doing their duty, is firm, convincing, magnetic, courageous. A man of ideas needs sound health to carry them out, and a clear, cool brain is better than a shaky one, however brilliant. The men who can work long hours under pressure win success, and fame depends often on a strong stomach, healthy nervous system and plenty of reserve force than on great intellectual power. We will get rid of liver and kidney weakness. Paine's Celery Compound will take away the sickly, depressed, unbusinesslike feeling that comes with dyspepsia, disordered and nervous weakness. Paine's Celery Compound will fill the veins with blood that is red and rich in food for every vital organ. The first noticeable effect of Paine's



B. B. BLUZARD, St. John N. B., Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces.



Drop Us a Line If you cannot procure Ram Lal's and we will give you the address of a live grocer who sells the best Tea to be had. In Sealed Lead Packages Only. Rose & Lafamme, Wholesale Agents, Montreal.

THE PELEE ISLAND WINES ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

Our mission is solely to supply Nature's own pure food. Our reason for offering this product to the public, to you, is that it is pure. There is need of such an article of grape-juice. We have the testimony of hundreds of letters to prove the assertion. Nearly all the bottled juices now on the market contain an impure description to prevent fermentation, generally salicylic acid. Why does such juice fail as a food? Simply because the antiseptic principle that preserves the juice in the bottle exerts a similar influence in the stomach, and prevents the natural action that is part of Nature's plan for assimilating food. Our concentrated juice of the grape is absolutely free from all antiseptics and is Nature's best food and strength producer for weak and defective digestive organs.

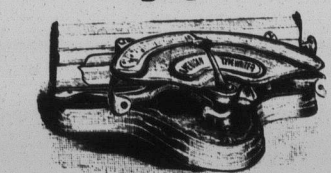
E. C. SCOVIL, Maritime Agent, 62 Union St., St. John. Telephone 422. Be sure and get the PELEE ISLAND BRAND.

IF YOU WEAR PANTS \$1,000.00 WORTH WEAR PILGRIMS. New Goods opened this week. If you have not an agent in your town, write us at once, and we will forward you free 30 samples of our latest novelties, with self-measurement blanks, the results of which we guarantee to be satisfactory or money refunded. Agents Wanted in every town and village in Canada where we have not now, to take orders for our cut and made to order goods. PILGRIMS—The best value in everyday knock-out suits about a man can buy—\$3.00. Pants from \$3 to \$12. Suits from \$12. up. PILGRIM PANTS CO., 38 Mill Street, St. John, N. B.

COMING changes on Charlotte St. T. YOUNGCLAUS intends moving at 1st May to his commodious store in Union Block, Cor. Mill and Main Sts., North End. Custom Tailoring will then be carried on extensively on the premises. In the meantime, his large stock, at 51 Charlotte, is marked down to hard time prices and must be cleared out before moving. Rare bargains can be had.

City Market Clothing Hall, 51 Charlotte St. T. YOUNGCLAUS.

THE AMERICAN \$8.00 Typewriter.



This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters, figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a \$100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a typewriter built for and capable of REAL WORK. While not as rapid as the large machines sometimes become in expert hands, it is still at least as rapid as the pen and has the advantage of such simplicity that it can be understood and mastered almost at a glance. We cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere.

Writes capitals, small letters, Easy to understand—learned in figures and marks—71 in all. 5 minutes. Writes just like a \$100 machine. Weighs only 4 pounds—most portable. No shift keys. No Ribbon. Compact, takes up but little room. Prints from the type direct. Built solid and simple, can't get out of order. Writing always in sight. Capital and lower-case keyboard alike—easily mastered. Corrections and insertions easily made. More "margin play" for the small letters which do most of the work. Takes any width of paper or envelope up to 8 1/2 inches. Takes good letter-press copies. Packed securely in handsome case and expressed to any address on receipt of price—\$8.00, in registered letter, money order or certified check. We guarantee every machine and are glad to answer all inquiries for further information.

IRA CORNWALL, Gen. Agent for Maritime Provinces, Board of Trade Bldg. St. John, N. B., or from the following agents: B. Ward Thomas, St. John, N. B.; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews, N. B.; T. C. Clouston, St. John, N. B.; Van Meter, Hatcher & Co., Moncton, N. B.; J. Fred. Deane, Chatham, N. B.; H. A. White, Sussex, N. B.; A. M. Heare, Kemptville, N. B.; J. F. Bryerton, Amherst, N. S.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; D. J. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

AGENTS WANTED.



HER THEME WAS LOVE.

PASTOR FELIX TELLS FURTHER OF LETHIA R. LARSON.

Her Literary and Personal Characteristics—What Howitt Says of Her Genius—The Book She Declared to be Fatal to Her Health.

Sad were my shades; methinks they had Almost a tone of prophecy.

So did Miss Larson cause her heroine in "The Improvvisatrice" to speak.

But when L. E. L. had fixed her character as a poet, and the public looked only for poetical productions from her, she suddenly came forth as a prose writer, and with still added proofs of intellectual vigor.

Her prose stories have leading characteristics of her poetry. Their theme is love, and their demonstration that all love is fraught with destruction and desolation.

But there are other qualities manifested in the tales. The prose page was for her a wider tablet, on which she could with more freedom and ampler display, record her views of society.

Of these, "Francesca Carrara" and "Ebel Churchill" are unquestionably the best works, the latter pre-eminently so. In these she has shown, under the characters of Guido and Walter Maynard, her admiration of genius and her opinion of its fate; under those of Francesca and Ebel Churchill the adverse destiny of pure and high-souled women.

These volumes abound with proofs of a shrewd observation of society, with masterly sketches of character, and the most beautiful sketches of scenery. But what surprise and delight more than all, are the sound and true estimates of humanity, and the honest boldness with which her opinions are expressed.

The clear perception of the tearful social condition of this country, and the fervent advocacy of the poor, scattered through these works, but especially the last, do honor to her woman's heart.

These portions of L. E. L.'s writings require to be yet more truly appreciated.

"There is another characteristic of her prose writings which is peculiar. Never were the feelings and experience of authorship so cordially and accurately described.

She tells us freely all that she has learned. She puts words into the mouth of Walter Maynard, of which all who have known anything of literary life must instantly acknowledge the correctness. The author's heart never was more completely laid open, with all its hopes, fears, fatigues, and enjoyments, its bitter and its glorious experiences. In the last hours of Walter Maynard she makes him utter what must at that period have been daily more and more her own convictions. I am far cleverer than I was. I have never, however, thought much of the mind's exhausting itself; never! Think of the mass of materials which every day accumulates! Then experience, with its calm, clear light, corrects so many youthful fallacies; every day we feel our higher moral responsibility, and our greater power."

There is for us but a brief rehearsal of the few remaining, and latest deplorable events of her life. That step she declared fatal in its nature to all, became as to her;—she married, and then died. O folly for such a woman to entrust her future to a man who in no sense, could she have been supposed to know! Yet charity still tremblingly hopes it was no volition of hers by which she fell.

It was a luxury. Some time ago a certain wealthy gentleman, well known for his extreme stin-giness, drove up hurriedly in his carriage to the door of the celebrated Dr. S., of Manchester. He was in a state of acute discomfort and fear, from the simple fact that at the moment a piece of fish-bone was sticking somewhere in the region of his throat.

Dr. S., however, removed the dangerous obstacle, and the gentleman breathed freely.

"Thank you, thank you, doctor," he exclaimed, much relieved, "I swear I will never eat salmon again—never! And with what ease you removed it—a mere minute's operation, was it not? How much—a what is your fee?"

"Half a guinea," replied Dr. S.—"Half a guinea!" exclaimed the gentleman, "for half a minute's work? Impossible!"

"But, consider," said Dr. S., "a salmon bone!"

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Oh, a great deal," replied Dr. S.—"Had it been halibut or fresh haddock, I should have charged less—perhaps five codfish or eels, 2s. 6d. would have been ample payment; mackerel, 2s.; while red herring I might even have removed free of charge; but salmon at this time of the year—well, really, Mr. B., one has to pay for these luxuries."

He understood Arithmetic. Some years ago there lived in the city of X—a rather eccentric old man, remarkable for his shrewdness who kept a pork shop. Some young fellows, thinking to have some fun with him, entered his shop one night and asked what his pork was a yard. The old man promptly replied—

"Five shillings."

One of the young fellows then said—

"I'll take a yard."

"Where is your money?" said the old man.

The five shillings were laid down, which the old man quickly pocketed, and then produced three pig's feet with the remark—

"Three feet make one yard."

Use HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. It is particularly useful in making weak lungs strong, as it contains necessary elements of nutrition for the nervous system, obtained from natural sources.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

EIGHT LONG YEARS OF PAIN AND SUFFERING.

A Well Known Godefrich Lady Restored to Health and Strength After Experiencing Had Failed—Gives Her Experience for the Public Good.

(From the Godefrich Signal.)

The marvellous change which has taken place in the physical condition of Mrs. Calloren Fraser, Britannia street, during the past twelve months has been the chief topic of conversation among her many friends and acquaintances of late, and to all who know of the terrible manner in which she has been afflicted, her fitting up appears to have been a miracle of miracles.

Mrs. Fraser has a wide circle of acquaintances in Godefrich and vicinity, having resided in this town for over thirty years—ever since her husband, who was a merchant in Bayfield, retired from business and located here. Having heard of the wonderful change that had been brought about in her physical condition, a representative of the Signal called upon Mrs. Fraser at her pleasant home to congratulate her upon the improved state of her health, and to find out in what manner the happy change had been effected. He was graciously received and the following statement was voluntarily given by Mrs. Fraser.

"It is now over eight years since one morning as I was performing ablutions, when passing my hand over my face, I experienced a pain on the cheek similar to that which is felt when a thorn which has penetrated the flesh is touched. The pain continued after that and appeared to move all over my face and head. From the cheek it went to the upper lip, then to the lower lip, then to the forehead and head and then to the eyes. So intense was the agony which I suffered that I was unable to touch my hair and eyebrows, and my eyes felt like veritable balls of fire. My gums were so affected that I was unable to eat anything. Finally my local physician, who had been tireless in his efforts to help me, said he could do nothing for me, and my case seemed utterly hopeless. I then went to Clinton and consulted one of the most skilled practitioners in that town, who diagnosed my case and said he could recommend no treatment that would benefit me. I came home utterly broken down and not knowing what to do. I had read in the newspapers of the marvellous results accomplished by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but as I had never placed much confidence in proprietary medicines so widely advertised, and had relied more on the methods of skilled practitioners, I had not given the matter of using them much thought. As a last resort, however, I determined to give Pink Pills a trial, and had two boxes purchased at the drug store of James Walsh. From the first box I cannot say that I experienced any noticeable benefit but by the time I was half through with the second box I knew I was mending rapidly, as the terrible pains had ceased, to a great extent, and I had begun to feel more like my former self. That was all, and when my friends heard that I was recovering they began to drop in rapidly and congratulate me. As a result of the excitement consequent upon the fact that sometimes as many as ten or a dozen would come in to see me during the course of a day, I had a relapse—a return of the old pains—but I continued to take Pink Pills, and am pleased to say that I gradually got back to my normal condition, in which I am today. This summer, since August, I have been entirely free from the malady, which has never been the case during the previous seven summers, but I occasionally take the Pink Pills, as my doctor advises me that it is well, so as to ward off the disease. I attribute the marked improvement in my health solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and have not failed to recommend their use to many of my friends who have made enquiry as to the benefit derived by me from them."

In conversation with Jas. Wilson, druggist, it was learned that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had been sold in Godefrich, and that many can testify to their great value as a blood builder and nerve tonic. Mr. Geo. A. Fear, druggist, also speaks highly of the results attained by the use of Pink Pills among his customers, and says he finds them the best selling remedy in his store.

Such remarkable cures as that of Mrs. Fraser have been but too few in the past. Thanks to the better knowledge that the people are obtaining of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they are now becoming more numerous. This medicine contains in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an un-failing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic syphilis, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as sup-purgations, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry or overwork, or excess of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in a similar form intended to deceive. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

These pills are manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either address, at 50 cents or six boxes for \$2.50.

In China, drunkards, as well as total abstainers, are almost unknown. Gambling debts are prominently debts of honor there, and are more willingly and speedily paid than any others. To pay them a Chinaman will pawn all his property and even sell his children.

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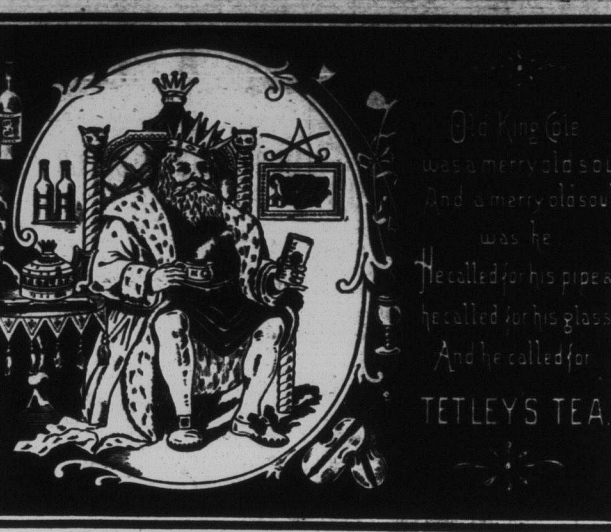
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WAKE UP! THE TIME HAS COME, and despite Trade conditions we are going to sell.

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HERE ARE SOME OF OUR INDUCEMENTS. We are offering very handsome, highly polished, quartered OAK BEDROOM SUIT, with Large Dressing Case, English bevel plate Mirror, seven pieces.

Worth \$80.00; our Price is \$65.00. Some of our Prices on SIDEBOARDS are from \$11.00 up. These Sideboards are in ANTIQUE OAK, of which we have a large stock to select from.

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"REINDEER" Condensed Milk and Condensed Coffee.



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John H. King, Smith's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

PRICE, 20 CENTS PER POUND; THREE POUNDS FOR 50 CENTS. (Postpaid.) 8 lbs. sent by express to any express office for \$1. or by post, when under five pounds. Purchaser to pay Express Charges.

Lehigh Coal.

Very Cheap for Cash. To arrive: Caledonia House Coal. J. F. MORRISON.

UN-NERVED, TIRED People and Invalids will find in CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE A pleasant restorative and appetizer. Pure and wholesome. It has stood the test of years. Prepared only by K. CAMPBELL & Co., Beware of imitations. MONTREAL.

Berton House, 45 Elliot Row, St. John, N. B.

Mrs. J. Fredericks, a lady of experience, hopes for a continuance of the liberal patronage, hitherto enjoyed. Persons wishing either PERMANENT or TRANSIENT BOARD will please apply to A. DANIEL, Manager.

DR. LAVIOLETTE'S Syrup of Turpentine.

IT ALWAYS CURES, PROOF POSITIVE. READ IT.

Mrs. Goudias Parent, carter, 10 Henderson St., Quebec, says: I suffered for four years from Bronchitis and could find no remedy to cure me, until after taking four bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine I found myself completely cured for which I am more than grateful.

Mad. Jos. Langlois, 117 Victoria St., St. Saver, Quebec city, says: My little girl, four years old, suffered from a bad attack of Bronchitis. One 25c. bottle of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine gave her immediate relief. I consider this remedy to be the best I have ever used and I can highly recommend it to all.

Mr. T. M. Humble, journalist, Parkdale, Toronto, says: It gives me great pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I was troubled with an exceedingly heavy cold during the winter and after two or three doses of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine was completely cured. It may seem almost incredible, yet such however are the facts, and I cheerfully testify to the benefit I received.

Mr. George T. Gorrie, 67 Yonge St., Toronto, says: It is with pleasure that I can testify to the good effect secured by using Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine in cases of coughs and colds. I took a bad cold on the train coming from Montreal but fortunately happened to have a bottle with me and after taking three doses I felt the good effects immediately. I recommend it highly to all my friends.

Nr. A. Lamontagne, 340 Montcalm St., Montreal, says: I am pleased to say that after having suffered for years, from chronic bronchitis, I have been completely cured by using six 25c. bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine, and I therefore forward you this unsolicited testimonial.

Miss Rose Anne Vigeant, 1595 Ste. Catherine St., Montreal, says: Having noticed many columns of testimonials from this city certifying to the wonderful curative powers of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine, I feel it right to say what it has done for me. I was troubled for three weeks with a most aggravating cough and a severe cold and tried several remedies without avail. One 25c. bottle effected a complete and permanent cure. I have recommended this preparation to a large number of my friends, and it has given perfect satisfaction in every case.

ASK FOR IT from your Druggist or Grocer who can procure it from any wholesale house or direct from the proprietor,

J. Gustave Lavolette, 232 & 234 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

Canadian Express Co.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1894.

LIQUOR AND MORPHINE.

Things Which Bring Solace and Torture to Mankind.

A Sure and Pleasant Cure For Those Who Feel They Need It.

In the light of experience DeQuincy did a bold thing when he confessed that he was an opium eater. It was a courageous thing, too, to confess that he was never cured of this habit. He struggled, like the man he was, to free himself of the bondage in which he was enchained, but he was powerless.

If opium has ever been a potent drug to soothe and to enslave mankind, morphine has been still more powerful. Among the many agencies that exist to destroy all that is best in man the various drug habits hold a very important place. Unlike alcoholic liquors, the dread influence of drugs is not so marked that it attracts public attention, and thus deters the beginner, and prevents the acquisition of a habit that is unbreakable. It is a secret vice, hidden from human eyes for a time at least, and the horror of its thralldom is known only to its victim, who in vain strives to free himself from its clutches, wishing and hoping day by day for deliverance, and yet hardly able to reduce his portion by the fraction of a grain.

How large a proportion of the inhabitants of Boston and of the country are addicted to the use of morphine is a question. One physician at the South End expressed his opinion as follows: "I am unable to state with any degree of accuracy how large a proportion of my clientele are accustomed to use morphine or cocaine, or the two together as a stimulant. I should say, from my experience, that at least one in sixty is a victim. Personally I have seen so much suffering caused by its use that I am almost afraid to administer it even in cases where I am sure that it is needed to allay suffering. I seldom tell the parties what I have given them, for the reason that, if they afterwards feel the need of it, they may not know what they want, and therefore cannot acquire the terrible habit."

It is seldom except at the end of a bright man's career that it becomes known that he was a "morphine fiend." The intimate circle of the victim's friends are aware of the fact only, and they keep the matter as quiet as possible. A reporter of the Traveller by a little extra work has been able to find out a few facts not generally known.

Our Patients Readily

respond to interviews on the part of all who would be rid of the Morphine or the Liquor habits. The strongest endorsement of our treatment is the praise of those to whom it has given new life and energy. You may be anxious for the lives and happiness of your friends. If, in any way we can bring relief and hope to those you love, it will be our highest pleasure to do so.

stores I have tried. I am in torment. Will you get me some?" "I know exactly how you feel. Here are 14 grains," said the Boston man, taking two little packages of seven grains each from his case. "I know exactly how that fellow felt," said the Boston man to the reporter. "He had probably been without his dose for several hours beyond his accustomed time. I tell you frankly from my experience, though I don't want my name to be used, that a morphine user will crawl on his hands and knees over a red-hot floor after morphine when he wants to get it. Let him be without the drug for 24 hours and then let an iron floor heated red-hot intervene between him and a phial of morphine and a syringe, and he will cross the floor barfooted to get it. "I have seen the time when I would have murdered anybody or everybody in the house to get morphine. It may seem strange to you, but you will find out that it is true after you have found out more about it." As a matter of fact this statement did

not seem at all strained after a further investigation. Two physicians were found dining together at the Thorndike and were led into a discussion of the subject of morphine users. They took opposite sides as to whether it became a disease or not. One of them affirmed that the so-called victim can stop if he wants to, that it is only a matter of will power. The other claimed that it is a disease. He said: "The morphia habit is like any contagious disease. There is an exposure to the contagion, and the disease probably follows. In the morphia disease the exposure is the few experimental trials, or the injection by the physician. After a man has become accustomed to its use, it is no longer a question of choice, it is a necessity, it is a disease that has fastened its hold on him for life."

It was the opinion of these two physicians that, while it is true the use of drugs as stimulants is more common on the western coast, the large cities of the East have a host of victims, and the total number of habitual users in the country is between 700,000 and 1,000,000 people.

They thought that women are not accustomed to use morphine as much as men, the probable proportion being one to four. Small as is this proportion of women victims to men, a terrible state of affairs was discovered. There is in Boston a millinery and ladies' furnishing store, which never sells these goods to any extent. The sales consist of opium, morphine and cocaine! There are enough well-to-do ladies who have use for these drugs and who patronize this establishment to enable the management to realize a handsome profit every month. The bills are presented, when desired, to the husbands, as bills for goods delivered.

There is a law prohibiting the sale of these drugs, just as there is in regard to other poisons. A prescription is needed or a registration is demanded, or the party

has to be known in the apothecary shop in order to make a purchase. Some shops refuse to sell to the wayfarer altogether. There are others that do a large business, selling to anybody who knows the use of the drug and looks as though he will not commit suicide with it. Some of these shops have an enormous trade. One of them had no less than 90 sales of morphine on the book as the result of one Sunday morning's demand.

In order to see whether it is possible for the uninitiated to buy morphine, the Traveller reporter made the attempt. He first tried a shop on Boylston street, where a physician's prescription was demanded. He had none to show, and tried to argue the clerk into giving him the drug, but in vain. At a shop in the south end better success was met with.

"Give me five grains of morphine, please," said the erstwhile detective. "What do you want it for?" asked the clerk, perfunctorily. "I am accustomed to its use. I have neuralgia," was the reply. A little bottle partly filled with a white powder was delivered, and 15 cents accepted in payment.

This simply goes to show how easy it is to obtain the awful drug in this city. At the police stations interesting and saddening facts were obtained. An officer in Station I remembered two cases recently. They were both men, and were searched before they were locked up. Each begged for his morphine and syringe, of which he had been deprived before entering his cell. One of them suffered so terribly that fear was entertained that he would go crazy, and the doctor was called in. The officer did not know what was done, but he presumed the doctor gave the fellow a dose

This is a small cylinder with a sharp, hollow needle, and a scale to indicate the number of drops that are taken. The point of the needle is inserted beneath the skin of the arm or leg, and the contents of the syringe injected. The effect is said to be immediate.

It is only in the last fifteen years or so that morphine has been used to any extent. Before this time opium held sway. About five years ago cocaine was discovered. This is a much more potent alkaloid than morphine even, and has many victims.

It has been said by many physicians who have made a specialty of the subject that the drug habit, or disease, cannot be cured. They say that a gradual reduction of the dose day by day can be made under pressure and with great suffering to the patient, and in this way the use of the drug may be reduced to a minimum.

With a view to ascertaining whether this disease can be really cured or not, the writer went to several "institutes" in town. On stating his errand in every case the man in charge said that he had nothing for publication and did not care to have his patients "interviewed."

By chance the reporter heard of a well-known morphine fiend who is under treatment. He was found and was willing to talk, and said: "Yes I am perfectly willing to talk about my morphine experiences. Everybody who ever heard of me knows that I have been a victim, and I want my name to be used, for I have been cured."

"My name is Tom Venable, and I belong to the Venable family of North Carolina. I want everyone to know that I have been cured and that my deliverance is due to the Bellinger German Remedy Company.

"Isn't there morphine in the medicine?"

"No, there isn't. I would know it if there was, and so would the other fellows. Say, why don't you come down to the rooms and see the other patients? They will be glad to see you and so will Dr. Bellinger."

So it happened that the writer found his way to the offices of the German Remedy Company in the Hotel Pelham, on the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets. After learning something of the horrors of the drug habit it was a relief to see what he saw. The patients, which number some thirty in all, lounge about the offices amusing themselves with music on the piano or guitar, or playing cards, or by conversation. They seemed to be a good-natured set of men, and certainly they were unusually well educated and interesting. The majority were professional gentlemen, mostly physicians. Some were clergymen, and there were a number of business men. Nearly every one of the present patients are men well known in Boston and vicinity.

They frankly discussed their morphine, cocaine and liquor experiences. Their names need not be given, for that is not necessary, though each and every one of them is ready to tell what progress the German Remedy is making with him if a fellow sufferer wishes to ascertain.

One physician who lives and practises his profession in the suburbs said that he had used morphine to the extent of 28 grains a day. During the three weeks he had been under treatment, he had not taken a particle, though he had had his case with him all the time. During this period he had not suffered any, and had slept all night without the aid of any

"Fifteen years ago the drug fiends in the West were smoking opium and eating 'yenseh,' the ash that remains after opium is smoked. In the latter part of the seventies morphine came into use and continued to be used by means of the hypodermic needle until about '89 or '90 when it was not strong enough for many who began to use cocaine.

"For the past two or three years, the majority of drug-users have been addicted to a combination of morphine and cocaine.

"It is in the West that I have practised medicine and used the German Remedy. I think that the use of drugs is more common out there, although I cannot say, for I do not know the East well enough yet. One thing that caused morphine to supplant opium as a drug was, I think, by means of the needle and the greater potency of morphine and a more immediate and lasting effect could be produced. About half a grain of morphine will give the same effect as a half dozen pipes with the beginner, and it takes time to smoke the pipes.

"The opium trade is still carried on extensively, however. Most of our opium comes from British Columbia and costs from \$6.60 to \$7.50 per pound. Hungarian opium varies from \$16 to \$22 a pound. The richest people only use this.

"There are several clubs on the coast where ladies and gentlemen meet in their rooms and smoke opium. The cure of the disease is harder on the coast than here, where everything invites a man to be a man untrammelled by a pernicous habit. The facts of the case on the coast are these: The people come mostly from the East to make their fortunes. If they succeed, they often cannot stand prosperity. If they fail, in their despondency they may take to the use of drugs.

"The system will absorb only about 35 grains of morphine, but I have known of 120, 150, and even in one case as high as 200 grains being taken. Habituals now often take more than they actually need." "Doctor, can you cure the habit or disease?"

"Any patient without organic disease we can cure in from three to six weeks. Hardly any two cases are alike. We can positively cure the disease, but after we have removed the craving and put a man squarely on his feet our responsibilities cease. It is as though a man is drowning and a policeman rescues him. The policeman cannot prevent his trying to drown himself again, although he may save him a second time."

The reporter left the German Remedy Company's rooms very thankful that a cure is possible. Even if all cannot be cured, any treatment that will cure one, out of five or one out of 20 of these terrible sufferers is a very good thing.

One sad thing about the morphine habit is that relatives and friends suffer, as well as the victim. It is a pathetic thing to think of the physician or clergyman sitting alone in his study all night, with his morphine, his whiskey bottle and tobacco by his side. He may sleep a little towards daybreak. The wife cries herself to sleep while thinking of her husband's slavery. The children are not proud of their father. They know something is wrong. He is an unnatural man, and his friends treat him as such.

Instances of all kinds are not lacking to show what a hold the fiendish drug habit has on the people at large and on the individual. A short investigation in Boston has brought to light some startling things. In addition to what has already been stated, there is good authority for the statement that one of this city's ablest clergymen is a morphine fiend. Nor is this an isolated case by any means, if the secret places were to be laid bare.

"Shadows Lifted,"

is the title of our 135 page pamphlet, devoted to the explanation of our methods and the results of our work. It is written by Rev. George W. Grover, A. M., M. D., for fourteen years pastor of Pilgrim Congregational Church, Nashua, N. H. It will be sent to all who send us their name and address.

Institute for the Treatment OF THE MORPHINE, LIQUOR, OPIUM, COCAINE, AND OTHER DRUG HABITS. 78 Sydney Street, St. John. Dr. E. F. Adams is the physician in charge. All members of the profession, and others interested, are cordially invited to call and investigate our mode of treatment. For further information call or address: Bellinger German Remedy Co.

The other victim was without the drug or medical aid all through the night, and seemed to suffer the torture of the damned. It was a relief to officers of the station when he was taken away the next morning, because they dreaded that he would commit suicide.

Another officer who has been on the force in another city had met a number of cases of the most unfortunate nature. He told of one young man, the son of an Indiana millionaire, who was taken in a gambling house. He was kept as a witness. Having been relieved of his morphine and syringe he was put in a cell. He begged pitifully for his drug, but was denied. He made so much noise and trouble, confessing freely that he was a morphine fiend, that the sergeant lost patience with him and not only refused to give him the drug, but refused to call a physician, thinking that one night's abstinence might do him good. The poor fellow was in despair.

He was about to pass a night without morphine. This was at 10 o'clock. At 12 o'clock a noise was heard in his cell. He was found to be in a terrible condition. He had gashed his face by pressing against the corner of the doorway. A doctor was called, who gave him a hypodermic injection and then sewed up the cuts on his face. In the morning, when the unfortunate looked at the wounds he had inflicted on himself, in his blank despair he cut his throat with a breakfast knife. This is only one of many horrible experiences.

But habitual users of drugs do not belong largely to the criminal or lower classes. They are more often the professional men, or business men who perform brain work. Such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., are quieted at first by morphine, and after a while only a frequent use of the drug will make the user feel anything like himself.

The method of using drugs now most prevalent is by the hypodermic syringe.

"I have used morphine for many years. In my boyhood, almost. I was afflicted with rheumatism, and then began the use of morphine. My family discovered that I used it, and almost disowned me. Having money in my own name, I went to St. Louis and other Western cities, where I lived almost entirely under the influence of morphine. I tried several times to cure myself, but was unable to do so.

"When my money was nearly gone, I came East, and was on the survey which laid out the inland route for vessels from New York to Southern ports. I had several terrible experiences when I could not get morphine.

"Then I became a compositor and made good pay in New York city. I was practically disowned by all my people except one uncle, who stood by me through thick and thin. I came on to Boston to work in the American Press Association, where I have a substitute now working for me during my treatment. I have been desperate at times because I could not free myself of this habit. Once I went to the Cambridge bridge to drown myself, but I was rescued and continued my weary life.

"I have taken as high as 120 grains in a day, which is more than enough to kill a dozen men who are not habitual users of morphine, and yet I am alive, I am glad to say I am more than alive—I am a changed man. I never believed in medicine or cures. I thought it was a matter of will power, and I knew that I had no will power left. I expected to continue a wretched morphine-taker until death came. But a friend took hold of me and said he would pay for treatment by the German remedy if I would submit to it. He had seen it advertised and looked into it and believed it was a good thing.

"Well, I have been taking this remedy for four weeks, in which time I have not taken a bit of morphine and have experienced no pain."

"But, Mr. Venable," queried the reporter,

drug—a thing which had not happened to him for nearly a score of years.

A cocaine patient, who by all analogy should have been in the insane asylum two years ago, having used this powerful drug for four years, has not touched it since he has been under treatment, and does not want it. He sleeps well and has none of the hallucinations that have haunted him night by night for three years. He attends to his business by day, dropping in four times a day to take his medicine.

Three men who have been cured of the liquor habit, one tobacco graduate, and three morphine graduates, were seen. Not one of them confesses to any temptation to "go back." They all speak in the highest terms of the cure, and are jubilant at their escape from the thralldom of drugs. They are sorry for one thing only, and that is that the German Remedy Company does not care for more patients until new and proper quarters are provided. They have friends and acquaintances whom they would like to see emancipated, and even as they are—without the bonds.

Dr. F. B. Bellinger, who is the chief of the medical corps, consented to talk, though he did not care for publicity for either himself or the institute. He already has more patients than he cares for until a proper building is provided. He said: "My father, Dr. I. H. Bellinger of Berlin, discovered the remedy which now bears his name, and which we are now using. He did not use it much in Germany. The Germans mostly drink beer, and he had little use for it except for delirium tremens.

"Not until 10 years ago did my brother and I begin to use the remedy in this country. When cocaine came into being everybody said, we have now a cure for the opium habit. It came to be a false hope, for cocaine began to be used with and in the place of morphine, but it did not cure a single case."



ON THE ROUTE TO CUBA.

SIGHTS AND SCENES DESCRIBED BY A. ST. JOHN MAN.

Continuation of a Paper previously Published—St. Augustine and Its Many Attractions—Reminiscences of the History of Past Times.

In an elegant passenger train we swiftly sped through the long stretch of pines between Palatka and St. Augustine. The quiet darkness of the pine groves, the stately trunks topped by the spreading branches of needle-like leaves, and the broad open views of St. Augustine. As far as one could see lay stretches of marsh land such as delight the sportsman's eye. At a short distance from the picturesque depot, lay the little city itself, still bearing the quaint and time honored name. Those Spanish devotees of the old Roman Saint, when first they laid the foundation of this town, never dreamed that it would in the 19th century, be the admiration and wonder of a continent. Old Augustinus himself, if he could start from his grave and look upon this Spanish American city, transformed as it is, would be so astonished that he would say it was the work of Beelzebub, or of some tribe of Moors, who, after having conquered Europe had gone across and conquered America.

The broad street by which we drove from the depot was asphalted, and the horses hoofs rang out upon its surface. The beauty of this city is almost entirely the outcome of two things, the money made by the oil wells, and the finding of shell quarries at Anastasia Island. Part of the street was flooded two inches deep with a clear, greenish water the overflow of an artesian well in a vacant lot near by. Already it had descended 900ft. but the wealthy oil merchant of New York had decided to go still further and see if piercing the bowels of the earth he could not get warm water enough to save him heating it in his numerous hotels. The man who has done so much for this city is Mr.—the oil millionaire. Determined to make St. Augustine a rival to Jacksonville he has spent millions in beautifying it.

We passed the large Methodist church which cost at least \$200,000; wonderful structure, even more beautiful than "Trinity" in Boston; built entirely of a mixture of shells and cement which makes the wall look like one solid block and gives it a lovely grey tint that softens and glows in almost any light, but more especially towards sunset when its lines are brought out, and the great church stands before you in all its beauty.

To our left lies the enormous hotel "Ponce de Leon," properly pronounced "Ponhay not Pansa." On the right, with a broad square in front of it, in which there are several fountains, is the Alcazar with its swimming bath and wonderful vista of fountains through its hallway and open court.

These two buildings are in perfect imitation of the best Spanish architecture. Before me as we turn the corner of the square rises the Cordova. This is another large hotel and is a copy of the finest Moorish style. Its high battlements and wonderful towers lift themselves so proudly that you cannot realize this is really intended for your residence, and that here you have the right, for money, to see those graceful forms of architecture which so delighted the Moors from the tenth to the fifteenth century. A room here is \$5.00 a day (some are \$10 and \$15) but these are small items compared with the beauty that meets you at every turn, and when you consider that has all come from the fact that somebody struck oil a few years ago, you feel quite glad that the man was so fortunate. This "Castle-Hotel" is situated on the corner of two main streets of the town. On one side are the beautiful gardens and fountains which lead to the Alcazar; on the other the Ponce de Leon stretches its arches and red tiled roofs over an area of two acres. On the other street is the entrance to the old Spanish square, where visions of the 16th century still linger. Here stands the Cordova, a beautiful specimen of modern thought shaped into medieval forms. One can see here the heavy arched doorway through which the last of the Moorish kings left Granada and bade good bye to his country forever. On one side rise the balconies, one, two and three rows with railings, all solid stone and of that pearly ashen tint, mixed here and there with the tiny white shells that are found in the quarry. On the other side which commands as I said the old market place of the ancient city, rise towers with battlements at the top, and small balconies where one can easily imagine the Spanish or Moorish maiden sat as she saw the Knights passing by, to or from the wars. The heavy door beneath the archway, thick and strong with iron bolts, shows the massiveness of Moorish architecture. Within are marvels of beauty. The open court, the fountain in the middle and flowers around. To the left the large parlor, the small arched door going in to the smaller room which is within the massive tower. Through room after room we wandered and saw the skill of the present time telling us the wonders of the past. The parlor was a marvel. The books were all Moorish and Spanish. As the sun went down, giving a last glow to the pearl tint of the walls, setting out the balconies with their red tiled roofs, we looked over the fading scene and thought of the "battles,

siège, fortunes," that had swept over the old town. The next day we strolled down the long street that led to the front of the harbour. There was the old wall, 4 ft. wide running the whole length of the town, and the water of the Atlantic at our feet.

No indication of the restlessness that was just outside Anastasia Island which lay its long narrow length between this and the main sea. Across this narrow inlet we could go in fifteen or twenty minutes in the little steamer that plies between St. Augustine and the island; at its further end lay Mantanzas, eight miles away. It was there that the cruelty of the 16th century was rolled up and unrolled in the form of Menendez, the commander of St. Augustine. There it was that 800 Frenchmen were cruelly murdered ten by ten; they seeking shelter from the storm, found a refuge, but it was given by the knife of the Spaniard. On a board nailed to a tree the cruel Menendez wrote the words "This is not done as to Frenchmen, but as to heretics." They call the place Matanzas (murder).

The street along the harbor front has many low set houses, most of them boarding houses, to accommodate the New York and Boston people escaping the cold days of January. We came to the end of the wall at last and had before us the old fort. We clambered up the incline of its massive wall. This is Fort St. Augustine or San Marco. It was near here that in 1564 the Indian Chief or Paracoussy, appeared in his paint and feathers and received with joy the Frenchmen who first touched at this place, and then made their fort further up the coast. And when in 1665 Menendez in all his royal state planted the yellow banner of Spain before the little village of Seloy, the simple natives and their chief thought this second advent of white strangers would be as friendly as the first and knew not that it meant their extinction. The thunder of the cannon from the Admiral's great ship "San Palayo" responded to the thunder of the surf along the north beach. The folds of the yellow silken banner spread out over the bent heads of Conquistador and Monk, Chevalier and Friar. The negroes, already a part of the Spanish system, nute in reverence at the ceremony: the simple Indians and their Paracoussy gazing on in wonder at these new people. Thus the village of Seloy passed over to the Spanish throne. On its ashes soon rose Fort San Marco and the Spanish town. The pride of the Spaniard is humbled in the dust. Spain that laid the foundation of Empires now owns a corner in Europe and sees all of its possessions in America changed to republics.

The Fort is a curious old structure. On the two seaward angles stood small watch towers from which the sentry could see the walls of the fort, the draw-bridge and the broad entrance. The heavy door is gone, but one sees what it was like. Inside, the walls rise high above you. A broad stone slope goes up by which horses could go from the inside square to the wall above.

Off somewhat to the left, through the narrow gap that makes to the Atlantic, one sees a long line of white foam continually lifting and moving in the glisten of the sun. That is the North Beach four miles away. In the moat lies the old stone in which they heated their shot. We descend the long slope to visit the cells. Here is a true oubliette,—a place where one could easily be forgotten. The heavy door with its small, narrow wicket is pulled open and we enter, but can hardly see. The arch of the cell cut into the massive wall of the fort, makes us bend our heads. In the further corner is a low arch that leads to the oubliette. Here is where they put the worst persons, says the old soldier guide. We had to bend down to get in through the narrow arch which runs from the main cell into the blacker, dark one. Utter darkness, utter loneliness. How could one live more than a week in such a place? Before me flashed all the tales of Spanish cruelty. It was a relief to get to light again. We did not believe the story about the skeleton,—a well devised scheme to sell a guide book. On the other side of the square we stepped into the chapel capable of holding about 25. Here the old Friar used to deliver his sermon, calling his hearers to confession, and reminding them of their sins and of time to come. Just before you come to the gate going out you see to the right two small rooms. Here it was that the great chief Coscochee was imprisoned so long, but one night escaped through an opening in the ceiling, about 6 inches wide by 12 inches long. Feigning sickness, and taking medicine, he reduced his body to such a degree that he actually slid through this narrow aperture.

We took the ferry to Anastasia Island. Here we saw the Light House or rather a part of it which was erected years ago by the first Spaniards, and alongside of it stands the long white and black striped specimen of American architecture. It was from this point, just where the heap of stone marks the old Spanish Light House, that the Spaniard watched in fear lest the Buccaneer should search out the new colony. It was not 2 miles from this light that the "San Palayo" lay and sent ashore her crew of knights, negroes and monks in 1565. This is the Island where the quarries are. They consist of great layers of shells which have been accumulated from

time in-memorial, and have gradually become solid. They are easily quarried. They were used in the 17th century to build the old fort which is entirely made of this shell rock. All of the finer hotels are built of composition made from these shells. They lay two boards down, end up, and the composition being in a fluid state, is poured in between the boards, which are made exactly the width of the wall. In a short time it hardens and so they have six inches of wall, and thus on and on until the wall is the height wanted. The building when finished is one solid stone wall. All the balconies and pillars are made of this composition.

We returned early in the afternoon to the "Cordova," and before sundown went across the gardens to Alcazar. Here there were shops in all variety. These shops are set in the alcoves that run around the central court; you could walk around enjoying the gardens and fountains and examine the many Eastern goods displayed for sale. Directly back of the Alcazar is the swimming bath, a large building about 100 ft. long with galleries.

Jan. 7th back to Jacksonville: no letters. This is a time for exhibitions,—and so we went to one about two miles out of the city: looked in the deep reservoir and saw the alligators, one was about 16ft. long lying close to the sandy bottom not caring to look up or move his heavy tail as I tried to drop something into his eye. Exhibitions are all alike,—many people and many things. The next day we left Jacksonville bound to Cuba, and in the little steamer, "H. B. Plant" went up the St. Johns River to Sanford. It is a broad river a half a mile to a mile wide.

We caught our train for Tampa and arrived there late on the night of the 9th, and at 11 o'clock we were in our state room upon the little Str. "Mascotte" in the port of Tampa. The next morning Jan. 10th we were steaming away out into the wonderful Gulf of Mexico with the blue water and ever blue sky. It seemed as if it could not storm,—the sea and sky were so quiet. Dozens of steamer passengers but very few cabin. The latter were a mixed lot. You who have read the "Private Secretary" can imagine that we had his uncle with us. He was there, the same red faced East Indian. A Cuban family was aboard going to the west, a fine looking fellow, also his wife and two children. I asked the Capt. why it was that these people never came to dinner. He said they had the right to come, but being colored people he told them they had better not. This gentleman seemed to be much more a gentleman than was the uncle of the Private Secretary, who red nose and windy, voice reached everywhere at meals.

We arrived at Key West at half past eight, and by the aid of a search light wound our way in and out among the many little reefs, and finally got to harbor. The next day after running over Key West in the horse cars we started for Cuba. Lots of steamer passengers; I aired my Spanish once or twice and found I got along pretty well. They were an ugly looking lot, particularly the older women. One of the Cubans turned his little baby upside down, spanking it hard; my wife ran forward and snatched it out of his arms. It took all my Spanish and skill to prevent a scene, and I can just remember the angry glance with which the Cuban mother looked at us. We had a good state room and turned in about 10 o'clock. We could hear the tide rushing and surging against the port holes. It was well bolted as the approach to Cuba means rough water.

BELMONT.

Was Not Ready to Die.

A Methodist minister, when travelling in his carriage alone to keep an appointment, overtook a man walking with his carpet bag in hand. The roads were exceedingly muddy, especially at the spot over which the carriage was passing.

With characteristic good-nature the minister asked the pedestrian, to whom he was an evident stranger, if he would not take a seat in his carriage for at least that part of the journey they might be travelling together. The invitation was unhesitatingly accepted, and soon conversation became free about things in general.

The minister thought, however, that he should turn the occasion to good account, and abruptly changing the conversation, asked the stranger if he was ready to die.

Not knowing the sort of person who had asked him to ride with him, as he was buttoned to the chin, and misunderstanding his meaning, the stranger suspected foul play, and sprang from the trap immediately and ran for dear life through mud and water.

The minister wished to assure the stranger that he only desired his good, and called to him at the top of his voice to stop. But this only quickened his steps, and like a frightened deer he ran until far beyond hearing and sight.

In his ill-advised flight he left his bag, which the minister retains, being the richer for his earnestness by a flannel shirt, a pair of threadbare trousers, and an ounce of tobacco.—English Paper.

Queer Materials for Paper.

Paper can be manufactured out of almost anything that can be pounded into pulp. Over fifty kinds of bark are said to be used, and banana skins, beanstalks, pea vines, cocoon fibre, clover and timothy hay, straw, sea and fresh-water weeds and many kinds of grass are all applicable. It has also been made from hair, fur and wool, from asbestos, which furnishes an article indestructible by fire: from hop plants, from husk of any and every kind of grain. Leaves make a good, strong paper, while the husks and stems of Indian corn have also been tried. In the United States there are about 2,000 patents covering the manufacture of paper.

HOW THEY ORIGINATED.

The Meaning of Certain Peculiarities in Things Worn Every Day.

What is the origin of the narrow band of ribbon which is around all our hats—whether tall or silk hat, hard-felt hat, "wide-awake," straw hat, etc.?

To answer this question we must go back to early days, and we shall see that representations of very ancient hats show them to have been made of some soft material. In order to make the hat fit the cranium, a cord was fastened around it, so as to admit of the hat being tied upon the head. This ancient device—useful in its time—has survived up to the present day, although it is now quite useless, except in the modified way of indicating, by specially coloured ribbon on a straw hat, membership in a certain club or society. In some hats which are badly made, the original use of the band has been entirely altered, and it now serves to hide a joint between the crown and the brim of the hat. Perhaps the strings of a scotch cap show most plainly the now useless employment of a once useful device.

Again, why are cockades and similar ornaments worn on the left side of the hat? The reason is simple, but of very ancient date. These ornaments are descended from the larger ones, such as plumes, etc., which were also worn on the left side of the hat. Look, for example, at the cavalier's plume. Now, men who originally carried such ornaments in their hats, also carried a sword by their side, which had often to be used in the right hand; a large projection on the right side of the hat would have interfered with a free use of the sword—hence, the ornament was placed on the left of the hat, and this position is still adhered to, although it is no longer useful. The same reason also explains why hats are cocked, if cocked at all, towards the left side of the head.

What is the meaning of the nick in the collar of our coats and in many of our waistcoats? In rougher times than our own, men were glad to turn up and button the collar of both coat and waistcoat: as we do now with certain coats—not, however, with our still-nicked waistcoats. Yet this nick is cut in our dress-coats, and in many other coats and waistcoats where its presence is of no use whatever—owing to its position—not to mention the fact that in these coats no buttons are provided underneath the collar.

We probably all know that the two now useless buttons at the back of coats were once of real service when men rode on horseback, or, of necessity, much more often than we do. These buttons then served to fasten back the tails of the coat, so as to give free play to the legs of a horseman. But all our tail-coats still show these buttons, which are quite useless to us.

Take the folds of cloth adjacent to the entrance to the tail pockets of a frock-coat, and of others. Years ago, these pleats or folds were richly embroidered with deep vertical cords, and could be buttoned for safety. Nowadays, these folds are no use to us; indeed, they serve to guide the hand of a pickpocket with ease, and only by the sense of touch. We may still see these ornamented flaps, with dummy buttons, on the tails of the coats worn by our Coldstream Guards.

Look at the braiding, with flapping "dog's ears" at each end of each braid, which we see across the breast of a military officer's undress tunic. Once upon a time these braids were cords which fastened the tunic. But they still exist upon a tunic which are fastened down the centre by unseen hooks.

Nearly every coat we wear has either one or more seams stitched—quite uselessly—round the sleeves a few inches from the wrist. Some have a piece of braid instead of an imitation seam. This item of dress is a survival of the times when men habitually turned back and buttoned the cuffs of a coat sleeve. Many of the coats so used were made of very expensive material, and then the turning back of the cuff was of some use. Nowadays, with one or two exceptions, there remains only the useless ghost of a once useful detail of dress.

A Truly Wonderful Statement!

Investigate it, by Writing to the Mayor, Postmaster, any Minister or Citizen of Hartford City, Indiana.



HARTFORD CITY, Blackford County, Indiana, June 8th, 1898. South American Medicine Co.

Gentlemen: I received a letter from you May 27th, stating that you had heard of my wonderful recovery from a spell of sickness of six years duration, through the use of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVEINE, and asking for my testimonial. I was near thirty-five years old when I took down with nervous prostration. Our family physician treated me, but without benefitting me in the least. My nervous system seemed to be entirely shattered, and I constantly had very severe shaking spells. In addition to this I would have vomiting spells. During the years I lay sick, my folks had an eminent physician from Dayton, Ohio, and two from Columbus, Ohio, to come and examine me. They all said I could not live. I got to having spells like spasms, and would lie cold and stiff for a time after each. At last I lost the use of my body—could not rise from my bed. For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

Will a remedy which can effect such a marvellous cure as the above cure you? For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St.; E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

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Still another feature is the new Space Key, which has a Perpendicular Drop, the same as the rest of the keys.

Besides the improvements, this Machine contains all the good points of our No. 1 and No. 2 Machines.

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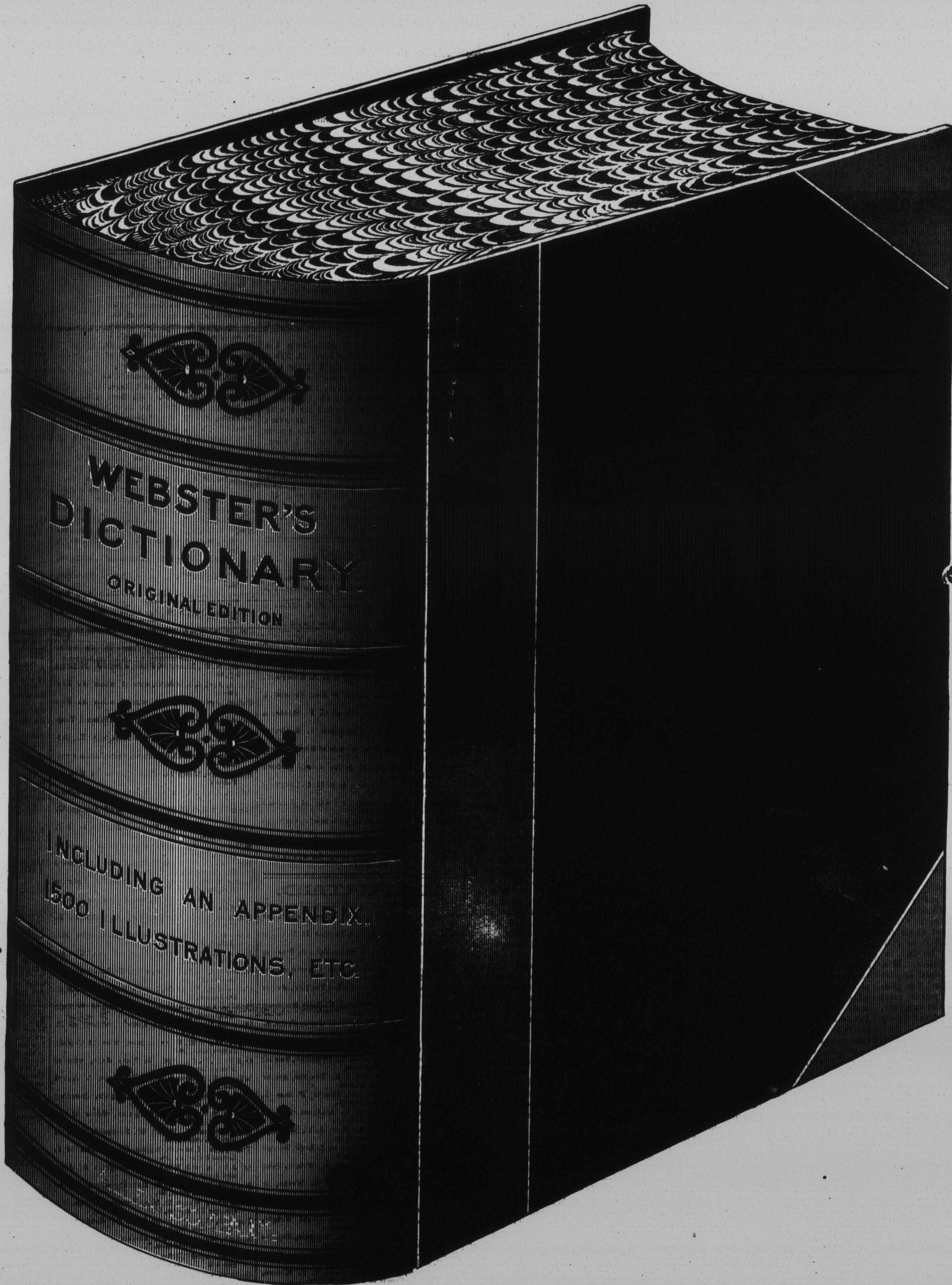
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SECRET OF THE VASE.

Before people had even time to ask who were the Claverings and where did they come from, the Clavering Vase had captured the town, and then inquiries were out of the question, since he who asked argued himself unknown. Everybody who was any one straightway knew that the Claverings had come to town from "the East"—the convenient source of mysteries—and that they occupied a great mansion up by the park; that Reginald Clavering, the father, was a capitalist; with every letter thereof a capitalist; that Mrs Reginald Clavering, the mother, was a philanthropist adept at organizing, second with traits and capable of advising and admonishing sisters in humble walks of life as if she had once been a female herself; that Augustine Clavering, the daughter, that summer at the mountains had refused a proffered alliance with Baron de Kakiyari, notwithstanding his accent, his title and his dubious engagements, and that Lionel Clavering, the son, being fully an inch and three-quarters across the chest, and abnormal without a cigarette, was a prominent member of "The Samson Athletic Club."

Of course, everybody knew these elements, any facts as well as the numbers of ciphers in Clavering's pile and the net cash price of Mrs. Clavering's diamonds; yet it had been reference by the society papers to the "Clavering Vase" which had rendered such public information interesting enough to be public. Then had followed a general curiosity to hear the tradition of this unique pottery, which brought full meetings to the boards that Reginald Clavering frequented, which caused "The Hall Hours with the Freshets" that Mrs. Reginald Clavering led to become scant tea meetings, which gave Miss Augustine Clavering an opportunity to enumerate the title through the aid of an incredible number of "R's" and "Z's" and which even made Mr. Lionel Clavering attempt to recollect between puffs. How romantic it was; how grand to possess such an heirloom! Really the town must have a chance to inspect it! Would not dear Mr. Clavering permit its exhibition at the annual "Dorcas Sale?" Yes, dear Mr. Clavering.

So the vase was exhibited under a glass case at the "Dorcas Sale," and comical cars displayed their cunning in surmises as to its origin. "Palissy ware," said one. "Nonsense," retorted another; "a perfect type of the first work at Minocora." "Etruscan," suggested a third; but when the fourth asserted "Cypriote," the discussion ceased since under that comprehensive head the potsheds of the universe might be gathered. Then there was the inscription on the base of the vase: people spilled it out and committed it to memory, and went away feeling that they had gained in social stature. And this was the reading of it:

Live, Clavering, beget and thrive  
Wishes ye Claverings, Vase survive.  
Now this was the tale of the Vase which society papers and friends and acquaintances had spread abroad: In the days of the Tudors the Claverings were a wealthy family of rank in the West of England. Even then the Vase had been handed down from father to son as an heirloom essential to their prosperity. The vase, however, was known to have been changed at various epochs so as to keep the inscription within the venacular. As for the gem itself, if it had not come over with William the Conqueror, it was only because it was there already, awaiting the arrival of that whole sale importer of nobility. In the early days of the Stuarts the family had been represented by two brothers who, unfortunately, differed in religion, the younger being firm in allegiance to the Church as constituted authorities saw fit to constitute it, the elder maintaining his right to worship in accordance with certain simple principles which he held in common with a sect called "the Brownists."

This truly noble man then had renounced his titles, his estates, and, taking "the luck of the Claverings" with him, had embarked with his wife and children on the Mayflower. That the Vase had survived the tossings, and especially the crowding of that tiny craft was proof irrefragable of its integrity, the family had thrived and thrived until its present full bloom had been attained. This story having been printed and reprinted and told and retold, until its echoes had been deadened by the din of something new, it followed that all makers of "Elite Directories" for the town, put down the Claverings first, and then paused to consider. Reginald, the father, became the protoplasm of business enterprises. Mrs. Reginald, the mother, the mustard seed of ethical growth; Lionel, the son, the godfather of a cigarette and the patron saint of a cocktail; and Augustine, the daughter, the principal prize in an extraordinary drawing of the matrimonial lottery.

So when Dolly Cepher's announced to her father, Adolphus Cepher, retired for- warder and millionaire, that, having won Augustine's heart, he desired her hand, as a not unnatural consequence, the old man regarded his son with compunction. "Really," he said, "you are not the fool I knew you were. You couldn't have done better if you had tried. I congratulate you, my boy. Youth, and beauty, and wealth and station! She's the only girl, isn't she?" "Yes," replied Dolly, quite clearly for him. "That is, she has a younger sister, Bessie, you know, who spends most of the time with an aunt in the East."

"Ah! muttered old Adolphus, who, having nothing to do, was quite energetic in doing it. "That looks suspicious. I must inquire into it. Likely they are ashamed of her."

Now, the only possible reason why the Claverings could have been ashamed of Bessie was that she was not quite up to the family standpoint of self-importance. She sometimes thought, she sometimes wondered, she sometimes doubted. Hence, since Miss Griselda Clavering of Arnavy was alone and more than willing it seemed judicious that she should visit there, at least until Augustine should become an elegant Ruth to Dolly Cepher's unworthy and obsequious Boaz.

And yet to one who had never met the Claverings Bessie was far from humble. She was still begirt by the penumbra of the ancestral haughtiness. Too apt was she too regard the world from a pinnacle of exclusiveness; too prone to express views regarding common people which a celestial might have deemed uncharitable. Yet her eyes were so kindly, her lips so sweet, she involuntarily they argued against her speech and carried the day. There was a young schoolmaster in the

village, who in those days rather irritated Bessie by his manner; it was that it was open to honest criticism; it was perfect in its simple and unobtrusive dignity—too perfect for a mere schoolmaster!

"But my dear," her aunt would protest, how does he offend you?" "Offend me! Of course not. But why does he ape the gentleman?" And then, thick of his name—Erastus Stubbs?

But one afternoon Miss Bessie, when driving out in the pony cart, met with an adventure. On the brow of a steep hill the vicious little horse got a bit between his teeth and dashed down like one of that irresistible herd that sought the sea. Bessie was clinging to the reins as one in terror, clinging to something; but her strength barely sufficed for their upholding. At the foot of the hill there ran a brook, spanned by a crooked bridge. The bank was high on either side, and the water ran dark and rapid and deep.

There was a man sitting under the trees below the bridge fishing; a fine-looking, stalwart young man, who, when he heard the rumble and tear of the approach, sprang to his feet and over the fence and out into the roadway, seized the curb with a grasp of iron, forcing the pony back on to the haunches, not twenty feet from the embankment. And then, wonder upon wonders, this truly providential young man turned the cart around, a difficult task even under the favorable circumstances of an open field, and saying, "I suppose you wish to go home, Miss Clavering," jumped in, and drove soberly up hill, and repeated, oh, so kindly, in its frequency, "Never mind, it is all over now, and when he saw the tears coursing down the pallid cheeks he threw the reins between his knees and wiped them away.

"I do think, aunt," declared Bessie, that Stubbs is just a lovely name. It is so manly. And this was the beginning of it, and one lovely Autumn evening, with Bessie and the schoolmaster walked slowly, with arms entwined, and he told of his dreams and hopes and far-away prospects, how he was studying mightily at the law, how before winter he would seek his fortune in the city and how that fortune, if it came, was that and rapture meant her; this, then, was the ending, the ending; yet what a bright and hopeful beginning, too!

And the lovers were so happy together; their joy was so single, their ambitions so limited. In that quiet village they could always hear the call of birds and the murmur of the brook, but over the mountains and the meadows never came the din of feverish, artificial life. They were alone, as if in Eden, and from the grandeur of simplicity and tranquility there came to them both an especially to Bessie, a share in nature's wisdom.

And so one day this young girl stood flushed and indignant before her Aunt Griselda. "I hate wealth and position and family consequence," she said, "and, above all, I hate the Clavering Vase. The cause of this outburst was a letter which Bessie held tightly clenched in her hand. This letter was from her mother, Mrs. Reginald Clavering, and was couched in that matron's most masterly forensic style. The family had been informed by prospective sharer in its consequence namely, Mr. Adolphus Cepher, Sr., that Bessie was so unmindful of what was due her station in life as to intimately associate with a person accurately designated by the impossible name of "Stubbs." Since it had come to pass that a child of the house had come to pass recreant to the obligation of the Vase, only one course remained. Let Bessie return at once to the roof, and, if possible, derive from her sister Augustine and her brother Lionel a portion of the lofty ancestral spirit which animated their

"Oh, aunt," exclaimed Bessie, "didn't you late that old Vase when you were a girl? I'm sure you did."

Aunt Griselda smiled curiously. "My day was before the days of the Vase," she replied.

"Why, auntie, aren't you ashamed to make yourself older than the hills? Why, Richard Coeur de Lion was nothing to that Vase."

"Yes, and that Vase was nothing to Richard Coeur de Lion. Listen, my child; love has so transformed you that my love now tell you something that will prove serviceable to your love. When I was a young girl the Claverings were poor country people—poor, but honest, remember; I have nothing to be ashamed of. Did you never hear of your Uncle Charles? No? Well, perhaps your father would not speak of him. He was a very erratic young man, so nearly allied to genius as to be thought mentally deranged by some folks. There was nothing he couldn't make, from steam engines to a Vase. But he lacked balance, and frittered away his time and opportunity by a thousand mad pranks and practical jokes. Now, your father was vastly different—a shrewd, practical man, intent on riches. And he succeeded in gaining great wealth through an enterprise perfectly legitimate, perfectly honorable, but of which he grew ashamed."

"Your mother, my dear, was ambitious; she realized her own powers and she determined that she should be untrammeled by prejudice. Some of the family thought her purse-proud and haughty; pardon me, but success always stirs up such feelings in me. It was then that your Uncle Charles produced the vase; where he got it from I don't know, but more elaborate things were made in his workshop. He related the tradition with a mock-serious air which was wholly serious to your father, who, as head of the family, claimed the heirloom, and has ever since thoroughly believed in it. It is so easy, my dear, for people to believe in their own aggrandizement; half the gaude in the world are mere tinsel. He asserted its genuineness and no one dared to contradict him. He moved away, and your Uncle Charles died, and now no one remains that knows the truth of it except a poor old woman that doesn't count. Remember this: there is some joke concealed within that Vase; your uncle was ingenious, and hid a meaning in everything he did. I fear it should be broken your father's pride would in some way be shattered."

"You are not a poor old woman," asserted Bessie. "And you do not count above everybody. I'll remember this story; perhaps it may help me in the struggle I shall surely have. But oh! I love you too dearly for having taught me the value of 'kind hearts are simple hearts.'"

So Bessie returned to the city and was frowned on by her father and glared at by her mother, and disdained by her sister and puffed at by her brother. Daily she

was led before the Vase to recant; daily its story was reiterated for the stirring of her pride. But Bessie was strong and endured with patience, awaiting the winter. For when the stalwart, fine-looking young man, so bold, so resourceful, would come and all would be right.

One cold bright afternoon there was conversation in the great mansion of the Claverings. The recalcitrant Bessie had returned from a walk, bringing a young man with her. They were together in the parlor, and it was feared that his name was Erastus Stubbs!

"I'll kick him off the front stoop," growled Reginald, the father, who was irascible and red-faced.

"No," said Mrs. Reginald, "that won't do; we want a determination, not an impression. He must be forced to comprehend the impossibility of his ambition. It is an affair for the entire family. Let us one and all present ourselves before him, and throw the moral weight of our presence, backed by the inherent virtue of our Vase, crush out his audacity forever."

It was a sublime sight, truly, that confronted Erastus Stubbs as he sprang to his feet on the entrance of the family. No wonder that he felt Bessie's little hand tremble against his arm; no wonder that he gave an involuntary response! Further was Reginald himself waddling pompously as he held the Vase aloft; there was his august spouse mouthing recondite anathemas; there was Miss Augustine, as contemptuous as when she had lapped the scion of the de Kakiyari's root and branch, with Dolly Cepher's trivial attachment to her girlish; there was Mr. Lionel, tardily expelling the last sweet whiff of a cigarette which he had been inhaling in the smoking-room.

"Hence!" ejaculated Mrs. Reginald Clavering in tones that tried her bodice. "Hence, upstart! you can have no part or portion in our exclusiveness. The voice of the Ages and the Aureole surround you, Erastus Stubbs! And the base of the father, the contralto of the daughter, the falsetto of the lover and the squeak of the son re-echoed "Hence!"

"Oh, pa, cried Bessie, springing forward impetuously; "don't be cruel! I love him as I love the family banes, as the vase fell to the floor and shattered into a myriad atoms.

For a moment there was silence, there was rigidity. Then Erastus Stubbs stepped forward, and from the ruins picked a folded yellow sheet. As he examined it, Reginald Clavering turned livid; Mrs. Reginald Clavering's bodice experienced a tidal wave of dismay; the lovers exchanged glances of wonderment; but Mr. Lionel, having no expression, remained expressionless.

Erastus Stubbs read aloud from the scroll with a schoolmaster's clear enunciation: "Use Reginald Clavering's world-renowned ointment: good for man and beast! It's the rubbing that does the business!" He paused impressively, and then with a grandiloquent manner crumbled into a myriad atoms.

Erastus Stubbs request was granted; not by "legging," who was speechless, but by the Claverings, who recognized the necessity of keeping such a secret within the family. And so an orthodox blessing, which really should have dated from Edward the confessor, but for the untimely breakage, was brought forward and conferred on the happy pair.

Care of Cuts and Wounds. A medical paper commits itself to the statement that many lives are lost each year in consequence of the lack of a little common sense in the treatment of cuts and wounds on the hands or other parts. Several cases have been recorded in requests relating to persons who have died from blood poisoning arising from small cuts on the hands. The history in all of these cases varies but little, and is practically the same. A man, for example, while working at his trade, or even while carrying out the simple detail of cutting a piece of bread, receives a small cut on the hand. The injury is so trivial that nothing is considered good enough with which to stop the bleeding, and this evil having been attained no more is thought of it. The small wound is left to take care of itself, and is exposed to all sorts of filthiness and sources of infection. By good luck, nothing may happen; but the public who would bear in mind that from the most trivial injury to the skin acute septicemia may supervene, and may rapidly be followed by a fatal termination. By thorough attention to cleanliness the untoward consequences of a wound liable to become infected can be effectually prevented. On the other hand, when the septicemic attack has declared itself, a little rule can be done by the surgeon to stem the virulence with which it develops. It should therefore, be borne in mind, that so long as wounds, however small, remain unhealed, the risk of contracting blood poisoning will always be present.

She Was a Queer Woman. The story of Mrs. Maria Bensley is as romantic as any of the traditions of the middle ages. She was the wife of John Bensley, once a financial power in San Francisco. He failed and ran away, after hiding his property to escape his creditors, but she remained. After several transfers he got hold of the property, and, in turn, disposed of it to his faithful wife, Mrs. de Tarante. Of course, when Mrs. Bensley wanted to do anything with the property, "Mrs. de Tarante" was always quite willing. She soon became a widow, but was still placed in many trying situations because of the creditors. One day she was dining at a hotel when a message was brought to her. She read it and fainting, as she felt the floor with a clang. She was thin of body, but the people who lifted her found her wonderfully heavy, a fact which was explained when it was found that under her dress she wore a coat of mail, steel linked and bullet proof. It is believed that she wore this armor till she died from heart disease. She traced her pedigree back to noble families that never existed, and based her pride on titles that were never bestowed. She had few friends and many enemies, and was altogether a most remarkable figure.

AND THE HAT CAME BACK.

A Discarded Hat Which the Owner Was Finally Compelled to Burn.

Captain Kay, of the British navy, was at anchor in a harbor once after three years in the East Indies, says the Youth's Companion. Being now on his way home he began to clear out his cabin. Among his traps was a hat-case, which, being opened, disclosed a "fili" which had once been worn and fashionable, but was now moth-eaten and out of date. Inside of it, in indelible ink, was printed its owner's name. The captain glanced at it and said to his servant: "Throw it overboard." Overboard it went. Soon afterward one of the crew of a boat from the harbor, coming from the shore, espied the hat floating in the water, picked it up, read the name inside and carried it to the commander of his ship, who in turn sent it to Captain Kay with his compliments, supposing it to have fallen overboard.

"Here's the hat!" said Captain Kay, and he checked it overboard again, adding: "Tell your commander I'm very much obliged to him."

Two hours afterward the hat again reappeared, this time with Captain N's compliments. Captain N—was the commander of an American man-of-war lying further down the harbor and the hat had been picked up by one of his boats. Captain N—had dried it carefully and then sent it to his officer.

"Tell Captain N—I am greatly obliged to him," said Captain Kay, and the American officer departed.

"Confound the hat!" said Captain Kay. "I shall have to ask N—to dinner. Here, bring me a lump of coal or something else that is heavy."

A lump of coal was placed in the hat and the hat was taken down the accommodation ladder, carefully allowed to tilt with water and watched till it sank.

"That's the last of that!" said Captain Kay.

Two days later a parcel arrived addressed to "Captain Kay H. M. S. S.—" with 13 rupees 8 annas to pay. The money was paid, the parcel opened, and behold! here once more was the discarded hat, looking more disreputable than ever.

With it was a very civil note from the Aden superintendent of police. A diving boy, he explained, had brought up the hat. The superintendent had found the owner's name inside. He had taken for granted that Captain Kay would wish the boy's liberty to give him a rupee. He hoped his action would meet with your approval. The police station fees were 1 rupee, with boat hire, 12 rupees 8 annas. Captain Kay paid these different charges; then he ordered a big fire lighted in the stove hole, and, after jumping on the hat he ordered it pushed into the hottest part of the furnace. He watched it burn, and even as it crumbled into ashes the inscription, "Captain Kay, R. N.," was still visible.

BORN.

Digby, April 2, to the wife of W. L. Erb, a son. Halifax, April 2, to the wife of George Grant, a son. Salisbury, April 3, to the wife of W. B. Henry, a son. Truro, April 1, to the wife of Ross Cummings, a son. Truro, March 20, to the wife of Stuart Fraser, a son. Charlottetown, April 3, to the wife of L. L. Deer, a son. Smithtown, April 2, to the wife of A. Robertson, a son. Halifax, April 3, to the wife of William Prescott, a daughter. St. John, April 3, to the wife of C. F. Stubbs, a daughter. St. Andrews, April 1, to the wife of G. K. Greenlaw, a son. Moncton, March 29, to the wife of Rupert Casey, a daughter. Marton, N. S., March 20, to the wife of Richard Cross, a son. Dartmouth, April 3, to the wife of H. R. Longwell, a son. Marton, N. S., March 20, to the wife of Winburn Saunders, a son. Grand Manan, March 20, to the wife of Alvin Sheppard, a daughter. Charlottetown, March 29, to the wife of Rev. W. Hamlyn, a daughter. New Glasgow, N. S., March 11, to the wife of Fred Woodworth, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Preston, March 20, by Rev. F. Dixon, John Grant to Eliza Beale. Lake George, N. B., April 4, Thomas H. McLearn to Maggie Kelly. Carleton Place, Rev. J. Sceller, John A. Ward to Sadie Burdette. Petrolia, N. B., March 22, Daniel Armstrong to Mrs. Mary Campbell. Halifax, April 3, by Rev. J. K. King, Benjamin James to Annie E. Evans. Hampton, April 4, by Rev. G. O. Ganes, Frank S. Allen to Georgia Kenney. Digby, March 25, by Rev. A. D. Dykeman, Samuel Connor to Mary D. Turner. Deerfield, March 23, by Rev. D. D. Garner, William Allen to Georgia Kenney. Digby, March 25, by Rev. A. D. Dykeman, Samuel Connor to Mary D. Turner. Truro, April 3, by Rev. W. H. Hart, William G. Teasdale to Maggie DeLaney. Smithtown, April 5, by F. N. Atkinson, Lamont Woodcock to Annie Fleming. Woodstock, March 28, by Rev. J. C. Bleakney, John B. Miller to Jane King. Lower Luffville, N. S., by Rev. G. A. Leck, George B. Orser to Trophina Lusk. Springhill, March 30, by Rev. D. Wright, John Bonnar to Margaret Murphy. Moncton, March 28, by Rev. W. W. Weeks, Bruce Milne to Stella Geldart. Deerfield, N. S., by Rev. C. D. Turner, Frank Nickerson to Leahy Anderson. Springhill, March 30, by Rev. David Wright, James Durham to Ida McLean. Sackville, April 3, by Rev. W. Harrison, Charles A. Rice to Margaret A. White. Vale Verte, April 4, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Charles H. McLaren to Emma A. Thomas. Mill Village, March 7, by Rev. T. F. Wooten, James E. Fancie to Cora E. Blades. Carleton, N. S., March 21, by Rev. Truman Bishop, William Cash to Miss S. Anna. Penfield, N. B., April 3, by Rev. F. C. Wright, Alfred I. Stewart to Edith O'Brien. Fredericton, April 6, by Rev. E. W. Weddall, Wesley Burnett to Annie Fleming. New Tynes, March 29, by Rev. L. M. Parker, Thomas H. Saberton to Ida J. Mullen. Hantsport, March 27, by Rev. John Robertson, William A. Taylor to Bella McLean. Wickham, March 14, by Rev. T. W. Carpenter, William McCreath to Sarah Foster. Weston, N. S., March 28, by Rev. E. E. Daley, Rupert H. Reid to Ada L. Hooper. Yarmouth, April 4, by Rev. G. R. White, Captain Robert L. Baker to Sybilis McCreary. Liverpool, March 30, by Rev. W. M. Harley, Henry Leonard to Annie Keady. St. John, April 4, by Rev. Mr. McParlan, Thomas F. Love to Josephine Baxter MacGowan. Springhill, March 25, by Rev. W. Charles Wilton John C. Baker to Jane Wilson. Liverpool, April 3, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, Daniel Boutilier to Mrs. Elizabeth Wolf. New Glasgow, April 4, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, Arthur Graham to Mary E. Mcintosh.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Peggush, Pictou and Halifax, 7.00. Express for Moncton, 12.30. Express for Pictou, 15.30. Express for Point du Chateau, Quebec, and Montreal, 16.55. WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: A Parcel Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock as follows: Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 10 o'clock. A Freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock. Express from Sussex, 8.25. Express from Moncton and Quebec, (Monday excepted), 10.30. Express from Moncton (daily), 10.30. Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton, 12.40. Express from Halifax and Sydney, 22.30. The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotives, and those between Halifax and Moncton, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton N. B., 8th Sept. 1893.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Thursday, Jan. 4th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 4.45 p.m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.45 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 5.45 p.m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of way. At Yarmouth with Annapolis Railway every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. with Boston every Wednesday and Saturday. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at St. John, N. B., Halifax and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railways. Yarmouth, N. S. General Superintendent.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Winter Arrangement. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING November 15th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Boston, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.25 a.m. Returning will leave Boston each day at 8.30 a.m., and Portland at 10 p.m. Connections made at Boston with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p.m. C. S. KARSTEN, Agent.

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