

# PROGRESS.

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## WAS IT CURRIE OR CRISP?

THE QUESTION THAT HAS BEEN INQUIRED INTO

By a Committee of the Conference—The Story of Scotchtown and the Trials of Rev. D. D. Currie—Mr. Crisp Called to Answer the Same Charge—A Scene in a Court.

Whether D. D. Currie or Rev. Robert Crisp is guilty of the grave charge of which the latter is accused, and which has just been investigated by a committee of the N. B. and P. E. I. Conference, is a question that a good many people are trying to solve for themselves, mainly from hearsay evidence and rumors that circulate about the streets. The secrecy with which the investigation was conducted adds to the number of rumors. But very few facts relating to the actual evidence have reached the public, and it is doubtful, no matter what the verdict of the committee is, if much of the evidence is permitted to get out.

Both of the principals in the affair, Messrs. Currie and Crisp, are as well known as any two of the ministers in the Methodist denomination. While a member of the conference Mr. Currie was admitted to be one of the very ablest of his associates. He occupied in turn the pulpits of most of the important churches in the conference. His work was recognized to be most effectual, and his energy and persuasiveness were in demand in every quarter. Some of the handsomest structures belonging to the churches of the denomination were built under his supervision, and many congregations in the maritime provinces owe their numerical strength to the influence exerted upon the members by Mr. Currie while among them. He was as good a talker privately as he was eloquent upon the platform. A delightful, entertaining companion, he was at home with old and young, with grave and gay; he could be trusted with the joyful and sad with the sorrowful. In fact he was a minister of the people, a man who understood human nature thoroughly and who used his knowledge to the advantage of himself and his church.

The reputation of Mr. Crisp as a platform speaker was also marked among his own people, and when the conference met he was usually one of those ministers somewhat in demand by the leading Methodist churches. He lacked the magnetism and the force of Mr. Currie and failed to gain the same popularity among the people whom he dwelt with.

In the little village of Scotchtown in the year 1885 the Rev. Mr. Crisp was stationed, and he enjoyed all the pains and pleasures of a minister working in a rural district. He was thoroughly at home with the people, and he was intimate and personally acquainted with their manner and living was.

It was about this time that D. D. Currie, at that time an honored member of the Methodist church, paid a visit to the Scotchtown district where Mr. Crisp was stationed. Mr. Crisp knew he was coming, and, as his brother in the ministry was on a collecting tour for the church, made preparations for his reception. In the light of what has transpired since, Mr. Crisp is now accused by Mr. Currie of having laid a trap for him into which, if he did not fall he was to be pushed.

The Moore family lived in Scotchtown. It was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Moore and their daughter Eliza, a fresh buxom, country girl who possessed all the attractive qualities of a village maiden save, perhaps, modesty. She was thought forward and whether she deserved it or not this circumstance gave a tinge to her reputation that is not desirable. The Moores were not well to do, in fact they were otherwise. They lived in one of the smallest houses in the village which was not considered one of the best places for a guest's comfort.

In spite of these circumstances and of the fact that there were many well to do people in the place willing and anxious to entertain any visiting ministers, Rev. Mr. Currie was shown to the humble Moore dwelling where the only visible attraction was the fascinating Eliza.

The meeting at which he was to speak was held that evening, and in the meantime Mr. Currie moved around among the people doing his work so far as he could. He had not much opportunity to improve his acquaintance with Eliza had he so wished, before the hour arrived at which he was to speak and he was promptly on hand. Miss Moore attended the same meeting and when it was over did not even return to her home in the company of Mr. Currie. According to the evidence presented at the court in Gagetown, when Eliza reached home on that particular evening, Mr. Currie was already there and had evidently been there for some time since he was seated comfortably with his coat thrown off reading. Then it was according to the evidence given by Eliza in court, that Mr. Currie seized such affection for her. It is scarcely to be wondered that the jury found him "not guilty" at that time when it is considered that his acquaintance with the girl was but a few hours old; that she swore he assaulted her in the sitting room which was separated from the room where her parents were by

simply a thin board partition and that the child which was born about seven months later should be fully developed and healthy.

This trial was in the county court at Gagetown and both parties were represented by counsel. Medley Wetmore represented the Moores and one of the amusing incidents of the case was, when he demanded that the child should be brought into court seeking to show some resemblance to his alleged father. He had made the mistake of not inspecting the infant witness before he asked that it be brought in court. Miss Moore was a brunette and everyone who had seen D. D. Currie knows that his complexion is dark almost to swarthinness and when the child with its bright auburn locks was presented to the jury a roar of laughter by the court made considerable uproar and Wetmore ordered his damaging witness removed in no good temper.

Before this trial came on Mr. Currie's counsel was approached by the Moores with offers for a settlement, but the accused man scoffed at the idea. If, at that time, he had been willing to pay \$200 in cash the matter would have been hushed up, but he persisted that it was simply a plot to injure him and extort money, and he proposed to take his reputation in his hands and go into court to fight it out. The result proved that so far as that trial went, he was right. The evidence on oath before a judge and jury was not sufficient to convince them that Mr. Currie was guilty.

But the ministerial trial came later and there, before a company of men untrained in receiving evidence, Mr. Currie did not stand the same chance because the evidence



REV. ROBERT CRISP.

was not sworn to and, it is pretty generally understood now, his whole character was under inspection. The Scotchtown incident was the basis of an investigation which was so sweeping in its character that a majority of the committee considered that he was guilty. The vote stood 8 to 4. An appeal was taken to a committee of nine senior ministers and they decided by a vote of 6 to 3 that the evidence did not justify the conviction. The conference then ordered a new trial for the following year. At that trial Mr. Currie was acquitted of the seduction charge by the usual committee of 12 by a vote of 8 to 4. On the question of adultery the committee stood a tie, 6 to 6. Then another trial was ordered for the same year. At this third trial, Mr. Currie desired to put in documentary evidence from the civil trial on the charge of seduction, in order to show the alleged discrepancies in the woman's testimony. This documentary evidence the chairman of the committee of trial ruled out. Then Mr. Currie asked for three days to proceed to St. John and Queen's county to secure the officers of the civil court to give oral testimony. The request was also refused, and then Mr. Currie, under legal advice, applied to the supreme court of New Brunswick for an order of injunction restraining the conference from proceeding to trial. This injunction was granted by the court. All this was in 1886, and in the fall of the same year, after the events described above, the general conference of the Dominion was held at which an important change, for Mr. Currie, at least, was made in the discipline. Mr. Currie not being present at this general conference meeting. The change in the discipline affected Mr. Currie's case as follows: Up to that time the preliminary committee of enquiry on the case of an accused minister was analogous to a grand jury in the civil courts, and their action was subject to the conference, which, if the preliminary committee put the accused on trial, appointed another committee of 12, analogous to the petit jury in the civil court, to try the case. This session of the general conference changed the discipline so that the former preliminary committee became the trial committee, and the trial committee of 12 was abolished. Shortly afterwards, about January, 1887, the charge of adultery, not including seduction, was again laid before the president of the New Brunswick conference, who referred it to a new committee under the changed discipline. The new discipline was not made public until after this trial before the last named committee and Mr. Currie and his friends assert that they were unaware of the change. He, it is claimed, assumed that as hitherto the case would come before a committee of 12 at the annual conference at which he

supposed he would defend himself, but the committee, under the new discipline, tried the case in his absence and a majority of them ordered his removal from the ministry. The action of that committee being final, Mr. Currie, was thereupon in 1887 deposed from the ministry.

This was a crushing blow to a man with such a nature as Currie's. He was proud of the position he had held in the conferences of his church, proud of the work he had accomplished in these provinces and of this disgraceful expulsion to be the end of it all was enough to make all the retaliation that was in him come to the surface.

For five years he has been working on the case, never permitting it to die out of the mind of the public. In the newspaper which he publishes in the town of Shelburne he has frequently presented such statements which called Rev. Robert Crisp to account for the offence of which they found Mr. Currie guilty that he has been brought to his trial which has just ended. At the time this is printed the case has not been summed up by both parties and of course the finding is not made.

Crisp does not figure in it to advantage. Enough facts have been presented to prove that he and the Moore girl were well acquainted and if the committee should not consider it evidence sufficient to convict, enough has been said to emphasize the reports quite prevalent during the end of his sojourn in Carleton, that his affection for the gentler sex was apt to bubble forth at inopportune times and places. Progress printed the story of what may be termed his osculatory indiscretions while in Carleton. The reports of which were quite carefully investigated. The point of whether it is right or wrong for a minister to salute the fairer members of his congregation is still unsettled.

NEW BRUNSWICK'S PARKHURST.

Mr. Gunter Explains His Position—He Thinks "Progress" and His Church Have Injured Him.

Mr. John B. Gunter of Fredericton, was in town this week and in the way of business he called at PROGRESS office several times. Mr. Gunter has a grievance, which he carries about with him with considerable difficulty. He thinks PROGRESS was "rough on him" in its remarks on the conclusion of the Crawley case before the county court, and he has a serious, well-defined idea that a libel suit is about the proper thing. He has consulted a lawyer of whose full opinion PROGRESS is not cognizant but with commendable good sense. Mr. Gunter has approached the editor before he gave his final instructions to the attorney.

His chief desire is to induce PROGRESS to publish his side of the case which is, however, so severe a criticism of the acts of several Fredericton gentlemen necessarily connected with the case, that they would have very much more occasion for feeling incensed with, and injured by PROGRESS than Mr. Gunter has. Therefore it does not find a place in these columns.

Mr. Gunter disclaims any personal spite in what he has done and claims that Dr. Parkhurst of New York might just as properly be called a persecutor, because he crusades against vice, as for that name to be applied to John B. Gunter. He states to PROGRESS that his chief aim is to elevate the standard of public morality and to expose these in high places who are guilty of wrong doing.

No one who has heard him talk on this subject can doubt his earnestness, at the same time fail to conclude that he does not appreciate the position of an individual who seeks in a public way to correct the morals of a community. If the people could dissociate Mr. Gunter's efforts to convict Mr. Crawley from his feeling against what he deemed as great injustice to him in his church connection, then they would, no doubt extend greater encouragement.

Figures That Will Be Of Interest.

The city accounts for the past year have not yet been made public, but it is understood that the departments have not been shining examples of retrenchment and reform. The street account is now overdrawn to the extent of \$30,000, while the ferry account shows a deficiency of some \$20,000. The assessment for the fire department was \$29,000 last year, or \$1,000 more than it was the previous year, but the department is now \$8,577 behind where it was, \$6,005, in 1891. The difference is not due to the furnishing of the engine houses, etc., as some imagine. In the police department the assessment last year was \$25,500, or \$500 more than for the preceding year, but the deficit is \$8,024 where it was \$6,369 in 1891. These are only one or two examples of the figures that may be of interest to the ratepayers when they get hold of them more in detail.

Looks Like Extravagance.

A Halifax despatch to Thursday's Sun gives currency to the report that the whole-scale firm of T. & E. Kenny will retire from business. As this was announced in PROGRESS a week ago, the Sun's expenditure for a telegram several days afterwards looks like dreadful extravagance.

## TAKING IT EASY SO FAR.

CANDIDATES FOR CIVIC HONORS ARE HOLDING BACK.

The Applicants to the Mayor's Chair are Hesitating but the Aldermen are Quiet—Characteristics of Some of the Present Representatives.

Mayor Peters wore two styles of hats—one style at a time—between breakfast and dinner time the other day, though, the weather was fine and there was no apparent necessity for a change. One of the hats was a democratic, though jaunty, soft felt, calculated to gain favor with the plebeians while the other was a cinnamon colored bean-tosser of a more patrician stamp, though not wholly in harmony with His Worship's complexion. Those who watch the signs of the times predict from this that His Worship has no idea of retiring from the civic contest, so long as he has any hope of winning.

Just what his chances for a third term are would be a little difficult for him to ascertain at present. Three others are in full chase after the office, and there are indications that, so far, Candidate Sturdee is in the lead. Candidate Jones is, however, carrying on a vigorous and aggressive warfare, and is to be seen around the streets at all reasonable hours. Candidate Tutts is not so conspicuous and is believed to be relying on the merits of his reform platform.

Supposing that neither of the two latter gentlemen should be the successful candidate, the important question arises as to whether the votes they received would affect the chances of Mayor Peters or of Mr. Sturdee. There is a general impression, shared by some of the mayor's supporters, that the advantage would be with Mr. Sturdee. The Tax Reduction Association may put a man in the field, however, and their candidate may put still another complexion on the contest.

The aldermanic contest has been started by a requisition signed by a large number of the prominent electors of Queens, asking ex-alderman T. Nisbet Robertson to allow himself to be put in nomination, and he has consented to become a candidate. Mr. Robertson made a good representative when he was in the council, and his return to the board will be a benefit to the whole city.

It is understood that Ald. D. R. Jack will not be a candidate in Queens this year. During his term at the board his keenest critics cannot aver that he has been guilty of "pernicious activity."

Ald. McLaughlan has not been given to flights of oratory during the past year, but he seems to have made a good representative and is likely to keep Mr. Robertson company for the next year.

Kings ward generally has several candidates, but the opposition to the established government generally enters the field too late to do much. Ald. O'Brien is probably safe enough for re-election, and that may be why he takes things so easy at the board. As a reform candidate a good deal more was expected of him than has materialized. Mr. O'Brien is one of the "McCarthyites" who are ready for a motion to adjourn at any stage of the proceedings.

Ald. Barnes, too, will doubtless be elected, if he runs again. He is not particular whether he is there or not, and he is no more of an orator than his colleague or the representatives of Queens. His remarks at the board are usually confined to eulogies of P. Gleason and explanations of the lands committee's report.

Mr. James Knox was elected in Dukes last year because he was a practical business man, and it was expected that he would pursue an aggressive plan of campaign in the interests of retrenchment and reform. It may be that he did pursue it, but he does not appear to have overtaken it yet, for he has been as silent as a statue at most of the sessions of the board. He is considered a sound and reliable member, but like his associates already referred to, is no orator.

His colleague, Ald. Bizzard, can do all the talking that is needed in the interest of Dukes ward. He is most eloquent when he is most indignant, but that is not very often. As a rule his face wears a placid smile, comporting well with his *tout ensemble* of eminent respectability.

So far there seems to be no disposition to dispense with the services of either of the alderman for Dukes.

Nor is there yet a ripple of opposition in Sidney ward. Ald. McCarthy is regarded, in the council and out of it, as one of the most level-headed men at the board, even though he and the mayor do not always agree on the interpretation of "Cushing's" Mammel. As for Ald. Lewis, he is well, he is Ald. Lewis.

Ald. Shaw and White are understood to be willing to continue to represent Wellington ward. There has been an impression, ever since the famous dinner to Ald. McGoldrick, that Mr. Robert J. Wilkins would be a candidate in this ward, but it is now stated that such will not be the case.

There is a closely defined suspicion that Ald. McKelvey would be quite willing to represent Prince ward without the com-

panionship of Ald. Nickerson. The latter does not say much, but he is a good voter, and he declined to vote for the reduction of rentals to the International steamship company, of which Ald. McKelvey's brother-in-law is agent. The measure seems to have been just enough, but Ald. Nickerson wanted the city to get all the money it could.

It is yet too early to know much about what will be done in the North End wards, but it is likely that most, if not all of the present members will be returned if they offer. It does not follow that they all ought to be, but that is the way the electors will let it be. The North End furnishes a large proportion of the orators at the board, and they are of all qualities, from the silver-tongued John Connor to somewhat prolix Lon Chesley.

In the West End, the chief talk of contest is in Brooks ward. Alds. Baxter and Davis will be to the front again, and so, it is understood, will be ex-aldermen Stackhouse and Lockhart. Mr. J. Herbert Wright, who was in the field last year, finds that his Mexican silver mines and his life insurance agency will not permit him to bother with civic politics.

There is plenty of time yet for fresh candidates in every ward. And in some wards they are badly needed.

## IT IS STILL THE UNION CLUB.

The Breeze has Died Away and Harmony has Been Restored.

The Union Club will continue business under the old name and at the old stand. Up to Thursday night there seemed some doubt as to whether there would not be a Disunion club organized, and that there would be a rivalry which could only result in the impoverishment of both, for St. John has not yet reached the stage where there can be room for two clubs with any pretensions to first class appointments. The Union itself has been under heavy expenditure, and despite the fact that generous forbearance has been exercised in the use of the black-ball the club has never had a large surplus of wealth. It is a first class club, of course, and has one of the finest club houses in Canada, but the strict line of social position has never been drawn as it would be in Ottawa or Halifax, where society has sharper distinctions. A line is occasionally drawn, as when objection is made to a man, socially the equal of some of the members except for the fact that he violates the code of etiquette by taking money over his own bar, when he should allow that duty to be done wholly by his employees. Otherwise the money of any average man is supposed to be acceptable.

There were originally two clubs in St. John. That is to say, two clubs which had some tone about them. One was composed of old timers who smoked their pipes, read the English papers and grew reminiscent in Troop's building, while the other had the young blood and met further up town. Later, the two were amalgamated as the Union club, and until a year or two ago had quarters in the Walker building. The organization flourished so well, that it felt warranted in venturing on the experiment of the present palatial building, which was built and is owned by the Union club company. It is a fine structure and is well managed. The men who have the control of the affairs are of a stamp worthy of the house, and their standing socially and otherwise, cannot be questioned. J. R. Stone is the president, John McMillan vice-president, J. E. E. Dickson secretary-treasurer, while the committee consists of Miles Brown Dixon, Arthur W. Lovitt, Geo. H. Trueman, George McLeod, H. D. Troop and W. H. Thorne. This is a list to which nobody can object.

Of late, however, there have been murmurings, and the result seemed to be the formation of two parties, the government and opposition, or as some have called it the aristocrats and democrats. The former has been composed of the officials named with Mr. Coker and other auxiliaries, while the latter has been led by the young element as represented by R. R. Ritchie, Charles Coster, Fred Harding, W. G. Lawton and others. One grievance has been that though the table board was excellent the charges were too high, though the house committee appeared to think that they were no more than right.

The committee of nine is elected by the club at the annual meeting, at which the president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer are also chosen. The constitution can be changed by a majority vote. Quite recently the opposition were made acquainted with a government measure which provided for the committee to take the election of officers out of the hands of the members and provided for a rotation in the committee itself by three dropping out each year and three others being chosen in their places. The government proposed to pass the measure, by a majority vote, at a meeting called next Monday night.

This proposition created the liveliest breathers known in the club, since its organization. An opposition caucus was called, and it was resolved to head off the govern-

ment by calling a meeting for last Thursday night to amend the constitution by providing that changes could only be made by a two-thirds vote. In the meantime there was a large amount of talking and a good deal of canvassing over the matter. Some went so far as to predict that, whichever side carried its point, the result would be the secession of the other side and the formation of another club.

This would have been a step fraught with disaster to both sides, and the wise men of the club saw the danger. More than that, they averted it. When Thursday night came, a truce was arranged in the simplest manner possible. Both sides withdrew their notices of motion, and it was agreed that matters should revert to the *status quo ante bellum*.

Thus peacefully died away the breeze that had been agitating the club men all the week. The Disunion club will not materialize, and with a better understanding of the old Union club may flourish even more than in the past.

## PASTOR WELTON RESIGNS.

He Leaves the Portland Church, and So Do a Number of the People.

Rev. Sidney Welton is out of a job. He has tendered his resignation to the Portland Baptist church, and it has been accepted. He retires in good standing and retains his ministerial functions, so that he can continue to preach if any congregation gives him a call.

The decision of the council of the churches was that the Portland church should withdraw its fellowship from him. Had this been done he would not have been in good standing in the denomination, but though it is claimed the council was called at his suggestion, he declined to be bound by its recommendation. As a matter of law he was right, for the church alone had any authority to deal with the matter.

It is understood that when the church meeting was held there was a sort of a re-arrangement of people who had been called to attend, and that the ladies were out in force. They too had votes. It was decided to accept Pastor Welton's resignation and to give him a letter of dismissal as in the case of any retiring pastor. The vote stood 84 to 77. It is now reported that a number of members have already applied for their "dimitts" and that a number more will apply at the next meeting of the church. The retiring members are not of the 84 who decided that Mr. Welton should remain in good standing.

## The Critic Was Not There.

The risk a newspaper runs in giving a notice of an entertainment without having a reporter there was amusingly illustrated by the Globe's notice of the sacred concert in Holy Trinity church, Monday evening.

It is scarcely likely there would have been any attempt at applause under any circumstances, but the request of Father Walsh that the sacred character of the edifice be kept in mind was faithfully observed by the very large and mixed audience. The Globe, however, boldly avers that "several of the singers were given hearty encores," and this too on the face of the fact that encores with a programme of seventeen numbers would have been slightly trying on the singers.

## They are Coming Again.

The Daniels' Specialty Company which gave such satisfaction in the Institute in December, open again in this city on the 21st for a short season. Since the company left here, Halifax has been giving them crowded houses and even greater success than they anticipated has been theirs. The show is a good one at a very popular price, and the features are free from anything that is offensive. An Irish comedian of merit furnishes another drawing card. Good houses await their coming.

## A Pleasant Gathering.

The dinner of the Salvage Corps at the Stanley, Tuesday evening, was one of the most successful in its history. This was the eleventh occasion for the boys to gather about the festive board with their guests. The Stanley was equal to the occasion, the toasts were appropriate, the speeches short and fitting, and the gathering was just as happy as it could be on good fare and natural spirits.

## Specimens of Good Work.

Mr. J. H. Connolly has called PROGRESS attention to the fact that he is doing some good photography now-a-days; witness the two photos of Hagen and Norseng in Scovill Fraser & Co's windows. A good many people know this without PROGRESS saying so, but this reminder may be equally valuable to them and the photographer.

## Two Trips a Week.

The International Steamship Company's boats make two trips to Boston every week now, starting from this city every Monday and Thursday morning.

Several letters from Annapolis, in regard to the ball there, arrived too late for consideration in this issue, and are therefore held over.

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IN MUSICAL CHIEFS.

My alter ego was present for me at two musical events that have taken place since my last notes, namely, the Masonic At Home, and the conversation of the Oratorio Society. At the former Miss Watson met with quite a enthusiastic reception and was accorded deservedly, as her singing is showing marked improvement. The quartette composed of Messrs. Lindsay, Starr, Hegan and Smith show a new combination of voices, which I imagine will be the embodiment of the Minstral Quartette which they give their performances in April, and with the voices at command in the club I think it is the only one that balances at all well. The audience was not quite so well behaved with regard to listening as they might have been, but I suppose the attractions of the dancing to come made them restless. It is rather a poor compliment however to the performers. The conversation of the Oratorio Society on Monday was fairly attended and the audience was decidedly attentive and appreciative. A very diverting programme of vocal and instrumental music was carried out, the list of which was given in the daily papers. Miss Manning and Mr. Will Starr carried off the honors of the evening vocally. This young lady, who was admirably accompanied by Mrs. Carter, sang in a very charmingly unaffected manner. Her voice gives promise and shows signs of some careful training. Mr. Starr improves every time he is heard and is now certainly the best tenor soloist we have in the city. It is such a relief to know that your tenor. If he has an in his song will not make an aerial effort to get it and then half miss it; but will take it as easily as any of the rest of the notes in the register.

Miss Ogdin did some capital work with her violin in everything she played but wasn't her solo rather successful? Miss Elroy Bowden seems to be practicing most assiduously on her 'cello, her accompaniment to Mrs. Gilchrist's song was most effective and sympathetic. Mrs. Babbitt is too well known as an accomplished pianist for me to say anything more than that she accompanied Miss Ogdin and Mrs. Gilchrist in their solos and played in the trio with her sister and Miss Ogdin. The idea of the quartette is a very strange one, if they were present on Monday evening for the first time at a meeting of the Oratorio Society would be that there is more than an average amount of talent amongst its members.

I hear that Mr. Benton Tipton late organist of St. Clements, Philadelphia, has been appointed organist of the cathedral of Albany, New York, where he has a surplus choir of nearly 40.

Mr. Byron Taylor's "Bridal Rose" waltzes have reached a second edition.

There was a concert of sacred music in the church of Holy Trinity on Monday evening to which I was going, but was unfortunately prevented. The music consisted of the best of the best (17 or 18 pieces) rather appalled me but I was told that it was all over by 10 o'clock, as there was no delay and of course no applause.

Less is upon us and the church of England choir have or should have been busily practicing penitential psalms and hymns and anthems to be sung at that period, and that as long as the music is bright and cheerful and goes a very grave mistake. As much attention should be given to the production of music at this season of the year as at any other. I hope the choir masters will bestir themselves this year and see that the music is kept up to the standard.

The Valley church choir is at rather a low ebb now, being numerically very weak with too much dependence placed on one voice. This is a mistake as has been proved at the Mission church, as when the last few years and I regret to say changes for the worse. There is one place in these two choirs within the last few years and I regret to say changes for the worse. There is one place in these two choirs within the last few years and I regret to say changes for the worse.

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us to the intense delight of his many friends and admirers. We have also had quite recently those well known authors and pleasing readers Thomas Nelson Page and F. Hopkinson Smith in selections from their own works. The latest idol in Boston is Henri Marteau, a young violinist, whose playing is certainly something wonderful. He presses the great Paderewski hard as a candidate for Back Bay favor. PROSCENIUM.

Mary Anderson, before she left the stage, frequently made \$4,000 a week, and Lillian Russell, Pauline Hall, Lotta Modjeska, Fanny Davenport, Maggie Mitchell, Clara Morris, and Annie Pixley each made a comfortable fortune every year. Lotta is extremely wealthy, and is the richest actress living.

Sarah Bernhardt gives her friends to understand that she was one of eighteen children, and, in consideration of the fact, her mother very naturally forgot the particular year in which this gifted daughter was born. She was educated at a convent - four times to be expelled, and four times to be taken back into the fold.

Comedy, with a few exceptions, always pays better than tragedy, and Francis Wilson of comic opera fame, is probably the largest and the most successful comedian now before the American public. He relinquished a salary of \$800 a week to become a star, and his starting tours have all been immensely profitable. Wilson is economical in his ways, and if he lives ten years will be a very rich man.

Denman Thompson often makes from \$3,000 to \$4,000 a week, and Evans and Hoey in seven years have made \$300,000. Joseph Jefferson, who for several years paid William J. Florence \$1,000 a week; Stuart Robson, William E. Crane, Neil Burgess, Nat Goodwin, Sol Smith Russell, Edward Harrigan, Oliver Duod Bryon, James H. Wallick, and Richard Mansfield are all large and steady money-makers, and all are well-to-do, Jefferson being probably the richest of the lot.

Miss Jean Middlemas shone as a society belle and an amateur actress before she became a novelist. In the act of acting she had the tuition of Mrs. Stirling, and on one occasion played Lady Moberth before 2,000 people in the Dome at Brighton. She wrote her first novel as a distraction from the grief of her mother's death, about thirteen years ago. When Miss Middlemas was a little girl her father published a magazine called the Thistle, to which she, as well as her brothers at Harrow and some schoolfellows, contributed.

Annie Clark, who was here when the Boston Museum Stock Company visited us, and who was leading lady for that company for years, only severing her connection with it last year, is to go on the Grand Opera House stage in Boston. She will play leading roles under a somewhat novel arrangement, as outlined by the manager of that house. The plan is to have Miss Clark as a stock leading lady, minus the stock. That is, she will be arranged with such visiting companies as may agree, assuming the leading female role in the play presented, the company's regular leading lady resting for the week.

French actors and actresses always have their coats and dresses fitted on and choose the patterns of them by electric light. For every garment that requires sleeves they order several sizes. The women of the part that grows dirty sooner, comedians constantly seize each other by the arms, and their hands being generally anointed with bears' grease or cold cream to hold the powder de riz, which is laid thick on them to prevent them seeming almost in the glare of the footlights. They often, for spite, grasp the arms firmly and unnecessarily. The firmer the grasp, the deeper sinks the bears' grease into the stuff of the sleeves.

SOME FOOTLIGHT FACTS. What Some Successful Actors and Actresses Are Able to Earn. The average leading man or woman in the United States receives from \$100 to \$300 a week. The second man or woman (juvenile) in a first-class company is paid from \$75 to \$100 a week, and the comedian, and a subrequisite about the same. The leading people of the variety stage are all well paid. Harry Kern, who is in health, was always sure of \$150 weekly, and Gus Williams, before he became a star, used to demand and receive a salary of \$150 a week. Carmencita's legs earn her \$200 a week, and the late Pat Rooney, the prince of improvisators, for a long time commanded \$400 a week.

But it is upon the kings and queens of the legitimate that the golden rewards of the theatrical profession are bestowed. Daniel Frohman, three or four years ago, paid Modjeska \$1750 a week for her professional services, and considered that she had made a profitable investment in her. Booth and Barrett, at the end of the first season they appeared together, divided up \$362,500. Henry Irving, on his first American tour under Abbey's management, played to 405,000 in twenty-seven weeks; one of Garrison's and Lily Langtry made her first American tour on a guarantee of \$2,000 a week. The earnings and investments of Joseph Murphy made him a millionaire.

The late Fred Leslie, at the time of his death, was earning \$5,000 a year as an actor. He must also have derived a goodly sum from his burlesque writing. Miss Florence St. John must make at least \$25,000 a year, and Mr. Arthur Roberts would be snapped up easily by many managers at \$100 a week. At the present moment it is very probable that Mr. W. S. Penley, or "Private Secretary" fame, is earning as much money as any actor now before the public, and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's joint salary when they appear at the Garrick Theatre in the proposed revival of "Diplomacy" is surely a record. They are to receive the weekly stipend of \$150 between them.

But the earnings of the most popular players fall far below those of the great opera singers. Patti never sings for less than \$1,000 a night; Sembrich has often received \$300 for a single performance; Campanini has been paid \$1,500 a month, and Jean de Reszke during his American tour last year was paid \$200 for each performance and \$0 per cent of the box receipts. His brother Edouard was paid \$100 for each performance. Playmaking, when one succeeds at it, is one of the most profitable of callings. Bronson Howard, Charles H. Hoyt, Henry O. De Mille, and

At the Tremont, Neil Burgess, as Aunt Abby in "The County Fair," delights the usual crowds, and will continue to do so until March 6th, when Stuart Robson will be seen for a couple of weeks.

At the museum we have had a revival of "The Farnham" for a week, and on Monday a new play by James A. Herne called "Shore Acres" will be seen for the first time on any stage.

The Bowdoin Square Theatre has had "A Netmeg Match" the past week, and will be followed by "The Soudan," "The Lost Paradise," "Yon Yonson," etc., &c. STAGIERS. The annual benefit of the Boston press club takes place March 9th and promises to be a greater success than that of last year. Mr. George Grossmith has again visited

BUY YOUR Confectionery AT THE 20th Century KANDY KITCHEN. You are sure to get them FRESH every time. William H. Gillette each makes not less than \$5,000 every year, and Howard's income in some recent years has often trebled that amount. -Tit Bits.

Such Fops Would Sell Quick. An English preacher recently officiated for a brother clergyman. Being anxious to know what impression he had made he asked the clerk. "Was my discourse pitched in too high a key? I hope I did not shoot over the heads of the people?" "No, you didn't do that, sir." "Was it a suitable theme?" asked the clergyman. "Yes, it was about right."

"Was it too long?" "No, but it was long enough." "I'm glad of that, for to tell you the truth, the other day, as I was getting this sermon ready, my dog destroyed four or five pages, and that made it much shorter." "Oh, sir," said the clerk, "could you let our vicar have a pup of that 'ere dog?"

"Important Discovery." TORONTO, Feb. 16.-Among the surprising strides made by medical science in the last decade perhaps none is of more importance to humanity than the discovery of a cure for Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. That this remedy completely masters this terrible disease as well as all other diseases which the Kidneys are subject to is now an established fact. Every day brings news of the most surprising cures resulting from its use. The case of Mrs. Brown of Toronto, who when about to enter the Home for Incapables, given up by the Hospital authorities as well as all other prominent medical men, also that of Sam Murray of Gravenhurst, who was given up by four doctors and who was paid his life disability claims by the Grand Trunk Ry. has attracted widespread attention. Both were completely cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Meaning of the Word "Either." The legal meaning of the word "either" has been argued in an English court of record. A certain testator had left property, the disposition of which was effected by the "death of either" of two persons. One lawyer asserted that "either" meant both, and in support of his view he quoted Richardson, Webster, Chaucer, Dryden, Southey, the story of the crucifixion, and a passage from Revelations. The Judge suggested that there was a son in "The Beggar's Opera" which had another view. "Low happy I could be with either, were'to dear charmer away."

In pronouncing judgment the Court ruled that "either" meant one of two, and did not mean both; he said that it might have that meaning occasionally in poetry, but never in an English court of record.

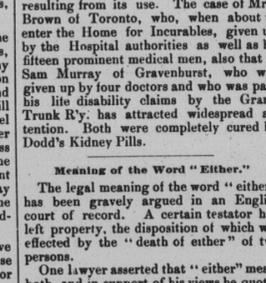
When home made preserves are getting on the housekeeper is anxious to know where, or what to get as substitutes. Evaporated Peaches, Pears, Apricots, Canned Blueberries, Pumpkin, etc. are just what they want. Any, or all of these, and any other such luxuries, can be had from J. S. Armstrong & Bro., 32 Charlotte St., next Y. M. C. A.

Best Chance Yet to Learn to Dance. at Prof. Spencer's Standard Dancing Academy, Market Building, Germain street (entrance South Market street). I make the following offer in prizes to all who wish to learn to dance the best style. Young and old can come. First Prize, \$40.00; Second Prize, \$20.00; Third Prize, \$10.00; Fourth Prize, \$5.00; all in gold, to be guessed for in this way: The number of stamps in a sealed jar. The first, the right number or nearest to it; the next nearest, Second Prize; the next nearest, Third Prize; the next nearest, Fourth Prize. Any one can join the classes, afternoon or evening, by paying a regular term price. Each person or child will get a coupon with number to correspond with number of stamps deposited. All who dance in Classes, Assemblies, Balls or Parties of any description, by paying not less than \$2.00 and upwards, whether it includes one or more dances, also anyone hiring Costumes, Wigs, or Whiskers to the amount of \$2.00, will be entitled to a guess, or any one who buys \$2.00 worth of Furniture for sale in my premises; each purchase will entitle the buyer to a guess. The prize list will be open from January 3rd to April 5th, 1893. This is an opportunity to learn to dance in proper style, and still get pay for learning the line art. Private Pupils will be entitled to two guesses, who take a course of 12 lessons. Now is the time to learn, and don't miss it. Remember the cheap Sale of Furniture is still going on, and parties will get some awfully good bargains in furniture, as well as other goods. Such as the best Lamp Bur-guins, the world's non-Explosive self-filling, filling self-extinguishing, and warranted to last ten years with reasonable care. Try one or more of these beautiful Burners. One branch of this business does not interfere with the other. Come and see and take a part in these Grand Offers. A count-missive of disinterested persons will compare the stamps and pay the money to prize holders in Gold Coin, positively on the date mentioned. All the dances must be held in my Academy and the amount paid held in my Academy and the amount paid held in my Academy and the amount paid held in my Academy.

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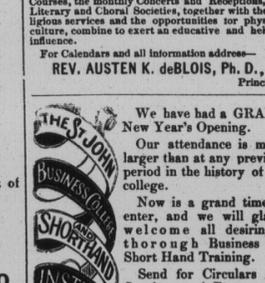
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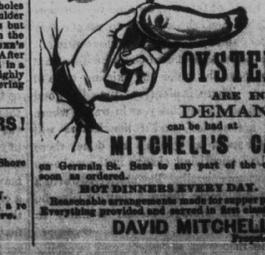
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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 18.

STEPS TOWARD CIVIC REFORM.

Some of the electors of Queen's ward have set an example that might be followed with advantage by other districts in the city. A large number of the most prominent rate-payers, have joined in a requisition to ex- Alderman ROBERTSON to allow himself to be put in nomination as one of the representatives of Queen's ward for the approaching civic year. It appears to be a case of the office seeking the man, and Mr. ROBERTSON has been chosen because of his previous experience and his knowledge of civic affairs. The choice appears to be as good a one as could be made, and there can be little doubt that the nomination will be heartily ratified on election day.

There are other wards in which the same kind of a course should be taken. The people who have interests at stake and who are crying for civic reform too seldom put their words into action. They do not fix upon their candidates early in the campaign, and the result too often is that some undesirable man pushes himself to the front and is elected. Everybody recognizes the fact that he is not the man for the place, but he has the "inside track" and there is no opposition save by some other adventurer as ill fitted as he is to look after the interests of the city. It is very often a choice of evils, and the boldest grabber, or the man who can enlist the services of the heeled, is hoisted into a position that might be occupied by men of the best stamp in the community. Some of the loudest voiced men in the council to day have got there by just such means. They will probably get there again, because the citizens appear to take a very small amount of interest in the matter.

That the common council has some good men in it, and that it does not as a whole compare unfavourably with some other councils, is no reason why it should not be very considerably improved. So long as the present vicious system of ward elections is continued no complete reform can be expected, but if the electors of every ward would do as the electors of Queen's have done there would be a manifest change for the better. The principle of putting a man in and sitting in spathy while he renominates himself year after year, whether he is or is not fit for the position is one which can only result in keeping the personnel of the council down to a low grade. In a body of twenty six men there ought to be a fair proportion of members who could be thought of as fairly eligible for the position of mayor, by their knowledge, experience and ability, but there are not in this council. Out of those who represent the old city and North End there are not more than four who would be thought of in such a connection while there is not one from the West Side. With the other twenty-two there is either inexperience, ignorance, insincerity, coarseness or some other disqualification, which bars them from aspiring to be anything more than they are. In some cases indeed they should feel themselves to be lucky that the indifference of the electors has allowed them to even the position they hold. Some of them, a minority, are indeed well meaning enough but they are not of the staff of which mayors can be made, even in St. John, where there have been some queer kinds of chief magistrates in the past.

If every ward would do its share in the first steps of reform, by sending the best available men, chosen early by responsible electors and backed by the better sentiment of the ward a great deal could be done that is not possible under the existing state of things. There is plenty of time for good men to be chosen this year in wards where they are needed, and if the electors will make a start, as Queen's has done, there will be a surprising change in the make-up of the new council. The matter is worth a great deal more thought than, it is to be feared, the average elector is likely to give it.

The theory of a radical and sweeping

reform in civic affairs is well enough, but there are a good many difficulties in the way of carrying it out. The whole system of departments would need to be changed for instance, so as to narrow down the responsibility, and there are many other things for which legislation would be required. Until there is some prospect of a reorganization of the municipal body, the people must be content with what is possible, and the nearest approach to reform will be in sending good men to the council. The duty of doing this rests with the electors of each ward. Every man who wants reform should understand this, and act upon it.

ECONOMY AND ART IN FUNERALS.

There are symptoms of a new fad in Boston, though as a matter of fact it is quite in order to make such a statement at frequent intervals every season. When Boston gets a fad it means business, whether anything is eventually accomplished or not, and it is quite immaterial to the Bostonese whether the subject is a new or an old one. It may relate to any period of time, from the inception of Buddhism to the date of Edison's latest invention, and if introduced under proper auspices it cannot fail to go. Just now the subject appears to be the incineration of human remains.

It is two years since a cremation society was formed in the city of culture, and its members are now coming to the front with the idea of making the movement more general. Being in Boston, the membership naturally comprises clergymen, authors, journalists, lawyers, doctors, cranks and strong minded women. Every body who has lived in Boston can understand just the kind of a crowd there would be, and a newspaper man without seeing the roll of membership, could name in advance the majority of those who would come to the front were there a meeting in Tremont Temple to discuss the subject.

The great lever which the society for consuming their neighbors' remains is trying to move the public is a combination of the sanitary and artistic aspects of the question. It is pointed out that burying is decidedly unhealthy for the people who are not buried, and that the danger would be emphasized in the event of an epidemic such as the cholera. Then the danger is pointed out that as cities extend their borders graveyards are apt to be disturbed and the remains removed, which to the Boston mind must be a very disturbing thought indeed. Above all however, the Boston mind revels in the possible realization of "the glory of a great light and the purity of a great heat."

In support of the aesthetic view of cremation a writer in one of the Boston papers quotes a description of the process, in which is negated the popular idea that a body is burned when cremated. It is "incineration" or the reduction of the human frame to ashes in a retort. The account gives a roseate poetry to the furnace which is lacking in the every-day grave interment. "As the door of the retort is opened," it says, "the in-rushing air cools it from white to red heat and the whole interior is filled with a rosy light that is fascinating to the eye. The body, decently clad for burial, is laid in a crib which is covered with a white sheet soaked in alum. The crib is then put into the retort. The sheet retains its original position and conceals the form until nothing but the bones are left and then gently crumbles into dust as under the mystic touch of an invisible agent."

Such an artistic process ought to suit the Bostonian taste, and it is not surprising to learn that nearly all the members of such learned associations as the Nineteenth Century club and the Sarcosis are advocates of this fascinating method of having their mortality resolved into ashes. And it may be added that an additional and substantial argument is based on the fact that the cost of incineration is placed at the ridiculously low price of twenty five dollars per corpse. The present would appear to be a favourable time in which to get up clubs.

SOME LENTEN THOUGHTS.

Lent—the lengthening of the days, the spring-time—has come again, and the greater part of the christian world is observing it as a time in which to refrain from the gaieties of life in memory of Him who was made man, who suffered and was buried. Year by year the deference paid to this penitential season becomes more general among the denominations, and outwardly at least there is a recognition of the solemn character of the period which the church of old ordained as a time of fasting and prayer.

There are many ways of keeping Lent, from the mere outward conformity with what is "the correct thing" by butterflies of fashion, to the austere devotion which is in line with the precepts of the catholic faith wherever found. There are those who welcome the season because it means a rest and a curtailment of expenditure in society circles, while there are others from whose hearts proceed the constant supplications of the Miserere. There are some who feel they can be good christians whatever they eat or drink, while with others it is a matter of conscience to martyr their bodies by fasting that the spirituality of their natures may deepen and their souls purified for a closer and more constant communion with their God. Many and diverse are the views that are taken of Lent, and far apart indeed are the various motives and methods through

and by which it is observed. It is a matter of education and environment. The sturdy protestant repels the idea that he is under any obligation to observe this particular season unless he chooses to do so, and declares that his Bible enjoins no such season. The faithful catholic, on the contrary, observes Lent, not because he has decided that it is right and necessary, but because the church commands it, and he obeys the command, just as he accepts the Bible and the creeds, as given by an authority that he cannot question. Yet wide apart as are the two methods of reasoning, each class of believers may feel their conscience satisfied with the assurance that they are keeping "a good Lent."

Too many of us are prone to judge our neighbors, but Lent, of all seasons, is the time when such a tendency should be restrained. It is then we should judge ourselves. It is then our prayer should be for enlightenment to see ourselves as God sees us, and so to resist our sins that in the last day we may be judged in mercy. It is the season for retrospection, for unsparring self-examination in the light of God's commandments, for putting on anew the armor to preserve us from the deadly sins, for seeking pardon for the past and purposing amendment for the future. Whatever be our creed, this much, at least, all of us may do, whether our church enjoins or aids us in our efforts, or whether we unaided, save by our individual conviction, seek a closer fellowship with our Maker.

To many natures Lent is a welcome season. Men who long for a life of more constant and deeper spirituality than their ordinary avocations permit, find a want of their souls in part supplied during the period which the world has consented to set apart, if only imperfectly, as a time when some of its distractions may be avoided. The man whose bread is dependent on his daily toil may not have the boon of a retreat, but there is increased opportunity for him to fix his mind upon things which are beyond the petty joys and sorrows of the present—above the strife and ambition which possess his nature in the selfish struggles of life. "Remember, man, that thou art dust; and unto dust thou shalt return," should have its meaning to us for more than one day in the year, teaching us to see more clearly than the ashes of mortality the cross which tells that death is swallowed up in victory. Day by day throughout the season of penitence the thoughtful mind pictures in the gloom the cross and its burden, and the words are heard, "This have I done for thee. What hast thou done for Me?"

JOYS AND WOE OF OTHER PLACES.

The Provincial Press Abroad. While standing in a doorway on Washington street this morning, what should we discern but that spiky paper, the Yarmouth Light, covering the basket of a Jew, which gives an idea of the extent of its circulation.—East Boston Cor. Yarmouth Light.

A South Ohio Man Almost Bathed. Mr. Asa Wyman had a very narrow escape from a hot water bath last evening. As he was going to the barn with a lantern in one hand and a boiler in the other, he very suddenly found himself seated on the ground. The water dashed around him but owing to his quick motion, he was soon on his feet receiving but a few dry drops.—Yar. Light.

CONDOLING WITH MRS. STEVENS.

Every Consideration Shown Her in Her Embarrassing Situation. MONCTON, Feb. 16.—Mrs. H. T. Stevens has been committed for trial at the forthcoming term of the county court, on the charge of manslaughter, the stipendiary magistrate having exercised his authority to grant bail without a judge's order. Messrs H. T. Stevens, C. P. Harris and F. W. Sumner have entered into bonds of \$1,000 each, for the appearance of the accused at Dorchester, during the March sitting of the court. She is therefore free from restraint, and there, for the present, the matter rests. Public opinion has been divided into two distinct factions, one of which has been clamoring for Mrs. Stevens' incarceration in the police cells while she was under arrest, and inveighs bitterly against the crown having been a respecter of persons, compelling one person accused of forgery to remain in the cells, while awaiting trial, and allowing another charged with manslaughter to remain in her own house merely under guard, and surrounded by every luxury. These people, while they have a large amount of reason on their side, seem to forget that the police cells of Moncton are unfit for the occupation of a respectable horse, or dog, and would be a disgrace to a frontier town in Texas. Were the lock-up in Moncton an ordinary decent one, more might be said in favor of treating all prisoners alike, but under existing circumstances the man or woman who could suggest confining a woman in such a place must be inhuman indeed.

The other faction chiefly composed of the upper ten, seem anxious to make up to Mrs. Stevens for any slight inconvenience she may have experienced from the unpleasant suspicion which rests upon her, and to endeavor if possible to help her to forget all about it. Indeed the outpourings of that christian charity so sadly lacking in the case of the wretched Buck, is not only truly gratifying but really amazing. Society ladies have called to inquire for the health of Mrs. Stevens, and to express their regret for the sad position in which she has been placed by an indiscriminating public who should have known better than to suspect a person in her social position, of anything at all. The greatest consideration has been shown for Mrs. Stevens and everything been done to prevent her from feeling any inconvenience or discomfort that could possibly be spared her, which is more than can be said of most persons under the same circumstances.

Correcting an Error.

A countryman stepped into a fruit shop and invested in five cents worth of chestnuts. In half-an-hour he returned and handed the proprietor one of the nuts.

"What does this mean?" asked the dealer.

"Well replied the customer, "that is the only sound chestnut I found in the pint. I'm an honest man, and don't want to take a mean advantage of a fellow." J.T.S.

The sudden shock of seeing a husband's dead body when she supposed him alive and well caused a similar loss of hearing with another lady. Any great mental shock or strain may cause deafness, or a loss of some other of the senses. It is quite easy to believe this. The shock of meeting a creditor on the street has caused many a man to become so blind that he has turned into the nearest doorway without recognizing him, and in the same way men have been so suddenly afflicted with deafness as to be unable to hear men who were calling aloud while vainly striving to overtake them. The English specialist should tell us something we do not know.

In the researches of the present age a great many cherished historical beliefs have been proved to be without good foundation, and now comes the remarkable statement that the original color of the Irish flag and the national color of Erin was not green but blue. The "harp without a crown" was on a blue ground until what are comparatively modern times, and the blue in the British union jack was added at the time of the union of Great Britain and Ireland. Green is the color of Ireland now, however, and green it is likely to remain, whatever the sticklers for accuracy may have to say about the matter.

Some of the United States papers continue to stir up the question of the annexation of Canada. There is no law to prevent a child crying for the moon, if it wants to, but the obtaining possession of that luminary is quite another affair. The statements of a few industrious cranks like GOLDWIN SMITH and FABRIZIO are not to be accepted by our neighbors as the sentiment of the people of Canada. Give us a rest until the times are more ripe, and by that time the present generation will have ceased to be interested in the discussion.

POEMS BY MISS J. M. BEECHER, SAVED BY THE BREECHES BUOY.

Charlie Falls. Flashing back the sunlight In showers of sparkling spray; Leaping madly o'er the stones In its headlong way.

Rocks and trees on either side, Branches meeting o'er the tide. Roaring like the thunder In its onward sweep, Fearing ever downward O'er the rocky steep.

But below the quiet waters, Wearing with their furious race, Calmly lie, with scarce a ripple To disturb their placid face.

While the trees, tall and majestic, The great rocks which guard the pool, And the blue sky, all are mirrored In their depths so dark and cool.

Then out again The ripples run, Laughing gaily In the sun; Kissing pebbles Round and white, Singing sweetly With delight; Sparkling brightly, Leaping lightly, Dancing in their joyous glee, On their way to join the sea.

Summer. Oh! summer-time of lovely bowers Of gentle gales, of scented bowers Sweet perfume lingers everywhere! In blossoms sweet of fruits so fair; The meadows, where the new mown hay Scents the air all through the day.

The sky with clouds of azure blue Each day brings us beauties new; Lovely river flowing By Bears the breeze of summer night; Birds of beauty, singing free, Carrol songs in joy and glee.

Lambs are skipping o'er the grass— Pretty, playful as they pass; The animals seek the shady dell And drink the water from the well; Children, playful, dancing by, Pick the flowers and berries nigh.

Insects, flies and buzzing bees— Lovely butterflies we see. We shall seek the pleasant shade And praise our God, who all hath made— Scents of summer, oh! so fair! What shall now with it compare? F. F.

Four Stages in Life. Born to my mother on this natal day, What may be my future 'tis impossible to say; But showered now with love, and many and many a kiss, I lay at mother's breast in sweet felicitous bliss.

Two and twenty summers, have I now left behind; Fencing hard my studies to cultivate my mind, The zenith of man's happiness, reached in this mortal life, Is to follow my example and possess a loving wife.

Several years now later, 'tis a happy cheerful nest Of the sweetest little children, with which our home is blest; The elder ones maturing, themselves to meet their fate In the trial and battles of this world, whatever be their share.

Not long ago today, I laid my wife low in the soil, And I myself am worn out, I'm done with earthly toil. My hair is white and scanty, though my beard is yet still gray, How lone this world is meant for me 'tis hard for one to say! HARCOURTS.

A June Song. O, magical, gladness and fair Is a morn in the blithe month of June, Where the song-birds awaken the breeze, And the perfume of flowers fills the air; Where the roses dance glad to the tune Of the brook, and the birds, and the bees!

O, filled with melody rare Is the murmurous song of the bee, As its wavelets lap soft on the shore Fondling pebbles and shells lying there; While, commingling in sweet harmony, From afar sounds the plash of an oar!

But fairer than farrest June day With sunshine and song brings o'er, More thrillingly sweet than the lay Sang by sea to its listening shore, Are the blush of the maiden when Love pleads his part, And her low murmured "yes," to the knight of her heart. EDWARD GAINWOLD.

Deliver Us From the Evil One. St. Matthew, vi. 13. Who can withstand the subtle tempter's power, Malicious, cold, so busy every hour, Each art to ply, each weakness to discern, Within the heart, when lust and passion burn, E'en they who lead and guide in paths of peace, Fall sadly, O how sadly fall from grace. At his behest, his sovereign command A wretched woman's cruel heart and hand An infant strips, applies the striping brand O retribution where was then their ear, Dead and heedless ether departing soul!

O, God of love, O Jesu Saviour dear, She is with Thee safe, safe within Thy fold Let us be warned in time and strive to know, The weakness lurking and rest-t the foe, With charity for all, for all are weak, Our own way heed, the good of others seek. CHARTRY.

The Valleys of Our Pilgrimage. "The city lieth low, in lowest place." So speak we as the Hand of God still leads Adown the heights, to calm sequestered meads Held in the Everlasting Hill's embrace: The valleys of our pilgrimage we trace With faltering step; yet for our many needs, As light to shade, and joy to grief succeeds Beruch's bloodless Balm's tears efface; And Acher's rest and hope fill all the plain, Peaceable fruits of righteousness abound, While from the soil "seek, fragrant flowers up-spring

Unseen in lovelier regions; and the rain "Falls softly here," till with their harvest crowned These valleys about for joy, they also sting!

My Love Has Died. Among the flower-dotted path, My love she tripped, So fair to see; With slender form, and lips ree-red, And queenly carriage of her head, My love she tripped.

The flowers are withered and dried, And the wind goes signing by, My love has died; Along the path the mourners come, Bearing up beautiful silent one, My love has died. YOLANDE.

How the Most Simple Appliance is Most Successful in its Work. Considering the number of vessels which have to pass it, the New Jersey coast is the most dangerous on the continent, and many ships go ashore on the shelving sands there every winter, says the New York Sun. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, however, the surf will admit the launching of lifeboats, and the surfmen bring ashore the shipwrecked in this way. It is only when a great storm is raging and the surf is so rough as to baffle the skillful oarsmen that the gun and breeches buoy are resorted to. This does not happen very often. When the patrol sees a vessel aground or in danger he hurries to the station and gives the alarm. The surfmen are out in a jiffy. They always take all their apparatus, so as to be ready for any emergency. If the lifeboat cannot be launched through the surf, they bring out the Lyle gun. This is a small brass cannon, which has a projectile fitted over the barrel like a sheath over a sword. To the projectile is fastened one end of a stout cord. The gun is aimed to throw the projectile over the ship, and thus bring the cord within the reach of the men on the wreck. It seldom requires more than two shots to land the cord. The surfmen then pull it in and get hold of the rope to which it is fastened. When the end of the rope is hauled aboard the men fast to one of the masts. Meantime the surfmen are burying a sand anchor. This is a great square of planking, whose surface grips the sand in which it is sunk. To it the shore end of the rope is securely fastened.

Then comes the breeches buoy. This consists of a great ungainly pair of canvas trousers hung to a circular life preserver. It is suspended by stout ropes from a pulley, which the surfmen quickly rig upon the rope connecting ship and shore in such a way that it moves freely back and forth. A gray line, one end of which was sent aboard the ship with the rope, is now fastened to the breeches buoy, and the surfmen pull on a line which starts the breeches buoy travelling seaward. As soon as it reaches the ship one of the shipwrecked gets into the pair of canvas breeches, tacking a leg through each capacious hole, and grasping the life preserver, which comes just under his armpits. He does not need to be tied in, for his seat is secure.

All being ready, the surfmen shove the buoy to haul in. The breeches buoy rolls rapidly seaward, suspended from its humpen track. For most of the distance the man in the breeches is dangling above the water. When he reaches the surf, though he is bound to get a ducking, he holds his breath, takes a fresh hold on the life preserver, and in he goes. The next minute he is on the beach, where a dozen strong hands reach out to pluck him out of his canvas breeches. The buoy is sent straight back for another, and so on until all are rescued. A dozen men have been brought ashore in this way, by a single breeches buoy in less than an hour.

It sometimes happens that a woman is aboard the ship. She may be the captain's wife. If the ship is a steamer, there may be women passengers. The idea of getting into this pair of canvas breeches may be repugnant to a woman, but she does not hesitate a second. Pulling her dress up around her, in the steps as hesitatingly as though she were born to trousers. All she asks at that moment is to get ashore.

CRANKS WHO COLLECT.

The Fancy for Second Hand Clothing, Including Old Boots and Shoes. "Some of the collections which are made now are very remarkable," said the proprietor of a London "curiosity shop" recently. "Everybody seems to be enthusiastic about something or other. I have commissions from a number of well-known people to use my business ability to increase their special collections." "Old lace is of course no new idea, although the rage for collecting was never so pronounced as it is now. I hold commissions from three titled ladies for buying up any genuine article of this description I may come across in the way of business." "The fad for collecting dressing-gowns is much more original. This mania—if I may so call it—has really much to do in fixing the movements of a well-known foreign prince. I have known him travel three or four hundred miles when some deal celebrity's effects were to be sold, in order to have the opportunity of buying his dressing gown."

Buttons form another curious item for collection. One noteworthy collection which recently came into the market was very complete. It comprised among others the buttons of officers in every regiment of the British army. It was unique in its way and could only have been obtained by the exercise of an amount of patience and perseverance which might perhaps have been better used. The army buttons number 148, and the owner wrote over 500 letters during a period of nine years, before he succeeded in attaining the object he had in view.

Old boots and shoes belonging to celebrated people fetch very fancy prices, and there is quite a competition for them."

Very Dirty But Very Hopeful. A man in this community has according to his story, been a great sufferer from rheumatism until twenty weeks ago. Then he met another who said that he had spent \$800 in two years for doctor's bills because of rheumatism and that he had found a cure in garget root as prescribed by one of the Indians that was with the colony of back-settlers on Cape Elizabeth at the time. So our friend purchased a piece of garget root, steeped it in water and took a spoonful daily. The rheumatism left him but it apparently came out through innumerable sores that appeared all over his body and were excruciatingly painful. These sores are now just becoming healed. The writer has seen the red sores on the man's arms and face. During these twenty weeks of painful eradication either of the poison of the rheumatism or the garget, or all, the man did not bathe his body. His physician told him it was safer not to do so. Whether he will ultimately be a well man is uncertain, but he is very hopeful. The relief from rheumatism is a great joy to him.—Portland Transcript.

A Fashionable Drink. Menier Chocolate is a fashionable drink. Did you ever try it? Send postal card for samples and directions to C. Alfred Chouillon, Montreal.

Advertisement for Sheraton Hotel, featuring text like 'When ready to accept, and m', 'SHERATON', 'Her Ch Present', 'Two cases of condensed milk', 'W. ALE', '18 DOMES', 'ONE BOLOC', 'TELEPHONE'.





TRURO, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton's, and at D. H. Smith & Co.'s.]

Feb. 14.—Mrs. John F. McDonald returned on Saturday last from Halifax. Mrs. S. E. Gomeley's dance last Thursday night, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Roach, Windsor, though not so large, was fully as successful as its predecessor of this season.

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ST. STEPHEN AND GALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Messrs. H. H. Wallace and son, and at the book store of G. B. Wall in Galais at O. P. Treat's.]

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New Cambrics OPENED THIS WEEK.

50 New Styles of the most beautiful Wash Fabrics we have ever shown. The color grounds are Black, Navy and Cream with Colored and White Figures.

These goods come in Small and Mixed Effects in all Colors of Printing and possess the appearance of French Challies.

FRENCH WOOL CHALLIES

in Dark and Light Colorings, Small and Large Effects. The most exquisite goods shown this season.

S. C. PORTER,

11 Charlotte, Street, St. John, N. B.

and butter club at a most delightful drive. On arriving at his home shortly after an o'clock refreshment were served after which music and pleasant conversation, were the order, until about eleven when the merry party who, were anxious to the kind host and hostess and reached home in good time to keep from trespassing on Sunday.

Miss E. H. Wood has returned to her home in St. John. Miss Estelle Steadman of Fredericton, is now a guest at Spruce Villa.

Miss May Lodge of Mapleton, N. S., is visiting Rev. D. H. and Mrs. Lodge. On Tuesday evening of last week the ladies in connection with the K. C. church, held an oyster supper in their hall.

Miss Nellie Harper left town last week for St. John, where she intends taking a course of studies at the business college. Her many friends wish her every success.

Rev. Joshua Goodwin, Baptist minister of this town, who was on his way to New York, returned home on Friday evening, unaccompanied by Mrs. Goodwin who, was detained in New York by the very serious illness of her father.

Mr. R. C. Tait made a short visit to St. John, last week. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ward spent last Monday in Moncton.

Mr. Percy Wilbur left town on Monday of this week for Moncton, where he has accepted a position in Wm. Cowley & Co's store.

Mr. J. W. Y. Smith, M. P. of Dorchester, was in town yesterday. Mr. Belliveau and O. M. Melanson, visited Memagog, last week.

Rev. Mr. Moore of Halifax, occupied the pulpit of Knox church, on Sunday morning and evening. On Monday evening of last week a very pleasant social in aid of the Methodist church, was given at the residence of Mr. W. B. Deacon.

Mr. McKelvey of Halifax, arrived in town yesterday to fill the position in the People's Bank vacated by Mr. Webster.

The members of the L. O. G. T., enjoyed a very pleasant drive last evening to Aboonagang, where they were kindly entertained at the home of Misses Roberts.

Last evening Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McQueen gave a very pleasant party to a number of their friends. Miss Eva Cannon and Mr. Murray were the successful prize winners. Box-Box-Box (FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.)

Feb. 14.—Mr. Leonard Webster, son of Mr. James Webster, of Shediac, is to be congratulated on his promotion from teller in the Peoples Bank of Halifax at Shediac, to a more responsible and lucrative position at the head office.

A number of his young friends, desirous of showing their appreciation of his worth from a social standpoint, gathered at the residence of Dr. Fred J. White on Thursday evening, and were merry in song, candy pull, supper, toasts, speeches, signs, etc., till an early hour.

Mr. Webster is a young man of good promise, and has performed his duties to his employers and the public in a very satisfactory manner. His friends, though they regret his departure, feel certain that their loss will be his material gain.

On Thursday night last week the Misses Evans entertained a number of their friends at tobogganing. It was greatly enjoyed, notwithstanding the many bumps and bruises attending such sports.

Donna. Feb. 15.—Mr. F. Sayre, registrar of deeds, is receiving congratulations of friends on his departure to a long and successful career, which event took place last Wednesday night. The bride was Miss Bessie Orr, of Jernyville. Rev. Mr. Hackley performed the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Sayre have taken up their residence at the Bliss cottage, which became his property a few months ago. Miss Parney is here from Moncton after an extended visit.

Messrs. L. A. Miles and T. N. Vincent, of St. John, were in town last week. Rev. Mr. Hackley preached in Buctouche on Sunday morning.

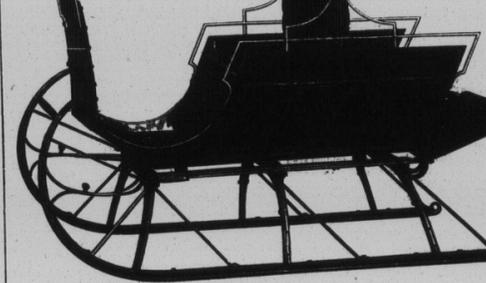
Messrs. Robert Phinney and Alfred Fayle drove through to Miramichi last week, and returned again on Wednesday. Rev. Mr. Hackley performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Sayre have taken up their residence at the Bliss cottage, which became his property a few months ago.



are of the highest quality. A selection is simply a matter of individual taste.

The Gladstone Sleigh.

Most Stylish and Best Vehicle in the Market.



Made in Fredericton at the well known Establishment of JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS.

Manufacturers of Sleighs and Carriages. Write for Prices.

ESTABLISHED 1866. TELEPHONE 788.

MILLER BROTHERS.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK.

Importers and Dealers for the BEST CANADIAN and AMERICAN PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.

PIANOS AND ORGANS TUNED AND REPAIRED. SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED.

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

116 and 118 GRANVILLE ST., - HALIFAX, N. S.

Four Diplomas taken on Stock shown at late Provincial Exhibition.

Thackeray's Complete Works—10 vols.

Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.00 additional.

Thackeray's works, 10 volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, library edition, with 177 illustrations for \$2.90 is an unequalled offer.

We do not think it will last long because our supply is limited, and we may not be able to duplicate our orders at the same figures. The retail bargain price is usually \$6.00. The set is listed at \$10.00. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.50 additional.

108 PRINCESS ST., - COR. SYDNEY.

THOS. A. CROCKETT'S,

108 PRINCESS ST., - COR. SYDNEY.

Hackmore Cures Coughs and Colds.

PAERBOBO. [Progress is for sale at Farrboro Bookstore.]

Feb. 14.—Rev. S. and Mrs. Gibbons, who have been in England for a three months' visit, arrived in Halifax for the "Labrador" on Sunday, and came home yesterday, both looking well in spite of the very rough passage.

Mr. and Mrs. Alkman have gone to Toronto, and will return by way of Boston. Mrs. Alloway, of Springhill, is staying at Mr. Alkman's.

Misses Lizette and Alice Alkman entertained a number of friends at progressive euchre on Wednesday evening. The prizes were uncommonly pretty and tasteful.

SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by R. D. Boal and Geo. D. Martin.]

Feb. 15.—Mr. Weldon Shediac, paid a short visit to Sussex, the guest of Mrs. J. C. Lamb.

The Messrs. Deboe, Hosh and Morrison, have returned from their visit to other towns.

Mrs. F. A. McCully is visiting her mother, Mrs. Jas. Ryan, Church Avenue.

SHEDAC.

[Progress is for sale in Shediac at A. Stone's store.]

Feb. 14.—The drive which party given by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. S. Belliveau, the week before last, in honor of their guest, Miss Ethel Dool of St. John, was one of the most enjoyable parties of the season.

What, of course, was the chief feature of the evening, after which the "light standard" was tripped until the "see saw" home. Miss Carrie Smith was the fortunate winner of the ladies' first prize, and Mr. H. A. Bailey carried off the honors for the gentlemen.

Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. White, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. (Blackville), Miss Cordelia Smith, Miss Perkins, (St. John), Mrs. Horatio Smith, Miss Marie, (St. John), Mrs. J. H. (St. John), Mrs. Jennie Webster, the Misses Jay and Winnie Harper, Miss Thea, and the Messrs. B. B. Smith, H. A. Bailey, A. and W. Webster, E. J. White, F. Henderson, E. Roberts, P. O. Wilbur, and E. Hamilton.

DO YOUR WIFE DO HER OWN WASHING?

If you regard her health and strength, and want to keep your home free from hot steam and smell, and save fuel, washing powders, and the clothes.

Get her Sunlight SOAP

HARDING'S SMITH, St. John, Agents for New Brunswick.

SELECT LOT OF Hair and Clothes Brushes

THOS. A. CROCKETT'S, 108 PRINCESS ST., - COR. SYDNEY.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued from Page 1.)

(St. Stephen) Alice Graham, (St. Stephen) Beer, Rainald, Schofield, Park, Isaac, Lewis, Blaine,...

The marriage of Mr. James V. Russell to Miss Lizette Gray took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. Wm. Gray, Main street, New York...

The musicals met Monday evening at the residence of Mr. W. L. Harding. Mrs. A. C. Smith was confined to her home by illness during the past week.

Several of Miss Josie Fawcett's friends spent a very enjoyable evening at her home, Wednesday evening. Cards and dancing were indulged in.

Mr. J. E. Smith entertained a number of Miss Stella's friends, Wednesday evening at her home on Lancaster Heights. A few of the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. V. Buren spent a very pleasant evening at their residence, Tuesday. As it was St. Valentine's day...

Miss Myrtle Guter, of Frederick, is spending a few days here. Miss Olive is seriously ill with diphtheria, an acute case. M. and J. Baby's Croup is cured by Hackmoore.

(Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Book Store, Main street, and on the streets by J. E. McCoy.) Feb. 15.—Aah Wednesday is here at last, and the festive robes are laid aside for a brief season to be replaced by metaphorical sackcloth and imaginary ashes.

Last week was a gay one. Besides the ladies' dance in Emma's hall on Monday evening, there were three other social occasions, and the audience with St. Bernard's dramatic club, which filled up the week pretty well, only leaving Saturday as a resting day.

Mrs. W. J. Weldon gave a whist party on Tuesday, at which about 24 guests spent a very pleasant evening. Mrs. P. S. Archibald entertained about 30 of her friends on Thursday evening at a whist party, and it is needless to say that the guests enjoyed themselves thoroughly, as they always do.

ANDOVER.

(Progress is for sale at J. S. McDonald's Store and by Daniel A. Fraser.) Feb. 13.—The most enjoyable event of the season was on Monday evening, when the members of the dancing class, who have been taught to trip the laces festively, very gracefully by Prof. Peters, of Boston, gave a reception and ball. It was held in the temperance hall, which was handsomely decorated with evergreens, oil paintings, banners and Japanese lanterns, by manager Goulin and others.

Some of the dresses were very pretty. The most noticeable among them were: Mrs. Ryan, yellow silk, demit train, silver fringe trimming; Mrs. Estabrook, pink bengaline, silver fringe trimming; Mrs. Milner, pale green silk; Mrs. Landers, very pretty white costume; Mr. E. V. Y. Tait, spent Sunday in town; Mr. E. V. Tait of Dorchester, was in town on Thursday; Mr. and Mrs. Beer of Charlottetown, spent Thursday and Friday in town; Mr. F. G. Rainnie returned from St. John on Thursday; Miss Lucie Whitney of Moncton, is the guest of Mrs. Wm. Harrison.

For a short time past the young people of St. Paul's church have been preparing for an entertainment which took place last Tuesday evening in the music hall. The audience was large, and the odious music which was played was very much enjoyed.

One of the scenes that took best with the public was "The Gypsy Scene," it made one imagine that real gypsies came, and the entire ball room was filled with the picturesque costumes and scenery. Scenes from "Hilary's" were presented by Miss Bell representing Minnie, Miss E. Ayr Nancy, Mrs. J. E. Trueman played a selection from the comedienne La Favorita which was well received.

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Just Opened for Spring 1893,

A Fine Line of Brussels Carpets in Choice Patterns and Colorings with 1/2 Borders to match.

Only \$1.10 per yd.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

SOLONS AT MADAWASKA.

INTERESTING DISCUSSIONS IN THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

Two Languages Necessary to Express the Sense of the Learned Legislators—Some Intricate Points—The Debate on the Salary Question.

On the third Tuesday in January the "body of the county" of Madawaska was left hollow because all the men "good and true" therefrom, assembled at Edmundston to witness the powers that be recite law where it is deficient. Fourteen high and mighty legislators sat around the table in the court room. Some wore their mantle of authority like Norman conquerors; some felt the confidence reposed in them; others the gin that fumed in their windpipes; and the balance thought of the vanity of rank and position. Outside of the railing stood the applicants "for licence for rum shop," making an onslaught with their eyes, and their hearts beating pit-pat! Then came the office-seekers—sipping secretaries, auditors, treasurers, license inspectors—lobbying and wire-pulling for all that they were worth. Many were the spectators from far and near, not the least among whom was Levite, shaking hands and promising "lettle breedges." It will take a good pot to put him asunder at the next federal election. Bulloffe was there grinning, his teeth and spectacles shining. "The king never dies"; neither does a municipal secretary, says Bulloffe. He has been once this official, he still continues g. b. ex-officio to advise the council and stands at the right hand of the warden. Rumor has it that he is the warden's right-hand man! On the left of the warden was C. A. D., the secretary, in his own flesh, and behind him was Barry. Thus surrounded by law and legal advice, sat the warden, surnamed the St. Mary's boy, who downed Richards last year and wrote it to the Gleaser.

The warden's duty is to write out all resolutions, select a mover and a seconder, read the resolution in English, then translate the same into jaw-bone French after which he says "passed" and hands the yellow slip of paper to the real secretary from whom Bulloffe snatches it and expounds the law, and failing to obtain an amendment, Barry addresses the jury as counsel with Bulloffe. Meanwhile C. A. D. is whispering into the ears of the councillors "you are not going to vote against me, are you?" "Order!" cries the warden, ready to read a yellow slip of paper "moved by councillors x x, seconded by councillors x x that the councillors receive one dollar per day for their services," and proceeds to translate as follows: "Movay and seconday that lay councillor's get une piastre per jour."

"Does that mean all the year round?" enquires Coun. Connors. "Hiah! hiah!" laughs the warden. "Ouah! ouah!" echoes the secretary. Bulloffe grinned and Barry looked over his spectacles. An amendment was made to suit Mr. Connors and the exigencies of the case. As there were only two "nays" the motion passed, and the warden handed the orange color slip to the real secretary. Bulloffe then took it and pronounced it all right, and handing it to Barry, the last court of appeal affirmed the judgment of the court below, each party paying his own costs.

Adjourned for dinner. The afternoon session was particularly interesting, as the license applications were considered. Thirty-five applications only! Two less than last year! Fifty dollars a license; loss to the county—one hundred dollars.

In mitigation of this deplorable depression in the treasury during his wardship, the St. Mary's boy, explained to the board that the parish priest of St. Ann's had forbidden his parishioners to sign any requisition for licenses and therefore the decrease in the applications. He felt the pulse of his wards previous to stretching the law, and then proposed to grant licenses without application, to two parishioners of St. Ann in view of the circumstances. Thereupon Coun. Cyr of St. Ann's remonstrated that it would be the height of nonsense to grant a license to a party without first knowing if such party would accept it. The warden in his turn thought it preposterous to suppose that anybody would refuse a license if it was granted to him, application or no application.

Coun. Cyr—"Why did they not make an application?"

Warden—"The Cure forbid anybody to sign their requisition."

Coun. Cyr—"The Cure only spoke against rum, and left everybody free."

This was too much for the warden and in his fury he shouted "By Cripes, he made the county lose one hundred dollars." Bulloffe interposed that regardless of consequences no license could be granted without application according to law; and his conviction of the warden was brought up to Barry on a certiorari, and sustained unanimously. Meanwhile C. A. D. was narrating those who wanted to bounce

him, but the St. Mary's boy would have his own way by shouting that there would be more liquor sold in St. Ann's than ever; whether he meant that he would start a liquor store himself, or that the people would sell without license did not more fully and at large appear. Levite then coughed, Bulloffe grinned, and it being late in the day Barry's eyebrows arched higher than previously. There was no movay, nor seconday, and the matter dropped.

Next in order was an intricate matter and owing to the excited state of minds not yet having abated, serious results were feared. One Pete M. had been fined twenty dollars for selling liquor on Sunday, and had paid the fine by giving ten dollars cash and his note for the balance, liable without notice of dishonor which had all been waived by those who bought the liquor. Pete now applied to have his note remitted to him.

Movay and seconday that the billet de Pete be returned a lui," said the warden.

Wot! cried Raphael, "Sacre", make him pay twenty dollars more."

This made a martyr of Pete and he was given his note.

Adjourned till next morning. The morning session was one of economic retrenchment.

Movay and seconday that the auditor's salary be fifteen dollars," began the warden.

"That's a farce," said Bulloffe. "Shoo," said Barry.

The warden explained to the new auditor that he would have nothing to do but sign his name where the treasurer told him. This was satisfactory to the new appointee who went away whistling "I've fifteen dollars in my inside pocket," and the St. Mary's boy crowed "Passed."

The door opened and in came the tall form of Coun. Connors, carrying with appropriate dignity the consolidated statutes under his arm. All the eyes were turned towards him, but he flinched not in his duty and walking up to the warden laid down the book on the table before him, opened it and putting his finger down like a peevy on a certain paragraph "read that," said he. Everybody looked, listened and wondered. "Hiah! Hiah!" burst the Warden.

"Ouah! Ouah!" followed the secretary. Silence being restored the St. Mary's boy read: "No warden or councillor shall receive any salary for his services," which being by him translated sounded as follows: "Lah salair, say paw bonne."

So it was moved seconded and passed that the resolution of the previous day granting "lah salair" be rescinded. It leaked out that the book belonged to Lawyer La Forest and this fact spoiled his chances of ever being secretary as he was then and there condemned for having aided and abetted Coun. Connors in his misdemeanor with intent to do grievous harm.

No new secretary being elected Bulloffe stopped grieving, Barry was looking away up, when the warden announced "tante fenie" and everybody got up and went away.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

WHY DEACON GOLAH FELL.

The Exposition of Brother Jonas in the way of a Funeral Sermon.

Referring to the remark of PROGRESS that Rev. L. G. Stevens was tempted by the devil, and fell, a Halifax correspondent has this anecdote:

At Preston, a colored settlement, a few miles back of Dartmouth, some years ago, Deacon Mundy Golah, a shining light in the church, had a sudden fall by yielding to the charms of a dusky maiden. In course of time Deacon Golah was called upon to lay down his burden of life. The lot of preaching his funeral sermon fell to one Brudder Jonas, who, in a solemn tone suitable to the occasion, said it was deeply to be regretted that so good a man as Brudder Golah should have made that one misstep of his life, but it was his own fault, he was too conceited, he boasted of his saving grace and his power to resist de debil. So den de good Lord thought he would take Brudder Golah down a notch, de fore, set a trap for Brudder Golah, and Brudder Golah fell right into de trap. So, dear brudder, this is a severe lesson to us all to not try to show we is better than odder folks or to parade our self-righteousness. Howsomeber, we hab reason to hope dat Brudder Golah got dar all de same, for it de Lord forgabe David who fell into a good many traps, surely he would enter Brudder Golah for just dat once.

It Upset the Verger.

The Westminster vergers are famous for Bumbledom airc. Dean Stanley used to tell a capital story about one of them, which ran as follows: A gentleman visiting the Abbey one week-day noticed someone enter and kneel down in one of the pews, as is common in all foreign churches, upon which the verger went up and touched the worshipper on the shoulder, who rose and retired in disgust. Presently the same thing happened again, when the spectator had the curiosity to ask the verger for an explanation of his singular conduct.

"Bless you, sir, he was saying his prayers; if we once allowed 'em to do that we should have 'em praying all over the place!"

WHERE PAUL LANDED.

A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF THE APOSTLE'S SHIPWRECK.

The Odd Tradition that No Wrecks Have Occurred There Since that Time—Among the Ice at Labrador—Curious Rise of a Great Industry.

LONDON, Feb. 6, 1893.—When I first tramped over the heights of Nasciar, descending into the valley beyond, and saw spread before me the Bay of St. Paul, a sense of awe mingled with glorious elation came with the stillness and beauty of the spot where the heroic Apostle was shipwrecked. The bay, which is about two miles long and one in breadth, is situated on the northern coast of Malta, and is hardly distant a brisk two hour's walk from Valetta, the chief city of Malta. Countless excursions are made hither by water from Malta's capital, and often the roads are filled with all manner of vehicles conveying pious or curious pilgrims. I preferred coming in the early morning and alone.

As I stood on Nasciar heights, the sun was just rising above the promontory of Ras el Kaura. Its rays fell softly upon the sleeping waters. They gave the little memorial chapel a bright and smiling face. They deepened the shadows on the eastern shore, where fishermen were lazily spreading their nets. They pierced the copses and chines of the Mellia slopes, disclosing the huts and cabins of the lowly folk who are nearly as naked and quite as listless of civilization as were their "barbarian" forefathers among whom St. Paul was cast nearly 2,000 years ago. They mellowed the grays of the massive walls of the ancient Salomona Palace, which crowns the Mellia rocks to the northwest. And where the little island of Gezier, like a bit of the cliffs tumbled into the sea at the north, showed its saffron surface between the blue of the bay and the sapphire of the sea, they flooded the great statue of the saint with such transcendent shine and seeming, that the quickened fancy, for an instant at least, swept across the centuries and basked in the very presence of that far and mighty soul.

A winding road skirts the beautiful bay. An ancient wall half hidden with shrubs and flowers forms a boundary with a second pleasant roadway behind. The fishermen with their nets, some donkeys grazing at the edge of the hill-slopes, seagulls in countless numbers, and a half-naked lad urging along a herd of goats with rocks and pebbles, were the only living things in view. Soon a kindly-faced priest joined me. We wandered down the road together. He had come down with the key of the little chapel which is set on that point of the shore on which tradition holds Paul's bark was wrecked.

As we came leisurely along the shore something in the water attracted my companion's attention. We stepped closer to the wimpling edge of the sleeping bay. The face of the priest showed momentary excitement and he made the sign of the cross. There, softly bumping against a low-lying, shelving rock, floated a water-logged piece of a broken spar—wreckage flashing instantly to the fancy a wilder scene of nearly 2,000 years ago, when the fearless Apostle found a hospitable friend in "the chief man of the island." It proved a startling incident to my guide. He recalled the tradition that since St. Paul's shipwreck within this very bay, no craft had ever gone to pieces on this part

of the coast; and not even so trifling a hint of the terrors of the sea had ever come to the shore as we had just seen. Ruminatively and much disturbed he led the way to the chapel.

It is a tiny chapel with an interior of utmost simplicity. But three of its pictures, whose subjects are the shipwreck, the miracle of the viper, and the healing of Publius' father, are remarkable, while the yearly votive offerings, the good father told me, are very great. The priest's adios and blessings followed me from the place, and as I turned my steps towards ancient Citta Vecchia, the last object in St. Paul's bay, my eyes rested upon, was the ledge of straggling rocks "where the two seas met." It was rimmed with a shimmer of glistening ripples as tiny, shining and slumberous as though but echoing the dreamful songs of sirens inviting to a haven of endless sleep.

A curious incident of a great industry having almost its origin, and certainly deriving its necessary physical support, from a children's game, came to my notice recently in Labrador. This game is called "copy." It is similar under its peculiar conditions to that of your own children when they boisterously "follow your leader."

It is indeed a wild and dangerous pastime, but is heartily encouraged by parents, as being at the basis of all success in seal hunting. When the ice begins breaking up in March all Labrador and Newfoundland children hail the arrival of their annual play-spell with joyous delight. "Copying" consists in leaping from one floating slab, or pan, of ice to another. The most daring of leaders are selected, and the sport is followed with tremendous vigor so long as the floating ice remains. Its utility lies in its educative power. The very expertness and bravery thus engendered are the supreme requisites in youths and men as seal hunters.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

The grapes is a fruit with a very old history; so old, that the mention of the big bunches in one of the books of Moses is a comparatively modern story, if we may believe Chinese historians, who claim to have had grapes at least eleven centuries B. C.

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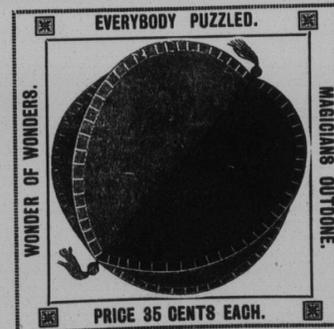


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WONDERS OF OUR TIMES.

GREAT ENGINEERING FEATS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

London's Big Town and Bridge—Railways Under and Over Mountains in Both Hemispheres—How Niagara Falls Will be Harnesses.

The great tower, now under construction in London which owes its origin to the energies of Sir E. W. Watkin, M. P., deserves first place, as a worthy rival to the great Eiffel tower, the engineering boast of France says an English paper. This tower, which is being erected at Wembley Park, where a special station has been already opened, fourteen minutes from Baker street station, is being actively pushed forward. The foundation works have been completed, and the laying out of the grounds is so far advanced that it is expected the park, which covers 180 acres, will be opened in the spring. The foundations are composed of huge concrete blocks, which vary in depth from 28ft. to 60ft., according to the level of the land. The tower itself will measure 960ft. in circumference at the base, and 1,100ft. in height, or 150ft. higher than the Eiffel, while it will be larger than its prototype in every way. The material destined for its erection is polished steel. The summit will be 1,450ft. above sea level. The tower itself is expected to take about eighteen months to build.

The Tower Bridge is another great London engineering venture which is rapidly approaching completion, although the final date of opening for traffic has had to be shifted forward several times. This bridge, which is built on the "bascule" principle, presents a novel feature in the centre span, which is 200 ft. wide and cut in halves, which are to be raised and brought flush with the towers by machinery concealed within them. When open for passage of vessels foot-passengers may cross by a lofty footpath to which access is obtained by staircases and lifts within the towers. These immense piers in the bed of the river are said to be the largest in the world. The total length of bridge and approaches is 2,640 ft. About 31,000,000 bricks, 19,500 tons of cement, 70,500 cubic yards of concrete, and 15,000 tons of iron and steel will be utilized in the structure.

When the great Siberian Railway chain is present being constructed—is finished, Russia can boast of possessing the greatest railway in the world. This tremendous system will stretch right across the immense territory of Siberia, no less than 4,785 miles, or twice the length of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and the cost, inclusive of rolling stock, etc., is given as £36,765,000 or £7,680 per mile. This very low cost is due to the favorable nature of the ground for engineering operations and the absence of huge Parliamentary expenses and compulsory purchase of land, which have, in our country, made railways so costly. The first part of this huge undertaking was cut by the Czar, at Vladivostok, on 24th May, 1891. On the eastern section as many as 12,000 men are employed, and part of the line has been already opened for traffic.

The Trans-Andine Railway in South America deserves mention, owing to the tremendous engineering problems to be solved in crossing the great mountain chain forming the backbone of the continent. Of this railway, begun twenty years ago, and reaching from Buenos Ayres, on the Atlantic, to Valparaiso, on the Pacific—a stretch of 870 miles—only the completing section in the heart of the Andes is unfinished. The Andes are crossed by the Cumbre Pass, 13,045ft. above sea level. Of this altitude, 2,000ft. are cut off by a three-mile tunnel, and altogether among the mountains there are five tunnels, with a total of over ten miles, while in the mountain section the locomotives, for sixty-five miles of the line, have toothed wheels to work on the rack system when necessary to surmount the heavier gradients.

It may well be imagined that driving a tunnel in the heights of the Andes is quite a different matter from the same work performed at ordinary levels in settled countries. The workmen, even though accustomed to living at great elevations, have to be acclimatized to the rarefied air, and this difficulty is forcibly exemplified in the case of the loftiest railway tunnel in the world—that being bored through the Peruvian Andes near Galeria. This is the highest village in the world, 15,635ft. above the sea, or only 100ft. lower than the summit of Mont Blanc. Near this village a tunnel 3,847ft. long, is being bored through the summit of the mountain, 600ft. above the line of perpetual snow. This certainly may take rank as one of the most extraordinary of railway engineering enterprises.

The Alps have been tunneled through so frequently that the proposal to bore them once more, this time below the famed Simplon Pass, causes no surprise, though this tunnel will be the longest of the lot—12½ miles in all, about three miles longer than the St. Gothard tunnel. This tunnel, which is estimated to cost 100,000,000 francs, will present a novel feature, being single with double railway track in its northern half, while the southern half will consist of two parallel tunnels, each with a single track, this arrangement being adopted with a view to improving the ventilation. There is, however, another proposal to cross the Simplon Pass (6,600 ft. high) by a railway, the steepest section of which would be built on the cog-wheel system, with a tunnel five miles long, costing in all 30,000,000 francs.

The highest mountain railway in Europe is the Brienz Rothhorn railway, which was opened in November, 1891, and ascends to a height of 5,606 ft. at the summit level. The journey is performed in 1½ hours, and the steepest gradient is one in four. It is purely a rack and pinion line throughout, and is further remarkable from the short time in which it was constructed, having been begun in October, 1890. This in little over a year this was finished, though the work necessitated the boring of ten tunnels, the bridging of several streams, and the building of heavy stone dams. Another remarkable mountain railway is that up Pike's Peak, in Colorado, which

was opened in the summer of 1891. This line, nine miles long, climbs a height of 14,147 ft. above the sea level, with a maximum gradient of one in four. This is also a rack rail line; there also difficulty was experienced in the higher portions from the rarity of the air. There is a mountain railway in the Catskill mountains, New York state, 7,000 ft. long, which is worked by cables driven by drum at the summit, where the steam engines are placed.

The works in progress for the utilization of the immense power continually running to waste at Niagara are rapidly approaching completion, and these have been described as but the beginning of perhaps the most engineering feat ever undertaken. The great tunnel has just been finished. This, which is 6,700 ft. long, 28 ft. high, and 18 ft. wide, runs from the bottom of a great shaft, 140 ft. deep, to which the water is brought, from above the Falls by a large canal, and running parallel with the river empties itself below the cliffs under the suspension bridge, after having set in motion the series of great turbines which are intended to work the dynamos to transmit power electrically to any desired point. Only 150,000 horse-power of the 17,000,000 which it is calculated the Falls can supply will be absorbed by the Cataract Construction Company's works. It is intended to sell power at the rate of twenty dollars per horse-power per annum up to 3,000 horse-power; for powers beyond the charge will be ten dollars per horse-power.

BURGLARY HOLDS ITS LEAD.

The Skill of the Safe Crackers Still a Little Too Much for the Safe Makers.

A clever safe expert talking of the burglaries yesterday said: "The work seems to have been done by men who thoroughly understand the beating of a combination burglar-proof safe. You see, there are two styles of safe-crackers, as we know them, the new and the old. That's how the police get a clue in working up a case. The old-style crackman used powder. He first drilled a hole beside the lock and then blew it off with a charge of powder. The improved method is to first knock off the spindle and then drive the combination lock back into the safe. Then all the burglar has to do is to open the safe door and help himself. The "Spike Hennessy" style of safe burglar is going out of fashion. During the past ten years only five safes have been blown open. It makes too much noise. All the others have been touched in the latest style. The Assessor's safe was tampered with a few months ago, and it was as plain as day that it was the work of an amateur who had just learned enough of the quiet, easy way of breaking open a vault to knock off the combination knob, but there his knowledge of the business ended. Instead of drilling in a little to one side of the combination and driving it in, he thought it was necessary to bore in through the keyhole, as it was a key and combination safe. That settled it. He might have worked a week, that way, but he couldn't have got in. The result was that he simply injured the safe and caused the city the expense of having it opened. "The burglars of today are more considerate than they used to be. If they couldn't get in in the days of yore they would just go for satisfaction. I recollect a singular affair in the little place called Smartville, up in Yuba county. One night burglars broke into the general store to tap the safe that was supposed to contain at least \$10,000 worth of gold deposited by the miners the day before. It was an iron safe, weighing about 700 pounds. The affair, weighing about 700 pounds, was of arousing the town, so they simply packed it off into an adjacent canon, blew it open, and took everything in sight. They only got a few hundred dollars, though, the gold having been secretly sent to Marysville, where it was banked. "Several years ago the safe of a wholesale commission-house in this city was rifled, and it was several hours before anyone could find out just how the job had been done. You know it is a common thing for men working in an office to put their memorandums on the side of the safe. Well, this one was simply covered on one side with pieces of paper. The burglars got in one night and soaked off one of the papers and cut into the side. They pulled out the paper on one side, and the next evening they finished the job, and pulled out everything of value in the safe. When I was called in to solve the problem of how the safe had been looted without touching the door, I lifted up the safe and saw the hole from the inside. Then one of the young men employed remembered having seen some white dust on the floor beside the safe the day before the money disappeared. He had thought nothing of it, and the safe cracker had an opportunity to do the second night's work. "Nowadays," continued the expert, "merchants do not place the confidence which they used to in steel vaults. They go to the safe deposits with their valuables. In many of the large houses the safe is simply kept to put the books in to protect them from fire. To save the box from mutilation by burglars they post the combination beside the lock and label it distinctly. In several places the notice reads: "This is the combination. Do not break the safe open, but follow the directions written hereon and you will get in without trouble. "One gentleman has posted this card: "Our valuables are in the safe deposit. Please don't get mad and have fun with the safe. "Others do not lock their safes, even. "When the building on Market street next to the Nucleus was being constructed a shirt manufacturer doing business in the latter structure was very much disturbed over the safety of his wealth. He had a steel vault was opened and the burglar got in with a few dollars in change. The mass of silver was found all right under the cracked safe."—San Francisco Chronicle.

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SOME QUEER OLD BONES.

Anatomical Curiosities to be Found in Exhibitions in London.

One of the queerest collections of old bones is that got together round the hall of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Skulls and skeletons from all the ends of the earth are gathered into glass cases—a regular ecumenical council of all the nations under the sun, who look as though they may have come together to discuss their many differences, but have all been struck mute with astonishment at the discovery that, apart from mere surface diversities, they are so much alike. There they stand, grinning at each other, and though fairly tickled to find how much, after all, they have in common.

In one glass case stands the herculean framework of Charles Byrne, the once famous Irish giant, who, when he died, was found to measure eight feet four inches, and now stands here a skeleton nearly eight feet high. With his enormous height and bulk, he was, of course, an object of much curiosity during life, and appears to have had a suspicion that the grave might afford him no complete refuge from the sightseers. Before he died he bequeathed to two fishermen a hundred pounds each, to be paid to them on condition that after his death they would take his body out to sea and drop it overboard.

The big man had apparently got an inkling of the special interest taken in him by Hunter, the famous surgeon, who founded this museum, and who was known to be anxious to get possession of his skeleton. Hunter had, in fact, made up his mind to have it, and when the giant died he sought out the two fishermen. He told them he did not wish to prevent them earning their two hundred pounds by throwing the body into the sea, but if before doing so they would tie a rope to it, so that they might afterwards haul it up again, he would give them another two hundred. So it was decreed that he was not to be hidden away in the sea-bottom, and here he is, doomed to perpetual exhibition side by side with the puny framework of a dwarf, exhibited in London in the early part of the century, and his height, just twenty-four inches in height. "This was an adult, but there is one Lilliputian frame of a child, about sixteen inches in height, the smallest in the collection of human beings actually born into this toady-turvy world, though there are some others arranged in series, and running down to somewhere about an inch in length.

But the old bones upon which probably most people would look with most interest in this collection are those of Jonathan Wild, the infamous wretch who made his own living by swearing away the lives of others, and who eventually was dragged to Tyburn through the midst of an exasperated populace, from whom he was with great difficulty protected, and hanged. The villain stands here, grinning, though pondering on the past, and could not help chuckling over it. One of the grimmest-looking fellows, now that he has been stripped out to his bones, is Nalla Nulla, in the museum of St. Thomas's Hospital, the famous Australian native who, a generation or two ago, made his money, and his name, in the city of London, who he got with him the identical cudgel with which in his day he knocked out nobody knows how many persons' brains. He was actually buried once, but so famous was he here in England that his remains were dragged up, and his bones handed over to the articulator, to be neatly wired together and shown here in the middle of London.

Of odd little figures of men, one of the oddest ever seen in London was one that was brought up from somewhere in Sussex, at the time the International Medical Congress at Burlington House a few years ago. It was the skeleton of a man whose bones seemed as brittle as glass, and who appeared to have been always tumbling about and breaking himself. He was tall and thin, and his life long was subject to this curious infirmity. Nevertheless, he managed to attain a height of five feet four, and to live to be sixty years of age. But the constant breaking and contortions of his bony frame gradually reduced his height, and his health slowly gave way. As exhibited at Burlington House, his frame was not much over a yard high, if any, and a singularly queer, twisted sort of structure it was at that. For all his affliction, however, he managed to find a wife, and he had two children, both of whom, it was said, manifested the same distressing peculiarity.

An English Typewriter Story. A gentleman engaged a typist—who was young and pretty—and some six months afterwards was called upon by another gentleman, who was contemplating a similar step, but wished first to find out "how it worked." After some conversation, the caller asked No. 1 how he found his new clerk. "Oh, splendid!" cried No. 1, with enthusiasm. "Seems rather warm on the subject," reflected No. 2; "think I'll put another feeler." So he put it. "Quick? Greased lightning was nothing compared with her?" "Yes, Anxious to please, I suppose?" "She managed to please me," said No. 1. "Gets through a lot of work?" asked No. 2. "Got through—" corrected the other. "Why—she's gone? Not gone? Then you don't mean to say that you've married her? Yes, by thunder, I do. Shortly after she engaged herself to me I engaged myself to her, and—don't congratulate me yet—she's very nice, but I've had to take on her sister in her place, and she's a first-class Good-bye, old fellow! Be careful!"—Casell's Journal.

Some Successful Novels. An Australian and an English novel seem to compete very closely for the largest circulation within the last five years. There is "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," by Mr. Fergus W. Hume, first published in Australia, where 25,000 copies were sold within three months. When published in London, in 1887, its sale was such as it is said has never been surpassed. The publishers' books showed that within five months after publication, on December 3rd of that year, no fewer than 872,000 copies

of the quiet, easy way of breaking open a vault to knock off the combination knob, but there his knowledge of the business ended. Instead of drilling in a little to one side of the combination and driving it in, he thought it was necessary to bore in through the keyhole, as it was a key and combination safe. That settled it. He might have worked a week, that way, but he couldn't have got in. The result was that he simply injured the safe and caused the city the expense of having it opened. "The burglars of today are more considerate than they used to be. If they couldn't get in in the days of yore they would just go for satisfaction. I recollect a singular affair in the little place called Smartville, up in Yuba county. One night burglars broke into the general store to tap the safe that was supposed to contain at least \$10,000 worth of gold deposited by the miners the day before. It was an iron safe, weighing about 700 pounds. The affair, weighing about 700 pounds, was of arousing the town, so they simply packed it off into an adjacent canon, blew it open, and took everything in sight. They only got a few hundred dollars, though, the gold having been secretly sent to Marysville, where it was banked. "Several years ago the safe of a wholesale commission-house in this city was rifled, and it was several hours before anyone could find out just how the job had been done. You know it is a common thing for men working in an office to put their memorandums on the side of the safe. Well, this one was simply covered on one side with pieces of paper. The burglars got in one night and soaked off one of the papers and cut into the side. They pulled out the paper on one side, and the next evening they finished the job, and pulled out everything of value in the safe. When I was called in to solve the problem of how the safe had been looted without touching the door, I lifted up the safe and saw the hole from the inside. Then one of the young men employed remembered having seen some white dust on the floor beside the safe the day before the money disappeared. He had thought nothing of it, and the safe cracker had an opportunity to do the second night's work. "Nowadays," continued the expert, "merchants do not place the confidence which they used to in steel vaults. They go to the safe deposits with their valuables. In many of the large houses the safe is simply kept to put the books in to protect them from fire. To save the box from mutilation by burglars they post the combination beside the lock and label it distinctly. In several places the notice reads: "This is the combination. Do not break the safe open, but follow the directions written hereon and you will get in without trouble. "One gentleman has posted this card: "Our valuables are in the safe deposit. Please don't get mad and have fun with the safe. "Others do not lock their safes, even. "When the building on Market street next to the Nucleus was being constructed a shirt manufacturer doing business in the latter structure was very much disturbed over the safety of his wealth. He had a steel vault was opened and the burglar got in with a few dollars in change. The mass of silver was found all right under the cracked safe."—San Francisco Chronicle.

was sold. "Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, has had an immense sale. In five months it passed, in the three volume form, through seven editions; and through thirteen editions in the year of its publication, 1888. By 1891 over 60,000 copies of the one-volume edition had been sold in England, and about 500,000 in the United States of America; the sale in this latter case consisting largely of pirated editions. It has also been translated into German, Dutch, and Danish. The "Silence of Dean Maitland" ran through ten editions in the first year of its existence.—Tit Bits.

THINGS OF VALUE.

To a woman's eyes, indifference, not cowardice, is the unpardonable sin in a man. The unbestowed caress of the lover who longs to kiss his sweetheart, but dares not, is valued infinitely more than an indifferent salute.

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Sydney, C. B. A young clergyman seems to have compressed the whole body of his sermon on "Deceit" into the following:—"Oh, my brethren, the snowiest shirt-front may conceal an aching bosom, and the stiffest of all collars encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow."

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THE JEW AND THE

A Sermon that Takes of Dramatic

From a paper on "The Jew and the Christian," the following passages, as has already been said, are of images, poor, degraded, and the only exception in the Jew and the Christian, printed by Combes & Co. National Library at exists in the library curious composition, but a sermon, preached Sunday in the church Constantinople, in the may be said that it sermon, because it before a congregation might be added the received ideas of what was, that is not a story of some length, it is supposed facts, but, like most treats historical fact. The story is shortly In the reign of H Byzantium a merchant good man and a just friend and ruin, and his friends a loan vessel. The friend him out, shut the door, and he goes to a worthy and asks him to advise Jew comments the merchant can be sure for him for loan should Theodore again goes to his fused with coldness in despair through fore the Emperor arrested by the grand stantine over the morning sun. In the rejected man and Christ and entered surety for him to the market-place out the surety After some hesitation test, the Jew, who Theodore, but his image, agrees to The merchant is as all. A beautiful poor fellow's shamed kindness of the Jew comforts him, and same sun of money of the Jew is a generous trust as a very true to should Theodore winter, he should hand, half his promises to do Spain, comes to Britain, tin, after having he had brought for He returns to winters either in promise troubles but finds no one as all the ships but actual storms burst of faith, resolved places in a stout letter.—I, The master Abraham benefactor and the monk, Mas by the mercy of God has verily brought our mercy And now, see gold which I do surety, and He w to thy hands. I not forget us. Then, having pitched it well, The story passes the waters of the old steward, con the old Jew sits his feet, when he on the wavelets. ers the box with the faithful The On the return spring, Abraham Christian, denied surety has not he cannot doubt perplexity, he to the copper-n fore the braze Theodore, with forth a noble p to the heart by forth in the hun weeping, and friend in Chris

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

It is quite an old saying that "love, and a cough, cannot be hid," and though I am not prepared to fully endorse the first clause of the proverb—since I have not only seen love very successfully hidden, but so thoroughly disguised that it might well pass for a very opposite feeling—I can say amen, with all my heart to the latter part; because, in the first place the victim is not able to hide it even if he wishes to, and in the second he does not seem to have the least desire to do so, but seems rather proud of his affliction than the contrary, if one may judge by the number of people suffering from violent coughs, who persistently attend church, and thereby render the lives of all the other worshippers a burden to them. It may at the first glance seem hard to suggest that people afflicted with severe colds should be denied the satisfaction of attending church, but surely a more sensible view of the matter would be that anyone whose cough is so bad that it disturbs the whole congregation of a church, would be much better at home as it is impossible for a person whose whole time is occupied in coughing, to pay the attention he would wish to the service.

I have known people take children to church when they had such colds that a wicker room, a tub of hot mustard and water, and a bowl of steaming gruel seemed the only fitting surroundings for the unhappy little creatures, and while they barked like coyotes throughout the entire service, their parents who had become accustomed to the din at home and therefore scarcely heard it, devoted themselves to their religious exercises with a painless unconsciousness of their surroundings, beautiful to witness, and not easy to attain.

If a cough was amenable to reason or at all possible to control one would not mind so much, but it is the utter independence of all rules of expediency and convenience, and scorn of the trammels of control, which makes a bad cough one of the most trying maladies known to science.

The clergyman arises, clears his throat, and gives out "The hundred and—" "Woof! woof! woof! woof!" goes the man on the third seat from the front; and the number of that hymn is an unsolved mystery to the congregation who have opened their hymn books expectantly and are now glaring fiercely at the organ in a perfectly unanimous longing to pound him on the back and ease the paroxysm by heroic methods, and the clergyman once more endeavors to tell his hearers what hymn is to be sung.

"We will now sing the hundred and—" "woof! woof! woof! woof!" goes the man with his hands on the keys and the organist glances impatiently at the choir who have cleared their throats for the third time and are eager to begin, so the clergyman gives it up in despair, the organ peals forth the opening bars, and the congregation have to be satisfied with the certainty that the hymn is somewhere between the nineteenth and the 91st and they are free to pursue their researches in this wide field with but indifferent chances of success, until the amen convinces them that they have failed. It is very hard! very hard indeed! And the worst of it is that the man with the cough is likely to experience a period of rest and relief during the prayers, to cough only a few times during the sermon—after he has succeeded in obliterated the text by one well directed bark—and to break forth with renewed vigor as soon as the usual notice pastor begins, and the usual notices of service are read, and the usual week; and then he wraps himself up and goes peacefully homeward leaving a long, vibrating trail of coughs in his wake, as the cold air strikes into his lungs. I feel sorry for him as he has such a cold, but my strongest sympathy is for the man who is not at home and by far is regret that he gets better.

He has spoken of the offender as "he" because somehow when one wishes to generalize, that form of speech sounds more impartial and professional, but I am afraid we ladies are the worst offenders in that respect ourselves. I know my own conduct in that respect is far from clear, but I have made up my mind to turn over a new leaf and try to treat others as I would like to be treated myself. The reason for this feverish haste reform lies in the fact that a small girl with a large cold sat directly behind me last Sunday morning in church and coughed steadily into my right ear during the whole service. She was a witty girl and an observing one, who wrote in a mental album over against the question, "What do you dialike most in the world?" the answer, "Hearing another person cough." I have a shuddering cough of my own, and I have wondered lately, since I have been given the subject special attention, why some of my near relatives did not give me "Rough on Nats" long ago.

I wonder if it is true that women are more given to exaggeration than men? I am afraid it is because we do so love to make a sensation, and, a story goes so much better when it is touched up a little and trimmed, than if it were left in perfect plainness. We are given to exaggerate our own emotions, and our own joys and sorrows, and our own other things into the way of exaggerating them. For example, when a cow chases you, or me, just a common everyday cow, and in describing the incident afterwards to a sympathetic audience nothing seems more natural than to speak of that cow as the largest of her species. "A huge cow, with horns like a buffalo, and a bellow like one of the most terrible beasts ever had in all her life, and if each one she has is as much worse, than its predecessor, as she imagines it is, the only wonder is that the climax has not been reached long ago and the victim succumbed to the finally-wool-of-all. If anyone should ask a woman if she knows Mr. so and so, ten chances to one she will reply "Oh yes, very well indeed!" when perhaps she has met the person referred to at the outside half a dozen times. Not

long ago I heard one lady ask another if she had ever met Mrs. S. "Well I should think so" was the reply, "I have met her hundreds of times." I knew both speakers very well, and I also knew the circumstances had so placed the second speaker that she could not possibly have met Mrs. S. more than a dozen times at the outside so I wondered what could be the object of such a gratuitous tarra-diddle-unless it was unconscious, and uttered from the mere force of habit. If I see a pretty dress, or a pretty hat, I know I go home and describe it to the prettiest one we ever saw, and I know it is impossible for me to look out of the window when a rather bad storm is raging without remarking that it is the worst storm I ever saw; I don't mean to be untruthful, but simply cannot help an impulse to put the best foot foremost, and tell a good story while I am about it. So I suppose the impulse is common to our sex for I am sure in large matters I would much rather pin my faith upon a woman's accuracy, and truthfulness than a man's, and I am very fond of the other sex too, as I have frequently remarked. Suppose we try to be more careful in future girls, and remember that if we are not strictly accurate in little things a cold and critical world, will not be disposed to place much dependence upon our word, in more important things.

"San Francisco has a novelty in the shape of a woman doctor who literally wears the trousers under a princess dress reaching a few inches below the knee. Because she is a woman, and the woman instinct dies hard, the trousers are pinned on with safety pins instead of being supported in the regular way. With the trousers is worn an union undergarment of wool with no bands, over this a health waist, and then the princess, which just covers the knees as she sits down.

So says a late American paper! Try and picture it girls; extremes are meeting sorely when we have a threatened invasion of crinolines on one hand, and—ah—well yes, possibly trousers on the other—"Laws-kass-massy" what is the world coming to anyway?

Speaking of crinolines, do you know that the approaching invasion which everyone foresees but all seem powerless to assert, is being made the subject of a regular crusade in England? Mrs. Arthur Stannard known in the literary world as "John Strange Winter" has placed her charming self at the head of it and already her following numbers over 8,000, all of whom have pledged themselves to resist the grim foe to the bitter end. The Queen herself has been appealed to for her support, but she has declined to commit herself to any definite action in the matter in the following terms, speaking through her minister:

My dear Mrs. Stannard, I have been honored by your letter of the 12th has been laid before the Queen, but that her Majesty can express no opinion on the subject which she has to me. Mrs. Stannard should have remembered that her Gracious Majesty is very stout and therefore a reasonable amount of crinoline would be very becoming to her, in fact a regular boon. Suppose we form a league girls, for the danger is coming very close now, and I believe that in some of the fashionable shops in New York the crinoline has already made its appearance and is dangling in all its native horror in the windows. I wish I could remember half the dreadful stories I have read about this steel and tape "cage for angels." There was a crinoline scare some years ago which never materialized, and I read a great deal of crinoline literature then, but I have forgotten most of it by this time. I know there was a most appalling number of deaths from burning in those days, because the distended skirts would spread around their owners were aware of, that they passed beyond control and almost beyond the ken of their wearers, got into the fire and once they were ignited it was almost impossible to extinguish the flames, and because the wire frame kept the skirt extended and prevented the flames from being smothered. It really is true, that a large number of women were burned to death during the day of the hoopskirts, and it will be two dreadful if any of us should be exposed to such risks just because we have not sufficient strength of character to resist a senseless fashion.

I am afraid that if we want to be in the height of the fashion next summer, we shall have to remodel our last summer's dresses a little; and I saw an excellent plan for doing this the other day. Skimpiness of outfit line is no longer fashionable, and so the girl who wants to be up to date must make her skirts look full, and puffy, if possible, or else floppy and empresque. The dress I saw had the plaits in the back let out, and pressed, then gathered and sewed to the short, pointed basque underneath. The skirt was then trimmed with five full ruffles, each about three inches wide, which were made to reach nearly to the belt by being placed fully eight inches apart; the first one was directly at the foot, and the last, about six inches from the waist. It does not seem very well I know, but really it looked so very pretty, and I believe this style will be very popular in wash dresses during the summer. One pretty model for a zephyr gingham had a two inch ruffle at the foot headed with a puff, and three others were ranged above it, a quarter of an yard apart. Three ruffles set one above the other from the shoulders up, the trimmings of the bodice, the lower one falling over the sleeves in the fashionable but hideous cape effect. Fancy a girl with a pretty figure always going about with a cape over her shoulders?

VERB, Nova Scotia—Yes—You are a great stranger, and I almost thought you had forgotten me, or that you imagined the correspondence column had been done away with altogether; it has not been, I assure you, and we can have just as pleasant "chats" as of old. The only change made was a necessary one brought about by the limited space at my disposal being taken up week after week, by people who really had no questions to ask, and no answers to give. In justice to my real me "for fun." So in justice to my real correspondents a change was made, and I correspondents a change was made, and I effect of frightening away any of my old friends; and you may be sure that as long as this page is here at all, the boys will be

welcome to a corner of it. Why some of my very best and oldest friends are amongst the boys. (1) The crinoline, my dear boy, is nothing less than that old fashioned abomination the hoop skirt, which our mothers used to wear in their younger days, and which some lunatic whose name has not been made public but who also should be lynched, has endeavoring to revive; but so far without any great success, I am glad to say. So Chum has left you? Yes I saw by the papers that he had, and some of these days you will be following his example when you are old enough, but I know how lonely you must feel, and I have been thinking about you ever since it happened. What a strange thing this love is.

I cannot tell what this love may be. That comes to all, but not to me. He will come one of these days all the same, so you seem to have a gloomy presentiment as to Chum's probable return when first he set forth on his voyage. I am glad he is so happy, and I am sure you are too. Write whenever you feel like it, for you are always sure of a welcome, and I miss you very much, when your silence is too long.

BUNGLES.—Your letter was a very manly, straightforward one, and I appreciate the awkward position in which you are placed, thoroughly, but yet I scarcely see how I can help you. The lady in question forgot herself unparadoxically when she told you of her sentiments. If she had kept them to herself, and you had only suspected them, you would both have saved a great deal of embarrassment. How in the world did it ever come to such a confession, and don't you think you must have been a little in the dark? As it has gone so far, your duty to your friend, as well as your decided stand; if it were practicable absence would be the very best thing, but I know that it is not always possible to run away from one's troubles, and the next best thing will be to avoid her as much as you can without hurting her feelings, try not to let her see that it is intentional; with a little management you can make it appear accidental that she sees so little of you. I am afraid you must not lay too much stress on retaining her friendship, unless you are prepared to attempt any half measures, and it would scarcely be fair to her, by-and-by you may be the greatest friend, but it would scarcely be fair to her to stop half way now; don't you see it must be all or nothing, and she ought to respect you all the more for trying to help her to forget? When you do meet be as kind and respectful as possible showing her rather more deference than your other lady friends, so she may not have the misery of thinking you despise her. Perhaps as you have already discussed the subject it might be best to talk it over again, and tell her honestly what you think about it. In answer to your last question, I do not think you would be doing right either to yourself or to her if you took such a step. Every woman is entitled to the whole of her husband's heart, and a man does a woman a bad office less than her just due, because he is unable to give her all. Some other man will come along in the fulness of time and give her his whole heart in return for hers. We get over all these things, you know, in order to fulfill the plan of nature, and a little suffering now is better than a life long sorrow from which there is no escape. That is the best advice I can give you and I hope it will be of some service. Write again some time and let me know. I am glad to know that you take an interest in my part of the paper, though you are a man and men usually despise a woman's page, which they think is entirely devoted to fashions and fancy work. ASTRA.

BY AID OF A PISTOL. One Way by Which a Laggard in Love may Be Landed.

At some time or other in her life every girl whose big brother owns a pistol has a desire to master it, says a writer in the N. Y. Press. There is nothing surer to land a laggard in love than a pistol lesson. It is better than a course of dieting for a dyspeptic spectator. The fair pupil and her lukewarm courtier repair to some secluded spot. Of course this is absolutely necessary. If there was even so much as a single boy or one pescent bovine the fatal bullet would be sure to find him or it. Then the seclusion is also very desirable to prevent the lesson being transformed into a popular entertainment and attended by all the lively small fry.

Of course, the girl has long ago seen the weapon and admired the polished steel and shimmering mother of pearl and thought how proud she would be to hit a sparrow or even to make the hammer snap and hear it go bang. But now Tom holds the pistol out to her and says: "Now take it this way and hold it this way." And she begins to fidget. Her fingers refuse to catch the handle of the revolver right. They tangle themselves up about the hammer, and Tom, scared out of a year's growth by her antics with it, comes to the rescue. He tries to arrange her fingers in the correct position. That is very dangerous to the peace of the young man's mind, but, of course, his touch makes her slender fingers all the more accurate! Not a bit of it. Tom fuses again and again, but the obstinate little fingers refuse to stay where they are put. He notices the rings, and for the first time thinks what slim fingers they are. Then he discovers that the hand is shapely and wouldn't be a bad sort of a hand to hold one in awhile. Then a suggestion is in order that he will hold his hand over hers and help her fire the first time.

And she—well, she would back out now if it wasn't too late. The pistol looks as if it was a Fourth July cannon. Fire that awful object? Never! But his offer to hold her hand rather braces her sinking nerves. His firm fingers close over hers. The pistol is cocked. He says: "Now!" There is a click, but that's all. He drops his hand in astonishment. She lets fall the revolver in a similar mood, and then comes her triumph. An examination of the machine discloses the fact that the able instructor has failed to load a single chamber. Now, here's where her tact comes in, and this makes her her slave generally. With the sweetest gesture in this service she says: "Oh, Tom! how thoughtful of me was of you to think of that way to let me get used to it! Now, I shan't be a bit afraid and I was really awfully scared before."

Then the instructor looks gigantic and pompous. He inflates with pride at his originality, and when he fills up the five

DURING FEBRUARY

we propose closing out a number of Lines which if not sold this month will not be sold this winter. Therefore the following lines will go at prices that in some cases will be much less than cost. Men's and Women's Black Moose Moccasins DON'T sell at \$1.75. We'll try them at 75c., all around. Men's Yellow Buckskin Moccasins, broken sizes, \$1.50 and \$1.75. Now at \$1.00. Women's warm German Slippers, broken sizes, formerly \$1.00 and \$1.50. Now 50c., 75c. and \$1.00. Children's German Slippers, formerly 50c. Now 25c. Youth's Oil Tan Larrigans, formerly 75c. Now 25c. Sizes 10, 11, 12 only. Women's, Misses' and Children's Warm Lined Skating Boots at reduced prices.

These are all fresh goods, but some of the sizes being gone we want to see them all gone. WATERBURY & RISING, 34 KING AND 212 UNION STREETS. AMERICAN DYE WORKS COMPANY. Lace Curtains Cleaned & Dyed by a French Process. Office—South Side King Square, Works—Elm Street North End, St. John, New Brunswick.

chambers he puts the deadly machine in her hand with a very patronizing gesture and says: "Now try it all yourself. Don't be afraid. It won't hurt you. Just cock it and pull the trigger. Aim at that apple tree." Then she covers again. She doesn't mean to. She isn't to be blamed for it. Finally in desperation she cocks the pistol, points it wildly at anything ahead of her, covers her face and shoots. The report is bigger than a whole broadside of artillery. She is sure she has wounded something, and with a shriek falls into her instructor's arms.

Now that's the climax, and if that pistol lesson doesn't end in a proposal then the young man is a hopeless case. The Proper Salutation. "No, that's no longer the style," said one girl to another, as her friend raised her arm until the immense cuff of her velvet sleeve was on a level with her head. "We don't shake hands in the air any more. At present the ceremony is performed very low down; the arm is held rather stiff, and the hands meet as near the knees as possible. The clasp is the same, as is also the shake. Wait until we reach home and I will give you an object lesson in the new way of kissing," she continued. I learned it at school, but not from a book, however; our principal taught us, and she forbade the girls to salute each other except in the prescribed manner—that is, a kiss on either cheek. While your lips are touching your friend's right cheek her eyes are taking the powder off your left, and vice versa. It's very pretty, very foreign and dignified, and requires time and practice in order to accomplish it gracefully, besides, it is more elegant than a hit or miss salutation that might sometimes on the chin, sometimes on the tip of the nose, but which was meant to reach the mouth.—Washington Post.

Lamb's Tongues. Lamb's tongues are rarely seen except pickled, but they may be served hot with tomato or brown sauce, or they may be rolled in flour and butter and then browned in a quick oven, and served with a garnish of vegetables, a la jardiniere, and a brown sauce; again they may be cut into cubes and heated in brown or white sauce with boiled macaroni; and still another method would be, to cut them into cubes, put them in a shallow dish with white sauce, cover with grated bread crumbs, dot with butter, and bake for twenty minutes in a moderately hot oven. When they come out, dip them in the prepared lamb's tongues au gratin. The tongues cost from three and a half to five cents a piece, the price depending upon the particular market where they are sold. As a rule, one must engage them a day or two in advance of the time they will be wanted.—Good Housekeeping.

Will Be Essential for Women. There are two branches of knowledge now not generally acquired or known which will be absolutely indispensable to the people of the next generation. These are chemistry and stenography. These are always essential to housekeepers are devoting their attention to sanitary science, round which cluster many other arts, and in which chemistry plays no minor part. As for stenography, that still difficult study is being made so simple, and it is a question of but a few years when the stenographic art will be taught in the public schools. Pupils may not be obliged to acquire an exhaustive knowledge of it, but to such a degree of proficiency that in after life they may save much time and labor in the routine of business or in the exacting functions of professional life.—Nast's Weekly.

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A PRIZE PORTRAIT PUZZLE. The young lady in the above cut has a grandmother whose picture is combined in the above portrait. If you can find the Grandmother in the above Portrait you may receive a reward which will pay you many times over for your trouble. The Proprietors of the Ladies' Home Monthly offer either a first-class Upright Piano or cheque for Three Hundred Dollars to the person who can first find the grandmother. A reward of a pair of Diamond Ear-Rings to the second person who can find the grandmother. A complete Business Education at a Commercial College to the third person who can find the grandmother. A Gold Watch for each of the next two who can find the grandmother. An elegant Gold Brooch (Solid Gold) for each of the next five who can find the grandmother. Each Constant must cut out the Portrait Puzzle and make a cross with a lead-pencil or ink on the grandmother's eye and mouth. Everyone sending an answer must enclose with the same Ten three-cent stamps (or 20 cents in silver for the month's subscription to the Ladies' Home Monthly, Canada's most popular journal. The date of post-mark on letters is given precedence, so that persons living at a distance have just as good an opportunity of securing a valuable prize. For the person who can find the grandmother that is received last is offered a Simplex Typewriter. For the next to the last will be given a Solid Silver Watch. To the third, fourth, fifth and sixth from the last received with correct answers will receive each a Solid Gold Brooch. If there should be as many as two hundred persons sending correct answers, each will be awarded with a valuable prize. Names of those receiving leading prizes will be published in our next issue. Extra premiums will be offered to all who are willing to assist in increasing the subscription list of this popular journal. The object in offering this Prize Puzzle is to attract attention, and to introduce our publication. Perfect impartiality is guaranteed in giving the rewards. The following names are winners of the leading prizes in our last PRIZE PUZZLE: R. E. Shirley, 47 Elm St., Toronto; Miss Bancroft, 167 Lippincott St., Toronto; Bicycle; Miss Barns, Ridgeway, Ont.; Bedford Set; Gladys McPherson, 56 Henry St., Toronto; Gold Watch; I. B. Southam, 35 Maple St., London, Ont.; Gold Watch; Mrs. J. S. McAdam, 448 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.; 60 in Gold; M. Hampton, 800 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.; 60 in Gold; Emily Riley, 45 Alexander St., E. Whitby, Man.; Banquet Lamp; Jean Taylor, 125 Mackay St., Ottawa, Ont.; Banquet Lamp; John Armour, 135 Main St., W. Hamilton, Ont.; Banquet Lamp; W. E. Gilroy, Mount Forest, Ont.; Banquet Lamp; J. J. Forest, 319 Victoria St., Montreal, Que.; Banquet Lamp; W. E. Ramsey, 270 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ont.; Banquet Lamp; Florence White, 115 Scott St., Quebec City; Banquet Lamp; Mrs. L. E. Thompson, 60 St. Louis St., Levis, Que.; Banquet Lamp; St. E. Goodwin, Lakeside House, Bowmanville, Ont.; Banquet Lamp; Mrs. G. Cunningham, 45 Carmarthen St., St. John, N. B.; Banquet Lamp. Answer to-day, and enclose 20 cents and you may win one of the leading prizes. Address, (D) LADIES' HOME MONTHLY, 192 King St. West, Toronto, Canada.



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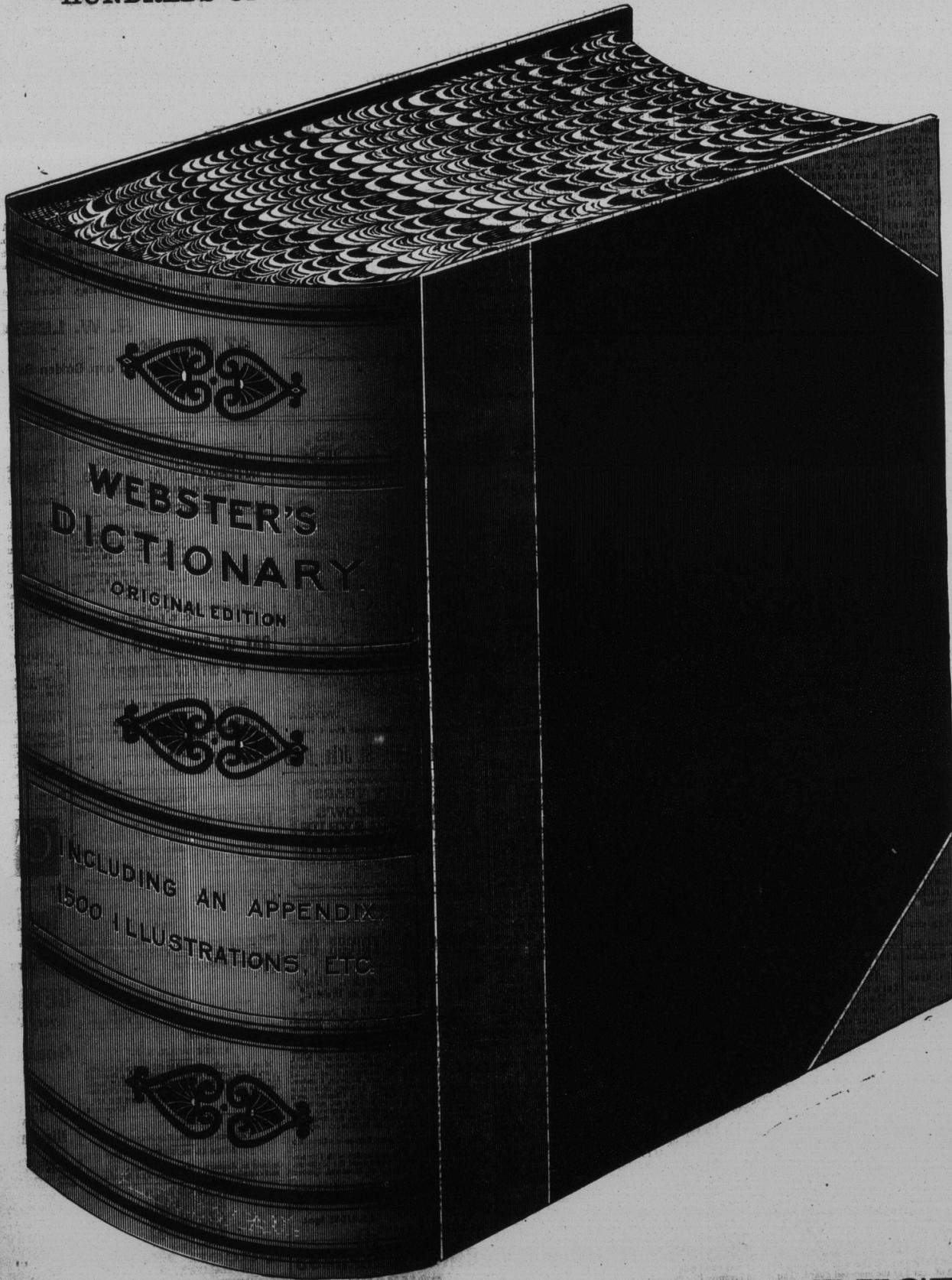
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