

PROGRESS.

VOL. XI., NO. 549.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ARE NOT ON CUPID'S LIST.

ELIGIBLE BACHELORS WITH MATRIMONIAL QUALIFICATIONS.

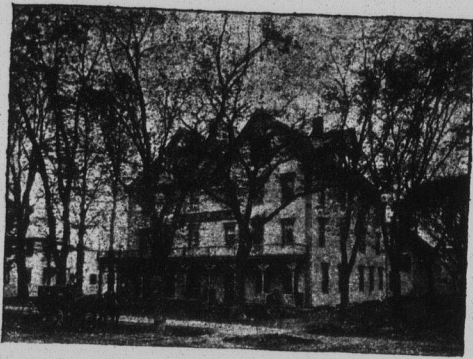
Some of Fredericton's Marriageable Men Discussed From a Personal and Social Stand-Point—Men who Prefer Single Blessedness—An Interesting List.

FREDERICTON, Nov. 16.—The grand ball given at Windsor Hall the popular uptown hostelry, last week has attracted no little attention towards the bachelors of Fredericton, for it was under their benign auspices that the pleasing function was held. The Windsor is admirably adapted for social affairs of this kind, and it goes without saying, that the ball, was a success in every particular. Although the thirty odd young men, who tripped the light fantastic

way of male matrimonial material your correspondent has undertaken to compile a short list of the best available "catches," and to deal briefly with the qualifications and characteristics of each for their especial benefit.

Nobody at all familiar with celestial affairs, will attempt to dispute the right of Mr. Martin Lemont to the position of chief of Fredericton's great unwedded men if he wants it. He is the junior partner in the old and established firm of Lemont & Sons., one of the soundest and wealthiest concerns in the province, and is in the neighborhood of forty years of age. He is of medium height, good-looking, and is of a most agreeable disposition. He is the efficient and popular superintendent of the Methodist Sabbath school,

Windsor Hall, Fredericton.



Where the Bachelor's Ball took place last week. The Windsor is one of the most popular houses in the celestial city for commercial men and tourists. Fredericton society makes it headquarters for their assembly balls; and leading citizens entertain their friends there.

until the "wee sma hours" at the Windsor on Friday evening of last week, were quite a representative body it can hardly be said truthfully that they included within their fold all the prominent gentlemen in this city who worship at the blissful shrine of bachelorhood. As a matter of fact many of the bachelors of Fredericton do not dance; others again who occasionally indulge in this carefree pastime, had nothing to do with the ball, but it is hardly probable that they harbor any hard feelings against the young men for the liberty that they took with the title to which others besides themselves have a claim.

Leaving out the ball question altogether, the fact remains that the bachelors of Fredericton if united, would form a quite a powerful organization. Though Cupid has been busy among them during the autumn months, and evidence of his work can still be found, they are still able to present a rather formidable front to their evil title enemy and are able to boast that there are still some pretty good fish left in the sea.

As it might not be uninteresting to some of the many young lady readers of PROGRESS to know just what we have here in the

is tolerably fond of music, an ideal ladies man, an excellent singer, and an all round man of affairs. That Mr. Lemont has so long withstood all feminine attacks is a matter of surprise to all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

There are so many on the list of celestial bachelors qualified to stand second to Mr. Lemont, that for fear of arousing jealousies PROGRESS will not attempt to deal with them in order of merit, nor will it strictly adhere to the rule that age should come before beauty, but will take each as their names suggest themselves.

Another, who like Mr. Lemont seems to be well fortified against matrimonial attacks is Mr. Berton C. Foster, M. A., the genial and popular head master of the York street school. Mr. Foster seems to be somewhere in the vicinity of 30 years of age, (though possibly he may be a few older), enjoys a substantial income, is a bicycle enthusiast, a tip top curler, a good conversationalist, enjoys a joke, and would no doubt make a model husband for the right sort of a young lady.

Mr. Arthur R. Slipp, L. L. B.,

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

He Charged Storage.

We often hear of the Yankee's alleged shrewdness; and the sharp practices of our neighbors across the border have been the subject of many a jest. Gold bricks have been sold to unsuspecting and unsophisticated rural gentlemen in plain homespun, and "green goods" galore have masqueraded as the genuine article. It remains however, for a long-headed, I was going to say long-eared, merchant of Halifax to out-rival all his predecessors in the line of shrewdness, and to stamp himself as the meanest man in town. Now to the story:

A P. E. I. merchant, a man of strict integrity; a straight-laced Presbyterian, a man who would not wrong his neighbor nor think ill of any man, goes to Halifax with his goods consisting of agricultural produce, the result of hard work, for the life of the farmer is no easy one and prices are falling instead of rising.

After a fair summer's work he finds himself with a goodly store of potatoes, oats, butter, etc., and with the eye of a merchant he looks for customers. Among them comes the man of pork; the shrewd merchant, who barter for butter and buys some \$200 worth of the primest butter on the market. This is delivered and the P. E. I. merchant in good faith calls for payment. He is met with a note for 90 days

which after considerable talk is unwillingly accepted in payment, but on the assurance of the merchant that "his note is as good as the bank," why the bargain is closed.

The P. E. I. merchant goes off with his fist tightly closed over the precious note, and presenting it at the bank, finds he cannot negotiate upon it as it's hardly worth the paper it is written on. With consternation written over his countenance, and the perspiration beginning to immerse him in Turkish bath style, he hies himself back to the man of pork, and demands an explanation. The explanation is not forth coming, and for quite a time there is quite a stormy scene.

The P. E. I. merchant demands the return of the butter or the payment in cash, and after a wordy warfare the goods are returned,—and here comes in the champion stroke of meanness,—but not until a charge of two dollars had been collected to pay for storage of the butter twenty-four hours.

The P. E. I. merchant is a sadder, but a wiser man, and now when he masticates pork-steak or eats sausages, it is amusing to watch how viciously he chews. It was a lesson he had come a long way to learn, but he has learnt it. The man of pork can grunt with satisfaction, but he does not realize how near he came to being a pig.

HIVERNARD.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE.

The Game of Policy Introduced Into St. John This Week.

"Policy" the great gambling fad of all sorts of sports in the United States has struck St. John at last.

It was introduced this week by a gang of Boston sharks, one of the members of the gang having come here with William "Marsh" (Marshall) the all round athlete, gambler, pool-shark, grafter, etc.

Their mode of conducting "policy" is something after this system: A number of canvassers are sent throughout the city, these people are called writers. These oily-tongued gents explain to you that you can select three members from 1 to 78, by paying ten cents.

If the number you choose appear on the policy-slip you are entitled to \$10 (?)

The three numbers are known in "policy" parlance as a "pig". There are gigs and gigs. The world-famed 4-11-44 is called the "coon gig."

On Tuesday night the drawing took place in Sutherland's hall on Union street, next to Slater's. This drawing was public, there were no winners. The modus operandi was as follows: The slips of which a duplicate was given to the purchaser, were shaken up in a hat, one of the company dipped his hands in the "tile" and extracted three numbers, if these numbers correspond with three selected by the buyer he would receive \$10.00 for his 10 cts.

The second drawing took place on Thursday night, there were some lucky ones that night, among them were "gammy" Nixon, a Brussels street tavern keeper, he is \$10 richer by playing policy. The "gig" he selected was 18-36-41, it is known as the "heart-broken gig."

Appended is a policy slip; the "P" stands for people and the "O" for others. The three numbers you select have to appear in either one of the columns in order to be a winner.

It is said that the gang have changed their quarters and are now holding their drawings in private. A large number of well-known cheap sports are busy canvassing the city in the interests of the "policy."

NOV. 16th.

P.	O.
41	32
43	23
8	66
11	57
61	2
25	28
18	68
36	44
73	46
44	40
23	1
38	70

WON'T SETTLE FOR THIS ITEM.

The Treasury Board Object to Paying for Lord Herschell's Luncheon.

There is an interesting little after-clap to Lord Herschell's visit to this city. It will be remembered that the city council was to entertain him, and of course the duties of the entertainment fell largely upon His Worship the mayor. In carrying out the somewhat simple programme of His Lordship's short visit, the mayor took him and a number of aldermen and citizens for a sail on the harbor, and after the return gave a general invitation to the party, which was not a large one, to lunch at the club. It was a very informal affair, and for that reason, it may be, was very much enjoyed by the distinguished visitor, as well as by all of those who were in the party. There may be some mayors who might regard a luncheon of this sort given to a visitor, who was not honored by the recognition of the Common Council as a purely personal matter, the expenses of which would come out of their own pockets. But on this occasion Mayor Sears somewhat naturally came to the conclusion that as the city was entertaining His Lordship the club luncheon would be a part of their expense. So the bill for the affair, something between \$20.00 and \$30.00, was sent to the Treasury Board and that body gave it but slight consideration. The chairman of the board, Alderman Robinson, expressed himself against the payment of it, and the account was thrown out, just the same as that of the boatman who was hired to row the civic boat to and from the warship when it was in port. Of course the chances are that the mayor will have to pay the bill out of his own pocket, which of itself is not a very serious matter, but all the same adds another to the list of petty objections to the mayor's actions that seem to have been the rule while Mr. Sears has occupied the chair.

Books and Fancy Goods. D. McArthur Bookseller, 90 King Street, is Opening a Very Large Assortment of Amusements, Games, Toys, Dolls and Fancy Goods for Christmas.

HE PAID ALL THE BILLS

THE YOUNG MAN ANNIE SNODGRASS BLAMED FOR HER TROUBLE.

Paid all the Bills Incident to Her Illness and Death—The Facts of the Case as Gleaned From the Kind People who Cared for the Lene Woman.

It is not often that a medical man has an opportunity to distinguish himself in St. John. But when one does present itself the physician naturally tries to do the best he can and get all the credit that may result from it.

Still, notoriety comes in different ways and it is not always creditable. Dr. Case has learned this week that it was an easy matter to emerge from comparative obscurity and to be talked about.

He was the physician who was called to attend Mrs. Snodgrass when she was taken ill at Mrs. Folkins on Elm street. Mrs. Snodgrass was about to become a mother. She was alone in the city so far as relatives went. For eighteen months she has been in the city and in that time had met but few people. She seldom went out and there-



ANNIE SNODGRASS.

Who Was Hurried to her Death Through the Cold, Snow and Rain of a November Night.

fore had few opportunities to get acquainted. But it appears that she was well enough acquainted with one man to get into trouble. According to the story she told Adjutant Jost he boarded in the house where she worked and it is not probable that, facing death, she would tell anything but the truth.

The circumstances of her death have caused much comment in the city. The action of the people with whom she lived in sending her out at such a time, the judgment of Dr. Case in driving a scantily clad and shivering woman stretched upon the bottom of an ordinary delivery wagon for nearly two miles when she was about to give birth to a child is severely criticised and the apparent desire to smooth the matter over without an inquiry is much discussed and not commended. An inquiry into the sudden death of a person who was thus treated would seem to be necessary and yet this poor servant woman, Mrs. Snodgrass, without friends

and without shelter—but for the kindly charity of the Salvation Army—is rushed from a warm comfortable house in the hour of her trial into the snow, sleet, rain and cold of a November night, jolted through the streets for two miles, apparently with scanty care and insufficient protection and left in the hands of strangers and charity to die in the early morning. Surely these matters call for an inquiry!

On Monday morning of this week Mrs. Snodgrass visited the maternity hospital for the purpose of making arrangements for entrance later on and to inquire concerning the regulations of the institution. All necessary information was given her by Adjutant Jost, but there was no definite understanding as to when she expected to enter the hospital.

Mrs. Snodgrass was not of a prepossessing appearance; in fact she did not give the impression of being particularly bright; she was between thirty five and forty years of age, tall, dark and of a heavy build. A slight cast in the eyes gave a peculiar expression to her face. She was originally a Presbyterian but had not attended church since coming to this city. She seemed an honest hard working woman, but there was something in her manner and expression which led to the belief that fate had dealt hardly with her.

Her husband and children are dead and the only relative of whom anything has been heard is a half-brother who lives in Chipman, Queens Co. Mrs. Snodgrass had only been here eighteen months and during that time had been employed as a domestic in the Folkins home.

When Mrs. Snodgrass visited the hospital on Monday, the officer in charge, in compliance with a rule of the institution, questioned her, asking who was responsible for her trouble. She did not mention any name, but said a young man who boarded in the house where she lived was responsible for her condition. As there was only one boarder in the family this was pretty definite information, and there was not much likelihood of a mistake in regard to the identity of the guilty party.

The hospital people had numerous other duties on hand Monday and when Mrs. Snodgrass's call ended it is not likely that much thought was given to her by the busy officers.

They were destined to hear of her again in a short time however, for between twelve and one o'clock that night the sleeping household was aroused by a loud ringing of the door bell. The night it will be remembered was dark and cold and a slight sprinkling of snow had fallen. The air at that hour was particularly chill and piercing and the surprise and amazement of the officers was very great when they learned the cause of the strange midnight call.

Dr. Case hurriedly related the circumstances, and the woman was taken from the covered delivery wagon in which she had been brought from the North End, and on the bed on which she was lying carried to a room on the second floor. When she

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

Bell is After Them.

HALIFAX, Nov. 16.—South Brunswick street has long borne a bad reputation. It's denizens have plied their trade too long and too openly. It is an ulcerous spot and should be removed bodily from the city's fair face or it will spread and spoil all in its pathway.

It is a veritable "tenderloin district" and those who are "done brown" in it's dark shambles deserve no better fate. Commissioner Bell has the courage of his convictions, and all that is manly and noble in the hearts and minds of the city council should rise to aid in putting down this nuisance. The Evening Echo of this city has not been afraid to speak out on this question. Silence shows cowardice.

The most beautiful part of the city, facing as it does the citadel and having the Halifax academy to grace one corner of the street, it should not give room nor cumbersomeness to any house that is knowingly given up to or occupied by harlots.

It is time the light was turned on, and the disinfectant used. Common decency demands it. The welfare of the rising generation requires it.

No winking at, nor connivance with these questionable resorts should be permitted.

They can be rooted out, and should be.

The police should know their duty and perform it. An itching palm will not save them from public indignation.

The tendency of these "roosts" is toward deterioration, not to upbuilding. Corruption of manners and morals attend its pathway. The scourge should be applied at once. The law should brook no delay, but enforce the statutes that prohibit the traffic carried on in these dens of infamy. Neglected, these holes become more unwholesome and multiply rather than diminish.

Action, quick, energetic action is needed!

Who will be bold enough and man enough to back Com. Bell up in his moral crusade? Don't all speak at once Mr. Councilmen. Many of you may live in glass houses and dare not hit back.

There is a work to be done. The churches seem powerless to stem this rising tide. Philanthropy fails; sermons are useless; talk is ineffective. Deeds are needed, and needed at once. Close up the immoral houses; root out its votaries and save its victims. Here is a good work for men of strong mental and moral calibre. Who will show his manhood? CALIPH.

DARKER SIDE OF LIFE.

A WOMAN TELLS OF HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

Some incidents in the Career of a Woman who is Devoted to Charitable Works—She Talks of the City's Poor and how They Live—an Interesting Story.

"There is nothing truer than the old saying that one half the world does not know how the other half lives;" said a lady to PROGRESS this week—a lady whose name is associated with many charitable movements and who is recognized as a born, leader, and organizer by those whose privilege it is to work with her.

"We realize the sad truth of this saying more fully during the early autumn and winter when one goes out sometimes in response to a call for aid, from a warm, blazing fire to a place—I cannot call it a home—where little children, with barely enough clothing to cover their tender little bodies huddle around a few embers in a big barracks-like room.

"It is said frequently in my hearing that there are very few cases of absolute want in St. John, and that such as exist are usually the result of carelessness, laziness or desipation. My connection with various societies takes me around the poor districts a great deal and I have no hesitation in saying that there is a great deal of poverty in this city and that it is not all due to the causes mentioned. There are of course a great many cases where an overfondness for drink, or an over dislike of work causes suffering and want, but I say from long observation and in perfect good faith, that these cases are in the minority.

"Superficial observers know nothing of the things that come under the notice of regularly organized charitable societies. A young lady came to me not long ago and said that now the cold winter was coming on she felt she would like to devote a little of her time to charity. She was full of energy, zeal, and that nice tact which is so absolutely necessary in dealing with the very poor classes. I asked her if she could not find plenty of needy people on every hand and her answer was so original that I must tell it to you.

"Plenty of needy people?" she said, "yes I suppose there are, and I have honestly tried to find them out. The other afternoon I started out to hunt up some cases of which I had heard vague rumors. I wasn't familiar with the section of the city which I visited, but I had an idea that there were a great many poor in it. I eagerly scanned every old tenement I came across; in the distance they looked as though the inmates might require some help, but I always changed my mind about going in when I got to the door. No matter how good one's intentions may be it requires a good deal of courage to intrude upon the privacy of even acknowledged paupers. No matter how dilapidated the house may be outside you can't associate absolute poverty with flower filled, and muslin, even old ragged muslin draped windows. Cases of poverty seem to melt away when you're on the lookout for them, and you can't go up to a man or woman on the street, even if you know they look as though they needed charity, and ask them if they've had their dinner, now can you?"

"I replied by telling the young lady of a letter I had just received from the clergyman of the church I attend, telling me of a place he would like me to call, and where he thought immediate assistance was required. I took the young lady with me to the house mentioned in the letter, and I think she had a practical illustration of what real poverty is.

"The family lived in two rooms on the third floor of a fairly respectable house—that is respectable on the outside—and one would never suspect from passing that so much misery existed within. My companion was half afraid to venture up the second flight of rickety stairs with its broken steps. It was drawing near five o'clock, and the day was one of the chilliest we have had this month. My rap at the door was opened by a tiny girl of seven years—whose sad little face was pinched and blue with cold. She had on some skirts and a dress that would fit a girl of ten or twelve years and over all she had drawn a man's vest, into the pockets of which she thrust her hands as soon as she had found us seats. Huddled around a broken stove were three other children,—the youngest a baby about nine months old. There was very little furniture in the room, and as the little ones had been alone most of the day they had succeeded in getting things pretty untidy.

"The children stared at us and the baby began to cry. The little girl took him up and cuddled him and carried him in her small arms, and he clung to her as if to his last hope. "Give him my piece of bread" suggested a little curly headed chap of three or four years. "Shut up you silly thing, he ain't hungry, I made my slice into pap for him at dinner time" this from the little

woman who was acting the part of mother, and which caused my friend to clutch at my arm in horror. Enquiries elicited that a neighbor had sent in half a loaf of bread and some cold potatoes in the morning and that the children had had nothing since.

"But we're going to have a good supper I guess, for mother's workin today for a woman who allus gives her a basket of things to eat" said the little girl; "She sent us some buns with raisins in the other night and we saved them all for Frankie's cause he was sick, I wish she'd send some meat to day. We aint had no 'meat for—oh a long time most a month I guess. We've got a fire today and we hanged a quilt up over that broken window, and we ain't very cold now." The child had talked in a happy sort of way which implied that badly off as they were they still had lots to be thankful for.

"It was one of the most pathetic incidents I ever encountered. We did what we could to give them a good supper and by the time we were ready to go the mother entered. She was a widow, her husband having died less than a year ago. She found it almost impossible to get work, and had only three days a week at the time we visited her. She frequently went supperless to bed in order that the children might have at least a bite to eat. Some neighbors, and a grocery man, who suspected her hard struggle were kind to her, but she would not ask for charity, and so the five often went hungry. We found plenty of work for her and the baby gets more than a cup of pap a day now.

"Another case which came under my notice a day or two ago was of a family of four, a mother and father and two little boys aged eight and four. The father has been ill for ten weeks, and the little boys and some kind hearted neighbours look after him while his wife goes out daily to earn enough for them to eat. Some charitable society looks after them I think but where there are so many to be attended to the amount bestowed upon each case is very limited and is naturally confined to the barest necessities. Grocers can tell some sad stories too, and I could mention several of them who are always giving a helping hand to the poor in their vicinity. They not only supply food but I know of cases where when deaths have occurred and nothing but pauper burial stared the family in the face, the grocers I refer to have come to the rescue—purchased plain and inexpensive coffins, and otherwise relieved the bereaved ones of the horror of interment in the poor burying ground.

"Why have they a horror of the poor burying ground? You wouldn't need to ask that question if you had ever been out there. Cows and horses roam there at will, and I have heard the most gruesome stories of the way in which the earth has been dug away from coffins, leaving them exposed to view. I've heard even worse things than that about the poor burying ground.

"This city has some real old death traps in the way of tenements and some day there will be a repetition of that Brussels street tragedy of two or three years ago—you remember where, two people were killed by the collapse of an old tenement. I heard of an estate which owns property on that street, the management of which have allowed the houses to fall into a terrible condition. Now as an inducement to the tenants to fix them up the estate is offering to relieve them of the water tax. Its an unequal sort of arrangement I should think.

"Did you notice an appeal in the daily papers in the early summer for assistance for a woman who lives on Church street near the Marsh bridge. Help came pretty promptly from various sources and the woman and her three bright little girls—the youngest was a year old last month—were made comfortable for a time. She receives assistance now from an Episcopal church for she can't get a great deal of work. I believe she only has three days a week and that isn't much for a woman and three children to live on. She has had a pretty hard time of it and is deserving of any assistance that may be held out to her.

"A few afternoons ago one of the papers told of a woman who fainted in King Square about 5.30 the evening before, while returning from an afternoons work. Upon investigation by a lady connected with a society that I am told does much good among the poor, it was found the woman was in an advanced stage of consumption; she lived in one room and half the time had to beg for food, when she couldn't get work, though she had once been better off. There are hundreds of equally heart-rending cases but the ones mentioned are among my experiences of the past two or three weeks alone. I am glad to say that whenever such circumstances become known there is always a very prompt and generous response to appeals for food, clothing, fuel, or medicine. There are many sides to life and though we may like

to read and follow the gay revel of those in more fortunate circumstance, it is good for us to occasionally get a glimpse of the other side."

A SHERWOD TONGA CHIEF.

He Would Have Nothing to do with Modern Civilization.

"You should read Doctor Martin's 'William Mariner,' said a German, who had lived twenty years on the Friendly Islands, referring to Mariner's 'Account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands,' edited by Martin. The remark was addressed to the passengers of a steamer, voyaging about the South Sea Islands, and the German added, 'It is a classic, and every word of it is true. I used to lie on my mat in the afternoons and draw all gradually out of Achima—Achima was an old, old woman. She is dead now.'

In one of his volumes Mariner gives a quaint commentary, uttered by the Tonga chief, Finow on modern political economy and money as a medium of exchange. Finow had been advised by the white traders that if he would adopt, in place of yams, bananas and coconuts, the money of civilized nations, his people could exchange it for everything they wanted, and grow rich.

The chief puzzled over the suggestion for some time, and then decided that the money system of civilization would not benefit his people, and he would have none of it. 'The power to hold money and hoard it up,' said he, 'which could not be done with yams or bananas or coconuts, must make people very selfish.'

Mariner tried to explain to the chief the art of communicating by writing. 'It solidifies speech so that you can hand it round.' Finow snatched the paper on which Mariner had written the chief's name which an other Englishman had read aloud, the writer's back being turned. He looked at it with astonishment, and turned it round and round.

'This is neither like myself nor anybody else,' said he. 'Where are my legs? How do you know it to be I?'

He then desired Mariner to write Tarky, the name of a chief whom Mariner had not yet seen. He was blind in one eye, a fact of which, of course Tarky, was ignorant. When the name Tarky, was read, Finow asked, 'Is he blind, or not?'

'This' says the author, 'quaintly, 'was putting writing to an unfair test.'

TOOK WILDCATS PHOTOGRAPH.

Boy Photographer's Father Shot the Animal Directly Afterward.

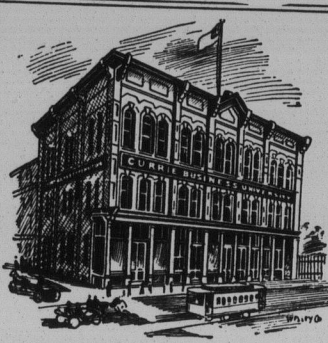
To photograph a wildcat just before shooting the animal is a feat which few hunters can ever accomplish. It was done recently by William M. Shaw of Greenville, Me. and the photograph has come to town. Mr. Shaw who is a rich lumberman in the Moosehead region, owns most of Sugar Island, one of the most picturesque spots in Moosehead Lake. On this bit of land is situated the camp of the Nightawk Club, whose membership is largely drawn from sportsmen from New York and Boston. On the easterly shore of the island there is a little village of individual camps, each member's family having a camp to themselves, and all taking their meals in the general club dining and lounging camp where several cheerful fireplaces of generous size drive away the blues and warm up the guests during the hunting and fishing seasons.

None of the campers is a more enthusiastic sportsman than Mr. Shaw, who combines with his tastes as a hunter those of the artist. He is a devoted amateur photographer and has taught the art to all the members of his family who are able to handle a camera. On his yearly hunting trips he is usually accompanied by his 12-year-old son Hugh. It was on one of these trips that the photograph was taken. On this occasion the younger Shaw carried the camera. They had had a tire some tramp through the woods, when Mr. Shaw looking up, saw a large wildcat ready to spring.

Raising his rifle and standing ready to fire should the beast attempt to spring, Mr. Shaw kept his eyes on the cat, while Master Hugh pressed the button. The result is the picture. Mr. Shaw, the next instant, fired, and the cat fell to the ground mortally wounded. Mr. Shaw has the wildcat mounted, and he keeps it in his house.

Not Easily Satisfied.

'No men are so hard to suit, in the way of their garments and outfits generally, as are sportsmen, and nearly all what I may call the 'kings of sport'—the big game men who travel the world over—have wholly original notions both as to style and material,' said one of the best-known sportsmen's providers in this country. 'One of the mightiest hunters known to this time has nearly the whole of his coats made without sleeves, so that he may be both protected from the weather and use his arms freely; and another has all his exploring suits lined with cork covered with asbestos. He has slept, out in the open air hundreds of nights in different climates in garments of this kind Prince Henri d'Orleans, besides wearing a suit of chain when amongst savages, has all his clothes



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rendered fire-proof, I suppose in order that he may lie very near camp fires. The whole world knows how the late Sir Richard Burton 'roughed it' if traveller ever did, but he was the 'dandy' of explorers one of the most difficult of men to satisfy on the score of elegance. In deers he would make himself up as though for a walk up Piccadilly, and I tried him on twenty times for one exploring suit.'

TOLD BY THE DOCTOR

DURING A HOLIDAY RAMBLE HE VISITS THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

He Found Changes that Astonished Him, One of Which Deserves the Widest Publication for the Benefits it May Prove to Others.

From the Leader and Recorder, Toronto Junction. The editor of the Leader and Recorder, during a recent holiday trip through the comities of York, Peel, Dufferin and Grey, spent a few days at the old parental homestead where he was born and spent many happy years. The old homestead is in the township of Euphrasia, Grey county, about one and a half miles south of the village of Heathcote, and about ten miles from the town of Meaford. It is occupied by the writer's youngest brother, George J. Fawcett. The latter was the picture of health, and remembering that when he came from Detroit, where he had been living for several years, and took possession of the homestead, he was in such feeble health that his life was despaired of, the writer suggested that the bracing climate of the northern regions must be the best medicine in the world for a shattered constitution. The reply made contained statements so remarkable that we consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to give them as wide publicity as possible through the columns of the Leader and Recorder. A severe attack of malaria, contracted whilst in Detroit, brought the writer's brother to death's door, from which he recovered only to find himself the victim of a complication of troubles which unfitted him for work. He was attended by some of the most eminent physicians in Detroit, but he received little or no benefit from their treatment. Change of air was finally recommended and he removed with his family to the country of Grey. A slight change for the better was noticeable at first, but he soon relapsed into the old condition and again sought help from the leading doctors of the district in turn. Sleeplessness took possession of him and soon he was wasted away to a mere skeleton. Then the doctors declared they could do nothing more for him, and advised him to go to California. During all these weary months, he read in the papers from time to time, and laughed at what he termed the "miracles" wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He had no faith in such remedies, and it was only when the physicians told him that they could do no more for him that, like the drowning man who catches at a straw, he thought he would try a box of the pills. To his great astonishment his sleeplessness had vanished before he had been using the pills a week, and he slept like an infant. Gradually his strength returned and his appetite improved, and soon he felt like a new man. A few months after taking the first dose he was as well as ever. For more than two years past he had not taken any medicine whatever, and to-day you will not find a sturdier specimen of mankind in Grey than Geo. J. Fawcett. 'What do I think of Pink Pills?' he queried with a smile; 'why I think there is nothing like them on earth for building up the system; but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I do not think I would be alive to-day.'

The experience of years has proven that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself may say is 'just as good.' Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

Referred. The New Servant: 'And when do you get up in the morning, sir?' The Professor: 'You can find that by looking in 'Famous Men of the Time.'

Excusable. A story is told of an actor who, after playing the same part for a very long time, forgot his lines one night. 'It's very strange,' said the stage manager.

We notice in all the newspapers of Canada hearty congratulations extended to 'THE FAMILY HERALD and WEEKLY STAR' of Montreal, on their very handsome picture this year. The picture entitled 'THE THIN RED LINE' is a stirring battle scene, and is immensely popular. The 'FAMILY HERALD and WEEKLY STAR' we notice is 24 pages this week. A twenty-four page paper like the 'FAMILY HERALD and WEEKLY STAR' and a picture like 'THE THIN RED LINE' all for one dollar is marvellous. The equal of it certainly has never been seen before.

His Sacrifice. Mrs. Tracy: 'Do you realize, my dear, that you have never done anything to save your fellow-men any suffering?' Tracy: 'Didn't I marry you?'

Sorry She Asked. Mrs. Knagg: 'What is meant by 'carrying concealed weapons?' Mr. Knagg: 'Keeping your tongue between your teeth.'

Important to Athletes. Mr. Mack White, the well-known trainer of the Toronto Lacrosse Club and Osgoode Hall Football Club, writes: 'I consider Griffiths' Menthyl Liniment unequalled for athletes or those who have used it with the best success, and can heartily recommend it for stiffness, soreness, sprains and all forms of swelling and inflammation. All druggists, 25 cts.

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WANTED Old Postage stamps used before 1870, worth most on the envelope, good prices paid. Wanted old relics, umbrellas, furniture, old china. Address W. A. KAIN 116 and 120 Germain St. St. John, N. B.

BICYCLE THIS YEAR'S "MASSEY-HARRIS," FOR SALE. A 1898 model Massey-Harris bicycle, ridden very little, purchased in the middle of June. Nothing at all wrong with the machine, the owner having to discontinue its use through ill health. Cost \$16, cash will be sold at big reduction for cash. The wheel is 22 inch frame and handomely enamelled and nickle-plated—Address communication to "Bicycle" Progress Office.

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Our 1899 Catalogue THE ST. JOHN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE. IS READY FOR DISTRIBUTION. We will be glad to send copies of it and our Short-hand Circular to any address. Intending students will do well to enter as soon as possible, as our accommodations are likely to be taxed to the utmost. EVENING CLASSES are now in session. Odd Fellows Hall, S. KEMER & SON, Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Lescanetsky" Method"; also "Synthes System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

Music and The Drama

TALK OF THE THEATRE. Bright, pleasing performances of standard comic operas, have marked the engagement of the Robinson opera company at the Union street play house this week...

For next week an attractive repertoire will be offered as follows: Monday evening, Mikado; Tuesday, Pirates of Penzance; Wednesday, Boccaccio; Thursday matinee, Fra Diavolo; Thursday evening, Queen's Lace Handkerchief; Friday, Bohemian Girl; Saturday matinee, Olivette; Saturday evening, La Mascotte.

Ma'mame Marie Harrison's appearance in Exmouth street church on Tuesday evening was one of the events of the week in musical circles, and the audience which gathered to hear the handsome Canadiane was large and representative.

Julia Neilson will probably be the Glory Quale when "The Christian" is given a London hearing. "The War of Wealth" is being adapted for English audiences by Sutton Vane, and will follow the run of "Serving the Queen" at the Surrey.

The English company engaged to support Olga Nethersole during her forthcoming American tour includes T. B. Thalberg, Luigi Labache, Fredric Thorne Leonard Outram, Hamilton Reville, O. S. Homewood, W. Graham Browne, Charles Wellesley, W. S. Mills, Ceciley Richards, Midge McIntosh, Lillian Hingston, Kate Emmerson and Madge Field.

A Guaranteed Catarrh Cure. Japanese Catarrh Cure—use six boxes—buy them at one time—apply exactly according to the directions—and if you are not cured see your druggist; he will arrange to pay you your money back.

FACE ON FIRE

I had Eczema of the scalp, itchy kind seven years. I thought my face and arms were afire. My face was full of large white scales, and my head was full of sores. I was ashamed to go in company. I took five bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, washed with CUTICURA SOAP, put on CUTICURA Ointment, and found great relief instantly, and got a clean face again, thanks to CUTICURA.

Manager W. M. Wilkinson has engaged for his new comedy, "A Stranger in a Strange Land," George W. Leslie, Giles Shine, Maude White, Agnes Proctor, Eleanor Browning, Thomas Kiernan, William Ransous, Fred Lotto, H. G. Lonsdale and H. R. Armstrong.

Wilson Barrett, it is said, does not propose to allow Hall Caine or Charles Frohman, to whom Mr. Caine recently transferred the English rights of "The Christian," to produce the play in England.

J. H. Stoddart, in view of his advanced years, did not consider the time allowed for the preparation of the role of Father Savage, in "Red, White and Blue" to be sufficient, and has withdrawn from the cast.

Joseph Haworth will make his debut as John Storm in "The Christian," at the Knickerbocker Theatre, N. Y., on Thursday of this week.

Wm. O. Johnson is playing a season's engagement as the Tramp, in "Lost in New York."

Pat Conroy and Tom McCoy are featured with "O'Hooligan's Wedding" Co., playing principal comedy parts.

The only theatrical feature of note of the present week will be Augustin Daly's production of "The Merchant of Venice" at his New York Home with Ada Rehan as Portia and Sidney Herbert as Shylock.

"The Telephone Girl" scenery was attached in Chicago, Ill., Nov. 5, on a writ sworn out by A. W. Marks, a lawyer. The goods were replevined and shipped to Indianapolis, Ind., but not in time to give the performance Monday evening, Nov. 7.

Ellis May Watson an actress was awarded \$1,000 damages, Nov. 7, in New York, in her suit against Mrs. Antoinette Page arising from the loss of her husband's affections.

A "strong man," named Carl Marks, was fined \$30 and costs, at Liverpool last week, for cruelly beating an apprentice, named Wallit and a little girl, said to be his own daughter. The court also cancelled Wallit's apprenticeship, and placed the girl in the care of the society for the prevention of cruelty to children.

Sarah Bernhardt intends to go to India to perform there for the benefit of the Rajahs, and to do some tiger hunting. The actress is going in a yacht chartered by herself, to be commanded by Pierra Loti, late of the French navy, whose dramatic work "Judith Renaudin," was produced recently at the Renaissance Theatre in Paris.

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found its American actor yet, although Robert Bruce Mantell thought seriously of it this summer.

Aubrey Boucicault is the owner of a play in which he will probably star next season. It is adapted from the French. The plot deals with the call-loves of Richelieu, and are necessarily treated in a typical Gallic manner.

Comedian Crane will produce Eugene Presbrey's new comedy, "Worth a Million," with Gladys Wallis in a principal role, at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, next week. Viola Allan will thus be forced out of Gotham for one week, returning on November 28 to the Garden, which Mr Mansfield will vacate.

The new musical piece which George W. Lederer will produce in London in December will enlist the services of Marie Dressler and Walter Jones.

Henry Jewett has been engaged by Jacob Litt to play the leading role in "Sporting Life," at the New York Academy. Jewett comes from Australia. He was Richard Mansfield's leading man in "Arms and the Man" and one or two other plays, and last season played leads with Fanny Davenport in "Joan of Arc."

The Brooklyn Park Theatre Stock Company is to revive "The Long Strike" this week, and J. H. Stoddart will impersonate Lawyer Money Penny.

It is said that E. J. Morgan will star under the management of Jacob Litt.

Berthold Tree promises to follow "The Musketeers" with a new version of "Monte Cristo" which is said to be particularly brilliant in dialogue and scenery. He also has "Les Miserables" and "King John" in reserve.

Robert Taber, whose Macduff was considered a strong feature of Robertson's "Macbeth" makes a fine Laertes in his production of "Hamlet."

"Zaza," in which Mrs. Leslie Carter is to appear, will be produced in New York in January. Duse is to produce this play in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, it is settled, will revisit America next season under the management of Mr. Daniel Erosman. "The elder Miss Blossom," which they have just produced successfully in London, will be the chief feature of their repertory.

Charles Wyndham, so long the foremost exponent of the light, present day comedy, is the latest victim of the romantic craze. His new tragedy, "The Jest," by Messrs Louis Parker and Murray Carson, the authors of "Rosemary," with which he opened the regular Criterion season on Thursday evening last, is hardly convincing or human. The scene is laid in the Middle Ages, at the palace of Cesare, a nobleman, overlooking the city and Bay of Genoa, but whatever of the Italian atmosphere it presents is due to the scene painters and the costumers. The characters might fit any time or place. In the plot Fiorella marries Cesare in a fit of pique, after quarrelling with her lover, Cosmo, who leaves her. When Cosmo returns, Cesare is crushed by the discovery of their love and, while seeking an honorable solution of the situation, he is stabbed by his jester. Kyrie Bellew has a principal part.

J. J. Rosenthal has retired from the management of the Broadhurst comedies "What Happened to Jones" and "Why Smith Left Home," to look after a new farce, entitled "Brown's in Town," which he has just purchased, and which he will produce next month.

Hattie Bernard closes with Blaney's "Female Drummer" Co. in Chicago, and will retire from the profession.

Waller and Waller closed with "O'Hooligan's Wedding" Co., at Freeport, Ill., on Nov. 5.

A new theatre was opened at St. Thomas, Ant. Nov. 2, by the "Miss Francis of Yale" Co. It is a handsome playhouse and has been erected on the site of that burned last winter. Every new invention in stage work is contained in the house which has a seating capacity of one thousand two hundred and fifty. It is one of the best arranged theatres in Canada. B. H. Rothwell of Detroit is the owner; R. A. McVean is the lessee and manager.

Of Henry Arthur Jones' latest comedy, "The Maneuvers of Jane," just produced in the London Haymarket Theatre, the London World remarks: "What are his personages? The good old heavy father (a nabob, of course, but hailing from the Cape

"77" STOPS A COUGH

There is nothing more irritable to a cough than coughing. Constant coughing is like scratching a wound; so long as it is done the wound will not heal. When tempted to cough draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and soothes every air cell, and some benefit will soon be received from this process. The nitrogen which is thus refined acts on the mucous membrane, allays the desire to cough and gives the throat and lungs a chance to heal. At the same time the use of "77" will aid nature in her efforts to recuperate.

At druggists or sent prepaid; price, 25c. and 50c; large pocket flask, \$1.00. Dr. Humphreys' Manual at druggists or sent free. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York. Be sure to get H-UM-P-H-R-E-Y-S

instead of Bengal): a self-willed, somewhat hoydenish daughter, intrusted to the care of a sententious, frumpish duenna whom she outwits and befools; a bluff country squire, who schemes to bring about a marriage between the heiress and his nincompoop nephew; a gallant young lover detested by the heavy father; the heiress' designing companion and confidant, who clears the way for the lovers by ensnaring the nincompoop lord; and finally a Little Pickle, who keeps the intrigue going by overhearing plots and blabbing or threatening to blab. The characters are so thoroughly eighteenth century that we almost resent their certainless names: Nangle, Beechior, Bapchild, Bostock, Langton, etc. The nabob should have been called Sir Gregory Goldcalf; his daughter, Evelynada; the solver, Ensign Prettyman; the duenna Mrs. Furbelow; the nincompoop, Lord Bookworm, and so forth. In the view of another writer, "Compared with 'Rebellious Susan' and 'The Liars,' Mr. Jones' new play, 'The Maneuvers of Jane,' exhibits a woful falling off." The verdict of another commentator is that 'Mr. Jones introduces us in this play to another group of liars' not unlike the first, but not so sympathetic because more deliberate and consequently less excusable.' A fourth says: 'The present work of Mr. Henry Authur Jones seems to have been written in a bitter state of mind; its humour which is abundant, is hard, dry and cruel. The one human being out of many at all lovable at the end has to commit the folly of marrying a deceitful vixen.'

George Alexander has joined the select band of English bistrions, who are known as the "actor-manager-lecturers," and he has been addressing a Manchester audience at the Athenaeum Hall on the subject of "Practical Hints on Adopting the Stage as a Profession." He began by saying that to those who thought of becoming actors or actresses his advice was "don't," unless they felt they could face "disappointment, delays, weariness, travel and travail, opposition, malice, neglect, the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that stage flesh is heir to." The optimistic side of his discourse was however, very pleasant and eloquent.

E. S. Willard, who is wintering in Italy, is regaining his health and intends to produce a new play in London, Eng., in the spring and if it proves successful he will produce it next Fall at the Garden Theatre, in New York.

Ed. H. Barnstead Jr. and wife, Annie Lysle Barnstead, are with Rentrow's Pathfinders.

W. P. Post, under whose stage direction "My Friend from India," "The Man from Mexico" and many other successful comedies were produced, will stage manager Manager Wilkinson's new comedy, "A Strangest in a Strange Land."

Prince Nicholas of Greece has requested permission to translate "Charley's Aunt" into Greek for production in that classic country.

Berthold Tree and Sir Henry Irving are both credited with a desire to produce "Timon of Athens" and play the title role.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has joined the board of directors of the Crystal Palace, but he will not usurp the musical directorship of his old friend, August Manns.

Paderewski will not go to the United States this season, his tour having been cancelled.

Edward Lloyd the English tenor who retires next year received the largest fees of his career at the Cincinnati music festival getting £270 each for five performances.

Harriet Vernon the staturesque has a new song, "The Life Guards Gay," in which she will figure as an officer of the crack cavalry regiment the First Life Guards.

Clara Lardiniois a French chanteuse, has been engaged by Lederer & McClellan to sing in the music hall scene in the forthcoming production of "A dangerous Maid."

A statement that English actors have to pay a tax to the English Government on the salaries they earn in America is denied.

E. H. Vanderfelt is going to produce an adaptation of Jessie Fothergill's story, "The First Violin," at the Brixton Theatre.

The two performances a night plan is likely to spread in the cheaper music halls of London. Two which have adopted it having succeeded in doing well.

Sarah Bernhardt has written to Sir Henry Irving to ask his friendly offices towards the famous Spanish actress, Signora Guerrero, who intends to visit London with her company.

The French rights to Dr. Conan Doyle's splendid dramatic sketch, "A story of Waterloo," are being negotiated. Presumably the French adaptation will have the battle changed so that the old soldier can make his experiences at a French victory.

There is a possibility of Wilson Barrett's making a foreign tour, extending to about three years, via the United States, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Calcutta, the Australian cities—where he is due in a year in any event—and South Africa.

London's next popular price theatre will be close to the Surrey end of the Tower Bridge, and will probably be called the Tower Theatre. It will be built by a gentleman with the fine Irish name of Charles O'Malley.

The English theatrical papers speak sympathetically of the deaths of the late Mrs. Charles H. Hoyt and Dr. Thomas Seaton Robertson. A death here of interest to the theatrical profession has been that of Mrs. Reeves Smith mother of H. Reeves Smith, now in the States with "A Brace of Partridges." Her daughter, Kate Tyndal (Mrs. Albert Gilmer) was with her

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at her death, which is said to have been hastened by grief for her late husband.

Review of the Medical Record. The original articles in the current number of this excellent weekly treat of the "Technique and use of saline infusion;" "Sub-normal temperature," senility," and "Absence of the spleen" several pages are occupied in noting recent progress in medical science and twenty-four new medical books are submitted to review.

Many of the individual states and some of the provinces of Canada have already established state and provincial bacteriological and chemical laboratories. These are found to be of great utility in contributing to the improvement of the public health. Recognizing their immense value the State of Vermont has just enacted legislation appropriating \$5,000 for the equipment of such a laboratory, and \$8,000 annually for its maintenance. In New Brunswick, for \$1,000 a year, we could have all the benefits of a similar institution. I understand that if the local government will simply undertake to pay the salary of an expert, the commissioners of the St. John General Hospital will place their already well equipped laboratory at the disposal of the people in return for such hospital work as may be necessary. Then the whole province could have the benefit of reliable analysis of water supplies, milk and all food products; cases of suspected diptheria, typhoid fever, tuberculosis and other infectious diseases could readily be submitted to expert investigation, boards of health would have an officer whose opinion would be worth something and both in money and a public sense of security and comfort many times the cost of maintenance would be saved to the province.

Russia and the United States are taking extraordinary precautions to prevent the introduction of the plague. Smallpox is raging in the Holguin district in Cuba and has appeared in many places in the United States.

A New York undertaker writes to some of that city's physicians as follows: "Should you have any friends to whom you can refer me, I will allow a liberal commission, say five to fifteen per cent for such favors shown."

Havana, still under the control of Spanish officials, is reeking with filth and rotten with disease. The Spanish commander is furious because a railway superintendent, who is an Englishman, complained that the Spanish troops were using the floor of the public waiting room in the station as a urinal. Such squeamishness seems to him to be really absurd.

Altogether this number of the Record is well up to the mark. Published weekly by Wm. Wood & Co., New York.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, NOV. 19th

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE.

There is an interesting organization in HALIFAX called the 'Non-Treating-Club, which has just been formed, and promises, according to the reports in the newspapers to have quite a large membership. Mr. GEO. E. FRYE has taken an active interest in the formation of the club, which it appears is but a branch of an organization that was started by Mr. MONETT in Chicago. This gentleman says in the course of a letter which he sent to Mr. FRYE that "the treating habit as every man of the world knows, is increasing rather than decreasing, and it is all rot—it is false friendship—it is responsible for the making of many drunkards. 'Have one with me,' is a phrase that many a man has used because of the desire not to appear small, and to conform to the usages of drinking men, and is frequently accepted more to avoid discussion and not to give offence, than because the beverage itself is desired. For instance, you and I go into a cafe with the intention of taking one drink, possibly two. We meet eight or ten of our mutual friends and they insist upon us joining them. We do so, and then you and I reciprocate, and every other man in the party insists upon 'everybody having one with him,' and the consequences are that each and every man in the crowd puts eight or ten drinks under his belt before we separate, and I will bet a new list that there is not a man in the crowd but would prefer only one drink to that of eight or ten consecutive ones. This thing repeated several times a day, year in and year out, will not only ruin a man physically, but also financially. If such things are not foolish then I miss my guess. I enjoy a social drink as well as any man on earth, and I imagine the man does not who has spent more money in that direction than I—by this I mean on a corresponding income. I have seen so many good, bright young men throw away splendid opportunities, and all on account of trying to be a 'good fellow,' that it is really painful, and I do not believe there is a man on earth, whether he is a believer in total abstinence or not, who cannot call to mind a hundred such cases.'

This is indeed practical temperance. The treating habit is the curse of drinking and the greatest credit possible should be given to the man who has sufficient courage to go among his friends, calls for whatever he wants and pays for it without regarding their presence.

GREAT IRISHMEN.

In one of the most readable articles we have recently seen that interesting publication, 'Tit-Bits,' dwells upon the Britons who have ruled in foreign countries, and it will no doubt surprise many, who have followed the lives and fortunes of the great men of the Empire to learn that Ireland has furnished the greater number of men who have served the Empire of Great Britain and been most successful. In confirmation of this fact it is stated that within recent years, two men of Irish blood have filled the very highest positions in Austria and Spain. One of them was the premier and private friend of the Austrian Emperor, and his son, who is equally talented, and able to bear the brunt of diplomatic service, will in all probability be as great in the affairs of the Empire as his father.

One of the prime ministers of Spain was descended from 'Redhugh O'DONNELL'; and the chief of the general staff of the Russian army was descended from an Irishman. Nearly everybody has heard of President MACMAHON of the French republic, and he was as truly Irish as is his name. And yet speaking of names, it is somewhat startling to know that there is a Count MURPHY among the Spanish courtiers, who

goes by the name, somewhat glorified it is true, of CONDE DE MORPHE.

These Irishmen, however, seem to have been associated with the affairs of foreign countries, while Sir ROBERT HART is working in the interests of the English Empire as a director of Chinese customs. For forty years he has been in the consular service of Great Britain in China, and he holds his position and has discharged his duties so resolutely and well, that his countrymen are not only proud of him, but the Chinese are thoroughly well satisfied with his acts. This gives us a new idea of the ability and resources of men of Irish descent. Whether in war or peace they have always been to the front. The Duke of WELLINGTON, who conquered at Waterloo was an Irishman, and the greatest battle that since that time has thrilled the British nation was won by another general, Sir HERBERT KITCHENER, who is also called an Irishman.

WHAT A GOOD LAUGH DOES.

It tends to lengthen one's life. It conveys a new and direct stimulus to the vital forces. Dr. GREEN says that there is not one remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good, hearty laughter. When one laughs the life principle of the central man is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on the particular mystic journey, when a man is laughing, from what is done at other times.

The death of Mr. RALPH DISRAELI, brother of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, occurred recently at Oulton Hall, Leeds, where he had been on a visit to his son-in-law, Mr. CALVERLEY. Mr. DISRAELI, who was the second son of the author of 'The Curiosities of Literature,' ISAAC DISRAELI, was born in May, 1809, and was thus in his 61st year. Lord Lyndhurst gave him in 1841 the appointment of registrar in the Court of Chancery, which he held until he was appointed in 1875 Deputy Clerk of the Parliaments. From this post he retired in 1890, having completed half a century of public service. Mr. DISRAELI's son, CONINGSBY RALPH DISRAELI, M.P., succeeded to the Highbend estates of his distinguished uncle, Lord BEACONSFIELD, and is now the only surviving male member of the DISRAELI family. Lord BEACONSFIELD's other brother, JAMES, who was a Commissioner of the Island Revenue, died 1868.

A dog which once belonged to the late GENERAL GORDON has been entrusted to the care of the DOVER GORDON BOY'S ORPHANAGE. The dog's name is Wang, and it is one of three Chow puppies which GENERAL GORDON brought with him from China when he returned to England prior to being sent to Khartoum. Before he left for Khartoum, GORDON gave the dog to GENERAL SIR JOHN ADEY'S daughter. The old dog, which is now deaf and lame, can be seen at the orphanage.

It is intended to make the GLADSTONE Library of the National Liberal club more worthy of the name it bears. The library is being secured by a separate trust deed and created a permanent memorial of Mr. GLADSTONE. With this object it is proposed to spend £4,000 in developing the library and to make it more valuable for the purpose of political and historical reference. £600 has been received in donations, and now a general appeal is made to members to subscribe.

Six oxen and fourteen pigs were roasted whole on spits in the streets at the Stratford-on-Avon Mop or Statute Fair. Excursion trains ran from London and the chief Midland towns, and the attendance was the largest on record. The fair dates back several centuries, its original purpose having been the hiring of farm and domestic servants.

The general value of the study of book-keeping is greatly enhanced when it is taught by means of facsimile business transaction, or in accordance with the Laboratory Method in use at the Currie Business University of this city. The method introduces a large body of practical business instruction and practice not included in book-keeping as ordinarily taught in the business colleges.

Why is a pretty girl like UNGAR'S LAUNDRY? Because she always pleases the gentlemen. 23 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 68.

D. McArthur, Bookseller, King Street, is now showing a Large Assortment of Fancy Goods, Dolls, Toys, etc. All New Goods.

ARE NOT ON CUPID'S LIST.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

barrister-at-law, etc. etc., is in the opinion of a great many well qualified to judge, one of the very best all round catches on the Fredericton market. In appearance he is strikingly handsome and though this qualification would no doubt commend him to a great many, he has others in abundance. He enjoys a lucrative law practice, possesses more than ordinary ability as a lawyer, is fond of social life, rides a bicycle, owns a stylish horse and carriage, is an amateur photographer of ability, dresses well, makes two trips to the United States each year, and seems to generally make the most of life. In addition to all this Mr. Slipp is a member of the curling club a fair dancer and a good Free baptist. Frequently so report says he has been exposed to the fire of that class of people known as match-makers, but has thus far so his intimate friends say, escaped without even a blemish.

Just here it might be opportune to deal with the case of another legal light, who in the opinion of a great many, possesses qualifications for matrimony, which few young men of his age in the city can discount. The individual in the writer's mind at present is Lieutenant Harry Fulton McLeod. Though young in years, as in his profession, Mr. McLeod is rapidly pushing his way to the front, and already enjoys a practice which many of his older legal brethren might envy. The son of an eminent Free baptist divine, Mr. McLeod does not seem to have inherited his father's pious instincts to any marked degree, but as regards ability, and aggressiveness he is "a chip of the old block." He is a capital speaker and seems to take to politics and the fair sex as readily as a duck does to water. In the matter of good looks Harry is not at all wanting and as a dancer he is unsurpassed. He also knows how to sing, can do his share at flirting, is bright and intellectual, will resort to the manly art if provoked, is considerable of an athlete, strong and courageous, is an officer in the militia, an expert canoeist, and a close student of feminine nature. It will surprise many if the subject of this sketch does not before many more years rolls over his head shake off the yoke of single blessedness. Those in a position to know say he is just waiting for the right one to happen along.

There is still another lawyer in Fredericton who has successfully run the gauntlet of life up to the present time without attaching himself to a member of the opposite sex, and who would undoubtedly prove a mighty good catch for some one. The person referred to in this particular instance is Mr. James T. Sharkey. Mr. Sharkey is a typical bachelor in every sense of the word, and does not seem to care to be anything else. In addition to his law practice he is United States consular agent, a school trustee, a member of the Wilmot park board, a trustee of the Victoria hospital and an ex-elderman, etc. He is a college graduate and somewhere in the neighborhood of 35 years of age, is fairly good looking, of a genial and social disposition, fond of bicycling, canoeing and skating, owns a fancy horse and carriage, is a good conversationalist, can quote poetry and prose by the yard or hour, has good prospects for the future and in fact possesses all the qualifications necessary to make him a most desirable life companion for someone providing he can be captured, which seems to be a doubtful possibility.

Another promising young bachelor who makes his home in this city is Mr. Frank J. Sherman the efficient agent of the Merchants bank of Halifax. Mr. Sherman fills a position of responsibility enjoys a substantial income and is very popular in the community. He is right at home at any kind of a social function is well read and a good conversationalist, has plenty of literary ability, and is generally classed as one of the nicest looking and most easy going of the younger generation of bachelors.

The Chestnut brothers, William and Harry might be classified together. They are both young, and good looking and are partners with their father in a large and growing wholesale and retail hardware business. Both are enthusiastic sportsmen, and have traversed all the great hunting grounds, notably Florida, California and the Miramichi. They are part owners of a beautiful and delightfully located summer cottage at Springhill on the St. John river, known as Pine Bluff camp, which during the summer months is the scene of many festive gatherings, inaugurated by them. Either of them can propel a canoe as dexterously as an Indian warrior, ride a bicycle, handle a horse; in short they are past masters at any pastime likely to contribute to the enjoyment of others.

Any bright young lady in search of a young man who combines in his make up all the qualities usually found in an ideal

husband, should not pair Mr. Loring W. Bailey, jr. teller of the Bank of B. N. A. staff. Mr. Bailey is the son of a college professor, has good looks in abundance is a born financier, is fond of out doors sports is an expert in all kinds of lawn games, can interpret a base ball match and do lots of other things to make himself agreeable. He has plenty of ambition, is a tolerably safe investor with a leaning towards mining stock. Can trip the light fantastic as gracefully as the next one and somewhat of a play goer.

A young lady for whom music hath charms and who has reached that age when it is necessary to do a little looking around, would no doubt find her beau ideal in Prof. F. C. D. Bristows, organist of Christ church cathedral. The term "delightful old bachelor," would fit the popular professor like a glove if it were not for the middle word which would have to be omitted in his case. The professor has been a pupil of some of the best masters of Europe and is without a doubt one of the most accomplished musicians in the province. In addition to leading the splendid choir of the cathedral he regularly instructs large private classes in the city. The blood of nobility is said to flow in his veins, in fact his presence can be detected by the experienced eye, in his carriage address and polite agreeable demeanor. On several occasions of late dame rumor has brought the professor before the public as a possible candidate for matrimony, but PROGRESS has the best of authority for making the statement that he is still uncaught.

No list of Fredericton's front row catches would be anything like complete, if it did not include the name of Mr. George Samuel Clarke, the gentlemanly and popular head salesman in Fred Edgecombe's dry goods establishment. The duties of Mr. Clarke's position, bring him into close contact with about all of the fashionable young ladies of the city, and that he has up to the present time failed to take advantage of his opportunities, is a matter for both surprise and regret. It may be inferred from this that Mr. Clarke is not as youthful as some of his contemporaries, and while this may be in a sense true, he is still young enough for matrimony, and were he to evince a desire to enter that blissful state, it is not likely that the provincial exchequer would be kept long waiting for the license fee. It is said of Mr. Clark that he receives by long odds the largest salary of any man in Fredericton. In religion he is a methodist, and closely identifies himself with the work of the church.

This hastily prepared article does not by any means include all the notable bachelors of Fredericton. There are still quite a number of good ones left whom PROGRESS will refer to in a future article.

HE PAID ALL THE BILLS.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

came to the hospital she hid on a cape a wrapper and skirt and for a covering, two or three quilts. She fainted once on the way over and twice after reaching the hospital. She was thoroughly chilled and said several times she was very cold. The most tender and devoted care was given to the suffering woman by the kindhearted officers. Adjutant Jost who through her connection with rescue work has had a wide practical experience in cases of this kind, saw at once that the woman's condition was most serious and asked Dr. Case to remain. He declined to do so saying that he did not care to take the case and besides he had other engagements which demanded immediate attention. He was then asked to call Dr. Walker on his way home, and this he did. Dr. Walker came very promptly and remained through the night with the dying woman. A few moments after his departure at five o'clock the woman expired. The earthly troubles of one more unfortunate were over, and the curtain had fallen forever on a tragedy in real life. Annie Snodgrass had died with her secret practically untold, and without positively establishing the identity of the partner of her guilt.

After Coroner Berryman had decided that an inquest was unnecessary the remains were prepared for burial. In the room to which she had been first taken lay the dead woman and her infant, and though numerous callers presented themselves at the hospital and asked to see the remains, the officers very properly declined to gratify any morbid curiosity in that direction.

In response to a summons from Adjutant Jost the young man referred to above came to the home on the morning following the woman's death. He seemed to feel his position very keenly and made vehement protestations of his innocence. It is known however that he agreed to pay the funeral and other expenses connected with the case. The man is only about twenty five or twenty six years of age, very good looking, and is employed on the railway.

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Safeguards the food against alum.

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It was intended to bury the woman Wednesday afternoon but notwithstanding Coroner's Berryman's decision that an inquest was not necessary the officers of the hospital were most anxious that one should be held, and the blame for the woman's death placed where it properly belonged. Interment took place Thursday afternoon from the hospital. Dr. Steele officiated and those gathered in the room of death were greatly affected during the brief, sad ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Folkins accompanied by a young lady were the only attendants at the funeral.

THE EX-ALDERMAN MISSING.

He Escaped a Six Months Sentence by a Sudren Exit.

HALIFAX Nov. 17.—One day quite recently H. F. Worrall a well known resident of this city was arrested. The proceedings against him were taken by Charles Smith of Smbro who transacted considerable business with Worrall some years ago. The prisoner secured his release soon after his arrest, and a day was set down for him to appear before Thomas Notting, barrister, who is a commissioner of the supreme court. When the day came Worrall appeared, and the proceedings went on in the office of the above named gentleman. The evidence offered by the plaintiff in the matter was overwhelming, and the commissioner found Worrall guilty and sentenced him to six months imprisonment in the county jail. The prisoner had his wits about him all the time, but he sat there unconcerned and watched all that was going on. The commissioner was busy preparing the necessary papers for his commitment, and while everything was running along smoothly Worrall quietly picked up his hat and walked out the door. He was gone quite a time before anyone had become aware of his absence, but as soon as it was discovered there was a scene. Constables, sheriffs and police officers were hastily informed of what had transpired and several of them set out in search of the missing man. All the outgoing trains and steamers were watched closely, and a guard was placed over his house. For several days the search was kept up, but the much wanted Worrall was no where to be found and the officers gave him up. It was remarkable to them how he got out of the way, as they were after him pretty promptly, but he eluded them all, and now enjoys his freedom. It is presumed that he hid away in some place until the matter quieted down, and then slipped away unnoticed.

Worrall was at one time an alderman here for several years and at the end of his term contested for the mayoralty, but met with defeat. He was once a successful business man, but not with many reverses which soon brought him down, and placed him in his present position. It is very unlikely that he will show up, as he is one of those individuals who has a particular dislike for being in prison, and the fare that is allotted out to the inmates.

WHERE'S THAT KITTEN NOW?

How a Sausage Dealer Caused Some Merriment in Church.

A stray kitten and a sausage manufacturer are indeed somewhat of a suggestive combination, at least there must be something comically funny about the relations between the two, for on Sunday last when a worthy deacon in Exmouth street church hustled up the aisle to the pulpit platform to eject a wandering toline, the congregation smiled, and finally when the reverend preacher grinned, they burst into a laugh. It was not because the cat was a cat that they were amused but it was because its captor was a butcher.

If he had been an ordinary every day victualer the case might have been different, but he was a sausage maker and a famous one at that. His characteristic impetuosity added more to the fun, as he gazed the poor little animal with an eager hand ploed it securely under his arm and made for the door.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Graham Duffus gave a delightful tea after football. There was a tremendous crowd, and everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves after a cold afternoon's looking on at the game, exciting though it was.

On Saturday evening Mrs. Daly gave a small dinner party at Government house for Colonel Leach, who was heartily welcomed on his flying visit here, being entertained at Bellevue, the R. A. and R. E. mess as well as in a couple of private houses.

The largest affair of last week was the "at home" given on Thursday afternoon at Bishopthorpe by the Bishop and Miss Courtney. It was most comprehensive, everyone in the fullest sense of the word being present, from Lady William Seymour downwards.

Tea was served in the dining room where the electric lights were toned down with scarlet shades to a most becoming gloom. Miss Courtney made a charming hostess, doing the honors delightfully.

Saturday afternoon Mrs. Stairs had a tea after foot-ball, which included most people. These teas are always the pleasantest functions of autumn, because people are glad to get in and have a cup of hot tea or chocolate after long standing in a chilly field.

All the winter clubs and societies are already in full career. The Shakespeare club, which is the largest, meets every Monday afternoon at the house of each member in turn, and some very hard and good work is usually done, both in reading of essays. Some of the members have turned out some very clever and original papers, so that our much abused "society women" should at least be given the credit of having brains.

The wedding of Miss Henry and Mr. Kenny will take place at Moncton, N. B., on Thursday 17th of this week. Only the family will be present and the bride will be married in her travelling dress, leaving for New York immediately after the ceremony.

Mrs. Brush left last week to rejoin her husband in England, and Mrs. Carey leaves shortly to meet Captain Carey on the other side. It is also said that Captain Mitchell-Tanes, who has but just arrived in Halifax on being transferred from the Leinster regiment to the Royal Canadian Rifles, goes almost immediately to the depot, accompanied by Mrs. Mitchell-Tanes and family.

Colonel Kincaid is expected next month from England, and also the successor of Colonel Austruther-Duncan.

NEW YORK.

Nov. 14.—Mrs. Thomas S. Young, Jr., of 5 West Twentieth street will give a reception on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 1, from 4 until 7 o'clock, when she will introduce her daughter, Miss May Young.

Mrs. George Bird will give a big tea at her home 202 Madison avenue, on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 8. Miss Metcalf will be introduced. Mrs. Lindley Hoffman Chapin of 5 West Thirty seventh street has cards out for a reception she will give on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 1. Mrs. Chapin's mother, Mrs. George F. Andrews, has recovered from her severe illness of the late summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Cora Cora Vanderbilt, William E. Vanderbilt, and Mrs. William Douglas Sloane and other members of the Vanderbilt family are now living in their winter homes. Mr. and Mrs. H. McKay Twombly are at present the chief en-



MONCTON.

Nov. 16.—Mrs. W. N. Rippey appeared in St. John's presbyterian church on Sunday morning, and in the First Baptist church in the evening. Mrs. Rippey wore a very handsome suit of dark blue and ruby costume cloth in shot effects, and large hat of dark blue velvet trimmed with ostrich plumes, and ruby roses.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the Whist club was held last evening at the residence of Mrs. C. D. Thomson on Botford street, and it is scarcely necessary to add that a very pleasant evening was spent.

It is not possible to announce who won the prizes, as the rules of the club make it necessary that they shall be played for until the end of the season, the players making the highest average then winning the grand prizes. This seems a much more sensible plan than spending the funds of the club on trifling prizes to be given each evening.

Lady Smith and Mrs. Joshua Chandler, of Dorchester who spent a day or two in town last week visiting Mrs. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith before their departure for Italy, returned home on Friday.

Mr. H. A. Whitney returned on Saturday from a trip to Boston, whether he was accompanied by his youngest daughter Miss Hattie Whitney, who will

remain in that city for the winter. Miss Whitney has displayed very marked talent as an artist, and has decided to enter the School of Design in Boston in order to devote her attention more particularly to that branch of art.

Mr. F. W. Sumner returned on Thursday evening from a short trip to Boston. The many friends of Mr. J. S. Benedict, formerly United States Consul agent here, but now occupying the same position at Campbellton were glad to see him in town again last week. Mr. Benedict spent several days in town, leaving for Campbellton on Monday evening.

I believe we are to have another wedding in town this week, and though the bride and groom, will both be entire strangers to Moncton people, a wedding never fails to excite interest and attention. The principals in this case will be Miss Henry, sister of Judge Henry of Halifax, and Mr. J. F. Kenedy also of that city who will if report is true, be married in Moncton on Saturday next.

Mr. Alexander Davidson of the I. C. R., offices left town on Thursday for a short holiday trip to Boston.

Miss Ada Milliken's numerous friends are glad to welcome her home after her long visit to the Pacific coast. Miss Milliken, it will be remembered accompanied her sister Mrs. R. B. Jack to Nelson, B. C., last June and has remained in British Columbia ever since having spent a most enjoyable summer and autumn, amid the beautiful scenery, and the novel conditions of life which prevail in that very new country.

Mr. T. V. Cooke's numerous friends will be glad to hear of the continued improvement in his health, and that, if no untoward complications arise his medical attendants have every hope of a speedy recovery.

Miss Sinclair of Miramichi, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bruce, of Bonaccord street.

Mr. J. M. Lyons General Passenger agent of the I. C. R., and Mrs. Lyons returned on Saturday evening from a trip to Montreal. Mr. George L. Harris, eldest son of Mr. C. P. Harris of this city, returned on Thursday from Fredericton where he passed a very successful examination.

Hon. A. H. Dunn, surveyor general, paid a short visit to Moncton last week, on his return from Kent county, where he had been called by departmental business.

Moncton people heard with surprise and very deep regret on Thursday evening of the death of Mr. Eben L. Cowling, J. P. which took place during the afternoon, at the residence of his daughter Mrs. C. U. Chandler, of Harris Avenue. Mr. Cowling was one of Moncton's oldest citizens, and was looked upon almost as a landmark, so well and so extensively was he known not only in the city of Moncton but in the surrounding country, and while it is generally known that he was in very feeble health having been confined to the house since last Christmas, his condition was not supposed to be dangerous and therefore his death was somewhat of a shock to his friends, although not to his immediate family.

Mr. Cowling was surrounded by his children and grandchildren at the time of his death, and was quite conscious to the last, bidding farewell to his assembled members of his family a few moments before passing peacefully away.

The deceased was born at Annapolis Royal in 1824, and was therefore in the seventy fifth year of his age, not by any means an old man compared with many who are in active public life to day. He came of good old royalist stock being a grandson of Samuel Cowling of Esplanade, his maternal grandfather having been a United Empire Loyalist. Although a resident of Moncton for nearly fifty years Mr. Cowling was by no means a stay-at-home having extensively and lived at different times in Jamaica, New Orleans, New York and Boston. He was married in the latter city, in 1846 to Catherine Cowling of the late Jonas Cutter, whom he survived for twenty-two years. The deceased was an excellent raconteur and could tell man interesting anecdotes of the early days of the settlement of Westmorland and Kent counties having been deputy sheriff of Westmorland in his youth. Mr. Cowling was one of three brothers, the elder of whom, the late Edward Cowling was Judge of Probate at Annapolis for many years, the younger, Charles Cowling of Boston, survives him. The surviving children of the deceased are Mrs. C. P. Harris, Mrs. Charles W. Chandler, and Mr. W. L. Cowling, all of this city, Mrs. H. Michie of Boston and Mr. R. S. Hookin of this city preceded their father to the grave.

The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon from the residence of Mrs. C. U. Chandler, on Harris Avenue, and was very largely attended, there being more than fifty carriages in the procession. The services both by the house and grave were conducted by Rev. J. E. Brown, pastor of St. Paul's R. E. Church, the choir of the church being also present, and singing with deep feeling "Rock of Ages" and "Lead Kindly Light." Among the floral tributes were a very beautiful floral wreath from the grandchildren of the deceased, a wreath from Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Harris, and a handsome cross from Mrs. A. H. Newman. The pallbearers were Messrs. H. A. Whitney, W. J. Crossland, A. E. Killam, Robert Cochrane, A. E. Chapman and A. H. Newman. Miss Cutler of Newcastle, a niece of the deceased and Judge Wilkinson also of Newcastle were amongst the mourners who came a distance to pay a last tribute of respect. Mr. Cowling was a prominent mason being one of the oldest members of Keith Lodge and Botford Royal Arch Chapter.

Mr. J. D. Waldon of Shediac paid a short visit to Moncton on Monday.

Mrs. G. H. Robinson, Havelock is spending a few days in town the guest of Miss Mand Taylor of Main street.

Miss Grace Busby left town last evening on the Maritime express for Ottawa, where she intends spending the greater part of the winter with relatives. Miss Busby is one of our most popular young ladies, and as she has only just returned from a six months visit to Nova Scotia, it seems hard that we must lose her so soon again, but of course the capital is a delightful place to visit and Miss Busby's numerous friends will join in wishing her a pleasant sojourn.

Warden Forster of Dorchester penitentiary paid a short visit to Moncton on Saturday, for the purpose of seeing his brother-in-law, Mr. T. V. Cooke who has been so seriously ill, and was much pleased at the improvement of the invalid's health.

Mrs. Newman, wife of Captain John Newman of Cardiff, Wales, is spending a few days in town the guest of her brother-in-law, Mr. A. H. Newman.

Mr. George W. Moore of Boston, spent Sunday in town, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Robin on of Alma street, during his stay in town.

Mr. John Hunter of P. E. Island and Miss Hunter, are spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. Henry Hunter of the I. C. R.

The numerous friends of Mrs. Troop, who has been so ill for some months past, will regret to hear that she lies almost at the point of death at the residence of her daughter Mrs. C. E. Spencer of King street, and no hopes are entertained of her recovery.

His Lordship Bishop Kingdon, of Fredericton spent some hours in the city on Monday on his return from Dorchester, where he administered the rite of confirmation on Sunday. His Lordship was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. Borsam Hooper at St. George's rectory during his stay in town.

Mr. W. B. McKensie, chief engineer of the I. C. R., left town on Monday for Sydney, Cape Breton, on a tour of inspection.

Prof. E. E. Prince of the department of fisheries Ottawa, spent a few hours in town on Monday.

Judge Wilkinson of Chatham, and Miss Cutler of Newcastle who came to the city last week to attend the funeral of the late Eben L. Cowling, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris of Steadman street during their stay in town.

Mr. A. H. Robinson manager of the E. P. and H. railway, spent last Sunday in town, the guest of Dr. F. A. Taylor of Main street.

The numerous friends of Mr. George McCarthy for my of the I. C. R. engineering department, but now of the C. P. R. are giving him a very warm welcome to his old home. Mr. McCarthy is spending a short holiday with his father, Mr. Edward McCarthy of Kings street.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Borden of Purshaw, who have been spending some weeks visiting relatives in Boston, spent Saturday in Moncton, on their return. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Archibald, during their stay.

Mr. H. E. Thomas, of Mount Allison College, Sackville spent Sunday in town, visiting friends.

The excitement of the hour is Madame Marie Harrison's concert in the Opera house this evening and lovers of music are looking forward to a rare treat.

I see by a recent issue of Progress that the ladies' whist party has made its appearance in St. John, and is gaining ground steadily? The fever reached our city early last spring having been imported from Upper Canada and raged with great violence until the rigors of Lent put an end to it for the time being. The following story is one of the best of the many which were told at the time, at the expense of the ladies, and it seems particularly apropos at this time. It has been hinted on several occasions before, that the people of Moncton, both individually and collectively were rather fond of cards and especially of the scientific and absorbing game of whist. This predilection is by no means confined to the sterner sex the ladies' and even the children showing almost as much interest in the game, as their husbands and fathers.

Children's whist parties are by no means unusual while the ladies' whist party has become a recognized and popular form of entertainment since last winter. Of course the above mentioned male element points the finger of scorn at the ladies' whist party, and affects to believe that, it is if possible a more dreary form of entertainment than the afternoon "at home" feeling considerably that the ladies' whist party is a real success without a proper complement of men to enliven matters. The real fact of the matter is that the husbands, brothers and sweethearts are fiercely indignant at not being invited, and take revenge by trying to cheapen the paradise from which they are excluded.

The ladies declare this story which was told with great gusto last winter during the craze for ladies whist parties which prevailed last season, originated in the jealous brain of some horrid man who was left out, but people who are in a position to know, admit that it is perfectly true. I leave it to the feminine readers of Progress to decide the merits of the case.

A certain well known society leader gave a large and most successful whist party for ladies only, and so thoroughly did the guests enjoy the entertainment that they took little note of time. The hours flew rapidly, and if any mere man could have looked in upon the company, he would have departed with a certain consciousness that a party of ladies could have a very good time indeed in the absence of male distractions. After the prizes had been won, and presented, one of those charming little suppers, dear to the feminine heart was served, and by the time it was disposed of and the company cloaked and hooded, it was well on to one o'clock, and an ominous darkness and stillness pervaded the streets of the city.

Now the one-crumbled rose leaf about these delightful entertainments was secretly acknowledged to be the absence of escorts. There was an unwritten law that no lady was supposed to ask any of her male belongings to call for her, and though on one or two occasions an unusually devoted husband or lover had been observed at a late hour of the night walking aimlessly past a house where a ladies party was in progress, or lurking in the shadows and glancing furtively at the windows to ascertain how much longer his solitary vigil was to last, it was considered etiquette to ignore his presence as far as possible, even the object of solicitude appearing quite unconscious of it until he overtook her accidentally some distance from the scene of festivity.

The night in question was an unusually cold one however and the hour was so late that the most devoted of swains had given up in disgust and gone home, when the ladies emerged like a flock of timid doves, they found that a good deal of the glamour had faded, and the thought of the walk home all so well neutralized the delights of the party. However, a good many of the fair guests happened to be going in the same direction and by dint of taking a short cut here and going around the corner a little way there, so as to drop a friend at her own door, the greater number managed to get home comfortably. But one lady who openly acknowledged to being timid, and who lived quite at the other end and lonelier of the city from the majority of the party, was left over and how to get her home in safety was a problem not easily solved. A hurried council was held and a stately and valiant matron relieved the situation by announcing that she was not afraid of anything that walked the earth, and would be most happy to see Mrs. B.'s home, "But is so far out of your way Mrs. C." "I printed the time one family" "And you will have to come all the way back alone!" "Doesn't matter in the least" responded Mrs. C. "I shall not mind any more than if it were broad daylight—Good-night ladies!" And amid murmurs of admiration for her dauntless courage, from the rest of the party the brave lady and her timid charge disappeared from view. Arrived at her lady's home, Mrs. C. promptly declined a pressing invitation to stay all night rather than face the terrors of the homeward walk—Mrs. B.'s husband being away from home and no other escort available—bade her friend a hasty adieu and started with easy confidence on her homeward journey—There the story, as related by the two heroines themselves comes to an abrupt end, but the sequel which some of the wicked men who were not invited, and which I regret to say finds a good deal of credence, tells how that stout hearted matron arrived at her own home almost in a state of nervous prostration, and respectfully escorted by one of Moncton's finest members of the force whom she had eagerly encountered on her way, and whose protection she had eagerly claimed. We have't had any ladies' whist parties yet this autumn, and I fancy if it should be decided to resume them, that they will either be held in the afternoon or some definite arrangement about escorts will be made before the first meeting takes place.

His Lordship Bishop Kingdon, of Fredericton

THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir. I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufrain.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street, Agents For Canada.

LOTS OF FUN FOR ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND and Canada and all ages playing the great game of BOBITY

Price \$1.25 each. Trade supplied by G. A. HOLLAND & SON, Montreal.

FREE LEVER BUTTON watch. We give this fine watch, chain and charm, for selling two doz. LEVER COLLAR BUTTONS, at ten cts each. Send your address and we forward the buttons, postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the buttons among your friends, return the money, and we send the watch, prepaid. A genuine American watch, guaranteed for a few hours' work. Mention this paper when writing. LEVER BUTTON CO., 20 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, Ont.

RHEUMATISM CURED. Sufferers from Rheumatism have found great benefit from using Puttner's Emulsion the Cod Liver Oil contained in it being one of the most effective remedies in this disease.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street, has a full line of Dunn's Hams and Bacons, and Canned Bacons, Pure Keg Lard, Bologna and Pork Sausages, Back Pork, Brine Mess Pork and Clear Pork. Wholesale and retail. Drop a post card for price list or telephone 1037.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 23c



I Recommend Baby's Own Soap to all mothers who want their babies to have pink, clean, clear, and healthy skin.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Mr. Marks Mills friends were pleased to see him home again, as he has been greatly missed in society and among his friends.

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Nov. 16.—The ladies of the Travellers club held their first meeting of the season with Mrs. George A. Curran on Monday afternoon.

Mr. George Moore of Boston spent last week with his sister Mrs. D. D. McDonald.

Nov. 16.—Miss Winnie and Miss Bennie Keith entertained a few friends at tea Saturday.

THE FIRST FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY IN ENGLAND WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1696.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills which flesh is heir to.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the complaints of our friends upon them.

Cholera morbi, s, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc.

A passenger car on a steam railroad costs from \$2,000 to \$2,500, a sleeping car from \$10,000 to \$20,000.

THEY NEVER KNEW FAILURE.—Careful observation of the effects of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and stimulate them to healthy action.

Great Britain on May 13, 1861, France on June 10, 1861, Spain on June 17, 1861 recognized the Confederation of Belgium.

A philosopher is a man who, having discovered that 2 x 2 = 4, makes no more about it.

Twynn: 'There's something very odd about this invention of Bunting's.'

ASTHMA PERMANENTLY CURED. A Well-Known Canadian Notary Public Suffered for 35 years—Permanently Cured by Clarke's Kola Compound.

R. D. Pitt, Esq., Kamloops, writes: I had suffered for at least 35 years from the great oppressiveness of asthma and shortness of breath.

Nov. 16.—Mrs. H. Humphries who has been visiting in Newcastle for the last two months, the guest of her daughter Mrs. John Fleming returned home last week.

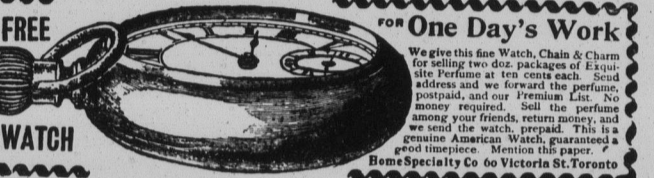
It's the incense of purity which you get in the exquisite fragrance of the drawing of Monsoon Tea in the cup—and Monsoon is wholesome, refreshing and delicious because it is pure.



When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINES.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art.—PROFESSOR LEBLANC.

E. G. SCOVIL | Tea and Commission Merchant | 62 Union Street.



Some one must win. In every race there is a winner and in every business also.

W. W. ROGERS is recognized by the trade as a mark of quality.

YOU WIN when you buy goods that bear it—Sole manufacturers SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.

More Business. The more business you have the greater your need for PRINTING.

PROGRESS PRINT. PRINTERS, St. John, N. B.

Moose, Dear, Partridge, Dean's Sausages, Snipe. THOS. DEAN, City Market.

BASS & CO'S ALE LANDING 15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW.

THOS. L. BOURKE TENDER FOR FIRE HOSE

TENDERS for 700 feet Cotton Hose, Rubber Lined, and 300 feet of Rubber Hose, all with couplings complete, will be received at the office of Public Safety until Monday, the 21st inst, at 12 noon.

ROBERT WISELY, Director Dept. Public Safety. St. John, Nov. 12, 1898.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N.B.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION. NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership subsisting between us, the undersigned, as

E. LAWTON & CO. has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

CARD. E. LAWTON Wishes to inform his friends and the general public that he will be found at the old stand 1 1/2 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Horn Building, and by keeping the very choicest stock of

Wines and Liquors to merit a fair share of the business. Ob ice Havana cigars a specialty.

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS. RECEIVED THIS DAY 25 bbls. • • P. E. Island Oysters. Large and fat.

At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.

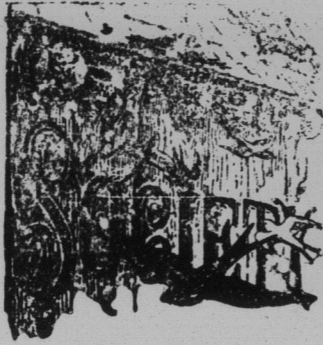
CHILDREN A fact appreciated by mothers, who recognize in it the ideal nourisher as well as tempter.



Hansen's Junket Tablets. A quart of milk, a little fruit juice or flavoring and just one Junket Tablet form the ingredients.

AGENTS FOR CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

Nov. 16.—Mrs. H. Humphries who has been visiting in Newcastle for the last two months, the guest of her daughter Mrs. John Fleming returned home last week.



(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Smoking Concert held in the parlors of the Horse-shoe Social club, a large number of guests were present and highly enjoyed the pleasing programme which consisted of:

- Vocal solo.....Charles McGrath.
Banjo Solo.....Thos. Doherty.
Vocal Solo.....F. G. Foster.
Banjo Solo.....Prof. Whetsel.
Vocal Quartette.....

Messrs. McGrath, Foster, Staples and Lawlor. Banjo Solo.....Prof. Whetsel. Mrs. Brown's Brown Bread Whist Club, held the first meet of the season on Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Chas. Beckwith, a very pleasant evening was spent with progressive whist, when Miss Edith Hilyard won the ladies' first prize and Mr. E. L. McLellan the gentlemen's. Miss Isabel Babbitt and Mr. B. S. Barker were made quite happy with the consolation prizes. Those present were: The Messrs Crookshank, The Messrs Gregory, Miss Johnston, Miss Carrie Winslow, Mrs. Geo. Allen, Miss Hilyard, Mr. and Mrs. Burns, Mrs. W. T. H. Feney, Miss Feney, Miss Phinney, Miss Bailey, Miss Bessie Babbitt, Miss Isabel Babbitt, Mr. Chas. Allen, Mr. Fraser Winslow, Mr. Alken, Mr. B. S. Barker, Mr. Bristowe, Mr. McLellan, Mr. Cowie, Mr. L. W. Bailey Jr, Mr. H. Chesnut.

Mrs. Barbour gave a pleasant little party on Friday evening in honor of her sister Miss McFarlane progressive games were the amusement of the evening and were much enjoyed among the guests present were: Miss Bessie McNally, Miss Ida McLeod, Miss Edith Gregory, The Messrs Grace and Emma Porter, Miss Jean Cooper, Miss Nellie Whitehead, Mr. Wayland Porter, Mr. Harry McLeod, Mr. Laten and Mr. Norman McLeod.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robertson are spending a few days here as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe at "Ashburton Place." Mrs. Wesley Yawart is in Woodstock visiting her sister Mrs. Geo. E. Balmain.

Mr. Jack Robertson of Toronto spent Sunday with celestial city friends.

Mr. A. R. Tibbits was in St. John over Sunday, the guest of his brother-in-law.

Col. Vidal is in Ottawa, having gone to meet General Minto.

The young ladies of the hospital aid held a very successful at home in the Auld Kirk on Friday evening. The Kirk was very prettily decorated and filled to overflowing with a happy concourse. Mr. Geo. F. Gregory was chairman and announced the numbers of the program which consisted of: Reading, Miss Bessie McNally; vocal solo, Miss Bona Johnston, with violin and piano accompaniment; reading, Miss Phinney; vocal solo, Miss Nan Thompson; vocal solo, Mr. F. C. Cooper. Miss Bessie Babbitt, Miss Aggie Neil and Miss Edith Gregory presided at the candy table the proceeds of which netted \$22.00. Light refreshments were served the guests during the evening which was passed most happily.

The young ladies having in charge the entertainment for Thanksgiving evening in the church hall are making elaborate preparations for the supper and entertainment of the evening and should have a large house.

OTTAWA SOCIETY LEAVES.

Nov. 16.—The air has been full of farewells during the past 17 weeks—in Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto society, and societies have been saying goodbye to their excellencies until the latter must have been weary of the word. And yet, to leave with so many assurances of the love of Canadians ringing in their ears must have robbed the parting of some of its sadness—for there is no doubt that the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen were sorry to leave the country where they had spent five such happy years. Her Excellency still retains the presidency of the National Council and of the Aberdeen association. Some doubt whether the various objects in which she took such an interest will live long after her departure but she has taken care that leaders are left in charge who have the good of the society at heart. One of her last acts—within two or three days of her departure was to form a Mutual Benefit association among the girls of the Printing Bureau, who, when they are out of work must lose their wages unless some such provision is made. It is said, but please remember that I do not vouch for it, that Lord and Lady Aberdeen spent fifteen thousand dollars in presents including the photographs which they sent to so many just before their departure. But I can well believe it if they gave gifts in the same measure in other cities as they did here. To Sir Wilfred and Lady Laurier an exquisitely chased silver loving cup was given.

Miss Mary Scott, daughter of the Secretary of State, has left for Quebec where she will join the Premier and Lady Laurier and go with them to Washington what a pity that all Sir Wilfred's sunny ways could not melt the heart of that international commission and have brought it to the "Washington of the North." Zor.

Cornered. Four young couples evidently out for an enjoyable day, were seated on one side of the wagonette having a decidedly good time. While their merriment was at its height a seven-year-old boy opposite them suddenly leaned forward.

"Mister," he remarked to one of the young men, "why don't you kiss your girl?" The young man looked up in surprise, and the girl—a pretty girl, too—blushed.

"Henry, Henry," said the boy's father, "what do you mean by such talk?" The boy looked at his father in surprised disgust.

"What's the matter with you, dad?" He cried. "You told me you'd do it if you was him!"

And the father found the landscape decidedly interesting until the young people got out.

Merciful. It is related of a certain gentleman of Celtic attraction, who owns the honorable office of trial justice in the State of Maine, that on one occasion his own son was brought before him on a charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

His Honor listened gravely to the evidence, which established a very clear case against the young man, and said—"The Court will now rinder sentence. You are fined wa cint and costs. The Court will remit the costs, and you go home and thank Hivin that your father is the Judge."

FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

It is Easy to Keep Well if We Know How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required. In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food, and thus prepares nourishment. The blood is employed to carry this nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it. The first great essential for good health, therefore, is pure, rich blood. Now it is certainly a fact that no medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is literally true that there are hundreds of people alive and well today who would have been in their graves had they not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is depended upon as a family medicine and general regulator of the system by tens of thousands of people. This is because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure. This is the secret of its great success. Keep your system in good health by keeping your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which absolutely cures all other medicines fail to do any good whatever.

Hood's Pills

are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

and this is just an instance. Lady Aberdeen bade farewell in a most informal fashion to the wives of the cabinet ministers, judges and her intimate friends. Some not so favored considered this visiting at the residences rather intra dig but her excellency, or should I say ex-excellency, unobtrusively ranked to the kindliness, if the two clashed.

The car in which the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen left Ottawa for Toronto was, through the kindness of several members of the May Court club—a society of young girls—made beautiful and fragrant with flowers, a veritable bower.

Now, society is semi-dormant awaiting the coming of the new viceroys and vice reign. As the latter is said to be an ultra fashionable woman pretty and bright—gave a very delightful winter party at the smart set, who evidently think that new things will be rather different and that it will not be so easy to have the entire at Government House. Truth to tell, it has not been much of an honor of late; if you will forgive the slang (and as this is my first letter you may not be very hard-hearted) "all looked alike" to the late occupant of Rideau Hall, or very nearly so.

So far this season it has been dull enough; this last week almost a penitential Lent. Few church of England hostesses received on their day no tea were given or entertainments mooted, for a mission was in progress, and every one went to church.

Rev. W. de Soyres of St. John was listened to by large congregations at St. Georges, he being a very eloquent and impressive speaker. Of course women predominated—it surely will be the millennium when men go to church at any other time except when newly engaged. And speaking of engagements I am reminded of one probably ended in a marriage by the time this is read. "Happy is the woman that is not long a doing" is an adage that is well known; but the duration of the wooing is a matter of conjecture but only a few weeks elapsed before the announcement of Mr. Collingwood Schriebar's engagement to Miss Gwynne (daughter of Mr. Justice Gwynne) and his marriage. The former is a C. M. G. and a very popular man to boot, so much interest was taken in the wedding which, however, was as quiet as well could be.

There will be many brides in town this year, a very large number of debutantes and no less than fourteen new doctors; if report sayeth true.

Last year so many entertainments were given in aid of St. Luke's hospital a new building used for the charitable purpose of caring for the sick that the constant demands on one's purse became rather monotonous, but as it is now in a flourishing condition the various committees of ladies will probably only give an occasional progressive euchre or concert in its aid. I hope from all this talk of medicines and hospitals you will not get the idea that Ottawa is unhealthy. It is not; but it is gripping.

I have a bit of news that I think will interest you, and that is that Mrs. J. B. Jyrell is going in the spring to the Klondike there to join her husband, who leaves for the land of the gold shortly after Christmas. It seems to me a very brave undertaking, but she is looking forward to the new experience and will no doubt enjoy it, she could not have a better friend, counselor and guide than her husband, who wrote "Through the Sub-Arctic of Canada."

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JUDGE PALMER WILL BE HERE.

Engaged to Assist in the Hesse Suit For Damages.

The suit against the street railway company for damages comes up next week. The court opens on the 22nd and it is understood that no effort will be spared to bring the suit on at the earliest day.

The facts of the case are so well known to the public that they need not be recounted. Professor Hesse is at present at his home in Providence where he went when he had sufficiently recovered from his injuries to travel. His solicitor, Dr. Quigley, was in that city to see him a short time ago and speaks of his client as a much changed man since the accident. He is exceedingly nervous and under the circumstances that would not seem impossible.

A good deal of interest will be taken in the case by the people on account of the sensational nature of the accident and the large amount of damages asked for but there will be an additional feature of the proceedings of the court in the appearance of Judge A. L. Palmer as consulting counsel. Progress understands that he has been retained by Dr. Quigley who is representing the plaintiff. The judge has not been engaged in active legal work since he left the bench but his thorough knowledge of law will be of great assistance in such a case as this. It has not been stated if any others beside Judge Palmer are associated with Dr. Quigley but probably there are. Mr. C. A. Palmer made an application in the suit before Judge McLeod this week so he too will likely be in the case. The application was for a commission to issue and take evidence in Providence. The court opens Tuesday and the plaintiffs attorney wanted the evidence taken at once so that the suit could be brought on as soon as the court opens. But Mr. McLeod opposed this motion and he was accused of wanting, delay so that the case could not be tried this circuit. At any rate he carried his point and the evidence can't be taken in Providence until next Tuesday or Wednesday.

It is not stated yet whether Mr. McLeod will be assisted in his conduct of the case or not but Mr. Pugsley has been engaged by the street railway people before now and may be again.

MR. CRAWFORD VERY MUCH ALIVE.

In Spite of the Grave Announcement That Saddened His Friends.

Harry Crawford does business on Union street; he sells stoves, tinware and everything of that kind that is needed in a household; carries out plumbing contracts and all such business; he is a member of the Log Cabin club of Foresters, also an enthusiastic member of the well known fishing club of the same name; an A. O. U. W. lodge has him on the list and, being also a mason, as well as a familiar figure among the cyclists of the road, the news of his death one morning this week came as a sad and sudden surprise to all of those people who read the morning Sun. Mr. Crawford usually waits until he gets to his store before he glances over the newspapers, but this morning the little paragraph met him a score of times before he got as far Union Street. It did seem strange to meet a friend on that particular morning and to have him stop and stare at him much the same, no doubt, as he would if he had met a ghost. All unconscious of the reason of this, Mr. Crawford went along on his way to business, and it was only when he met an acquaintance that he inquired the reason closer why he looked at him in such a strange manner. Then the story came, out. It appears that a workman, Mr. Clark who was a valued employe of Mr. Crawford's and also a member of the Log Cabin Court of Foresters, had passed passed away the preceding evening and the newspaper man who wrote the paragraph in the hurried and rushing hours of the early morning, got the facts mixed up. No harm was done, but it is not every man who has his obituary written before he is dead.

Excellent Christmas Number. The Xmas number of Black and White has been received from McArthur's, and is replete with literary gems from the pen of the best writers of the day. Every article is superbly illustrated by well known artists and altogether the periodical is one of the finest numbers ever issued by its publishers. Accompanying it are four very handsome pictures that are valuable in themselves. Black and White is for sale at McArthur's bookstore, King street.

Why He Married.

In the north of England, where rabbit-coursing is much in vogue, swift, well-trained dogs often win large sums in prizes. It is, therefore, little to be wondered at that the owners of these animals

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, For forated, Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

EASY QUICK WORK SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES. SURPRISE SOAP MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY



A Christmas Gift FOR \$4.25

A watch sent free of charge by express for your examination.

Table with 2 columns: Ladies Watches and Gents Watches. Lists various watch models and prices.

Ladies' long neck chains if desired 85 c. If you want a watch for yourself, for a member of your family, or for a friend at this time of giving, send to us a post card giving your name and address, also the name of your nearest express office naming the watch you want and we will forward it at once. You examine it at the express office, and if satisfied pay the amount to the express agent and get your watch. If not satisfied, it costs you nothing. Our goods are all of the latest styles, good time keepers, and guaranteed as represented. Money refunded if goods on use are not as described. The Company's guarantee to the above effect accompanies each article sent out.

Our Goods are the Best. Our Prices the Lowest. And the reason our prices are lowest is that we are specialists, in the watch and jewelry trade, and the consumer is saved the middle-man's profit by buying from us who are the Canadian agents of the manufacturers.

The Canadian Mail Order Co., No. 8 Chester St., Toronto, Ont.

should bestow so much attention upon them. An old Yorkshire collier, well known for his success in the courting field, recently surprised all his mates by marrying a very unprepossessing woman. He had always been reckoned a confirmed hater of the other sex.

'Why has he gone and got spliced, lad, at thy age?' one of his friends asked him. 'Oh, that's not much of a tale,' answered the old man, stolidly. 'I agree wi' ye 'at Betsy yonder is no beauty—if she had been I shouldn't have wed her. But there dog o' mine, he was simply pinin' for somebody to look after him while I was away 'at 't' pit. I couldn't bear to leave him in the house by hissen, so I hit on the idea of marryin' Betsy. She's not handsome, but she's mighty good company for the dog!'

Well Rewarded. A famous singing-teacher tells this anecdote to illustrate the nobility of heart of a Russian lady, one of her pupils. Nila. Nadine Boulitchoff created a great sensation, with her beautiful voice and dramatic power, at Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Madrid. In the summer of 1880 she sang at Rio Janeiro. Brazil was then the centre of the cruel slave trade. At her benefit Nadine learned that she was to be presented with valuable gifts. She begged that the money, instead of being spent on her, should be used to buy the liberty of several female slaves. Her deed of charity released seven poor slaves, one of whom had been recently whipped in public by order of her mistress. On the benefit night, after Nadine had sung, the seven negroes went upon the stage to thank the artist. The crowded house applauded for several minutes; the national hymn was played; the Emperor, Dom Pedro, rose, and with him the whole audience; and the songstress knew a moment of thrilling joy such as seldom comes to anyone.

A Frugal-Minded Rich Man. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the American multimillionaire, is a notable example of the fact that the richest men are oftentimes curiously frugal-minded. His colossal fortune of 200,000,000 dollars in no way influences him in the direction of carelessness in his expenditure. He owns several princely residences, magnificent yachts, private swimming-baths, golf-links, tennis-courts, immense stables with a great number of horses, all of which involve the services of a regular army of attendants, yet the domestic life of himself and his family is simple in the extreme. There meals are of almost Spartan plainness, and no alcohol is ever served. In person, the American Croesus is tall, with a grave, heavily-lined face and a prominent nose. He dresses quietly, displaying no jewellery, and is so opposed to publicity that, although the various 'trusts' he controls have made his name a notorious one in the United States, few would know him if they happened to meet him in the street.

With a Moral for Some. A donkey stepped into a business house one day and asked for the proprietor, who walked out of his private office to meet him but was surprised to see a donkey in his establishment.

'Why are you here?' he asked; 'you know that this is no place for a donkey.' 'I am here,' said the donkey, 'because I

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP COY.

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line.

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 12th, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 9th, 19th and 29th, for EASTPORT, ME., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.

With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.

For all particulars, address, R. H. FLEMING, Agent, New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager, 5-11 Broadway, New York City.

WANTED.

The Provident Saving Assurance Society of New York wish to engage representatives in the following New Brunswick Towns, Moncton, Sackville, Campbellton, Chatham, New Castle, Dalhousie, Shediac, Woodstock, and Saint Andrews.

To the right men, liberal contracts will be given, address

C. T. GILLESPIE, Manager for New Brunswick, P. O. BOX 128 - St. John, N. B.



Eyes Tested Free

—BY— EXPERT OPTICIANS.

The best \$1 glasses in the world.

Everything at cut prices. Open evenings till 9 o'clock.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO., 25 King St. St. John, N. B. Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1898.

GREAT CENTRES OF PEOPLE.

In one of the annuals for 1898 there is printed a tabular statement of the population of the leading cities of the United States as estimated by the Mayors of the cities enumerated on the 1st day of January, 1898.

Table with columns: City, Estimated Pop. Jan. 1, 1898, Population, 1890. Lists cities like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, etc.

Some of these estimated gains in the period of eight years since the last Government census was taken are hardly warranted when compared with the gains made by the same towns in the full ten years between 1880 and 1890, as it is improbable that agricultural and commercial conditions since 1890 have favored a more rapid increase than prior to that date.

Among the Western cities it seems most likely that St. Louis will more closely approximate to the estimate of her Mayor than any of the others, but it is not likely that this solid, rapid-growing city will show more than his estimated figures when the census of 1900 is taken.

The estimate for Baltimore is probably excessive, as it claims a gain in eight years of 191,000, whereas Baltimore's gain in the preceding ten years was only 102,126.

Cincinnati is another town in which the Mayor rose high in the clouds when he in his estimate. In the census of 1890, Cincinnati showed a gain of 38,900 for ten years; in that of 1890 the gain was 41,769 a wealthy growth, but not a ratio of increase like that shown by nearly all of our

other large towns. To show 400,000 people in 1900 the Queen City must count a gross gain of 145,000 people or more than three and one half times greater than her gain in 1890. There has been nothing in Cincinnati's progress in the last eight years to warrant any such expectations.

The estimate for Philadelphia is also based upon common sense as well as statistics. Philadelphia showed a net gain in 1890 of 199,794. As it is likely her ratio of increase will be considerably greater in the present decade, it is almost certain that the Quaker city will approximate to 1,350,000 population in 1900.

I find Washington estimated at 280,000, which includes the entire District of Columbia. That is about the gain the capital city will show in 1900. It is not included in the fifteen cities above tabulated, but I introduce it here for the purpose of comparing it with the capitals of other countries.

Among the capitals of all nations numbering fifty seven of autonomous States, Washington stands twenty-sixth. But there is one peculiarity about this matter that, while the capital of the United States is merely one of our fourth-rate cities, the capitals of all the other countries of the world, excepting seven, are the principal cities of those countries in the items of both population and commercial scope.

Table with columns: Nation, Capital City, Population. Lists countries like Great Britain, France, Germany, etc.

Washington is the largest city in Ohio in all probability. That the lake city is growing more rapidly than most other western cities is made obvious by past census tables. All these large cities, Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo, show extraordinary increases in population.

This list is believed to include every autonomous Government in the world; but there are a number in doubt, like Nepal, in India, and Monaco, which are said to be independent principalities. There are, no doubt, still other obscure Governments in the interior of Asia which are independent, but there are no statistics at all trustworthy concerning such.

Although it is the capital of one of the three or four most potent nations that ever existed, it will be noted that Washington takes rather a low station among the capitals of to-day. But aside from the great commercial capitals of Europe, Washington is nevertheless about as promising as any in the list.

FANCY NAMES FOR POISONS.

In his quarterly report on the healthy of the borough of Chorley, Lancashire, Dr. J. A. Harris, the medical officer for the district, calls attention of the indiscriminate sale and purchase of the various so-called headache powders.

acetanilide or phenylacetamide, phanszone and phenacetin or para-acet-phenetidin. Their properties were fully considered in the section of pharmacology and therapeutics at the meeting at Edinburgh where Professor Stockman (Glasgow) opened a discussion on the 'Therapeutic Value of Recent Synthetic Analgesics; There was a general expression of opinion that these drugs required to be handled with the greatest possible care, and that a slight error of judgment with regard to dosage might be followed by disastrous results.

WRECKS AND DERELICTS.

Vesuvius Very Successful in Removing These Menaces to Navigation, A stranded vessel is not a menace to navigation, and is therefore left severely alone; but a wreck sunk in a few fathoms of water, in the track of coastwise shipping is a dangerous obstruction.

It is impossible to say how much damage has been done by collision with wrecks and derelicts, as ships abandoned at sea are called. Sunken wrecks are hidden dangers. The sky may be clear and the sea-way light; they smite the unsuspecting victim from the depths, and add one more to those disasters which are the more tragic for the awful mystery that surrounds them.

The Yantic, the Dispatch and the dynamo-cruiser Vesuvius are among the vessels of the United States navy which have most actively waged war upon sunken wrecks. The U. S. S. San Francisco also has the honor of having destroyed a derelict, in which operation she was, however, obliged to resort to all usual methods of naval attack except boarding—torpedoes, ramming and shelling.

The Vesuvius was very successful as a wreck-destroyer. Some of the obstructions are difficult to locate. The same wreck may be reported in three different positions

by as many different vessels; and with so many clues to follow it is not easy to run the game. The Vesuvius has found a wreck with only two feet of spar protruding above water—and two feet of spar sticking out of the broad Atlantic is rather like the traditional needle in the haystack. St. Nicholas.

GIANT PHILIPPINE BEES.

Honey-makers it is proposed to introduce into the States.

There is one race inhabiting the Philippines which will be a welcome addition to American citizenship and receive every facility and inducement to emigrate to the United States and engage in the skilled labor in which it has no peer. This is the giant East Indian honey bee, whose immense capacity for making honey and wax has interested the department of agriculture in the consideration of an early effort to introduce it into the United States.

In the Philippines Islands their colonies are most numerous in the mountains, as the increasing quest of the native for their honeycombs has driven them from the unprotected flat-lands of the coast to the less thickly inhabited and more heavily wooded mountain regions. The Filipinos find their daily bread a rather easy proposition, but they are very fond of honey on the staff of life. There is also a large demand for wax for use in dyeing.

The big bees build their hives on tall forest trees or on the overhanging ledges of cliffs. When undisturbed branch swarms build near the parent colony, so that in a few years an immense bee settlement often grows up in the forest. The bees build a comb five or six feet long, four feet wide and from seven-eighths to one and one-half inches in thickness. The largest combs of American honey bees are not of more than one-fifth these dimensions.

Putitions have been coming into the department of agriculture for years asking that the government introduce these giant bees into the United States. No attempt at bringing them here has ever been successful. Professor Benton tried to bring to the United States a swarm of these honey-makers which he captured in the jungle. While he was sick in bed, on his way home no one else on the vessel would attend to them and they all died.—New York Sun.

Do Unto Others.

Maiden Aunt: 'What excuse have you for doing such an unmanly thing as proposing to Jack?' Isabel: 'The golden rule.'

Quite Probable.

Briggs: 'That was a great dance. I hope I made an impression on Miss—' Griggs: 'I think you did. She has been limping ever since.'

The hair

is like a plant. What makes the plant fade and wither? Usually lack of necessary nourishment. The reason why Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its normal color, stops hair from falling, and makes it grow, is because it supplies the nourishment the hair needs.

'When a girl at school, in Reading, Ohio, I had a severe attack of brain fever. On my recovery, I found myself perfectly bald and, for a long time, I feared I should be permanently so. Friends urged me to use Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, on doing so, my hair immediately began to grow, and I now have as heavy and fine a head of hair as one could wish for, being changed, however, from blonde to dark brown.'—Mrs. J. H. HORNBY, 152 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz, Cal.

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Sunday Reading

A NIGHT AT BETHLE.

Genesis 28: 10-22.

Pausing on his starlit way, Down the weary traveller lay; Rugged was the turf and chill Of that lonely moorland hill; But what magic stone did he— When the clock was o'er him spread, Changed by mystic alchemy,— Make a pillow for his head? While he sleeps the earth grows fair,— Balm and brightness fallen there; While he sleeps the heavens grow bright Sudden with transcendent light! Down rounds of dream the angels tread, Soft descending to his bed.

II.

He calmly rests After the toll of midday journeying Under the sultry sun. Say, is not the ground good for thy bed, And breathe thou not deeper to give thy heart sweeter beating, With the blue arch over thee, and all its multitudinous gold?

O perfect slumber! Blest release from care, With such rare dreaming bliss! Who would not share thy couch with thee, thou happy wanderer! The rocky waste whereon 'thou liest Is dear to God, and haunted by angels!

III.

Dreams are in their pinions winging, Soft their touch as softest singing; Banished far are fear and sorrow, And the foreboding of the morrow. Left the father's house behind thee, Fortune's favor yet shall find thee, Friends and home and store await thee, She thou lovest well shall mate thee. Lo! thou see'st the stair way rise From thy bed to Paradise; While, descending, and descending, O'er thee shining ones are bending.

IV.

Dreamer serene, thine is a happy lot, While this charmed hour endures! Let Time come, illy laden; And wreck thy peace too often, No falling of thy tears makes dim this night! Thou see'st, from these angel faces shining, A promise of thy future,— Rays of divinity and joy, Such as the youthful poet prophesies: But, O thou child of vision, Never was dreamland like to thine!

V.

Heaven haunts with gentler grace Padanaram's desert place, Where to eyes in slumber sealed Abram's God his light revealed, And in loving peace communed With a heart by rest attuned. Where in all earth's barren round East thou found'st such holy ground? With the morn upon thy face, Wanderer, this shall swell thy thought "Surely God was in this place, While I dreamed and knew it not!"

VI.

Often we sleep and dream, we wake and shudder; Cold seems the bed, lonely and dark the house; Tears in the dim morning are our meat and habitation. But, dreamer, who would not sleep in such a bed as thine, Out on the open hillside, If he might share thy vision and thy waking? We wake, and the chamber is a tomb, Stiffed and cramped is the heart, And without is the vacant silence. Thou didst awake while the song was in thine ear, And the brightness was still upon thee; I hear thy glad voice: "The awe, the rapture of my midnight sanctuary! This is God's house of hallowed splendor! And this the gate of heaven!"

VII.

Living God, with us be found! Bright'stine still o'er Shinar's ground, Cheering Sinai's desert waste; Giv'ng, where bleak rocks have frowned, Of the purpling Eschol taste; Giv'ng Jacob's Bethel-dream, Meribah's delightful stream, Horsh's bush, and voices loud, Manna and the fiery cloud,— Tokens of Thy love and fear, Still assuring Thou art near. When in tears our eyes grow dim, When the fire of love is low, When the chanting seraphim Farther still, and farther go; When with doubt our faith must cope, And despair seems more than hope; Come upon us, nor with draw, Vision that the patriarch saw! Bid, us not, till dawn, adieu, Gild our lonely Bethel, too.

VIII.

Bethel was a dreary place, 'Twas a desert bleak and bare; Heaven hath filled it full of grace,— God was man's companion there. Earth seemed all for night and tears; Lo! the radiant dawn appears!

PASTOR FRI.

The Great for the Little.

In New York city, not long ago, a man lost his life through his own folly. A fire started in his flat at night. Some one, hearing the crackling of the flames, awoke him and his wife. In a few minutes the air shaft was in a blaze.

When the firemen reached the burning house they were surprised to find a man struggling to escape from the arms of his wife. He was determined to go back into the flames to save some papers relating to his ancestors. The firemen soon forced him out of the house into safety.

A little later another squad of firemen, while pulling the hose through the scuttle in the roof, found the foolish man near his

The Dominion Official Analyst's Statement with Regard to the Value of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt has received the highest endorsements from the Medical Journals and from the Physicians of Canada since its introduction here. It has sustained its European reputation.

It is a highly palatable and efficacious tonic. As a refreshing and invigorating beverage it is unequalled. Its use has prevented and cured innumerable cases of Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Gout, Rheumatism, Fever, and all Febrile states of the system. In Spleen Affections and as a regulator of the Liver and Kidneys, its value is unquestioned. Its use purifies the blood in a natural manner, leading to good health and a clear, bright complexion.

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE, Office of Official Analyst, Montreal, July 28, 1898. I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added—and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective. Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage. (Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S., Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

A Teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt, taken every morning before Breakfast, will keep you in good health.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 60 CENTS A LARGE BOTTLE. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS.

flat, lying upon the floor, his clothes burned off his back. In his hand were some scorched papers. He had secured his papers, but he had lost his life.

A young man who had graduated with fair honors at the law school, obtained a good position with one of the great law firms of the city. Whether he turned out a forensic genius or not, provided he paid faithful attention to the office, he was sure of promotion, standing and success. Feeling sure of his position he began to be careless. He left the office early in the afternoon to play a little game of cards with his friends. Sometimes he played until late at night, and the next morning came to the office tired and cross.

The habit grew. His friends expostulated with him, but he said that he would not give up his freedom to amuse himself for the tiresome drudgery of any law office in the land. In six months the head of the firm dismissed him. He had made his choice between work and play, and had deliberately given up the great for the little, the permanent for the ephemeral. His degraded future was easily foretold. A boy of twelve years old was asked, "Why don't you go to school?" "I don't want to; I don't have no fun." "Don't your parents want you to go?" "Don't you care to learn? Don't you want to be something more than a loafer?"

The boy was bright, and for a moment he hung his head; but he had tasted the freedom that makes tramps and loafers, and that fills workhouses and prisons.

"I don't want to go to school, an' I hate workin'," he answered, in a shamefaced way. Only a few weeks later he was arrested for theft, and put on probation in a reform school, where he is now. Young as he is, he has made the choice between the great and the little. If he continues to choose the little, he is doomed to a life of infamy.

To every person the choice comes. By many a soul it has to be met daily. "Shall I sacrifice my future to a moment's play or fun? Shall I imperil my soul for an hour's amusement?"

Yesterday's neglect causes two-thirds of to-day's worry.

REQUITED THE LORD'S PRAYER.

One who Heard Booth Give it Recalls the Thrilling Experience.

"I think the most thrilling experience I ever passed through was in New York city one time," said James O'Neill to a Lewiston Journal writer, "when quite by accident a number of foreign diplomats from Washington, a few American statesmen, some prominent New Yorkers and one or two of us professionals were gathered together in a smoking room of the Fifth Avenue hotel, when somebody asked Booth who by the merest chance happened to be there, if he would not repeat the Lord's prayer for the assemblage. I was sitting not far from the tragedian when he fixed his eyes upon the man who made the request. I think that it was Lord Sackville West, at that time British minister to the United States, and I shall never forget the peculiarly searching expression that Booth shot out of his dark eyes. They seemed to penetrate the very soul of the man at whom they were directed, and then, as if satisfied resumed their wonted vacuous density.

"We were all breathless with anxiety, at least I was, for seldom would he recite off the stage, but at length he arose, walked to a little cleared space at one end of the room and began a recital that even after all these years makes me thrill through and through. He said: 'Our Father,' and never before had those two words been clothed with the majesty and reverence with which his look and tone enveloped them. And then he carried us into celestial regions, our spirits seeming to leave our bodies and to follow his behest; he lowered us into depths too dark for Dante's genius to conceive or Dore's on to portray; the power exerted over us was simply unnatural. His musically resonant tones sounded slowly through the room, and as he swayed his lithe body we unconsciously followed his motion. It was something horrible, beautiful, terrible, fascinating—I cannot find words in the language to express it. There are none.

"I would not go through the scene again for a thousand worlds, and yet if I had the opportunity I would brave any danger to hear it once more. Do you understand?"

Those few score words as delivered by Edwin Booth were the most powerful argument for Christianity I ever heard, and could ever be on the face of the globe have heard them there would no longer be atheism. Booth strode out of the room when he had finished and a simultaneous sigh of relief arose, while without a word we stole away singly and on tip-toe, and I do not believe that any of us think of that thrilling evening without a shudder. He was a great man, a great man."

The Sin of Ignorance.

The are multitudes of people who do not see the importance of any great moral awakening until its principles are brought to their notice through some more popular and 'taking medium than plain statement of fact. The cause and excuse for their unawakened energies in the direction of any good cause alike are found in the fact that there are so many other things constantly demanding their attention in this age of Christian endeavor. If one would secure the liveliest interest of men and women nowadays in favor of any good cause he must present his case to them in a forcible way, else they will not be likely to take in its full significance. That the preservation of the Christian and civic Sabbath calls to-day for the whole-souled support of every person in a proposition as true as any which can be put on a paper yet is a fact that many thoroughly good people do not give their best energies to the work simply because nobody has interested them and nothing has started them into seeing the tremendous importance of this question. This is the fault of much of our 'Sabbath' literature. The books which deal with the Sunday question do it in a general way. They fail, many of them, to illustrate by specific and familiar illustration what they try to prove, and so people are not properly impressed. But the pressure of various interests cannot wholly excuse christians whom God expects to be as 'a watch upon the towers' to guard against the approach of a foe, from informing themselves upon a question so vital to interests of the nation as this. Every christian citizen is in duty bound to know whether there are any real perils threatening the right keeping of the Sabbath and if there are, to find out what is the best way to avert them, and what is their personal duty and responsibility in the case.

Two Kinds of Truths.

There is a certain class of people who take great satisfaction in saying unpleasant things. They call this peculiarity 'speaking their minds,' or 'plain speaking,' sometimes they dignify it by the name of 'telling the truth'. As if truths must be unpleasant in order to be true. Are there no lovely, charming, gracious truths in the world? And if there are, why cannot people diligently tell these, making others happier for the telling, rather than hasten to proclaim all the disagreeable ones they can discover? The sum of human misery is al-

ways so much greater than the sum of human happiness that it would appear the plainest duty to add to the latter all we can, and do what lies in our power to diminish the former. Trifles make up this amount and in trifles lies the best and most frequent opportunities. It may seem a little thing to tell another what is out of place in her appearance or possessions, but if the information is unnecessary, and makes her unhappy, it is clearly an unkind and unfriendly action. Would it not be well to cultivate the grace of saying agreeable things, even to the extent of hunting them up and dragging them to the light when they happen to be obscure? This power to say pleasant things—true ones—is an accomplishment which is generally overlooked or left as a merely wordy matter to light-minded people. But why should it be counted more Christian-like to utter unpleasant truths than pleasant is a somewhat puzzling question.

The number of ladies who buy Magnetic Dyes all over Canada surprises even ourselves,—of course they give splendid results.

The ink plant of New Granada is a curiosity. The juice of it can be used as ink without any preparation. At first the writing is red, but after a few hours it changes to black.

A BRITISH SOLDIER Tells how Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Conquer Disease.

Like the conquering armies of Britain, which are marching to victory in every quarter of the globe, Milburn's Heart



and Nerve Pills are everywhere triumphing over sickness, weakness and suffering. Mr. David Walsh, of Carleton Place, Ont., a man who has served with distinction and credit in the British army, and is now an employee of the C. P. Railway, says, "While in the army I got broken down, and my nervous system was completely shattered.

"I was much troubled with liver complaint, loss of appetite, etc. My rest became broken and was disturbed by vivid dreams. This had been going on for 14 years, although I took a great many remedies to escape from the troubles which afflicted me.

"However, I got no relief until I started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I used together with Laxa-Liver Pills, and now after having used a few boxes, I am better than I have been for years. My nerves are restored to full force and vigor, I eat and sleep well, and my entire system has been toned and strengthened."

"Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists. "Laxa-Liver Pills" says John Doherty, 25 North Street, St. John, N.B., "cured me of Constipation and distress after eating. Their action is natural and effective."

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring 'PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates'. The ad includes the company name, address (Dorchester, Mass., U.S.A.), and a small illustration of a woman in a long dress. Text describes the quality of their products and mentions 'Canadian House, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.'

Notches on The Stick

We are afloat and drifting down river with wind and tide—but not at all merrily—beyond the little citadel of the heart, called home, on yonder hill, and out of sight of turret and spire, familiar trees and walls, and the figures on the wharf from which our steamer has just parted. Would that the stream whose willing currents bear us from these things could separate also from the cares and anxieties from which we are never wholly alienated. But there is some cheerfulness to the eye that is not jaundiced, in a scene so fair as the one under this grayish November sky; and there is no better mode of travelling than steam-boating, especially on a river so circuitous as this, where every moment some new phase of a charmingly-varied landscape is presented to the gazer. Six weeks ago, when my present companion came up stream, the banks were bewitched with color; at every turn in the river the woody bluffs were clad in livery of sunset skies. Now all is "ashen and sober." The clouds, with here and there a gleam of angry sunlight, betoken the storm that will surely come to-morrow.

We stand in reverie, the white-walled church on the green plateau of Winterport, and the red "stand pipe" on the hill beyond, still filling our vision,—when the shrill screaming whistle awakens us to notice the up-river boat so sweeping past us with the double celerity imparted by her motion and our own. There is the cheery Hail! and the waving of handkerchiefs, as we pass. And now Bucksport opens out before us, when we have swept the circle of the stream and doubled yonder point where the pines cluster and the tannery lifts its smoky column from its single tall chimney, and emits its hissing steam. Yonder is Oak Hill, and the bare red brick Seminary buildings standing aloof, where not long ago our friend, Dr. Chase, presided so faithfully. Heaven alone knows the wise and kindly things that have been done by him in secret, and Heaven has now rewarded him. He was worthy of a wider sphere and of more conspicuous service. The Narrows and the grey walls of Fort Knox are behind us, and the river widens into the bay.

Searsport and Belfast behind, we regard the granite front of Megunticook with the hotel and observatory on its summit and the dwellings of Camden nesting cozily at its foot. The sound of mallet and hammer rings out from the ship-yard, where we survey in process of construction what is declared to be the largest ship in the world. How fine would this maritime mammoth appear this evening complete square-rigged, "walking the waters like a thing of life!"

Dusk has fallen; the vine that climbs the central pillar of the saloon has blossomed into fire, before we draw up to the pier at Rockland. Here last evening Bishop Fowler made Abraham Lincoln seem illustrious as a demigod, while a delightful audience listened and wondered. And now the city lights are spread out behind us; proudly we take our evening march round the rugged Owl's Head and claim the open sea. The light tower flashes an adieu. Later we leave our book and the overheated saloon brightly lighted, for the semi-obscurity of the deck. The air is soft and almost summer warm. A white glimmer lies behind us. Distant lonely lights upon the shore—distant lonely lights upon the sea. A long meteoric flash seems to come out of the wave far beyond, then pales and contracts and flourishes again. It is a friendly warning that in the sailors' behoof is being heeded. We lean over the rail and listen to the voices of the sea. An elfin whisper seems to say: "Come down! hither; your kinsmen have come before you

How a person can gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of Scott's Emulsion is hard to explain, but it certainly happens. It seems to start the digestive machinery working properly. You obtain a greater benefit from your food. The oil being predigested, and combined with the hypophosphites, makes a food tonic of wonderful flesh-forming power. All physicians know this to be a fact.

All druggists; 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

Hood's Pills

Always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

yes, your own brother." We shudder and turn away, resigned to darkness and the deep.

Dr. William V. Kelley is one of the most graceful of writers in the editorial field. His style is delightfully clear yet aesthetically rich, and he gives his readers some of the most helpful interpretive articles on the great masters of song. In his paper on the Devotional Prose of Christina Rossetti, we find the following words: "Christina Rossetti inherited in an exceptional degree the artist temperament; romance, melody, and exquisite delight in beauty were born in her, and rippled through her veins with her Italian blood. But this affluent and efflorescent nature was chastened and spiritualized; every imagination brought into subjection to Christ and dedicated to His service. Keenly alive and enamored as she was of all beautiful things in the world, she had learned that nothing else is half so lovely, as are, the hands that have worked the works of Christ, the feet which tread in His footsteps have gone about doing good, the lips that have spread abroad His name, and the lives that have been counted loss for Him." Successive bereavements brought her to know the feeling of those who are oppressed with a sense of the transitoriness of life and who can find at times no glory in the sky nor music in the murmur of the breeze, because everything on earth is visibly passing away, while at such times the peace of an unreachable and unseen heaven seemed placed too high; and sometimes in moments of depression and physical weakness her thoughts of death take on a sombre and repulsive realism. Yet she bore her sorrows, and prolonged suffering as well, with submissive patience, sustained by the conviction that God's angel, Death, would release her from pain and admit her to a state of "effable blessedness. Her life was pure, sweet, and gracious, so that a London journal could say: 'Her noblest books were those books without words which she lived; in like manner as she herself wrote: 'My mother's life, is a far more forcible comment on the commandments than are any words of mine.'

Dr. J. M. Buckley, of the N. Y. Christian Advocate, is ex-cathedra in his pronouncement upon the latest work of Hall Caine. He says of "The Christian," in a late editorial: "The book which was dramatized to produce this play has had quite a run, principally among persons who are not competent judges of style, and largely among those who thought the book had a religious aim. It is a coarse composition, furnishing abundant evidence that the author has never seen any experience of genuine, unaffected, rational, yet fervent, piety, or if he had, that he had not the spiritual discrimination to recognize it. It contains some passages as low in their implication as those which abound in the books to prevent the circulation of which, the laws against obscene publications were enacted. The book is glaringly inconsistent with human nature, adapted to confuse the weak, stimulate the immoral in a wrong direction, and can only please in proportion to the ignorance or superficiality of the reader with respect to the reflex influence of circumstances, both on normal and abnormal human beings. . . . One of the best signs of the condition of literary criticism is that both in England and America the vast majority of the critics have from the beginning condemned the book, while the bulk of indiscriminately commendatory notes have born all the marks of paid-for puffs." The trouble with this medicine, as it seems to us, is that it is an over-dose; or, to change the figure, the critic has gone "every step of the way" and a step over. We are willing to concede the faultiness of the book, both from an ethical and a literary standpoint; but to say it is not a book of much force, and of power passionately displayed, is to risk a critic's reputation for good judgment. The book is fanatically keyed at a pitch no sober mind can approve or enjoy, and it is anything but a book of wholesome teaching; but it is a vital and powerful work for all that, and it is its power, and no puffing, which has made it take hold, as it has done, on

the public. But we enjoy Hall Caine far better in passages than we do in the whole effect of his work."

Sir James M. LeMoine writes in respect of one who must certainly win the good wishes of all who know him, or know of him: "My dear old friend, Kirby, is now in his eightieth year. A letter from him yesterday advises me that the genial author of the 'Golden Dog' is confined to his bed by rheumatism. He is a man one cannot know without feeling a sympathetic chord vibrate in one's breast." O! William Kirby, poet, novelist and historian, as a marked and representative Canadian character, of Loyalist stock and of strong British sympathies, all the younger portion at least of our citizens should know. He came of an old Yorkshire family, the Kirbies of Kirby Wiske, the fortunes of whom in their transplanted relations he pictures in his "Idyle." A branch of the house existed in Virginia at the time of the Revolution, where they were dispossessed, and true to their Loyalist principles, returned to England. He was born at Kingston-Upon-Hall, England, Oct. 13, 1817; his mother belonging to a family, Watson by name, of that town. The removal of his family identified his rising life with the fortunes of Canada, to which country he has devoted a career of much honor. A part of his early education was obtained in the United States under a Scotch teacher, Alexander Kinnmont, at Cincinnati, Ohio. After arriving at manhood he removed from Montreal to Niagara, Ont., which has been his life-long home, and where for twenty years he edited and published the Mail newspaper. He was appointed to the position of Collector of Customs at Niagara in July, 1871, and has been retained in that office till growing infirmity necessitated his retirement in 1895. Mr. Kirby has cultivated both the ornamental and the substantial in literature. He has fine taste and some imagination with no little enthusiasm. He has done much to illustrate and render attractive the annals of his adopted country. A writer in The Week declares that he has "no better pen, no more able writer;" and another, in the Mail and Empire, that "none of our writers have displayed greater powers in delineating native character than he." Of his published writings "The U. E." was the first, appearing in 1859. It is described as "an epic poem in Spenserian stanzas, which is valuable as a series of pictures of Loyalist personages and times." The work which ensured him popular reputation was "Le Chien d'Or" [The Golden Dog.] A Legend of Quebec, which appeared in New York and Montreal in 1877; and which was suggested by one of Sir James LeMoine's historical monographs. This work,—the history of which has been given by Mr. W. D. Lighthall's graphic pen, in a paper read before the Society of Canadian Literature in Montreal, in 1889,—has been republished in several English editions, and has been translated into French conjointly by the poets LeMay and Fredchette. On the appearance of this work the author received a letter of congratulation from Tennyson, declaring that few novels had given him a greater pleasure, and that he should like to write a poem on the subject. The subject is certainly romantic enough to have pleased the muse of Tennyson, but the poem was never written. Other works followed from Mr. Kirby's pen: "Memoirs of the Sarvos family," in 1884; "Canadian Idyls," 2nd Ed. 1894, containing some of his best poetry, and in which, according to John Talon Lesperance, "he has celebrated in Wordsworthian verse the glories and goodness of the United Empire Loyalists;" "Pontiac," in 1887; "Annals of Niagara," in 1896; besides a number of pamphlets and miscellaneous pieces. He was married to an excellent lady, the only daughter of Mr. John Whitmore, Niagara, and granddaughter of a celebrated Loyalist, Captain Daniel Servos. Mr. Kirby was one of the original twenty members chosen by the Marquis of Lorne to constitute the English section of the Royal Society of Canada. He is a devout adherent of the Anglican Church, as to his religious mode; politically he is strongly Conservative, and a pronounced Imperial Federationist. He was for some years president of the Niagara Historical Society. He is an honest, earnest man, of upright

Curved to Fit the Skirt

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life, and of exalted, well directed talents.

A little interlude of song, from the pen of a lady well-known to our readers, formerly of Windsor, N. S., but now of New York City:

Song

Joy came in youth as a humming bird,
(Sing hey! for the honey and bloom of life!)
And it made a home in my summer bower
With the honey-suckle and the sweet pea flower
(Sing hey! for the blossoms and sweets of life!)

Joy came as a lark when the year had gone,
(Ah! lark, hush still for the dream is short!)

And I gazed far up to the melting blue
Where the rare song dropped like the golden dew
(Ah! sweet is the song tho' the dream be short!)

Joy hovers now in a far-off mist,
(The night draws on and the air breathes snow!)

And I reach sometimes with a trembling hand
To the red-tipped cloud of the joy-bird's land
(Alas! for the days of the storm and snow!)

—Sophie M. Almon Hensley.

We are advised by Hon. Charles H. Collins, Hill'sboro, Ohio, the death of his brother, William A. Collins, author of a volume of Laconian paragraphs, entitled, "At Long and Short Range," disclosing appreciation of many things, unusual insight into nature and human character, and a condensed and graphic style of expression. Mr. Collins writes: "My brother, (with whom you have had some correspondence,) died at Hotel Hamilton, Hagerstown, Md., on yesterday afternoon, Nov. 4th, 1898. He will be buried in Pittsburg, where he was for years a journalist. He was a great sufferer, and death doubtless came as a relief from prolonged agony. His wife was a daughter of Thomas L. Shields, a wealthy resident of the Servickly Valley, near Pittsburg. He was a man of remarkable literary talents, and had a varied career. He was sixty-four years of age. . . . True affection remains among eternal things. Death, remedial as it appears, is a wise Creator's remedy for the tired, worn and world-weary soul; and we, who know nothing, are forced to recognize the great fact. Knowing my brother's inner soul, his finely-drawn nature, his scorn of dishonor, his purity of heart, soul and mind, and when I remember his nineteen months of prolonged agony, his Spartan courage while all were helpless to aid, I cannot regret his death. It came as a relief from unpeppable torture. He would have accomplished more had he not struggled for years with so much bodily affliction and met with so much trouble. His wife, an accomplished lady, knows his varied career, as wonderful as romance, and she and her children alone can tell of that career. If she sends me any notices of his character and life I will send them to you, as I believe you formed a high opinion of him from his correspondence and from his published works. His last letter to me, of date Sept. 21st was pathetic in the extreme. There was no wail or cry, but I read his doom in the lines. It weighed upon me like an incubus, and I went to myself and along a road, a favorite walk, but could not shake it off. . . . I know men thoroughly, and no pride of family or egotism can blind me; and, so knowing men, I know that my brother was on a plane that was heaven-born,—the plane, instinctively given, which no education can give. Although younger than myself I felt always that he could easily reach heights that no labor on my part could approach. . . . I feel I must say

this much, when everywhere both earth and sky call up our many conversations, and the shadows of long years are always filled with our ravens, without mar or break; each emulous but for the other. His death changes nothing. As he was true to duty in life, so he will remain changeless in his whole noble nature, if, as we believe, souls are immortal." It gives us pensive pleasure to retrace these lines of true brotherly appreciation, and to say that we too had learned to appreciate the worth of their subject. Here we drop our tear of human sympathy upon the grave of William Armstrong Collins.

PASTOR FELIX.

HOMEDRESSMAKING

How the Whole Family Can Dress Well at a Small Cost.

No Need of Looking Shabby Even Though Times are Hard—Easy to Make Old Gowns and Suits Look Like New When One Knows How.

It is astonishing how much can be made from seemingly useless garments by the woman that knows how. The old faded gown that is out of style can be readily dyed with Diamond Dyes to a fashionable color and then made over so that it will look quite as well as new. Suits for boys can be made from old ones discarded by the father, and a bath in the wonder-working Diamond Dyes will make them look like new. Dresses and cloaks for the little girls can be made with but little trouble and scarcely any expense from cast-off garments of the older folks, and when the color is changed with Diamond Dyes the made-overs will look as though they were fresh from the dressmakers.

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Remember Him In.

He: "You know the old saying, that 'man proposes'—"

She: "The saying is old enough, but the experience is so new to me that I hasten to avail myself of the opportunity."

"SCOMER DIE THAN SUFFER"

Is the Pain-Racked Rheumatic's Well-South American Rheumatic's Cure Nimbles the Swollen Stiff Joints—Gives New Life—New Hope—Cures Permanently.

J. H. Garret, of Liverpool, N. S., "I was a great sufferer for years from acute rheumatism. Was unable to walk or put my feet under me. I tried everything recommended, and was treated by best physicians, but relief was in vain. I was recommended to try South American Rheumatic cure. I procured a bottle; when half of it was taken I had great relief. A few bottles cured me. I claim to-day it is the only remedy that will cure rheumatism."

Inquirer: "I see it stated some philosopher says that the way to cure yourself of a love affair is to run away. Do you believe it?"

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