

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

VERY HOT WRANGLING.

A SHORT BUT LIVELY SESSION OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

How the City Pays a Big Price for Printing. Though Nobody is to Blame—The Aldermen Discuss Immorality—Carleton Members Show Fight.

Ald. Seaton seemed to be of the opinion that there was a rat of some size in the civic meal barrel when the treasury board reported to the council on Thursday in favor of the payment of \$312, incurred for printing in the case of Christie as the city. The printing in question, consisted of the "case" to be used on an appeal, and had been stated in committee to consist of 160 pages. At the meeting of the council, however, Ald. McLaughlan stated the number of pages to be 184. Then Ald. Seaton alleged that the bill was excessively large, and at nearly double the usual rates. He moved that the section be referred back to the treasury board.

In the discussion that followed, both Ald. McLaughlan and O'Brien said that they had looked into the matter and considered the bill ought to be paid. The work had to be done in a hurry, and had been given to Barnes & Co., who had been obliged to farm part of it out to other printers, at a cost of \$1.35 a page. Then there had been so many changes and corrections that part of the matter had to be reset. This, they said, was not the fault of the printers, as changes had been made by the lawyers. Ald. Barnes, though a member of the firm which secured this slice of civic printing, offered the council no explanation, but after some reflections had been made by Ald. Law on the share of the lawyers in adding to the expensive changes, Ald. Vincent rose to deny that such was the case. His partner, Mr. Curry, had been the city's attorney, and he had not caused the extra work. The corrections and resetting had been due to the haste with which the matter had been rushed. The city had not decided to appeal until the last moment and the printers had to make quick work of it. Ald. John Chesley agreed with Ald. Vincent and even denied that Ald. McLaughlan and O'Brien had said the lawyer was responsible, though as a matter of fact everybody so understood them. It was stated that as Barnes & Co. had farmed out the work there had been a great many errors due to the haste in which it was done, and night work had added to the expense. The mayor was of opinion that the matter was not worth so much talk, and it was evident that the city was not to blame. The section then passed.

From the remarks made by the various speakers it seems quite clear that though printing usually done at \$1 a page cost the city nearly \$2 a page, either through bad copy or bad composition by the printers, nobody was to blame. Ald. McLaughlan and O'Brien cleared the printers, Ald. Vincent and Chesley the lawyer, and the Mayor exonerated the city. So as the work had been done, and, through nobody's fault, had cost very much more than was right, the council dismissed the matter and proceeded to other topics.

The best advertised show of the season, Turner's English Girls, next engaged the deliberative faculties of the aldermen. A letter from the W. C. T. U. was read, asking that the council interfere to prevent an entertainment supposed, on the evidence of colored placards, to be immoral. The council waxed witty over the communication. Ald. Lon. Chesley thought that, in order to ascertain the facts, the mayor and council, accompanied by the high constable, should attend the show in a body. He made a motion to that effect, which was seconded by Ald. Nickerson. Then Ald. McLaughlan suggested that the matter be referred to the safety board. As the show was to take place Thursday night, this suggestion increased the jocosity of the council.

Then Ald. McCarthy pointed out that as the communication came from highly respectable ladies, it should receive due consideration. He moved that a special committee be appointed to consider this and similar cases which might arise in the future. It was suggested that it might be called the morality committee. As members, he named the mayor and Alds. Barnes, White, Lon. Chesley and the recorder, presumably as men who are competent to judge correctly as to what constituted immorality on a placard or a stage. Somebody suggested Ald. Blizard, and his name was also included on the list. Ald. Lewis, in seconding this, hoped it would prevail, rather than that the council should go in a body, as he had never been in a theatre in his life. He was not bald-headed yet, though some of the other aldermen were. Then somebody wanted the matter referred to the mayor, and somebody else moved that the letter be given to the chief of police. The latter suggestion was added to Ald. McCarthy's motion, which then passed.

During the course of the discussion, Ald.

Lon. Chesley stated that the letter appeared to be based on the character of the street placards. Not long ago he attended an entertainment at the Opera house, which went far beyond anything depicted on the placards, yet the house was crowded with respectable ladies and gentlemen. The performers wore tight, but he liked the show and saw nothing objectionable in it.

The last half hour of the council was taken up with a very warm wrangling match, in which the mayor and Alds. Baxter and Davis were the chief talkers. Ald. White started the ball by a motion that the question of ferry tolls be referred to the safety board at the next meeting. This brought Ald. Baxter to his feet with an amendment that all the words after "that" be struck out and the words "the ferry be made free" substituted. The mayor refused to accept this as an amendment, whereupon Ald. Baxter claimed that it was according to *Cushing's Manual*. The mayor retorted that it was opposed to the elementary principles of debate, and ruled it out of order. Then Ald. Baxter appealed from this decision, but the board sustained the mayor. Ald. Davis then moved that the question of fares be referred to the ferry committee and treasury board to report in three months' time. He wanted the matter discussed some other day when there was more time, as he would require an hour for his remarks. The whole question of whether Carleton would stay in the union or not was involved in the matter. During the discussion Alds. Law and Colwell made some remarks, and Ald. Davis was proceeding to deal further with the free ferry question when the mayor began to sit down on him by insisting that he should confine himself to the motion. Ald. Davis claimed that he was doing so, but was getting at the matter in his own way. After several warnings of what would happen, and a succession of sharp retorts by the alderman, the mayor at last exclaimed, "Ald. Davis, take your seat!" Then the alderman appealed to the board, which sustained the mayor, Ald. Davis voting nay, and following the vote by the cry of "question!" The mayor objected to the tone in which the word was uttered, and this led to another altercation with the alderman. The mayor at last told the alderman that if he continued he would be ejected from the chamber, whereupon the alderman defiantly retorted that the mayor could not eject him. At this juncture somebody moved the previous question, but Ald. Baxter again came to the front with a suggestion of some kind which was promptly suppressed by the mayor before the alderman had completed the sentence. The vote was taken and Ald. White's motion passed. Then while several members were jumping up to claim the floor, somebody shouted a motion to adjourn, which was seconded and carried by a vote of 11 to 10. Thus ended a short but remarkably lively session of the council.

In the True Womanly Spirit. Standing in a crowded car at Indiantown, Thursday, was a woman returning weary and ill from an excursion up the river. All the occupants of the seats were women also, but only one of them rose to offer the newcomer her place. This was a woman with a baby in her arms, and she made the excuse that the baby would be better pleased if she stood up. The tired woman accepted the offer, and was grateful. When the car reached the foot of Portland several passengers got out, so that there was plenty of chance for the woman with the baby to sit down. She did not do so, but none the less everybody else on the car knew that her apparent wish to continue standing was but an innocent pretence. She did not want the woman who had her seat to think that she had gone to any sacrifice to oblige her. It was a kindness delicately done, and the woman who did it was a true lady.

Would Have Nothing to Do With Him. Judging from the letters PROGRESS has received, it would seem that "one Slocum of Toronto," mentioned last Saturday, has had quite an extensive correspondence in this province. He has managed to obtain a good many dollars for stuff that was not worth as many cents. In his newspaper advertising he persisted in declaring that his preparations were to be had from a leading wholesale drug house, while as a matter of fact, the firm in question would have nothing to do with him, and were annoyed day after day by communications from people enclosing small remittances for one, two or three bottles of his worthless mixture.

Not the City Engineer This Time. A portion of the Mill street paving has been torn up and the earth excavated during the last week, in order to make a water pipe connection. The work could and should have been done before the pavement was laid, and the cost and inconvenience would have been considerably less. The water office is to blame this time, and City Engineer Peters has nothing to do with the case.

HE BEARS UP BRAVELY.

MR. LEARY DOES NOT COMPLAIN OF THE WAY HE IS USED.

He Prepares to Part with the Possessions that Might Have Been His for Life—His Simple Ways—Conjectures as to Why He Has a New Attorney.

Mr. James D. Leary was in town the latter part of last week. He came on the painful mission of arranging the details of a step by which he will part with the broad acres in which he once felt an ambition and a pride. The property, which, under other circumstances, might have been his to enjoy during the remainder of his life, goes to a corporation which has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be condemned. What might have been handed down by him as a heritage to Learys yet unborn, will be enjoyed by strangers to him and his kindred. This is no fancy sketch—all who know him know of his story.

For a man who was parting with his possessions at a sacrifice, Mr. Leary looked well and bore a brave front. If his heart was burdened with sorrow he did not show it to the unsympathetic world. He was the same kindly, cheerful, simplemannered man that he was when two years ago he won the hearts and hands of the council by his benevolent projects for the commercial prosperity of a city to which he was a stranger. He neither obtruded his sorrow upon those whom he met on the present occasion, nor did he affect a joy "to mock the woes that lay beneath, like roses on a sepulchre." He was gentle to all whom he met, and politely returned the many greetings from the "Hullo, Leary," of the mayor to the obsequious bows of the aldermen who had never met him before. Those who smoked his cigars said they were good, while those who did not smoke will remember him pleasantly for other evidences of his good fellowship.

It is possible that many who saw Mr. Leary for the first time were struck with the simple and innocent expression which his face habitually wears. In a group of St. John aldermen his guileless countenance seemed out of harmony with the surroundings, unless, as was at times the case, his frank and gentle smile was accompanied by that worn by Ald. John Connor. In comparison with either of these gentlemen many of the aldermen might pose as specimen buccaners, so far as faces are concerned. A strange looking air at Mr. Leary's air of simplicity, might marvellous how such a man could walk the streets of New York without being the prey of the wily bucconer steerer. Yet it is not on record that Mr. Leary ever fell a victim to a confidence man. Possibly he never will.

Mr. Leary really does get less for his property than it cost him, as PROGRESS has already shown. Had he held on to it, possibly he might have got a great deal more in time, for real estate is rapidly increasing in value at Sand Point, as appears by the assessors' books. In the year 1889, the four lots for which Mr. Leary is to receive \$25,000 were valued in all at \$6,200. In 1890, the assessors raised the figure to \$15,000, but for some reason, possibly because they thought it well to draw a line somewhere so as not to unduly tax similar property owned by others, the valuation has not been increased since then. The property is assessed at \$15,000 this year, though Mr. Leary asked \$25,000 before the assessment was made, and the city is now quite content to give him his price.

There was some surprise when it was announced, the other day, that Ald. Baxter was acting as Mr. Leary's attorney in completing the transfer. Heretofore the attorney has been L. A. Curry, who is the partner of Ald. Vincent. Mr. Curry's friends say that he was away and Mr. Leary was in a hurry, and that Mr. Curry was quite willing to have the change made. Others allege that Mr. Curry declined to act because Mr. Leary had not executed a certain power of attorney sent to New York for his signature, which Mr. Curry interpreted as a mark of want of confidence. Others assume that Mr. Curry wanted to have the purchase money pass through his hands, and there are intangible hints of certain notes which it was hoped could be liquidated out of the pile. While these notes are for is not explained. Whatever be the hitch, Ald. Baxter is now Mr. Leary's attorney.

The *Globe*, in which Ald. O'Brien is interested, has criticised the action of Ald. Baxter in acting as attorney in a matter where the city is interested and where a hitch may occur. Ald. Baxter, while admitting that on general principles an alderman should not act against the city, claims that in this case the matter has been put beyond the council, and is a question between him and the recorder. He cannot be placed in a position where he will have to adjudicate on his own acts. He further remarks that he considers his position quite as sound as that of an alderman who sits at the board

AND SECURES PRINTING CONTRACTS FOR HIS FIRM IN DEFIANCE OF LAW.

The recorder has already seen and approved the operative part of the lease, and it is expected that everything will be signed and the transaction completed by the 1st of August.

WHAT IT COSTS TO BE HAPPY.

The Great Scheme of a Learned and Enterprising Montreal Man.

The copy books of former days never tired of the instructive words, "Be virtuous and you will be happy," and it would seem that the truth of the aphorism has been exemplified in the lives of the honest men of Montreal. Honesty, whether a "policy" or not has enabled them to succeed, and this great fact has impressed itself with exceeding force on the mind of a literary genius who signs himself as nothing less than a master of arts, the art of advertising included. The following letter, written on a cellostyle or some other arrangement, was found in a packing box among some goods received by a firm in St. John. It shows the approximate cost of having one's virtues held up for the admiration and encouragement of the youth of this Canada of ours.

Box 2002, City.
Sir,—When writing my book, *How to Be Happy*, I resolved to find out the honest men in Montreal—men against whom the breath of slander itself would not dare to wag its tongue—and advertise them in it whether they would or no. You are one of them. Would you like to give me \$3—or less—for the ad. as the other merchant princes in Montreal are doing? If so, please mail it to your old obliged servant.
F. C. EMBERSON, M. A.

The first edition of my book has gone off already. I hope to similarly advertise you in the second edition on the cover of the book, this time.

What number of the merchant princes of Montreal estimated the value of fame at "\$3—or less"—is best known to the enterprising originator and promoter of this great scheme to do good and make money.

Cool Enough for Anything.

That fact that the Suspension bridge is being repaired was made very apparent to about a score of teams, one day this week. There were about ten teams coming towards the city, and ten going towards Fairville, when the two leaders met at the narrowest point, which now only allows one team to pass at a time. The drivers were young fellows who seemed to have plenty of time, for one of them slowly descended from his perch, slouched over to his friend, the driver of the other team, which had also stopped, and coolly proceeded to cut off a piece of tobacco from the other's chewing supply. Meanwhile spirited and restive horses in the rear, were giving their drivers plenty of work to keep them in line, a fact which did not seem to trouble the boys much.

Expense No Object to Them.

The citizens of Fredericton were prompt to respond to the cry from Newfoundland, and at a public meeting held by them it was moved by Judge Fraser and seconded by Chief Justice Allan that the council be requested to donate \$1,500 from the city fund for the benefit of the sufferers. The humorous side of the affair is, that the gentlemen who were as willing to spend the city's money as Artemus Ward was to sacrifice his wife's relations, are exempt from assessment on the salaries they receive from the Dominion government. The council may have had this fact in mind when it voted \$500 in place of the sum suggested.

What it Amounts To.

If the reports that come in from the border are correct, the circus which is billed to appear in St. John next Monday, does not amount to much. The flaring, glaring posters, and other advertising matter that has been distributed so liberally would almost convince one that the aggregation was about, if not quite equal to the Barnum-Bailey show. The advices that PROGRESS has, would indicate that it is not any better than the latest fake of this kind that visited this city. It is said that there is an elephant and a trapeze performance, and that they are the only things worth seeing.

He Appreciates "Progress."

A St. John man now in Philadelphia had the following to say of PROGRESS in a letter to a friend, received this week: "I never really appreciated the value of PROGRESS till I got away from home. I never knew I was interested in social and personal till I found myself scanning it for familiar names. The paper is valuable when at home but it is worth double the price as 'a letter from home' to the man who is away. I trust its field of usefulness will continue to enlarge and without descending to 'tally' I do wish it the best kind of success."

Arranging For the Picnic.

The date and place of PROGRESS' picnic are not yet definitely arranged. Regard must be had to the previous arrangements made with other picnics, some of which conflict with the days that would suit PROGRESS best. But the date will likely be about the middle of August. If it is settled before next Saturday the fact will be announced in PROGRESS space in the *Globe*.

POLICE MUST PAY TOLL.

THE UNIFORM WILL NOT PASS THEM OVER THE FERRY.

Exceptions Made When They Have Prisoners—The Chief Can Travel Free and so Can Aldermen and Others—Officials Who Always Pay Their Way.

The chief of police and the superintendent of ferries had a brief but animated conversation on Prince William street, the other day. It was about the right of the ferry collectors to exact tolls from policemen in uniform. The chief held that if a policeman in uniform were to attempt to pass the turnstile in the course of duty, the collector had no power to stop him. Thereupon the superintendent asserted that in such a case he would instruct the collector to take the policeman by the throat and put him back, to which the chief said, he would like to see him try it. "Ask the recorder about it," said the chief. "There is no need of asking the recorder," replied the superintendent. "The regulations are so plain that anybody can understand them. You, being the chief, can go free at all times, but a policeman has not the same right." The matter ended, each official satisfied that the other was in the wrong.

The truth of the matter is that the ferry regulations need revision. The by-law fixing the fare at three cents is still in force, though the fare itself has also been reduced to one cent. The by-law also defines who are entitled to pass free of charge, and mentions the chief of police and policemen with prisoners. It says nothing about policemen under other circumstances. Among other propositions that the chief laid down was one that if a fight occurred on the boat or floats it would be for the gate keeper to decide whether a policeman should be allowed to pass. To this, however, it may be answered, that the general powers of a policeman in case of a known disturbance give him the right of ingress to many places, where he cannot insist on admittance under ordinary circumstances. He could undoubtedly legally force his way past the gate to make an arrest in such a case.

The idea of the city is to make everybody pay on the ferry and when fare is exacted from employees of the city in the carrying out of their work, to have it settled by the department in which they are. It would, of course, be absurd to keep an account of one cent fares and have the items entered in the various accounts, and if it is the intention to keep up this system, the more sensible way would be for each department to allow a lump sum for ferry fares each year and have an end of the matter. If a policeman wants to cross now he has [either to pay the cent out of his own funds, or report the expenditure to the chief, who will enter it in a book, lay the account before the safety committee and finally have it passed by the council. The policemen should either have tickets or there should be a lump sum allowed.

Quite a number of persons are entitled to pass on the ferry, under the by-law, and among them are the aldermen, as well as the common clerk. As a matter of fact, however, all the West side aldermen pay their fare, and so does the common clerk, who resides over there. If, however, the officials have a right to travel free, why should not the police? If the police have to pay, why should there be a regulation exempting the officials?

It Shows what Might Be Done.

The private summer hotel at Westfield, conducted by Mr. F. A. Jones, of the Dufferin, has proved even a greater success than anyone anticipated. More than fifty people took dinner there Sunday, and taking dinner means that they are regular boarders, because no person or party can obtain a meal at this house without first applying at the Dufferin. This, together with the fact that nothing in the shape of liquor can be obtained in the vicinity, makes the resort popular for families, and the five o'clock or suburban trains which leave for Westfield now-a-days are thronged with many people, who were strangers to the beautiful spot before this summer. It is to be hoped that the success of Mr. Jones' experiment will encourage the erection of a large summer hotel. Such a building would not likely be expensive, and there are enough energetic citizens in St. John who like an outing to form a respectable company. No doubt the C. P. Railway would do all in its power to help along such an undertaking since it would greatly popularize Westfield and increase local traffic.

Who Are the Vandals?

Every little while some new evidence of vandalism is found in the Old Burial ground, in the way of tombstones broken or overturned. One slab resting on pillars has recently been upset and shattered stones lying on the grass are found in other places. Such work is never done by any one person, and the wonder is that nobody hears the noise, which must be made when the city is quiet at night. It is a pity the vandals cannot be caught.

CUT THIS OUT

Silver Service Coupon.

To the person who Sends in the most of these Coupons by Saturday, September 24, PROGRESS will present a handsome Silver Service of seven pieces, Quadruple Plate, Guaranteed, valued at \$45

CUT THIS OUT

AT THE DAVENPORT SCHOOL.

The Retirement of Mr. Custance—The Mission Church May Lose Him.

Mr. A. F. M. Custance, classical master of the Davenport school, who has been acting as head master during the last term, will sever his connection with the institution after the vacation. The intention is to supply the vacancy with a classical master from England, from which country the head master, who must be a clergyman, will also be brought. The retirement of Mr. Custance will be much regretted by many friends of the school, and especially by the pupils and their parents, as he has shown himself to be thoroughly fitted for his position and has given much satisfaction. While his leaving the school does not necessarily involve his resignation as organist of the Mission church, yet the small salary would not warrant him in retaining that position without the other, and he has therefore notified the choir that the connection will be severed. During the time he has had the organ he has very greatly increased the efficiency of the choir, and has shown untiring zeal in all that pertained to his work. Unless the coming classical master happens to have the rare gift of being both a good teacher and a good musician, it may be some time before the church has such an organist as is needed. So far as is known, there is no other available man in this part of Canada who can make any pretensions to playing Gregorian music and knows how to manage a choir. Without these qualifications, even an otherwise clever musician, would be sadly misplaced at the organ of the Mission church.

It Will Be Quite a Park.

Should the trees which the director of public safety has placed in the King square ever grow to perfection the city will have quite a park. The bushes are very ornamental, varying in shade from a sickly Nile green to old gold, with black passanternarie. Some people say that this is not their natural color and that they are in various stages of degeneration and decay. If they ever do grow the city will have quite a park, and there will be no dull monotony about it either. The trees are of all sizes, shapes and degrees of scraggy deformity. The city pays the bills.

His Claim for Special Favors.

A rare good story is told of a local legal practitioner, who during a part of the summer at least, is in the habit of taking his luncheon at a restaurant which is as popular for its plain home-like food, as for the cheapness of it. The lawyer in question was told one day that the desert consisted of a certain kind of pie. His countenance lighted up as he ordered his, and as the neat waitress was about to leave him, he added as an after thought, "and tell them it is for Mrs. ———'s son-in-law." No doubt he got a larger piece.

It Is Over.

The Opera House gift opera drawing took place this week. With 3,000 unsold tickets in the drawing it was not surprising that the capital prize of \$500 and some other small sums fell to the Opera House company. The others seem to be so well distributed that but few know who drew them, but, no doubt, they will turn up to be cashed.

Working for the Coupons.

Several little girls and boys have already deposited what coupons they have collected with PROGRESS. They are doing well. The number of people who are trying for the service will surprise many when the announcement is made. One result of this is that the winning collection will not be as large as it would be otherwise.

The Dictionary Still Goes.

The following query from Brookline, Nova Scotia, explains itself: "Do you still offer PROGRESS and Webster's dictionary for \$3.95? If so, will you please let me know by return mail?" A complete answer to this can be found on the 12th page. The dictionary is offered in connection with PROGRESS.

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WEETSEL.

NO CHANCE TO SLEEP WHILE THE JUMPERS ARE HOLDING A SERVICE.

A Curious Religious Sent in Prince Edward Island who Make Jumping, Cry Out and General Contortions a Part of their Church Service—What they Believe.

Cape Travers is one of the picturesque places of Prince Edward Island. As the nearest port from which in winter the mail is sent and at which it is received—the terminus of a branch railway, the point at which the sub-way is to have its island terminus, it is of some considerable note in provincial affairs. Good fishing privileges and thrifty farms are here. As a summer resort for tourists it has much to invite. In common with other provincial villages, it has its "Lansdowne Hotel," neat, airy, comfortable, with host and hostess, quiet, kind and ready to serve. Being obliged to tarry for a night here, we found it a restful place. Learning that a religious service was being held in a neatly built church, situated in one of the beautiful groves so common on this island, and not far away, we decided to attend. Around the premises we saw quite a few fine horses and carriages, and others were seen on the way in which well-to-do people, gathering with their families for evening worship.

On entering the church we found that exercises had already commenced. Some 12 men and lads were standing on a platform in front of the preacher, and in weird and varied nasal tones singing and swaying two and two in a peculiar way. The singing was in one part only and to it the whole choir devoted their best energies. Indeed, this performance was rather famous for its strength, as from time to time the choir was enlarged by the arrival of additional members the noise was at times more than devotional.

The women and men occupied opposite sides of the room. Just in front of me I noticed, soon after entering, a young man jerking his head in a spasmodic way. Directly he went into contortions the most painful I ever witnessed. He flung himself against the pew, front and back, as if fully bent on maiming himself. The noise of his thumping head and hands against the pew, together with the stamping of his feet astonished me while it seemed to increase the fervor of the song. At the same time I noticed that a large number of the women were jumping about after the same fashion, and as the service proceeded, this increased in violence and became quite universal on the female side of the house.

Young women would spring to their feet, jump and drum with their feet, slap their hands, throw their arms in all directions, fling themselves into the pew in all forms, jerk their heads back and forth with such violence that their dishevelled hair would snap like a whip, and occasionally hysterical screams would be uttered. A few men and boys were seen to jerk slightly, and once in a while a young fellow would slap his hands and jump. In the meantime the service proceeded, the minister calmly leading. The exercises consisted of singing by the choir of a selection, I should judge from the psalm book of the psalter with variations and additions to suit the fancies of this people, and of something in the form of prayers, the men on the platform selected by the minister.

Physical force was at a premium in all the exercises. The prayers were loud and long—15 or 20 minutes was the regulation time. The end seemed to come with the exhaustion of the long power of the leader. After a time the minister offered a calm brief prayer and read the scriptures, Romans X, in a peculiar tone, which was religiously adhered to in all the service. The singing and praying continued for a time, when the minister arose and remarked that as the audience was small his sermon would be brief. He talked for more than half an hour. This sermon like all the prayers heard was a rambling desultory talk. There seemed to be no aim at instruction but a continuous putting in of acrobatic feats. When he was wound up, or came to a full stop in one direction he launched out vigorously in another. Much of what he said could scarcely be heard for the continuous jumping, thumping and screaming of the audience. The subject matter of the praying and the sermon consisted of a rehearsal of our fall in Adam—the cursedness of the law, the election and redemption of the saints—the atonement of a hyper-Calvinistic type. With soul-stirring pathos the agonies of sin under the curse of the law, the death of Christ in the sinner's place—the sorrows of the sick bed and death of friends—the joys of deliverance from the reign of law in this life and the glory of life to come, were rehearsed and responded to with the most vehement jerking, jumping, clapping of hands and hysterical screaming.

The peculiar use of Scripture was noticeable. Passages relating to many subjects were promiscuously recited. One man in the midst of this hubbub most fervently prayed—"let all things be done decently and in order." Towards the close there seemed to be a gentle slowing up from sheer exhaustion. Just what this people believe, or aim to be, was not easy to discover from this brief interview. There was nothing I heard said in this meeting which would not be entirely consistent with the lowest sensuality and tend to culture vice. The idea seemed to prevail that the law of God was an arbitrary, cruel affair; and that it had its satisfaction so fully in the death of Christ that the elect had now the high privilege of living lawless lives.

I should also gather that these agonies of candidates manifested by these jerks, jumps, and screams are the appointed initiatory rights through which they must pass to the freedom of the elect.

The fascinations of this sect is evidently found in their rhapsodic experiences. In this they may claim some kinship to the old Newlights of one hundred years ago in these provinces. But how it is possible for a people with the intelligence of even a low type of civilization to embrace such a delusion as this, one can scarcely conjecture. To reason with this people on this subject would be a hopeless endeavor, as they must be divorced of their reason ere they can embrace this fatal fanaticism. As I witnessed their

performances my first impression was that this people was possessed with the devil, and subsequent reflection has scarcely diverted me of this thought. The saddest feature of the case is found in the fact that the larger part of this audience was young people. J. H. S.

CELESTIAL CYCLISTS. Breaking Records on the Track and Road—The Popularity of the Wheel.

FREDERICTON July 20.—The silent steed is easily ahead of all other competitors for public esteem this summer in Fredericton. Many new riders are joining the ranks, machines of the latest pattern are coming into use, and the wish to have a "go" with old Father Time is general. The streets of Fredericton and roads adjacent thereto afford every facility for riding, and the track of the Fredericton Park association is all that the "scorching brigade" can desire. The bicycle races on July 1st were very successful, and all previous records, (including those made by St. John wheelmen last year), were smashed beyond hope of recognition.

There are now owned in the city half a dozen pneumatic tire machines of the highest type—a creditable showing for a town the size of Fredericton. Moncton has not yet advanced beyond the cushion tire and north of St. John there is but one solitary pneumatic wheel (owned by a Campbellton rider). The races by electric light on the trotting park on Friday are sure to draw an immense crowd.

Champion Dave Crowe wears his honors meekly and, though the "boys" are hot upon his trail, evidently intends making a stiff fight to hold his place at the top of the heap. It is believed by some that Dave has a cork leg with a spiral spring socket joint that gives him his wonderful ankle motion. By others his success is attributed to the magnetic influence of the feminine section of the grand stand.

The pneumatic men are very closely grouped in point of speed and it is very difficult to name the final winner. Crowe's 1m. 32 1/2 sec. for the half mile is the track record, but B. Lemont, Arthur Shute, Frank and Fred. Risten are all within a second or two of this time, and threaten to drop on the genial David in the closely impending future. There is no doubt that with the track rolled for racing the half will soon be reduced to 1m. 30sec. or better.

General regret is felt in Fredericton that the race at Moncton was allowed to go by default. Both Crowe and Lemont were there, but did not like the track. The course was rough and the angles so sharp that they did not feel like risking their machines. The fine showing made by Fred. Hatt, our champion rider, who showed Jack Kirkpatrick to his utmost in that event, demonstrates that the race would have been a walk-over for either Crowe or Lemont. Previous to the day of the race Hatt had never ridden a pneumatic wheel. He is one of the coming flyers of Fredericton and may come soon.

While the boys have been circling the track Frank Risten has been devoting attention to rapid work on the road. It has long been a matter of dispute whether the run from Spring Hill to Fredericton (5 miles) had ever been covered by a cyclist in 20 minutes. The road is hilly and in places very rough. On Monday all doubts as to whether this feat could be accomplished were set at rest. Frank covered the ground in 19m. 30sec., but as the distance to Smythe street is three-eighths short of five miles, on a second trial the same rider covered the full five miles, terminating at York street, in 19m. 20sec. This record will probably be lowered still further before snow flies.

For long distance riding Lemont's run to Woodstock (65 miles) was an excellent performance. Nine hours were consumed on the trip, including a stay of over two hours at the half-way house. The Fredericton wheelmen have thrown their races, on the 22nd, open to the province, and are very anxious that some of the St. John flyers should attend.

One of The Killed at Homestead. Silas Wayne's death in the battle with the Pinkertons, at Homestead, made mourning in a family other than his own. A sweetheart weeps for him as well as a mother. He was to be married to Miss Kate Trout. The wedding was to have occurred in June, but at that time the strike was threatening and it was postponed. On his last night on earth he was with Miss Trout. The girl seemed to have a premonition of the coming trouble. She begged Wayne to keep away from the mill. When the news was spread that the Pinkertons were coming up the Monongahela River Miss Trout exacted a promise from the young man that he would keep away from the steel works. But Wayne forgot his pledge, and was among the first to rush to the little ambulance in the shade of the steel converters, from where the strikers fired down on the boats. The seclusion afforded no shelter to Wayne. He was struck with a Winchester rifle ball and was killed. Miss Trout received the news in despair. She has been grief-stricken since. Until Friday she was prostrated, and no one could comfort her. At the grave her grief was pitiful. Since the burial she has recovered somewhat, and most of her time is spent in the cemetery. She carries a basket of flowers to the grave, strews them tenderly over the earth, and remains all the afternoon sitting pensively at the foot of the new made mound. In this attitude a number of persons saw her, and wondered at the desolation. Miss Trout is 18 years of age.

Not an Ornament to Literature. Death to the Inquisitive is a book with a frontispiece which is an excellent index to the character of the novel. The author is given as "Miss Lurana W. Sheldon," but, if such a young lady exists she has a knowledge of the world that will not act as a passport to polite society. Death to the Inquisitive is published by W. D. Rowland, New York, in paper cover.

Everything in Season. Native Strawberries and Sweet Cream, Tomatoes, American Fruits from every International bot. Nursery Biscuit, Choice Butter in Rolls and 5 and 10 pound pails. Sold by J. S. ARMSTRONG & Co.

CASUAL OBSERVATIONS.

Little Things of Interest with Crisp and Times' Comments.

"Puzzin" is the latest addition to Progress staff. She is a graduate from the mechanical department and made her debut in the editorial rooms this week, where her qualifications for a journalistic career were instantly conceded. "Puzzin" was very thin. The boys in the press room had evidently been adverse to having her take up any more room than was necessary, and she was as lean as a black cat who has to depend on a printers' devil for subsistence naturally would be.

When she made her appearance in the editorial rooms, the sympathies of the Joy and Woe editor and the circulation clerk were enlisted at once. Both gave her a hearty welcome, inquired after her appetite and sneaked out of the office. A few minutes later they were hurrying along Germain street and both had a parcel. The Joy and Woe editor also had a pitcher of milk. Then "Puzzin" had a feast, and the entire staff looked on with as much interest as the people will take in seeing the newboys making cake, sandwiches, milk, etc., disappear at Progress' picnic.

"Puzzin" appreciated it thoroughly. She was in clover and knew it. A few minutes later she made a determined effort to get into the Joy and Woe editor's ink bottle. Then she crawled up on his shoulder and tried to walk around his collar. It was great fun for everybody, but the man who had resigned in her favor, the composing room, job print, and engraving department all received a visit for "Puzzin" is of an enquiring turn of mind, and evidently believes in learning the business in all departments.

Up to Tuesday she was known to Progress employees as "the cat." The moment the Joy and Woe editor saw her she was christened. He claims that it was the first time he had met her, but all who saw the mutual recognition and heard the editor exclaim "Hello Puzzin!" doubted the statement.

It has often been said that the press, or certain portions of it, take a special delight in proving to the population of the lower provinces is steadily decreasing, and when politics are under consideration it is not hard to find a reason. The great objection to this cry, however, is the amount of free advertising given intending exodians and those who have made their mark. This is something a newspaper cannot overcome. In every case the item is a matter of news in which the great majority of people are interested, and while it cannot help having its effect on those who have remained at home, especially young people, the papers are bound to publish it. Everyone is anxious to let the world know of his success, but the man in adversity shuns publicity. He does not send marked copies to the papers at home, and the press is more charitable than it is given credit for. In a small country place it is not necessary to publish names to let the people know who a particular paragraph refers to. The editor knows this and items that would have a marked effect are suppressed. The bright side alone is given and the rest is forgotten. My article of a few weeks ago on "the other side of it," was a departure from the regulation exodus item, and that the press is ready and willing to print anything that will counteract what has been said in the past, is evident from the attention it has received. Last week Progress reprinted what the St. Andrews Beacon had to say on the question; this week a number of province papers make copious extracts, and the Chatham World, adds a few "experiences"—as they say at the Salvation army meetings—which are very much to the point.

Almost every man who goes to the States and gets a fairly good position sends home a glowing account of his success and multiplies his salary by four. In a small country place it is not necessary to publish names to let the people know who a particular paragraph refers to. The editor knows this and items that would have a marked effect are suppressed. The bright side alone is given and the rest is forgotten. My article of a few weeks ago on "the other side of it," was a departure from the regulation exodus item, and that the press is ready and willing to print anything that will counteract what has been said in the past, is evident from the attention it has received. Last week Progress reprinted what the St. Andrews Beacon had to say on the question; this week a number of province papers make copious extracts, and the Chatham World, adds a few "experiences"—as they say at the Salvation army meetings—which are very much to the point.

The Newcastle Advocate also has something to say on the subject, and notes a few cases which have come to the notice of the editor. The Advocate says: St. John Progress has been written in reference to the exodus and endeavors to create the impression that a great many who leave St. John for Boston would have done far better if they had stayed at home. The remarks of Progress will apply to many New Brunswickers, and it is not surprising throughout the province who have left home and friends and in some cases good situations for the most part. Some do fairly well, if they are willing to take hold of anything that offers, while others drift about in a listless way, and do not prosper. Occasionally we hear of a successful career of some of our young folk, but what we hear of more often is of a larger number, and the question is a debatable one whether Boston is a better place than St. John for the cases of youths who started from home to make their fortune, and after a not very long sojourn there they were probably not of the kind who take the business of advertising—Address Boyz's Ad- VERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce street, N. Y.

MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK (OR FACE GLOVE).

The following are the claims made for Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask, and the grounds on which it is recommended to ladies for beautifying, bleaching, and preserving the complexion.

- 1st. The Mask is Soft and Pliable and can be Easily Applied and Worn without Discomfort or Inconvenience.
2d. It is durable, and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original shape.
3d. It has been Analyzed by Eminent Scientists and Chemical Experts, and pronounced Perfectly Pure and Harmless.
4th. With ordinary care the Mask will Last for Years, and its valuable properties Never Become Impaired.
5th. The Mask is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the only Genuine article of the kind.
6th. It is Recommended by Eminent Physicians and Scientific Men, as a substitute for injurious cosmetics.
7th. The Mask is as Unlike the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face as day is to night, and it bears no analogy to them.
8th. The Mask may be worn with Perfect Privacy if desired. The Closest Scrutiny cannot detect that it has been used.



The Toilet Mask (or Face Glove) in position to the Face. To be worn three times in the week.

- 9th. It is a Natural Restorer for Bleaching and Preserving the Skin, and Removing Comedones and Imperfections.
10th. The Mask is sold at a moderate price, and one purchase ends the expense.
11th. Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions, and like preparations may be saved by those who possess it.
12th. Ladies in every section of the country are using the Mask with gratifying results.
13th. It is safe, simple, cleanly, and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.
14th. While it is intended that the Mask should be Worn During Sleep, it may be applied, with equally good results, any time, to suit the convenience of the wearer.
15th. The Mask has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discoverer for beautifying purposes ever offered to woman-kind.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS:

- "I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."
"Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."
"My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."
"I am perfectly delighted with it."
"An excellent medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin is certainly unequalled."
"Is indeed a perfect success—an inestimable treasure."
"I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."
"I have worn the Mask two weeks and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."
"The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritations, etc., with each application."
"Your invention cannot fail to supersede every thing that is used for beautifying purposes."
"Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one."
"By bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good."
"I have worn the Mask but three nights, and the blackheads have all disappeared."
"The Mask should be kept in every lady's toilet case."

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES

may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanishes from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little and saves its user money. It prevents and REMOVES Wrinkles, and is both a complexion preserver and a beautifier. Famous society ladies, actresses, belles, etc., use it. VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, with proofs and full particulars mailed free by

THE TOILET MASK COMPANY, - 1164 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.

Apply NOW, while you have our address before you, as this advertisement appears only occasionally. Please mention "PROGRESS."

- Lawn Seetees, \$1.75 and \$2.75 each.
Folding Chairs, \$1.35 each.
Hammocks.
Lawn Mowers.

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

No Reason Why

Preserves should be scarce this year as Sugar is cheap, Berries are plentiful, and we have a large stock of

Enamelled Preserve Kettles, at such prices as cannot fail to please careful buyers.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

P. S.—The White Mountain Ice Cream Freezer still leads. See it when you call, also large stock of seasonable goods. Our new Netting Cream is a wonder.

Singers Lead!



C. E. BURNHAM & SON, St. John, N. B.

MUSIC

A concert given evening, under the Medical Society a fairly large Mr. Val. Aker who sang in a His voice is in upper-middle the lovely old given as an en debutante that young girl. Although nervous and pleased by a fine contrast, pass, and is trained. Miss Blanche for her "Bring an en fantasia on Leonardi, executed with accuracy. Mr. J. C. W. (band) and many of three times Ramondelli's record is that it is such into a concert-rhoo's orchest heard of they were on a short tour th. A continent strong, with of concern to the 250 were attention paid or the audience whole evident who sailed to St. hospital. "Sees the Good F band instrume coming from t every instrum "Kemp's Solo beautiful blowing easy blowing double B clar phone, bladder and Sore strumment many of the I fear that position of orga. Mr. Ford is co the old count. The new ele Mission church through success ally and is co switch placed

At the co L. Duffy's evening a ateurs put large house the cast, a decidedly at age and gav tunities to f ever, was p and made a her make up upon. Mr. Grath was spy, and g every then rest of the performance can nev more enjoy usually. A writer been taking task for the in effect, do show such He never t side a half- even then rest of the the scenic she can nev as a brothe pied in exa indeed, he performing money, and the melancholy of the stage is to put his while assu attitude. brooded, used by G rion, he nev fore-finger, indulges in tears at the it in the distinguishi When he glossiest, rped or c and a half- and dusty. In dual ite With a sol hands it to say, "If I have, I'll occur W he so well front thro Chamberl to be pre Oscar's suspic the piece be put on the title that he wi out naturo longer stage is su says. Th request m Herod for and a plas figure in t Wilde ver He says: his subjec go to the literature lome dan Virgin wit with the p is such a sacred tree. He in his can or Christ

MASK

Mask, and trying,



IN MUSICAL CHAIRS.

A concert given in the Opera house on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the New Brunswick Medical Society was an enjoyable one, and attracted a fairly large audience.

Mr. J. C. Wild was as popular as ever with his banjo and mandolin, while Mr. C. Stance was recalled three times after singing "The Old Town."

The Grand Fustlers have at last got their new band instruments, and a splendid set they are, coming from the workshop of Messrs. Hawkes & Son, London, Eng., who make, test and guarantee every instrument themselves.

Mr. J. C. Wild was as popular as ever with his banjo and mandolin, while Mr. C. Stance was recalled three times after singing "The Old Town."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

At the complimentary benefit to Mr. J. L. Duffy at the Opera house Monday evening a company of well-known amateurs put on Shamrock and Rose to a large house.

Kate Castleton died last Sunday of peritonitis, at Lakeside, near Providence. She was born in England about 35 years ago, and made her first stage appearance in one of the London concert halls.

When he is prosperous it is the very glossiest, but when he is in temporarily reduced circumstances—say for an act and a half—and it has got very threadbare and dusty looking, he still cherishes it.

Oscar Wilde is again in the prominence he so well loves. This time he is to the front through the refusal of the Lord Chamberlain to permit his new play Salome to be presented in England.

When he is prosperous it is the very glossiest, but when he is in temporarily reduced circumstances—say for an act and a half—and it has got very threadbare and dusty looking, he still cherishes it.

Rigby waterproofs are now the correct thing. The day for rubber clothing is ended.

Yet nobody says to him, 'Sculpture is such a vulgar art that you must not carve sacred things.' And the writer—the poet—also is quite free. I can write about any subject I choose.

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THE WILD CAMEL.

An interesting and little known animal that wanders over Central Asian Deserts. As far back as the fifteenth century, writers on Asia told of vague rumors that wild camels existed in the great Gobi wastes of the central part of the continent.

As all the world knows," observes the Pall Mall Gazette, "Madame Patti, if still in good health, will go to America next year. Her tour, however, will not be under the direction of Mr. Abbey.

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Rigby waterproofs are now the correct thing. The day for rubber clothing is ended.

We are

Making Cream Chips every day at the 20th Century Kandy Kitchen, 12 Charlotte Street.

Ice Cream Parlor at the BIJOU, 70 King Street.

Ice Cold Soda, Fruit Flavors and Ottawa Beer at both Stores, 12 Charlotte and 70 King Streets.

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The "QUADRANT" as a Roadster



May be estimated by the following items, which have come casually under our notice in the newspapers. No doubt a very large number of similar cases would be forthcoming if we sought for them.

Table with columns: Nationality, Make, Started, Finished, Proportion. Rows include American, English, and Machines.

Arthur P. Tippet & Co., General Agents.

The ST. MARTINS SEMINARY. The Largest and Best Equipped School Buildings in the Maritime Provinces.

THE FACULTY: GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON, (Boston School of Expression), Elocution, Vocal Music, Gymnastic, etc.

HOUSEKEEPERS ATTENTION! Having none but experienced and competent workmen, we are fully equipped to do all kinds of Furniture Repairs and Upholstering.

AMLAND BROS., 22 Waterloo Street, nearly opp. Peter Street, up stairs!

Great Reduction in Millinery.



HATS, TOQUES and BONNETS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

MADAME DEAN'S SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSETS for Ladies and Misses.



Madame Dean's Corset is a combination of Shoulder braces and Spine Supporting Corset, while combining the benefits of both.

ROTHESAY COLLEGIATE SCHOOL New Brunswick.

VICTOR—His Lordship the Most Rev. The Metropolitan of Canada. PATRONS—His Honor Sir William Ritchie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUTCHER, Hopewell, Salisbury, etc. The house is new and well furnished.

Mower Repairs, Section Knives and Parts for all Machines.

Send for our circulars and prices, and note that it is to your advantage to purchase these goods from us.

Haying Tools of all Kinds in Stock.

T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 AND 15 KING STREET, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

JOHN H. SELFRIDGE, Dealer in Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, KITCHEN FURNISHINGS, ETC.

Advertise in The BEACON

Ask for Islay Blend. TAKE NO OTHER.

WHITE'S 83 KING ST., St. John, N. B.

Madame Kane

THE ISLAY BLEND WHISKY



IMPORT ORDERS SOLICITED BY W. WILLIAM BELL, 88 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a station paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 and 90 Germain street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuation.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

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

The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every part of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

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

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 11,700.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 23.

WILL THE UNION EXPLAIN?

Before the people of England have had time to recover from the tumult of an election, a new excitement is threatened them, and curiously enough it emanates from this side of the water. It is no new thing to have the institutions dear to the nobility denounced and threatened. The advocates of disestablishment cause no surprise when they assail the church, and triumphant democracy may even hoot at the pensions allowed the royal family. The people most interested have got used to this sort of thing and are no longer worried. When it comes to an endeavor to regulate the social observances of the QUEEN, herself, however, it may be found to be quite another question.

The movement in question appears to be part of a carefully planned programme to be carried out by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of St. John. The matter has been kept very quiet apparently, but in an official manifesto of that body, published in Tuesday's Globe, the following plank is spiked into the campaign platform:

This Union is not in favor of the fashions decreed for the Queen's drawing room. It believes that, viewed in the light of the present age, those fashions should be abolished as not in accordance with Scripture or propriety.

These are bold words, and should they be made the keynote of a new issue between the contending factions in Great Britain, nobody can tell where the matter is likely to end. It is a significant fact that on the day the Union's ultimatum was published an Ottawa despatch gave currency to the rumor that LORD STANLEY intended to resign his position as governor-general, though there are yet nine months before his term expires. No satisfactory reason is given for his haste to get away from Canada, and it is only a matter of conjecture that the W. C. T. U. has pressed its demands upon him until he felt it necessary to seek the quickest mode of escape from the cross-fringe of Downing street, London, and Canterbury street, St. John.

The Union also endorses the demand of the Dominion convention for "twenty thousand white ribbons" who will "have courage enough to resolutely discontinue the present immodest style of evening dress and the very impure fashionable street-sweeping dress," and it is here that PROGRESS humbly admits that it cannot understand just what the Union does want. The manifesto distinctly condemns an entertainment advertised by placards on which the lady performers are obviously destitute of either evening dress or street-sweeping trains—the latter being wholly out of question with the attire depicted. PROGRESS can understand why people with an eye for impurity might find something objectionable in the style of the young ladies on the placards, but what there is "impure" in a street-sweeping dress passes all comprehension. One can have an idea of grades of impropriety in the abbreviation of a skirt, but where to draw the line against impurity in the extension of it seems a much more difficult task. The Union, possibly, has a clear idea on the subject, and it will now be in order for it to make the point more clear to the public.

TAUGHT BY THE THERMOSTAT.

What appears to be a very useful appliance was described in PROGRESS a few weeks ago. It consisted of an electric heat alarm, on the principle of a thermometer connected with a battery. The thermostat, as it is called, is placed where there is any danger from an excess of heat, either by the operation of machinery or by accidental fire, and at a certain temperature the rise of the thermometer causes an alarm to sound. Warning is thus given in good time, and precautions are taken to avert the threatened danger.

Without any desire to advertise this particular heat alarm, for there are rival inventions designed to accomplish the same end, PROGRESS has an

idea that the real value of such appliances is but dimly comprehended, and that beyond the everyday uses to which they are put there is a wide and as yet untrodden field. The thermostat is now put into factories, steamers, hotels, etc., to show when the bearings of shafting are getting hot, or when apartments are overheated from any cause. Probably, on the same principle it could be attached to a railway train in winter, so that when the brakeman fills the stove full of coal, locks the door and goes off to have a smoke in the baggage-car, he as well as the roasting passengers would know when the temperature gets up to 150°. So, too, it could be put into churches so that the clanging of a gong would let the sexton and ushers know that while they were enjoying cool breezes at the door the congregation was sweltering in the body of the edifice. Then, too, the thermostat might be of use in the St. John post office and other public buildings where steam heat is used in the winter, and the employees' lives are threatened by the amazing temperature. Indeed, its application in this respect is practically unlimited, but beyond all this, are applications of the principle which must be made ere long, when scientific knowledge has taken another step forward in this wonderful age.

Before these applications can be made, the thermostat must be developed into an even more delicate and perfect apparatus than it is. Anybody who has seen the original Morse telegraph instruments in the Western Union telegraph building, in New York, will understand what development there has been in the key, relay and sounder as we find them today. So with the thermostat, while the principle will remain the same the instrument itself will be made much more accurate and complete in all its details. So completed it may be no unimportant factor in hastening the advent of a brighter era for the world.

Suppose, for instance, that an instrument on the principle of the thermostat were made so as to be conveniently applied to the brains of a public speaker, so that when he reached a certain stage of heated debate a gong would start up and continue ringing until he cooled down and became rational. It would pay the province and the city to supply such instruments to certain legislators and aldermen, while some ministers of the gospel who now are occasionally referred to in PROGRESS would be, if less noted, much more respected by their congregations and the public. Suppose, too, that a thermostat—or possibly it ought to be called a chronostat—were made so as to have a time limit and give an alarm after a certain number of thousands of sounds had been made by a speaker. Such an invention would again be useful in the common council, it would be invaluable at the meetings of the board of trade, and it might not be wholly out of place in some of the church pulpits. No self-respecting man would undertake to talk against time while a chestnut-bell in the form of an electric gong accompanied his remarks.

Then, again, men who like to taste of wine which maketh glad the heart of man, but are able to take too much of it, might provide themselves with a safeguard in a special thermostat, or chronostat, by which, at a certain stage, a small electric bell about their persons would begin its tintinnabulation, and not cease until the system became cooler by abstinence or a judicious administration of plain soda or apollinaris water. No matter how much a man might feel that he needed just a little more, the expert evidence of the bell would convince and convict him to the contrary. He could argue down a barkeeper who told him he had enough, but all argument would be in vain with the bell. So, too, if he were spending an evening with too hospitable friends, the bell would put the song of "We won't go home till morning" into a state of innocuous desuetude. No man who calls himself a gentleman would want to bore a company by having an alarm clock going off in his pocket during the hours intended for social converse. He would, of necessity, ask permission to retire, and to avoid attracting a crowd would be wise to go home in a cab and thus escape all observation.

When the thermostat is still more fully developed every man who earnestly desires to be better than he is will find use for one of the appliances. It is the custom of some men who realize their own liability to err, to wear beneath the clothing a small cross armed with sharp points. When tempted to sin, or having hastily sinned in thought, word or deed, they press this monitor until the flesh is made to suffer and their minds are turned from what has led them astray. As it is well known that the emotions have a marked effect on the nervous and circulatory system, why could not an extremely delicate thermostat be made to warn men in time of gathering passion, envy, hatred or uncharitableness? How many cruel, wicked words would be unsaid, how many life long separations would be avoided, if we could but be made to pause before we speak or act upon the impulse of the moment. Could the principle of the thermostat be thus applied so as to regulate our hearts and consciences, the world would be brighter and better for all of us. There are, as there always have been, many, very many, whose lives on earth are and will be burdened with sorrow, because

of what has been said and done, which would not have been said and done had conscience checked in time and been heedful. So it is that though, through the faith and good works which are the fruit of earnest repentance, they are not without a hope of light beyond the darkness of earth, yet their mortal pilgrimage is but little cheered by what the world esteems as happiness. They can understand the symbolism of the thermostat. They can wish, but too late, that they had understood it in the past.

JOURNALISTS, OR WHAT?

The Toronto World is of the opinion that "the gentleman who calls himself a journalist, and who has for years been exposed to the shafts of his brother wits of the pen is really worthy of sympathy." It contends there is no other word in the English language that accurately defines a man who earns his bread on a daily newspaper, that the words, "editor" and "reporter" do not cover the ground, while "newspaper man" and "pressman" are indefinite, and in the case of the latter, misleading. It favors the use of the word "journalist."

The latter is a good enough word when properly applied, but among the all round newspaper men of America it has fallen into disrepute through the assumption of the title by all kinds of snobs, who as a rule, base their pretensions on the foundations of ignorance and impudence. One of the now leading papers of Boston, for instance, used to draw its supplies of green reporters from Harvard college, and in some cases the sons of wealthy men were willing to work for little or nothing for the sake of getting a foothold. Now and then some good material was found among them, but there were many other instances where the gilded youths knew more about useless theories than they ever could be taught of practical newspaper work. Some of them may have carried off honors in the dead languages, but when their copy of an everyday local story was handed in to the news desk, the blue pencil showed they had but a dim conception of expressing plain facts in decent English. These were the class of fellows who posed as journalists, were gorgeous in cuffs, collars and ties, wore ornate badges and would be as likely as not to present an elegant journalistic card in seeking their social standing and education entitled them to be ranked as above the ordinary reporters, and as they would hardly claim to be editors at the outset, they spoke of the profession of journalism and called themselves journalists. Men who knew every detail of newspaper work, from setting the type to writing the leaders, and who could be assigned to any department of the work as required, naturally felt disgusted with the twaddle about the aims and missions of journalism as enlarged upon by people with no practical knowledge, and so it was that the word "newspaper man" was used as the term which covered the work of the men who made papers. It was not a handy word, but it had a much more honest sound.

A journalist is defined by WEBSTER to be "the conductor of a public journal or one whose business it is to write for a public journal; an editorial or other professional writer for a periodical." This does not mean that every reporter is a journalist more that that every journalist is a reporter, but to be a good reporter requires a great deal more ability than to be a journalist in the sense in which the dudes of the business use the word. There are, however, all kinds of reporters, and there is a vast difference between those who never get beyond police court news, local items or tiresome accounts of meetings and those who can write stories of actual life that will be of interest wherever read. The reporter reaches a larger audience than the editor, for only a portion of the public read editorials while everybody wants to know what is happening in the world. The reporter who knows his business and works for the sake of something more than his salary, has a just claim to the title of journalist, if he will accept it, as in the majority of cases he will not. He is either a reporter or, if his duties also include "inside work," he is a newspaper man, which is a broader term. When he has charge of a paper or a leading department of a paper he is in a stricter sense an editor. Yet as a terse, graphic term, including every kind of newspaper work when done by men who know their business, the objectionable word "journalist" is the best that can be found. It is a pity that it is not in better repute.

The daily newspaper men of St. John do not appear to be addicted to the use of the word "journalist," though judging from the fact that most of them describe themselves as editors they are rightfully entitled to it. It may be said, however, that where they specifically state what they edit the average citizen is liable to get confused. There is a general principle that a paper can have only one editor, in the popular sense of the word, though there may be as many editorial writers as are required. Naturally, therefore, when the directory shows that both JAMES HANNAY and J. E. B. MCCREADY claim to be "editor of the Telegraph," and both have had their names put in equally large and black capitals, one is puzzled

to know which is the editor and which is the other man. This is especially perplexing, as the other editors of the paper are all described by their titles. PARK MEZVILLE is "associate editor," JAMES ANDERSON is "shipping editor" and HARRY S. CROSKILL is "city editor," while the sole "reporter Telegraph" appears to be JOHN B. JONES, who, it may be added, is now acting as an editor also.

The same doubt occurs when it is found that both R. A. PAYNE and S. DUNN SCOTT claim to be "editor Daily Sun," while, singular as it may, nobody is described as editor of either the Globe or Gazette. It will thus be seen that while the respective St. John papers have either a feast or a famine of "editors," the "journalist" has yet to come to the front.

Business appears to be dull in medical circles nowadays, or else there are too many doctors to allow the sickness to give all a fair share of the profits. At the recent meeting of the Medical Society in this city, one of the doctors complained of the practice in vogue among druggists of repeating prescriptions as often as customers came to them, although no second medical certificate was given. This means that a doctor does not get an extra dollar from his patient every time a bottle is refilled, in addition to the druggist's extra charge at "prescription rates." Just how the doctors intend to prevent this willful economy on the part of the public is not stated. As PROGRESS understands the law, a prescription is the property of the person to whom the doctor gives it, and while it is usually retained by the druggist, the latter, strictly speaking, is entitled to no more than a copy of it. He can have it filled as often as he pleases, and if it kills him it is his own fault—providing always that the doctor has not made a mistake. About the only remedy for this grievance of the doctors is that suggested by another speaker, that every medical man should be his own druggist.

It is stated that by the revised criminal code, prepared by SIR JOHN THOMPSON, the purchaser of a lottery ticket is made liable to a fine of \$20, while the value of prizes at raffles in connection with churches is limited to \$50. This seems a little inconsistent. There is no moral difference between a lottery involving thousands and a raffle involving tens. The principle of trying one's luck to get more than an equivalent for money paid, at the expense of others less fortunate, is the same in both instances. If a lottery is wrong so is a raffle, whether for church purposes or not. It is a raffle is permitted why should a man who takes his chances in a bigger lottery be punished for raking his money in the venture? Either the whole system is right or wrong. Which is it, and why does the government make a distinction?

Among the wonders of the Chicago's world's fair is promised "an exact duplicate" of NOAH'S ARK. Considering that the men who have studied the subject most carefully are yet in some doubt as to what the ark was like, it will be hard to prove that the Chicago "copy" is true to history. One thing may be said, however, nobody can prove that it will not be like the original.

EDWARD S. CARTER, ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 7th, 1892. DEAR SIR:—The writer has just received a cipher cablegram from Mr. ... directing that your debt for his services for the second quarter of the present year be canceled, complimentary, and that a receipted bill in full be sent you, in view of losses you must have sustained through the recent great conflagration in your city, and while assuring you of his sympathy, trusting that others may lighten your load a little in the same manner. Yours very truly, E. W.

NEW YORK, July 16th, 1892. EDWARD S. CARTER, Prop. of PROGRESS, St. John, N. B., Can. DEAR SIR:—The writer has just received a cipher cablegram from Mr. ... directing that your debt for his services for the second quarter of the present year be canceled, complimentary, and that a receipted bill in full be sent you, in view of losses you must have sustained through the recent great conflagration in your city, and while assuring you of his sympathy, trusting that others may lighten your load a little in the same manner. Yours very truly, E. W.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Rumor with Its Thousand Tongues. It is rumored that St. Nicholas intends to add a wing to his house and is to run a first-class hotel.—Bridgton Register.

Something to Talk About. Three funerals in one afternoon is more than our town is accustomed to see; this was the number last Wednesday.—Woodstock Press.

Poor Prospects for the Hay Crop. The roadmaster has looked after the grass this summer in a creditable manner, and not allowed it to grow promiscuously in the streets.—Fon. Globe.

Commodore Stewart and the Pirate. A young Nelson thief visited Beaubear's Island on the crew, snatched on board a yacht in the absence of the crew, and stole the contents of the lunch basket. His parents ought to feel him better.—Cath. World.

The Office Boy, as Usual. A mistake made by the office boy in counting quires last week led us short in number to complete our mailing list; we did our best to remedy the error by running off enough to make up the deficiency by printing the inside only.—Woodstock Press.

The Invasion of Clementsport. There was quite an excitement in our village last week, owing to a rumor that the notorious robbers had landed from a skiff and intended to raid the stores. A staff of police were put on the watch for several nights, but nothing occurred out of the ordinary.—Bridgton Monitor.

The Revolution at Aylesford. M. N. Graves is painting his hotel white; this will be a great improvement to its appearance. Farnsworth & Co. are giving their store a fresh coat of paint, and not before it was badly needed. R. E. Zohrab is painting all his buildings a pretty green; no color could be more appropriate.—Bridgton Register.

Digby is Marching On. Mr. R. P. Saunders has erected a substantial high board fence in the rear of his restaurant. F. H. Dakin has been newly painting his house on 1st Alley. It looks bright and cheery, Fred. Some fine, well grown new potatoes were brought to town last week by John Ross of Broad Cove. The Royal hotel is receiving a handsome coating of paint from the hand of Mr. Peter Dunkley—Canadian.

Even Halifax Has Woes. Within half-a-dozen yards contiguous to Cornard street, near Roble and Chestnut Place, it is said that in the "dumps," where the city deposits its ashes, no less than 18 dogs, from "our of low degree" to a Newfoundland, have been buried within the last three weeks. Though dead, they are not forgotten by the neighbors, as a most "disastrous" stench arises from this canine cemetery, and permeates the whole vicinity.—Recorder.

OVER THREE HUNDRED EXPECTED.

The Christian Endeavorers Will Hold Their Maritime Convention in St. John.

The third annual convention of the Maritime Union, Y. P. S. C. E., will meet in this city next week, opening on Thursday afternoon and closing on Sunday night. Through the kindness of the trustees of Centenary church, that edifice will be placed at the disposal of the Convention. It is from the variety and extent of its several apartments, eminently adapted to the necessities of such a Convention as this is expected to be. Some three hundred delegates from all parts of the Maritime provinces have signified their intention to attend. A large committee has been at work for some time securing homes for them, and they have found the majority of citizens willing to entertain them. Among the prominent Endeavorers coming are: Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, of Boston, a Trustee of the United Society; Prof. Andrews, of Mount Allison Wesleyan college, Rev. Anderson Rogers, of Windsor, N. S., Rev. John McMillan, of Halifax; Rev. Dr. DeBlois, of St. Martins and others. Rev. F. E. Clark, D. D., of Boston, president of the United Society, has been sent for and may attend during a portion of the Convention.

The growth of the movement during the eleven years of its existence has been marvellous. From two societies with a membership of 68 in 1881, to 18,500 societies and a membership of 1,100,000 in January, 1891. The secretary of the Local Union, Chas. J. Morrison, has been receiving the names of delegates for over a week and still there are more to follow. All meetings are open to the public and the session of the convention will give a wonderful impetus to C. E. work in this city. The Local Union here has nine societies with a membership of over 400. Their officers are John J. Purdon, president; Rev. H. W. Stewart, vice-president; Chas. J. Morrison, secretary; Donaldson Hunt, treasurer. These with the presidents of the societies form an executive committee. The president of the Maritime Union, Rev. W. H. Hartz, of Yarmouth, the general superintendent, John S. Smith, and the general secretary, W. B. MacCoy, of Halifax, are expected early next week, to assist the local committees in carrying out the necessary details.

A Few Sample Letters. From time to time paragraphs appear in the newspapers commenting on the mistake that so many foreigners make of confounding St. John, N. B. with St. John's, Nfld, and St. John's, Que. One can easily understand how such a mistake in addressing an envelope might arise from the slip of the pen, or from the ignorance of the clerk, but recent letters received by PROGRESS would indicate that one place is mistaken for another by employers as well as clerks. In this same connection an amusing story is told of a lady of this city, now in the country, who, upon hearing of the fire, wrote and asked if her husband was all right. This is equalled if not surpassed by the two following letters received a few days ago from well-known concerns in the United States:

JANESVILLE, Wis., July 7th, 1892. EDWARD S. CARTER, ST. JOHN, N. B. DEAR SIR:—Our Mr. ... sends us your valued order for ... As your city has since been visited by the terrible fire, we thought it best to write you before shipping the goods, as you might possibly be among the number who were burned out. We hope and trust that you received without loss. Awaiting your reply, we are, Yours very truly,

NEW YORK, July 16th, 1892. EDWARD S. CARTER, Prop. of PROGRESS, St. John, N. B., Can. DEAR SIR:—The writer has just received a cipher cablegram from Mr. ... directing that your debt for his services for the second quarter of the present year be canceled, complimentary, and that a receipted bill in full be sent you, in view of losses you must have sustained through the recent great conflagration in your city, and while assuring you of his sympathy, trusting that others may lighten your load a little in the same manner. Yours very truly, E. W.

Should Ensure a Good Crowd. In announcing their moonlight excursion for Monday, August 8th, the Y. M. C. A. orchestra takes pains to state two things clearly, that there will be no dancing, and every effort will be made to exclude the rough element which has marred the enjoyment of so many outings this summer. No doubt the orchestra will be able to sell all the tickets allowed by the managers of the boat, three hundred.

They Make a Specialty of It. A valuable piece of furniture is often thrown aside after it is broken, because people do not know where to send it, or do not want to take the trouble to inquire. Messrs. Amland Bros. have a repair shop on Waterloo street and are doing a large amount of this kind of work. They make a specialty of it, and endeavor to make articles sent to them as much like new as possible.

The Location is All Right. The blue clothing store, corner of Mill and Main streets, is having a great run this summer. Its establishment was a lucky stroke on the part of the proprietor, who has not over-estimated the importance of Main street as a business thoroughfare. All varieties of ready-made clothing are kept in stock, and popular prices is the rule of the store.

Pretty Big Strawberries. Large Strawberries are not much of a novelty this summer, but Messrs. M. H. & G. F. Sharpe of Havelock, Kings county are growing some that attract attention. One picked this week measured 4 1/2 inches. The Messrs. Sharpe average about five crates a day.

You Can Get It at McKay's. The latest Delinicator has been received by Geo. H. McKay and contains a fund of interesting information for women. It is one of the most popular of fashion magazines and is always sought after.

NEARLY HALF A CENTURY AGO.

St. John's, Newfoundland, Suffered by Fire Once Before.

The generous gift of nearly \$9,000 sent from Newfoundland to the relief of the fire sufferers in this city, in 1877, will be repaid, with something in addition, by the sums given by the city of St. John and the citizens, which already amount to more than \$9,000. This city could do no less than return the principal of the amount received fifteen years ago, and while it does not claim to add interest, it sends at least a few hundred dollars to the good.

Slight references have been made by some of the papers to the great fire at St. John's in 1846, and the following from the Morning News, of this city, in that year, will be read with interest as showing the extent of the destruction at that time: DREADFUL FIRE.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., IN RUINS—ALL THE CHURCHES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS DESTROYED—ALSO NEARLY EVERY MANUFACTURE HOUSE—SIX THOUSAND PEOPLE HOMELESS.

An arrival at Pictou from St. John's, N. F., brought papers containing accounts of a terrible conflagration, by which nearly the whole of that town was destroyed. The advices arrived in Halifax on Monday morning. The fire commenced at half past 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 12th instant, in George's street, off Queen's street in the room occupied as a dwelling, above the cabinet maker's shop of Mr. Hamlin, and raged until 7 o'clock in the evening, by which time the destruction was complete. It extended rapidly into Queen's street and Water street, consuming everything in its progress, all the intermediate buildings, oil vats, wharves, &c., as far as Messrs. Newman's. Here its ravages to the westward were stopped. From Warren's premises it took all the buildings to the eastward, making a clear sweep of wharves, vats, &c. The house of E. & N. Stabb was blown up in an attempt to stop the fire, in doing which one artilleryman was killed, and another severely wounded. Queen's street and Duckworth street are destroyed.

In the vats of J. & N. Kent was the fat of 25,000 seals. The catholic church and the episcopal residence in rear of Duckworth street were saved. St. John's church, the Cathedral Church of England were burned to the ground. The court house, jail and all the buildings by which they were surrounded are consumed, also the commercial stores, marine insurance office, Agricultural society's museum, Bank of British North America. The Congregational chapel saved. Ordnance store burnt, but the rest of the building saved. The nursery school-house and nunnery burnt. Every printing office burnt, but part of the materials saved. Five or six thousand persons had to pass the night of that dreadful day in the open air in front of the Government house. A meeting of the citizens had been called, and measures taken to afford as much relief to the dependent population, as the calamity had left in their power. Provisions were scarce. It was ascertained that there were four thousand bags of bread and three thousand barrels of flour in the merchants' hands, and his excellency had issued a proclamation prohibiting the exportation of provisions, or the erection of buildings until after the meeting of the assembly. Fortunately for the merchants, though some of them have lost to a very large amount, most of their outport importations had been made, for which they will receive returns in the fall.

The churches and the public buildings which the fire had spared were being hastily fitted up to shelter those who had been rendered homeless. The only mercantile firm in St. John's now standing, is that of Messrs. Newman & Co. All the rest are destroyed. The legislature is to be immediately assembled.

The papers mention the loss of life of three persons, two of them artillerymen, occasioned by the blowing up of the house above stated—the other an old man, who had saved his bed and other articles from the flames, but who sunk under the weight as he was carrying them to a place of safety and immediately expired.

At the least calculation two-thirds of St. John's has been consumed, and the loss of property by this visitation is estimated at a million sterling. Two streets, each a mile long, and a number of detached buildings have been totally destroyed, and twelve thousand persons have been rendered homeless.

This dire calamity calls for the active sympathy of all classes throughout the provinces, and we understand a public meeting will be immediately called at Halifax, to devise some means of partially relieving a portion of the distress which must unavoidably exist.

Where Enjoyment is Supreme. One of the most successful picnics that leaves the city is the annual outing of Brussels street Baptist church Sunday-school. Committees composed of workers who know just what picnickers want, and a large number of young people to enter into the spirit of the occasion and make strangers enjoy themselves, always ensure a good crowd aside from those connected with the church. The picnic goes to Lepreau this and July 26 is the date.

Strengthening the Business College. Mr. J. H. Pepper has transferred his interest in the Shorthand institute to Messrs. Kerr & Pringle of the St. John Business College. Mr. Pepper has always conducted a splendid school of shorthand and his graduates have secured the best positions to be had. Mr. Pringle will take charge of this department in addition to his specialty, penmanship. The nomination should add much strength to the business college.

The Dark Side of City Life. Police Officer Caples found a four-year-old son of James Foley wandering about Prince William street yesterday and took him to his home.—Telegraph. The North End police report a lot on Canisden street, owned by Messrs. Robert Banks & Co., as unfenced; also a lot on Sheriff street, occupied by Mr. John Murphy. A dangerous hole is reported in the sidewalk on the Marsh bridge.—Telegraph.

Advertisement for 'The Progress' newspaper, featuring various headlines and text including 'PRES...', 'SHE...', 'ARTHUR...', 'Ne...', 'Refri...', 'Birt...', 'Ker...', 'Co...'. The text is partially obscured and includes promotional information for the publication.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Prognosis is for a... in Halifax at the following places: KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street...

The farewell dinner given on Saturday last by the officers of the R. A. and R. E. to Colonel and Mrs. Ryan on their departure for England, was a very successful and pleasant entertainment.

On Monday morning nearly all Halifax went to the steamer to say good bye to Colonel and Mrs. Ryan, who leave many sincere friends behind.

On August 8, several yachts will go down the western shore to Chester; among which will be Mr. Wylie's yacht, Mr. Murray's, Mr. G. L. Franklyn's, and Mr. Jones's.

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smartness and fashion. I hear that Cardinal Gibbons was one of Mrs. Wood's guests...

On Monday morning nearly all Halifax went to the steamer to say good bye to Colonel and Mrs. Ryan...

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It is characteristic of the House never to be out of stock in any of the most popular and useful articles.

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SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.]

July 20.—Tennis is not indulged in by our young people to anything like the extent that it has been in past seasons.

Building operations at Crane's corner has rendered playing at that point impossible, much to the disgust of those who wish to display their skill with the racket on that court.

Mr. R. P. Foster's friends are congratulating him on a recent addition to his family.

Miss Pauline Bell and Matel Rainald paid a visit to Amherst one day last week.

Mr. Kirkpatrick is again among us, much to the delight of his numerous friends.

Mrs. David G. Dickson is home after a pleasant visit to Halifax.

Miss Sadie Dickson of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been the guest of Mrs. J. C. Black, has gone to Chatham.

The Misses Nan and Sadie Thompson, daughters of Hon. F. P. Thompson, are expected to be the guests of Mrs. J. L. Black.

Miss Annie Lawton, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. R. P. Foster, has returned to her home in St. John.

The Sackville band, attached to the 8th cavalry, discoursed excellent music for two hours at Lower Sackville on Saturday evening.

As usual interest was manifested in the performance, as was duly attested by the large numbers who enjoyed the pleasant treat.

The band holds its annual picnic and excursion to Cape Breton, on Saturday, the 22nd inst. It is expected that many will avail themselves of this opportunity of visiting the shore.

Miss Pauline Bell, estimated a number of her young friends one evening last week.

Among those present were the Misses Van, Miss Oile Burgess, Miss Lila Borden and Miss Scaman, beside a number of other gentlemen friends.

There were also several enjoyable drives during the week for a few weeks.

Other points of more or less interest. The ladies of St. John's church, Cornwallis, propose having a strawberry festival at an early date.

Among the visitors to Wolfville during the week for a few weeks.

Mr. Arthur, who has been visiting his brother, Mr. John Masters, and his sister, Mrs. John Masters, old graduates of "Acadia," the former of whom not long since received an appointment as associate professor in the Indiana State university, while the latter, I believe, is a student at the same institution.

Miss Ross who has been stopping in town several months the guest of her brother, the Rev. R. D. Ross, left on Thursday morning for her home taking with her her young nephew.

Mr. William Young bought the "Pine boat" and will take her up to the Basin of Minas, which is to be completed.

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Irish Hand-made Whitewear

This Stylish Gown in English Longcloth trimmed with beautiful Embroidery and Ribbons, only \$3.00. Chemise and Drawers to match.



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PIANOS, ORGANS

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PIANOS AND ORGANS TUNED AND REPAIRED. SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED.

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Four Diplomas taken on Stock shown at late Provincial Exhibition.

EMULSION

IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER.

At PRICES THAT OUGHT TO SUIT ANYONE WANTING WELL BRED MARES, COLTS OR FILLIES.

All Standard Bred and Sired by the Following Horses:

MADRID 1888, son of George Wilkes, 222. GUYTHURVEN 11014, son of Guyth, 2114. SABLE KING 18071, son of Sable Wilkes, 218. SILVER BELL 18388, son of St. Bell, 2244. HERBON 9881, son of Princeps. PRINCE LAMBERT 5688, son of D. Lambert. NIL DESPERANDUM 1380, son of Belmont.

Prices Lower than the same stock can be purchased for in the States. As I want to sell \$1,600.00 worth at once, I will give bargains to quick buyers. I have some trotters. Come and get them. Send for prices to

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SLUG SHOT

KILLS POTATS BUGS!

ONLY 5 CTS. PER POUND

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AMHERST AND HALIFAX.

HERBERT HARRIS, Manager.

DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR LIFE

Be advised, and if you feel that you still continue to lose strength put away all prejudices and try

PEPTONIZED

SALE AND BEEF

Pepsin, Beef, Hops and Barley.

One Secret of Success.

One secret of success in Flower Gardening is to buy plants that have been transplanted and thoroughly hardened off by exposure to the open air.

OVER 1,000,000 Bedding House Plants in Stock

Nova Scotia Nursery, Lockman St., Halifax, JAMES H. HARRIS, Manager.

Illustrated Catalogue on application. See Condensed Advts. on Page 2.

SCARABEE INSECT DESTROYER

These three householders are of the opinion that it is a most effective remedy for Blackbeetles, Cockroaches, etc., and recommend the numerous readers of PROGRESS to get a 25 cent box at the LONDON DRUG STORE, 147 Hollis St., Halifax.

J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist, Proprietor.

KENTVILLE.

July 20.—Mrs. Brock and Miss Edith Brock are expected home this week from Kingsport, where they have been staying for a fortnight enjoying the salt water.

Rev. E. M. Kierstead, of Acadia college, preached in the Baptist church on Sunday.

Mr. F. Read was in town last week visiting old friends.

Miss Wallace and Miss Mary Wallace, of Halifax, are visiting Mrs. Ralph Eaton, of Kentville.

Mrs. Sutherland is home from Shenouacade where she has been visiting friends since her return from California.

Dr. L. J. Lovett, of Bear River, spent a few days at week with his parents at Kentville.

Mr. W. Kinnaman, of Freeport, was also in town last week.

Keavilleville, S. of T., enjoyed a pleasant evening at Coldbrook last week, entertained by the brethren of that place.

A very enjoyable five o'clock tea was given by Mrs. King on Wednesday and another very pleasant one by Mrs. L. de V. Chalmers on Thursday.

Mrs. Murray and nephew, Master Harry Russell, Miss Price came home from Windsor for a few days last week but returned to friends there.

Mrs. Sweet, of Halifax, is visiting at Mr. John Marston's.

Mr. Low, of P. E. I. preached in St. James church Sunday evening.

The Roman Catholic church, which has stood so many years on Chapel Hill, near one of the most beautiful spots to be found in Nova Scotia, has been taken down and a large new church is rapidly being constructed in its place which will not only be a great source of satisfaction to the members of the congregation but an ornament to the town.

Six members of the Windsor cycling club rode into town on Thursday and had dinner at McLeod's. More wheels are to be seen in town this summer than ever before.

Mr. Brower Margson was back to Boston to take a course in mechanical drawing at the Massachusetts School of Technology.

Miss Louie Harrington, of Halifax, is visiting at Mr. John Morris'.

Dr. Gow, of Dartmouth, is visiting friends in town.

Mr. Read, of Halifax, who is staying in partnership with Mr. Wilshire here, is staying in town. The tennis players are always delighted to welcome Mr. Read, and they are arranging a tennis tournament to take place while he is here.

Miss Evelyn Gilkins, who lately came home from school, has with her friend, Miss Manning, from Windsor.

Mr. J. W. G. Galters was home from Windsor for Sunday.

Miss Daisy Worley, who is staying at Kingsport, has unfortunately had a fall from a hammock, and it is hoped will prove nothing serious.

Miss Winnie Redden is home from Halifax.

Mr. Richard Pratt is visiting home friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Nesby and Mrs. Marsden are home again after a trip to Cape Breton.

The Rev. and Mrs. Begg and family have gone to Long Island for some weeks.

Miss Ada Albro is in Parrabroo visiting her sister, Mrs. Woodworth.

Rev. F. W. DeBarres has begun his work here as pastor of the Methodist church.

Mr. Robert Pyke, of Windsor, spent Sunday in town.

DIGBY, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Digby at the bookstore of Mrs. Belle Moore.]

Miss H. A. DesBarres, of London, Eng., and Mrs. T. W. Harris of Kentville, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Wade, "Chester Cottage," Montague Row.

Mr. David Wade is back to Digby again, after an absence of some years in Massachusetts. He is the guest of his brother, Mr. James Wade.

Mrs. S. W. Holt and Mrs. C. B. Gordon, with their children, are at the residence of Mr. E. L. Gordon. They arrived from Everett, Mass., on Saturday.

Mrs. W. Dudman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and family are the guests of Mrs. Geo. Jones, Mrs. Dudman's mother.

By the death of Mr. William Hanley, which occurred on Friday last, Digby loses an old and respected citizen.

Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Lane, Newton Centre, Mass., Mr. Millo, Messrs. Harding, St. John, D. W. Hobbs, Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. Poland, of Providence, R. I., are among the summer arrivals at the Myrtle house this week.

Mrs. J. H. Dunlop, W. B. McFarland and C. John Stamer, of St. John, are spending an enjoyable vacation in Digby.

Rev. W. H. Harris, of Yarmouth, was in town Friday and left same day for St. John. He was accompanied by his two children, Miss Laura and Master Walter.

Mrs. E. G. Abbott and Master Abbott, of St. John, are registered at Mrs. Booth's for a few weeks.

Mrs. J. P. Barington, St. John, D. W. Hobbs, and Master Robb, Amherst, were in town this week, also Mr. Kenneth D. Leavitt, St. John, and Mr. John Turnbull, Clyde River; Mrs. A. W. Wyman, Messrs. Chas. Dicks and W. T. Sturtitt, Yarmouth, were at the Burnham House during the past week, also Messrs Geo. W. Parker and J. F. Weston, of St. John.

Eight persons from Chipman, Queens Co., N. B., have rooms at the Burnham House, having arrived this week. They are Mrs. G. G. King, daughter and son, Mr. W. C. King, Mrs. King and three children.

Mrs. J. P. Barington, Geo. Smith, M. C. Barbour, H. H. Fairweather, W. F. Short, E. McDonald and others among the people registered at the Royal during the past week. Thos. Robertson, ex-Act. P. Barington, D. J. Frigwell, D. J. Murphy and Geo. F. Parker, of Yarmouth, were also among the arrivals.

ANAPOLIS.

July 20.—The drama *Verona*, or the *Lost Mine* was repeated on Wednesday evening for the benefit of the sufferers from the great fire in St. John's. It was a success in every way. Miss Harris is too well known to the Annapolis people to need further mention. Indeed every part was well sustained.

The married men were badly beaten at cricket by the boys on Thursday.

FAIRBOURNE.

[Progress is for sale in Fairbore at the bookstore of Mrs. J. A. Dawson.]

Mr. David Sloane and Miss Sloane were in town last week. They came from St. John's, Newfoundland, having passed through some startling experiences.

Miss Annie McDonald gave a most enjoyable driving picnic to Dartmouth last Tuesday in honor of several of our summer visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingman of Montreal, were in town last week, and were the guests of Mrs. John Davies.

Mr. William Duffus of Halifax, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. Gordon.

Last Friday evening the ladies of the "Auxiliary Y. M. C. A." gave a most successful tea on the grounds of Mrs. George Pittman, which presented quite a glowing appearance from the large number of torches placed about the grounds. The band was in attendance and added greatly to the enjoyment of those present.

Miss Calkin, of Truro, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. McKee, C. E. of Sidney, was in town on Saturday.

Mrs. and Miss Graves, of London, Ontario, are the guests of Mrs. McKee, Water street.

Mr. and Mrs. Geddis Grant, of Trinidad, are spending the summer with Mrs. Grant's mother, Mrs. Copeland. Darr.

[Progress is for sale at Fairbore Bookstore.]

July 20.—Miss Gerie Looby and Miss Fanny Ryan are home from Mt. St. Vincent, spending the holidays.

Mrs. F. A. Albro came over from Kentville on Thursday, and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth.

Mrs. W. Townsend and her two sons arrived in Fairbore on Saturday for a brief visit. It is quite a number of years since they left here to reside in America, and their relatives and friends are glad indeed to see them after their long absence.

Mrs. Barry Baker, of Amherst, is staying at her father's, with her two children.

Mr. Clarence Clark, of home from St. Stephens for a short visit to his parents.

Miss Sheppard, of Toronto, is a guest at Mr. Alkman's.

Mr. Fletcher, of the geological survey, and his family are staying at the Central.

Miss Campbell and Mrs. W. M. Whigham, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Smith, left on Friday for Halifax.

Mr. F. C. Cook, of Springhill, was in town on Monday.

TRURO, N. S.

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

July 20.—Mrs. Geo. Stuart returned last week from Boston, where she has enjoyed a very pleasant visit among friends and relatives.

The funeral of the late Mr. Peter Christie took place yesterday from his father's residence, York street, and was largely attended by railway officials and private citizens.

Miss Pollock, Lower Stewacke, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. M. Christie, of Windsor, was in town for a few days this week attending the obsequies of his brother.

Mr. Chas. Hyde is home for a short visit from Brookfield, N. Y.

Mrs. J. E. Goucher and Miss Goucher, who have broken up housekeeping previous to their departure, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Walker.

Mrs. C. S. Hewson and little Miss Ethel are home from Economy.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Gourley are receiving congratulations on the birth of a fine baby boy.

Miss Etta Page, who returned from New York with her sister, Miss Page, will remain home during the summer months and in the autumn return again to pursue her studies in voice culture.

Mr. Percy Taylor, Halifax, was a guest of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Benly, yesterday.

Walter Spencer, of the Merchant Bank, Halifax, spent Tuesday among Truro friends.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Taylor and at the book store of G. S. Wall and in Calais at G. F. Trevelyan's.]

July 20.—The coolness of the past few days has been most refreshing after the intense heat of the past week and has given quite an impetus to picnics and water parties, the heat making those who enjoy these outings too tired and indolent to exert themselves to prepare or give invitations for any kind of entertainments.

Hawthorn Hall, the residence of Judge Stevens, presented a very gay appearance on Saturday afternoon, it being the occasion of a garden party and "At Home" given by the Misses Stevens for the entertainment of their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morrison, the grounds surrounding Judge Stevens' residence are most beautifully arranged and are well watered and the garden is in full bloom. A pavilion was erected in the garden for the purpose of making the guests enjoy themselves. The reception was from six o'clock and the evening passed so pleasantly the hour for departing came only too soon.

Among the guests from out of town were: Mrs. E. Anderson (St. John), Mrs. F. Scamell (N. Y.), Mrs. D. W. Brown (Woodstock), Mrs. J. E. Goucher (St. John), Miss Grace Manning (St. John) and Miss Beattie Tilly (Toronto).

Mr. James L. Stevens gave a very charming dance at his residence on Thursday evening to a number of her young friends.

Mrs. Bolton entertained a small party of friends on Thursday with a drive and supper at Hotel de la Ville.

The Wildwood Tennis club met on the grounds of Mrs. J. J. Smith on Monday evening.

Mr. John Grant gave a very pleasant entertainment last evening to a party of friends. It was a concert party to attend the concert at Milligan given by Messrs. Lonsdale and Harris, and luncheon at Mrs. Grant's residence after the drive and return home.

Miss Margaret Todd gave invitations on Monday to some 50 friends to enjoy a sail today in the *Arctus* to Campbell, where they will picnic, returning home in the evening.

A number of young people are going this evening to a drive and supper at "Fairlands," some 16 miles from St. Stephen, for the amusement of their friends. Mr. Fred McLean, of St. John, is the driver.

The congregation of the Baptist church on Sunday morning was unusually large.

The ladies of the "Union Outing club" have made arrangements to enjoy a drive and picnic at Keene's lake on Tuesday of next week.

The water party given by Mrs. James Mitchell and Mrs. C. E. Clarke to some 50 children on Tuesday, was most successful and enjoyable.

Mr. Deacon of Milltown, and Mr. Deacon of Mary Deacon, gave a very delightful drive to Meddy, lumps lake on Monday, to several of their friends in St. Stephen, returning at the lake, and after luncheon, the rest of the day was spent in fishing for bass, but only two young ladies of the party succeeded in landing any fish.

Miss Alice Robinson has returned after several weeks to her friends in St. John.

Miss Matt Weddell of Fredericton, is the guest of her friend Miss Minnie Stevenson.

Mrs. C. E. M. Waterbury and Master Willie Waterbury have been spending a few days on Deer Island, near the mouth of the St. John river.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Scovill of St. John, who have been spending several days here, left on Monday for their home in St. John.

Mrs. John Black and her family have gone to Hotel de la Ville on Monday.

George A. Clarke, who will visit Mrs. Bell Jones for several weeks.

Miss Nellie Meredith has returned home after a pleasant trip in the upper part of the province.

Mrs. Phillip Green has been spending a week with friends in St. John.

Mr. W. F. Todd has gone on a business trip to New York city, and will also visit several cities further west.

Mrs. Robert Lindsay has returned home after a pleasant visit of six weeks in Chicago.

Rev. Harry Woods has returned from Europe and is now in Calais making a short visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Wood.

SUSSEX.

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

July 20.—Yesterday was a great day for the members of the Roman Catholic church, who held their annual picnic on the Kettle farm. A great many drove in from the surrounding country and an excursion from St. John increased the numbers.

Another attraction added to the usual picnic amusements. An excellent dinner and tea was served to the visitors and a handsome sum of money realized.

Mrs. Gilbert White of St. John, and Mr. and Mrs. Colter Wain of Newton, Mass., are spending a few weeks in town.

Mr. C. B. Kinnear spent a few days last week in St. John.

Miss Gussie Wetmore left last week for a trip to New York.

Miss Maggie Blakely, of Petticoat, spent a few days last week with her grandmother, Mrs. Stockton.

Miss Jennie Gorham is visiting relatives in Moncton.

Mr. Robert Humphrey of St. John, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Emmel of Boston, is spending a week or two with Mrs. Freewill.

Mrs. J. T. Kirk is spending a few weeks in Prince Edward Island.

The Rev. Bishop Medley and Mrs. Medley, of Fredericton, accompanied by Mrs. Chas. Medley, of Woodville, returned to town this week.

Rev. Andrew and Mrs. Gray, of Chelsea, Mass., are visiting relatives here.

Miss Etta Page, of St. John, who had been visiting Mrs. Robert Keith, was suddenly called home by the death of her father, Mr. Page.

Miss Edith Russell, who was accompanied by her friend, Miss Anna Keith, who is still in town, is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. H. Raymond, left yesterday for St. John.

Miss Maggie Arnold is visiting friends in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, of Toronto, are in town, the guests of Mrs. Armstrong.

Mr. Armstrong's mission is to rob Sussex of one of its fair daughters.

Miss Nellie Ryan, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. B. A. Rites, of Petticoat, returned home on Monday.

The Misses Daisy and Constance Vall are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Murphy, of Carleton Place.

Mrs. M. Kinnear spent Tuesday in St. John.

Mrs. Willard Broad, of Moncton, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Broad, in town.

Mrs. Bell, of Moncton, is also their guest.

Miss Florence Arnold is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Littlehall, of Carleton.

Mrs. L. Littlehall, of St. John, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Dan. Trites, of Petticoat, was in town on Tuesday.

Dr. J. H. Ryan is in St. John attending the medical course at the University of Toronto.

Miss Beatrice Brock, of St. John, is visiting Mrs. John Roach.

The result of the Sunday-school teachers' examination of Kingston Deacons has been received and the winners of the Bishop Kingston prizes are Misses Wilmot Wetmore of Kingston and Miss Laura Pearce of Apohaqui—first and second, respectively.

Arthur Colgan of Springfield and Miss Etta Howe of Sussex carry off the Deane prizes. RONALD.

HARBOUR.

[Progress is for sale at Mrs. S. J. Livingston's grocery store, Harbour.]

July 20.—Miss Annie Black, of Richibucto, spent a day here last week with her sister, Mrs. M. F. Keith, on her way home from St. Martins, where she has been since last November.

Miss Jennie Dunn left Dalhousie on Sunday morning's express for the purpose of spending a month visiting her sister, Mrs. Allan.

Mr. Frank Humphrey returned from Dalhousie on Wednesday.

Miss Keith entertained a few friends last Wednesday evening. Ice cream was served during the evening.

Mr. Leo Maxwell, of the K. N. R., was in town on Saturday, the guest of his aunt, Mrs. W. F. Brown.

Mrs. J. W. Morton, Miss Lizzie and Master Tupper Morton, of Kent Junction, spent Tuesday night in town, the guests of Mrs. Ben. McLeod.

Mr. John W. Miller and wife, of Millerton, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Miller at Montserrat.

Miss Jane McAlmon, of Kingston, was at the Bureks on Tuesday.

Miss Ella Wellwood has gone to Rogersville to visit her sister, Mrs. David Buckley.

Mr. G. J. Barry, of P. F., was at the Bureks on Tuesday.

Mr. Geo. M. Sutton, of Waltham, Mass., was here on Monday, and left to visit friends in Richibucto.

Miss Blanche Keith is visiting relatives in Richibucto.

Mid-Summer Sale

We have reduced the remainder of our stock of ALL-WOOL CHALLIES

30 CENTS PER YARD.

Former prices, 40c. and 45c. per yard. Light grounds and Black grounds. Handsome patterns.



Our 11c., 12 1/2c. and 14c.

Wide English Prints and Drillottes

have been reduced to 10 CENTS PER YARD.

This will be found a rare chance to purchase a Cotton Dress very much under price.

Bargains in all kinds of Summer Goods.

S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte St., St. John, N.B.

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Miss Blanche Keith is visiting relatives in Richibucto.

Miss Stella Bailey is visiting friends in Buctoche.

Mrs. John Beattie gave an ice cream party on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin and Miss McLaughlin of St. John, arrived last week and will spend the remainder of the summer here the guests of Mrs. N. M. Barnes, Louden Heights.

Judge Woodhouse is in town.

Miss Beattie is visiting her brother, Mr. H. D. McLeod.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Murdoch spent Sunday in town.

Mr. J. D. Mabee is seriously ill at his residence in the village, the result being thrown from his carriage.

Miss Goudie who is visiting the Misses Peters, returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. V. Harbour are spending a few days at the "Jagery," Lakeside.

Rev. Samuel Howard, B. A., and family, late of Florenceville, reached St. John last week, and will move into the house lately occupied by Rev. C. H. Paisley.

Mr. Howard occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church at both ends of the week.

Miss Beattie Bell is visiting her father at Maplehurst.

Mrs. and Mrs. Lewis Carvell and Miss Carvell, of Charlottetown, are spending a few weeks at their residence in St. John.

Mrs. A. McN. Travis and Mrs. P. Palmer, left on Tuesday for Oak Point, where they will spend a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Caird and family will very soon be leaving for St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Baird were at the Hotel Leonard in London.

Mrs. J. A. Dunham was returned home after a short visit.

Mrs. Charles H. Falley, who left for his new home in Calais last week, returned on Monday at the request of the Sons of Temperance lodge.

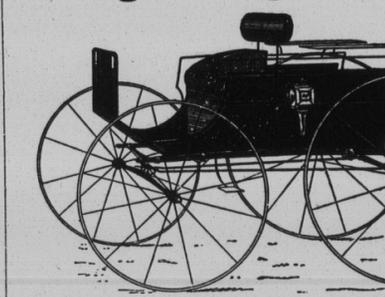
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An English Dog Cart.



This is a very stylish carriage; much used by fashionable people, as well as those who delight in a handsome turn out. For Prices and other information address:

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Manufacturers of Fine Carriages, Sleighs, and Hearses, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Warehouse, St. John: Corner of Union and Brussels Streets.

Halifax Ladies' College and Conservatory of Music. (In affiliation with Dalhousie University.)

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC—English, Mathematics, Science, French and German, Latin and Greek, Education, Calligraphy, Short-hand, and Typewriting.

MUSIC—Piano-forte playing, Violin, Singing, Theory of Music.

THE INSTRUCTORS are the best that all Departments of the College and Conservatory are fully equipped. Applications for admission, for in every respect in which excellence in a Ladies' College is desirable.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1892.

LOST AT SEA.

The Wreck of the "London" in 1866.

A HALIFAX MAN'S STORY.

He Was One of the Three Passengers Saved.

THE THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF A SMALL BOAT'S CREW.

How the Steamer Foundered and 235 Lives Were Lost—On the Ocean—Picked Up by Italians—Shameful Treatment by the Agents of the Steamer—Brave Seaman King—The Survivors as Actors in London Theatres—An Australian Whose Humor Under Difficulties was Remarkable—A Narrative of Rare Interest Written for "Progress."

"Hold on—hold there! Ah, that is not fair play, you have got the advantage of me." I turned and looked in the direction of the speaker to see what the alteration was about, when I recognised a steward of the second cabin on his hands and knees trying to regain his feet. Before succeeding he was sent sprawling on the deck two or three times by a sudden lurch of the ship—each time making the same accusation to some invisible party of unfair play. He was quite alone. I soon discovered that it was a spirit, one of which he had imbibed during the earlier part of the evening, he was accusing of taking what he termed an advantage of him.

The scene of the foregoing was in the second cabin of the steamship London, the night before she foundered in the Bay of Biscay in 1866. This steward belonged to Melbourne, and he was working his passage out. He was a man of fine physique and rather fair address. As there are some of his family still living in Melbourne, I shall withhold his name, but he will be now known as Gordon. The last night in the London was terrible in the extreme. The scene and surroundings at that time were not at all conducive to frivolity or over indulgence. Hatches were battened down. The ship rolling and pitching fearfully with water six inches deep washing to and fro at every roll. Passengers were terrified and sitting in groups reading or engaged in devotional exercises, others alone communing with their own thoughts of the almost certain death that seemed awaiting us. Thus it was for hours, when about midnight sailors were heard running along the passage between decks from aft to get some spare sails to cover over the engine room hatch, the covering of which had just been washed off and they were singing out that all men were wanted on deck to assist as the ship was filling.

I promptly obeyed the summons for my own particular reasons as I had a great horror of being shut in below at the last moment. Imagine the feelings of those who had to remain behind with their wives and children. What became of Gordon at that time I do not know. I did not see him again during the night or the next forenoon though I was about all the time. After our own boat—the only one that left the ship—had got safely away and we had caught the last sight of the London disappearing beneath the waves I turned to look over our boat's crew to see how many there were whom I knew, when my eyes rested on Gordon comfortably seated in the bow—how or when he jumped in I was not aware being so intent on my own special case.

Having no water in our boat we suffered somewhat from thirst, which was increased by the salt from driving spray settling on one's lips, producing a sensation as if one was always licking salt. Gordon was the first to make known his great thirst—possibly that he was wrestling with the night before it was in some way accountable. In the course of the night it was rumored that one of the sailors had a few bottles of liquor. Gordon's thirst then suddenly became more intense, he would certainly have to drink salt water if he couldn't get anything else. "Jump over-board and get your fill, there is plenty there. We can spare some ballast," sung out one of the sailors. This remark had reference to Gordon's weight, as he was a man of about 200 pounds, as well as to the state of our boat, which was overladen, there being 10 in her while her proper complement was 12. Gordon had done nothing in the way of assisting—but lie in the bottom of the boat and sleep or complain of thirst—therefore he did not command much sympathy from the sailors.

All were expected to do something for the general welfare, either bailing, rowing, or the lookout for a sail or the breakers. Those who could row would take turn about. My lot was to bail. A young lad stood up all night watching a stern, to report to the helmsman the

direction that the breaking seas were rolling and how far off, which was easily determined by their phosphorescent tops. The chief object was to avoid those breaking waves striking us broadside, for as one did, then good-bye to this world.

The next forenoon, when about to be rescued by a vessel that had sighted us, it was arranged that we go up in order, one at a time, as we realized great danger on boarding, as a heavy, dark squall had just swept past, creating a very troubled sea. We all agreed to obey King, the helmsman. King was a young, able seaman of the London who had displayed remarkable skill in the management of the boat. His father had been a Messy boatman, hence his knowledge of boats, and we had instinctively given him command.

As our own boat drew along broadside to the vessel and when just opposite the starboard mizen rigging, she gave a lurch, rolling nearly on top of us. The chain bolts of the rigging caught the gunwale of our boat tearing it away and at the same time swamping it. All order then was cast to the winds—every man for himself—right before us were the iron rods to which the rigging was attached. With one impulse we made a grasp for them. As the vessel rolled back we were lifted out of the water and left clinging to the side of the ship like so many barnacles. By the next roll we were lifted up by the elements, I then soon scrambled on board, I remember being caught by the coat collar and hauled in over the rail. Once on deck I looked over the bulwarks to see if all were out—all were there except poor Gordon, who was floundering about in the swamped boat like a stranded porpoise; soon a rope with a noose was lowered to him and he was hauled on board, the last, but not least. He explained his inability to grasp the iron rods, as we had done, owing to an injury received the day before on board the London.

Our rescuers were Italians. Their vessel a barque of about 400 tons, named the Marianopolis, of Genoa, laden with wheat from the Mediterranean for England to call at Falmouth for orders. None on board could speak English and none of our party could speak Italian—however they readily comprehended our position and wants, gave us dry clothes to put on and acted most nobly throughout, doing all in their power for our comfort.

Our first request was for water. The first day we had plenty, but the second day we were put on allowance, as the ship's stock was low, they having lost a cask during the gale. Capt. Cavasani generously provided a substitute by broaching a cask of light wine. It was duly appreciated and we found that there was not one teetotaler in our boat party. Wine is very good in its place, but for a thirst-quenching element a good plain water. The fourth day after our rescue we entered the English channel with hopes of being in Falmouth harbor that night, but were doomed to disappointment. A heavy gale came on towards night, and we were obliged to boat ship and stand off for the night, but always keeping in view the two Lizard lights. That night we were very much alarmed, fearing another shipwreck, by the constant shouting of the crew, as if all were giving orders at once, and we not understanding them, imagined our position more dangerous than possibly it was. About midnight I decided to go below and turn in. Our sleeping quarters were in the hold on the cargo, in a space of less than four feet, under the main deck. Over the wheat, which was in bulk, was spread a mat, and on this we made a bed. When the ship rolled heavily we would slide to and fro by the movement of the wheat. As I crawled in through the small passage way of the cabin and laid down rather impatiently, I had seen or felt all the more dangerous than possibly it was. Of course the constant strain of the past week added largely to our fears. Gordon made the usual inquiries as to the state of matters on deck. I reported as I had seen or felt rather impatiently I had in the darkness, though no description could have conveyed a more terrifying impression than did the medley of sounds, shouting, hurrying footsteps and pounding on deck just over our heads. He and I then discussed the possibilities of seeing land in the morning or ever. Then in a confidential mood said, "Ah, Wilson, this has been a terrible experience. It should make better men of us; as for myself I intend to reform. I have made up my mind to lead a better life. I now say my prayers every night and morning, and I—oh, damn that, she is bound to roast me." This last remark had reference to one of a lot of hens—the only live stock carried. They were turned loose on the wheat to roost at large—in a veritable field of wheat. Through the day they looked upon us as encroachers, but at night were too affectionate.

I agreed with Gordon that if the experience of the last week would not induce serious reflections, and for one to resolve to live a better life then nothing would. He then gave me some particulars about himself. He belonged to Melbourne and kept a cigar and barber shop. Had taken a trip home to get some money due from his father's estate. His share was £200, all of which he invested in goods for his business. They were uninsured, and of course, a total loss, but "luckily" said he, "I saved my money, fifty sovereigns my sister gave me on leaving."

I then began to think that I had seen her before and asked if his shop was in Burk street east. "Yes." "Had you a daughter that a young fellow named Charley wanted to marry and you would not give your consent?" "Yes." "Thus it was how I came to remember him. About eight months' previous, requiring the services of a barber one morning, I entered an inviting looking place. The operating room was at the back. From my chair I commanded a view of the front shop, devoted to fancy smoking goods. Beyond the counter stood a buxom young girl of about 18. In front stood a young man

wearing an anxious and dejected appearance—presently a man entered, evidently the proprietor, and went behind the counter, then addressing himself to the young man, said:

"No, Charley, I will not give my consent. I have no personal objection to you, but you are not able to keep a wife. Then turning to the young girl, he asked her if she was in love with Charley. "Yes," she replied, in a decided tone. "And you want to marry him?" "Yes," as decidedly as before. Turning then to Charley, he put the same question, who answered in the same emphatic manner.

"Now Charley," he continued, "I can support my daughter, and I will be bluffed if I allow her to marry and be a slave to any man." By this time I was ready to leave. As I passed out by the young man I pitied the poor fellow who with his eyes cast on the floor looked the picture of despair. I inquired of Gordon if he was that cruel parent.

"Yes," he replied. "Well, what was the end of their courtship," I asked. "Oh, I had to give my consent. They are married and happy."

Towards morning the wind moderated. We turned and ran slowly to land and by ten in the morning dropped anchor in Falmouth harbor amidst a fleet of 300 weather bound vessels. We hailed a passing sea tug and were taken on shore to feel the solid earth once more. It appeared as if additional pleasure was found to the mere act of walking. We found our way to the office of the owners' agents. Shortly the news was telegraphed to London, thence to other parts of the kingdom carrying grief and mourning to many a household.

Our reception and treatment by the agents at Falmouth was very un-English and in striking contrast to the kindness shown us by the Italians. After being an hour or more in the office, and feeling anxious to know what they proposed doing with us, I thought it best to explain our position by stating that we had lost everything and wished them to furnish sufficient funds to take us to London or telegraph to the owners which amount could be stopped out of our passage money that they would have to return to us. They promised everything. At that time they had not all the particulars they required.

As for myself I said that I had not the means to get a meal; that I was wet and hungry, as all the Italians had to give us that morning was a little tea and had his coat, as before leaving had to exchange the dry clothes lent us and don our own just as they were taken off when first rescued; but they did not take the hint. I then went outside and stood talking with one of our party about being kept there so long. He would not care, as he had had something to eat and could get beside a fire to dry his clothes. I did not intend this remark for other ears than our own, but it happened to be heard by a young man, a foreigner, not connected with the office. He turned and handed me five shillings. I thanked him and felt very grateful. We went into the Globe hotel for dinner. The landlady's name was Mrs. Jenkins. When offering payment she would not accept it, she having heard in the meantime who we were. Several of our party got dinner there and she would not take pay. We fully appreciated her kindness as it contrasted favorably with the cool treatment of the agents whom we considered were bound to shelter us. I then returned to the office and found most of the sailors still there. Poor fellows I pitied them, well knowing their hungry state.

I then heard someone say, "The crew can go to the sailors' home, as for the three passengers we can do nothing for them." I again went up to the desk and said to the agent, "I would not care to give reason with them in a subdued manner, of my desire to get to London, of my dependence on them, etc., etc. They said they had telegraphed but supposed the disaster had so upset them they had overruled it—that until an answer arrived they could not possibly advance any money—that perhaps the telegraphic communication was not perfect, as the last heavy snow had broken down the wires. I then went outside and joined my two companions. We all felt in a despondent mood. What if an answer did not come tonight, what were we to do. After strolling along the narrow streets of Falmouth for a time, we again went to the office to see if the message had yet arrived. It had not. I was then referred to a gentleman whom I had seen before as being the principal agent of the Messrs. Wigram, the owners. To him I told my story, the same as I had to the others, perhaps in a more imploring manner. He listened attentively, and coolly replied that he was sorry, but he could not help us. I then inquired of him the cheapest fare by train. He simply remarked, "I have not a time table." We then walked to the railway station, over half a mile to get a time table. On our return it was nearing sunset. Still no answer to the message; again we pressed our suit. I asked them to propose some course for us, as we were strangers in the place. "Yes, apply to the emigration agent." "Good—please give us his address."

"He does not live here," was the answer. "Where then?" "In Plymouth, eighty miles from here." I then asked if they would pay our way there. "No," as usual. One of my companions, Mr. Main, drew aside and told us that he had money enough to take us that far. We now felt keenly the treatment we were receiving, told them we thought they were in duty bound to send us on, as we had just heard that opinion expressed at the custom house.

Mr. Munro, my other companion, then gave them his views of the case in straight, plain English, with a decided Montrose Scotch accent in a manner not flattering to their sense of justice in keeping us two hours in the morning getting all particulars of the disaster, then coolly to say, "Now

Irish Hand-made Whitewear



\$1.25 and \$1.50. \$2.00, \$2.30 and \$2.50. \$3.00. \$2.75 and \$6.50. Many other Styles in Nightgowns from \$1.10 to \$5.00.



Other Novelty Styles in Chemise, at \$1.50 and \$1.75.

SPECIAL SALE DURING July and August.

Special Room for Ladies' and Infants' Outfittings.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

Scovil, Fraser & Co.

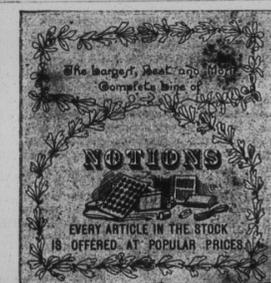
OUR AIM Since we have been in business has been to sell all Stock in Season, and carry as little over as possible. We are now busy going through our different lines of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, marking them down to prices which should clear them out. Plain figures and one price to all.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO. OAK HALL, - Cor. King and Germain Streets.

clear out—that if we had to work our way to London we could then have been six hours on the road. Then one of them addressing Munro, remarked, "That he need not complain, as he had enough on his hand"—alluding to a gold ring on his finger—"to take him to London—that it would be more to his credit to sell it than come there begging." This last remark closed the debate.

Poor Munro was unable to reply, being so taken aback at the accusation of begging. He motioned to me to come out, saying "For God's sake, Wilson, let us try again to get back to Australia, if this is England, I can understand that we at that time would feel more intensely such a remark as we were both mentally and physically suffering from the hardships and trying scenes. On our way to the station Main said he was disposed to believe in the old saying that Cornwall was seven miles out of England. No, I would not admit that, even figuratively, while there was a Mrs. Jenkins in it. She alone would save its reputation.

By ten in the evening we were at Plymouth—back again, having been away only eleven days, that being the last part of departure. Obtained the address of Mr. Wilcox, the emigration agent, who was also Messrs. Wigram's agent. We received kindly. Made known the object of our visit, it was granted at once, saying "If the owners do not pay me I will pay out of my own pocket." He also offered us money for meals on the way. Mr. Wilcox was an Englishman in reality. We now returned to the hotel and were soon asleep in comfort and safety was a luxury that no one probably that night in England could better appreciate than we. Also a wash, the first time for seven days that fresh water had been to my face. The next morning we were off by daylight, and at six in the evening reached London. At Paddington Station was asked by one of the porters if we had any luggage; we told him in simple, but emphatic truth, we had left behind. From Paddington underground to Ludgate Hill, where we arrived at 7 p. m., Jan. 17. Again in welcome London, where we had left only nineteen days ago. The next day we were besieged by friends and relatives of the lost, anxiously seeking information. Amongst the many who called was a gentleman from Gravesend to make inquiries about his brother-in-law, Gordon. I was able to tell him a good deal. "One more question I must ask, did he save his money? My wife gave him £50 when leaving."



GEO. H. MCKAY, 61 Charlotte Street.

up for two or three days—he having met the same party who had taken the advantage of him on board the London. On our first meeting in London, he said, "Wilson, why did you tell my brother-in-law that I saved my money, for I intended to tell them that I had lost it, with the hope that my sister would duplicate the amount. She can well afford to." "I replied that truth with me always came uppermost, particularly just at that time, and remembering the good resolutions made the last night on board the Italian vessel, I did not for a moment think that he would wish me tell anything but the truth. "Ah, well," said he, "I suppose it was better you did, but wasn't I nearly caught; just when about to make known my loss, my sister casually remarked she was pleased to know I had saved my money. Imagine my surprise, for I had been telling everybody that I had lost it."

"Yes, but how did you know?" "One of the passengers told my husband; then of course I knew it was you." Gordon's reformation, I fear, was not of a lasting character—like all resolutions made under a sense of fear and not from conviction of the heart they are not to be depended upon. Before leaving London I saw him off on his second voyage to Australia, blooming and hopeful as Micawber of old. Then drawing me aside from some friends who had come to say good bye, and grasping my hand affectionally in recollection of the dangers we had passed together, said: "Wilson, you are too thin skinned—you were a fool to refuse the offer of that east end theatre to show yourself on the stage for five minutes of an evening. King and I did it. He got £20 and I got £10 per week, and you could have got more. A man should make money when he can. It is not every day a man is a poor shipwrecked mariner. My Brook's message was a drawing card."

This with in reference to the last farewell message of G. V. Brook, the great tragic actor who was among the lost, that was entrusted to Gordon before the vessel sank. King, the sailor, who so successfully managed the boat suddenly found himself a hero on his arrival in London. A few merchants presented him with a purse of one hundred and ten sovereigns, and this engagement at the theatre we passengers were instrumental in getting him through an actor whom we had known on Ballarat. The theatre was the Britannia at Horton and the first offer of the proprietor was £20 per week—for three weeks. One evening in coming home from the Britannia, where we occasionally went to help King, to whom we all felt under deep obligations, I noticed in front of a third rate theatre somewhere in the vicinity of Whitechapel brilliant transparencies of the London in the act of sinking and the announcement that some of the survivors were to take part in the programme that evening. Of course I entered. The closing scene of the last act was then on. To my surprise and amusement there were five or six of our boat's crew assisting the actors in this mimic shipwreck. There was the ship about to sink, the sailors lowering the boat, frantic women and children shrieking for help. One handsome young lady rushing to the side and shouting out a thousand pounds to return and land her. The captain giving King the course of land and declining the invitation to go with them, saying "his duty was to remain."

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THE LAST BEAR IN OHIO.

After a Long Fight He Fell Dead on the Half-Breed.

"There are no more wild bears in Ohio," said a resident of Henry county, in that State, "although some pass through the State from time to time. The last resident wild bear in Ohio was killed some years ago in Henry county. Bears lingered in Henry county long after they had disappeared from every other part of the State. There is a big tract of wild land in that county known as the Dark Swamp. When the settlers first ventured into that part of the Northwest Territory, the tract was a formidable one, and, in fact, remained a terra incognita for many years. The valuable timber that the swamp holds, though, finally compelled its exploration, and the axe and mill have worked so industriously at it that the swamp is Dark Swamp now only in name. But that big expense of tangled timber served as a safe retreat for bears and many other wild beasts for years after they had no abiding place elsewhere in the State. There were good hunters in Henry county, though, and they waged unrelenting warfare on the four-footed refugees that had been driven to that far corner of the state, and finally laid them all low, except one wise and tough old bear. That bear defied them all for years, but finally he was brought to bay by a hunter as tough as himself, after one of the fiercest hand-to-hand bear fights on record. The fight also came near removing from the face of the earth the hunter, who was alleged to be the last of a race of noble lineage. This hunter was a half-breed. He claimed to be the son of a daughter of Tecumseh and an officer in the United States army, who gained lasting military glory in the Northwest territory, and subsequently great prominence in national political affairs. This Indian's claim was never disputed by anyone that part of the country where he spent the principal part of his life. This hunter and two others had got on track of the last bear in Dark Swamp, and had followed it two days. On the third day the hunters separated. The half-breed and his dog followed the trail, while the other hunters moved about the outer edge of the swamp on chance of the bear showing himself somewhere thereabout. In the afternoon the bear evidently became tired of the constant hounding of his track and made a stand. He placed himself in ambush in a thicket. The hunter's dog closely followed by the hunter, followed the track to the thicket, but before he could enter it the bear dashed out. He seized the dog and crushed it to death instantly, without once stopping in his rush. The hunter was taken by surprise. The bear was less than three yards from him. He raised his gun and pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire. Before the half-breed could aim again the bear was upon him. Experienced hunter as he was, he lost his head, and brought the butt of his gun down upon the bear's advance was not retarded in the least. The hunter kept the barrel of his gun in his hand, and drew his long-bladed hunting knife. As the bear rushed upon him he shoved the gun barrel into the animal's mouth, intending to jam it down into his throat. The bear closed his teeth on the barrel, wrenched it from the half-breed's hands, and hurled it twenty feet away. At the same instant, though, the hunter plunged his knife to the hilt in the bear's neck, and to that fortunate thrust alone did the descendant of Tecumseh owe his life. A stream of blood gushed out from the wound, and the hunter knew that if he had endurance sufficient to carry him through what he knew would be a hard struggle for some time, he would survive the struggle. "The Indian needed all his endurance. No other man in Ohio could have survived the fight that followed. The hunter had no sooner buried his knife in the bear's neck than the bear tumbled to the ground with a blow from his paw that would have killed an ox. The blow stunned the half-breed. The knife had disappeared. The bear's claws had torn the flesh from one side of his face and laid the scalp open to the bone, but the hunter got to his feet, and just in time to escape the bear's clutch. He backed away, figuring to get behind a big tree that was near. Blood had flown so rapidly from the bear's wound that his shaggy coat was red from his breast to his feet. The Indian knew that if he could get to the tree he could keep out of the bear's way, as it was only a matter of a short time before he must succumb to the terrible knife thrust. But as he backed away the hunter struck his heels against a root, and he fell backward to the ground. The bear jumped upon him as he lay, and sank his claws into both the Indian's shoulders, and as the Indian cowered on the hunter's head and face, while the hunter threw his left arm across his face, and the bear crunched it clear through. As he threw his arm up to save his skull from being crushed by the bear, the Indian ran his right thumb in one of the bear's eyes and gouged it out. The surprise and pain of this attack caused the bear to roll off of the hunter's body, roaring frightfully. The Indian scrambled to his feet, but before he could take a step the bear seized him by the shoulders and made a vicious snap with his jaws for his head. The half-breed avoided that by dodging, and the bear felled him with a second blow. This effort on the part of the bear threw it to the ground. It was growing weak, but was on its feet, however, as soon as the hunter was. The latter was almost blinded by the blood that flowed from the wounds on his head, and he was growing weak from the intense pain of his wounds and loss of blood. He made up his mind that his only hope was to run. He started, but the bear caught him. They both fell together in a heap, and the Indian remembered no more. "How long he remained insensible he never knew. When he revived he found the bear lying across his legs dead. He tried to get up, but could not. Seizing a sapling that was near with his right hand, his left hand and arm being helpless, he succeeded in pulling himself from beneath the bear, and dragged himself to a big hackberry tree. He turned around with his back against the tree, with his face to the east, for he expected to die there. But not long afterward his two fellow hunters stumbled upon him, and they helped him home. He lived several years after that, but never got over the effects of killing the last bear in Ohio."

TRICKS TO LEAVE THE ARMY.

How Soldiers Try to Fool The Doctor, And How The Doctor Fools Them.

Would-be soldiers resort to various schemes to overcome any obstruction or objection that may exist to their being enlisted into the service—often making the "mistake" of ante-dating their birth some few years, or forgetting a previous engagement with Her Majesty (vulgarily yclept fraudulent enlistment)—to none so ingenious and systematic as the dodges tried by those wishing to get out of the army. One of the most common diseases such soldiers affect is palpitation of the heart, for, as an old hand has been heard to remark, "He can't see yer 'art to tell whether 'tis bad or not"—the "he" referring to the medical officer of the hospital. When this is the particular complaint selected the patient retires, if possible, to the lavatory just before the doctor's visit, and placing his back to the wall, violently bumps his elbows against the wall for five or ten minutes, which is found to give sufficient impetus to the heart's action. Another plan is to make "soap pills" from ordinary yellow soap, and several of these taken daily are found to accelerate the motion of the heart to the desired extent. Debility is another ailment often affected by those anxious to rejoin their friends in civilian life, provided they are of a suitable build and cast of countenance to assist the deception. One instance occurred of a man who, he said, "weighed eleven stone not long ago, while now," with sorrowful expression, "I ain't ten." The doctor directed that he should be weighed, and note taken of the weekly loss. The patient was weighed directed, but by a little manipulation of the weights, and having an ignorant and easy-going hospital orderly with him, bamboozled that worthy into recording his weight as fourteen pounds more than it actually was—this allowing him a very fair margin to "lose" during the next month or so. The following week the man was reported as having lost three pounds, and the doctor determined henceforth to weigh the debilitated one himself. This he did, finding that in two weeks the patient had lost seven pounds, and at the expiration of the third week, ten pounds. The man arranged it thus: Hearing that the medical officer was about to weigh him the second week, he managed to convey a 7lb weight into the inner pocket of his jacket—the hospital attire being loosely made—and substituting a 4lb weight for it the following week when weighed, thus accomplished the desired reduction from the stone he had in hand. All sorts of nourishing food were ordered for this man, which he was careful not to eat or drink, taking as little food as he could possibly do with, and by his persistency, he gained the desired goal of being discharged from the army on account of general debility. Insanity is a very frequent pretence with soldiers desirous of their discharge, and it is usually only after a long period of confinement in a lunatic asylum that they get better—or after discharge, it thus obtained. Deafness seems another frequent affliction, and often are the shamers detected when professing to be deaf. One way is to suddenly wake the patient when in a profound sleep, and address a question in a low but distinct voice, and in many cases of malingering this is thoughtlessly answered, and the deception at an end. An army medical officer in Dublin had an almost certain method of detecting "frauds" who professed to be deaf. He would visit the patient as usual, and while apparently examining one of the ears, he would slip a half-sovereign or other small coin immediately in the rear of the deaf one. In nearly every case the man would start and turn quickly round, the confusion which ensued speedily proclaiming the miraculous cure of his deafness. Another officer, who, when promoted to the rank of surgeon-major, determined to stamp out some of the deception so prevalent, also effected an equally rapid cure of deafness. He was sent, on promotion, to take charge of a station hospital in which there was a man endeavoring to obtain his discharge on the ground of being totally deaf. When visiting the patients in company with the ward-doctor, the new chief expressed commiseration with the totally deaf one, remarking to the surgeon that it was a clear case for invaliding. At the same time he noted a gleam in the patient's eye, but said nothing. The man was duly brought before him as recommended for invaliding, and being professedly quite unable to hear, questions were put to him by the surgeon-major in writing. Your name?—"Smith," responded the deaf one. Age?—"and so on with other needless questions. Apparently no one was present but the medical officer and the patient, and the latter, while answering the questions as they were written, was congratulating himself what a "good sort" the surgeon-major was, and how easily he was "working it," when from his rear a low but clear voice sharply exclaimed, "Smith! Smith!" The man promptly turned on his heel—and was just as promptly returned to his corps as fit for duty. Greek had met Greek, and the officer, surpassing the man in cunning, had secreted someone to catch him in a trap, the man's over-confidence allowing his usual caution to desert him. The cases here quoted have principally resulted in the discomfiture of the patient, but, if resolute and determined, impervious to plain speaking and bullying, the schemer often gets the better of the doctor, who has to be very "cute, and has much to contend with, in trying to evade the wiles of the soldier who is anxious for his "ticket," or discharge from the service as medically unfit for further duty.—English Paper.

PHRENOLOGICAL SECRETS.

People Who Read "Bumps" and Those Who Want Them Read.

Who is there who has not, at some time or another, been assailed with the desire to submit himself into the phrenologist's hands? Most of us, no matter how different our dispositions may be, enjoy being told the various traits in our characters; and a fair percentage, it would be safe to say, are disposed to accept as "gospel" the forecast that may be made of our future. Bearing this in mind, a few facts respecting a not very large section of the professional community and their clients (or should it be "patients"?) may not be out of place. The writer has lately visited most of the phrenological establishments in the metropolis. That phrenology is an attractive study most will be willing to admit; and so far as the phrenologist is concerned, it is lucrative enough. This may be attributed to two reasons: first, because the fees are, if not high, at all events ample; and next, because those who follow the profession are comparatively small in number. It is, in fact, one of the professions which, unlike doctors and lawyers, is not crowded to excess. This fact, however, should not kill the belief that those who join the ranks of professional phrenologists will consequently meet with success. It is a "science" which, though not in its infancy, is essentially new, and the time has not come for it to be accepted universally as a true indication of the walks of life our fellow-creatures should pursue. The conscientious phrenologist has to have a good deal of moral courage, and must be able to explain his judgments in the most convincing manner. If he talks as his observation teaches he must perforce give some of those who come to him home-thrusts, which in many cases are resented. Most people, for instance, would not care to be told that they are of a "misely, grasping, close-fisted disposition," or that they are of a cowardly nature, or that their observation is so deficient that they "see few things and know almost nothing about the external world, its qualities and relations." Yet the phrenologist, if he be candid, has no way of escape, and when remonstrated with, is compelled to explain, as simply as possible, the why and wherefore of his decisions. As may be expected, of course there are black sheep in the ranks of phrenology just as there are in the ranks of the more known professions. Some of these reap a harvest by gratifying and pandering to the desire of others for flattery. Their knowledge of the science they practise is comparatively small, and as a result of their lack of confidence, they resort to what I may call a system of "modification." Thus, in speaking of the organ technically known as "inhabitiveness," which means love of home and home associations, they will say that although he (the patient) loves home telegraphically, he does not love it with any great fervor, and his organ of "locality" is developed in such a degree that he might gratify a passing desire to travel. This plan the inexperienced phrenologist can apply to all the traits in his visitor's character; and as he goes away he is often as not, with the firm conviction that the examiner was "a clever man." The very scum of the profession go in for still more crooked devices, such as one who, when a lady took her little boy to be examined, told her that the lad "would be a lawyer, and would eventually become a Q. C.," etc. The people who visit the phrenologist—or a portion of them—have very peculiar notions as to the interpretation of his science. "A young man came to me the other day," said one of the "bump" fraternity to whom I went, "and made a statement which was decidedly novel. 'I hear you read people's bumps,' he began slowly—a remark to which I smilingly nodded assent. 'Well,' he went on, 'not long ago I had some money stolen from the place I lodge at, and I've a notion who the thief is. The chap I suspect has a great big lump on the side of his head, and I thought as how you might tell me that shows he's in the habit of thieving.' Needless to say that some money was stolen from a humble artisan—went away unlightened, muttering as he passed out, 'Phrenology, indeed! He can't tell nothing.'"

ROMANCE OF ROYALTY.

An Emperor's Pursuit and Final Capture of His Runaway Empress.

The ceremonies which have just been taking place at Buda-Pesth in honour of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coronation of Emperor Francis Joseph as King of Hungary recall to mind a very curious incident in connection therewith—an incident which goes to show how subversive royal personages are obliged to be to political considerations, writes the Marquis de Fontenay. The most notable feature of the coronation a quarter of a century ago was not so much the crowning of the emperor as his reconciliation with the Empress, from whom he had long been estranged. It is needless to refer here to the circumstances which led to the Empress' sentiments of bitterness against her husband—feelings which years and grief have tempered, but which have had a saddening influence upon her whole life. They resulted, however, in an almost complete separation of husband and wife in the year 1859, which soon became the talk of Europe. The Kaiserine left Vienna, and absolutely refused under any consideration whatever to meet the Emperor. She took up her abode in Corfu, but as soon as she heard that her husband was about to sail from Trieste in order to obtain an interview with her, she immediately boarded her yacht and set sail for the Spanish Island of Minorca, whither she was followed by the emperor. Barely forty-eight hours before the Emperor reached Minorca the Empress left for Madeira, and when he followed her there he found that she had gone northward in the direction of the British channel. He thereupon gave up in despair the attempt to secure an interview with her and returned to Vienna. Nor was he permitted to see her, save on a very few state occasions, and then in a most formal and distant manner, until 1867. It was then that the Emperor's relatives and principal advisers, alarmed by the delicate health and frail constitution of Crown Prince Rudolph, who was the only son, determined to bring about a reconciliation between the imperial couple on grounds of national policy. They foresaw the difficulties that might arise, especially in connection with the succession to the throne of Hungary, were the Crown Prince to die in childhood. For that time the relations between the Magyar Kingdom and the Austrian Empire were of a far less friendly nature than they have since become. Accordingly, the Empress was approached in the matter, both by her nearest relations, and by the leading statesmen who were opposed to her, not on personal but on patriotic grounds, to resume once more her position as the wife of her husband. Her Majesty finally yielded to their solicitations. She took part in the coronation ceremonies at Buda-Pesth, the 8th of June, 1867, and the evening of that day the entire population of the ancient Magyar capital was drinking toasts, not alone in honor of their newly-crowned king and queen, but also in honor of the reconciliation between Francis Joseph and Elizabeth. In the following spring Her Majesty gave birth in the Hungarian capital to her third and favorite child, Archduchess Valerie. Since that time a better understanding has existed between Francis Joseph and his beautiful wife. If no longer lovers they are at any rate firm friends, and the grief consequent on the tragical death of their only son served to draw them closer together than at any time since 1859.

WICKED STORIES IN CORNHILL.

Some good stories are to be found in the "Reminiscences of Clerical Duty," published in the July number of The Cornhill.

On one occasion a parson was marrying a somewhat elderly gentleman, who conducted himself in very stolid and stupid fashion. "At last he saw that I was somewhat bothered by his extreme stupidity, so in the middle of the service he upset my gravity by volunteering the following apology: 'You see, sir, it's so long since I was married last that you must excuse my forgetting of these things.'" On another occasion a lady had sent her footman to some confirmation classes: "Just as he was leaving, it suddenly occurred to her that she had a groom, and very likely he was not confirmed either. So she rang the bell, and told the butler to go over to the stables and find out whether James had been confirmed. In a few minutes the man returned and stolidly announced: 'Yes, miss, it's all right. He's been done twice.' Of course, he meant vaccinated." This tale recalls the wicked remark of a heterodox Oxford tutor, who shall be nameless: "I was both vaccinated," he said, "and baptized; but neither 'took.'"

MORTALITY IN CHILDBIRTH.

Some remarkable evidence respecting midwives and mortality was given before a House of Commons committee which was dealing with the Midwives Registration bill.

Dr. Kenton gave it as his opinion that the education of a midwife should be as complete as that of a medical practitioner, and that she should have more power to act. His reason for entertaining this view was that one in every fifteen first confinements resulted in the death of the woman, and that one in every fifteen first children was still-born. During 1890 4,500 mothers died in child-birth, and during the same period 50,208 children were prematurely born.



A SURPRISE SOAP BILL.

Twenty-five cents buys four cakes of "Surprise Soap" from any grocer. Four great big washings, or eight ordinary washings can be done with these four cakes, and the washing up and scrubbing as well. The wash comes out white and sweet, while the peculiar qualities of "Surprise" makes the work easy. It's the best too for all household purposes. Insist on Surprise for every use. It's most economical.

Cannot See the Fun of it.



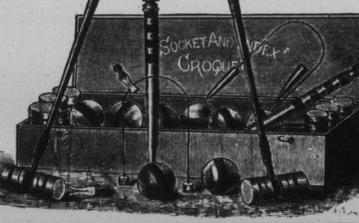
Neither can he see the funny side of a cold dinner, after walking all the way from his place of business. A woman does not see where the fun comes in on wash day, with a big stack of clothes ahead of her. Hundreds of people avoid all this, and have plain sailing all week by sending their laundry to Ungar's. The Waterloo street establishment has everything necessary for good work, from the latest machines to the most skilled workers. The idea is to do the very best laundry work that all the advantages of the 19th century civilization can turn out. A large establishment, with your delivery waggons continually on the go is the natural result. Move with the world.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to Ungar's Steam Laundry and Dry Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 68. Or Halifax: 63 and 64 Granville street. They will be done right, if done at

UNCAR'S.

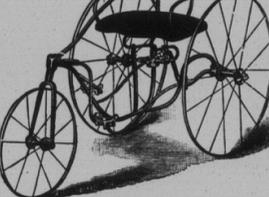
SIX BALL CROQUET SET

Given for one new subscriber and 65 cents additional. Croquet is fashionable again. With many people who love quiet and enjoyable garden games it never went out of fashion. After all, there is nothing like Croquet for an interesting, comfortable and enjoyable game. This set is a splendid opportunity to secure a good field, six ball Croquet, packed in a huge cover box with balls, mallets, wickets, 24 K's, wicket pegs all complete. Retail price \$1.50.



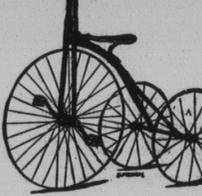
GIRLS' TRICYCLES

Given for three new subscribers and \$5.00 additional. There is no thing so enjoyable or more healthful for young girls in Summer than exercise on the tricycle. We can give a splendid 20 inch wheel tricycle, metal tire, strong and durable in every particular for a club of three new subscribers and \$5 additional. The retail price of this tricycle is \$10. N. B.—We have a larger tricycle for larger girls, 30 inch wheel, metal tire, which will be sent for a club of three new subscribers and \$9 additional. Retail price \$14.



Boys' Velocipedes

Given for two new subscribers, and \$3.50 additional. Every boy is not able to buy a velocipede and pay the cash for it much as he would like to. We open a way for him to possess one for a little work and a small amount in cash. For two new subscribers and \$3.50 additional any boy can obtain this tireless companion. Retail price \$7.50.



Nervousness.

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate. An agreeable and beneficial tonic and food for the nerves and brain. A remedy of the highest value in Mental and Nervous Exhaustion. Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

A New England Parson.

It shall be said of him, he found A flowery face; In paths where most thorns abound He lingered for some hidden grace. For those who sang of sunny days And those who sorrowed he had cheer; Yet could he walk through lonely ways And find communion with the dear. The world was sweeter for his care, The heights were won he sought to win; For love through him made all things fair, And all things fair through love are kin. —Charles Knowles Bolton.

The Mythical Three.

First we have the Trinity; Jupiter's lightning had three forks; the trident of Neptune three prongs; Cerberus, Pluto's dog, had three heads, and the Pythian priestess sat on a tripod. There were three panes and three furies. The sun has Sol, Apollo and Liber. The moon, too, is Luna, Diana and Hecate. The Sabines prayed three times a day, and many nations in performing the act of adoration bow three times. In olden times diseases were cured by three circuncisions, eye diseases with water strained three times into three separate vessels and applied three different times. Many other odd three combinations could be cited, but the above proves that the seven is not alone a mythical number.—Phila. Press.



SUNDAY READING

SERMON.

Labor: Its Dignities and Problems. By Rev. W. J. Hocking.

One of the Series of Sermons on Popular Questions. Preached in All Saints' Church, Tuller Park, N. London, Eng.

"Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work."—Exodus xx. 9.

How often has this Fourth Commandment in the Decalogue been misunderstood and misinterpreted as dealing only with the question of rest, as including the sanctity of worship and the beauty of Sabbath peace!

Does it not also lay down the universal law of labor? Does it not set forth the sanctity of toil and the beauty of holy activity? How often is it read as enforcing only the Divine purpose of a seventh day of inactivity? How often is the central principle of it thought to be this: "In it thou shalt do no manner of work?"

Whereas the central idea of it is the universal necessity of labor; and it as clearly sets forth the Divine purpose of a seventh day of activity as of a seventh day of rest.

Herein is one of the mischievous tendencies of the misinterpretation of the religion of the Bible—the tendency is to give the Divine sanction and to express the Divine approval in regard only to matters religious; the tendency to sever God from the common and ordinary things of life, and to associate him with the immaterial, the spiritual, the devotional, and the psychical.

Believe me, God is as much interested in this world of work as in this world of worship, and he is near to men when they toil as when they pray.

The instruments of Divine Service are to be found as much in the plough as in the altar, in the factory as in the temple, in the forum as in the pulpit.

He is the God of human life in its manifoldness; taking in the rougher and coarser elements, as well as the refined and the beautiful.

The ploughman is as dear to Him as the priest, and the life of the toiler in rough places may be as much divine as the life of the minister at the altar.

First, let us think of the great fact of the universal necessity of labor. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work;" that is the one supreme, inexorable law for all the sons of men.

"In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread," said God to Adam, and He has been saying it ever since up to all the generations of men. There lies upon us all the law of labor.

Many-sided and complex are the phases of work, various are the meanings of the word labor, but the law is one and the same for all the sons of men.

The economy of life is based upon this inviolable principle—"If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." There is no method by which life can be sustained, developed, ennobled, beautified, except by the method of toil—either by hand, or foot, or brain.

There is no endowment of Nature which ever brings anything to fruitfulness in human life without labor. Nature works; but when she works for man she only works with man.

She will only minister to him when he, through constant toil, seeks to minister to himself. The general good of humanity—as well as the meeting of the wants of humanity—is effected by the labor of each individual.

This necessitates at once not only divisions of labor, but degrees and diversities of labor. There is, first of all, the labor which is termed bodily labor, which tends to provide, and then to distribute the resources of the world we live in.

This is performed by those designated by that unfortunate term—unfortunate alike for those included and those excluded—"working men."

But we must add to this another sort of work—the work of the mind—in genuity, thought, mental exertion, invention, before the organization and progress of society can be effected.

Rightly has it been said that "there is no work which produces any lasting good to the community which, over and above the labor of the body, is not the result of an intense and higher labor of the mind."

It is not too much to say that the so-called "working classes" of the community are absolutely dependent upon the mental powers and activities of men for the plans, the designs, the schemes which they carry into effect.

There is no ordinary invention or ordinary appliance which we see or use in our daily life which was not originally fashioned and created by mental effort, by the labor of the mind.

There is the draughtsman, the architect, the designer, the engineer, the banker, the lawyer, the physician, the statesman, the scientist, the literary man—all these are laborers with heart and mind, and are as much part of the working classes of the world as the navvies or the bricklayers.

And a very little knowledge of the strain of brain-work will tell you how intense that labor is. Under the head of brain-work lies directly the practical labor required for collecting and retaining, and then interpreting for men the grand glories and resources of the world we inhabit.

To ascertain and interpret the great vital and spiritual forces which this world half discloses, and half conceals, is the work of the mental powers of men.

How these have contributed to the common good, and to the upward march of humanity we can but faintly and feebly tell. It has been by the united toils and struggles of the common laborers of men that our vast and complex system of civilization has been built up.

The world of today, as we see it, and enjoy it, and use it, is the fruit of the labors of those who have lived in it in the past; and its beauties, its utilities, its wonderful ministrations to man's varied and increasing wants will only be maintained by the labors of those who live in it now, and who shall succeed us, when we pass out of it, and are no more.

I would speak now of the dignity of labor. And I base the term "dignity of labor" upon the fact that all labor is of divine appointment. Not only has God laid upon us the necessity of labor, but

He has so constructed and organized us that without labor we fail to find any satisfaction in life. Like the strings of the harp and the lute, our capacity and powers only make music when they vibrate. Idleness is not only a negation of the divine plan and purpose, but it is the damning up of all the faculties and functions of life that tend to happiness. Sloth and laziness may be consistent with mere animal enjoyment, but it is inconsistent with true manliness and all the high qualities that distinguish man from the brute.

The active man is not only the useful man, but he is working on right lines and by right methods, he is the happy man.

We hear a great deal, in low-class newspapers and from uncultured and low-minded shouters of vulgarities in our parks and public places of concourse, about the degradation of toil and the hard lot of the working-man. No toil of itself is degrading; no work ought to be the producer of hardships. Nothing is low; nothing is mean if it be useful. Talk of degrading toil—there is no such thing. There is one man more degraded than another it is the man who does nothing for the world but stare at it and suck the sweetness out of it.

The low-minded, idle, gossiping loungers in our clubs and theatres, who does nothing either to earn his own living or to create a supply for the wants of his fellows is a much more degraded being than the navy who constructs our railways, or the scavenger who keeps our streets clear. He may be surrounded with refinements; he may have been born with the fabled silver spoon in his mouth; his attire may be very fashionable and costly, and his adornments very rich and becoming, but yet because he is a producer of nothing, a contributor of nothing to the common law of life; because he is idle—he is a degraded man, a blot on our civilization, an ulcer on the fair face of our busy life.

There are many men, too, who probably without knowing it, and certainly without meaning it, are thus negations of the divine purpose. I mean men who, in the prime of life, and with all their faculties in full power, go into what they are pleased to call retirement. By some stroke of fortune, or by success in trade, they become possessed of a sufficient sum of money to live, and to obtain the luxuries of life, without working. They take a house in town or country, and spend their days in absolute idleness. I do not envy them. They are more to be pitied than envied. They fulfil no plan, they carry out no divine behest, they produce nothing that tends to the general good, they eat the honey which other toilers gather for them. I do not say that a man either ought to be, or need be, a hard toiler all his life. I do not say that he ought to work as hard at sixty as he did at thirty; but, so long as he is a man he ought to do something for the common good—he ought to be occupied in something that shall tend to the general benefit of his race. It is along the line of activity, too, that he will gain the purest rest; it is by conventional work that he will secure happiness.

There is a common impression abroad that a gentleman is a man who has sufficient means to live without working. I tell you, I believe that some of the most low-minded, vulgar, worthless animals in the world are to be found in that class of individuals. A gentleman! A gentleman is the man who does his duty in that sphere into which natural fitness has led him, or circumstances drawn him, honestly, purely, devotedly, and in the fear of God. You may have a gentleman cobbler as well as a gentleman statesman, and the noble-minded coachman may be more of a gentleman than the rich, idle, bloated Nabob, whose high-mettled steeds he drives—to the Divorce Court.

It is a case of character, not of possession, of attainment, not of inheritance; of qualities of soul, not of a luxurious environment. A rich man may be a gentleman, he ought to be a gentleman, his education, his surroundings, ought to make it easy for him to be a gentleman—and I thank God that so many of our rich brothers have nobility of character as well as noble titles in the commonwealth; but gentility is no monopoly of the rich. Character is the crown of life. Deeds are the pulse of time. The sweat of honest toil is a jewelled crown on the brow of the toiler.

I pass now to consider, in the light of what I have been stating, some of the problems connected with the lower phases of labor in our modern life. I say lower phases of labor because, fortunately, the higher phases tend more and more to settle their own problems. In the law, in medicine, in art, in the great world of science, labor is not harassed and vexed, circumscribed and hindered, by the thousand and one questions that are keeping the laboring classes in the lower phases of labor in perpetual turmoil. You never hear of strikes among barristers, or of doctors holding mass meetings to demand shorter hours of labor. Literature and science are never up in arms, shouting from the tops of wagons execrations at their lords and masters—the British public. These are the sole privileges of the collier, the sailor, the omnibus driver and the match-maker.

There are several problems affecting the labor market at the present moment, on which I will endeavour to throw some light. There is first the great problem of how to keep the labor market full at the bottom. The great system of elementary education which has been at work in England for about a quarter of a century has had the effect of sending the children of the laboring classes out of the rural districts, where they should find labor in the pursuits which occupied their forefathers, into the towns and cities to seek occupation as clerks. The moment a boy knows the multiplication table, and the rule of three, and something about fractions, he feels too good to be what he calls a clover, or a shoemaker, or a tailor, or a carpenter, or a smith. He must rush off to the nearest town, and go into some office and be a clerk; as though it were better to be a clerk at thirty pounds a year, than a farm-laborer at fifteen shillings a week, or a

blacksmith at thirty shillings a week. As though a long, bony-fingered quill-driver were a more respectable person than a ploughman or a wheelwright; or as though a forty shilling suit of tweeds were a more gentlemanly attire than the smock-frock worked by village hands. Yet those are the ideas that are thinning the country and the labor market in the country, and are over-populating the towns, and crowding the labor-market with hundreds and thousands of pale-faced, narrow-chested, sickly-looking men who call themselves clerks. Every man has a right to choose the calling in which he thinks he can best minister to his own and other's good; but the false notions as to the qualifications of elementary education, and the imaginary stigma that is attached to rough labor are ruinous alike to the towns which they are filling, and to the country which they are emptying. There is no stigma attached to honest and useful labor; there is necessarily no disqualification for society, or for enjoyment in any occupation that is a source of benefit to the world. An honest, enlightened, educated farmer is equal to a man of the same qualities in any of the professions. The only stigma that a man need fear is the stigma attaching to character. A horny hand may be a sign of toil, but it need not be a sign of vulgarity or coarseness; Jesus, the Savior of men, was content to be a Mechanic. His workshop at Nazareth is a standing witness to the world that all labor is divine; His life of toil is proof of the fact that the highest qualities of character are consistent with common duties and lowly occupations.

In these days of free education we shall have more and more of the rising generation these truths—that education does not unfit men for the humbler duties of life; that whatever is necessary, or useful, or beautiful is worthy of being undertaken by an educated man; that character, not clover, makes men gentlemen; that an honest man's the noblest work of God, whether he be a ploughman or an archbishop.

There is one other problem which I will mention—the subject of livery; the badge of servitude. There is a strong feeling possessing certain classes of the community that humble labor ought not to be stamped with the regalia of its character: that a domestic servant, e. g., ought not to be compelled to dress in a manner which proclaims her a domestic servant. You know that a short time ago a vigorous and voluminous correspondence was carried on in the Press about this question. What does it mean? Just this. Not that servants object to the character of the dress, but that they object to it because it causes them to be recognized as what they are. If it is a disgrace to be a servant no honest man or decent woman ought to engage themselves as such. If it is right, if it is decent, if it is honest, if it is consistent with one's freedom and all those things that pertain to manhood and womanhood, who objects to be known as what you are—a servant? If domestic service means slavery, downright, then a girl had better work in the fields, or collect rags and bones; but if it means, as I believe it does mean, honorable and most useful employment, who objects to the glory in the fact that she is not ashamed of it. An American novelist tells of a traveler who once arrived at the dwelling of a judge in the far west. Before the front door of the residence he observed someone in his shabby dress engaged in painting the fence. "I suppose you are the judge's servant?" said the traveller. "I guess not stranger," was the reply. "But I reckon I am stopping with the judge a spell." That is the spirit that is growing and developing to-day in the servant class. The man who is not ashamed of his master's house; but he was above acknowledging the badge and title of servitude. There is nothing more degrading in a servant's cap than in a judge's wig. A respectable servant is as worthy of respect as his mistress. Service is no disgrace. The humble maid-of-all-work may rejoice in the fact that she is the follower of Him who was the Servant of all—Jesus the Christ. That fact alone will be as a crown of glory, and an aureole of splendor upon her life. "Six days shalt thou labor." "Not with eyeservice as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God."

A servant with this class
Makes drudgery Divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

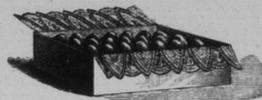
The Helms of Adam and Eve.
I have often wondered where Mr. Henrion, the French savant, got his data for the curious speculations he gives us to the height and proportions of Adam and Eve. In his remarkable work, "The Degeneration of the Human Race," published in 1718, the learned academian gravely informs his readers that Adam was 123 feet and 9 inches in height, while his disobedient consort was but a paltry 118 feet from the sole of her foot to the crown of her head. Of course all who have read very extensively of Talmudic literature, or even Baring-Gould's "Legends of the Patriarchal Prophets," remember the wonderful stories told of how Adam was made; of his gigantic size, and how, after the fall, his stature was reduced by several miles by the offended God himself. The Talmud has this to say of Adam's height: "He was so tall that he stood with feet on earth and head in heaven until after God pressed him down at the time of the fall." Rabbi Jhuda says that when he lay the earth—"his body completely covered it." Another Talmudic story says: "To judge how long he was, understand that his body stretched from one end of the earth to the other, and it takes a man 500 years to walk that distance." The angels were awed with wonder when they saw that gigantic human being, and bowed before him crying: "Holy, holy, holy." Then God reduced his size by cutting off great chunks of flesh. These are all absurd legendary stories, of course; but where did Henrion get his figures for the 123 foot calculation mentioned in the opening?—Phila. Press.

Movements of the Stars.
For a long time it has been known that certain stars have this proper motion, and the list of such stars has been a constantly growing one. Relative to the whole number of stars, the number concerning which this discovery has been made is very small. Every planet describes an ellipse about the sun, this orb occupying one focus of each such ellipse. What is the movement of the stars in the stellar space? What is the center of that movement? If a line be

supposed to be continually drawn from the sun to any given planet, this line will sweep over equal areas in equal times. Is there any similar law for the stars and some as yet undiscovered stellar center? Have the stars periodic times and what is the relation of their periodic times to their mean distance from the center which is suspected to exist? The project is to widen the astronomical horizon once more.

Preaching a Dream Sermon.
Mr. Spurgeon had passed through a week of exhaustive toil, and had vainly tried till a late hour on Saturday night to open the text upon which his heart was set. Thus unsuccessful he retired to rest. During the night, and while fast asleep, he announced a text, and went through a sermon in a most methodical way. Rising betimes, he mentioned to Mrs. Spurgeon how utterly he had failed to make anything of the text which he felt he must take. "What text was it, Charles?" she asked, and when told, replied, "Oh, I heard you preach a sermon on that text during the night, and I think I could tell you the substance of it." She did so, Mr. Spurgeon acting as amanuensis, and the sermon was delivered that morning in the Tabernacle with special effect.

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"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," 200 Queen St. John.]

This is dreadful weather for sunburn, girls, and though outdoor exercise and a life in the open air generally is said to be the best thing in the world for the complexion, there is no denying that a too free indulgence in boating, tennis, bathing, and all such amusements where an umbrella is lawful, but not expedient, will result in freckles and tan, and I must confess that it has to be a very pleasant picnic indeed which will repay one for that horrid crimson stripe across the bridge of the nose which is so apt to be the penalty paid for a delightful day in the country, and the souvenir of the sun's too ardent kisses. If you are suffering from any of these ills, my dear girls, let me recommend the old-fashioned but thoroughly reliable remedy of buttermilk; I do not believe any modern cosmetic can ever take its place for cooling and softening an irritated skin, or irradiating sunburn. Bathe your face freely in it on going to bed, and two or three times during the day if necessary; let it dry on, and then wash off with warm water.

Donis and Dorothy, Fredericton—(1) Yes, I agree with you thoroughly, they were all very far beyond the average of the companies usually seen in the lower provinces. Between 45 and 50 I think, and married I know, his wife was travelling with him. (2) I am afraid I should think him rather mean, or at the very least more forgetful than is considered good form in society. (3) I have never heard the song. (4) Rather unattractive, than "wrong;" it is far better never to glance at young men with whom you are not acquainted than to run the risk of being considered forward. After all why should you care to meet the eyes of a man you do not know, or exchange glances with him? As long as he is unknown he is as far removed from you as if he inhabited another planet, so the less you trouble your head about him the better, and the more he will respect you if he ever makes your acquaintance. Your letter was not long at all just a dear little note, and I will give Geoffrey and the dog your love with pleasure.

ROLLING STONE, King's Co.—I was glad to hear from you again, and I have much pleasure in telling you that I think your enclosure a very pithy and sensible little epistle. I must also tell you that it will be quite useless to think of remuneration if you continue to write your articles in that form. You see they are not articles, but communications, letters, and as such are never paid for. It is considered, on the other hand, rather a favor to publish them. Write more in the style you adopted in the last article you sent me, and send it as a contribution. You must not be offended if I tell you that I think you have improved very much, both in style and composition. You know many people object to being told they have improved, on the ground that the remark implies room for improvement. For myself, I am always glad to know that I have been making some little headway, as I think one must either go backward or forward, there is no standing still in this world. You are indeed a lovely bird, but you must have a delightful time in summer, if you are fond of camping out. I have a horror of it myself, but then I have never tried it, and so cannot speak from personal experience. I should like to have the address you mention, and will, of course, keep it in confidence. Yes, I enjoyed my visit very much. Write again, and I will be glad to do anything I can for you.

A YELLOW BIRCH.—I published two excellent recipes for pot pourri last summer, in this column, but I cannot find either of them now, I have mislaid them in some way, and I will have to look over my files of Progress before I can find them. If you have any friend who possesses a file of this paper you might look them up for yourself, as I cannot promise them to you till next week. Meanwhile, collect the rose leaves, dry them carefully in the sun, or the mouth of a very cool oven, sprinkle them well with salt and leave spread on newspapers in a dry place, and they will keep for two or three weeks. Many thanks for your kind effort to find the quotation for me, but the one you mention is different from the one I asked about. I think this is what you refer to: Queen Elizabeth's lover, and I am almost certain it was Sir Walter Raleigh—she was only Princess Elizabeth then, you know—learned to tell her of his love. Though he had received a good deal of encouragement from the highborn damsel she was very much above him in rank, that she scarcely dared to hope for a favorable answer to his suit. So he wrote with a diamond ring on the window of her favorite room: "Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall." And his royal lady love, who was a very clever dame, seeing the line and fully understanding his motive in writing it, finished the couplet for him in this wise: "If thy mind fall there, do not climb at all."

I regret to say that the lovely story thus begun was never satisfactorily finished, as we all remember. And now you see my answer was almost as vague as yours, but I will be more definite next week.

FARO.—St. John.—(1) I am sure you are a river boy, but when you tell me of a girl like that one you really make me ashamed of my sex. I did not think there was a girl in the whole world so utterly without brains; your suggestion is most charitable, and we will hope that she was not endowed with proper sense. Believe me, there are very few girls so silly, though it is the folly of a few which often causes men to generalize, and think all girls will make fools of themselves if they have a chance. (2) No, it is not right, and no lady would be guilty of such a thing, neither would any girl with a good heart, or right feeling, she is vain, foolish, and unrefined, so any man, even if he fancied he loved her, would be better without her, she never could make a man happy. (3) I think I should take the hint at once, laugh as if I thought it a good joke, and jump up with some such remark as—"After that I had better beat retreat." It will make less awkwardness than to sit still in an

agony of anxiety to get away even for a few minutes. (4) Not absolutely, but it is not usual for young girls to do so, until they have come out into society. (5) The girls don't wear their brother's shirts, or their ties either, and you ought to know better Faro. Just imagine any girl arranging herself in the sack-like garment men wear! And how its huge proportions would ruin the fit of her trim jacket! Even the ties are quite different. I prefer the soft, full blouses. I confess, but still I have rather a fancy for those saucy little shirt fronts, with their standing collars and smart ties. (6) A rolling collar, very loose and low, and only the nearest suspicion of a sleeve; my own is rather pretty, and it has a wide, square sailor collar, quite open and pointed at the throat; you want to get as much of the water about you as possible, and don't wear stockings, if you don't wish to learn to swim. I don't believe you are a boy at all. Faro, you are a girl I am certain, only you thought you would "take me in."

Bobby, St. John.—Much as I would like to justify your action, my dear boy, and deeply as I sympathize with you, I am afraid I must say that you rather overstepped the line. The girl's conduct was inexcusable, but still yours was not by any means modest. I think it was pardonable under the circumstances, as you had great provocation and are possessed of an impulsive nature. I excuse you this time, but really you must not do it again. The bathing houses are a boon, and we should all pray that they may increase and multiply.

MADAME ROMERO.

A Popular Woman at Washington and in Mexican Society Circles.

Among the brightest women at Washington is Madame Romero, the wife of the Mexican minister to the United States. She is a Philadelphia girl who married Senator Romero, the Mexican diplomat and statesman, some years ago, and who has since that time been noted as one of the most accomplished ladies of the court circles of Washington and Mexico City. She is one of the most generous entertainers at Washington and no foreigner of prominence comes to the United States who does not meet her.

Madame Romero has travelled extensively and is a keen observer. Speaking of a visit to Egypt she had this to say of Egyptian women: "Egypt is a land of sadness. My impressions there were of a melancholy type during my entire sojourn in that land of sandy deserts and lonely pyramids. The heavily veiled women seemed to be wrapped around in an atmosphere of sadness and the brightest of skies and the most beautiful aspects of nature surrounded what seemed to be one of the darkest countries of the world. The darkness of the Egyptian condition today fell upon my soul like the darkness of the times of Pharaoh. It was so heavy that it could be felt. To appreciate this you must realize the slavish condition of our sex there, and their complete subjection of mind and body. Nature intended the Egyptian woman to be one of the noblest of their sex and she is said to be beautiful. Beauty, however, does no good in Egypt for the veil covers the face and you see nothing but the eyes peeping out between two veils fastened together by little round gilt tubes which rest just over the bridge of the nose. The veils used are of a long heavy crepe and the drapery of the head is a flowing one of black. The women so dressed as they move through the streets of Cairo make one think of a procession of mules at a funeral."

Curious Marriage Statistics.

A German statistician has recently published the results of his investigation of the relative ages of husbands and wives in the various capitals of Europe. He ascertained that marriages are most frequent where the husband is two or three years older than the wife. Women under twenty years of age, however, usually take unto themselves husbands six or seven years older than themselves. The cases in which the man was a year younger than the woman were almost as numerous as those in which he was six or seven years older. The first condition was true of 6.7 per cent of all married couples, and the latter condition of 6.4 per cent. The cases where the husband was six or seven years younger than the wife were also just as numerous as those where he was thirteen or fourteen years older. Only two cases were discovered where the husband was thirty-five years the senior to his wife, and one case where he was older by forty-six years. One case was discovered where the wife was thirty-four years older than the husband. Twelve and three-tenths per cent of all men who marry women under twenty years of age, according to the statistician, are between twenty-six and twenty-seven years old.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Specially Prepared from Fractional Tests for the Lady Readers of "Progress."

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Editor Seasonable Receipts," Progress, St. John.]

Changes in the daily bill of fare are always welcome. Perhaps the readers of this column will welcome the change of another pen here this week, while I am enjoying a few days needed rest in the country. The source from which the following comes is sufficient guarantee that the receipts are worth trying although I have not tried them myself.—Ed.

Sweet Summer Dishes.

That few of the minor food materials will furnish under proper manipulation more pleasing and palatable dishes than gelatine, has been taught me by experience.

A fierce war has been waged among dietetic authorities regarding the nutritive qualities of gelatine. However, even if not nutritious in itself, it gives desirable and attractive form and substance to fruit juices and broths.

As to the origin of gelatine, it is enough to say that it is extracted from bones and connective tissues by the action of boiling water. It is gelatine which causes soup stock to solidify as it cools.

Gelatine desserts are frequently unpopular, because the cook is behind-hand and has depended upon a large amount of gelatine, instead of plenty of time in cooling, to make the mixture firm.

There are certain cardinal points to remember; once familiar with these, the variety of dishes to be drawn from the package of gelatine is limited only by the ingenuity of the cook.

Always soak in cold water two hours, less or more according to the brand of gelatine.

Include the cold water in reckoning the quantity of liquid used. Dissolve with a small amount of boiling liquid, add the remainder cold and cook quickly.

Never use more gelatine than the printed directions on the package require.

Use a smaller proportion with custards, cream or fruit pulp than with coffee or fruit juices.

If to be served in large moulds use less liquid or more gelatine; but the result will be less delicate.

Flavor highly to disguise any gummy taste, and always add a little salt.

Notice whether the package is warranted to make three pints or three quarts before blindly following a cook book which says "take half a box."

Divide the contents of the package carefully and use the stated proportion of liquid.

Do not put acid jellies in tin moulds. Allow six or eight hours or longer in a cold place to harden before serving. Do not jar after it begins to harden; this will make the jelly break when turned from the mould.

For variations on the foundation receipts accompanying the package, these are attractive:

Peach Jelly.

Use the juice of a can of peaches in place of other liquid. Cut the peaches and mix with the jelly as it begins to harden. Mould and serve with whipped cream.

Ribbon Jelly.

Flavor part of the jelly with lemon, the remainder with strawberry or raspberry juice; also make a milk jelly, flavoring part with vanilla and putting chocolate in the other part. Pour a layer of one in the mould and place that on ice, and when firm pour in a layer of another, and so on till all has been used.

Fruit Sponge.

Take a pint of lemon or orange jelly that has just begun to stiffen, beat the white of three eggs stiff and then beat it into the jelly. Serve with soft custard.

Macedoine of Fruit.

Pour a half-inch layer of jelly into a mould and place in a pan of broken ice; when firm arrange in fancy device a layer of fruit and cover with jelly. Proceed in this way until the dish is full. Use a mild lemon or orange jelly, and for fruit candied cherries, slices of banana, nuts, dates, etc., cut small.

Coffee Jelly.

Keep the proportions of gelatine and liquid right. Make strong coffee as if for breakfast, and let this dissolve the gelatine and in sufficient quantity to make the required amount of jelly. Use for one quart one-half cupful of sugar. Served with whipped cream. If "left over" coffee is used it should be taken directly from the breakfast table instead of allowing it to cool, then reheating.

Gelatine may be used to give body and richness to fruit juices. For example, soak a tablespoonful of gelatine in cold water, enough to cover. Open a can of peaches, and heat it in an agate saucepan. Dissolve the gelatine in a little of the hot juice and strain it over the peaches. When cold the juice is a syrup, and has not the usual watery appearance.

ANNA BARROWS.

School of Cookery, Boston Y. W. C. A.



A Thing Greatly Abused.

HARDLY anything receives less thanks and more abuse than a shoe. It is never thanked for the protection it renders against the cold of winter, the heat of summer, against thorns, tacks, glass, dust, sticks and stones. It is kicked about, scoffed at, trampled under foot, knocked around and thrown violently here, there or anywhere. Its eyes are blinded, its tongue torn out, and its very "sole" ground to powder in its constant, uncomplaining servitude. The shoe, like sails to a ship, or wings to a bird, permits man always and with tireless motion, to push on towards the big objects of his measureless ambition. Let the ship tank its sails, the bird thank its wings, and man thank his shoes, and when they are worn out get them replaced at WATERBURY & RISING'S, where you can find an assortment of Russia Leather—Tan—Canvas and Kid Boots and Shoes suitable for this season.

WATERBURY & RISING, 34 King and 212 Union Sts.

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.

Advertisement for NEW ROYAL CLOTHING STORE, featuring a large 'U' and 'But' graphic. Text: Experience may have taught U that things are not what they seem. But experience will teach U that our Bargains are what they are claimed to be. Try a Few. \$10.00 Suits selling at \$5.00 to close out broken lots, at the NEW ROYAL CLOTHING STORE, R. W. LEETCH, Proprietor, 47 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for BEECHAM'S PILLS, featuring an illustration of a woman. Text: WORTH A GUINEA AN EYE. BEECHAM'S PILLS are a marvellous Antidote for Weak Stomach, SICK HEAD-ACHE, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc., found by FEMALE SUFFERERS. Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd, Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

Advertisement for WILMOT SPA, featuring an illustration of a woman. Text: You WILL FIND THE NEW DRINKS OF THE WILMOT SPA delicious. They are called FRUIT SQUASH, (a very delicate drink for the ladies); LIME FRUIT CHAMPAGNE, (a delicious non-alcoholic beverage), and CINCHOUA BITTERS, a delightful tonic. These are all made from the Wilmot Spa water, with pure extracts by our noted chemist. Call for them from your Grocer, Wine Merchant, Druggist or Hotel.

Advertisement for JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, featuring a logo with 'THE ST. JOHN GLOBE' and 'BUSINESS COLLEGE'. Text: The Best Penmanship Department, the Best Shorthand and Typewriting Department, AND THE BEST BUSINESS COURSE IN CANADA. OUR SUMMER FEATURE—The Teachers' and Students' Special Course will be unusually instructive and interesting this Summer. Send for sample pages of Kerr's Book-keeping, specimens of Mr. Pringle's writing and College circulars. St. John, N. B. — KERR & FRISVOLD, Principals. JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. This SEASON'S GOODS are all Personally Selected in the Foreign Markets. First-Class Materials! Equitable Prices!

Advertisement for Pelee Island Wine and Vineyard Co. (LIMITED). Text: Having established our Maritime Agency in ST. JOHN, we now solicit your orders for our Special Brands of Pure Canadian Wines. Dry Catawba, case or dt. St. Augustine, case or dt. Sweet "College of Music," P. I. Port, " P. I. Sherry, " " P. I. Claret, " " P. I. Alicante, " " Unfermented Grape Juice, case; also Concord, case or dt. E. C. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 63 UNION STREET ST. JOHN. TELEPHONE 527.

Advertisement for LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC. Text: Would you like to write shorthand in a week? Send 10 cents for a trial lesson in Simple Shorthand—wonder of the time. SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Windsor, N.S. MISS E. W. MORLEY, A. Mus. L. C. M. Representative of the London College of Music, will give lessons on the Pianoforte; also in Musica Theory, Harmony and History. Pupils thoroughly prepared for the College Examinations which are held three times each year, St. John being now a local centre. Terms on application at 106 King Street East.

Advertisement for MISS E. W. MORLEY, Silver Medalist. Text: MISS E. W. MORLEY, Silver Medalist will shortly open classes for Painting, in either Oil or China. Also, having resided many years in France, she will open classes for French in May.

Advertisement for CROCKET'S SPARKLING SODA WATER. Text: For the Summer Season it has no equal. A good, cooling drink, any syrup you want. Buy a book and call often. The Scent for a cent machine is still going. It works easy and gives more than a cent's worth every time. CROCKET'S DRUG STORE, Cor. Princess and Sydney Streets.

Advertisement for J. & A. McMILLAN, featuring a logo with 'THE ST. JOHN GLOBE' and 'BUSINESS COLLEGE'. Text: THE ST. JOHN GLOBE published in its issue of July 9, '92: "White Hellebore Powder is the best substance for killing currant worms. Apply with a dredging box." We put up White Hellebore Powder in 10c., 25c. and 50c. packages, and will mail it to any address, postage paid on receipt of price. MOORE'S DRUG STORE, 109 Brussels, cor. Richmond St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Large advertisement for The Pilsener Beer, featuring a logo with 'The Pilsener Beer' and 'BECK & CO. BREMEN'. Text: PLAYED AND ENDORSED BY The World's Most Eminent Musicians; and Pronounced 'THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE.' THE ST. JOHN GLOBE & SONS, St. John, N. B. Agents for the Maritime Provinces.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The largest pyramid in Egypt is 438 feet high.

The New Testament was first printed in Irish in 1602.

The mean height of land above the sea level is 2,250 feet.

Grasshoppers contain formic acid worth sixty cents an ounce.

A human body, when cremated, leaves a residuum of about eight ounces.

Sweden, with nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants, has only 810 Roman Catholics.

The distance from the north pole to the equator, measured along the earth's surface, is 6,000 miles.

A cubic inch of gold is worth, in round numbers, \$210; a cubic foot, \$362,380, and a cubic yard, \$9,797,762.

It is stated that among every 1,000 bachelors there are thirty-eight criminals; among married men the ratio is only eighteen per 1,000.

Dancing is taught in many of the public schools of Scotland and is made a feature of the closing exercises at the end of the term.

The first wheat raised in the new world was sown on the Island of Isabella in January, 1494, and on March 30 the crop was gathered.

Excavations for a canal over the Suez isthmus were made over 2,000 years ago. A small canal was actually dug and in use 273 years B. C.

A man with a mind for statistics has computed that over sixty-five quadrillions of people have lived on the earth since the beginning of time.

In the time of Henry VII. parliament passed a law which declared that on and after that date pins should not be sold for more than 6s 8d per 1,000.

The first American directory was issued at Philadelphia in 1785 by Francis White. It comprised 81 pages, with 3,570 names, and was sold at half a dollar.

The exact physical center of the United States is the stone at Fort Riley, Kan., which marks the grave of Major Ogden, who died of cholera in 1855.

In London one policeman is required for every 312 of the population; in the English boroughs one for every 637, and in the rural districts one for every 1,150.

Bees are said to have such an antipathy to dark colored objects that black chickens have been stung to death, while white ones of the same brood were untouched.

Cranes, storks and wild geese fly fast enough to make the trip from Northern Europe to Africa in a week, but most of their rest north of the Mediterranean.

Numerous experiments to determine the best fire-resisting materials for the construction of doors proved that wood covered with tin resisted the fire better than an iron door.

The seasons nominally and according to the calendar begin as follows: Spring, March 20, at 3 a. m.; summer, June 20, 11 p. m.; autumn, September 22, 2 p. m.; winter, December 21, 8 a. m.

The oldest hotel in Switzerland, and probably the oldest in the world, is the hotel of the Three Kings, at Basle. Among its guests in 1026 were the Emperor Conrad II. and his son Henry III. and Rudolph, the last King of Burgundy.

The first instance of suicide recorded in scripture is that of Samson, (B. C. 1117). The second is that of Saul (B. C. 1055). Rather than fall into the hands of the Philistines, when hard pressed in battle, he drew his sword and fell upon it and so died. Judas Iscariot, through remorse, went and hanged himself.

The eagle had long been used as an emblem of power; the Romans, Russia, Prussia, Austria, all used the eagle to denote royal or widespread power; Napoleon used an eagle as an imperial emblem of France. But before his time the American eagle had been adopted as emblematic of the power of the United States.

Measurements of weight by the "stone" arose from the old custom farmers had of weighing wool with a stone. Every farmer kept a large stone at his farm for the purpose. When a dealer came along he balanced a plank on the top of a wall, and put the stone on one end of it and bags of wool on the other end, until the weights were equal.

It is generally conceded that gunpowder was used by the Chinese as an explosive in pre-historic times. When they first discovered or applied its power is not known. It is said that in the century before the Christian era a cannon was employed bearing the inscription "I had to death the traitor and extermination to the rebel." It has also been asserted that India has equal claims with China to the first acquaintance with gunpowder.

A spinning-top is maintained in an upright position by a combination of two forces—(1) the force of the earth's gravitation, or pull downwards; (2) the force of centrifugality, which pulls horizontally the top in all directions at once. And it is the combination of these two forces which maintains the top in a vertical position. The same thing is more obvious in the case of a school-boy's trundled hoop, which the moment the speed is relaxed begins to wobble, but on receiving a forward blow regains the upright position. The upright position is maintained only so long as the speed is sufficiently great to overcome the pull of gravitation, and when the top begins to spin round slower and slower, the vertical position is lost, the top begins to

away from side to side, and finally falls to the ground. The speed of a top which went for forty minutes has been found to be at the same rate as an express train, or a mile a minute. The motions of the earth and all the heavenly bodies are controlled by precisely the same guidance as that which keeps a spinning-top upright.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

Impatient Guest—How long is my steak going to be? Waiter—About eight inches, boss—we give big portions here.

Ban Anna was the fairy's name, Her cheeks were apple red, I shyly kissed her cherry lips, "Don't peck on me," she said.

A man always thinks his love-letters models of composition till they come up in a breach of promise case. Then he differs.

He—I know it's awfully impertinent, but tell me, are you engaged? She—I could tell better if you were to ask me another question first.

Scad—You say he left no money? Bagge—No. You see, he lost his health getting wealthy, and then lost all his wealth trying to get healthy.

Jack—There is one comfort in disputing with an old maid. Harry—For instance? Jack—She doesn't tell you she did this and that before you were born.

Visitor—Seems to me your baby sleeps a good deal. He is never awake when I call. Happy Father—You call at the wrong time. His hours are from one to five a. m.

Dentist—With or without gas? With gas, fifty cents extra. Mr. Hardache—If you can't see in this glaring sunlight, I ain't going to pay you extra for gas, that's sartin.—Puck.

A Wise Precaution—Johnnie (calling down stairs)—Oh, ma, pa has lost his collar button. Ma—Well, hurry and take the parrot out of the room and hang the cage in the hall!

Au Revoir—Judge Duffy—I hope I shall not see you here again. Regular Customer—Not see me here again? Why, you ain't going to resign your post, are you?—Texas Sittings.

Doctor—The trouble with you is that you are suffering from impoverished blood. Patient—I should think it would be impoverished. It has already been examined by ten doctors.

Cudlip—I wish the man on the corner who grinds that beastly hand-organ would take up his quarters elsewhere. Sapley—He can't, poor fellow. He takes up only nickels and pennies.—Truth.

Mrs. Gadder—Have you seen Mrs. Hemphill since her husband died with the cook? Mrs. De Gush—Yes, she doesn't care; she was going to give the cook notice anyway.—Brooklyn Lite.

"I tell you what it is, Martha, I'm tired of seeing that young fellow coming here two or three evenings a week. I think I shall have to sit on him." "I wouldn't, ma; 'twould be of no use. I've done it myself several times, and I think he rather likes it."

"My article on the death of Colonel Jones was plain enough," said the editor. "I wrote in plain words that 'he died shouting praises, and went where all is well.' 'Doesn't it read that way in the paper?" asked the proof reader. "It does not," said the editor. "It reads: 'He died shouting praises, and went where all is hell!'"

Mr. Behnd, a house proprietor in Paris, accept as his tenants none but people of the lower classes, married, and with children. Every time a child is born in one of his houses, he presents the mother with ten francs, a chicken, and a supply of coal for the winter. He is himself the father of seventeen children. Comment is superfluous.

Seven or eight of them were talking in the court house the other day about the best position in which to sleep. "I lie on my face," said one. "I lie on my back," said another. "I lie on my left side," said a third, and so on until it reached an old fellow writing at a desk. "It doesn't make any difference to me how I lie," he said, without stopping his work. "I'm a lawyer."

Young Wife—Dear me! I put that plaster of Paris in an old baking powder can; and now I don't know which is the baking powder and which is the plaster. Husband—What do you want to do? "I want to mend a lamp." "Well, you can only tell by experimenting." "Of course. Why didn't I think of that? I will make two sponge cakes, and put one in one and the other in the other."

An Idaho newspaper, in writing up a ball, thus describes a fair lassie's garb: "Miss Y—wore a red bombazine dress ruffled with a point alpaca and overskirt of rose gingham with a border of parsley blossoms. Her turtleneck was particularly noticeable from the fact that her hair was so deliciously scrambled in front. She also wore No. 9 lilac double button gloves and No. 6 store shoes slashed at the heels and pompadour socks."

The editor of a southwestern religious paper recently received the following letter: "Dear sir: When my subscription expires I desire to stop taking your paper. The only practical article it has had for the last six months was a recipe for getting rid of red ants, and on making a trial of it I find it is no good. A paper that gives bad advice about red ants may be just as far off the track in its theology, and it ain't worth a blame to me."

"You have some fine ducks this morning," said the kindly old schoolmaster to a pouter. "Yes, sir, all fresh today." "What is the price?" "You can take your choice, sir. I have them at all prices." "Well, I want to give my boys a treat, but I do not want them to be too tender. There are a dozen here—pick out four of the toughest." The pouter obeyed. "Here, sir, you have four of the toughest birds in the lot." "Thank you, sir," said the schoolmaster. "I'll take the other eight."

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Cardinal Manning died so poor that there was not enough money left to bury him, and a subscription had to be raised among his friends for the funeral expenses.

A Miss Murphy edits the Melbourne Punch one of the funniest and most flourishing of colonial comic papers. She joined the staff some years ago in a subordinate capacity, and has attained to her present position solely by her ability. She is a great advocate of women's rights, and is exceedingly handsome.

The Rothschilds have a pretty way of providing a birthday present for all the girls of the family when they come of age. At the birth of each little girl, six pearls, valued at \$2,500 are put aside. Six more are added at every birthday, and when the young lady reaches the age of 21 she is presented with the valuable necklace.

The ex-Empress Eugenie, it is said, when at Farnborough goes daily to pray in the mortuary chapel near. Everyone else is excluded while the empress is within. An emerald is placed on the foot of each of the two sarcophagi wherein lie the remains of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial, and first at one and then at the other the Empress sits alone in prayer.

Tombs are decorated with flowers and scrolls lies. Of the latter, violets are the most numerous.

Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, is one of twelve children of a poor country clergyman, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, rector of Somersay, Lincolnshire. He began writing verses at a very early age. When his grandmother died, his grandfather asked him to write a poem on the sad event, and when the boy had read it to him he presented him with a shilling, remarking: "There, that's the first money you have earned by writing poetry, and take my word for it, you'll not stand at Ward's, will make the best of it. He has earned more money by his poems than any other person in the history of the whole world."

The elder Baron Rothschild had the walls of his bank placarded with the following maxims: Shun liquors; dare to go forward; never be discouraged; do not tell your time well; be prompt in everything; pay your debts promptly; bear all troubles patiently; do not reckon upon chance; make no useless acquaintances; be brave in the struggle of life; maintain your integrity as a sacred thing; never appear something more than you are; take time to consider and then decide positively; carefully examine into every detail of your business; then work hard and you will be certain to succeed in life.

From his earliest days at sea Prince George has ever been a thorough sportsman and a popular officer, not only with his comrades in the gun-room or the ward-room, but also with all the men over whom he has had command. As a midshipman he was always keen to do all in his power to render the boat's crew as comfortable as possible, and the smartest and best-handled in the ship; as a lieutenant he was always alive to all the individual characters of the men on his division.

In these days of travel and increasing speeds in every direction it is noteworthy to find that there is a woman living at Chabury, Dorset, who, during her seventy-four years of life, has never been out of the parish. She has never taken a railway journey, nor even seen a train. Though a regular church-goer all her days, she has never attended a service at, or set foot inside, any place of worship, save her parish church. She was christened and married there, as were all her family, and she hopes to be laid to rest in its graveyard beside her late husband, a carpenter. There are two other churches within half a mile of her cottage, but neither service nor preacher have tempted her from her own.

The stables of King Humbert of Italy are exceptionally fine, and contain (at present) nearly 150 horses, chiefly English bred. The double row of stalls forms a regular street, so beautifully kept that it is a pleasure to walk through it, and each animal has his name printed in large letters on a little board above the manger. Among the English horses may be noticed such names as "Flirt," "Mildred," "Lawn-tennis," "Epsom," and "Gentleman." Upstairs are the state carriages and those used on special occasions. Some of these are magnificently upholstered in white satin. The carriage in which the Queen drives every day is very plain, but this simplicity is counteracted by the brilliant scarlet liveries of her coachman and footmen.

Stuart Cumberland, the English mind-reader, and Miss Phyllis Bentley, a relative of his wife, and a performer of apparently miraculous feats of strength, were among the golden wedding guests of the King and Queen of Denmark. Neither the king, nor the Crown Prince, nor the czar, nor any of the other men present could force to the ground a billiard cue held by Miss Bentley. The czar, who is regarded as the strongest monarch in Europe, physically, tried without success to lift this young woman from the floor by her elbows, or to push her against a wall, while she, alone, lifted a chair containing the czar, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Greece and the Duke of Cumberland—whether singly or collectively, the accounts received do not clearly indicate.

Little King Alfonso seems to be becoming the prop and the mainstay of the particular type of gossip who devote themselves to the circulation of interesting and more or less veracious particulars about royal personages. Only a few days ago we heard the very improbable story of how the baby monarch, at the age of six, had become a fluent conversationalist in no fewer than three foreign languages. This extremely credible information has been promptly followed up by an account of a "strange escapade" in which the miniature sovereign is said to have indulged. With much minuteness of corroborative detail we are informed how the small Alfonso, being suddenly missed from the garden at Royat, was discovered, after a prolonged search, in the casino, habited in the motley garb of a miniature clown. It is explained that his most sacred majesty had purposely betaken himself to the theater, and had there induced a loyal workman to disguise his royal personage in the garb which the melancholy Jacques describes as "your only wear."

"August Flower"

Billousness, Constipation, Stomach Pains, "I have been afflicted with billousness for fifteen years; first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried but to no purpose. At last a friend recommended August Flower. I took it according to directions and its effects were wonderful, relieving me of those disagreeable stomach pains which I had been troubled with so long. Words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold your August Flower—it has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Such a medicine is a benediction to humanity, and its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia or billousness."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'r, Woodbury, N.J.

Printer, Humboldt, Kansas.

Colonial House, Phillips Square, Montreal.

New Goods, 85 German Street, St. John, N. B.

Harry Wilkes, 1896, 85 German Street, St. John, N. B.

Spring Cloths, Over Coating, Suitings and Trouserings.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, EASTPORT.

Scott's Cure for RHEUMATISM.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, King Street (West), St. John, N. B.

CAFÉ ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

WILLIAM CLARK, DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.

WM. ROBB, Practical Collar and Harness Maers.

Fruit & Produce Commission Agents.

PROFESSIONAL. DR. J. H. MORRISON, PRACTICE LIMITED TO EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.

GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

DR. S. F. WILSON, Late Clinical Assistant, St. George's Hospital for Diseases of Women etc., London, England.

JOHN L. GARLETON, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

HARRIS G. FENETY, L.L.B., BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

H. B. ESMOND, M.D., (F.R.S., LONDON, ENGL.) CHRONIC DISEASES SUCCESSFULLY TREATED.

CANCERS removed without the use of the KNIFE, loss of blood or pain.

Photography THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

CLIMO. This was the verdict of all who saw the skillfully wrought portraits.

COPIES, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS AT VERY LOW RATES.

85 GERMAN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Office for Agriculture, Fredericton.

Harry Wilkes, 1896. THE Standard Bred Hambletonian Stallion HARRY WILKES, the property of the Government of New Brunswick, will make his first yearling sale on the 1st of May.

THE Standard Bred Hambletonian Stallion HARRY WILKES, the property of the Government of New Brunswick, will make his first yearling sale on the 1st of May.

Harry Wilkes, 1896, is by George Wilkes, 519, dam Belle Rice by Whitehall.

SPECTACLES of the most perfect description, carefully adapted to all conditions of sight, and made to order.

Spring Cloths. The Subscriber has just received his Full Line of Spring Cloths in Over Coating, Suitings and Trouserings.

A. R. CAMPBELL - 64 Germain St. WORTH REMEMBERING!

Ferguson & Page. Always carry a large stock and are continually receiving New Goods in Watches, Jewelry, Solid Silver, Electro Plate, Clocks, Bibles and all goods pertaining to the Jewelry Business.

CAFÉ ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

WILLIAM CLARK, DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.

WM. ROBB, Practical Collar and Harness Maers.

Fruit & Produce Commission Agents.

THE CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO.

Redpath HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY. Made by the Latest Process, and Newest and Best Machinery, not surpassed any where.

LUMP SUGAR, In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.

"CROWN" Granulated, Special Brand, the finest that can be made.

EXTRA GRANULATED. Very Superior Quality CREAM SUGARS, (Not dried).

YELLOW SUGARS. Of all Grades and Standards. SYRUPS, Of all Grades in Fats and half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS, Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 and 8 lb. each.

INSURANCE FIRE PLATE GLASS INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE.

INSURANCE STEAM BOILER INSPECTION INSURANCE.

SOFT COAL! LANDING ex-sch. "E. Merriman" from Sydney, 500 tons of fresh mined and double screened.

RESERVE COAL. This is the coal which gave such perfect satisfaction last year. It makes a quiet, clear, lasting fire, and is a great favorite with all housekeepers.

MORRISON & LAWLOR, Cor. UNION and SMYTHE STS., ST. JOHN.

ANDREW PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR, FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUTTER with JAS. S. MAY & SON, begs leave to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the public generally, that he may now be found at his new store,

No. 70 Prince Wm. Street, with a NEW AND FRESH STOCK of Woollen Goods, personally selected in British, Foreign, and Domestic markets.

S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE, STEEL and IRON-CUT NAILS.

Excellent Value in Bedroom & Parlor Suits, F. A. JONES, 34 Dock Street.

A. & J. HAY, DEALERS IN Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, Fancy Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc.

Newel Posts. STAIR RAILS AND BALUSTERS, SHUTTER and VENETIAN BLINDS.

Hotels. BARKER HOUSE, FREDERICTON, N. B.

CONNORS HOTEL, CORNERS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B.

BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

AN OAK

A Helpless Orphan the Staff of the and Discharge Story of His

For more than the Empire have some of the 19th century in cases hitherto ad medical scienc particulars of the by such leading ton Spectator a old, Toronto News, Albany Express tion placed by made.

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AN OAKVILLE MIRACLE.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF MR. JOHN W. CONDOR.

A Helpless Cripple for Years—Treated by the Staff of the Toronto General Hospital and Discharged as Incurable—The Story of His Miraculous Recovery as Investigated by an Empire Reporter.

For more than a year past the readers of the Empire have been given the particulars of some of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century, all or nearly all of them, in cases hitherto held by the most advanced medical scientists to be incurable.

Recently rumors have been afloat of a remarkable case in the pretty little town of Oakville, of a young man recovering after years of helplessness and agony. The Empire determined to subject the case to the most rigid investigation, and accordingly detailed one of our best reporters to make a thorough and impartial investigation into the case.

Acting upon these instructions our reporter went to Oakville, and called upon Mr. John W. Condon (who it was had so miraculously recovered) and had not long been in conversation with him when he was convinced that the statements made were not true, but that "the half had not been told."

The reporter found Mr. Condon at work in one of the heaviest departments of the Oakville Basket Factory, and was surprised, in the face of what he knew of the case, to be confronted by a strapping young fellow of good physique, ruddy countenance and buoyant bearing.

This young man was he who had spent a great part of his days upon a sick-bed, suffering almost untold agony. When the Empire representative announced the purpose of his visit Mr. Condon cheerfully volunteered a statement of his case for the benefit of other sufferers.

"I am," said Mr. Condon, "an Englishman by birth, and came to this country with my parents when nine years of age, and at that time was as rugged and healthy as any boy of my age. I am now 29 years of age, and it was when about 14 years old that the first twinges of inflammatory rheumatism came upon me, and during the fifteen years that intervened between that time and my recovery a few months ago, tongue can hardly tell how much I suffered.

My trouble was brought on, I think, through too frequent bathing in the cold lake water. The joints of my body began to swell, the corals of my legs to tighten, and the muscles of my limbs to contract. I became a helpless cripple, confined to bed, and for three months did not leave my room. The doctor who was called in administered preparations of iodide of potassium and other remedies without any material benefit.

After some months of suffering I became strong enough to leave the bed but my limbs were stiffened and I was unfitted for any active vocation. I was then hampered more or less for the following nine years, when I was again forced to take to my bed. This attack was in 1889, and was a great deal more severe than the first. My feet, ankles, knees, legs, arms, shoulders, and in fact all parts of my frame were affected. My joints and muscles became badly swollen, and the disease even reached my head. My face swelled to a great size. I was unable to open my mouth, my jaws being fixed together. I, of course, could eat nothing. My teeth were pried apart and liquid food poured down my throat. I lost my voice, and could speak only in lanky whispers.

that if I could only get my blood in better condition my general state of health might be improved, I resolved to give Pink Pills a trial. With the courage born of despair I bought a box, but there was no noticeable improvement, and I thought this was like the other remedies I had used. But urged on by friends I continued taking Pink Pills and after using seven boxes I was rewarded by noticing a decided change for the better. My appetite returned, my spirits began to rise and I had a little freer use of my muscles and limbs, the old troublesome swellings subsiding. I continued the remedy until I had used twenty-five boxes when I left off. By this time I had taken on considerable flesh, and weighed as much as 160 pounds. This was a gain of 60 pounds in a few weeks. My joints assumed their normal size, my muscles became firmer, and in fact I was a new man. By April I was able to go to work in the basket factory, and now I can work ten hours a day with any man. I often stay on duty overtime without feeling any bad effects. I play baseball in the evenings and can run bases with any of the boys. Why I feel like dancing for very joy at the relief from abject misery I suffered so long. Many a time I prayed for death to release me from my sufferings, but now this is all gone and I enjoy health as only he can who suffered agony for years. I have given you a brief outline of my sufferings, but from what I have told you can guess the depth of my gratitude for the great remedy which has restored me to health and strength.

Wishing to substantiate the truth of Mr. Condon's remarkable story the Empire representative called upon Mr. F. W. James, the Oakville druggist referred to above. Mr. James fully corroborated the statements of Mr. Condon. When the latter had first taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he was a mere skeleton—a wreck of humanity. The people of the town had long given him up for as good as dead, and would hardly believe the man's recovery until they saw him themselves. The fame of this cure is now spread throughout the section and the result is an enormous sale of Pink Pills.

"I sell a dozen-and-a-half boxes of Pink Pills every day," said Mr. James, "and this is remarkable in a town the size of Oakville. And better still they give perfect satisfaction. Mr. James recalled numerous instances of remarkable cures after other remedies had failed. Mr. John Robertson, who lives midway between Oakville and Milton, who had been troubled with asthma and bronchitis for about 15 years, has been cured by the use of Pink Pills, and this after physicians had told him there was no use doctoring further. Mr. Robertson says his appetite had failed completely, but after taking seven boxes of Pink Pills he was ready and waiting for each meal. He regards his case as a remarkable one.

In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer—curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

The Empire reporter called upon Mr. J. C. Ford, proprietor of the Oakville Basket Factory, in which Mr. Condon is employed. Mr. Ford said he knew of the pitiable condition Condon had been in for years, and he had thought he would never recover. The cure was evidently a thorough one for Condon worked steadily at heavy labor in the mill and apparently stood it as well as the rest of the employees. Mr. Ford said he thought a great deal of the young man and was pleased at his wonderful deliverance from the grave and his restoration to vigorous health.

In order to still further verify the statements made by Mr. Condon in the above interview, the reporter on his return to Toronto examined the General Hospital records, and found therein the entries fully bearing out all Mr. Condon had said, thus leaving no doubt that his case is one of the most remarkable on record, and all the more remarkable because it has baffled the skill of the best physicians in Toronto.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred), and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.00, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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The engraving printed above is an exact representation of the beautiful Silver Service offered for the most coupons cut from Progress from next Saturday (July 9) to Saturday, September 24th. Although this paper has a circulation larger than any other paper in these provinces the publisher has good reason to think that it can be increased two or three fold, and to that end—to gain new readers for the paper—to make new acquaintances for it, this beautiful prize is given. There is hardly a reader of Progress who does not know of some of their friends who do not take Progress. This prize is offered with the hope that they will induce them to buy it and give them the coupon, which will be printed upon the first page of each issue beginning July 9.

Do not imagine that if you live in a small town you have not the same chance as your rival in St. John or Halifax. You have just as good a chance because there will be so many for the prize in the larger places that the coupons will be more eagerly sought after. Besides this there will be a natural and family rivalry between the different towns that Progress has agents in to see which will bear off the trophy. This will be increased by the fact that the agent of Progress who succeeds in increasing his order the most will receive a check for \$20 when the silver service is given. So help yourselves and your agent at the same time. There is one hint that any one can make use of: Remember to write and tell your friends in other towns that you are in for the prize, and ask them to send you all the coupons they can collect. This is but one of a score of good ideas that will occur to the competitors. The only conditions in connection with the contest is that no selling agent of Progress or any one in the office can compete for the prize.

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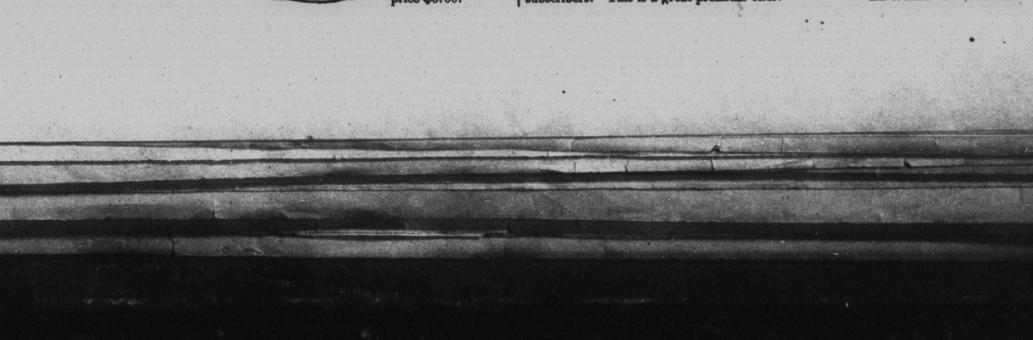
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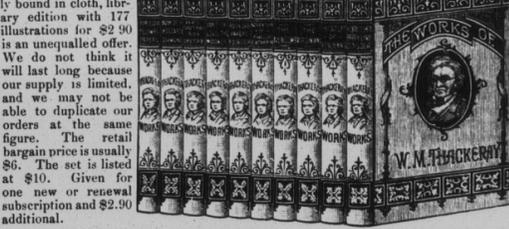
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