# PROGRESS.

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## SMOKE OF THE BATTLE.

### CERTAIN WHYS AND WHEREFORES OF THE HALIFAX ELECTION.

**Senator Power Did Not Want to Lose Sixteen Dollars—How the Programme Was Not Carried Out in Regard to Representation by Religious Beliefs.**

HALIFAX, March 22.—The provincial elections have been over for a week, but the smoke has not yet all cleared away, at least in this city and county. The contest was rendered more interesting by the prohibition plebiscite, but the making of the prohibition ballot was a very secondary matter, compared to the political contest, with 99 out of 100 electors. There will be a majority of about five to one in this province for prohibition.

There are many interesting incidents in connection with this, like all other campaigns, which fail to see the light of newspaper print. One of these, which so far has not been mentioned, is the grievance against Senator Power felt by members of the committees of the liberal party in Halifax. The rank and file probably have not heard of it. The Senator was the chairman of the liberal executive committee, a rather important office when it was known that his party was to have a good hard struggle to maintain control of the provincial parliament. The Dominion government met the same day the elections took place. Senator Power's party took for granted that he would remain in the city till the afternoon of election day, and thus give himself an opportunity not only to poll his own vote, but to work for success in other ways. Two days before election the committee were amazed to hear that the Senator was about to leave for Ottawa so as to be in the senate on the opening day. A little mild persuasion was unavailing, and the Senator adhered to his determination to go west without waiting for the election.

"You know," he said, "members of the Senate are paid by the day, and if a member is absent without leave he forfeits his indemnity. If I remain for the election I cannot reach the capital till the third day of parliament and shall be marked absent for two days. That would mean the loss of $16, a very large sum."

The above is the language of the Senator, as quoted by one of his most enthusiastic committee men, and is substantially, if not verbally correct. Senator Power is one of the wealthy men of Halifax. The chances are the Senator will not again be made chairman of the liberal executive committee.

In one of the polling booths a voter came in prepared to vote on prohibition. If an elector was in favor of prohibition he marked the ballot "yes," if against "no." This voter announced to the presiding officer that he wanted to "vote for his liquor;" he was not to be gulled by those "prohibition cranks." The ballot was handed to him and he marked it "yes," as if he were answering a request to have a drink. He was considerably taken aback when it was subsequently explained that in voting "yes" he had endorsed the hated prohibition, for he thought he was voting the other way.

It is here in Halifax where the interest of the contest remains after the battle is over. The rule is that each ticket shall comprise two protestants and one catholic. Both were of that description, but when the ballots were counted it was found that three protestants were elected, and that Speaker Power and Dr. Walsh, the two catholics, were near the foot of the poll. Premier Fielding and William Roche were the liberals elected, and W. A. Black the conservative. This result is doubtless attributable to the school difficulty in this city, with which PROGRESS readers were made acquainted some months ago. It is safe to say that the representation of Halifax will not long continue in the hands of three protestants. Already there are rumors that William Roche will resign in favor of M. J. Power. In thus doing Mr. Roche would expect to strengthen himself for the federal elections, as he and Mayor Keefe will likely be the liberal candidates for Ottawa. If he did so probably Mr. Power would be unopposed by the conservatives. On the other hand, W. A. Black might resign to allow Dr. Walsh to take the seat, as the conservative catholic. A possible compromise would be the resignation of Mr. Roche, for Speaker Power, and of Mr. Black, in favor of C. H. Cahan, who was defeated in Shelburne. There is some quiet talk of a "deal" of that kind, by which the government would gain their speaker and the opposition their former leader. He is a force in the house of assembly and invaluable to the opposition. There is considerable regret for personal reasons, at the defeat of Speaker Power, as he is understood to be in poor financial circumstances and solely dependent for a livelihood on his salary of $1,000 as speaker.

Another rumored way of getting Mr. Cahan into the house is the retirement of C. E. Tanner, one of the Conservative members for Pictou. It was said that John McDougald, will not again run for Ottawa and that Mr. Tanner aspires to the seat in the commons. If he retires from the local house now, in favor of Mr. Cahan, he would do so expecting the nomination for the federal parliament from Pictou. However it is done there is a general conservative determination that C. H. Cahan shall if possible be back in the local legisture.

What caused the dropping of the two catholic candidates is what the two political parties are trying to find out, and the opprobrium of which, each is attempting to fasten on the other. It seems that Mr. Black received the normal conservative vote. Probably had the conservatives stuck to their ticket all their three men would have been elected. On the other hand many liberals voted for Fielding and Roche, dropping Speaker Power. Nothing has ever been publicly stated about the "P. P. A.," its existence here has been kept very quiet, but a member of the society who was not ashamed of his membership, claims that there are 500 owning allegiance to the organization in Halifax, and that it was their vote which left the two catholics at the foot of the poll. Whatever the cause, the best thinking men in the community regret the circumstance, and lament the conditions which made it possible.

### PHILANTHROPY MISAPPLIED.

**The Church a Benevolent Lady Built When Nobody Needed It.**

HALIFAX, March 22.—Charity is one thing, and misappropriated philanthropy is another. There is much genuine charity in Halifax, more than in most cities of its size, but there is also some "misappropriated philanthropy." An instance of the unwise expenditure of a large sum of money is the building of the Mission church at the corner of South Park street and Inglis street the most aristocratic section of this city except the North-West Arm. The church was opened for service on Sunday afternoon by Rev. J. A. Rogers, and Rev. Dr. Lathern, after lying idle since its completion, for a couple of years.

The real history of this enterprise like many another interesting episode, has never been given to the public. As already stated the locality where the church has been built is the residential district for much of swell-dom, and however greatly that class might benefit by a mission church and its services, they are not the kind of people to avail themselves of the privilege. But Mrs. George H. Starr, a wealthy widow and most estimable lady, and a very devoted member of the methodist church, set her heart on a mission church in the neighborhood. She determined to erect the building paying for the site and edifice out of her own pocket. While she believed it would be the centre for a useful work she intended the church also as a memorial for her late husband.

When Mas. Starr made known her intentions to the authorities of the methodist church, they did all they possibly could do to dissuade the benevolent old lady from her purpose, There were strong hints, even, that if the church were built the denomination would not take it over and manage it. The utter uselessness of such a mission church in that locality was clearly seen. Everybody in the neighborhood has strong church attachments, and there is no room for the new church even as a Sunday school. Mrs. Starr was determined, however, and she selected the site, erected the church and furnished it very comfortably.

That was her part of the work, and there, it looked, the enterprise was destined to end, for the methodist church did not at once accept the gift. For more than a year the place was entered by none save its builder and owner, and the thousands of dollars it cost lay wasted and idle. It was sad, in the face of so much poverty in this city, and of the needs of the denomination all through the province, that benevolence should have been so completely misdirected. At last the members of the Halifax conference, seeing that the money had been irrevocably spent, and that a church, standing for years unopened, was a scandal, determined to do something about it, and so, Sunday afternoon, the mission church was opened for public service. It was a make-the-best-of-a-bad-business kind of a proceeding. Mr. Lund, who is in charge of the Jost Mission to the poorest of our people on Grafton, Albemarle and Brunswick streets, has been directed to devote part of his time to the South Park and Inglis street mission, and he will do his best to attend both. It will be with him, a case of seeing "extremes meet," Services will be held on Sunday afternoons only, in the meantime.

No one thinks of impugning the motives of Mrs. Starr. She has ample means and the right to use her money as she likes, but people are not slow to talk about the great need that exists elsewhere, for philanthropy, and the methodist church was very slow indeed to accept what is a gift of very doubtful value to that body.

**Stackhouse, Not Baskin.**

An unintentional injustice was done Mr. Baskin by PROGRESS last week, in stating that he had opposed Ald. Lockhart's nomination because the latter had previously defeated him. Mr. Baskin has been friendly towards Ald. Lockhart, and it was Mr. Stackhouse who was defeated by the latter.

## PINDER AND THE PILLS.

### THE MEMBER FOR YORK DOSES THE HOUSE.

**How A well-known Remedy got a Splendid Advertisement—Dr. Alward and His Testimonial—The new M. P. P. agent of the Company Distributing Samples.**

Never, perhaps, in the history of the House of Assembly has any medicine received so much good, free advertising as has fallen to the lot of Hawkers' remedies this season. It was all on account of a little testimonial of Dr. Silas Alward, who when asked how the medicine had affected him, did not hesitate to say just how beneficial it had been to him. Manager Russel was shrewd enough to see that the word of a man of letters, such as Dr. Alward would be of great benefit to him, and so far and wide through the country the name of Dr. Alward was hurled. Advertisement and poster, dodger and flyer proclaimed the fact that Dr. Alward had used Hawker's tonic and been helped. Thus it was, that in the heat of debate in the house. Hon. Mr. Tweedie arose and solemnly read what Dr. Alward had to say upon this subject. No argument of the honorable gentleman in answer to the opposition could have been so instantaneously effective. The laugh over the affair hardly had time to get out of the corridors—it was the joke of a day or so, when the manager of the company followed it by a visit to Fredericton. He carried a fat little valise in his hand and there was a thoughtful expression upon his countenance that meant a new advertising idea. This was revealed the next day when a north shore member called attention to the fact that packages of Hawker's Pills had been laid upon the desk of each member. He was not able to supply the name of the member who was in the employ of the company, but he directed the attention of the house to the fact. Perhaps PROGRESS can supply him with the information. Mr. Pinder of Southampton is said to be the man.

### IS IT BUSINESS RIVALRY?

**Capt. Williams Does not Like the Ways of Inspector William Waring.**

Mr. William Waring is inspector of engines and boilers in the department of marine and fisheries in St. John. He is also believed to be interested in the steam tug "Waring," though on the face of the record she is owned by his son.

Last September, Capt. R. W. Williams, owner of the tug "Fred Clinch" began the construction of a new tug, which was launched a month or two ago and is known as the "Leader." This tug is designed for the same class of harbor work as the "Waring," and the two are therefore rivals. Whether Captain Williams judges rightly or wrongly, he appears to be under the impression that this fact has had a good deal to do with the delay and expense to which he has been put, by Mr. Waring in his official capacity of inspector.

In building the "Leader" the shaft of the "Clinch" was utilized, and it is claimed that Inspector Waring was well aware at the outset that this shaft was to be utilized, knowing, too, precisely its diameter. He said nothing, however, until the machinery was in and the engine and boiler ready for his inspection.

Then, according to the story of Capt. Williams, he came aboard and made his inspection. After he had examined everything he asked what the name of the tug was to be. He was told that it would be the "Leader." "I am afraid she will not be a leader," he remarked, and stated that he could allow only 83 pounds of steam, though the boiler was tested for 125 pounds. The reason for this was that the shaft, with a diameter of three and one-half inches, was three-sixteenths of an inch too small. On account of this difference he cut off 42 pounds of steam, which may be the correct quantity, but which seems to the ordinary mind like a pretty big reduction.

As this would render the "Leader" useless for the work required, Capt. Williams had no alternative but to order a new shaft and other fittings to correspond, at a cost of about $400. When the new shaft was in place and everything ready, he wanted the inspector to go on a trial trip. This was on a Saturday, and as the harbor was a little rough, the inspector concluded to wait until Monday.

When Monday came, the tug man kept waiting for him from 7 in the morning until 2 in the afternoon. Then it was sent to shift a vessel from its moorings. While it was away the inspector arrived. He wanted to know where the "leader" was, and on being told that it had gone on a job in which there was money to be earned, he grew indignant and gave orders that the tug be "tied up" under the government penalty for infraction of such an order. This made matters worse than ever, and so Capt. Williams sought collector Ruel with the final result that the "Leader" was released and is now ready for active competition with the "Waring."

It is asserted that in addition to other evidences of Inspector Waring having an interest in the tug bearing his surname, he personally and by messenger sought to take the captain of the "Clinch" from Capt. Williams by the offer of higer wages, and that he is looked upon in the light of a rival tug owner.

It is possible that in all the trouble and expense to which Capt. Williams has been put, Mr. Waring has done no more than his duty as inspector, but his alleged interest in opposition boat seems to have led a good many to think that he has at heart laid himself open to suspicion as to his fairness in the matter. It would seem to be in order for him to explain.

### PRACTICAL ELECTION JOKERS.

**New Glasgow Had Them and Their Fun This Year.**

In New Glasgow at the recent local election the grits and tories were distinguished by red and blue ribbons respectively and this was the cause of a few practical jokes, one or two of which a correspondent sends to PROGRESS.

About two hours before the polls closed, a respectable, well behaved dog, belonging to a worthy representative of the town, was sent home by "the boys" his tail hugging mother earth, although it was most artistically decorated with a "Psyche knot" of brilliant red ribbon, while above each paw he sported an "incroyable bow" of the same color Judging from his sad expression, red did not suit his complexion, and he knew it.

The next to come under my notice was a well known gentleman who drove up street, looking, as he always does, the picture of good nature. He had occasion to call in a store, on his way, so left his horse and carriage standing at the corner. While he was absent, a well known club man, with a particularly innocent expression, came out of a store near by, having in his hand some yards of red ribbon, with which he decorated the bangs of the unsuspecting quadruped. After a few moments, the owner of the horse, made his appearance, his hands in his pockets his head bowed down evidently pondering—what the next hour would bring forth. In a shorter time than it takes to write it, he was standing before the animal. Horrors! did his eyes deceive him! was this horse really his? if so? why this desecration, why this outrage? with one hand he ruthlessly tore the colors away, (but put them in his pocket) with the other hand he grasped the reins, jumped into the wagon, stopping only long enough to relate his troubles, in a stage whisper—to a brother politician, tore down the street, and was seen no more.

**Poor Tenant and Hard Landlord.**

HALIFAX, March 22.—A pitable case of poverty and the cruelty of a creditor was witnessed on Tuesday. A man named Thos. De Young is landlord of Wm. Smith, a laboring man, glad to work when he can get employment, for $1 per week. He has had little to do this winter and his wife and two children are in abject want. The family of four occupied one room between them, and slept on the floor. Their rent overdue, had reached $11.25. Charitable people gave the distressed man some assistance. De Young heard of it and concluded it was his opportunity. He issued a capias and Smith was taken to jail. The poor wife came down to see Chief of Police O'Sullivan and that kind-hearted man was so shocked by her appearance that he determined to help her. She had very little clothing and her children were scantily dressed, if the rags they wore were worthy of the name "dress." The chief and Dr. Partridge bestirred themselves on the poor woman's behalf, but took good pains to make sure what they gave would never reach the gnash of the hard creditor. In a few hours the indignation aroused was sufficient to force DeYoung to direct that his prisoner should be discharged. He had no option, however, for Smith would have sworn out, under the Indigent Debtor's Act. There is nothing much harder than the heart of some landlords.

**Very Valuable Signatures.**

A petition from the St. John lawyers, in favor of the appointment of Hon C. N. Skinner as judge of the supreme court has been circulated around the city this week, and has been signed by nearly all who have been asked. Two lawyers declined not from any objection to Mr. Skinner but because they never sign petitions. No lawyer wanted to make himself conspicuous by objecting to Mr. Skinner, though some may send private letters to Ottawa, explaining why their signatures were given so readily and qualifying their assent. Mr. Vanwart has also a petition signed by the Fredericton bar, so that Sir John Thompson will have a fine collection of authographs, even if that is all the value he attaches to them. One of the easiest things in the world is to get a petition signed.

**Always to the Front.**

At any and all times people patronize a jewelry store, for where can they find anything in the line of a gift so readily, or that will suit them so well? Mr. Tremaine Gard's advertisement appears on the 8th page of PROGRESS today, reminding his old customers, as well as those who are not his customers, that he is always to the front in this particular line.

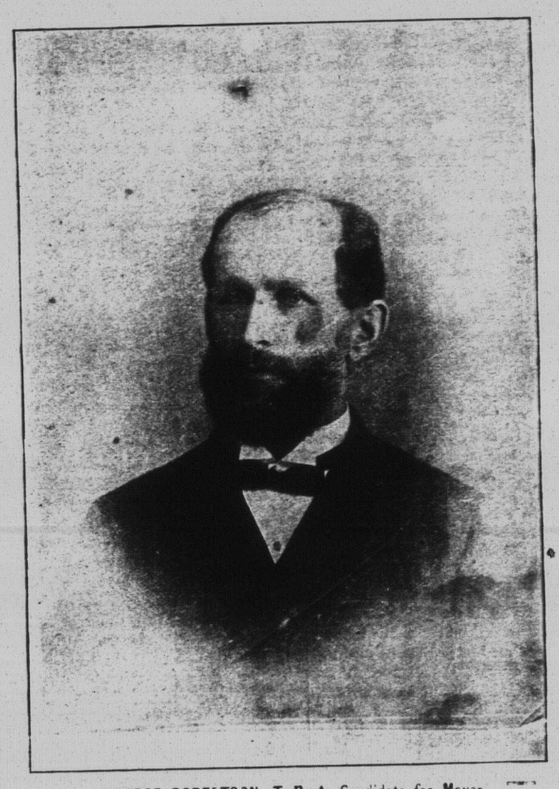
## THEY ARE ALL GOOD MEN.

### CANDIDATES WHO ARE LIKELY TO WIN IN ALL WARDS.

**The Tax Reduction Association Makes a Good Choice of Men—Reasons Why They Ought to Be Elected—The Opposition Not Yet Fully to the Front.**

The Tax Reduction Association has chosen its ticket, and there is a general impression that it will go.

It cannot do anything else if the people who have been grumbling about taxes come to the front and support the men who have been nominated as against those who will nominate themselves, on the ground that they need the offices whether the offices need them or not. There are some of the present council who have not only been in too long, but ought not to have got there in the first instance. They are pretty well known, thanks to PROGRESS, and if certain of them are elected this time it will be because the better class of citizens are asleep or out of town.



GEORGE ROBERTSON, T. R. A. Candidate for Mayor.

Mr. George Robertson is the choice for mayor. Everybody knows him, and there is nothing that can be urged against him. He would probably have been elected to parliament instead of Mr. John A. Chesley, if the electors had known as much about both gentlemen before the election as they found out afterwards. He had the disadvantage, too, of being a machine candidate at a time when the conservatives in St. John were kicking against the machine. This time he is brought forward on a ticket which is trying to kill ring rule as it has existed under the system of ward elections, in which the beelers rather than the people elected the candidates.

It is believed that Mayor Peters will seek election for the fourth time. He has done nothing to antagonize the people during the past year, but there is a great and growing feeling that after a man has been mayor for three years he becomes a little monotonous. Two things in his favor are that he dresses well and has plenty of time to attend to his duties, but it may also be added that Mr. Robertson also dresses well, even though not so loudly as His Worship. So, too, Mr. Robertson has given so much time in the public interests for years past, that there is not the slightest danger of his giving the people the full benefit of his services in the future.

There have been rumors that Ald. McLauchlan will be a third candidate, but so far they are not confirmed. If he knows when he is well off, he had better keep out of the fight.

The candidates for aldermen at large are, Mr. D. J. McLaughlin and Ald. O'Brien, and so far, there is no certainty as to who will oppose them.

James Kennedy a representative mercent, is named for King's ward. It is understood that Ald. Barnes will oppose him, though the latter has for two or three years past given his friends the idea that he would rather be out of the council than in it.

An excellent choice has been made in Queen's, of Dr. J. W. Daniel, a man of clean record in and out of his profession, who will bring a store of good judgment to bear on civic matters. If he has any opposition it is not likely to count for much.

Wellington will have Ald. Shaw for a standard bearer. This is a ward where success in elections has always been conditioned on the way a small group of hustlers regarded the candidates, but with elections by the vote of all the citizens the best man is likely to be chosen, and Ald. Shaw has therefore pretty bright prospects

The new candidate for Prince is Mr. John H. McRobbie. Prince has long needed better representation than it has got, and with the aid of the friends of reform it has a better chance of getting what it needs than it has had for years, or was likely to have under the old ward elections.

One of the very best men at the council board, Ald. McCarthy, has been chosen for Dukes. It would be a great mistake not to elect him, as he has not only shown himself a thorough friend of reform, but in all that he has said and done has brought sound common sense to bear. He crowds out Ald. Blizard, it is true, and it may be the latter will either run on his own account or make the cardinal mistake of running with an opposition ticket which will be largely composed of men with whom Ald. Blizard has had no affiliations at the council board.

A good man has also been chosen for Sidney ward, in the person of Mr. G. H. Waring, who has important interests at stake in the ward and the city at large.

Taking the North End as a whole, it would have been hard to select a group of candidates who were not to be preferred to most of the present incumbents. A good choice has been made, however, in every ward. Victoria will have Ald. Seaton who has been tried to the council and found worthy of trust. Dufferin will have Thos. Milledge, a man of great grasp of mind and thoroughly untarnished record. Lansdowne will have Count de Bury who has always taken a deep interest in civic affairs. Lorne will have such a well known citizen as Capt. McMulkin, while Stanley, in Mr. E. C. Foster, will have a prominent manufacturer with a stake in the community and a high reputation which extends far beyond the extensive business to which he has devoted such close attention.

In the meantime, Ald. McGoldrick has had a big requisition from the electors of Stanley ward, and may be counted as certainly in the field on the opposition side. As the vote depends on the citizens at large, his chances are an unknown quantity. The times are not what they used to be in Stanley ward, and this year, at least, it will not even matter much in the general results if that ward yields more votes than it has on its list.

The reform candidates on the west side are Ald. Lockhart for Guys and Ald. Baxter for Brooks. Both have been straightforward and active in the work in the council, and they were chosen as the representative Carleton men. It is not likely Ald. Smith will run again in Guys, though it is understood there will be opposition, but he is looked upon as pretty safely booked for the council.

In addition to Ald, McGoldrick the names of the present aldermen, who are likely to run are Christie, Lon Chesley, Kelly, Law, Wilkins, Nickerson, McKelvey, Barnes, Blizzard and Colwell. If Ald. McLauchlan does not run for mayor, he also may be added. There are two or three good men in the list, but, taken as a whole on a ticket, the citizen in favor of reform, is likely to consider that the reformers on it are very largely in the minority.

# OF THE ANCIENT TYPE.

### ARE THE CAPE BRETON FOLK FROM THE TWELVE TRIBES?

They Have Many and Singular Virtues—Good Qualities of Head and Heart—The Story of a Bible Agent and His Adventures on His Travels.

Looking at the communities of Cape Breton socially and from association with many of them individually, I have come to the conclusion that there is in Cape Breton, entirely surrounded by the ocean and very much cut off from intercourse with the world, a remarkable race of people who are going to turn the destinies of the Canadian nation. The minds of these people are extremely keen and their reasoning powers unmistakably profound. They are an unostentiously religious people and in many respects are identical with the tribes who so determinedly marched round and round the walls of Jericho until the pagan towers fell down. These patient pedestrians, as is well known, were the founders of the twelve Israelitish republics later absorbed into the monarchy of King Saul, the fame of which spread all through Asia in the days of Babylon and Nineveh. After a study of their character and a comparison of such with the people of Cape Breton I am convinced that there are many points of resemblance, and steadily, if slowly, the belief has taken hold of me that the people who make up the mining communities of Cape Breton will be a future "power" in the new Canadian nation. During the American civil war some of the most fearless warriors and most rapidly promoted officers in the regiments of the North were Cape Bretoners and I have now before me a letter from an army surgeon dated Pottsville, Pennsylvania, February 21, 1894, speaking in glowing terms of the men of Cape Breton whose blood stained American soil thirty years ago. To the shame of the American government be it written that for years they have thrown every obstacle in the way of granting pensions to these Cape Breton warriors, although some of them to my knowledge, are still suffering from the wounds received in the subjugation of the South. I have taken the matter up, and wrote every Cape Bretoner (and Canadian) who has not obtained justice from Washington to communicate with me at Halifax.

The physiognomy of the people of Cape Breton is thoroughly noble. More classic countenances cannot be found in any section of the British Empire than one can see any day in the Sydney district. The long oval countenance is there,—denoting noble ancestry— and chaste features, exquisite foreheads, and magnificent eyes and sculptured throats. In station they are often an elegant and at times an unsurpassable race, with easy gait and herculean limbs. Their sports are full of fun; their ambition at times is sublime. When once these isolated races shake off the fetters and spring into prominence, if only they keep together and do not drift apart, the country to use a figurative expression will quiver. In that rapidly approaching day, a race of writers, thinkers, singers, jurists, enquirers and legislators will emerge from the shadows of the Ile Royale and preserving all their intense devotion for the faith and tradition of their faith will take hold of the destinies of Canada and lift the Dominion further and further towards its rightful place as the dominant power of the New World. We have seen what Nova Scotia can do in an Edison. Edison's father was a Nova Scotia man, and there are plenty of the grit of Edison left

The home life of the people of Cape Breton is simple and interesting. Hearts are very warm up there among the colleries, and the clannish element links them together very loyally. Woe to him who dares to do different from his fellow and especially woe to the stranger who goes into the village and keeps aloof from these simple hearted people. You must visit them, and if you do a heartier welcome awaits you than one ever tastes in the salons of the wealthy. It is also a terrible thing if that stranger neglects to go to church. A bible agent once told me that if he did not attend church he could not sell more than two or three bibles in Cape Breton. In his earlier days he had apparently neglected the precaution, but at the time of my visits he had become quite a diplomatist and the sale of gorgeous copies of the scriptures, bound in red morocco and brass positively astounded me. This agent took thousands of dollars out of the colliers in this line alone, and many a house today all through the coal fields has its magnificent copy of Holy Writ carefully laid upon a little table, as a lamp for the family footsteps all through the adroitness of that artful book agent.

There are without doubt, a few peculiar men running "lines of books" through Cape Breton. The most I ever saw was a Bible agent from St. John, New Brunswick, who spent several weeks last summer in the Sydney district. Although a Bible agent his features were most debased. His conduct was worse. He got in as far as Glace Bay and fell a wine-bibbing. For something like two weeks he kept steady at it, the holy books being of course very much neglected; and when he exhausted both money and credit, a solemn procession escorted him over to Cow Bay. Cow Bay, be it known, is a temperate place, although some of the residents keep mouth washes, for use after a drink of the Cuss of England. Still it is without doubt a temperate place, for if at dusk, others of the residents are seen skulking around the doors of an illicit drinking den, with jugs and cans, this need not ruin the character of a very temperate little town, where the righteous undoubtedly flourish like a green bay tree. The bible agent duly arrived in charge of two other book agents with very watery eyes, and straightway the temperate inhabitants resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means for his redemption. The sinner was put to bed, dosed with hot tea, and let down gently from his evil habits on hop beer and other non-intoxicants. In a day or two he was able to sit up straight, and he was led with almost maternal care to the veranda of his temporary refuge, to sit in the sun! By and by he did positively make up his mind to repent and the glowing satisfaction which took possession of the good hearted rescuers, positively reminded one of that passage in the book agent's Bible, about the joy among the angels which is greater over one sinner that repents than over ninety and nine just men who need no repentance. Still all these small Cape Breton philanthropists stood looking at their protege there was—may I be pardoned for writing it—just the faintest trace in those kindly countenances of the expression which we associate with the worshippers in the temple, who stood aloof from the poor publican and said, "I thank thee I am not as other men are, or even as the publican—a sinner." Well, to proceed, the Bible Agent, hurried off to Glace Bay and was presently brought back, wet inside and out, by her Majesty's sheriff of the Peace, who resigned him with a sigh of relief to the good ladies of the place. They struggled on with him as best they could, those tender hearts growing sadder as the days rolled by. But at length the hotel-keeper lost patience, and after listening one day to the Bible agent's maudlin assertion that he must walk to Halifax that night, and that he must, he gently ejected him from his hospitable roof. Simultaneous with the eviction came a voice from St. John, dismissing the fellow and the curtain fell with tragic solemnity.

### USES OF THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

The Citizens of Naples Seem to Have Reduced It to a Science.

Such admirable mimics are the Neapolitans that they can even dispense with the use of proper names. A twist of the features, a strut, or other peculiarity of manner, and they have indicated an acquaintance without using his patronymic.

Two men on opposite sides of the street in Naples have been known to hold a protracted conversation by means of signs alone.

Number One pulls a face descriptive of some common acquaintance and makes an interrogative motion.

Number Two crosses his fingers like bars before his face and winks significantly.

Number One signals, "Why?"

Number Two closes his fingers, with a peculiar motion of the hand, laughs and proceeds on his way. This being translated, reads: "Where is So-and-So?"

"In prison."

"What has he been doing?"

"Stealing."

Familiarity with the language of signs save a great deal of time and effort. For example, if in any other city you wish to invite a passing acquaintance to dinner you must stop him and go through a quantity of courteous formality.

In Naples you may simply rap your mouth and intimate the hour by holding up the requisite number of fingers. A motion on his part informs you whether your friend will accept your hospitality. The following are some of the most common signs and gestures in use:

An outward wave of the hand signifies "adieu"; an inward, "come": a downward, "stop." The thumb pointed backward says, "look." Put to the lips with a slight toss of the head it means drinking. Passing across the forehead as though wiping away perspiration, fatigue.

The index finger drawn across the mouth denotes anger; across the clenched teeth, defiance; rapping the closed fingers against the lips, eating; passing the extended index and thumb in front of the mouth, hunger; twisting the end of the moustache, Isn't it good to eat?" A backward wave of the hand beneath the chin and a simultaneous toss of the head, "Not at any price!"

### A Popular Soprano.

The London Morning Leader of a recent date said Miss Alice Esty, of Boston, Mass, is one of the most popular sopranos of the Carl Rosa Opera company. It is now three years since she first came to England, and after singing at one of Madame Patti's concerts in the Albert hall she was at once offered an engagement by the Carl Rosa company. Her principal successes have been achieved as Santuzza in the "Cavalleria" (a part she has sung some seventy-five times) as Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust," as Jullet, and as Elsa. She has been as successful in the concert-room as on the operatic stage, and has sung with Mr. Henschel's and Sir Charles Halle,s orchestra, as well as at the Richter and Crystal Palace concerts. She hails from the "Hub," and, like most Bostonians is very proud of her Yankee home, where, by the way, she received her entire education. In private life she is Mrs. Alec Marsh; her husband is, of course, the popular baritone. They have a charming home in South Hampstead.

### His Feeling for the Baby.

Mrs. Watts—I believe Mr. Oldbatch's detestation of babies is all affection. He sat by one in the car yesterday that cried for half an hour, and actually seemed to enjoy it.

Mrs. Potts—Of course he enjoyed it! He hates them so that he is delighted to see one in misery.

### AN INTERRUPTED SKETCH.

(Prominent Prize Competition.)

"What a delightful spot this is Nell, and what an enchanting glimpse of the river through the trees; look! do look! at the hills on the other side, I think I will sit down on this bank and sketch this lovely scene." "Oh Kathleen; how you can rapsodise over a bit of scenery. I wonder how it is I cannot appreciate the beauties of nature as you do, the artistic soul seems to be asleep in me." "Dem so hot, I think I will not try to read but seek some shady and secluded nook where I can court repose; while you reproduce some of the glorified scenery presented to the artistic vision you are the undoubted possessor of."

Silence falls on the pair, Kathleen arranges her sketch-book, and is soon utterly and entirely interested in the work she is doing. Nell wanders away for a short distance but not discovering the desired haven returns, and sitting down near Kathleen, leans back with her hands clasped behind her head, making as pretty a picture as any one could wish to see, the unstudied grace of her attitude and the beautiful curves of her lithe figure would indeed delight an artist's eye. The heat seems to grow more intense and Nell closes her eyes and appears for a few minutes lost in dreams

The very slight sound made by a bicycle passing along the road does not attract the attention of either of the girls, and the rider, a handsome athletic young man, rides a few rods further down the road, and, attracted by the cool looking bank, dismounts, and leaving his wheel under a tree near the roadside, prepares to make himself comfortable on the shady moss covered bank at no great distance from the girls.

Kathleen quite unconscious of the presence of the young man pursues her sketching earnestly, and Nell opened her eyes looking lazily around is struck with a new idea, which she communicates to Kathleen in a somewhat sudden and rather startling manner. "I am going to take off my shoes and stockings and bathe my feet, there is not a soul in sight, and look at that delightful sandy bar stretching away out there. Oh! I enjoy the very thought of it, I feel cool in anticipation, I can almost imagine I am a child once more—now for pity's sake, do not advise me to refrain, as I am quite determined to go in, just think, Kathleen, how your sketch will be improved, with the introduction of my fairy form into it."

Nell calmly persevered in her determination, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her elder and more sedate sister, and in a few minutes disappeared from her sister's view. Kathleen resumed her work but glancing at the river again, her attention was attracted to Nell who presented a charming picture with her dress kilted above the ankles, and her dainty pinkish feet glimmering through the shining water.

She calls out to Kathleen and invites her to come and wade, assuring her that "the water is quite delightfully cool." Her voice had the unlooked for and totally undesired effect of arousing the sleeping bicyclist, who, gazing around in dreamy wonder, vainly endeavoured to connect the voice with his disturbed dream.

Then his eye lighted on the fascinating picture and a happy thought fairly made his eyes shine and his face beam with joyousness, and quietly yet speedily wending his way, up the bank, he detached his 'kodak' from his bicycle and returning resumed his position of vantage, filled with glee at the prize he was going to number with his 'pictures'—. He was almost as comfortably arranged as was necessary, when the magnetic influence of his admiring glances drew the attention of poor Nell to his presence, with lightning quickness of perception she grasped the idea and dropped her skirts; but, alas, they were not long enough to hide the pretty feet.

"Oh! Kathleen!" she called, as a vivid blush mantled the pretty face. Kathleen glancing up quickly, took in the situation, she also happened to include in her glance, the road and a bicycle, and quick as thought, just as the amateur photographer was going to take his "snap shot" of her sister, she called "Beg pardon, but a small boy is attempting to ride off with your bicycle."

The kodak was laid aside quickly; and Nell hurrying back to the shore was joined by Kathleen who had rapidly collected her sketching materials and they were disappearing from view ere the discomfited bicyclist realized that he had been hoaxed.

SUNBEAM.

### One Thing He Feared to Do.

"Let me give you my dying advice," said Rufus Choate. "Never cross-examine a woman. It is of no use. They cannot disintegrate the story they have once told. They cannot eliminate the part that is for you from that which is against you. They can neither combine, nor shade, nor qualify. They go for the whole thing, and the moment you begin to cross-examine one of them, instead of being bitten by a single rattlesnake, you are bitten by a whole barrelful. I never, excepting in a case absolutely desperate, dared to cross-examine a woman."

### An Unpromising Outlook.

Missionary—I wonder if there is any field here?

Sad Eyed Native—No, sir, there is not. There were fifteen entries, but they were nearly all scratched.

### THE LATEST AND BEST WRITING

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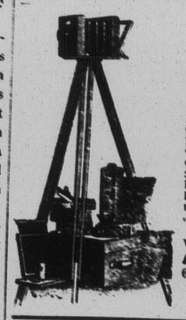

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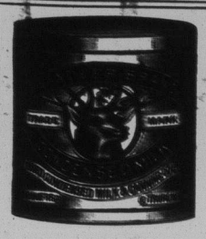

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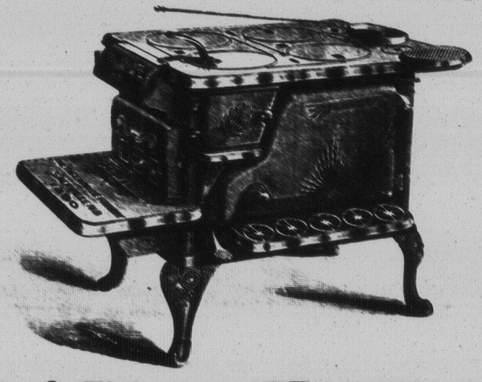

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# Musical and Dramatic.

### IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The selections from the "Messiah" given in Trinity Church last week by the St. John Oratorio society, were heard by an audience large, sympathetic and appreciative. As previously noted there was no orchestra but there was an organ which was used to a generous extent throughout the programme.

There seemed to be different opinions between the leading vocalists and the organist as to the proper tempo in some of the select ons and this was quite noticeable in the tenor arias "Behold and see" by the Rev. Mr. Dicker, when the voice waited continually upon the instrument, which in this instance and in relation to every other solo was entirely too loud. This may be explained in many ways but I have on other occasions observed the same error of judgment on the part of accompanists. They so often forget that the instrument must be subsidiary to the voice. In no instance should it be permitted to take precedence. There are not so many good accompanists as there are piano and organ players. The tenor solo just referred to was sung with much taste and feeling and was the best of the reverend gentleman's efforts. It is always a pleasure to hear Mrs. Carter sing, but she did not seem to be at her best in the aria "Come unto Him" but the other solos, "How beautiful are the feet" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were admirably given and were the gems of the programme. The alto solos were entrusted to Miss Hea, whose careful interpretation is already well known, and which on this occassion was in keeping with her previous work. The chorus was not as prompt as should have been; there was want of proper attack and Mr. Fisher's stick work more than once prevented ragged work from developing into disaster. The basses were very good. The best of the choruses to my mind were "Their sound is gone out into all lands" and "Worthy is the lamb." The "Hallelujah" was fairly well done but the accentuation was not as good as it will be with more practice. The society is rehearsing "the Creation" and Alexander's Feast" for the midsummer concerts.

A very interesting occasion was the song, organ and piano recital last Saturday afternoon at the conservatory by Miss Lugrin and Mr. Fisher, for which invitations had been issued by Miss Morley and Mrs. Hayden. The selections were from the works of Handel, Weber, Saint-Saens, Chopin, Bach and others, and afforded no small pleasure to those who were fortunate enough to be present.

The concert to be given by Mrs. R P. Porteous (Frances Franklin) at the Opera House next Monday evening promises to be an entertainment of more than ordinary merit. While comparatively little is known of the abilities of Mrs. Porteous, enough has been learned to show that she has studied in the best English schools and that she is a composer of much cleverness. The fact that she will be assisted by Messrs. G. C. Coster, G. S. Mayes, Miss Hea and others who are well known as musicians and who have been identified with some of the best of our local entertainments, and that the occasion will serve to introduce a vocalist new to St. John in the person of Miss Ina Edgar, of Chatham, should all be inductive to liberal patronage. If real talent were patronized as it deserved there would be less disappointment than is often felt in local affairs.

The concert given by Harrison's Orchestra on Good Friday evening when they were assisted by Herr Doering tenor, Herr Ernst Doering, cellist, and Madame Brauer, was too late in the week for notice.

Another concert which will attract not a little attention is that of the Knights of Pythias, to be given at the Opera House on 29th inst.

On Tuesday evening next the Father Mathew Association will give their postponed entertainment in aid of the orphans. The musical programme in which the City Cornet Band will be heard will be interspersed with recitations, thus gratifying the taste of all.

The following are the musical services for Easter in the city churches, so far as heard from:

St. Andrew's church, organist, Mr. Charles R. Fisher.

Morning.—Anthem—They have taken away my Lord, Stainer.

Evening.—Anthem—Awake thou that Sleepest. From Stainer's Daughter of Jairus.

Selections on the organ from the Easter music from Handel's Messiah.

St. Luke's church, organist, Miss Farmer.

Morning service, 11 a. m.—Hymn—The Happy Morn is Come; Te Deum, Hopkins; Anthem—They have taken away my Lord, Stainer; Hymn—Alleluia! The Strife is o'er, the battle done.

Evening, 7 p. m.—Hymn—Jesus Christ is risen today; Barnby's service in E; Anthem—I Know that my Redeemer Liveth, from Handel's Messiah; Hymn—Come, ye Faithful, Raise the Strain; Hymn—He is risen.

Special service for children at 3. p. m.

St. Paul's church, organist, Mr. T. P. Bourne.

Communion service at 8 a. m.—Crookshank's service in E flat; Pro. Hymn 134, A. and M.; Hymn 126, A. and M.

Morning prayer, 11 a. m.—Pro. Hymn, 131, A. and M.; Proper Psalms, chanted; Te Deum, Dykes, in F; Benedictus, Dykes, in F; Hymn 140, A. and M.; Hymn 136, A. and M.; Hymn 137, A. and M.

Evening prayer, 7 p. m.—Pro. Hymn 134, A. and M.; Proper Psalms, chanted; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, chanted; Anthem—As it began to dawn, Vincent; Hymn 134, A. and M.; Hymn 135, A. and M.; Hymn 137, A. and M.

Germain Street Baptist church, organist, Mrs. W. E. O. Jones.

Christ being raised from the dead, by S. Webbe; He is not Here, but is risen, by H. P. Danks; Awake, thou that sleepest, by F. C. Maker; Easter selections by Schubert Quartette.

Organ selections from Mozart's Twelfth Mass.

Mission church, Paradise Row, organist, Mr. Geo. Wilson.

Matins 10 a. m.—Te Deum, Dykes; Hymn 134, Christ the Lord is risen today.

Choral Celebration 11 a. m.—Pro., Salve Festa Dies; Introit, Psalm 16; Service, A. J. Eyre in E; Gradual, Hymn 127; Anthem—The strife is o'er, Hodgson; Hymn 137, Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven and voices raise.

Evening 7.30 p. m.—Pro., Salve Festa Dies; Canticles, Clarke Whitfield; Anthems—(1) They have taken away my Lord, Stainer; (2) The strife is o'er, Hodgson; Hymns, 134, Jesus Christ is risen today; 138, Christ is risen.

Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, organist, Mr. I. J. D. Landry.

Morning, 11 a. m.—12th Mass, Mozart; Offertory—Regina Coeli, Lebat.

Afternoon, vespers.—Psalms; Magnificat, Dainby; Regina Coeli, Wreyand.

Benediction—O Salutaris, Rosewig; Tantum Ergo, Lambillotte.

Centenary church, organist, Miss Hea

Anthems—Awake up, my glory, J. Barnby; As it began to dawn, Charles Vincent; Awake, thou that sleepest, F. C. Maker; Be glad, O ye righteous, H. Smart.

Chants—Christ being raised, J. Barnby; O sing unto the Lord a new song, Crotch.

Also usual Easter hymns.

St. Peter's church, North End, organist, Mrs. A. McMullin.

Morning 10.30.—Peter's Mass in D; Offertory—Regina Coeli.

Evening 7.30.—Special Psalms; Haec Dies; O Salutaris; Grand Tantum Ergo.

Church of the Assumption, Carleton, organist, Miss A. McCarron.

Morning 10.00—Mass, Kyrie, Gloria, Credo; Sanctus and Agnus Dei, Marix; Offertory—O Salutaris Hostia, Roberts.

Afternoon 3.30—Usual vespers—Psalms; Hymns—The Holy City, Magnificat, Ressurexit.

Benediction—O Salutaris, Tantum Ergo, Lambillotte.

Church of the Holy Trinity, Moore street, organist, Miss McCafferty.

High Mass at 10 a. m.—Mass in B flat, Farmer; Credo, Millard; Offertory—Le Ciel s' Vinte La Terre, Gounod.

Vespers at 7.15 p. m.—Psalms, Gregorian; Laudate Dominum, Freye; O Salutaris, Cherubini; Tantum Ergo, Lambillotte.

St. Stephen's church, organist, Miss Wilson.

Morning.—Hymn 56—Blest Morning! Whose First Dawning Rays; Psalm 68: 18-20—Thou hast Ascended up on high; Hymn 57—Christ the Lord is risen today; Solo and chorus—The world itself keeps Easter day; Hymn 342—Now may He who from the Dead, E. L. Bullington.

Evening.—Hymn 67—Look, ye Saints! the sight is glorious; Psalm (116: 1-7; Hymn 78—O for a thousand tongues to sing; Chant—The tomb opened; Solo—Mary's Lament, J. E. Trowbridge; Hymn—Alleluia! The strife is o'er; Hymn 63—All hail the power of Jesus' name.

Portland Street Methodist church, organist, Mrs. T. McMasters.

Morning 11 a. m.—Anthems—Anthem for Easter, Billings; Hallelujah, A. F. Lord; The risen Lord, J. McPherson; Hymns—Nos. 174, 178, 171.

Evening 7 p. m.—Anthems—Anthem for Easter, Billings; Magnify and praise Him—Glory be to God, Nickolls; Christ our passover, H. D. Hewitt; Hymns—Nos. 179, 176, 175.

Brussels Street church, organist, Miss Lindsay.

Jesus our Saviour has risen, Booth; Carol—Day of resurrection, Gilchrist; Anthem—Christ is risen today, V. Novello.

St. John's church, organist, Mr. J. S. Ford.

Morning.—Jubilate in D, Sullivan; Te Deum in E flat, Gadsby; Anthem—Break forth into joy, Barnby.

Evening.—Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, Lloard Selby; Anthem—As it began to dawn, Vincent; Hymns for the day—Jesus lives, Blow ye the trumpet, blow, Jesus Christ is risen today, Hallelujah! Hearts to heaven and voices raise, Now thank we all our God.

Trinity church, Mr. R. P. Strand organist and director of the choir.

8 a. m.—Holy Communion, (choral) service, Woodworth in E flat.

Morning Prayer 11 a. m.—Processional Hymn 136, Proper Psalms, ii, lvii, cxi, Te Deum, Woodward in E flat; Anthem—Why seek ye the living among the dead, C. Simper; Hymn 131.

Evening Prayer 7 p. m.—Processional Hymn 184, Proper Psalms, cxiii, cxiv, cxviii, Magnificat, Nunc Dimittis, Sir John Stainer in F; Anthem—Very early in the morning the first day of the week, R. P. Strand; Hymns 139, 42.

### Tones and Undertones.

Corinne will take a rest of a year and go to Europe at the close of next season.

The box office receipts for the two weeks of Grand Opera in Boston recently were $132,000.

The Bostonians will shortly produce a new Comic Opera written by Messrs Robyn and Le Pere.

Stainer's "The Crucifixion," complete, was given in the Shawmut church, Boston, last Sunday evening.

Bandmaster Sousa has just completed his new opera for De Wolf Hopper. He has named it "El Capitan."

On Thursday evening of this week Patti made her last appearance in New York in the second act of Martha.

Emma Eames has been engaged as the principal soprano for the biennial music festival at Cincinnati, early in May.

Von Bulow disliked singers, especially tenors, and one of his caustic definitions was, "A tenor is not a man, but a malady."

Paderewskis's new opera has been played over to some of the leading London critics who declare a greater than Mascagni has arrived.

Mascagni is engaged upon a new opera entitled "Marito de Sacerdote." This is the title of the novel by Misafi from which the plot is taken.

"The Bohemian Girl" was given at the Drury Lane theatre London, Eng., on 26 ult., Madame Fanny Moody was the Arline and Devilshoof, a part practically created by the late Aynesley Cook, was sung by Mr. Mannere.

Sir Augustus Harris will collaborate with Fred E. Weatherly in a romantic opera in one act, the music of which will be composed by Emil Bach.

Tschaikowsky's great overture, "1812," has been arranged for military band by John Philip Sousa, and is now a prominent feature of his band's repertoire.

Sixty new operas were produced in Germany in 1893. One of the most successful was "Hansel and Gretel" by Humperdinck, and which was sung in Weimar and Munich.

Raoul Koczalski, the 9-year old pianist, is now the rage in Munich. He is described as "a little pumpkin of a fellow, fat and rosy, who is a combination of the baby and the veteran that cannot easily be described. There is nothing spirituelle in his appearance." He was born in Warsaw in 1885.

Miss Eleanor Mayo, who will sing the title and principal role in Willard Spenser's new Comic Opera "The Princess Bonnie," is the daughter of Frank Mayo, the romantic actor. Miss Mayo is about 19 years of age, tall and a pronounced blonde.

The Handel and Haydn society of Boston on Easter Sunday will give the oratorio of "Saint Paul" for the fifteenth time. The occasion will be the 694th concert of the society. Miss Emma Juch will be the soprano. Carl Zerrahn will be the conductor, closing his fortieth season.

The late Madame Patey, the eminent contralto (Janet Monach Whytock) was born in London in 1842. Her earliest public appearance was in the Town Hall, Birmingham. She studied under Simis Reeves and Sig. Pinsuti. She was married in 1866 to John G. Patey, formerly a well known operatic baritone. She was a conspicuous figure at nearly all Handel festivals after that year until 1890. For nearly 20 years she held the position of leading native contralto singer, unchallenged. Her last important engagement was in 1880 when she took part in the production of Dr. Passey's "Judith." In 1890 she made an extended tour in Australia and Japan. Mme. Patey, if not a great artist, was a really great singer, excelling in broad effects and direct appeals to the feelings of her audience. Her voice was a genuine contralto of remarkable volume and power, extending to the lower E and travelling with perfect ease throughout vast auditoriums like the Albert Hall or Crystal Palace transept. With the public she was popular, while in private life she was greatly and deservedly esteemed for her domestic virtues and the sterling sincerity of her character.

### TALK OF THE THEATRE.

W. H. Crane will revive "The Merry Wives of Windsor" next season.

Miss Julia Arthur has resigned her position as leading lady of A. M. Palmer's Company.

"Two men and a woman," is the title of Haddon Chambers new play for the Haymarket theatre, London.

Sardoo has promised to write a new play for Sarah Bernhardt, which she is to produce at the Renaissance in October.

It is said that Mad. Modjeska's great ambition is to appear as Constance in Shakespeare's play of "King John."

"Mission Dolores" is the title of a play on a Californian subject that is being written for A. M. Palmer by Paul Potter.

Arthur Lane's new Comedy, "The New Boy," is a genuine success at Terry's theatre, London, and promises to have a long run.

The Manola-Mason company, recently playing at the Boston museum, will tour the New England States during the next six weeks.

In Alexander Salvini's new play "The Son of Porthos," to be produced next season, twenty horses will take part in a battle scene.

Julia Marlowe's season will close in May. She will spend the summer in Europe. In the fall she will revive "The School for Scandal."

Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew are heading this way from the Orient says Dunlop's Dramatic news, with several new plays and an intention to perform them in New York.

Walter Granville, an actor well remembered here, has been engaged for three years by Augustin Daly. Mr. Granville is an Englishman and was in the company of the late Rosina Vokes.

"As you like it" was recently played at the Prince of Wales theatre by a company of actresses. Miss Ada Ferrar was Orlando and Miss Frances Ivor was Rosalind. An English paper says of the work "though not an impersonation of ideal excellence it was at least refined and intelligent."

Miss Kate Rorke, who is one of the leading actresses on the London stage, recently received a present from her Majesty the Queen. It took the form of a dainty bangle with a shamrock in rubies and diamonds and she considered it a little compliment to her name, although she is not an Irishwoman.

E. D. Lyons, who is known in this city and who is said to have been in support of Henry Irving at the London England Lyceum, is now a member of the company presenting a play called "Friends," at the Hollis street theatre, Boston. In this play Edwin Milton Royle (the author) is the the first to attempt to delineate the opium habit on the stage.

### Shaving The Prince of Wales.

Richard Mansfield and his company have been playing through the South during the past few weeks, says the Chicago post. One night in Houston, Tex., "Beau Brummell" was presented, and after the second act a gentleman from the audience strolled out into the lobby of the theatre, and accosting Manager Slocum, said: "Was that man intended to represent the Prince of Wales?" Mr. Slocum replied that he was.

"Supposed to make up like him?"

"Yes."

"Well I've seen a good many pictures of the Prince, and in all of them he wears a beard."

Slocum was staggered for a moment, but his well-known emergency qualities quickly came to his assistance and he said: "Why, my friend, didn't you know that the Prince of Wales had recently cut off his beard?"

"No," said the stranger. "Has he?"

"Yes," replied Slocum, "we had a cablegram to that effect yesterday and we immediately shaved our man," and the stranger moved away, never thinking that the prince represented was the Prince of Wales many years ago.

### A Modern Hero.

Mme. M—, a very talented pianiste, when sitting next to Col. Ramollot at the dinner table, asked him, in a winning tone of voice:

"Are you fond of music, colonel?"

"Madam," replied the warrior, rolling a savage pair of eyes, "I am not afraid of it."


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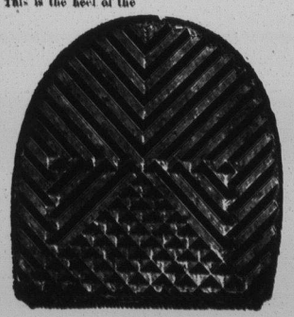

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# PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER..... EDITOR.

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

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 24.


## HOW EASTER SPEAKS TO US.

Tomorrow will be a great day among all classes of christians, whether they mark it by special outward observance or simply remember the stupendous miracle which it commemorates. With some the accessories of music and flowers will emphasize the festival, while with others who believe that all days are memorial of the Resurrection, the simple service of prayer and praise will be heard as on other Sundays of the year. In whatever way the occasion may be noted, in the mind of every devout christian will dwell with renewed strength the thought of Him "who for us men and for our salvation came down from Heaven. * * * And was made man. * * * Was crucified for us also. * * * He suffered and was buried."

In whatever form this idea is expressed, in whatever language the story of the Passion has been told, one may strive earnestly and yet fail in a true conception of the great sacrifice by which the Redemption of fallen man was wrought. The gross human mind can but feebly comprehend the Divine love, and the tongue of mortal can not express the depth of the wondrous mystery.

Yet all hearts may bound with joy and be indeed lifted up at the sharp antithesis when the plaint of darkness and death is followed by the Alleluias of the resurrection to the life eternal. "And the third day He rose again according to the scripture; He ascended into Heaven. * * * And He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead; Whose kingdom shall have no end." We may not realize the glorious significance of the triumph of light over darkness and of life over death, but we can, and from our several points of view we must join in all humanity's grand chorus of thanksgiving and praise at Eastertide.

Easter has its lessons for each of us in our own lives, even though we may not rise to a high spiritual conception of its teaching for mankind. It bids us look forward, and not backward, to see the summer before us and not the winter that is gone. It fills us with hope, and cheers us on our journey for another year, and even though our worldly hopes end not in fruition, and our trust in human affairs be vainly placed, we will be the better for having hoped and trusted rather than having remained in passive distrust. In a higher sense than that of mere worldly aspiration,—in the highest sense, the hope in the life to come—the teaching of Easter is the emphasizing of the greatest thing in the world that is, the fitting of our souls for the world that is to come.

## IT IS A GOOD TICKET.

Taken as a whole, the ticket selected by the Tax Reduction Association is a good one. Two or three of the names on it are not conspicuously strong, but it would be too much to expect that a ticket without a weak point would be chosen. Considering some of the rumors that have been current the ticket is much better than a good many were led to believe it would be, even though the final improvement of it was deferred until after the executive had presented its list of names.

It is quite safe to say that no ticket to compare with it in strength is likely to be formed, or that any ticket has any chance of defeating it, as a whole. Individuals in opposition may stand a chance of election in some instances, though, at the best it seems at present only a chance. Supposing that even six men opposed to the principles of tax reform are elected, there would still be a more than sufficient working majority to defeat any further schemes of jobbery which might be attempted in the future as they have been in the past. It is not at all likely, however, that as many as six of the ticket will be defeated, and it may be that all will be elected. If they are, the city will have by all odds the best council it has known for many years.

The choice of some of the best men of the present council as candidates is a wise step. It would, indeed, have been a great mistake to have undertaken to elect a wholly new council, and such a course would have been injurious, if not fatal, to the success of a majority of the ticket. Aldermen McCARTHY, SHAW, SEATON, LOCKHART, BAXTER and O'BRIEN have good records, and their position on important questions has been such as to entitle them to confidence. In the opinion of some, others of the council might have been added or rather taken to the places given to some of the new candidates. Not a few, for instance, would have been glad to see the name of Ald. BLIZARD as one of the aldermen at large.

Until it is known what other candidates will be in the field, it is difficult to predict the majorities in any ward. It may be assumed pretty safely that both the Carleton men will be elected with little trouble when the whole city has a voice in the matter, though there may be a hard fight in the North End, which voted against the adoption of the amended charter. Some of the most objectionable members of the council are from North End, the legacy of the old Portland council, and the friends of reform will need to leave nothing to chance in the contest.

The outlook is good for the friends of tax reform, but it will not do to assume that all is safe even in those wards where there will be the faintest show of opposition. The time from now until the election is none too long, and every day should be devoted to seeing that new ground is gained in this or that locality.

The city needs reform, and now is the time to strike for it.

## POISONING THE WELLS.

In a recently published sermon of a popular American preacher is a strong denunciation of undraped figures in painting and sculpture. He takes the ground that the exhibition of the nude in art is depraving to the mind, and even goes so far as to assert that much of the irreligion of the present day is due to the moral state of people who appreciate art in the form mentioned.

It must be inferred that this undoubtedly conscientious man has the misfortune to have a naturally gross nature which cannot rise above the animal to the artistic, and that in his limited knowledge of humanity, he assumes that the rest of the world is like him. It is likely enough he is not aware that the statuary and paintings to which he objects are designed from living models, or he would be still more painfully shocked. It would seem incredible to him that a maiden with any claim to decency should disrobe to be gazed at by a man and have her physicial perfections perpetuated in marble or given to the world on canvas. He would not believe that, as a matter of fact, the female models in great cities live exceptionally good lives, and that, as between the artist and the model the suggestion of impropriety is the last to be considered. The declaimer against undraped figures would not believe this, because his nature is not pure enough to comprehend it, and if he is a good living man he is so in spite of his gross conception and his lack of a realization that "to the pure all things are pure."

Every once in a while this or that body of men in New England cities make a display of their own impurity and ignorance by a tumult over some piece of statuary that seems to them "improper" and prejudicial to public morality. It happened in Boston not long ago, over a figure in front of the public library building, and it is liable to happen again until the nation gets more civilized and better versed in the ethics of morality. All this time, however, the newspapers are filled with the often actually indecent details of social scandals, and still worse the participants of those scandals continue to be welcomed in so-called good society, their offences condoned and their sins against the Divine and human law glossed over] as "the way of the world."

There can be, and very frequently is, more suggestiveness in a draped figure than in one that is undraped. Man is made in the image of his Maker, and in the nude figures in sculpture and painting, the ordinarily clean mind can find only purity in the contemplation of the ideals of art. The pure wells of the mind are not poisoned by sources such as these.

That these wells are poisoned day by day in these times is beyond question, but the danger is not from recognized art. It is chiefly from bad books, which are not denounced as bad. There are some classes of books which the law does not permit to be sold, but even they are not the most dangerous because they have but a limited area of circulation, and that largely among those who seek such literature because they themselves are already tainted with vileness. The most dangerous of all books are some of the modern realistic novels, which are found in professedly christian homes to be read by old and young alike. They are by popular authors and they draw attractive pictures of sin in social life, and oftimes extenuate offences for which in GOD'S law no condonement is possible. Perhaps they point a moral to some minds, and perhaps they make virtue triumph over vice in their conclusions, but they paint pictures which should not be painted, and give specious reasoning which young readers may adopt in preference to the reasoning on the other side. There is no excuse for the existence of some of these books, nor is there an excuse for parents who permit them in their households, either through ignorance of their nature or indifference as to their results. These are the sources from which the wells of young thought are tainted with poison.

Let the sculpture and the painting be encouraged, even though the carnal mind be shocked by the exhibition of undraped figures; but beware of the realistic society novel which is poisoned from beginning to end.

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Mr. POWELL stated in the House, Wednesday that the Board of Health report of 110 pages cost $596. Since the report was published in the job printing department of this paper, Mr. POWELL will permit us to say that the report contained more than 160 pages, a large proportion of which were tabular: that it was condensed by the use of smaller type than usual; that by special order a portion of it was printed upon a special quality of paper and that the charge for the same was based upon the sum paid to Mr. H. H. PITTS, now his esteemed colleague in the opposition, who had printed the report in previous years.

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Mr. H. H. Pitts the member for York is an unblushing liar. This statement would be inexcusable if the facts did not warrant it but Mr. Pitts has taken advantage of his privilege as a member of the house to make statements concerning the Daily Record, in which the publisher of that paper is interested, which do not contain an iota of truth. But that paper is able to take its own part and will doubtless do so.

### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Who are the most famous writers and artists of both continents? THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is endeavouring to answer this inquiry by printing a list from month to month—in its contents pages. This magazine claims that notwithstanding its extraordinary reduction in price, it is bringing the most famous writers and artists of Europe and America to interest its readers, and in proof of this claim, submits the following list of contributors for the five months ending with February: Valdes, Howells, Paul Heyse, Francisque Sarcey, Robert Grant, John J. Ingalls, Lyman Abott, Frederick Masson, Agnes Repplier, J. G. Whittier, (posthumous) Walter Besant Mark Twain,, St. George Mivart, Paul Bourget, Louis Chandler Moulton, Flammarion, Tissandier, F. Sherman, Adam Badeau, Capt. King, Arthur Sherbune Hardy, George Ebers, De Maupassant, Sir Edwin Arnold, Spielhagen, Andrew Lang, Berthelot, H. H. Boyesen, Hopkinson Smith, Lyman J. Gage, Dan'l C. Gilman, Franz Non Lenbach, Thomas A. Janvier. And for artists who have illustrated during the same time: Vierge, Reinhart, Marold, F. D. Small, Dan Beard, Jose Cabrinet, Oliver Herford, Remington,, Hamilton Gibson, Otto Becher, H. S. Mowbray, Otto Guillonet, F. G. Attwood, Hopkinson Smith, Geo. W. Edwards, Paul de Longprr, Habert Dys, F. H. Schell. How this is done for $1.50 a year, the editors of The Cosmopolitan alone know.

### The Vote Showed It.

Ex-alderman Stackhouse expected to be nominated for Brooks ward, but he was not, though he had been recommended to the executive committee, of which he was a member, by the nominating committee, of which he was also a member, and his name was on the ticket submitted. Ald. Baxter was chosen in his place by a vote of 51 to 15, or more than three to one.

Mr. Stackhouse was apparently much exercised over what PROGRESS had said of his attempted grab of wharf property, and started to read the article to the meeting, but was suppressed. They had all read PROGRESS and they approved, by their vote to believe it, though Mr. Stackhouse asserted that the statement about him was absolutely false and did not contain one word of truth. The vote showed which side of the story the public are inclined to accept.

### A New Furniture Store.

The large number of people who always relied upon Harold Gilbert to supply them with their house furniture will be glad to know that the stand that he occupied has been taken by another firm who will be able to supply them with anything they want in the same line. A. L. Rawlin's Sons is the name of the new concern. Mr. Rawlins is not unknown in the furniture business, since he was with Mr. Gilbert, and is thoroughly acquainted with the wants of the people of this city. His stock is well selected; it is entirely new and cannot fail to please anyone who inspects it. The prices are very reasonable indeed. Mr. Rawlins believes in the principle of quick sales and small profits.

### A New Seed Potato.

Many of the readers of PROGRESS are interested in gardening and farming and are, naturally, looking for what will give them the best returns. The Freeman potato has been a tremendous success in the states where it has been almost impossible to secure seeds except at very high prices. The yield is enormous and the quality so good that it is said to equal that of any table potato in these markets. John H. King, of Studholm, King's Co., offers the seed for sale in the advertising colmuns of this paper.

### SOME MONEY IN IDEAS.

A Chance for the Readers of "Progress." With a Tendency to Write.

Two chances to earn prizes are offered to the readers of PROGRESS in the interval between now and the first of May. They are prizes for which a large number will be able to compete, without any great exertion, and without the necessity of being endowed with such extraordinary genius as a poet is supposed to have.

The first of these prizes will be of five dollars in cash to be awarded to the writer of the best and brightest letter on any current topic. The test of merit will be the fullest expression of idea in the most comprehensive form, and the length of any letter must not exceed 300 words.

The other prize of Five Dollars will be for the best original story of personal adventure, based on actual occurrences or otherwise, in which the best narrative is told in the clearest and briefest form consistent with the presentation of the event in a way to interest readers everywhere. The length of each story may be from 800 to 1,500 words, but it should not in any case exceed the latter limit. A short graphic story will have preference over one which is padded with needless description.

A selections of the best letters and stories for the respective competitions will be published in PROGRESS from week to week, so that the public may be enabled to judge of their merit.

In every instance a nom de guerre must be signed. In this special instance the real name of the writer need not be sent, as the matter submitted will be judged purely on its merits. The writer should, however, send the real name and address in a separate sealed envelope, on the outside of which the nom de guerre is written. Every story or letter should be plainly marked "story competition" or "letter competition," as the case may be.

The competition is open to all readers of PROGRESS, some of whom will doubtless be heard from for the next issue.

### A Handsome Easter Show.

There is no stall in the country market that presents such a neat and attractive appearance at all times as that of Mr. Thomas Dean. PROGRESS has noted before the improvements that he has placed upon it, and all those who are accustomed to pass through this busy buying and selling place have noted and admired the changes that Mr. Dean has made. But at this the Easter season, as well as at Christmas and other festive days in the year, Mr Dean always makes it a point to present an assortment that cannot be excelled or equalled elsewhere in the city. This year among the special purchases that he has made are some eight Ontario beeves, that each tip the scale at more than 800 pounds. In some way he also learned of early spring lamb, and the only one for sale was purby him. Mr. John Chaloner, of Kingston, supplied him with his Easter veal, and a beauty it is, and so on through the list. It would take more space than PROGRESS can spare to enumerate or describe everything. It will pay anybody to call at this stall and look at its contents.

### Starting Out for Himself.

Mr. Harold Climo announces in PROGRESS this week that he has occupied the old stand in the McLaughlan building on Germain street. He has started out for himself and with new cameras and lenses, and a splendid assortment of new scenery and accessories, all of which are American, he proposes to be able to do, from the very start, work that will thoroughly satisfy all who patronize him. Mr. Climo has many friends, and his skill as an artist is beyond question. That he will meet with the full measure of success that is due him is the wish of all his friends.

### More About Local Talant.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS!—A writer signing himself "Down with local talant" (translated for him) has been permitted in the columns of the Glob to needlessly wound the feelings of many musical people in our midst. He takes exceptions to local concerts of all kinds and especially to local oratorio. He makes it known that he was present at a recent concert given by the Oratorio Society and mourned the expenditure of the magnificent sum of twenty-five cents. Is the writer of the effusion in question aware that large deficits have nearly always attended the concerts given by the important talant of the society. He no doubt, did not subtract any from said deficits but, if present, only added to them. The important talent, it may be observed, has usually had the advantage of orchestral accompaniment—the local talent has had it very seldom. We have, in the opinion of those competent to judge, much promising local talent in musical lines in St. John and our people in encouraging such do honor to themselves and justice to our amateurs. These efforts have ever been commended in the past by the Globe, which certainly has profited by them. We have among us foreign talent, some of which, without overshadowing us, is a decided acquisition and to some of which, after the *talent* is deducted, little remains that is desirable. In view of the fact that several concerts are in prospect at the present time, one of which is to be given by exclusively foreign talent it would seem that "Down with local talent" may be the advance agent of the foreigners. Throw out the despised local talent and what becomes of the audience? "Local talent pails upon our ears." "We protest against local talent." I would suggest that the bright young men in the Globe post these quotations over the office door and that the writer of such twaddle attend the next minstrel performence that comes to town. It may come up to his standard. AD NAUSEAM.

St. John, March 22.

### Give the Choristers Credit.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—In your issue of the 17th., reference was kindly made to Sir John Stainers Crucifixion at St. Luke's cathedral. In justice to my colleagues of St. Luke's kindly allow me to correct the statement "assisted by some well known voices;" as the choristers themselves were responsible for the entire work; neither had assistance been solicited from anyone.

FRANK GATWARD, Organist and Choirmaster.

Lorne House Halifax, March 20.

### VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Madisco Beach.

What? three times over the seas you say,
From the Northland you love best;
To the dreamy haze of Italia's skies,
And the balmy isles of the west?
In the sweet spice breath of the Indian groves,
You may touch your gay guitar;
But a summer night on Madisco beach,
Is fairer than these by far.

For here where I linger again today
Is a footstep in the sand,
And a face of the old true love and hope;
Comes back from another land.
One voice by the white surf speaks to me,
It is ever within my reach,
And the shape of a friendly hand I clasp,
On the sands of Madisco beach.

Oh broad blue waters and sunny wind,
Oh deep toned Bay Chaleur;
In the light of my longing spirit's dream,
I visit your waves once more.
Your surges my sad heart ever soothe,
Like voices I would not still;
And the old songs sweet of the true hearts gone,
The temples of memory fill,

Oh where are they all of the cheerful throng,
In the days we have fondly known;
The faces and voices that linger yet,
Though the years have forever flown.
They gather around us and sadly say,
Life's lesson the billows teach;
Oh heart be true till we meet again,
On the sands of Madisco beach.

Cyprus Golde.

Thine Everlasting Rest.

He stood 'neath the convent's wide-arched portal,
An infinite yearning in his eyes,
Thinking of one by whom others were shadows,
As vague and unreal as seemed their two lives.

That one shall be taken and the other left,
We learn as we climb life's rugged path,
But the man found it hard to be reconciled,
There in the glow of the aftermath.

His story was hushed in a convent secluded,
From the questioning eyes of his fellow-men,
With the cowl and flowing robes of monkhood,
He lived secure from all others' ken.

Her's was forever ended in the world,
To reach its completion with God as guide,
For 'twas only one year from her wedding day,
When our blessed Lord called her to His loving side.

God had but *lent* his dear wife to him,
Then taken her back to His kingdom again,
Leaving her husband stricken, afflicted,
A man of sorrows, among other men.

He had known as perfect a happiness,
As comes in this "bourne of time and place,"
When what most he prized was taken from him,
And never again would he see her face.

Never again? Ah, God, Thou hast promised
To those that live nobly, that they will be blest,
That they will again clasp their loved ones in heaven,
And then,—oh, then—Thine everlasting Rest.

PAUL.

Requiscat in Pace.

'Tis a quiet grave on a hillside green
In a churchyard crowded and old,
Where she sleeps alone, in her dreamless rest,
A dead white rose on her dead cold breast,
Clasped in her fingers cold.

She was laid to rest long years ago
By hands that loved her well,
And hot tears fell o'er her lifeless hand,
Sorrowful tears for the early dead
And hearts beat sad to her passing bell.

The world moves on and the friends she loved
Have older grown with each passing year;
Have changed in heart and drifted away,
And no one comes to her grave today
To think of her gently, to drop a tear.

The house where her early days were spent
Is changed in shape and built anew;
And other flowers nod their slender heads
From mounds that replace the old-fashioned beds
Where in other summers her snowdrops grew.

For the world goes on and her life is done;
Finished, sealed and laid away;
In her quiet, forgotten grave she'll rest
With the dead white rose on her dead cold breast,
Till the dawn of the brighter day.

RACHEL MAYBE.

FREED.

Between the grey night and the dawn,
A Poet, city killed, has gone.

His eyes were dimmed by candle light,
His face was grey and his hands thin.
Last night he fled, the cry and din—
The damned is hidden from his sight.

He walked the meadow lands this morn,
He saw the shadows grow, and heard
The flutings of the yellow bird,
And the young wind among the corn;

He counted clouds along the hills,
And green fields set among the trees.
He loved the murmer of the bees
And learnt the wisdom of the rills.

To-night—the fair moon in his eyes
He turned his face to God, and said,
"How can this be when I am dead,"
And God made answer, "this is Paradise."

G. E. THEADORE ROBERTS.

Where?

Show me the way to the world "Forget,"
Over the lapse of time,
After despair, and beyond regret,
Into a realm sublime.

Where is the world that I long to reach,
Where "Now" is the only theme?
Never a sigh for the "Time to come,"
Or "By-gones" misty dream.

Oh! for the land where hearts may rest,
And these weary longings cease,
Never a care or hopeless wish—
But infinite rest and peace.

Ah! to that world I fain would go,
While its shadows over me creep;
I know that a rest for a tired heart
Is found in the realm of "Sleep."

EDELWEISS.

The Early House-Fly.

His dull, discordant buzz salutes mine ear;
He circles round; he perches on my nose;
I madly clutch at him, but off he goes,
Tho' not to far; again he ventures near,
And nearer still; why doth the pest come here
To mar my comfort and increase my woes
So early in the Spring? but I suppose
He comes of his curs'd kith the pioneer.

I've seen his kith; I've heard them loudly strum
Their buzzing lyres; and oft' my brow did feel
Their tickling spears; for which he now must die.
And as once more I hear his hateful hum,
A knock-out blow at him I fiercely deal;
But is he knocked out? no, he was "too fly."

St. John March, 1894.

Knew How to Select.

The Traveler—Why did you eat the missionary and let the convict go?

The Cannibal King—Well, we know a thing or two, we do. The missionary was a man of the greatest tenderness, while the convict was as tough as they make 'em. See?

### A LIST OF NEW "ADVTS."

Latest Announcements of Those who Patronize "Progress."

Below will be found a list of the new advertisements in this issue of PROGRESS. Each name will be found under the page on which his "advt." appears. The list is a long one but it will be none the less interesting and valuable on account of that. Busy men and women like to have some index of this sort to glance over and if they see there something to interest them they will surely turn up the page and read the advertisement. For such as these this index is intended. Thus it will make every advertisement in PROGRESS more valuable, it will show the people at a glance what an array of good customers PROGRESS has. There are something over fifteen columns of new advertisements in this issue—some of them entirely new contracts—and many of them "changes." This gives an idea of how sharply the business columns of the paper are looked after and of the work and expense of presenting such an array of handsome and tasty typographical display each week.

SECOND PAGE.

S. G. SNELL,.....Actual Business Taught.
T. MCAVITY & SONS,.....'Marty" Rat Trap.
ARTHUR P. TIPPETT & CO.,.....Condensed Milk
LEBARON ROBERTSON,.....Linen Markers.
" " " .....Photo Outfits.
" " " .....Stamps, &c., &c.
" " " .....Enamel Signs.
" " " .....Photo Goods.
MARITIME SUPPLY CO.,.....Agents Wanted.
EMERSON & FISHER,.....Cook Stove.

THIRD PAGE.

ARTHUR P. TIPPETT & CO.,.....Quadrant Cycles.
CHASE & SANBORN,.....Java and Mocha Coffee.
CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.,.....Millinery.

FIFTH PAGE.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON,.....Dress Goods.
J. H. CONNOLLEY,.....Successful Photography.
MORLEY & HAYDON,.....Window Decoration.
A. GILMOUR,.....Spring Clothing.
AMERICAN RUBBER STORE,.....Rubber Goods.
HARDRESS CLARKE,.....Tea.
S. C. PORTER,.....White Lace Curtains.

SIXTH PAGE.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, Lace Curtains.
BROWN & WEBB,.....Puttner's Emulsion.
S. GREENSHIELD SON & CO.,.....Priestley's Cravenettes.

SEVENTH PAGE.

K. D. C. CO.,.....Testimonial.
J. T. LOGAN,.....Soaps.
N. C. POLSON & CO.,.....Painless Corn Extractor.
R. H. B. TENNANT,.....Men's Furnishings.
GRODER MED. CO.,.....Dyspepsia Cure.

EIGHTH PAGE.

J. GUSTAVE LAVIOLETTE,.....Syrup of Turpentine.
A. L. RAWLINS' SON,.....Furniture.
W. TREMAINE GARD,.....Jewelry.
C. I. HOOD & CO.,.....Sarsaparilla.
JOHN H. KING,.....The Freeman Potato.
H. CLIMO,.....Photos.

NINTH PAGE.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, Custom Cloak Making.

TENTH PAGE.

ST. CROIX SOAP CO.,.....Surprise Soap.
UNGAR'S LAUNDRY,.....A Way to Save Money.
HAWKER MEDICINE CO.,.....Testimonial.
BROWN & WEBB,.....Testimonial.

ELEVENTH PAGE.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,.....Sarsaparilla.
J. W. MACKEDIE & CO.,.....Melissa Waterproof.
CANADA FEATHERBONE CO.,.....Corsets.

TWELFTH PAGE.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND,.....Testimonial.

THIRTEENTH PAGE.

CORTICELLI SILK CO.,.....Silk and Twist.
W. BAKER & CO.,.....Breakfast Cocoa.
DOMINION CORSET CO.,.....Corsets.

FOURTEENTH PAGE.

J. W. BRAYLEY,.....Herbine Bitters.
KERRY, WATSON & CO.,.....Martin's Cardinal Food.
SKODA DISCOVERY CO.,.....Skoda's Discovery.
SCOTT & BOWNE,.....Scott's Emulsion.
RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS,.....Acid Phosphate.
CHOCOLATE MENIER CO.,.....Chocolate.

FIFTEENTH PAGE.

SOUTH AMERICAN MED. CO.,.....Nervine Tonic.
LEVER BROS.,.....Sunlight Soap.
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,.....Hair Vigor.
HUMPHREY'S MED. CO.,.....Humphrey's Specifics

SIXTEENTH PAGE.

C. P. R.,.....Trans-Pacific Steamships.

### STRANGE SIGHTS IN CITY LIFE.

Where the Police Were Vigilant.

A dead cat near Lordly's factory on Paradise row is reported by the police.—Sun.

Where the Police Were Negligent.

A carcass of a cat has decorated Mill street for the past few weeks, and now that the warm weather is coming perhaps it would be better to have it removed.—Telegraph.

Important, if True.

The police report a dangerous hole in the plank sidewalk on Douglas avenue.—Sun.

Defective Sidewalks Again.

A valuable dog, the property of Mr. Wm. Dalton, of Indiantown, fell from a sidewalk, yesterday, and broke one of his legs.—Telegraph.

Likely to Be a Candidate.

Ward street was much improved yesterday by the addition of two cinder crossings. They were put down by the request and under the supervision of Ald. Knox, who also secured a new mooring post at the head of the slip.

Spring and Summer Millinery

Mr. Charles K. Cameron has received his new styles of spring and summer millinery in time for his Easter opening, which will take place on March 29th, 30th, and 31st. His announcement elsewhere will be interesting to many of the readers of PROGRESS.

Will be Welcomed by Rounders.

An inventor has patented a device for illuminating keyholes which promises to be a boon to persons out late at night. A recess in the door frame holds a tiny incandescent lamp, which is lighted by a push button. The light is sufficient not only to illuminate the keyhole but to permit the late comer to select readily the proper key from his bunch.

# Sterling SOAP

## Rubber Door Mats.

Now is the time to buy one. We have a nice assortment of the Latest Styles, also the following new goods.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Tubing. | Mackintoshes, | Mending |
| Webbing. | Rubber Coats, | Tissue, |
| Umbrellas. | Spittoons, | Mends any kind of |
| Braces, | Rubber Balls, | Cloths, Dress Goods, etc., |
| Rubber Shoes | Celluloid Balls, | without the use of |
| of all kinds. | Rubber Toys, etc., etc. | Needle and Thread. |
| | | 10 Cents per package. |

☞Ask to see our **25 Cent Hair Brush,** the best value ever offered for the money.

**American Rubber Store,**
65 Charlotte St.

Do—
—You—
—Use—
—Tea?—
Hardress Clarke Has The Best.

**HARDRESS CLARKE,**
Cash Grocery,
73 and 77 Sydney Street. (near Princess)

**SLATE AND - - WOODEN MANTELS**

We are prepared to furnish SLATE and WOODEN
**MANTELS**
of any design. Persons wishing to purchase would do well to call at our store, 38 KING ST, before purchasing elsewhere.

**SHERATON & WHITTAKER.**

**JOSEPH I. NOBLE, Jr.,**
MANUFACTURER OF
FINE CUSTOM SHOES,
78 GERMAIN STREET,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.


# Social and Personal.

**St. John—South End.**

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Robinson, of Moncton, have been making a stay with friends in St. John.

Mr. James McAdams, left this week for Arlington Mass, where he intends residing in future.

Mr. Charles Scofield, has returned home from Windsor, N. S., where he has been attending college, to spend the Easter vacation with his father Mr. Schofield who resides on Wright street.

Mr. Walter Lantalum, who has been confined to the house for some time from rheumatism is able to be out again.

Mr. R. R. Gilpin, of Halifax, and Miss Gilpin were in town a few days ago en route for home from a sojourn in the West Indies.

Mr. John Cutler, leaves shortly for Boston, where he intends living this summer.

Mrs. Blanche Cochran, of St Martins, is the guest of her friend, Miss Raymond, Union street.

The funeral of the late Mr. Henry W. Frith took place last Saturday afternoon from the Mission chapel, and was attended by a large concourse of people, the following gentlemen acting as pall bearers, Messrs Thomas Stead, William G. Lee, H. A. Harvey, Geo. A. Schofield, Charles McLauchlan and Hurd Peters. The floral tributes were unusually beautiful and included a large standing cross of lilies, white roses azaleas and, smilax on a standing base of lilies, from the trustees and finance committee of the church; a scroll of carnations bordered with lilies, from the members of the municipal council; a large bouquet of white hyacinths and roses, from Mrs. Geo. A. Schofield; a sheaf of wheat, pink roses and hyacinths, tied with white ribbon, from Mr. H. Arnold; a cross of lilies of the valley and wreath of violets, from Mrs. Hurd Peters, and Mrs. Albert J. Gregory, of Fredericton; cut flowers, from Mrs. John E. Gillis; chrysanthemums, lilies and roses, from Judge B. Lester Peters; bouquet of carnations, lilies and spires, from Miss Wright; a wreath of polished ivy with base of yellow roses and heather, from the governors of the Wiggins' Male Orphan asylum; a bouquet of lily of the valley and roses, from Mrs. John K. Schofield; anchor of white roses and lilies with base of pink roses and ferns, from Mr. JamesReady; cut flowers from Dr. and Mrs. A. McAvenney; bouquet of white roses, from the Misses Black; wreath of purple ageratum and heather, tied with purple ribbons, from Mrs. R. M. Hazen, and a bouquet of cream roses, from Mrs. Charles McLauchlan.

Mr. F. W. Brock of this city, sailed last Saturday from Liverpool for New York, in the S. S. Etruria.

Mrs. Chandler of Moncton, spent part of this week in St. John.

Mr. Malcolm McLeod, who has been confined to his house for the past two months through illness, is able to be about again.

Mr. George Pipon, of England, has been making a stay of some length with his aunt, Mrs. Hurd Peters, Charles street

Captain Kyffin, accompanied by his wife and child, arrived home from Savannah, Ga., last week.

The many friends of Mrs. James F. Robertson, of Rothesay, who has been an invalid for some time, will be glad to learn that her health is much improved.

Mr. J. E. E. Dixon has been making a visit to Moncton.

The death of Mrs. Paulina Burns, widow of the late Mr. George M. Burns, occurred on Tuesday night, at the age of eighty-one years. Mrs. Burns was formerly Miss Morrison, of Granville, N. S., and was of refugee descent. She leaves three daughters, Mrs. Dingee Scribner, Mrs. Robinson, (wife of Captain John D. Robinson,) and Miss Burns, who now resides in the United States, also two sons.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, of Moncton, are here, and intend remaining for a few months, as Mr. Duncan's ill-health obliges him to give up all business for the present.

On Wednesday the members of the half hour reading society spent a very pleasant evening at the residence of Mrs. de Claviere Carritte, the subject chosen being Charles Dickens and his works.

The marriage of Miss Agnes J. Law to Mr. John D. Cosman of Kingston, King's Co., took place on 14th ult., at the house of the bride's father, Rev. G. W. McDonald being the officiating minister. The bride, who received a number of pretty gifts was attended by Miss Celia Frankie, while Mr. George Wanamake acted the part of best man.

Miss Jennie Raymond, gave a very successful party on Thursday evening at her residence, Union street. Progressive whist was played until supper was served, after which dancing was indulged in until the wee sma' hours. The first prizes were captured by Miss Blanche Cochran and Mr. Jack Russel, while Mr. Douglas Stevens was awarded the booby prize. Among the guests present were the Misses Wetmore, McLean, Donald, Martin, Cochran, Foster, K. Foster, Harrison and Nelson, and Messrs Dykeman, Stevens, Adams, Wetmore Williams, Buchanan, Foster, Russel, Wilson Fraser, Underhill, and James.

A number of the friends of Mr. George Jenkins of the customs department, gave him a very agreeable surprise on Saturday evening by calling at his house and presenting him with a handsome watch charm, accompanied by many good wishes, the occasion being the anniversary of his birthday. The presentation was made by Mr. F. G. Law on behalf of the rest of the company.

I understand that Miss Sheraton, matron of the home for the aged, has been granted three months leave of absence, and during that time her place will be supplied by Miss Bairdsley, of Woodstock.

The funeral of the late Senator Amos G. Botsford, of Sackville, took place from Trinity church on Thursday morning. Dr Botsford, of Moncton, and Mr. Fred Allison of Sackville, attended the funeral as mourners.

Mr. W. H. Cochran of this city, intends residing for the future at Bridgetown, N. S.

Mrs. S. Dalziel, who has been laid up through severe illness for some months, is slowly improving in health.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Dunham entertained a number of friends at a surprise party on Wednesday evening, this also being a birthday celebration.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hazen J. Dick sincerely sympathize with them in the death of their infant daughter, Florence Beatrice, whose death occurred last Tuesday.

Miss E. H. Duffy left this week for a trip to New York.

Mr. A. G. Heath, of the C. P. R., has returned from a trip to the Pacific coast

Capt. E. C. Elkin, of Douglas avenue, who has been ill lately, is recovering. DELTA.

An error was made last week in stating that Mr. James H. Hamilton was in New York. He is still in this city and intends to remain here.

Mrs. Edward Dowling, of Kingston, Ont., is the guest of Mr. B. J. Dowling, Princess street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McLeod have returned home after a three weeks' absence in the United States.

Mr. Byron G. Taylor, who has been making a visit to Florida, has returned home.

Mr. T. G. Hatheway, of Missoula, Montana, was in the city this week, visiting his old friends and acquaintances.

J. B. Mills, M. P., of Annapolis, was in the city this week en route for Ottawa.

The prices of Climo & Son,s various productions in Portrait and View Photography are phenomenally low for such perfect and talented effects. 54 Princess St., opposite Savings Bank. Appointments by telephone, 642.

Mr. Lorrimer Berryman, son of Dr. John Berryman, left on Sunday evening for Virginia.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. W. H. Tuck and Miss Alice Tuck left for Winnipeg, where they will be the guests of Mr. Charles Tuck. They also intend visiting Mr. F. H. Tuck, at Kamloops, B. C., before their return.

Mr. Clifford Price, of Chelsea, Mass., spent some days this week with friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Maine (the latter will be better known as Miss Maggie Cunard, of this city,) entertained a large number of their friends on Thursday evening of last week, at their new home, 86 Duke street.

Miss Julia Elliott has returned home after spending a week at Parrsboro.

The friends of Mr. I. S. Bowman will be glad to learn that he is steadily improving.

Mr. John M. Smith, of Windsor, was in the city this week en route for Boston and New York. He was accompanied by his daughters, Miss Smith and Miss Jean Smith.

Miss Julia Smith, of Petitcodiac, is the guest of her uncle, Dr. Macrae, Coburg street.

Mrs. W. A. Trueman, of Albert county, is making a visit to friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wetmore left for Boston on Tuesday evening, being called there by the illness of their grandchild, the only daughter of Mr. S. A. Wetmore, who is well known in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Robinson, of Moncton, are visiting friends in this city.

The members of the I. O. O. F. Lodge of the West end, held a social dance in their new hall on Monday evening. About fifty guests were present.

Mrs. H. Johnson, of Fredericton, left a few days ago for British Columbia where she will join her husband. Her mother, Mrs. A. Thompson went as far as Boston with her.

Mr. Charles McCoskery, of New York was visiting his relatives in this city this week.

Captain Smith, R. N. R., of Halifax, who has been in this city for a short time, left this week for Quebec.

Mr. John L. Cutler, left this week for Boston, where he will reside for a time.

Mrs. C. H. Smith, of St Stephen, has returned home after a short visit to friends here.

On Friday evening Miss Pearl Clarke met with a pleasant surprise when about forty-five of her friends assembled at her home on Dorchester street with the intention of spending a pleasant evening. The party was arranged by Miss Potts, Miss Racine, Miss White and Miss Hacker, and proved a complete success. Dancing and whist formed the amusements. Among those present were Miss Annie Spencer, Miss May Potts, Miss Lizzie Hawker, Miss Maggie Campbell, the Misses Mitchell, Miss Minnie Stewart, Miss Lillie Simpson, the Misses Frankie, Miss Maud Thompson, Miss Laura Sinclair, Miss Bessie Foley, Miss Susie Kennedy, Miss May Vincent, Miss Mabel Barlow, Miss Nellie Seely, Miss Nel Thomas, the Misses Charlton, the Misses Racine, Miss Lizzie White, Mrs. D. A. Morrison, Mrs. W. D. Clarke, Messrs. A. Jordan, Cecil Mitchell, Fred Spencer, W. C. Clarke, H. Potts, A. Short, L. Short, A. Lindsay, A. McInnis, O. Charlton, Frank Charlton, Frank Smith, B. Jordan, H. Folkins, J. Thompson, A. Pound, George Doig, H. Johnson, Jack Cochran, B. Huestis, J. King Kelly and Sidney Kerr.

Mr. J. Archibald Haviland, of Chatham, has returned home after spending several months in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, of French Village, are visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. James Vanhorne, has returned to the city, after a short visit to her friend, Mrs. Charles Prince, at Nauwigewauk.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Turnbull and Miss Turnbull will probably arrive home about the first of May.

Mrs. William Simpson, who has been in Parrsboro for some months returned to the city this week, and left on Thursday for Boston, where she will visit friends.

Mr. Arthur F. Cassidy, of Halifax, was in the city this week, visiting his old friends and acquaintances.

Major Reed, of Newfoundland, was in the city this week en route for Montreal. He was accompanied by Mrs. Reed.

Mr. D. C. Clinch left on Wednesday evening for a trip to Boston.

Mrs. Leavitt, of this city, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. E. T. Trites, of Moncton.

Mrs. George N. Clark, of Newcastle, has returned home after spending last week with friends in this city.

Miss Hattie Scott intends leaving shortly for the States, where she will enter a convent.

The willing workers of St. Stephen's church will hold a high tea and fancy sale on Tuesday the third of April.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Thomas, of Boston, were in the city last week, the guest of Mr. C. H. Smythe.

On Thursday evening a number of the friends of Miss Nellie Allan assembled at the residence of her father, in the west end, and gave her a pleasant surprise. Cards and dancing were the amusements of the evening, and a pleasant time enjoyed by all. Among those invited were, Miss Gertie Smith, Miss Sadie Smith, Miss Ethel Tufts, Miss Annie Brown, Miss Emma Clark, Miss Nina French, Miss Mary Johnston, Miss Minnie Baillie, Miss A. Adams, Miss M. Beatteay, Miss Blanche Cooper, Miss S. Baillie, Miss M. Gannong, Miss J. Granham, Miss Minnie Daizel, Miss B. Parks, Miss Gertie Seely, Miss Cora Tufts, Miss H. Sheldon, Miss H. Ruddock, Miss Jennie Johnston, Messrs Guy Gregory, Will Lilley, George Brown, Charles Tilley, Herbert Crockett, J. Wason, G. Brown, F. Lilley, W. Clarke, J. Alston, W. Brown, Harry Knight, Jarvis Wilson, Percy Parks, Will Hatton, Geo. McLean, Harold Olive, Walter Dunbrack, Parker Sheldon, and Wilfred Tufts.

The friends of Mrs. Alexander Jardine will be glad to learn that she is recovering from her recent illness, though not so rapidly as they would wish.

Miss Saunders, of St. Andrews, has returned home after spending a few weeks with her friend, Mrs. T. Saunders, of this city.

Miss Bessie St. C. Schofield, has been confined to her home on Wright street by illness.

Mrs. Currie, of Halifax, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Robertson, Rothesay. She was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Bessie.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace left on Thursday morning for a trip to New York and Boston.

Mrs. Oliver C. Cummings, of Truro, N. S., is the guest of Miss Caroline Seely, 75 King street.

Mr. Harry J. McGrath, of Dorchester, was in the city during the week on his return from Woodstock.

Miss Minnie McDougall, of the Willows, Miramichi, is in the city, the guest of Mrs. J. J. McGaffigan, Princess street.

Colel Clark, Mrs. and Miss Clark will remove to the city about the first of May, where they will reside with Dr. and Mrs. Steeves, Wellington row.

Mrs. J. Frank Perkins entertained a number of the friends of Master Harry, at her residence, Mecklenberg street, on Wednesday evening, in honor of his fifteenth biithday.

Miss Teasdale of this city, left on Thursday for a visit to Amherst.

Mr. McCallum, of Windsor, spent this week in the city, the guest of Mrs. B. R. Lawrence, Hazen street.

Mr. and Mrs H. E. Erb, of Halifax, who have been visiting Mrs. Erb's brother, Mr. I. C. Bowman, during his illness, have returned home.

Mr. Walter Calder, of this city, has been visiting his parents at Cumming's Cove, N. B.

Mrs. Thompson, of this city, has returned home after spending a short time with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ganong, St. Stephen.

Mrs. Dean has returned to her home in this city, after a pleasant visit to friends at Albert.

Mrs. J. Fred Harding left this week for Boston, where she will visit friends.

Rev. A. E. Ingram has returned from Maine, where he has bee for about two weeks.

Mrs. Robert Thompson and the Misses Thompson left on Thursday for a visit to Boston and New York.

Miss Lillie Adams, who has been attending school in Windsor, has returned home to spend her vacation.

Mrs. David McLellan, accompanied by Mrs. Harris Allan, left on Thursday for a trip to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. William Canard, late of Halifax, have bought a beautiful vill near Nice, where Mrs. Canard is devoting herself to her painting. This Lady is a daughter of the late Judge Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick," and a sister of Mrs. Gilpin of Halifax; her artistic talent has lately been attracting much attention at English picture Exhibitions, and the following particulars about her beautiful home at Nice cannot but be interesting to her friends.

The villa is an ideal home for an artist, and stands on the lower slope of a mountain, in a beautiful old world garden of palms, olive trees and roses. The inside of the villa is very beautiful, and full of embroideries and old china. Mrs. Canard's own room is called the "parrot room," and is heavy with draperies representing life sized scarlet parrots on a white ground, while all the ornaments admitted are majolica parrots of every size, shape and color. Over the mantlepiece is a long narrow window, rammed exactly like a picture, through which there is a most lovely view. On the verandah is an Eolian harp.

Mrs. Canard's Halifax residence, Oakland, is at present occupied by Colonel and Mrs. Leach. ARGUS.

**St. John—North End.**

Mrs. W. H. Murray and Miss Harris Murray are visiting friends in Fredericton.

Dr. Maher, Miss Maher, and Miss Cotter have returned from Fredericton.

[Continued on eighth page.


# BOUGHT AT A BARGAIN.

WE HAVE SECURED 200 PAIRS
**WHITE LACE CURTAINS**
At a bargain, and are offering them at the following unheard-of Low Prices:

| | LENGTH. | PRICE. |
|---|---|---|
| LOT 1, | 2½ yds, | for 40c pr. |
| " 2, | 2½ " | " 45c " |
| " 3, | 2½ " | " 50c " |
| " 4, | 2½ " | " 60c " |
| " 5, | 2¾ " | " 75c " |
| " 6, | 3 " | " 85c " |
| " 7, | 3 " | " $1.00 " |
| " 8, | 3 " | " 1.10 " |
| " 9, | 3 " | " 1.20 " |
| " 10, | 3½ " | " 1.50 " |
| " 11, | 3½ " | " 1.70 " |
| " 12, | 3½ " | " 2.00 " |

**S. C. PORTER,** **11 Charlotte St.**

The above Curtains are all Taped Edges and new and handsome patterns, and are certainly great bargains at the prices we are offering them.

# Macaulay Brothers & Co'y.,

We have received this week our first Importation of
HIGH CLASS **Dress Goods for Spring and Summer.**

Embracing all the novelties of the Britisband Foreign markets—many exclusive styles and novelties that cannot be seen elsewhere, and which we will not duplicate. In a number of lines we have only a dress of a color or pattern.

**FOR EARLY SPRING**

We are displaying a handsome lot of Novelty Scotch Tweed Suitings, Scotch Cheviots Cheviot and Whipcord Serges, and Plain Broadcloths in all the new shades for spring, 42 in., at 85c. a yard. An inspection solicited. Write for samples.

**MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 65 TO 69 KING ST.**

**DO YOU FEEL** the importance of saving a few dollars when you can?

Very Well, we can save them for you in the purchase of a Spring overcoat, Suit, or pair of Trousers.

**GILMOUR,**
TAILOR.
72 Germain St.

# PERFUMES.

TOILET WATERS.

Hand Mirrors.
Brushes and Combs,
Hair Pin Boxes,
Solid Silver and
Shell Hair Pins.
Cut Glass and
Fancy Bottles.
VARIOUS OTHER ARTICLES
SUITABLE FOR
THE HOLIDAY TRADE.
AMERICAN HAIR STORE,
87 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B
22 PRINCE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

HAIR GOODS.

# CONDENSED MILK,
**"JERSEY" BRAND.**

Mothers who wisely use Condensed Milk for INFANTS always buy "Jersey." There is none Superior. It is full cream, and only the purest and specially refined sugar used in its condensing.

☞This milk is strongly recommended by Physicians as an excellent food for Infants and Adults.

Agent for New Brunswick,
MR. ROB'T. JARDINE, - ST. JOHN.

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# SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[For Additional Society News See Fifth and Eighth Pages.]

### HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following places:

| | |
|---|---|
| Crowell's Book Store, | 24 George street |
| Morton & Co., | Barrington street |
| Clifford Smith, | 111 Hollis street |
| Hatter & Mylius, | Morris street |
| Connolly's Book Store, | George street |
| Buckley's Drug Store, | Spring Garden Road |
| Forbes' Drug Store, | Opp. I. C. R. Depot |
| G. J. Kline, | 107 Gottingen street |
| P. J. Griffin, | 17 Jacob street |
| Canada News Co., | Railway depot |
| Regent & Co., | Granville street |
| F. J. Hornbenan | Spring Garden Road |
| W. E. Hebb, | 139 Hollis street |
| N. Sabre & Son | George street |
| H. Silver, | Dartmouth, N. S |
| J. W. Allen | Dartmouth, N. S |

[The usual Halifax notes have failed to reach Progress in time for insertion in their usual place.—Ed.]

### YARMOUTH, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Yarmouth at the stores of E. J. Vickery, Thomson & Co., H. W. Cann and J. A. Craig.]

March 20.—Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Miller entertained on Thursday evening, a large number of unmarried ladies and gentlemen of the presbyterian church. Various games and amusements helped to pleasantly pass the evening, anagrams, of course, forming an attractive feature.

Quite a number of progressive anagram parties have been given during the week. Among the young people of the town this game seems to grow in favor, and at present seems to be quite popular.

Informal, old-fashioned tea parties seem to be in vogue these last few months, and have greatly taken the place of more formal five o'clock teas, perhaps it is because they are informal, or perhaps it is "the fashion."

Miss Bertha Farish, who has been a guest of her brother, Dr. George Farish, returned to her home in Queen's county last week.

Mr. W. L. Lovitt left for Boston on Saturday evening's steamer.

Miss Flo Guest returned to school last week She has been at home on account of ill-health

Capt. Thomas Killiam went to St. John last week on business.

Mr. John Woodworth, editor of Berwick Register, was in town last week.

Mrs. B. Calkin, who has been a guest of her sister, Mr. Chas. Robbins, returned to her home in Kentville, this week.

Capt. A. Burns, of Boston, arrived in town on Wednesday.

There has been quite a talk in town of organizing a bicycle club. We hope soon to see one started as the roads now are getting fine.

Mr. W. R. Power and wife, of Halifax, passed through Yarmouth, last Wednesday.

Mr. E. K. Spinney has been re-elected president of the Yarmouth brass band.

Mr. James Billman, of Halifax, was in town last week.

T. B. Flint, M. P., accompanied by Mrs. Flint, left for Ottawa on Saturday evening, via Boston.

Rev. Mr. Langille lectured at Milton temperance hall on Tuesday evening to a very good house. His subject was the World's Fair, and the lecture was excellently given The proceeds were for the benefit of Social Temple.

On Easter even there is to be a confirmation service in Trinity church, which will be held by the bishop of Nova Scotia. And on Easter Sunday special services will be held in most of the churches of town.

The election of Thursday last seemed to be one of the most stirring there has been in town for a long time, the day could not have been finer. In the evening meetings were held in all the town halls, and the successful candidates were serenaded by the Yarmouth and Milton brass bands.

A special service of praise was held in Wesley methodist church school-room on, Sunday afternoon. The programme included vocal solos, duetts and recitations, and was of special interest.

The clergymen and other temperance workers held a prohibition meeting in Music hall last week. The hall was packed. Addresses were given by all the influential temperance workers of the town, and the meeting was a grand success.

The sympathy of the town, goes out to the relatives and friends of the late Mr. Chas. Horton, who passed away on Saturday last, after a very short illness. Mr. Horton was a well-known and much-beloved citizen, and will be greatly missed in the town.

Thos. Robertson, M. P. P., of Shelburne, is in town.

Wm. Law, M. P, P., left by steamer "Yarmouth" on Saturday for Boston.

Mr. M. Morrow, of Halifax, passed through Yarmouth Saturday.

Miss McDonald who has been a guest at Mr. John Lovitt's left for home on Friday last.

Mr. J. Dyer, of St. John, was in town yesterday.

Mr. H. Hutchinson, of Toronto, left by steamer Saturday night.

Mr. Allen Tupper, of Liverpool, was in town on Saturday.

We are soon to have a new college of music in town.

### NEW GLASGOW.

[Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Pritchard and H. H. Henderson.]

March 21.—On Monday morning the engagement of a well-known banker to a lady from Pictou, who is a society favorite, was officially announced. If one may judge by what meets the eye, some other interesting engagements will surely follow.

Mr. H. C. Cowie, of Lunenburg, has been in town since last week, visiting his many friends.

Mrs. W. S. Fallis went to St. John on Saturday, to spend a week.

Mr. Will Irving, of Montreal, is spending this week in town.

Mr. P. Campbell, of Halifax, spent last week in town, the guest of his sister, Mrs. Conrod.

Mr. F. Conrod is spending this week in Cape Breton.

The Misses Jean Fraser, Eva Grant, Laura McNeill and Ella Bowman, will be home from the Halifax Ladies' college this week.

I understand there will be two or three dancing parties during Easter holidays, which are sure to be delightful.

Mrs. Sinclair, west side, on Wednesday last, entertained a number of her lady friends with a five o'clock tea. The floral decorations were lovely, being entirely of roses and cala lillies. Among the guests were Mrs. D. C. Fraser, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Harley, Mrs. M. Coll, Mrs. Harvey Graham, Mrs. Alfred Fraser, Mrs. Robson, Mrs. Forest McKay, Mrs. J. Young (Sydney), Mrs. Laurie, Mrs. John Underwood, Mrs. P. A. McGregor, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. J. Fred McDonald, Mrs. Matheson, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. James Carmichael, Miss S. McIntosh, Miss Margaret McGregor, Miss C. Carmichael, Miss Ray Garvey, Miss Fan Carmichael, Miss Anna Grant McGregor, Miss S. Walker. Mrs. Sinclair was assisted in entertaining by Miss Edith Carmichael, of Pictou.

Mrs. Fred Harley is visiting in Truro this week.

Mrs. C. A. Robson and son go to Halifax on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingles Johnson left yesterday to visit in New York city.

Mrs. Ritchie goes to Halifax this week to visit relatives.

Mr. Pickett, C. E. went to Amherst today

Mrs. George, of Halifax will be here this week to visit her sister, Mrs. Harley, "West side."

Miss Nan Carmichael goes to Halifax tomorrow to spend some days.

Mr. Louis Reddin, formerly of Charlottetown, but now of Halifax, spent last week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrington Strong are visiting in Halifax.

Dr. Keith met with quite a painful accident on Monday, and is still confined to the house.

New St. Andrews' choir, with friends, were delightfully entertained one evening last week, at the residence of Captain McIntosh. Dancing, followed by an elegantly served supper, made the evening all that the most fastidious could desire. Among the guests were, the Misses Brown, Lillie McKay, Missie Fraser, Nellie McKenzie, Janie Chisholm, Bessie Hills, Nettie McKenzie, Maggie Fraser, Jessie Ross, Gertrude Douglass; Messrs. Harry Brown, H. M. McNeill, Edwin Fraser, J. Chisholm, George McDonald, D. Brown, George Fraser and many others. I am told there are three more parties in store for the choir; evidently, they are favorites.

Mrs. T. Graham Fraser, held a very delightful reception last evening, among her guests were Mrs. Underwood, Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Mrs. J. Eastwood, Mrs. Raymond Daud. Mrs. J. Graham, Mrs. Keith, Mrs. Henry Townsend, Mrs. P. A. McGregor, Mrs. Douglass, Mrs. J. C. Reid, Mrs. J. R. Fraser, Mrs. H. Sutherland, Mrs. Fisher Grant, Mrs. J. R. Smith, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. C. McKinnon, Mrs. Haywood McGregor Miss Margaret McGregor, Mrs. Fraser was assisted in entertaining by Miss Fraser.

Miss Pearl Fraser entertained a large party of her youngs friend on Tuesday evening, it being a birthday anniversary.

A dramatic entertainment will soon be given under the auspices of the new St. Andrews church. "Mary Queen of Scotts" is the play now being rehearsed, as it is one which calls for a wonderful amount of histrionic talant, it will give the young people taking part plenty of work to portray it as it should be.

### PARRSBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrsboro book-store.]

March 21.—The Easter Offertories in St. George's church are to be devoted to the purchase of a chancel window in memory of the late W. B. King, who was for so many years rector of this parish.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Smith entertained a party of young people at a cobweb party on Thursday evening the 8th, in honor of their guest Miss Robb, of Oxford. The first prizes were won by Miss Ella Corbett and Mr. Rudderham, while the booby prizes fell to Miss Mamie Fullerton and Mr. Campbell.

Rev. V. Harris and Rev. Fr. Mihan, of Amherst, each paid a brief visit to Parrsboro last week, also Mr. Arthur Dickey, M. P., Mr. W. T. Pipes, Q. C. and Mr. C. R. Smith, Q. C.

Miss Laura Johnson left on Friday to visit friends at New Glasgow.

Mrs. J. W. Jenks has returned from Indian Island whither she was summoned by the death of her sister.

Mrs. Creelman, of Stewiacke, is visiting her sister Mrs. Dickinson.

Miss Page and Miss Ada Elderkin have gone for a three months' trip to England and Paris.

Miss Hattie Davison lately returned from New York, where she has been visiting her sister.

Mr. J. W. Johnson, of Halifax, was in town last week.

Mr. Rudderham left last week for a short visit to his home in North Sydney.

Mr. Robert Howard has gone to reside in St. John, to the regret of his numerous friends here.

Rev. Mr. Dill spent last Sunday at Onslow, his place being filled by Rev. Mr. Givan,

Mr. James McDonald of Halifax, spent a few days here recently.

Mrs. Edgar Corbett went to Amherst on Thursday.

### DIGBY, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.]

Mrs. Lynch gave a five o'clock tea Friday, at "Hawthorn Villa," in honor of her sister, Mrs. Croskill, of Halifax, who is visiting her.

Mr. E. Biden, of Amherst, is in town for a few days.

Mr. Oscar Dakin is spending a few days with his family.

The death of Mrs. Ensley Stalling occurred here on Sunday. Mrs. Stalling had been an invalid with consumption, for some time, and the end was not unexpected. She was formerly Miss Carrie Jenkins, of Yarmouth, and was a lady greatly beloved and respected by all who knew her. She leaves a husband, five daughters and a son. The interment took place at the baptist cemetery Wednesday afternoon.

I hear that there are to be several dances after Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Peters are visiting in St. John.

Miss Vroom, of Bear River, is here, and will continue her class in painting.

Miss Alice Goodwin, of Weymouth, and Mr. Ollie Goodwin were in town Wednesday.

A temperance mass meeting was held in baptist hall, Tuesday evening. Rev. Mr. Dykeman (baptist), Rev. Mr. Prestwood (methodist) gave striking addresses.

Mrs. Yerksa has returned to St. John.

March 21.—Mr. Frank Ross, of Yarmouth, was in town on his way to Shediac, N. B.

Mrs. E. I. Symonds, of St. John, is visiting Mrs. Geo Lynch.

Miss May Robinson is visiting Relatives in Sackville N. B.

Mr. E. E. Tupper, M. P P., and Mr. Comeau, M. P. P., were in town Monday and were rerenaded by the D. B. band.

Mr. Wayland Van Blancom broke his leg last Friday by jumping from the door of a moving car.

Mr. J. F. Merritt and Mr. J. F. Weston, of St. John, are in town.

Mrs. J. L. Peters has returned from a visit in St. John. Paul.

### TRURO, N. S.

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

March 21.—Miss Laura Farnsworth, Aylesford, King's Co., is in town, a guest of Mrs. Jno. Robbins, at the first presbyterian manse.

Mrs. J. B. Calkin is visiting her daughter in Pictou.

Mrs. O. C. Cummings, left on Friday last, for a visit among relatives in St. John.

About fifty of the normal students were entertained very pleasantly on Tuesday evening at "Fern Hill."

Miss Ethel Blight has gone to Halifax for a visit.

Mr. F. W. Harley, New Glasgow, was in town for a day or two this week.

Miss Mabel McKennie is home from the Ladies' seminary, Windsor, for the Easter holidays.

Mr. Will McKay and Mr. Harry Bigelowe are among home friends, from "Dalhousie." Halifax; and Masters Luther MacDowell, Harry Kaulbach and Walter Muir, from the Church school, Windsor, and Master Walter Slipp from "Acacia Villa," Holton.

Miss McKay expects to leave next week, for a visit with friends in Boston.

There will, no doubt, be some excellent music on Sunday next, in the different churches by the several choirs. There will be a full choral service at St. John's. The anthem will be, in the morning, "This is the Day, which the Lord has Made," "Johnson," in which the tenor solo will be rendered by Mr. Phillips. "Clemen's" Te Deum in B Flat, will also be rendered in the morning by the full choir. At the evening service the anthem will be "Christ is Risen from the Dead," "Syndeham."

At the first presbyterian there will be some beautiful music. In the anthem, "Christ the Lord is Risen To-day," by "Clais," Mr. Harry McDougall will take the bass solo.

In the Immanuel baptist Mr. Lewis Rice will be the soloist, and the anthem will be, "Lift Your Glad Voices," "Mozart," and "Christ, Our Passover, Sacrificed for Us," "Chapple."

Mr. Stanley Earle of the cable staff, North Sydney, was in town over Sunday, a guest at Mrs. George Donkin's.

Mr. George Donkin is visiting friends in Halifax.

Mr. A. E. Calkin is spending a few days with friends at "Fern Hill," this week.

Miss Ethel Robbins is home from school at Windsor, spending the Easter recess with her sister, Mrs Selden Cummings.

Mr. Aubrey Speny is here from Sackville, for the Easter holidays.

Miss Ethel Fuller and Mr. Aubrey Fuller are here from the same institution, guests of Mrs. David Thomas.

Miss Hattie Snook and Miss Sadie Jamieson are visiting friends in New Glasgow.

Mr. A. Allen, inspector of banks for the Halifax banking company, is in town this week. Peg.

### ANTIGONISH.

[Progress is for sale at I. R. MacIlreith & Co.'s book store.]

March 21.—Dr. McKay, superintendent of education, was in town several days last week.

Miss Annie MacMillan returned from New Glasgow on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Forbes and family, formerly of Durham Pictou Co., were visiting Mrs. Jno. MacMillan, Church street.

Miss Kathleen Randall, Bayfield, was in town last week from Wednesday to Saturday visiting friends.

Miss Lucy Gossip went to Bayfield on Saturday, to spend a few days

Miss Annie Cunningham left last Friday for Truro and Halifax to be absent about a fortnight.

Miss Cora Cunningham is visiting friends in Halifax.

Mrs. L. C. Archibald spent a few days in New Glasgow, last week.

Mrs. Wm. Harrington, Halifax, is visiting Mrs. Wilkie, Main street.

Dr. Agnew left yesterday for Baddeck, to be absent some time.

Mr. Hale went to Halifax on Tuesday for about a week.

A party of five left town for the Harbor on a goose shooting expedition on Monday. The party consisted of Messrs. L. C. and Will Archibald, Mr. H. Sutherland and two other gentlemen from New Glasgow. To judge by the number of geese brought into town by the Indians they must be very plentiful and doubtless the party will be very successful. Fancy.

### PICTOU N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Pictou by James McLean.]

March 20.—Miss E. Davies is confined to the house through illness.

Mr. E. M. Macdonald was in Halifax this week.

The band benefit at the rink on Tuesday evening was a success. A large number occupied the ice which was in splendid condition for this time of year. The music was thoroughly enjoyed.

Mr. T. Carmicheal, of New Glasgow was in town last week.

Mr. R. Matheson, prothonetary, died at the residence of his mother, Spring street, on Saturday morning after a prolonged illness. The funeral which was held on Monday was attended by a large number of friends of the deceased.

The engagement is announced of one of "our fairest" to a prominent banker in New Glasgow. Brenda.

### WINDSOR, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' Bookstore and F. W. Dakin]

March 20.—Mr. Webster one of our popular young men met with a very sad accident on Friday evening of last week. He was experimenting with acids when the jar holding nitric acid upset throwing part of the contents into his eyes. Dr. Black did what he could to relieve him but thought it better for him to go to Halifax and consult an oculist. At first it was feared his eyesight would be totally destroyed but the later reports from Halifax are a little more favorable.

King's college has closed for Easter and the majority of the students have returned to their homes to enjoy a three weeks rest, a few unfortunate ones are compelled to remain at the college as their homes are so far away it would be impossible for them to go. Conspicuous among the number is Mr. Khadder whose home is in Jerusalem.

Saturday was the monthly holiday at the girls school, several of the ladies of the town entertained a number of the girls.

Rev. Thos. deWolfe who has been so seriously ill at his sister's, Mrs. Geo. Wiggins' is slowly recovering.

Dr. Haley has gone to New York for a few weeks.

Miss Jennie Burgess has been visiting her mother at Newport for several weeks.

Mr. Cleveland of the telephone office is very ill with slow fever.

Mr. W. Harry Watts' many friends were very glad to see him in Windsor, even for the brief visit he made last week.

Mrs. John Keith, who has been in poor health for some time, is, I am sorry to hear, much worse.

Mr. Fred Wood was in town for a few days last week on his way to St. Johns, Newfoundland, where he has taken a position.

Rev. Mr. Kierstead, of Wolfville was in town for a few days last week and gave an eloquent address at the temperance mass meeting which was held in the baptist church on Wednesday evening.

Mr. bradford, of the collegiate school, spent Sunday in Halifax.

Mr. Wm. Curry is spending a few days in Halifax.

Mr. Bradshaw, who has been in Boston for a few weeks, has returned.

Miss Morris of Walton, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. D. H. Morris.

Mr and Mrs. Arthur Drysdale, of Halifax spent Monday in town.

Miss Drysdale is spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Drysdale at "Avonhurst."

Miss McCallum had a small, but very pleasant progressive whist party on Thursday evening, for her brother, who is home from Boston for his vacation. The guests were the Misses Louise Blanchard, Morris, Sadie King, Francis Woodworth, Annie Auston; Messrs. Webster, Tom Allison, Rosier, and Cumming. The ladies' gold prize was won by Miss King, and the gentlemen's by Mr. Webster; the ladies' booby prize, by Miss Blanchard and the gentlemen's by Mr. Geo. McCallum.

Rev. Mr. Morrison occupied the pulpit of the presbyterian church on Sunday last. This church is still without a pastor since their former one, Mr. Rogers, went to New Glasgow.

Miss Jean and Miss Evelyn Smith are home from school at Ayesford.

Dr. F. W. Ryan is visiting his mother in Sussex.

Miss Dorothy Smith, has returned from her visit to New York.

Mrs. Jamieson left on Monday morning for Lockeport where she has suddenly been called on account of the illness of her aunt. Mrs. Jamieson has made many friends in the short time she has been here and it is hoped that her stay will not be prolonged.

Mr. Black was in town last week.

Mr. Geo. Murphy was home from Dalhousie college for a few days last week.

Mr. McMurray, of Kentville, was in town last week.

Rev. Kenneth, Hind spent a day or so in town this week.

Mr. Geo. Graham, of Boston, was in town on Thursday.

Mr. Byron Barnes is in town. Ouija.

### KENTVILLE.

March 21.—Mrs. C. F. Rockwell has been visiting Mrs. W. B. Cox, of Upper Dyke village.

A ball is announced for the 26th at Mr. O'Keys.

A large number of invitations have been sent out.

Mr. W. H. Snider is back at his law studies in Messrs. Webster & Robertson's office.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. met at Mrs. Addison LeCain's on Thursday the 15th.

Mr. H. Parkman of Windsor was in town last week.

Miss L. Lovitt who has been visiting friends in Boston returned home on Saturday.

A small whist party was held at Mrs. C. F. Rockwell's last evening.

Mr. F. B. Newcombe is spending a few days in St. John.

The meetings of the Literary and Musical society have been postponed for a time.

Mrs. B. Hovey Calkin is quite ill in Yarmouth, where she has been visiting for several weeks.

The music loving portion of the community are looking forward to the concert to be given of the 27th by Mrs. Richardson assisted by her Kentville friends. Mr. Horace Cole the well known baritone from St. John is also expected to take part.

Miss Gridley has gone to Berwick to spend a week with friends. Nemo.

### NORTH SYDNEY.

[Progress is for sale in North Sydney at the store of Messrs. Copeland & Co.]

March 20.—Miss Lena Johnston, has been visiting the Misses Brown at "Beech Hill".

Mr. Richard Brown returned from Halifax, Tuesday.

Mr. Stewart, of Sydney, was in town Saturday.

Miss Mary Purvis, of Canso, is staying at "Beech Hill".

Mr. J. R. Littigen, of Halifax, was here for several days last week.

Miss Josephine Purves, who has been staying with Miss Maggie Brown, returned home Thursday.

Mr. Treen has been home for a few days.

Mr. Stanley Earle and Mr. Sergeant are paying a short visit to Newfoundland.

Mr. F. H. Rudderham, who has been home for a few days returned to Parrsboro on Monday.

There was a small card party at Mrs. Vooght's on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Purves entertained a few young people Friday evening. Dallas.

### ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

March 24.—Mr. Louis Whitman is at home for his Easter holidays.

Mr. J. J. Ritchie spent a few days in Yarmouth.

Mr. Arthur Harris and bride made a short tarry on their way to their their home in Cape Breton.

Master George Ritchie of the Rothesay school is spending his holidays with his brother.

Mr. J. J. Ritchie and Miss Lillie Harris spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. J. M. Owen gave a large dinner to the successful card dates on the evening of declaration day.

Mrs. W. W. Clarke has returned from a visit to Boston.

Mrs. J. C. deBlanchard, of Digby is staying at Mrs Ryerson.

Dr. Miller, of Middleton, spent Monday in town.

Mr. G. Ervin, was in town on Monday.

### GREENWICH.

March 20.—Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Richards entertained a number of their young friends to tea on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Sancton Belyea also entertained some young people last week.

Mr. Ernest McLeod has returned to Rat Portage; his many friends are regretting his early departure.

Mrs. J. Will Pickett of Rat Portage, formerly of this place, is expected here in May to spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod.

Dr. J. R. Gilchrist was in St. John quite recently.

Miss Maggie Smith spent last Sunday at home with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Smith.

Mrs. S. F. and Miss Laura Belyea are expected to return to their home this week, after spending the winter months in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fanjoy spent the day with friends here quite recently. Marjory Daw.

### CAMPOBELLO.

March 19.—Messrs. H. Murchie and N. A. Hanson, of Stephen, and Mr. Stroud, of Montreal, were on the island last week.

The sacred concert in Flagg's hall, on Thursday evening, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Street, was a decided success and was well attended. The selections, consisting of singing, recitations, etc. were well rendered. The proceeds amounting to $18.50, are to be devoted to St. Anne's Sunday school.

The members of the "Old Ladies Sewing Circle" are busily engaged at present, and for some few weeks past, making quilts etc., for a fair to be held sometime after Easter, proceeds to be devoted to same purpose as above. Incognito.


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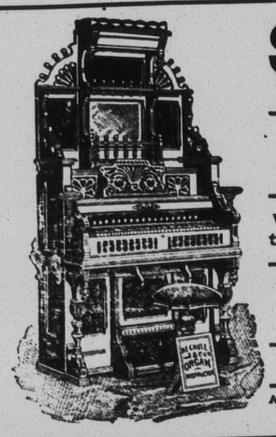

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IMITATIONS of this popular medicine are in the market, but Hanington's is the original and genuine. Do not be deceived by traders on its reputation, but always insist on getting Hanington's—Wholesale Druggists in the Maritime Provinces and Montreal supply the trade. All Retail Druggists sell it. Price 50 cts. per bottle. Six bottles for $2.50.

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General Agent, Montreal.

**SPRING MILLINERY OPENING TUESDAY, MARCH, 20th.**

Bonnets and hats from latest Parisian designs.

Novelties and Trimmings for duplicating trimmed Models.

in good time for Easter display.

Cut this out to be sure of the date.

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SMITH BROS.
WHOLESALE,
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MAIDS MADE PLUMP AND ROSY.

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Secures vigorous growth, avorts disease, and makes weakly and ailing children strong and healthy.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS
Comforting to Old or Young, Robust or Feeble

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT boys in towns and villages where we have no agencies, sending to secure the right to sell Progress. There are scores of small places where the people would be glad to take Progress every week, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys.

### ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the book store of G. S. Wall. In Calais at O. P. Treat's.]

MAR 21.—Mrs. T. J. Smith gave a very pretty tea at her residence on Thursday evening. Those who enjoyed it were, Rev. J. T. Bryan and Mrs. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric Burpee, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd, Rev. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Charles Beard.

Mrs. C. H. Clerke entertained at her pretty home on Thursday evening a party of lady friends from Calais, whist was the amusement provided. Those who were of this pleasant party were, Mrs. George Murchie, Mrs. Skiffington Murchie, Mrs. Willard Pike, Mrs F. T. Pote, Mrs. W. A. Lamb and Miss Mattie Harris, Mrs. Waterbury and Miss Mary Abbot were also of the party.

The children's ball given in St. Croix hall on Friday evening by Miss Mattie Harris was the prettiest affair of the kind ever given here. There were a number of fancy dances, the butterfly, the sailors' hornpipe, and the baby dance, being the most noticeable. There were twenty little girls in the butterfly dance, all dressed in yellow dresses, with black gloves and stockings. It was a pretty sight as they floated out from the ante room, each with a yellow scarf held above the head, they then formed into a half circle to represent the wings of the butterfly, with Miss Lottie Hughes as the head and two tiny little maidens, Miss Hattie Grimmer and Miss Myra Lord, as the eyes of the butterfly. Miss Hughes posed and danced in a most graceful manner that brought her great praise and applause. All the young ladies excelled themselves in the dance forming the wings of the butterfly with their scarfs and going through several other pretty intricate figures. The "sailors' hornpipe" was beautifully danced by Master Neill Cole, who was dressed in a sailor suit of white with a white tam. This dance brought forth sounds of applause and many well deserved compliments. The baby dance, in which the babies were attired in night caps and dresses was the prettiest of all, at the close the babies were so tired they fell to the floor and were seemingly fast asleep, a lullaby song was then sung and at the end the babies suddenly awoke and danced out of the hall. Other dances were the Oxford Minuet, Frauenlist and Borealis waltz. The two step waltz and Carleton, all of them were well danced by the young people. Miss Harris is to be congratulated upon the success of her ball. The young ladies were all most prettily attired and as your correspondent has been asked to describe the dresses worn, the following description is as nearly perfect as could be obtained. The appearance of little Earle Gardner only three years old in a full dress suit, called forth frequent applause as he sturdily went through the dances with the older ones.

Miss Julia Taylor, pretty gown of pink crepon with trimmings of pink satin ribbon;
Miss Mabel Whitney, pale blue satin gown with white lace trimmings;
Miss Helen Rounds, wore a lovely dress of white crepe with bows and ends of white satin ribbon;
Miss Marian Curran, white silk crepon, prettily trimmed with white lace;
Miss Carrie Murchie, dress of grey and pink silk;
Miss Ellen Harris, gray cashmere pink ribbon adornments;
Miss Birdie Gould, white crepon dress with ribbon trimmings.
Miss Christian Whidden, white cashmere prettily combined with pale blue watered silk;
Miss Millie Kimball, white muslin and white ribbons.
Miss Bessie Kimball, grey silk made in mother hubbard style with trimmings of pale yellow;
Miss Genevieve Hogan, pale pink and white cashmere gown;
Miss Bessie Todd, pretty dress of white cashmere with lace trimmings;
Miss Flora Gaskill, pretty gown of plaid silk with lace trimmings.
Miss Rebecca Moore dress of cream mull with trimmings of pale blue ribbons;
Miss Bessie MacMongle, pale blue china silk;
Miss Florence Reane, pink alpaca, with trimmings of surah silk.
Miss Katie Grimmer, white embroidered mull;
Miss Florence McCullough, cardinal satin gown trimmed with white lace.
Miss Kate Nichols, cream challie, with trimmings of olive satin ribbon;
Miss Marion Rockwood, white cashmere with trimmings of white lace;
Miss Mabel McAndrews, pretty gown of pale pink and white crepon;
Miss Lena Thompson, looked very nice in a blue and white striped silk, with white satin trimmings;
Miss Belle Woodcock, looked very pretty in a becoming dress of white china silk trimmed with soft cream lace;
Miss Nora Flanagan, pretty dress of cream crepe with trimmings of lace and ribbon;
Miss Millie MacMonagle, pale pink china silk with trimmings of pale blue baby ribbon;
Miss Louise MacManagle, pretty gown of yellow cashmere, which is most becoming;
Miss Vesta Moore, dress of cream challie;
Miss Sadie Hastings, white nuns veiling with trimmings of lace and ribbon;
Miss May Harris, white crepon with trimmings of silk;
Miss Louise Murchie, pale blue surah silk;
Miss Madge Gardner, pretty dress of grey and cardinal plaid silk.
Miss Edna Hill, pink cashmere, with satin trimmings;
Miss Dot Little, pretty dress of white mull;
Miss Georgie Tyler, brown silk, with white lace and ribbon trimming;
Miss Lizzie McCue, white cashmere with white lace;
Miss Hepsey Larner, white cashmere with pale blue ribbons;
Miss Sara Purrington, white embroidered lawn dress;
Miss Gertie Murphy, pale blue cashmere trimmed with white lace;
Miss Georgie Elliot, dress of pink crepon trimmed with white lace;
Miss Gertie Henry, white lace dress with sash of pale blue silk;
Miss Myra Lord, white silk gown in Martha Washington style, prettily adorned with valenciennes lace;
Miss Florence Black, pretty dress of white mull with embroidery;
Miss Bessie Foster, gown of white lace with pale blue ribbon sash;
Miss Ella Thompson, pale green silk with white ribbons;
Miss of ce Wright, changeable heliotrophe silk trimmed with white lace;

The most brilliant social event of the month will be the grand Masonic ball under the auspices of the Sussex Lodge, on the evening of Tuesday, the 27th. The invitations were sent out on Saturday, and it is said there are twelve hundred guests invited. The ball has been the chief topic since my last letter, and I hear there are numerous elegant ball costumes being prepared for it. The affair is in the hands of the following committee and cannot help being a success—W. W. Inches, W. M., chairman, J. T. Whitlock, P. G. M., G. F. Pinder, P. D. G. M., Henry Graham, D. D. G. M., W. S. A. Douglas, George J. Clarke, P. M., D. W. Brown, D. F. Maxwell, R. W. Whitlock, secretary to committee. Reception committee are Mrs. W. W. Inches, Mrs. Henry Graham, Mrs. W. F. Todd, Miss Jessie C. Whitlock. The floor managers are J. T. Whitlock, W. F. Todd, C. C. Whitlock, D. W. Brown, R. W. Grimmer, F. I. Blair.

Mrs. J. T. Bryan gave a dinner to several of her young friends in Trinity church congregation, at the rectory, on Thursday, which was greatly enjoyed by her guests.

Mrs. Howard McAllister gave a most charming party to a large number of children from four till seven o'clock on Thursday afternoon, for the amusement of her young daughter, Miss Kathleen Howard McAllister.

The marriage of Mr. W. T. Smith to Miss Addie A. Gothrow, was one of the happy events of the week. The ceremony took place at Mr. W. E. Smith's. The bride looked most lovely in her bridal costume. She was attended by her friend, Miss Maud Murphy, while Mr. Fred A. Morrison performed the same duty for the groom. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Penna, in the presence of the immediate relatives of both families.

Mrs. Seth Whitney, gave invitations on Tuesday to her lady friends, to enjoy a drive whist party at her residence tomorrow from four to seven o'clock.

Miss Kate Vose, left last evening for an extended visit in Portland Maine.

Mr. Edward Harris, who has been the guest of judge Downes for several weeks left yesterday morning for Boston.

Mr. A. A. McClu-key, of St. John, is in town today registered at the Windsor hotel.

Rev. Mr. Penna returned from a visit to Upper Kent, this afternoon.

Mr. G. M. Porter, one of our oldest and most respected citizens is very ill, and very grave doubts are felt in regard to his recovery.

Mr. W. H. Edwards, gave a delightful tea at his residence last evening to a dozen or more intimate friends. Music, singing and bright conversation, made a most happy evening which was greatly enjoyed by the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. John Black, are entertaining at their home this evening a number of friends in honor of their guest Mrs. Fredric Stancliffe of Montreal.

Miss Fannie Lowell, entertained a number of friends with progressive whist at her home last evening. After a delightful game, the prizes were awarded. The first prize fell to the lot of Miss Josephine Moore, a pretty Japanese tea caddy, the second prize became the property of Miss Nellie Hill, a silver umbrella strap, while Miss Grace Nichols was made happy by the third prize a Japanese tray. The party was given for the amusement of Miss Helen Laughton of Eastport.

Mr. Marks Mills' friends will be pained to hear he is very ill with an attack of la grippe.

Miss Louie Taylor is arranging a concert to be given at St. George at an early date.

Miss Millie Sawyer is visiting relatives in Boston.

Mr. Harry Wall is recovering from his severe illness, and will soon be able to be out again.

Mrs. Mary Thompson who has been the guest of Mrs. Gilbert Ganong for several weeks, left for her home in St. John on Saturday.

Miss Louise Stewart of Hampton is at Christ church rectory, the guest of Mrs. Newnham.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Murchie are visiting Boston this week.

Miss Mattie Harris left on Saturday night for a visit of three weeks in Boston, Hartford, and New York cities.

Mr. William Renne returned from a business trip to Boston on Saturday.

Miss Lizzie Vaughan has returned from Vanceboro, where she has been visiting friends.

Miss May Morris has returned to her home in St. Andrews after a visit of several weeks here.

Miss Louise Stickney of St. Andrews is the guest of Mrs. J. W. Grant in Calais.

Mr. Lewis Dexter who has been in Montreal on a business trip has arrived home.

Mrs. J. A. Grimmer, expects to leave at an early date for a long visit to her sisters in Kansas, and Osage.

Miss mary Eaton, of Boston Mass, is spending a few days with her relatives Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Eaton in Colais.

Mrs. Fredic Stancliffs, of Montreal, arrived on Sunday morning and is the guest of her friend Mrs. John Black.

Miss Annie Young, has returned from a pleasant visit in Fredericton.

Miss Helen Laughton, of Eastport, has been in Calais during the past week visiting her friend Miss Grace Nichols.

Miss Currie Lord, who is a pupil at Wellesley, has arrived home for a fortnights vacation

Mr. Hume Bates, who has been in the employ of Mayor Clerke for fifteen years, has resigned his position and accepted one in the firm of Milliken, Tomlinson and Company, of Portland, Me.

Mr. Harry DeWolfe, who has been engaged as a professor of Greek in a theological school, has gone to Hamburg, Germany to complete his studies.

Mr. Frank Nelson, cashier of the Calais National bank, left this morning for a visit to Portland, Bangor and Boston.

Mrs. E. A. Holmes and daughter, who have been Mrs. Geo. Lord's guests during the past week, have returned to their home in Eastport.

Mr. John W. Scovil went to St. John this afternoon for a brief visit.

### CAMPBELLTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.]

MARCH 20.—On Tuesday evening last a skating competition which attracted quite a large number of spectators took place in the Curler's rink between Messrs. McCormick and Breen. Considering that the ice was somewhat soft and unfavorable for fast skating, a good exhibition was given. The one mile race was won by Mr. McCormick while Mr. Breen easily gained the honors in the two mile race. The most exciting feature of the evening was the one mile race between local skaters, Messrs. W. A. Mowat and A. Dickie. Mr. Mowat's friends were not disappointed in him as he kept up his reputation as one of our best skaters.

Mrs. George Moffat and Miss Millie Stewart drove up from Dalhousie on Wednesday and spent the day with friends in town.

Mr. J. P. Brean of Moncton was in Campbellton for a couple of days.

Friends of Mr. S. H. Lingley will regret to hear that he still continues seriously ill.

Mrs. D. Ritchie of Dalhousie who has been in town for a few days, returned home last evening.

Miss Ruth Chandler intends leaving tonight for Moncton, where she will spend the Easter holidays with friends.

Mrs. Wesley Myles left on Thursday morning for a visit to her home in Upham.

Mrs. Thomas Murphy, of Dalhousie, was the guest of Mrs. Hugh O'Keefe on Sunday.

Mr. Jack Hamilton, of Moncton, paid Campbellton a brief visit this week.

A number of the friends of the Misses Johnson were invited to their home on Wednesday evening to meet Prof. McDonald, of Moncton, and listen to the sweet strains of his violin, which was a revelation to all, especially in his rendition of the variations of "The Mocking Bird." Cards were also enjoyed and a luncheon was served. Those present were the Misses Cassie Thompson, Effie McKinnon, Mary Keir, Jennie Jardine, Nellie Williams, Lizzie Henderson, Ida Nelson, Sadie Miller, and Messrs. T. McDevitt, W. M. Delaney, J. Davison, F. F. Matheson, H. Wathen, F. Humphrey, A. A. Andrew and W. Metzler, of Monction.

Miss Corinne Venner leaves on Wednesday for Moncton, where she expects to spend several weeks with friends.

Mrs. W. W. Doherty's friends will be glad to learn that she is recovering from her recent serious illness.

Mr. Watters Inspector of the Bank of Nova Scotia was here on official business on Saturday.

Mrs. William McIntyre of Dalhousie visited Mrs. Henry McIntyre for a few days.

Dr. Sproul, of Newcastle, is registered at the Royal.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Price, of Moncton, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Evan Price, for a day or two last week.

Dr. Doherty did not return from Montreal on Sunday as was expected owing to his having to undergo an operation, and word was received this morning that he would be absent ten days longer on account of the dangerous condition of his eye.

Miss Amy Price is in Moncton spending the vacation with friends.

Quite a number in town have received invitations from the officers and members of Branch 117, C. M. B. A., to a grand social to be held in the Masonic hall, Newcastle, Monday evening, March 26th.

Mr. Henry Wathen, I. C. R., mail clerk, gave a complimentary supper to his fellow boarders at the residence of Mrs. Williams, on Thursday evening. It is unnecessary to say that ample justice was done to the delicacies, and a particularly jolly evening was spent with cards and music. The gentlemen present were, Messrs. J. A. Flett, J. White, J. Davison, T. McDevitt, W. Rainnie, W. Williams, F. Humphrey, H. Walthen and W. Metzler.

The entertainment given by the young members of the presbyterian Sunday school on last Thursday evening was a decided success. The sum of $54 00 was realized.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Effie Murray to Mr W. A. Mowat, which will take place at the bride's home on Monday evening.

The curlers intend holding the last carnival of the season on Tuesday next. One of the attractions will be a race between Mr. Embree, of Moncton and H. Gallan our local champion.

I hear of a driving party to take place this evening, which will start from the Lansdowne at 7 30 and drive down the ice by moonlight, and meet afterwards at Mrs. D. Doherty's. VIOLA.

### ST. MARY'S, N. B.

MARCH 17.—Mrs. James C. Wisley, who has been staying with her sister Mrs. John Peppers, at Oaklands, for the past year, has gone to St. John where she will in future reside with her brother, Mr. Joseph Ferguson.

The many friends here of Mrs. Sherman B. Hellner, will regret to learn that she is lying dangerously ill with diphtheria at her home in Boston, Mass.

Miss Mamie Barry is visiting friends in Marysville.

Mr. Patrick Barry is visiting his brothers and sister, Mrs. James Ryan, in Fredericton.

Mrs. Richard Goldsworth entertained a few friends last week.

Miss A. Johnston has returned to the city, after spending a few days with friends here.

Mrs. Nelson Foster visited her mother, Mrs. William Peppers, last week.

Miss Biden has been unable to perform her duties as organist of Trinity church, lately, through indisposition. OAKLAND.

### MONCTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, Main street, A. H. Jones, and by J. E. McCoy.]

MARCH 21.—The St. Bernard's Amateur Dramatic club produced Baker's beautiful two act drama entitled "Among the Breakers" last Friday night, it being St. Patrick's eve., in the Opera house to a very large and appreciative audience. This club has been before the public several times, but never have they seem seen before to better advantage than in this play.

The young people are certainly to be congratulated upon their efforts for each one in his or her part was all that could be desired.

It is a difficult matter to single any one out as the "star"; but Mr. Hugh Hamilton as "David Murray," light keeper had the principal part and enough cannot be said of his acting, he was well gotten up and perfectly at home in his part which was by no means an easy one.

Miss Maggie Kelly in her role of "Mother Carey" a reputed fortune teller was splendid. Mr. S. Higgins took the part of Larry Devine the light keeper's assistant in a pleasing manner. Mr. R. Kelley acted the part of the "Hon. Bruce Hunter" to perfection where Mr. D. Legere as "Clarence Hunter" and Mr. Wm. McAllister as "Peter Paragraph" a newspaper reporter, won golden opinions from all. Mr. John Corcorane as "Scud," Mr. Hunter's colored servant, was a host in himself and kept the audience in good humour throughout the evening. Miss Nellie Gallagher, Miss Kate McDonald and Miss Maggie Murray acted their parts in first class style. The entertainment concluded with a grand tableau which was alone worth the price of admission.

On Monday evening the Ladies' Aid society in connection with the presbyterian church, held an entertainment and fancy sale in Babang's hall, and their efforts were crowned with success, as the room was well filled and the evening pleasantly spent.

Mr. J. H. Marks acted chairman and the programme began by a piano solo given in Mr. Fred Blair's usual good style; this was followed by a very pretty duett by Mrs. Miles and Mr. J. D. Steeves; next a reading by Mrs. D. I. Welch. Miss Robertson (Portland), sang Calvary, which received a well deserved encore; next came a reading by Mrs. Huntly; then a vocal solo by Mr. Stenhouse; Mr. D. Stewart, a cornen solo, and Miss Helen Howe (Halifax), a humerous recitation; Miss Stenhouse (Dartmouth) sang a Scotch song, and received a hearty encore to which she kindly responded. After this part of the programme was finished, the attention of the audience was directed to the ice cream, cake and fancy things for sale and a good number were disposed of.

Saturday evening a meeting was held in the parlor of the Brunswick hotel of the committee of the assemblies and it was decided to hold two more dances, the first one to be held on Easter Monday in Enman's hall. No doubt all of the young people will be glad to hear this.

Master Roy Fleet entertained about twenty of his school mates last Friday afternoon at a birthday party.

Dr. L. N. Bourque was in Sussex last week to attend the marriage of his friend, Mr. John M. Lyons, general ticket agent, I. C. R., to Miss Annie McMonagal.

The many friends of Mr. F. A. McCulley, will learn with regret that he is still confined to the house.

Mr. C. A. Murray, had a small party on Monday evening in honor of his guest Miss Johnson of Shediac.

Miss Howe, of Halifax, is in the city the guest of her Aunt Mrs. J. D. Ross. Queen Street.

Mrs. Margaret Holtshead who has been visiting friends in Sackville for the past three weeks returned on Tuesday.

Rev. J. D. Murray, of Red Bank, was in town Tuesday.

Mr. George McSweeney, was called to Halifax, Saturday, on account of the serious illness of his brother Mr. Wm. McSweeney.

Miss Fitch, of the W. U. Tel. Co, staff here has gone to Fredericton where she will be engaged in the Western Union Office there while the house is in session.

Mr. A. McNaughton, travelling auditor of the I. C. R., who has been ill for the last month is improving and expects to be out in a few days.

Mrs. Waldron, of New York and Mrs. Segee, of Boston, reached Moncton Friday morning, they were called home on account of their father, Mr. Amos Higgins being very ill.

Mr. T. V. Cooke left last week for Boston on business.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Dennis, of Pictou, were in town on Friday en route for Mrs. Dennis' former home at Kingston.

Miss Urquart is visiting friends in Montreal.

Miss Thomson, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. C. J. Butcher, returned home last week.

Mr. E. McLeod, of New York, spent Sunday in town with his sister, Mrs. C. Thomson, Botsford street. CLOTHO.

### HAMPTON STATION.

MARCH 19.—Society in Hampton has been having an unusually gay season with balls, whist parties, quadrille assemblies, etc., but the climax was reached last Friday evening in a masked fancy dress ball, given by the young men to their lady friends in the agricultural hall, Hampton village. The managing committee were: Messrs. T. H. Carvil, R. A. March, J. E. Whittaker, C. S. March, G. M. Wilson, L. W. Peters, F. M. Humphrey with S. G. Ritchie, secretary. And it was to the indefatigable efforts of these gentlemen that a large share of the thanks and congratulations are due on the score of its great success.

The hall was a blaze of light and color. Flags of England and Canada with bunting and trimmings of pink and green were everywhere, and the whole made a picture not easily to be forgotten.

On the platform at the head of the dancing room was placed the musicians, an orchestra of fifteen pieces of the artillery band of St. John, who won the highest praise from all for the very excellent program of dances which they played under the baton of Mr. Arthur Farmer. Messrs. R. A. March and S. G. Ritchie acted as floor managers and deserve credit for the smooth and regular manner in which dancing programme was carried out.

Among those invited were Judge and Mrs. Wedderbern, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. G. O. D. Otty, Mr. and Mrs. Tyson Barnes, Captain and Mrs. F. E. Wheipley, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Whittaker, Mr. and Mrs A. J. Sproul, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Langstroth, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Langstroth, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. March, Mr. and. Mrs. J. M. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Carvil, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Whittaker, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Fowler, Mr. and. Mrs. Wm. Otty, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Flewelling, Mr and Mrs. R. H. Smith, Capt. and Mrs. Earle, Dr. and Mrs. Warnford, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Flewelling, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Flewelling. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Warnford, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dixon, jr, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fairweather, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fraser (Rothesay), Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hoyte, Mr. and Mrs. John Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ritchie, Dr. and Mrs. J. E March (St. John), Mr. and Mrs. E. C. March (St. John), Mr. and Mrs. Geo Frost, Miss Ella May Fowler, Miss Mary Barnes, Miss Maggie Otty, Miss Fannie Fairweather, the Misses Peters, Miss Mame Frost, Miss Ena Ritchie, Miss Maggie Smith, the Misses Barnes, the Misses Stewart, Miss Jordan, Miss Jenny Barnes, Miss Jean Sprague, Miss Mills, Miss Emma Arnold, the Misses Flewelling, Miss Louise Otty, Mrs. R. W. Gass, Mrs. T. Dewalde, Miss Kate Fairweather, Miss Nell God oe (St. John), Miss J. Puddington (St. John), Miss B. Barbour (St. John) Miss Jennie Bucknam (St. John), Miss Jennie Peters (St. John), Miss Alice Wedderburn, Miss Seely, Miss Currie, Miss L. Tweedie, the Misses Brown, Messrs. T. A. Peters, L. W. Peters, Geo. Frost, S. G. Ritchie, Wm. O. Stewart, Thos. Stewart, F. M. Humphrey, Percy, Humphrey, R. A. March, Ralph Humphrey, Wm. J. Brown, A. W. Hicks, Dr. Wetmore, F. Titus, Warren Titus, R. LeB. Tweedie, Albert Jordan, J. McKinnon, Guy Kinnear (Sussex), Charles Kinnear (Sussex), Stephen Palmer (Moncton). F. N. Hall (Moncton), G. H. Clarke (St. John), Robert Travis (St. John), Wm G. Barbour (St. John), Charles Good (St. John), Henry Page (St. John), F. V. Wedderburn, C. Mabee, H. E. Fowler, and others. The chaperons were Mrs. T. H. Carvil, Mrs. J. E. Whittaker, Mrs. C. S. March, Mrs G. M. Wilsen.

Of the costumes worn by the ladies, some were very handsome, some beautiful and all pretty. Here is a brief discription of the most noticable:

Mrs. T. H. Carvil, yellow gause, black velvet, Swiss bodice. Character, Swiss Peasant.

Mrs. J. E. Whittaker, white silk, yellow watteau, silk train. Hair worn a la French Marquise, diamonds, white feather. Character, French Marquise.

Mrs. C. S. March, pale pink satin evening dress, pearl trimmings, gold ornaments.

Mrs. G. M. Wilson, yellow silk, black lace caught up with flowers, ornaments diamonds. Character, Summer flowers.

Miss Nellie Peters, helitrope moirantique, black silk velvet, watteau train, hand painted panseys, powdered hair, gold ornaments. Character, Queen of the Panseys.

Miss Mary Barnes, green silk dress covered with black gause, hand painted jeweled butterflies, ornaments rubies. Character, butterfly.

Miss Ella May Fowler, white cashmere, Grecian border in gold, diamonds. Character, Grecian.

Miss Bessie Peters, white sura silk, blue Indian muslin, pink flowers, large blue hat. Character, Mary, Mary quite contrary.

Miss Mame Frost, pale blue satin and gold gauze, gold stars. Character, sunshine.

Miss Edith Peters, pale blue muslin with roses, Kate Greenaway costume, large hat to match.

Mrs. Tyson Barnes, crimson satin, while lace, powdered hair, large white hat, white feathers. Character, a portrait of a lady.

Miss Fannie Barnes, white cashmere skirt, paizley border, striped gauze vest with white satin zouave jacket, pearl ornaments. Character, Spanish tambourine girl.

Mrs. M. E. Harrington, yellow silk skirt, trimmings of lace and sunflowers. Character, Sunflowers.

Mrs. E. G. Evans, purple silk shirt, white delame draperies with Greecian border of purple silk, diamonds. Character, Greecian.

Miss Alice Wedderburn, pink challie dress, trimmings, pink satin, green velvet, green feathers. Character, Daisy Bell.

Mrs. Geo. Fraser, cream nuns veiling evening dress, natural flowers.

Mrs. R. W. Gass, black and white muslin skirt, black silk waist, white trimmings, diamond necklace. Character "1794."

Miss Louise Otty, pink satin dress, flowered trimmings, pink cap. Character, old fashioned girl.

Mrs. Taylor, black silk evening dress and while lace.

Mrs. Wedderburn, black silk evening dress, white chiffon trimming.

Mrs. Wm. Ritchie, black silk evening dress, ornaments gold.

The costumes of the gentlemen were all good, and were representative of every clime and century. Methinks the spirits of England's illustrious dead must have gathered in crowds and smiled as they gazed down at the throng of gaily decked kings, lords and knights who, with stately step and bows profound, treaded the intricacies of the modern dance or galloped gaily through the old Sir Rodger.

The most striking costume was that worn by Mr. F. V. Wedderburn, who represented a crusader.

At midnight the doors of the supper room were thrown open and a recherche repast placed before the guests.

The floor being in fine condition dancing was kept up until a late hour, when all retired with regrets that the most pleasant evening of the season had reached its close.

### SUSSEX.

MARCH, 21.—Mrs. Churchill, a returned missionary delivered a lecture on missions in the vestry of the baptist church on Wednesday evening during her visit to Sussex, she was the guest of her cousin Mrs. E. J. Grant.

Mrs. Hickson, paid a short visit to St. John last week.

Mrs. C. S. White, spent Thursday and Friday in St. John.

Rev. A. M. Hubley, lectured to the members of fire brigade in their room on Thursday evening. The Rev. Gentleman was greeted with a very large attendance and his lecture was enjoyed very much by them all.

Mrs. W. C. H. Grimmer, of St. Stephen, spent Thursday and Friday here, the guest of her sister Mrs. George H. Raymond, at the Knoll.

Miss Keith, of Havelock was the guest of her friend Mrs. Gordon Willis last week.

Mrs. Tupper, Halifax, spent Friday here the guest of Mrs. J. S. Trites.

Congratulations to Rev. B. H. and Mrs. Nobles, on the arrival of a son.

Miss Vanwart, of Hampstead, is visiting her sister Mrs. Nelson Weileigh.

The many friends of Dr. and Mrs. George N. Pearson sympathize with them in the death of the doctor's mother, which occurred at her late residence in Apohaqui, on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McLeod, St. John, were in town on Saturday.

Miss Murray, of Moncton, is visiting her brother, Mr. J. A. Murray, Church avenue.

Miss Bertie White, St. John, was at the Depot House over Sunday.

Mr. Bliss, of Fredericton, spent Sunday at the Knoll.

Dr. R. I. Robertson, St. John, was the guest of his parents on Sunday.

Miss Desmond has returned from Hampton and is boarding at the Depot House.

Mr. Albert Pearson, of Buctouche, is visiting his brother, Dr. G. N. Pearson here, this week.

Messrs. G. S. Kinnear and Dr. H. Arnold were in St. John Saturday, attending the funeral of the late Mr. H. W. Frith.

The school children gave a concert in Odd Fellows hall on Monday evening under the patronage of Francis Willard Division. During the evening a speech was given by Mr. C. A. Everett, of St. John. After the programme was carried out the children were given a treat by the division.

Miss Bertie Culbert, who has been visiting her uncle here all winter left on Tuesday for her home in Boston.

Mrs. Henry Bishop, of Bathurst, is visiting friends in town this week.

Mr. Joseph Moore, of Shediac, spent part of this week with friends here.

Mr. Murray Heustis is receiving the congratulations of his friends on an important arrival in his family—it is a boy. MURIEL.

### MILLTOWN, N. B.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Milltown at the Post Office.]

MARCH 21.—Mr. Henry McAllister spent a few days in Boston this week.

Miss Mary McCarty arrived home from Portland on Wednesday on account of the serious illness of her mother.

Mrs. C. H. Eaton, of Princeton, was in town this week, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Carrie Porter.

Miss Manie Vooe entertained her friend, Miss May Foster, of Calais this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Sovenson, is receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby boy.

Miss Geneve Boardman entertained a large number of her little friends at a tea party on Monday afternoon, it being her birthday. Games, recitations and magic lantern views was greatly enjoyed by the little folks.

Miss Sadie Pine entertained a few of her friends at tea on Thursday. They were the Misses Lina Tarr, May and Cecily Osborne, Katie McKenzie, Bertha Dewar, Etta Anderson, Gertie Spinney and Blanche Farnham.

Miss Marcia Black gave a delightful tea party at her pleasant home on Queen street Tuursday afternoon. Supper was served at six o'clock after which music, singing and whist was enjoyed. Among those present were the Misses Winnie Sawyer, Maude Mitchell Fannie Graham, Maude Whitney, Belle McGarriagle, Annie Cronin, Maude Sutherland, Mattie McLeod and Emma Towers.

Mrs. C. F. Todd arrived home Tuesday after spending the winter in Florida, New York and Boston.

Miss Kittie McDonald died this morning after a long and painful illness at the early age of 18 years. She was of a beautiful disposition and although somewhat retiring in her manner yet she made hosts of friends and was loved by all who knew her. as it is only a few months since her father died, it makes it doubly hard for the bereaved mother and sisters.

### MAUGERVILLE.

MARCH 19.—R. A. McFadgen is home for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Wisely, of Fredericton, spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. McFadgen.

Owing to ill health, Rev. H. E. Dibblee was unable to have his usual weekly service last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy K. Barker returned from their wedding trip last week.

C. B. Harrison left last week for Fredericton to attend his legislative duties.

R. D. Wilmot M. P., started last Monday for Ottawa, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Wilmot.

Miss Maggie Jaffrey who has been spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Clowes, has returned to her home at St. Mary's.

Miss Mary Harrison is recovering from her recent severe illness.

Philip Cox, B A., who has been spending the winter here has returned to St. John for a few weeks.

### SALISBURY.

MARCH 21.—Mr. E. A. Moore, of Fredericton, is making a visit at his home.

Mrs. George Chapman entertained a few friends with high tea last Wednesday evening. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Baird, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar McKie, Mrs. John Trites and Mrs. J. Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Barnes were in Moncton on Monday.

Mr. C. M. Pye, of Albert, is spending a few days in the village with friends.

On Saturday evening, Miss Maggie Gray entertained a few friends to tea. Those invited were the Misses Edith Crisp, Maud Crisp, Ida Smith, Wynnie McMurray, Hattie Moore, Mabel McNaughton, Maggie Teakles and Lulu Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Baird spent last Sunday and Monday in Sackville.

Mrs. Wm. Steeves, of Hillsboro, has been visiting her mother at Riverside farm for the past week. THELMA.

### ANAGANCE.

MARCH 11—Mr. A. W. Baird, of Newton, King's county, spent Monday in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson.

Mrs. Sherwood, of Moncton, spent Tuesday in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. Kinnear.

Mr. Lewis H. Bliss of Fredericton, spent Saturday last with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davidson, at "Waterside Villa."

Miss Ida L. Smith spent Monday in Petitcodiac, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Fairweather. MOSQUITO.

I Am Glad

in the interest of any, who may be suffering from Dyspepsia, to bear testimony to the fact that I have been greatly benefitted by the use of K. D. C., when other medicines prescribed as remedies afforded no relief.

(REV.) JOSEPH HOGG,
Minister of St. Andrew's Church,
Aug. 16, 1893. Winnipeg, Man.

Free Sample mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State St., Boston Mass.

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MAGNET
SOAP
FOR THE LAUNDRY.

VENUS,
FOR BATH OR TOILET.

Manufactured at
Logan's Soap Works,
20 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

GENTLEMEN:
YOU CAN BUY
SHIRTS, COLLARS,
CUFFS, UNDERWEAR,
TIES, SUSPENDERS,
UMBRELLAS, HANDKERCHIEFS
and all kinds of
Men's Furnishings
AT 32 KING ST.
Cheaper Than Elsewhere.
WHY?—Because the entire stock must be disposed of before
THE FIRST DAY OF MAY.
Next door below Waterbury & Rising's.

Here are a FEW WORDS which might have been fixed over to FILL A COLUMN.
As they are they speak volumes.

Cambridge, N. B., Sept. 7, 1893.
The Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., L'td.
GENTLEMEN: This is to certify that I have been troubled with Dyspepsia for twenty years and have tried a good many remedies but all failed.
Last fall I was induced to try your Groder's Syrup and I have taken six bottles. They have completely cured me.
I recommend your medicine to all who may be troubled as I was.
Yours sincerely,
MARTHA WILSON.

At all Druggists and of General Dealers.
One Dollar Per Bottle.
Six Bottles $5.00, Guaranteed.

MEAGHER'S ORANGE QUININE WINE.
Prepared strictly according to the British Pharmacopœia.
Quinine in this agreeable form is quicker in action and more reliable than when taken in Capsules, Powders or Pills. DOSE—Half a Wineglassful
For sale at all Druggists.
Sample bottle free to Physicians upon receipt of card. MEAGHER BROS, & CO., Montreal.

The best place to buy Candy is at the 20th Century Kandy Kitchen 12 Charlotte Street.

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BOYS EDUCATED FOR COLLEGE OR BUSINESS by an excellent staff of Resident Masters.
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MRS. R. P. PORTEOUS
(Frances Franklin) of London.
Winner of Madame Sainton Dolby's Vocal Scholarship for Great Britain.
Mrs. Porteous is prepared to receive pupils for lessons in the art of singing and advanced pupils for the pianoforte. Oratorio and ballad singing.
Communications to
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One Thousand Dollars Worth of
Hawker's Remedies, Viz.:
Hawker's Tonic,
Hawker's Balsam, small;
Hawker's Balsam, large;
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T. B. BARKER & SONS,
Wholesale Druggists,

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

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

Miss Mabel Smith is home from Musquash.

Mr. Leo F. and Miss Beverly have issued invitations to a large number of their friends for Thursday March 29th. A very pleasant evening is anticipated.

Mr. Hunter, of Sussex, spent part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan, Douglas Avenue.

Miss Mary Earle, has been visiting Mrs. Morris at Mosquito Cove, for the past three weeks.

Miss Annie Jewett of Lancaster, spent last week with Miss Jessie Hilyard.

For the past two weeks Mr. Robert Elkin of Douglas avenue, has been quite ill.

Miss Etta Shaw is spending her Easter vacation at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Higgins of Orange street, entertained about thirty of their friends at a drive-whist party, on Thursday of last week.

Miss Connell, of Woodstock, has been visiting friends here.

Mr. Fred Chesley is home for Easter.

Miss Annie Good of Woodstock, is visiting Mrs. Courtney on Douglas avenue.

Miss Blanche Wisely received a few friends on Thursday of last week.

Dr. Harry Wisely is home from the Philadelphia dental College, from which he has lately graduated. Dr. Wisely leaves shortly for New York.

Mrs. Fred Harding left for New York on Thursday.

Word has been received from the National Conservatory of Music on New York, that Miss Helen Craigie has won the mark of honor after passing an examination in history of music. Miss Craigie is expected home early in June, to spend the summer.

Many of the University students come home for Easter. Miss Blair and Mr. Burpee were among the number.

Invitations have issued for a dance to be held in the Temple of Honor Hall, on Tuesday March 27th. The ladies committee consists of Mrs. J. A. Chesley Mrs. H. H. Nase, Mrs. R. Courtney, Mrs. Robert Wisley, Mrs. Wm. Christie, Mrs. W. N. Shaw and Mrs. G. Hargraves. The young people expect a gay evening.

Miss Murray MacIntosh, of Springhill, is visiting friends here. NYDIA.

### FREDERICTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]

MARCH 21.—The At Home given by Mrs. H. S. Bridges on Thursday last, at the university, was a very pleasant affair, quite a number of young people remaining for the evening, when music and games, with bright chat, filled the hours. Miss Bridges was assisted in her duties as hostess by Miss F. Powys, Miss F. Babbitt, Miss Bayley, Miss Linda Bridges and Miss Burpee. Mrs. Black, Mrs. Sewell and Miss Morrison were among the soloists of the evening, and Mrs. McNutt played the accompaniments.

On Saturday, Mrs. Fraser gave a small luncheon party to lady friends at Government house.

Mr. Archie R. Tibbits has gone to Boston for the Easter holidays.

Mrs. Hunter has returned home from a delightful visit to Washington and Baltimore.

Mr. George F. Gregory is in Boston on a pleasure trip.

Miss Etta Shaw left today for her home at St. John to spend her Easter vacation.

Miss Frances Hazen, of St. John, is here visiting her grandmamma, Mrs. James Tibbits.

Miss Noe Clerk of St. Stephen, is here, the guest of Mrs. T. W. Whitehead.

Mrs. A. H. F. Randolph has gone to visit at Tallahassee, Florida.

Mrs. and Miss Beckwith have returned from a visit of several weeks to Boston.

The semi-annual communion services in St. Paul's church, which were to have been on Easter Sunday morning, have been postponed until the Sunday following on account of the continued indisposition of the pastor, Rev. W. Macdonald.

Rev. Mr. Parkinson who has been quite ill, is much better and able to be out again.

Mrs. F. S. Whittakor, of St. John, is visiting Mrs. C. H. Hatt at Marysville.

Miss Bessie McNally goes to Millville tomorrow to visit her brother Dr. McNally.

Miss Robinson is here from Nova Scotia visiting her friend Miss Akerley.

Mr. R. S. Barker left on Monday afternoon for New York to attend the funeral of his brother in-law Mr. H. N. Brinton.

Miss Miller leaves in a few days for St. Paul, Minnesota, to make her home there.

Mr. Wm. Clark of the firm of Clark & Son, has gone to Jersey city, N. J., on a pleasant trip. Rumor says he will come back accompanied by an ex teacher of the model school, who has consented to share his joys and sorrows.

Mrs. M. S. Hall is visiting relatives in Augusta, Georgia.

Mrs. Vavasour is visiting Mrs. Rannie Murray at Kingsclear.

The talk of the town just now is the ball to be given in the Parliament building, on April 12th.

Miss Alice Cropley has gone to Boston to enter the Waltham hospital in training for a nurse.

The juvenile dancing club met last night with Masters Hanford and Armour McKee, and had just a lovely time.

Mr. and Mrs. McConnel are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a son.

Miss Flood, of St. John, is here the guest of Mrs. F. S. Hilyard.

Mr. E. A. Moore, has gone to Salisbury for a visit.

The intelligence received here today, of the very sudden death in Toronto, of Mrs. Thos. Temple has been a severe shock to her many friends. Mrs. Temple left here only a week ago to visit her daughter, Mrs. Forrester. Mr. Temple, who was in Ottawa was telegraphed for, and will arrive here with the remains tomorrow. Mrs. Temple leaves three daughters, Mrs. Grosvenor, of Canterbury, Mrs. F. S. Hilyard of this city and Mrs. Forrester, of Toronto.

Dr. Jewett of New Haven, Conn., arrived here with the remains of his only son Edward, a bright little fellow who was buried on his first birthday, the funeral took place from the residence of Mr. John Wiley, Mrs. Jewetts father.

Mr. Steve Brown has much sympathy in the loss of his young wife, whose death occurred on Sunday morning from a relapse of la grippe, Mrs. Brown who was married less than a year had not yet attained her twenty first birthday. The interment took place on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. A. F. Street is visiting in St. John, the guest of her father, Sir Leonard Tilley.

One of the most pleasant events of last week (of which they were many,) was the Ladies' lunch, given by Mrs. Fraser, at "Faraline Place," on Saturday last. Those present were Mrs. A. S. White, (Sussex,) Mrs. W. F. Mitchell, Mrs. G. W. Allan, the Misses Fisher, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. E. S. Carter, (St. John,) Miss Fenety, Mrs. John Black, Mrs. A. J. Gregory, Miss Janie Robinson, Miss Reed, (Cambridge Mass).

Mr. F. H. Burton of Bridgewater N. S., paid a flying visit to the city last week, and Miss T. Isabel Fowler of Nauwigewauk, is visiting Mrs. Jos. Phillips Regent street. CRICKET.

### WOODSTOCK.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. John Loane & Co.]

MARCH 21.—The mock parliament held a most interesting session on Friday evening. A very large audience filled every available seat in the room. The government benches were filled with a "noble array of manly forms" while the opposition though weaker in number presented a fine showing of intelligent members.

The proceedings were very interesting. The continuation of the debate on the abolition of the grand jury evoked many enthusiastic speeches from both sides of the house.

The government speakers were J. C. Hartley, F. B. Carvell, D. B. Gallagher, T. M. Jones and S. Watts, while the opposition ideas were presented by Mr. James Watts, C. Appleby, J. K. Flemming, G. Hugh Harrison, W. W. Hay, W. Drysdale and Mr. John Price. The speaker Major D. McLeod Vince, fills his important position with befitting dignity, his ruling in every case proclaims his thorough knowledge of political lore and parliamentary usage.

Sunday evening Rev. James Ross of St. Paul's preached his farewell sermon to a very large congregation. Mr. Ross in compliance with the wishes of the presbytery leaves for his mission this week. He took as his text. Acts x x, 32, and in a very forcible and eloquent manner commended his congregation to the care of the Almighty. His reference to kindness rec ived and general good feeling met with during his five years residence in Woodstock, were most touching. An excellent choir rendered suitable music. An anthem, "The Beautiful Golden Gate" was well rendered during the offertory The alto solo in the anthem was beautifully sung by Mrs. W. W. Hay who possesses a voice of rare sweetness.

The Opera house was completely filled Tuesday evening with a representative audience, the occasion being the 90th anniversary celebration of General Neal Dow's birth. A long programme had been arranged and was successfully carried out. Mr. Donald Munro acted as chairman. The chief features of the evening were the addresses given by Mrs. Moses Burpee, of Houlton. Rev. Thomas Marshall and Major D. McLeod Vince. Singing was rendered by a full choir with good effect. Mrs. Mary D. Clarke, B. A., gave an excellent reading.

Mrs. Moses Burpee and family are the guests of Mrs. Appleby.

Mrs W. P. Jones is spending this week in Fredericton. ELAINE.

### RICHIBUCTO.

MARCH 21.—The entertainment in St. Patrick's hall on Saturday evening under the patronage of the Catholic congregation was attended by the largest audience that has turned out to anything of a like nature in this town for years. When the hour for beginning the programe came around the hall was filled completely, there being many from a distance. One special feature on the bill that attracted such numbers was the announcement that the Misses de Oliqui, who lately returned from Spain after spending over four years completing their musical education in the best institutions in that country, were to take part. While it is necessary to understand music to fully appreciate, yet the audience on a whole easily realized that the piano solos and duets by the Misses de Oliqui were the execution of more than ordinary musicians. Outside of this latter item the entertainment was a creditable one in every way. The piano duet by Mrs. Wheten and Miss Vatour is deserving of special mention. The programme was quite a lengthy one, the others who assisted with the entertainment were Mrs. Vatour, Miss Chrystal, Miss Richard and Miss Freeman. Messrs. B. Johnson, J. D. McMinn, A. C. Storer. Wm. Wheten, G. Johnson, A. E. O'Leary and J. McDonald (Shediac). Mr. Wheten filled his position as chairman in his usual grace and style.

Miss Susie Hannigan and Messrs John Hannigan and Joe Burke, of Buctouche, attended the concert on Saturday evening.

Mr. J. D. B. F. McKenzie, of Chatham, was in town yesterday.

Mr. John Stevenson, of the I. C. R. station at Kent junction, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. E. Sinclair, of Newcastle, is in Kingston, the guest of Dr. W. A. and Mrs. Ferguson.

Judge and Mrs. James and Miss James, of Buctouche, were in town on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Leary left on Tuesday for St. John.

Miss Beattie and Miss Sutton, of Kouchibouguac, were amongst the visitors to town last week.

Mr. Fred Moore, of Amherst, was in town on Tuesday.

There are faint whispers of a large dancing party in the Masonic hall next Tuesday evening. AURORA.

### HAMPTON VILLAGE.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Hampton Village, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.]

MARCH 21.— Mrs. J. B. Hammond, is visiting her son, N. B. Hammond, Boston.

Mrs. E. L. Whittaker, is spending a few weeks in Boston.

Miss Keith, spent Sunday with Mrs J McLaughlin.

Mr. G. Fraser and family, Rothsay, are visiting Mrs. Wedderburn.

Mr. A. O. Earle and Miss Earle, St. John, spent Sunday with Mrs. Dr. Taylor.

Mrs. J. M. Lemont, Fredericton, spent Sunday with Mrs. W. J. Flewelling.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hindricks, spent Sunday with Mrs. J. E. Fairweather.

Mrs. Warneford, spent Sunday in the City.

Mrs. S. H. Flewelling, has returned from a visit to her mother, Sheffield, Sunbury Co.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Humphrey entertained about fifty guests to one of the most pleasant evenings of the season on Wednesday.

Mrs. C. C. Humphrey, is visiting her sister Miss Cookson St. John.

The fancy dress ball on Friday evening in the Agricultural Hall, was a very pleasant affair, a large number of very pretty dresses were worn.

A very interesting event will take place the first of the month when one of Hampton's young ladies will be united in marriage to a Fredericton young gentleman. A

### ST. GEORGE.

[PROGRESS is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.]

MARCH 21.—Mr. James O'Neil made a trip to St. John last week.

Miss Edith O'Brien returned on Thursday from Calais.

Mrs. Howard Wallace left on Saturday to spend a short time in St. John.

Mrs. Gartley McGee gave on Saturday evening a children's party from seven until ten, for her daughter Florence, a very enjoyable evening was spent in dancing and games.

Mr. E. R. O'Brien went to St. John on Monday.

On Tuesday evening the temperance societies celebrated the 90th birthday of General Neal Dow, a very interesting programme was carried out under the direction of Rev. H. E. S. Maltier. MAX.

MARCH 22.—Mr. James Murray, jr., passed away this morning having been in ill health since last summer, he leaves a widow and one child. He was an estimable young man and much sympathy is felt by the community for his widow and relations.

Mr. Samuel Johnson who has been in St. John for the past few days, returned this morning.

This being Holy week, there has been a daily service in St. Mark's church, with an address from the rector, on the event of each day of the life of our Lord. These services have been largely attended. BARNY.

### CANSERBURY STATION, N. B.

MARCH 20.—Mrs. George M. Hillman gave a party to a number of young people last Thursday evening. The evening was very pleasantly spent with music and games.

Mr. Richard Scott entertains two of his brothers from Andover last week.

Miss Stella Green of McAdam, spent Sunday here. She was the guest of Miss Lawson.

Mr. Charles Parsons, of Houlton, Me., is visiting friends here this week.

Mrs. McLean, of Boston, is visiting her brother Mr. Gould.

Mrs. Tratton, of Woodstock, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. W. Lundon.

Mrs. James H. Carr is recovering from her recent illness.

Miss Loraina Grant, of this place, was married last evening to Mr. Sipp, of Houlton. Her many friends here wish her much happiness and prosperity.

Miss Johnston of Debec, visited friends here last week.

Mrs. J. S. Law entertained a number of friends at tea Tuesday evening.

Mr. Robert Bell, photographer at Richmond, is in town this morning. PATSY.

### WESTFIELD BEACH.

MARCH 21.—Mr. C. Black of Milford spent Sunday with his friend, Mr. Guy Watters.

If rumour is to believed we are soon to lose one our of young ladies residing near Lingley st tion.

Messrs. Guy Watters and Harry Ballentine were in the city on Saturday.

Mr. R. W. Ferguson was in Westfield on Tuesday, en route for Medicine Hat, Assiniboise.

The O. M. C. met Monday evening, but, owing to the absence of the president, adjourned.

Miss Ida Brundage was in St. John on Thursday last.

Miss May Lingley has returned home from St. John, where she was visiting friends.

### HALIFAX NOTES.

Monday evening of this week was the last public band evening at the exhibition rink. The subscribers to the private afternoons will finish out the month if the ice lasts, but during the present week few people will go, while next week the weather will probably annihilate the skating.

The hocky match between the Chebucto's and Mutuals was a most exciting one, the Chebucto's winning by a very little. Mr. Gilbert Troop was referee, Messrs. J. N. Duffus and J. Mackay judges.

Two other hockey matches of the week are the final one beside the Wanderers and Dalhousie, and one between the officers of the Garrison and the officers of the 66th. The ladies are confirming their energies to attending the matches, not playing now, and next week will probably employ all their evenings in going to the opera.

* * *

By the way, we are all glad to have the Baker Opera company back again, but is there nothing new under the sun that they must open with Boccaccio? The admirers of Miss Murphy are looking forward eagerly to her advent, however, and she will probably carry even so well worn an opera as Boccaccio.

* * *

At the annual meeting of St. George's society it was decided to have the usual dinner.

Mr. Fred Hart has bought the very pleasantly situated house in Morris street belonging to Mr. M. Wallace.

The mission held by the Rev. Dyson Hague at St. Paul's church, has been very well attended, his service for men only on Sunday night being packed to the doors.

The Misses Uniache, who have been in England and the continent for a year, will return to Halifax in April.

Mr. Schofield, R. E., and Major Brady, R. A., are expected shortly from England.

* * *

The meetings held last week at Government house by some of the ladies interested in the St. John's ambulance association have resulted in changing the proposed ball into a cafe chantant. The money made is to be used, I believe, to buy an ambulance to present to the city. A cafe chantant is a much better scheme for money making than any ball could be, as people will cheerfully attend a seventy-five cent affair for charity where they would take no interest in a three and a five dollar a ticket ball.

The success of the dance in aid of the Leicester infirmary, our last charity ball, was not so great as to entice our clear-headed ladies into giving another.

There is good material here though for a cafe chantant, especially if there is a good allowance of band music provided. I have not heard what ladies are on the committee, merely that Mrs. Daly and Mrs. Montgomery Moore are taking an interest in the scheme.

* * *

A contingent of Royal Marine Artillery commanded by Major Rawstorne, arrived in the "Laurentiners" and went on to Esquimauld B. C., where they will remain for the next five years at work on the new fortifications.

The new French flagship this year on this station is the "Duquesne," which replaces the "Naiade." Admiral Fournier will command her.

Herr Bernhardt and Mrs. Walther, whose throat I am glad to hear is quite well, will give a series of concerts in April, beginning at Windsor and going through the country towns to Yarmouth. Mr. and Mrs. Walther will be assisted by Mr. Dodwell and Miss Harvey.

The performances of Sir John Stainer's "Crucifixion" by the choir of St. Luke's cathedral during the past week, have been very successful, and the collections have realized something for the new organ fund. The tenors and basses having solo parts were Messrs. Clarkson, Wylde, Emerson, West and Niswell. The quartette was sung by Messrs. Clarkson, Wainright, Robinson and Ruggles.

Mr. Gatward played the accompaniments on the organ, which he hopes soon to replace with a new instrument.

* * *

Among Halifax people leaving shortly for England are Mrs. Stewart, Miss Anna Stairs, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kenny and Captain and Mrs. Longe. Miss Molson, of Montreal, who has been spending the winter with Mrs. Stairs Duffus, also leaves shortly for England.

Halifax is at last to become modernized to the extent of having apartment houses, long a great need. Several houses on Hollis street are to be made into one large building which will be rented in flats

Mr. F. W. Green has returned from Newfoundland.

Mr. H. Wickwire, the new M. P. P., is in Halifax, I hear it rumored that Dr. and Mrs. Pearman will visit England in the spring.

Mr. E. M. McDonald, of Pictou, is at the Queen Hotel.

The sudden death of Mrs. Robert Morrow, on Friday of last week, was a great shock to her large circle of friends and relatives as her illness was of very short duration. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon from the residence of Mr. Geoffrey Morrow, the funeral services being held at St. Stephen's (the bishop's chapel). Mrs. Morrow will be much missed by the many people to whom her kind and charitable deeds were know. She leaves four children, Mr. Geoffrey Morrow, Mrs. Bor, wife of Major Bor, R. E., Mrs. Parks, wife of Captain Parks, R. E., and Mrs. Carleton Jones.

* * *

A grand concert is announced for Thursday evening of this week at the Oddfellows' temple, and though many people will be attending church on that evening there will probably be a large audience. Mrs. Percy Lear is to sing two solos, the orchestra of the academy of music will assist, Mr. Howard will play the banjo and Mr. Higgins the flute, while a great attraction is the child wonder.

* * *

Among well-known people here, who have lately had the honor of being presented to Her Majesty or her representative, are Mrs. Primrose, nee Miss Keany, and Mrs. Bagot, wife of Major Bagot, for so long on this station. Mrs. Primrose was presented at the Queen's first drawing room in London; Mrs. Bagot at the vice-regal court at Dublin. The latter's dress was a train and corsage of rich black damask, lined with black satin, and trimmed with Brussel's lace, large bouquets of conoolonlus, bows of ribbon, grass moss and foliage.

The petticoat was of black point de soir, festooned with Brussels lace and trails of flowers. The bodice was all Empire, trimmed to correspond. Mrs. Bagot's head dress was the usual court plume and lapets; her ornaments were diamonds.

* * *

Mr. R. H. Brown, of Sydney, is at the Waverley house.

Mr. W. T. Leavy, of Texas, has succeeded Mr. Von Dugen as U. S. immigration agent. Mr. and Mrs. Leavy are at the Halifax hotel.

Mr. W. T. Leary, of Texas, U. S. emigration commissioner, and wife is in the city.

The Duquesne is to be flag-ship here this summer, under Admiral Fournier. MORRIS GRANVILLE.

### DORCHESTER.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

MARCH 21.—Mrs. David Chapman has been visiting her son, Mr. D. Chapman, in Amherst.

At Trinity church, Friday morning, Bishop Kingdon administered the rite of confirmation to sixteen persons.

Mrs. Hazen Chapman spent Friday and Saturday in Amherst.

Mrs. Joseph Hickman has returned home after visiting her daughter, Mrs. Douglas, in Amherst.

Mr. D. Robertson, has returned to St. John, after having spent several months here, in which time he made many friends.

Miss Ethel Emmerson accompanied her father to Fredericton.

Capt. Cook has moved his family to Parrsboro, and Mr. J. F. King has rented his house.

Miss Grace Tingley has taken the position as clerk in the post office here.

J. W. Y. Smith, M. P. P., spent Saturday in town.

Mr. S. G. Wilson has been in Moncton for the last few days.

Miss Fletcher, of Amherst is the guest of Mrs. D. Chapman.

I hear of a gentleman in Memramcook, who is engaged to one of Dorchester's fairest young ladies.

Rev. J. R. Campbell is confined to his residence with a severe cold.

The Misses Barkhouse went to Sackville, on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Chandler went to Sackville, on Wednesday, to attend the funeral of the late Senator Botsford, whose remains are to be taken to St. John.

Rev. Cecil Wiggins, of Sackville, preached in Trinity church, in Dorchester on Tuesday morning.

There are rumors of a ball coming off after Easter, and the young people are beginning to prepare for it—but it may be too good to be true. VIOLET.

### HARCOURT.

MARCH 21.—Mr. Silvester Wathen, of Richibucto, is visiting his brother, Mr. J. N. Wathen, at Mortimore.

Miss Maggie Glenn has returned home after an extended visit to Moncton.

Mr. Godfrey B. Ellis, of Bathurst, is acting as night agent in Harcourt I. C. R. station.

Mr. J. Harry Wilson went to Campbellton on Monday and returned home yesterday morning, quite ill.

Rev. T. J. Dienstadt occupied the pulpit of the Wesleyan memorial church on Sunday evening. He was the guest while here of Mr. Isaac B. Humphrey.

Miss Nellie Snarr, of Kent Junciion, spent Saturday here, the guest of Mrs. Benj. McLeod.

Mrs. Mary Wilson has been seriously ill for the past two days with a severe cold.

Mr. James Brown, at present in Boston, U. S., is expected home on Saturday.

Mr. James W. Morton, of Kent Junction, was in town last evening.

Mr. Spurgeon Powell has returned from Petitcodiac and will remain in this latitude for some months.

Mr. George Brooks, of Kingston, reached here last evening from six weeks tour in the United States, and left for home to-day.

Miss Annie Black, of Richibucto, spent two days here this week, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Keith, and returned home this afternoon.

Ex-Councillor Alex. Curran was in town to day.

Mr. John McG. Powell was visiting his friends here today.

Mr. Benj. McLeod spent Sunday at St. Nicholas River.

The meeting held in the public hall on Monday evening to celebrate the Neal Dow anniversary was largely attended, and proved successful, despite the noisy demonstrations of the small boys who should have been sleeping in "their little beds." Mr. Andrew Dunn was chairman, and was the "right man in the right place." Interesting addresses were delivered by Rev. J. D. Murray, G. W. P., Rev. Mr. McConnell, Mr. J. F. Dorothey, Mr. Henry Wathen, the chairman and others. The addresses were interspersed with music, both vocal and instrumental. Miss Trinda Wathen performed on the organ most acceptably and efficiently.

Mr. Robert Robinson, jr., who has been in the United States for some time, has been in town.

Mr. John A. L. Wathan went to Moncton by this morning's train. REX.

### HILLSBORO, N. B.

MARCH 20.—On Tuesday evening several sleighs, each containing a merry party, started at 7 o'clock from Hillsboro, Weldon, Salem, for the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Millar, Dawson settlement. They arrived there at eight o'clock and spent a most enjoyable evening, returning home in the sma' hours. Among those present were, Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Beatty, the Misses Cope, Lily Steeves, May Steeves, Annie Steeves, Romie Beatty, Eliza Beatty, Woodworth, Annie Mullins, Laura Styles, Cassie and Annnie Duffy, and Messrs. Chas. Steeves. Percey Steeves, Tilley Steeves, Fred Jonah, Ward Jonah, Trueman Jonah, Alfred Jonah, Arthur Abbinnett, Audber Lavder, Fred Erb, Walter Duffy, Clarance Duffy and Alex McLatchey. Miss Joan Wallace, who was visiting friends in New Horton, returned home last week.

Mrs John Beatty entertained a few friends on Monday evening at a goose supper. Among the invited were Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gross, Mr. and Mrs. Chas Gross, Mrs. Louise Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. John Wallace, Mrs. Geo Gross and Mrs. Maria Scott.

Mrs. John Beatty leaves tomorrow for St. John to visit friends.

Mrs. Amanda Keith leaves for St. John on Thursday to visit friends.

The funeral of the late John Dryden, took place yesterday with masonic ceremony.

### Curious Facts About the Ermine.

The ermine is a queer animal—it is one thing in winter and another thing in summer. That is a strange statement, but it is true, for in winter the animal's fur is as white as snow and it is called the ermine. In summer it turns reddish brown on the upper part of the body and a light yellow on the lower part. The animal is then known as the stoat. This change is quite familiar to naturalists but not to unscientific people, and the ermine and the stoat are therefore generally regarded as distinct animals. The fur of the ermine is of much value and is in great request. At one time it was a mark of royalty and the state robes of judges and magistrates were lined with it as an emblem of purity. The ermine is so cunning in its ways that it is almost as difficult to catch as it is to "catch a weasel asleep." In fact, the only way to capture it is to mark its course but in home and then strew mud in its pathway. When the dainty fastidious little animal reaches the point in its path where the mud is strewn it will lie down and subject itself to capture and death rather than smirch one of its snow-white hairs. —[Cleveland World.

### His Fame Is Bound to Suffer.

When a husband asserts his rights in his own household he is apt to be regarded as tyrannical; when he yields them he is called henpecked. In either case his fame suffers, and in all cases he pays the penalty of husbandhood.

### Purely a Matter of Business.

"You look depressed, Wintie."

"I feel depressed."

"What's the matter—business or love?"

"Business. Alice De Million has just refused me."


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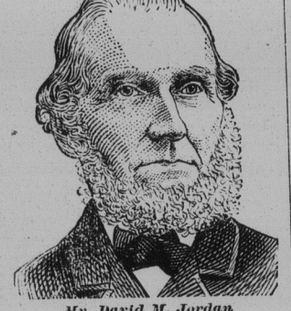

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of Edmeston, N. Y.


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This is from Mr. D M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

**Liver and Kidneys**

gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that **I could scarcely walk.** I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks **I ate nothing but gruel.** I was badly emaciated and had no more color than **a marble statue.** Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the **inflammation of the bladder** had subsided, the color began to return to my face, and I **began to feel hungry.** After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

**I feel well and am well.** All who know me marvel to see me so well." D. M. JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.



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Vests of every description from 15c. a pair up to $3.00.

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**IT ALWAYS CURES,**

PROOF POSITIVE.

READ IT.

Mrs. J. A. Morin, No. 18 St. Joseph St., Ottawa, says: I must say that Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine is the only remedy which has been able to cure my two children of very bad colds which caused them a great deal of suffering. I am happy to give the present testimonial.

Mrs. J. Courtemanche, No. 262 Water St., Ottawa, says: My two children were suffering from a very bad and stubborn cough. Almost discouraged I at last tried Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. After using three 25ct. bottles of that marvellous remedy they were both cured completely.

M. Joseph Birras, No. 120 LeBreton St., Ottawa, says: I was suffering from a very bad cough for over six months, when I was advised to try Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. From the first dose I was much relieved and can now truly say that I am perfectly cured.

Mr. Harry Condon, Duke St., Ottawa, says: I had suffered from bronchitis for over six weeks when I tried Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. And now I can certify that it cured me perfectly when many other preparations which I used failed to give me any relief.

Mr. Robert McKinstry, Lloyd St., Ottawa, says: I emphatically declare that Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine is the best remedy I have ever used for coughs and colds. I was suffering from a very obstinate cough when a friend of mine recommended me to try it and by using one 50ct. bottle I was immediately and perfectly cured.

Mr. A. Tague, 31 Clarence St., Ottawa, says: My wife had suffered from a very bad attack of bronchitis for over four months when I was recommended to try Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. By using three bottles she was completely cured. Since that time I used it for my child who had the whooping cough and it cured him immediately and completely.

Mr. J. Roberts, Bothelier St., Ottawa, says: Having heard from a friend of the wonderful efficacity of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine, I made up my mind to try a bottle, and to my great amazement I found that this one bottle cured me of a cold that I thought would surely turn into consumption, I would advise all sufferers to give it a trial.

Mr. Alexander Duffy, 85 York St., Ottawa, says: I had had a very bad cold for a long time when I tried Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine, and one 25ct. bottle was sufficient to cure me perfectly.

G. N. Latimer, Metcalfe, Ont., says: Allow me to recommend Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I was surprised at the wonderful effects of a single bottle: I had a very severe cold and can say that after taking that one bottle I am to day perfectly cured.

Mr. Charles Warner, Duke St., Ottawa, says: Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine is the best syrup I ever tried for coughs. I have used it many times in my family and always with entire satisfaction. I recommend every one troubled with a cold to give it a trial.

Mr. John Wright, Duke St., Ottawa, says: Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine has worked on me like a charm. Having caught a very bad cough, it completely disappeared after using one small 25ct. bottle.

Mr. Geo. Harrod, Ottawa, says: I suffered from a very severe cold which allowed me very little rest. I was advised to try Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine and by the use of two 25ct. bottles, I was entirely cured. I had tried every kind of syrup for my cold and found none to come near yours.

Mr. John Daly, Queen St. east, Ottawa, says: I had a cough which prevented me from sleeping for over a week, when I bought a 50ct. bottle of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. And now it is my duty to certify that this valuable remedy completely cured me. I highly recommend it to the public.

Mrs. D. Herbet, DeBreton St., Ottawa, says: I was suffering from a long standing cold when I first used Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine. The first dose I took gave me relief so I continued to use it and now I am perfectly cured.

Mad. Widow Gono, 554 St. Patrick St., Ottawa, says: After having coughed severely all winter and having tried in vain a great many other cough mixtures, I at last bought a small bottle of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine, and before finishing it, I was to my great surprise completely cured.

Dr. R. Chevrier, 200 Daly St., Ottawa, says: I have frequently prescribed Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine in cases of bronchitis, whooping cough, and diseases of the bladder and always with most efficacious results.

Dr. Alex. Ouimet, Hull, Que., says: I prescribe a great deal of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine in my practice and it gives me pleasure to say that it is most efficacious for coughs and colds and in cases of diseases of the bladder.

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Pages 9 to 16. **PROGRESS.** Pages 9 to 16.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1894.

## HOW THEY DO IN BOSTON.

*THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT SEEMS A GREAT SUCCESS.*

**The Old Style of Voting Compared With the Present System—How Bosses Used to Control the Employees—There is a Great Change for the Better Now.**

BOSTON, March 13.—It takes the average man a long time to realize the good qualities of anything extremely radical, or a system very different from that which has been in common usage for centuries.

St. John people are discussing a new system of voting, for instance. As I understand it, there is a movement to introduce what is known here as the Australian ballot, or an official ballot with the names of all the candidates on one sheet.

Those who are now opposed to the new ballot claim that it is complicated, a dangerous ballot for thoughtless voters.

I do not know why this form of ballot is being advocated in St. John at the present time, nor do I know why it is meeting with opposition from a presumably up-to-date municipal association, but I do know that, with all its imperfections, the official ballot has been a Godsend to the people in this part of the world.

It has given the American voter freedom he never had before; he recognizes this fact, appreciates it, and wants the Australian ballot in all his political organizations.

Years ago a man's life wasn't his own on election day. It required a man of courage to vote contrary to the demands of an employer or ward boss. Politicians could figure out the exact vote, the day before the election.

In large manufacturing concerns, foremen and bosses of one sort or another, made the polling booths their headquarters on election day. They handed ballots to their employes and saw them deposited in the boxes. It wasn't an uncommon thing for a candidate to have colored ballots. Then there was no possibility of a man exchanging the ballot given to him by the foremen for one previously concealed in the hand.

All this is changed.

Now the voter goes into a stall where nobody can see what he is doing. He runs his eye over a list of names a mile long, marks his cross, after the men he wants to vote for, and nobody knows anything about it but himself.

Complicated?

Well, yes, somewhat, but not so much so, by any means as to justify a return to the old style. And provincialists know what the old style means. It does away with the man who stuffs a ballot into the voter's hand and usually makes it unpleasant, no matter which way he intends to vote. It does away with a kind of interference, no self respecting man wants to put up with, for even a person of most pronounced views on the matter on which the vote is taken, is almost tempted to vote against his convictions when worried by an enthusiastic heeler of the same political faith as himself.

An official ballot would not be so complicated in the provinces as it is here, for the reason that it would not have one quarter the number of names on it; the voters would know the candidates, and these would probably be a sufficient number of men of known ability on a municipal ticket of this kind to make a choice without much trouble.

In these parts, however, there are enough candidates in every election to populate a place as large and enterprising as Carleton. Interest, of course, only centres in the principal offices, and other men on the list were probably never heard of by thousands of voters. Yet the most ignorant coal heaver in town marks off his men all the way down.

There is a great deal in the initials and first letter of a candidates name when the official ballot is used.

For instance, if the name of a candidate begins with A. or B. he stands a much better chance than one whose name begins with a letter near the end of the alphabet.

The voter usually wants to get through with the job as soon as possible, and gives preference to the names at the top of the list, provided of course they have the right party mark after them.

For, on a long ballot individuals do not receive as much consideration as their party applications.

In this, too, on official ballot in St. John would differ very much from one in Boston.

Here a candidate for any office, national state or municipal runs as the representative of a party, and in six cases out of ten it is the party rather than the man that the people vote for. National politics have not entered into municipal affairs to a very great extent in St. John, but from this distance one would judge that with an official ballot, and a Tax Reduction Association in the field, candidates for office would have the name of the party they represent, after their names.

It would be an innovation worth trying. It would awaken an interest in the affairs of the city, which has hitherto been lacking. There has always been difficulty in getting good men to run for the board of aldermen, but party politics would bring out good men, men who would be bound to act in the best interests of the city, or suffer defeat from a civil organization.

In the past a member of the board of aldermen could do pretty much as he pleased, and nobody seemed to care anything about it.

Talking about an official ballot being complicated recalls the Walcot Hamlin story of two years ago, which I think I referred to in my letters of that time.

In making up the State ticket all the candidates for Governor are grouped then comes the candidates for Lieutenant Governor, and so on down through the list of offices. There are usually five candidates for Governor in Massachesutts, although the outside could never hear of more than two of them. There is a republican, a democrat, prohibitionst, a peoples party man, and a Socialist labor candidate. It often happens that the worst insignificant heads the list simply because his name begins with a letter near the top of the alphabet.

In the election of 1892 the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor was Roger Wolcot, and the peoples party candidate for governor was Wolcot Hamlin.

Hamlin's name was under that of the Republican candidate for governor, and thousands of good republicans after voting for their candidate for governor, made a mark after Hamlin's name because it was so close to the would-be governor's name and had a Wolcot in it. As a result thousands of ballots were thrown out because two candidates for governor had been voted for.

This shows that the ballot is complicated for unthinking people, but it is vastly better than the one which places a man's bread and butter in jeopardy. And the old ballot has done that in St. John.

R. G. LARSEN.

*NOT A SOLITARY INSTANCE.*

**Clerks in Many City Money Offices Have Seen this Woman.**

"I want to get a money order," she cried through the network of a city postoffice.

"Make out an application, then, madam," replied the clerk. You'll find the forms on the desk at the back of you."

"What application? I just want to send $5 to"——

"Fill up the form, please," interrupted the clerk, handing her one.

"I—I—will you please to fill it out for me?"

"I can't. It's against the rules. You must fill it up yourself. To whom are you sending the money?"

"Oh, to Mr. Joseph Green; that is, I'm really sending it to Mrs. Gseen, who is my sister, but we thought it would be better to send it in his name and save her the trouble of going to the office; and, of course, he can give it to her, as the money is really for sister; but if it makes any difference, I suppose" ——

"It makes no difference at all."

"I didn't see why it should, really, and I'm glad it doesn't, for sister isn't in good health, and she might not be able to go to the office herself, and"—

"Write Mr. Green's name and address on the line below."

"His full name?"

"Yes, please."

"'Joseph N.' will do, won't it?"

"Yes, Yes."

"I can write it 'J. Newman Green,' if you prefer. Newman is the middle name."

"'Joseph N.' will do."

"Oh, will it? I'm sure I don't see why it shouldn't. He's so well known, anyhow."

"Now, write your own name and address on the other lines as quickly as you can, please, there are others waiting."

It took her about twenty minutes to do this, and ten more to ask if Green would have to be identified, when he gets the money, and how she knew he got it, and if the post office would be responsible if the money was lost, and if a registered letter wouldn't have been as safe, and so on, in a way that only helpless and suffering postal clerks know anything about.

*SHOWERS OF RICE AND SLIPPERS*

**Meaning of a Custom that Has at Least Antiquity on Its Side.**

The throwing of an old shoe after a newly married couple on their departure is general all over England; in Kent the custom is accompanied by a little more detail than is usually observed in other parts of the country. The principal bridesmaid throws the shoe, the other bridesmaids run after it, the belief being that the one who gets it will be the first to be married. She then throws the shoe among the gentlemen, and it is supposed that the one who is hit will also be married before the others.

The custom of showering rice over the bride and bridegroom is a universal one, although in some parts wheat is substituted. This was formerly general in Nottinghamshire and Sussex. The practice appears to find a parallel in Poland, where, after the nuptial benediction has been given by the priest, the father receives the newly married couple at the door of their house and strews some barleycorns over their heads. These corns are carefully gathered up and sown. If they grow it is considered an omen that the married pair will enjoy a life of happiness. Grain of any sort is symbolical of plenty, and no doubt at different periods and in different countries that grain has been selected which could be procured the most easily. An old Spanish ballad of the sixteenth century, "The Cid's Wedding," refers to this custom, except that ears of wheat appear to have been used instead of thrashed wheat:

"All down the street the ears of wheat around
Ximeni flying."

## WHAT THE CANON SAYS.

*DR. PARTRIDGE DISCUSSES KING'S COLLEGE AFFAIRS.*

**It Will Be Continued as a University, or in Any Case as a Theological Seminary—How Want of Unity Among the Churchmen Has Affected the Situation.**

HALIFAX, March 22.—King's college just now is an interesting subject of thought, not only to churchmen but to the public interested in educational affairs, and with a large class, too, which is interested in the concerns of the colleges who care little for educational work of a lower grade. In Nova Scotia members of the different religious denominations regard with almost equal affection their sectarian college and the church itself. King's college affairs have been somewhat fully discussed of late, and it is regretable that all that has been said has not been in a hopeful strain. The fact is that if the financial condition of the baptist institution at Wolfville; or if all were known of Dalhousie, at Halifax, it would be found that King's might have the questionable satisfaction of those in misery who like company. Acadia college is far behind in its funds. It is stated that that institution goes behind a rate of $3,000 a year. Such a condition must soon be improved, and, as in the case of King's it will have to be "mended or ended." Dalhousie college is not much better off. It is an open secret that with their income and expenditure do not balance, by long odds. Constant appeals are being made by President Forrest for assistance in his attempt "to make both ends met," and with only partial success. Coming down a step in the educational scale, and glancing at the Halifax ladies college, it is found that there, too, the financial situation is not satisfactory. Some of the capital of the admirable institution has been consumed for current expenses, and times will have to improve with the college or they also will become so bad that getting worse will be impossible. King's, thus, financially is not so very much worse off than sister institutions hereabouts. The gravest difference is in attendance of students. Dalhousie's classes run up in the hundreds while King's has to be satisfied this year, with not much more than twenty.

PROGRESS correspondent called on Canon Partridge, D. D., recently, for a chat on the subject, Dr. Partridge is one of the ablest men in the church of England in Nova Scotia. He is cosmopolitan clear-headed, practical and patriotic. While devoted, heart and soul, to his own denomination, he can appreciate goodness in whatever religious quarter he finds it. He is a thoughtful fearless preacher, hard parochial worker, and his people in St. George's parish love him as a man and as their rector. Last and not least he is a staunch friend of King's college. Dr. Partridge was the leader of the "federation with Dalhousie" movement of some years ago. He remarked to the correspondent that he regretted the recent proceedings of the alumni, and more particularly of the board of governors, had been made public, and at first he was not disposed to say much. He tacitly confirmed the report that the govnrnors had acted on the suggestion of the alumni and decided to give the professor's of King's notice that their services would not be required after the end of the present college year, adding, however, that the action was merely intended to leave the hands of the board free in case of the worst.

"Do you think, Dr. Partridge, that had the movement for federation with Dalhousie proved successful King's would now have been in the position she finds herself?'

"I do not. Our federation scheme was not affiliation nor amalgamation with Dalhousie. It simply meant the removing of the college location from Windsor to Halifax and the occupation of a portion of Dalhousie's grounds. We would have had our own college building. The material of the chapel at Windsor would have been brought to Halifax and re-erected here King's would have continued a residential college; our religious services would have been held daily as now, and the same denominational oversight would have been exercised over the students. Degrees would have been granted from Dalhousie university. We would have had all the privileges of King's under her present constitution with the added advantages of the benefit of the entire teaching staff of Dalhousie; central location in the midst of a population that could furnish large numbers of students. Then the disadvantages, too, of student life in a small though hospitable town would be avoided."

"But there would have been loss in abandoning the college buildings at Windsor."

"True, but they were in rather a dilapidated condition, and I have no doubt that had the change been made there would have been a stream of contributions to the college funds that would have far outweighed any temporary loss. Many a handsome, possible donation have I known, that was never given, because King's remained at Windsor instead of adopting the progressive policy of coming to a large city, in a strong church centre like Halifax, and federating with a powerful university like Dalhousie."

"Is there any hope of yet accomplishing federation?"

"None that I know of. The federation party were a decided minority, even with the enthusiastic support of the Bishop Binney.—We saw we were so little likely ever to succeed that the cause was abandoned long ago. My belief is, however, that King's would not have been suffering as she now is had federation with Dalhousie taken place."

"What is your idea of the outlook for Kings?"

"The college will go on, I have no doubt, as a university, with its acts and science faculties, etc. But if we should not be able to do that, it will certainly continue as a theological seminary. All the extra expenditures which was made on the buildings was absolutely necessary, without it the college was not a fit place for habitation. It is the terrible floating debt, and interest on the bank overdraft, that bears so heavily upon us. If friends of the church and college would but relieve us of this debt I believe bright days would be in store for King's college. Though the students now are so few there are many "in sight." A number of boys at the collegiate school, Windsor, will soon be ready to matriculate, and they intend entering Kings's. The church school for girls, too, has a quota of young ladies who will become undergraduates of the university. I do not anticipate the worst, but think that churchmen will come to the rescue of King's in her hour of need. The college surely has friends who will save her, and present the lapsing of the university into a mere theological school."

"To the lack of unity among churchmen, in their regard for King's, has been attributed the disheartening state of King's. What's your impression.?"

"That is our great trouble. And I do not see how there is to be any change for the better. The church of England is a comprehensive body. It affords scope for the churchman so "low" as to merrit the title "puritan" and the ritualist has plenty of room within her bounds. Both classes of people compose the church in the Maratime Provinces, as elsewhere. I know that King's college, in her religious teaching and practice, keeps to the medium. Her policy is in harmony with neither extreme in the church. No change therefore, can be made without still further alienating one or other party in the church. I see no room for improvement in the religious policies of Kings. Here are people in the low church parts who will be satisfied with nothing in King's except absolute control. They will have all or nothing. King's to suit them, must be made a second puritan Wycliffe college. There is no suce thing with them as compromise in regard to college. "Lack of unity" is the great trouble with those who should and be the friends of King's, and I dont see how it is to be secured, for King's is neither a puritan nor a ritualistic institution."

"But it looks as though neither party would exert itself on behalf of the college, as at present constituted, and possibly the best plan would be for the college to weigh the chances, and cast in its lot completely with one of the extremes in the church. Better that than to fall between two stools," the correspondent said.

Dr. Partridge expressed no opinion on the wisdom of such a possible proceeding, only repeating what he had already remarked that most of the low church party would be satisfied with nothing short of absolute control.

The board of governors, and the executive of the Alumni Association, meet in this city soon after Easter, to talk over the selection. Friends of the college are by no means without hope for the future.

Life is the stern judge that sentences men to hard labour for the best part of their days.

**CUSTOM CLOAK MAKING.**

**SPRING SEASON, 1894.**

**WE ARE PLEASED** TO INFORM OUR PATRONS THAT OUR new stock of **Black** and **Colored Cloths** for Ladies' and Children's Jackets, Capes and Cloaks is now opened, and we are prepared to **make up to order** any kind of Ladies' or Children's Outside Wraps or Garments in the most Fashionable Styles and satisfactory manner.

Samples of Materials, Illustrations of Styles and Self-Measurement Forms Sent to Ladies out of town on application.

*Manchester Robertson & Allison. St. John*

*THINK BEFORE YOU LEAP.*

**Advice to Those Who Look to the Land of the Chinook.**

SWIFT CURRENT, Assa., March 13.—Knowing that your paper has a large circulation in the lower provinces, I take the liberty of giving your readers some plain facts concerning the province of Manitoba and the Canadian North West. This western country is represented to the people of Lower Canada by the land agent, by the emigrant agent and the western land monopolies, as the Chinook belt or the Eden of our country.

These men who are sounding the praises of Manitoba as a wheat country, who advertise for thousands of laborers annually, do so for their own advantage. The C. P. R. allow them five dollars a head on all live stock shipped to Manitoba for the harvest.

In the fall of 1892, after work closed down on the Calgary and Edmunton Railway, I went to Winnipeg with Keith and McKenzie's grade outfit. That year they had a large crop in Manitoba and men were scarce. We all had our passes to North Bay and many of the boys were anxious to stay for the harvest, as the wages that fall were above the average. We all went to the C. P. R. ticket office and applied for an extension of six weeks on the plea that we all had the offer of work and that the farmers in the vicinity of Winnipeg and La Portage desired us to remain. (Our request was refused.) I simply mention this to show that the C. P. R. work for their own end and are not over-anxious to accommodate the poor Manitoba farmer.

Manitoba is no country for the working man. The wages paid are from 12 to 25 dollars per month, during said time and harvest and as the average Monitoba farmer has as much as he can do to pay the interest on his mortgage he is very apt to forget to pay the hard earnt wages of his men.

Thrashing in Manitoba generally lasts from three to four months, and almost every locality in Manitoba, new outfits start out every year. Some broken down farmer that wants to make a raise will get his outfit on the instalment plan from Massey Sawyer and Co, or some other implement agent and work the outfit long enough to make a stake, then he will skip to parts unknown, and leave the poor devils who worked with cheerful hearts through rain and sunshine in the mud.

Eastern Assiniboia is quacked up as a farming and stock country. Farming may be carried on successfully on a small scale on the south side of the C. P. R. But what about the great Sand Hills of the north. Eastern Assiniboia as a stock country has a good Summer range. Stock will never be seen in large numbers as they would have to be fed during the Summer months.

Western Assiniboia is a good stock country, and stock generally winter well," At swift Current we find the head quarters of the C. A. C. A. C. Co., this company's range extends 110 miles west of Maple Creek, and they have under their control about thirty thousaud head of sheep. They run them on the range system the same as in Montana, or any stock country. C. A. C, A. C. Co., has the only outfit of any importance in Western Assinebonia. Including the cattleoutfit they employ about 35 men the year through, the wages in this section during camping and haying are from $24. to $30., per month.

The smaller outfits will employ from 20 to 30 men the year through with reduced wages after haying.

I will bring this letter to a close by making a few comments on Northern and Southern Alberta. Northern Alberta is a country that is adapted for mixed farming and in my oponion surpasses anything in the west, and a man with capital would be safe in trying that enterprise. French Canadians from Quebec, and emigrants from the New England States, are in the majority in those sections. They help one another in all sorts of work.

In Southern Alberta, between Calgary and Fort MacLeod, farming is the principal industry, but by no means a success. The hail storms are so severe through this section that the poor farmer has often seen to his sorrow, his summer's labor levelled to the ground by the hail stones. From this fair Chinook belt, this section is also fairly well stocked, and I think, of the two industries, that stock is the more profitable.

Between MacLeod and Saint Mary's we find the two principal cattle outfits of the west, namely, the Waldron, with its home ranch on the Porcupine Hills, and the Cochrane, at Saint Mary's. These ranches with the smaller outfits will not give permanent employment to more than fifty men.

As I have taken in Manitoba and the greater part of the Canadian North West, I must express my surprise at seeing so few Canadians. This country is over-stocked witn emigrants from the old country and Canadians all flock to the Western States where there labors is appreciated and where they are advanced on there own merits.

I think that I have succeeded in giving a fair account as to the present condition of Manitoba and the North West and I will conclude by saying to those who are thinking of embracing the land of Chinocks, to think before you leap. W. C. BLISS.

*GULLS ARE SACRED IN UTAH.*

**Why Mormons Impose a Fine of Five Dollars for Killing the Bird.**

Most interesting of the birds that we saw on our daily way to the pasture, says a writer to the Atlantic, were the gulls, great, beautiful, snowy creatures, who looked strangely out of place so far away from the seashore. Stranger, too, than their change of residence was their change of manners, from the wild, unapproachable sea birds, soaring and diving and apparently spending their lives on wings. From this high place in our thoughts, from this realm of poetry and my story, to come down almost to the tameness of the barnyard fowl is a marvelous transformation, and one is tempted to believe the solemn announcement of the Salt Lake prophet that the lord sent them to his chosen people. The occasion of this alleged special favor to the Latter Day Saints was the advent about twenty years ago of clouds of grasshoppers, before which the crops of the western states and territories were destroyed as by fire. It was then, in their hour of greatest need, when the food upon which depended a whole people was threatened that these beautiful winged messengers appeared. In large flocks they came, from no one knows where, and settled like so many sparrows all over the land, devouring almost without ceasing the hosts of the foe. The crops were saved and all Deseret rejoiced. Was it any wonder that a people trained to regard the head of their church as the direct representative of the highest should believe these to be really birds of God, and should accordingly cherish them? Well would it be for themselves if other christian peoples were equally believing, and protected and cherished other winged messengers sent just as truly to protect their crops. The shrewd man who wielded the destinies of his people beside the Salt Lake secured the future usefulness of what they considered the miraculous visitation of fixing a penalty of $5 upon the head of every gull in the territory. And now, the birds having found congenial nesting-places on solitary islands in the lake, their descendants are so fearless and so tame that they habitually follow the plow like a flock of chickens, rising from almost under the feet of the indifferent horses and settling down at once in the furrow behind, seeking out grubs and larvæ and mice and moles that the plow has disturbed in its passage. The Mormon cultivator has sense enough to appreciate such service and no man or boy dreams of lifting a finger against his best friend. Extraordinary indeed was this sight to eyes accustomed to seeing every bird that attempts to render such like service shot and snared and swept from the face of the earth. Our hearts warmed toward the "Sons of Zion," and our respect for their intelligence increased as we hurried down to the field to see this latter day wonder.

**Making Up the Average.**

Tommy—Maw, what is an average man?

Miss Figg—He is a man who is pleasant and smiles down town all day, but who comes home, and gives his wife fits to make up the average.

# POLITICAL NOTES.

## A Glance at the Leading Measures Carried in the House of Assembly of New Brunswick, from the Year 1854.

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

### No. 12.

Bill for Repealing the Prohibitory Law—Mr. End's Attack and the Provincial Secretary's Defence—Bill for Repeal Rejected—Strange Resolutions for Dissolving the House Voted Down—Strange Rumors about the Governor's Intentions—The Constitution Discussed—Politicians in Many Cases Changed Sides—Municipal Corporations.

April 8. Mr. End introduced his Bill for a repeal of the Prohibitory Liquor Law, passed during the previous Session, and made a long speech in support of it. The law, it was urged, had proved itself to be unsuccessful in its operation—more of an injury than a benefit to the country, having led to a system of espionage, evasion, contention, and engendered bad feeling all over the country. It was impossible for coercive legislation to be productive of good, especially when the people were hostile to the measure. Mr. End said many voters at heart opposed the measure and voted for it under the impression that it would be rejected elsewhere—or there would not have been a majority for it. Laws of the kind, all sumptuary laws, had failed to work wherever they had been tried. He also alluded to the inconsistencies and impracticabilities of many sections of the law—such as the mode of giving evidence, etc., etc., to convict parties. Referring to Neal Dow, he was glad that we had no such person in this Province who would murder and shoot down his fellow citizens. (Notwithstanding all this, Neal Dow still lives in his 91st year, highly respected by all who know him, while the speaker came to a miserable death some twenty years ago.) He held that it was impossible to keep liquor out of the Province. It would be manufactured in the private distillery, which was a perfect little hell. The evil had not been cured, but was augmented. In Fredericton there was more sold than ever, and throughout the Province during the last three months, there was more drunkenness than ever. He contended that this Act had produced more serious results than all the other Acts that had passed the Province since 1786. Mr. End said all that would react against the measure, (hence there is no occasion for extending the subject)—although the points of all he did say are not here given—but quite enough for the purpose required.

As the Provincial Secretary was the introducer and leader of the law, some of the points from his speech in its defence are here given. He first referred to some of the features of the Liquor Act of 1852, which he said were equally stringent with anything in the present law. And he thought that members who now condemned the law, were inconsistent in supporting the former Bill, during Sir Edmund Head's administration. The principle was precisely the same, although the two Bills differed in detail. The former Act was for curtailing or restricting the sale of spirituous liquors—the present one was simply meant to restrain the evil by the adoption of more effective means. Mr. End he said had pronounced the law as tyrannical. This objurgation was made because it suited the honorable gentleman's purpose, and without a valid argument being given. He denied that it was more tyrannical than other laws upon the Statute Book, intended for the repression of vicious indulgences. He charged Mr. E. with sinister motives for keeping his Bill back so late in the Session. The disposition was to embarrass the Government—to keep the flame of discontentment burning before the country, and thus arouse from day to day the hostility of the opponents of the measure, and after gathering all the strength possible in this way to come down suddenly like an avalanche upon the heads of the Government. He asked how it was that members opposed the law, when they had supported others on the Statute Book which were of a coercive nature, and intended to regulate the moral welfare of a community. He maintained that if we were going to construct Railways it would be better to have such a law on the Statute Book. The very fact that it would keep £150,000 or £200,000 in the Province was a proof of the propriety of such an enactment. If the law could be carried out he would ask what was the paltry sum of £25,000 of the Revenue compared with the former amount. He wished to see the law have a twelve months' trial. If it did not improve the social moral condition of the Province, he should at the end of that time go for its repeal.

Upon a motion being made for postponing Mr. End's Bill for three months, the House divided as follows:—

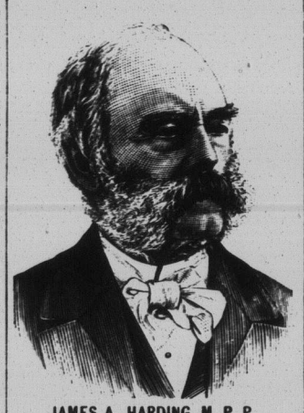
*Yeas.*—Tilley, Fisher, Connell, Brown, Ryan, Tibbits, Gilmor, L R. Harding, Steadman, McAdam, Lunt, the Speaker, M'Lellan, Godard, Armstrong, Wilmot, Cutler, Ferris, Hayward, M'Leod, Purdy, Stevens and Gilmour—23.

*Nays.*—End, Macpherson, Allen, Hatheway, Johnson, Watters, Smith, Street, Sutton, Gray, Montgomery, Boyd, M'Phelim, Botsford, Landry, J. A. Harding, and M'Naughton—17.

Mr. Kerr in the Chair.

And so the Liquor Law remained on the Statute Book intact, but to come to a violent end in a few months later, by a proceeding which involved Constitutional considerations, which neither Delome, nor May nor Erskine can furnish a precedent. This little Bill of Mr. End's was like "the rumblings of the distant thunder," an expression that afterwards became quite an apothegm with some of our Parliamentarians.

Mr. M'Phelim offered a resolution, calling upon his Excellency to dissolve the House and take the sense of the country upon the Prohibitory Liquor Law. This was taken up and discussed from day to day. He was supported by sundry honorable gentleman who perhaps thought they had nothing to lose, but a chance of gaining a great deal by such an appeal. Indeed they must have pretty well understood that the public sentiment was generally averse to the measure. The resolution was finally voted down. It would have been a singular thing in Constitutional history to find a popular body passing a vote of condemna-



JAMES A. HARDING, M. P. P.

tion upon themselves. The biting off one's nose, so often spoken of, by means of one's own mouth, in order that his face might be revenged, would, in such an event, have furnished a practical illustration.

Rumour with her busy tongue now began to weave strange stories as to what were the Governor's views of the Liquor Law, and what he intended to do—in behalf of the "rummies," as they were called. [Note —Those who were instrumental in bringing about the Liquor Law, outside as well as inside of the House, (viz: the "Sons of Temperance,") were dubbed by those in opposition, "sons of guns,"—while the latter retorted by calling the others "rummies." The designation in either case is perhaps too slangy to be noticed here.] His Excellency's intention being nothing more nor less than to dissolve the House of his own mere motion, or as it was called by virtue of his prerogative. Then it was reported that his Excellency had differences with his Council upon other matters besides the Liquor Law, which on one occasion has gone so far, that he had not yielded his Council would have resigned. These and such like rumours were so current, that they began to assume the importance of "fixed facts," with editors and contributors of lively imaginations. Discussions in the newspapers went on upon the principles of Responsible Government—as to how far a Governor had a right to go with his Council and where it was his duty to stop. Every man became an expounder of the Constitution. Delome, May, Harward, Russell and every other writer upon the British Constitution were ramsacked and liberally quoted by the one side, to show that the Governor had the sole right to dissolve—by the other side, that "the prerogative" was a mere state fiction as far as the Governor was concerned only to be exercised by those who were responsible to the people for him who could do no wrong (the Sovereign, or rather his representative), and were therefore answerable for any errors committed no matter by whom. New parties and new combinations now began to form. It was "appetite for drink," or rather hostility to an arbitrary enactment (as the Liquor Law was called) on the one side; and Constitutionalism on the other. Liberals and Conservatives changed sides. It mattered not to many how far the Governor was right or wrong, so long as they could get the "vile enactment" expunged from the Statute Book. Indeed the country generally seemed to side with the Governor, as will more fully appear hereafter. The real constitutional issues were cast aside. Old Politicians who had aided largely to bring about Responsible Government, such as Dr. Livingstone of St. John, set themselves in battle array against the Government. Liberal journals changed sides. Perhaps no period ever furnished a more complete state of political demoralization. And Rum was at the bottom of it all.

April 14. After the presentation of the Reports of several Committees, the House resolved itself into Committee of the whole in consideration of a Bill introduced by Hon. Mr. Fisher, to make some amendments in the law relating to the establishment of Municipal Corporations. The mover explained the alterations he contemplated to make in the Act. He proposed to give Municipalities greater power by enabling them to make regulations for their better working, and to be afterwards submitted to the Govenor in Council. The Bill also provided that the notice for a call of the inhabitants to establish Municipalities, should be confined to one month instead of three. Further provision was made, that in the absence of the Warden from the Province, the Secretary Treasurer, at the request of five members, should have power to call a meeting of the Municipal Council. The other alterations were unimportant.

This Bill was carried by a large majority.

### *HOW THE FRENCH RUN FUNERALS.*

Striking Contrasts Between the Burial of the Rich and the Poor.

The distinction between rich and poor does not always cease with death, and in Paris it seems more sharply defined than in life.

The poor people have a pathetic way of saying that "although it costs much to live in Paris, it costs still more to die." This is in a measure, true, and that it is so is due to the fact that the Government has a monopoly of the work of burying the dead, and has established a scale of prices by which the style of funerals is regulated, from that costing hundreds of pounds to the one which opens the fosse commune (common grave.)

As a rule, the French are fond of fine funerals. For statesman of the first rank the government decrees a state funeral, which is an occasion of great display, and frequently leads to political demonstrations; but private funerals are also costly, and many a man who has lived in utmost meanness all his life is laid to rest with princely pomp.

The door of his residence is hung with black curtains, embroidered with silver, his monogram, in silver, is on all the mourning coaches which follow the hearse; the drivers are dressed in black, with knee breeches, high boots, three-cornered hats; and long crape streamers on their arms; the horses for the hearse are caparisoned with sweeping draperies of black and silver, and on the hearse itself are plumes and silver figures of angels and cherubs.

Then, too, the custom of sending out notices of the death and invitations to the funeral is very common, and sometimes those notices are as elaborate and as elegantly engraved as the most expensive wedding cards or invitations to a ball.

Perhaps the desire for all this was the cause of the man's meanness in life; perhaps to pay for it his wife and children must stint themselves for years. Still, it is done, and, with the chanting of priests, the pealing of grand organs, and the blaze of wax lights, the man is buried.

In striking contrast with the decorous funerals of the rich are the scenes when the body of a very poor person is to be laid in in the grave. The city is strict in regard to them.

The body can be kept only twenty-four hours from the time of death, and it must be buried in a coffin made of thin deal boards, unpainted, unvarnished, and so slight that it is always wrapped up and fastened with ropes lest it should come to pieces It is taken to the grave in a hearse which is hardly better than a dray.

At the fosse commune the priest is allowed to include six funerals in one service.

Fully to explain the necessity for the fosse commune, it is necessary for me to say a word about French graveyards.

They are governed very differently from ours, and their object seems to be to afford graves to the millions who are dead, without taking too much space from the millions who live.

In certain parts of the cemetery graves may be bought outright, though at enormous prices, and remain for ever in the possession of a family. In other sections the graves are bought singly, for five years from the date of burial, and at the end of the specified time the bones are taken up and buried in the fosse commune.

The fosse commune—the lowest grave of all—is a ditch twelve feet deep, twelve feet wide, and as long the size of the graveyard permits. Here the coffins are put side by side in two rows, the heads meeting in the centre. When a certain number are in the ditch it is closed, and on another layer of earth more coffins are laid When the ditch is filled to the surface another one alongside is opened, and so on untill the available space is used up. Then the first ditch is reopened, and fresh coffins are put in place of the old ones which have decayed.

### *THINGS OF VALUE.*

Some people tell the truth for truth's sake; some for the sake of their reputation.

I was Cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT
Bay of Islands. J. M. Campbell.

I was Cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Springhill. N. S. Wm. Daniels.

I was Cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Albert, Co, N, B. George Tingley

There are people in this world who, when they have something definite to do, always have a faculty for starting in and doing something else.

There's a Bridge of Sighs at Venice,
At Montreal a Bridge of Size;
But Puttner's Emulsion is the Bridge of Health
Which all sick men should prize.

About the most aggravating thing that can happen to a man is to go contrary to his wife's wishes and then fail.

In Doubt.

"What's the matter, Tom?
"I'm in trouble. I don't know whether I ought to die while I'm young and become a angel or wait an' grow up to be a man an' have a mustache an' side whiskers!"

The Age of Invention.

Mrs. Binks.—My back is most broken.
Mr. B.—What have you been doing?
Mrs. B.—Trying to fix some of our labor-saving machinery so it will work.

### *DID NOT APPLY TO THE PONY.*

The Ingenious Argument of a Clergyman Who Rode on Sunday.

A well known and highly-esteemed clergyman, of venerable age, who for the benefit of his health resided in the country about a half-a-dozen miles from his church, was accustomed, not being able to walk the distance to and fro, to ride into town on a strong little pony.

At a big meeting that was called to protest against railway trains running on a Sunday in the neighbourhood, and at which the old clergyman was the principal speaker, a man interrupted him with a request for the fourth commandment, and got him to admit that the law given there applied as much to the pony as it did to the ox or the ass.

The result was that for two Sundays the venerable cleric came on foot, but on the third he came on the pony as usual, explaining to the people that he had consulted the early fathers of the church and the Genevan divines, and had come to the conclusion that the institution of the Lord's day, as observed by all christian churches and sects whatsoever, applied to mankind only, and was for their benefit, and that, in appointing the first day of the week to be the Sabbath of the christians instead of the seventh, which was the Sabbath of the Jews, the intention was to leave the Sabbath of the brute creation as it originally stood; and so he had resumed his pony.

It was the general opinion that the old divine deserved his ride for his ingenious argument.


## A BRILLIANT CAREER

### And Its Too Frequent Sequel.

Few men in his native city had brighter prospects than Frank L——. Young, intelligent, educated, a keen business man, socially popular, and well settled in life, he gave promise of a useful and highly successful career. His business ventures were almost invariably crowned with success, and money flowed into his coffers. Other men in business envied him. But his very success proved the cause of his downfall. He soon became completely engrossed in his business operations to the exclusion of social pleasure, recreation and even the pleasures of home. But presently his friends began to note a singular change in the man. He grew irritable, uneasy, often moody and morose. His manner became abrupt and repellant. His appearance also changed. From an erect and stalwart man he became gaunt and hollow-eyed. The constant mental strain was too much, and in a comparatively short time the man was a complete physical wreck. This is no fancy sketch. The case is a real one, and one of thousands similar. But there is a remedy within the reach of all whose physical system has been broken down by overwork. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is a perfect nerve restorer and invigorator, and blood and flesh builder, as well as a valuable stomach tonic and aid to digestion. It is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, or an impoverished or impure condition of the blood, such as nervousness, weakness, nervous headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia, loss of appetite, dispepsia, hysteria, and the prostrating effects of la grippe, or any nerve weakness of heart or brain arising from worry, overstrain of mind or body or excesses of any nature. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic can be obtained from all druggists and dealers. Price fifty cents a bottle or six bottles for $2.50.


Ahead of Euclid.

Teacher—What is a right angle?
Boy—Two straight lines around a corner.


# SURPRISE

## Soap Saves

**the worker.** It takes only half the time and work to do the wash, without boiling or scalding the clothes.
**the clothes** are not rubbed to pieces; there's no hard rubbing—but the dirt drops out and they're left snowy white:
**the hands** after the wash are white and smooth—not chapped.

**READ** the directions on the wrapper.

# FOUND BY A LADY.

## A WAY TO SAVE MONEY.

**SEND** that SKIRT, that WAIST, that SPRING ULSTER to Ungar's and have it dyed—no need to buy another this spring—the **stuff** is in the old one—only needs to **look well.**

**Remember UNGAR makes the old New.**

**BE SURE** and send your Parcels to Ungar's Steam Laundry and Dye Works St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at

**UNGAR'S.**

## For a Delicious

## of Tea

## Use Ram Lal's.

Full weight in every package. AT ALL GROCERS

# Have You Seen the New Yost Typewriter?

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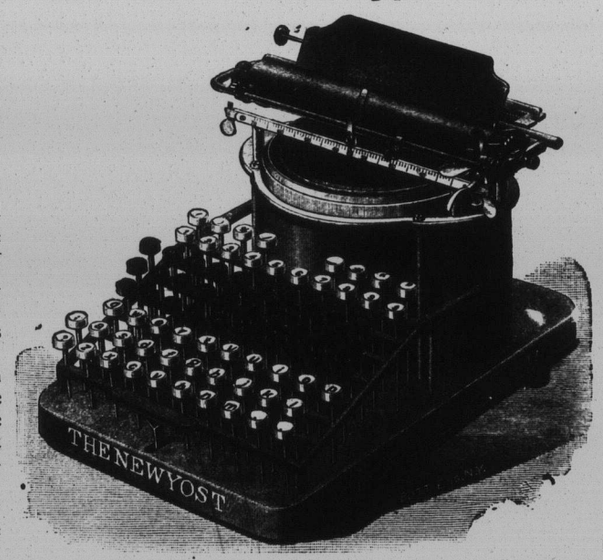


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# WOMAN and HER WORK.

What to do with old letters is getting to be almost as serious a question as, "what becomes of the hairpins?" and quite as difficult to answer. I do not mean the ordinary everyday letters, for which there can be no other destiny than to be read, and then dropped into the fire; the letters I am thinking of have a value that makes burning or tearing them up, out of the question—they seem like living things, and are too sacred to be even handled carelessly. They are treasured tenderly, guarded jealously and prized above all things, but alas! they do accumulate so rapidly, and they take up so much room.

I don't know of anything funnier than the war between sentiment and convenience which seems to rage perpetually in both the heart and the upper bureau drawer of an engaged girl, whose lover lives at a distance from the object of his affections! No earthly power would induce the loyal soul to destroy one of dear Charlie's letters, they seem like a part of himself and the mere fact that his hand has not only touched them, but his precious tongue, so eloquent in its protestations of undying affection, has moistened the flap of the envelope, is enough to set that particular heap of white-winged messengers apart from every other letter that ever was written. But still Charlie's pen is almost as eloquent as his tongue, he writes every other day and never less than four sheets will suffice to tell the object of his affections all that happened on the intervening day when he did not write, so his missives are naturally of robust proportions, and require a good deal of space to accommodate them. At first Charlie's love tries to keep them neatly sorted in trim bundles tied with blue ribbon and arranged in the order in which they were received, the first one always on top, and the last one slipped loosely underneath the pile for convenient reference and frequent reading over.

But before long the pile grows so high that the drawer will not shut, and then a second mound is started, and a third, and the dates begin to get mixed up, and the ribbons break, and by and by there is no room for collars and cuffs, ribbons and gloves, so the letters are tenderly transferred to a trunk, where they can be kept under lock and key and are much safer, even if they are not as accessible, and therefore less frequently read.

The engagement is a long one, and as there is no abatement of affection on either side, and the postal rates continue to be favorable to frequent interchange of ideas through the medium of the mails, it is not long before that trunk is filled, and the first time its owner needs it to accompany her on a visit the scene of preparation for packing, can be better imagined than described! Every available box, bag, and drawer in her room is filled to overflowing with letters before the trunk is emptied, and while she is away the accumulation continues, so that she has to crowd the rest of her belongings into a smaller space, and make room for more luggage than she carried away.

And yet to burn one of those precious missives would be little less than sacrilege, so the mountain keeps growing until some happy day when the lover becomes the husband, and persuades his bride to let him help her sort the old letters out, and burn the most of them, since there is no room in the house for such a collection of documents and he cannot afford to build extra wing for their accomodation.

But the old love letters do not always come to so peaceful an end; sometimes the blue-ribboned bundles cease by slow degrees to grow larger, and the written words grow colder and colder, until at last there is no need to keep them under lock and key, because they might be published in a newspaper without attracting any attention; and at last they are no longer added to at all, but still they are treasured, and nothing could induce their owner to part with them or burn them,—even the coldest of them; they are all she has now, and strange to say, she reads them much oftener than a happier woman would. Not the later ones, but the first bundle, the ones filled with endearing words and protestations of a love which was to outlast the world itself. The love died so soon, so cruelly soon, but the written words that expressed it live on in a strange mockery of the evanescence of human love, as contrasted with the permanence of paper and ink.

Those letters never leave the quiet woman who reads them so often, where she goes they go too, and though she makes many resolutions about burning them, habit is stronger than nature, and by-and-bye she would just as soon think of burning off her right hand, as of destroying those mementos of youth and happiness.

Some day an old maid dies, in her pathetic will is found a clause requesting her executor to burn unopened, a certain sealed parcel which will be found in her desk—one, I knew of, asked that the package be placed in her coffin, and buried with her—and at last the letters and their owner have faded out of existance together, and the long companionship is over.

But the treasured missives are not always love letters; There is the first invitation to a children's party, the first the child ever received, and which she could not read herself, but valued none the less for that; the letter grandpapa wrote her the time he went to England, with the bit of pressed fern he packed in the crystal palace to send his little granddaughter. Then there are the letters mother wrote her when she was away at school, and the briefer and more infrequent letters that father used to write when he had time. And later on letters from her brothers, and from her school friends; trifling enough at the time they were received perhaps, but precious now, sanctified by time, by long absence from the writers, and alas, too often by death! Here is the little sheet of pink paper covered with straggling printed characters sprawling all over the page, written laboriously by the baby sister who was so proud of being able to write a letter. She never lived to get beyond printing, but died when she was six years old. And here is a bold scrawl from the favorite brother, the dear and chosen "chum" who was drowned the first year he went to college. Oh there are so many treasures amongst those old letters! So many scraps of faded paper that are absolutely priceless, and yet what shall we do with them, how shall we keep them so they shall be safe from prying eyes, and yet not lost, not destroyed, so we may never read them again, or touch the paper where a dear dead hand has rested? I scarcely know because I do not like to say, even to myself that there is no more dangerous possession in the world than a collection of old letters, that a bag of dynamite is scarcely more unsafe, or more likely to spread unexpected destruction all aronnd! No one was ever so careful, or cautious since the world began, that there was not something in her letters she would not wish to be seen, by any eyes but those it was intended for, and unfortunately we cannot always live to guard our secrets, or those of our friends.

Some day death will come to us all, and he often comes so unexpectedly that even one poor little hour to set our affairs in order, is not granted to us. What of our letters then? Strangers will perhaps have the task of sorting them, going over them to see if there is anything of importance amongst them, and will read with a smile of amusement words we would almost have guarded with our lives from any eyes but our own. Perhaps the very most secret thoughts and sorrows of a heart which has long lain under the daisies will be laid bare to the curious eyes of a perfect stranger, or worse still to the last one in the world, the writer would have wished to know them.

And so I say that time has taught me the only safe place for letters, and that is—the fire! Who can tell into what hands they will fall if they are preserved, but the fire is safe and it tells no secrets again?

Some people make their letters into fragments, and using them as a sort of stuffing, but who would want dead and gone words forever whispering into their ears every time the paper rustled? And if they are to be destroyed why not burn them outright? It seems hard at first to destroy what one prizes so much but even the dear dead body we have loved so in life must at last be put out of sight, and why not the dead words?

Burn your letters girls, have a great housecleaning at the beginning of each year, and if you feel you must keep some, make them as few as possible and put them away in an old cigar box, [illegible] thing you can easily drop into the fire any time, and some day you will [illegible] that you let common sense triumph over sentiment, because you must remember that the writer, as well as the recipient of a letter should be considered and that to leave private letters exposed to the risk of being read by strangers is a very great injustice to the people who have trusted you with their secrets, and relied on your discretion in keeping them.

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The season of abstinence is nearly over now, and the busy housewife turns her thoughts towards the Easter menu with almost as absorbing interest as the frivolous damsel bestows upon the selection of her Easter bonnet. Whether we believe in fasting or not, we all seem to agree upon the subject of having something very much better than usual for dinner on Easter Sunday, and we would fain observe the the following day also as a sort of feast tapering off gradually through the serious stages of hot turkey with bread sauce, and jelly; celery and lettuce accompaniments, followed by mince pie, plum pudding, fruit, nuts and raisins—Cold turkey with crambery sauce, mashed potatos fried over, pudding, warmed over pie; and finally stewed turkey bones and fried potatoes atoned for by a nice fresh lemon pie, and a cup of coffee aftewards, untill by Saturday we have reached the old level, and are quite contented with our customary beefsteak and onions, turnips and tapioca pudding.

Here are some recipes for dainty, but not too expensive additions to the Easter bill of fare, but first of all, though I may be a little late in the day, I want to give my readers a recipe for the good old English Good Friday cakes.

### Hot Cross Buns.

Make a sponge with one quart of water, cold, one yeast cake and one teaspoonful of salt. When light add half a teacupful of melted butter, one heaping cupful of brown sugar, one egg, one pound of Zante currants and a tablespoonful of ground allspice. Knead well, but not too stiff, with flour. Let it rise again, then make into biscuits (without rolling the dough), and let them rise over again. When ready for the oven, gash across the top of each with a sharp knife. They are good either hot or cold, with or without being buttered. Do not place too near together in the pan, as they look better to be rather flat. Be careful not to cut the cross too deep. A slight gash made after they have risen will show very plainly when baked.

Perhaps it is just as well I did not publish this recipe last week, as I intended to, because of course no good church people will be thinking of eating hot cakes on Good Friday, so they will come in twice as well for Easter Monday. The cut on the top which gives the bun its name, should be quite deep, and cover the whole top in a Maltese cross.

Here is an appetizing breakfast dish which may be prepared at night and then cooked in a very few minutes in the morning.

### Beef Brissoles.

One cup of finely chopped cold beef, one cup of fresh bread crumbs, half a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, half a teaspoonful of grated lemon peel: salt and pepper to taste. Mix the meat, crumbs, lemon peel and seasoning, add one well beaten egg, and mix all into a thick paste, and make into balls or croquettes; roll first in egg, then in biscuit crumbs and fry in deep lard for three minutes. Garnish with parsley, and serve very hot.

It is usually almost impossible to obtain poultry of any kind at this time of year, but somehow the exceptionally cold winter seems to have reversed the general order of things and the market is rich in turkeys, geese, chickens and even ducks, so chicken salad is not an unattainable luxury for Easter this year. Here is an odd recipe which I have not yet tried myself, but which sounds very good, and has cabbage substituted for the usual celery, which is difficult to get now.

### Chicken Salad.

Chop fine one chicken cooked tender; one small head of cabbage and five, cold, hard-boiled eggs; season with salt, pepper and mustard. Warm half pint of vinegar; add half a teacupful of butter, stir until melted, pour hot over the mixture, stir thoroughly and set away to cool.

Here is a recipe which is undeniably troublesome but so delicious when finished that it fully repays all the trouble. It is the original southern recipe for chicken croquettes, and makes "a dainty dish to set before"—anyone. All the butchers are well supplied with veal for the Easter trade, just now, so the sweetbreads are easily obtained if you speak for them a few days before you want to use them. I must say that I differ with many authorities who say that sweetbreads should not be cooked longer than 20 minutes. Ours are always most delicious, and we treat them as we do a ham, in cooking, simmering, not boiling, them for an hour taking great care that they do not break, and lose their shape; when they are quite tender they are set aside to get cold, and are then ready for frying, or croquettes.

### Chicken Croquettes.

One four-pound chicken, one small onion, one bay leaf, one pair sweetbreads, four whole cloves, one sprig parsley. Clean and singe the chicken. Then put it on to cook in boiling water, add the onion, bay leaf, cloves and parsley. Cover and simmer gently until the meat is very tender. While this is cooking prepare the sweetbreads. Trim all the fat and pipes off, wash well in cold water and soak for fifteen minutes, drain, cover with boiling water, add one teaspoonful of salt and [illegible] over a moderate fire for twenty minutes. Do not boil, as it makes them very tough. When done throw them into cold water for a few minutes remove the fibrous skin from the outside and chop the sweetbreads fine with a silver knife. A steel knife spoils the flavor on account of the acids they contain. As soon as the chicken is done remove the skin and bones, put them back in the kettle to simmer longer, add salt, and the liquor may be used for soup. Chop the meat very fine, then mix it with the sweetbreads, and to every pint of this meat allow one half pint of milk or cream, one large tablespoonful of butter, two large tablespoonfuls of flour, one large tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of onion juice, one teaspoonful of salt, one quarter teaspoonful of nutmeg (grated), cayenne pepper to taste. Put the milk on to boil in a farina boiler. Rub the butter and flour to a smooth paste, then stir it into the boiling milk, and stir continually until it is very thick; take it from the fire, add the meat and beat until thoroughly mixed; add the seasonings, then turn out on a large plate to cool. When cold and hard form into cone shaped croquettes. Dip first in egg and then in bread crumbs and fry in boiling oil or fat. Serve at once with a small sprig of parsley in the top of each croquette.

In all the following recipes the sweet breads have been first prepared by parboiling.

### Fried Sweetbreads.

Cut in slices about three quarters of an inch thick, dry them well and dip first in egg, then in bread crumbs, fry in good lard or butter, until they are a light brown, then serve on buttered toast, and sprinkle with some good piquante sauce, such as Worcestershire or Harvey, just before serving.

### Fricasseed Sweetbreads.

Slice half an inch thick, thicken some veal gravy with flour and butter mixed, add a tablespoonful or two of cream, a good pinch of mushroom powder, and the same amount of grated lemon peel, salt, white pepper and nutmeg. Stew these ingredients together for a few minutes add the sweetbreads and simmer for 20 minutes, stir well and serve garnished with sippets of toast.

### Sweetbread Croquettes.

Take two sweetbreads, half a small onion chopped fine, a piece of butter the size of a small egg, and a tablespoonful of cream, season with salt, white pepper and a dash of cayenne. Beat up one egg and mix altogether with enough breadcrumbs to make into balls. Fry in lard until a nice brown, and serve hot with a garnish of parsley.

Sweetbreads make a delightful relish for invalids, it well boiled, and then covered with bread crumbs, a little pepper and salt, a bit of butter, and then browned lightly in the oven.

### Raspberry Cream.

Put 6 ounces of raspberry jam to a quart of cream; pulp it through a lawn sieve; add to it the juice of a lemon and a little sugar, and whisk it till thick. Serve it in a dish or glasses.

### Pineapple Jelly.

Soak half a box of gelatine an hour in a cup of cold water and stir in a cup of sugar. Add a little more than a half a cup of the liquor drained from a can of pineapple and half a pint of boiling water. Strain, stir in a cupful of the pineapple chopped fine; turn into a mold and set on ice.

Here is a recipe for small cakes to be eaten with coffee. One heaping teacup of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, about two cups of flour or enough to make a soft dough. Roll and cut into small cakes as thin as a wafer, cream the butter and sugar thoroughly and proceed as for other cake. Cinnamon is the spice generally used for these cakes.

ASTRA.


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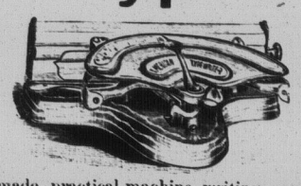

This is a well-made, practical machine, writing capitals, small letters, figures, and punctuation marks (71 in all) on full width paper, just like a $100 instrument. It is the first of its kind ever offered at a popular price for which the above claim can be truthfully made. It is not a toy, but a typewriter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

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**Writes just like a $100 machine.**
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## Equity Sale.

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

"ALL that lot, piece or parcel of land situate on the Eastern side of Spring Street in the City of Portland, in the County of Saint John, and known and distinguished on the plan of building lots near William Wright's Cottage Northward of the City Road, being Numbered Ten (10) bounded as follows: Commencing on the Easterly side of Spring Street, at a point distant forty feet from the Northwestern corner of lot number eight (8) thence from last mentioned point running Northerly on Spring Street forty feet, thence at right angles Easterly one hundred and forty-one feet, thence at right angles Southerly forty feet, and thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and forty-one feet to the place of beginning."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiffs' Solicitors.

Dated this 20th day of February, A. D., 1894.

CARLETON & FERGUSON,
Plaintiffs' Solicitors.

E. H. McALPINE,
Referee in Equity.

W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

### THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Thirty-two thousand varieties of goods are made from wool.

It is computed that 1,000 cattle give 67 tons of beef, and 1,000 sheep 12½ tons of mutton.

It is estimated that one of the largest stones in the Pyramids weighs fully eighty-eight tons.

The huge guns of modern navies can only be fired about seventy-five times, when they are worn out.

The largest library in the world is the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris. It contains 1,400,000 volumes.

In the Encyclopædia Brittannica there are 10,000 words that have never been entered and defined in any dictionary.

The amount of gold in actual circulation in the world is estimated by the Bank of England officials to be about 865 tons.

The little Republic of Uruguay has more newspapers in proportion to its population than any other country in the world.

Alaskans often have eating matches, in which great numbers of the villagers compete. The one who eats the most is considered the best man.

The estimated population of Mecca is about 60,000, while the number of pilgrims massed together there last year from all parts of the Moslem was variously estimated at from 200,000 to 300,000.

Every day the Thames scoops out of its banks 1,500 tons of matter, or half a million tons a year. All the rivers of the world are doing a similar work; the Mississippi at the rate of 360,000,000 tons a year.

Easter Sunday this year will be the 25th of March, as it was in 1883, and only three Easter Sundays in the nineteenth century have been at an earlier date; March 22 in 1818, and March 23 in 1845 and 1856. The latest day of any Easter Sunday in this century was April 25, 1886.

The highest broad gauge railroad in the United States is the Denver and Rio Grande, and its highest point is at Marshall Pass, where it climbs to a height of 10,855 feet above the sea. There are some narrow gauge roads that go a little higher, but this is the highest point attained by a through route.

The Tartars are supposed to have as a nation, the most powerful voices in the world. The Germans possess the lowest voices of any civilized people. The voices of both Japanese and Chinese are of a very low order and feeble compass, and are probably weaker than any other nation. Taken as a whole, Europeans have stronger, clearer and better voices than the inhabitants of the other continents.

Hot milk is good for dyspepsia. It should be well boiled and then drunk as hot as one can swallow it. It is best in its effect when drunk the last thing at night, just before going to bed. It is very easily digested, and somehow has an exceedingly soothing effect on the digestive apparatus, so that after a few doses one becomes thoroughly accustomed to it, and after drinking it will go to sleep as quickly and quietly as a child.

Anybody can make his own fire grenades at a very trifling cost. An excellent extinguishing fluid is made of common chloride of calcium 28 parts, common salt 5 parts and 75 parts of water. Dissolve the salt and chloride of calcium in the water and pour the mixture into very thin bottles. One of these thrown into a fire will put it out even when it has attained considerable proportions; it is far cheaper and quite as effective as many of the high priced compounds now in use.

The early Roman ovens were just like those in use at the present time. A well-preserved specimen was discovered some years ago during the excavations at Pompeii; it contained several charred loaves, on which the baker's name could be plainly seen, showing of what flour they had been made. The loaves of Pompeii weighed about two pounds; they were round and indented, to admit of breaking them into eight equal parts. Similiar loaves are made even now in Calabria and Sicily.

According to official reports just issued in Paris, no fewer than 19,000 microbes have been discovered in two bank notes, which had only been in use for five years. Among the bacilli, whose presence was determined by analysis, were those of tuberculosis, diphtheria, as well as the streptococcus of erysipelas. In view of the fact that in many countries, notably in Spain and Cuba, the lower classes are accustomed to carry bank notes in their mouths, this discovery is not without its value.

The Talmud is of a very complicated composition, inasmuch as it has eight meanings. In brief, however, it is a collection of notes, decisions of rabbis and doctors on the books of the Jewish law. There are two Talmuds, the Babylonian and Palestinian; between them they contain vast stories of religious learning, of historical references, or geographical hints, or archaeology, numismatics and other sciences. The Babylonian Talmud dates from the sixth century of our era, the Palestinian from the fifth.

Statistics are said to show that young men do not, on the average, attain full physical maturity, until they arrive at the age of 28 years. Prof. Scheiller of Harvard asserts, as the result of his observations, that young men do not attain the full measure of their mental faculties before 25 years of age. A shrewd observer has said that "most men are boys until they are thirty, and little boys until they are 25;" and this accords with the standard of manhood, which was fixed at thirty among the ancient Hebrews and other races.

Of all the coal mined in the world, from the beginning of this century to the present time, Great Britain has produced one half. In 1891 she mined 36 per cent of the world's product, while the United States produced 33 per cent. The United States is increasing its output of coal at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, while the increase in Great Britain is less than two per cent. The cost of coal is increasing in Great Britain and decreasing in the United States. England exports 31 per cent. of her total product of coal, while the United States exports less than 1 per cent.


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**A Common Error.**

Chocolate & Cocoa are by many supposed to be one and the same, only that one is a powder, (hence more easily cooked,) and the other is not.

This is wrong--
TAKE the Yolk from the Egg,
TAKE the Oil from the Olive,
What is left?

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Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable Coaches, strains and boats.


### THEY ARE SLAVES TO IT.

How the Opium Habit Has Made Its Inroads in San Francisco.

It is a little over 100 years since the Chinese learned to smoke opium. The pernicious habit has spread with alarming rapidity, until now the whole nation has become enslaved to an insidious drug that is responsible for the physical, mental and moral ruin of millions of human beings every year.

Opium is becoming a terrible curse in San Francisco. One cannot walk a half dozen yards in Chinatown without being conscious of its presence. Its sickly fumes come pouring forth from basement and cellar, as through the clefts of Gehenna. In factory, store and office, in the homes of the rich and the squalid shanties of the poor, the air is yellow with the smoke of "devil's dirt." Much of the smoking that goes on is in private houses and stores, but there are, on Spofford alley, Waverly place, Bartlett and Washington alleys and other places scores of public dens where opium is smoked night and day.

Probably the majority of the Chinese are more or less addicted to its use. Some Chinese assert that 30 per cent, of confirmed sots have what they call the Chinese call yui, or the craving. When a man gets that he is considered hopelessly enthralled. Home is deserted, family neglected, business forgoten, and the man is an utter wreck.

The most serious phase of the opium habit is that it has secured a hold upon the lower and more depraved classes of whites in this city. It is no uncommon thing to see young men and women stealing into Chinatown at night, entering an opium shop and procuring half a dollar's worth of the lethal drug. No one can look at their bent shoulders and discolored faces without seeing how opium is stamping upon them its indelible mark.

It is when the opium habit becomes fixed and the craving intense that the greatest injury occurs to the system. At regular times during the day there come griping pains, which become indescribable agony if the victim is unable to get his pipe. These pains subside with the first whiff of opium and are followed by the most delightful sensations. When a man reaches this stage it is almost impossible to cure him. It is exceedingly doubtful whether there is any known remedy to cure an opium sot. The Chinese have medicines in abundance. One cannot walk down a block without seeing a score of advertisements of pretended infallible cures. The usual opium cure is a course of pills which contain more or less opium and are taken in gradually decreased doses till, it is claimed, the taste of the drug has gone. In the majority of cases the patient is only changed from an opium smoker to an opium eater.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

#### Human Resemblance to Animals.

There is a very curious point connected with the more pronounced animal faces—namely, those in charge of animals grow to be like them. Thus, a hostler in charge of tramway horses has himself a fine Roman-nosed horse type of head, growing day by day more like his horses. Men in charge of cattle on the farm become more essentially bovine, and in Shropshire it has often been remarked that the sheep breeders resemble their own rams. I cannot explain these singularities, which, however, are wholly or partly true. The sheep type of man is not indicative of great intelligence and it is usually found in remote agricultural districts. The bulldog characters in man denote courage without refinement, but in the case of a lady—like her favorite pug dog—with nez retrousse, the refinement was not wanting. The Eskimos or Lapps in the water are so like seals that a man has been shot in error, the wistful expression of countenance being common in both, as the head only appears at the surface of the water. I have seen a comfortable looking bear man in the train and a wizened, bat-faced old woman once in Brittany.—Pall Mall Gazette.

#### Desirous of Avoiding Errors.

Under ordinary conditions he was a man of prominence—but as he ascended the steps of his residence, very early in the morning, it was evident that he desired to be as much otherwise as possible. The cabby was lingering near to see that his charge was safely disposed of for the night. The door opened before the man on the steps could get his key to work, and he was met with the question:

"John where have you been?" (Silence)

"John, where have you been?" He turned to descend the steps.

"Are you going to answer my question?"

"Yesh, my dear, I am. From my pers'nal knowledge I can't give the desired inf'rmation, 'n' I'm goin' to ask the man that drives the hack."

#### Dower Chests of Olden Days.

In Holland the dower chest once formed a part of every bride's equipment. Less portable, but more sightly than the "Saratoga" trunk, it fulfilled its purpose with grace and dignity, passing down as an heirloom from generation to generation. The modern chest is an easy thing to secure, but these the up-to-date girl holds in disdain; her chest must be really antique, of carved oak, of English or Flemish make, or elaborately inlaid with marqueterie of colored woods and dated or initialled with figures and characters eloquent of other times and manners. There are very few of the genuine old-fashioned "dower chests" to be seen on this side of the Atlantic. One of them in this city is a very massive affair, weighing several hundred pounds.

#### Some Sick Room "Dont's."

Never wash cups, plates or knives used in the sick room with those of the family: scarlet fever and other infectious diseases have been spread in this way. Do not eat in the sick person's room, or partake of anything that has been left there.


For a Nerve Tonic

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. H. M. Harlow, Augusta, Me., says: "I regard it as one of the best remedies in all cases in which the system requires an acid and a nerve tonic. I have used it freely with most excellent results."


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The Reformed Cannibal—So your name is Goodpastor, is it? It may interest you to know that I served your grandfather.

Young Missionary—In what way?

Reformed Cannibal—Fricasseed.

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Cures Sick Headache
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**Mrs. R. Whetsel**


### MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. Gladstone has just passed her eighty-first birthday, and her vitality is as wonderful as that of her husband.

Mr. Gladstone completed his translation of Horace's odes into English verse on the day when his resignation went into effect.

Baroness James de Rothschild is a lover of art, and contributed some Venetian scenes to the recent water-color exhibition in Paris.

The Countess of Aberdeen has made arrangements to continue the sale of the goods exhibited and sold at the Irish village last summer.

To the list of notable collectors of curiosities must be added Lord Randolph Churchill, who has a partiality for collecting teeth of animals; the Duke of Argyll, who, on his Loch Fyne estate, has a grove of trees, each tree having been planted by a celebrity; and Mme. Nilsson, who collects fans.

The German Emperor, while hunting on the estates of Count Zichnowski, a little time back, used four guns and two thousand cartridges, and killed seven hundred and thirty pheasants. After the dinner which closed the day's entertainment, the emperor took the baton of the leader of the band which furnished the music, and conducted.

The Queen of England has reigned longer than any living ruler in the world, having ascended the throne in 1837. Next to her in point of time are Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, Grand Duke Peter of Oldenburg, and Frederick, the Grand Duke of Baden. The monarchs who have reigned the shortest time are Prince Frederick of Waldeck, and Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Empress Eugenie seems to be playing the role of the fairy godmother, but it is to be feared that she cannot hold out very long at the present high rate of generosity. She has given a marriage portion of £40,000 to the Princess Eugenie, the second daughter of Prince Charles Bonaparte, the fiancee of Prince De Fabrice Massimo, and now she has given another £40,000 to Princess Eugenie's sister, Princess Marie, the wife of M. Henri Gotta.

Maxwell Gray, the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," etc., is the nom de plume of Mary Gleed Tuttlett. She is the daughter of a physician who lives in Newport on the Isle of Wight, where she was born. Her desire for knowledge was remarkable, and her love of study impaired her health so seriously that in recent years she has been a great invalid. It is reported that she is improving, however, and will doubtless be able to resume her literary labors.

Lady Butler, who is better known in this country as Elizabeth Thompson, the painter of the famous "Roll Call," is living at Aldershot with her husband, Gen. Sir William Butler, and their five children. Lady Butler is painting a picture for the Royal Academy, the subject being Waterloo. It would be rather interesting to have her views on the woman question, for not even a husband, five children, and immense success can keep Lady Butler from her art, and anyone of the three is considered unfavorable to real progress.

Lord Rosebery is rarely at the Foreign Office before noon; but his secretaries are in attendance upon him at his town house, in Berkeley Square, the first thing in the morning, and much work is done before the drive to Whitehall is taken. As the Foreign Minister himself has said, the office which he holds compels him almost to live a monastic life, so continuous and pressing are the calls upon his time. Frequently Lord Rosebery finds it necessary to remain in his room at the Foreign Office until nine o'clock at night.

In order to paint his much-admired pictures of Scriptural subjects, Holman Hunt has travelled a great deal in the Holy Land. Before painting Christ working as a carpenter, the artist went to Bethlehem, studying the types of faces to be found there, and making sketches of the interiors of carpenters' shops. Even now Mr. Hunt is engaged upon a picture for which he made studies many years ago. In obtaining "models" while in Jerusalem he has sometimes met with considerable difficulty, owing to an erroneous impression that he was visiting Palestine as an agent of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews.

Alexandre Dumas thinks that there is in this world much unappreciated genius. That it might at least have a chance of making itself heard he adopted a novel design. He sent anonymously a typewritten manuscript to a Paris theatre—which one nobody knows. Then he publicly offered to present the play to the man who discovered it. By such means he hoped that in the Parisian manager's hands it would be carefully read. But M. Dumas must have used some other way of disguising his work. No one has heard of it being found, nor has there come up any new writer as a result of this dredging of the ground.

The following are, it is said, some of the characteristic gestures of European royalties when engaged in conversation: The Prince of Wales, if annoyed or nervous, winks his left eye rapidly; the Emperor of Germany pulls furiously at his moustache; King Humbert of Italy, whose moustache is longer and more silky, caresses it affectionately; the Emperor of Austria puffs out his cheeks; the Czar runs his fingers through his hair or lays his hand flat on the top of his head; the Khedive taps impatiently with his left foot; the Archduchess Marie Therese of Austria never becomes interested in what she is saying without pulling at a lock of hair over her right temple.

The biography of Bret Harte has been squeezed into this small compass: Bret Harte has just passed his fifty-fourth year. He was born at Albany, New York, went to California in 1854, and was successively a miner, school teacher, express messenger, printer, and, finally, editor of a newspaper. In 1864 he was appointed secretary of the United States Branch Mint, at San Francisco, holding the office until 1870. In 1868 he became editor of the Overland Monthly, and, in the following year, published "The Heathen Chinee," which made him popular. From 1880 to 1885 he was United States Consul at Glasgow, and has since resided in London. He has published some thirty volumes, and generally writes two books a year.


**Nervous, Tired, Weak.**

That most dreaded disease, typhoid pneumonia left me with a cough, sore throat, tired and nervous. I could not sleep nights. To add to my many troubles, last winter I had La Grippe. It seemed I would not live until spring. I tried

FATHER AND SON TOOK

**Skoda's Discovery.**

many remedies, but got no relief until I took Skoda's Discovery. My little boy has been sickly for several years. He too has taken Skoda's and now he is as fat, rosy cheeked little chap as you would like to see.

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Tired, Weak.
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# Sunday Reading.

### SOME VERY COMMON SINS.

**Only Those Free From Them Can Cast Stones at the Sinners.**

If we apply the law, "Thou shalt not steal," as interpreted by Christ and his apostles, how few men among us could honestly say, 'I have never violated that commandment." When Paul exhorts the Romans to be honest in the sight of God and men, he is simply interpreting and enforcing the old law, which said, "Thou shalt not steal." In the new Testament, honest means honorable, but in the ethical code of modern commerce, it means simply conformity to the letter of a bargain. To be honest in the truest and noblest sense, is to be true to the largest spirit of social duty. The honest man considers an unwritten obligation just as sacred and binding as one that is written, signed, sealed, and delivered. He is just as careful to pay a debt of ten cents as one of a thousand dollars.

I have a track of land, on which my neighbor discovers a rich vein of gold. Knowing me to be ignorant of the real value of the property, he makes me an offer for it, which I accept. For a thousand dollars he gets from me something which he knows is worth a hundred thousand dollars. In this transaction, while he violates no law of the state, he transgresses the divine code, which says, "Thou shalt not steal." "Provide things honest." Under the laws of the state he is not chargeable with theft, but according to the law of God as understood and accepted by honest men, he is no less a thief than the man who runs away with the contents of a bank-vault.

A man makes a piece of counterfeit money, and buys something with it; or, he signs the name of some merchant to a commercial note, which he afterwards gets discounted in a bank. Is that man a thief? Yes. What is it that makes him a thief in the eyes of the law? It is the one simple fact, that he got another man's property without paying for it. Apply the same principle to other transactions, and you will convict thousands of men whom no court has ever indicted. According to this principle, every gambler is a thief. Every seller of fraudulent goods is a thief. Every corporation that gives a fictitious value to its stock, is a combination of thieves. And the great commercial wreckers, who combine their capital to depress markets, and to get other men's property for half its value, are monumental thieves. Every form of deception by which men get the advantage of each other in business, is theft. The biggest, most persistent, remorseless, and incurable thieves, are not in the convict-camp, but in mansions, where they fare sumptuously every day. If all the thieves were put into the chain-gang tomorrow it would make gaps in the business world to fearful to contemplate. It would almost wipe out Wall street; it would annihilate the whiskey-rings; it would destroy half of the manufacturies, and shut up two-thirds of the brokerage offices; it would suspend half of the city water works, cancel a majority of street-paving contracts, and ruin many men in the plumbing business. It would thin the ranks of the legal and the medical fraternities, and so reduce the representation in congress that no quorum could be obtained until after the next election.

In view of these facts, when we look upon a young man convicted of embezzlement or forgery, and about to be sent away to a felon's prison, we cannot afford to spurn him and anathematize him, because his crime is the product of corrupting influences which pervade the whole commercial world, and for which every one of us is in some degree responsible. Tried by God's Standard of honesty, that young man is not more as criminal than thousands, who stand high commercially and socially. Let him among you who never planned anything crooked in his business, or winked at crookedness in others, and who is no way responsible for the spirit of dishonesty in the world of trade, step forward, and hurl the first anathema at that young man, who stands before the tribunal of human justice convicted of theft.

I stand aghast to-day, not as I look on a criminal like that, but as I look upon the great army of colossal thieves, who walk abroad unwhipped of justice, and whose example and influence have led thousands of people to think, that dishonesty is disreputable and despisable, only when it is punished by the State. It is the conduct of these imperial rogues, that is spreading and strengthening the doctrine of the Anarchist, that "all property is theft," and that is hastening a revolution which will make the bloodiest picture in the book of time.

If that adultrerous woman had been a murderer, Christ would have said just what he did say to those Pharisees—"He that is without sin among you; let him first cast a stone at her." Why would he have said it? Because he looked into their hearts, and saw that the spirit of murder was there. That spirit made them murderers, under the law of God, long before they laid wicked hands on him, and crucified him between two thieves. The act of taking a human life, is not in every instance, murder. It is what is in the heart,—the motive of the slayer, that gives character to the deed. If then we take Christ's interpretation of the law, which says "Thou shalt do no murder," and in the light of it, look into our own hearts, we shall have grave doubts of our own innocence, and regard with less scorn, and more compassion, the man who is about to be executed for murder.

War, may be a just and sacred necessity, in some instances. Christianity does not annul the right of self defense. But war inspired by revenge, or the lust of conquest and spoils, is murder. Every man who falls in battle, defending his home and country against an unrighteous invasion, is a murdered man; and the crime of taking his life, belongs to all who either joined or encouraged the invasion.

Look, too, at the victims of the polished deviltries of men, who are still allowed to move in what are called, "the highest circles of society." The world is dotted all over with the graves of deceived women—women who were robbed of virtue and deserted, and who, in the madness of their despair, sought refuge in the arms of death. The destroyers of these women are murderers, and yet, they are neither punished by the State, nor criticised by people who claim to be the very cream of our social life.

Look also at the human lives that are sacrificed by men to gratify their greed of gold. Go into a great factory, the property of a millionaire, who revels in luxury, and you will find frail women and delicate children, standing all day long in a room whose atmosphere is laden with poisonous impurities, and patiently, but painfully, toiling for wages that are barely sufficient to prevent starvation. In God's record-book the name for such cruelty is murder.

I would not fail to mention that class of men and women to be found in every community, whose characteristic wickedness is slander. Their purpose is to elevate themselves on the ruin of others. Where they are too cowardly for open assault, they secretly beslime and blacken the reputations of their political or commercial or social competitors. When you destroy the good name of a good man, you destroy him; and such destruction is murder.

If there be one among you, in the light of the principles and facts presented in this discussion, feels that he is absolutely innocent of the sins which I have named, he, and only he, can afford to cast stones at those who have stumbled and fallen in the race of life. Seeing how much of the essence of sin and crime there is in our own hearts and lives; seeing how we have tolerated and even honored and exalted men, who, according to divine law, are as guilty as those upon whom the state has laid its iron hand and dragged to the bar of justice; and knowing how feebly we have opposed the agencies and influencies which corrupt the minds and lives of men, and hurry them to disgrace and ruin, what ought to be our spirit and attitude towards those who have been branded as criminals and outcasts? What treatment of them does christianity require of us? And what do the interests of society and the state demand? These are very practical questions, because the class referred to is large very large and rapidly increasing. I am sure that christianity does not require us to apologize for their offenses, or to shield them from punishment by the state. It would be hurtful to them, and a wrong to society, to persuade them that they do not deserve punishment. There is a sickly sentimentalism, in regard to crime and criminals, that is foreign to true religion as it is to common sense. The author of christianity is a God of law. God hates sin, and all sin is punished, either in the sinner, or in his divine Substitute. The dignity and stability of the state, and the peace and security of its subjects, require the punishment of those who violate its laws.

But while we uphold the state, our attitude towards those who have fallen into the disgrace of vice and crime, should be one of sympathy and helpfulness. A sense of our own sinfulness, and the consciousness that we are in a large degree responsible for their downfall, should remove from us every vestige of Phariseeism. We should remember, too, that though wretched, degraded and disgraced, they are still human beings, still our fellow-men, still children of the same God to whom we look up, and say: "Our Father who art in heaven." The same Christ who died for us, shed his blood for them; the same mercy through which we look for salvation from the wrath to come, can save them; and the same divine Spirit that made us new creatures, is able to transform them into lovers of truth, virtue and God.—Rev. J. B. Hawthorne.

### Be Careful of Your Words.

The Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the 'Christian Advocate' in closing a sermon before the students of Cornell University, gave an impressive illustration of the dangers attendant upon the acceptance of certain destructive theories of bible interpretation. He said: 'A series of sermons were published in Scotland, teaching that almost everything held to be fundamental to Christian faith had, by the researches of modern scholarship, been found untenable, and speaking of what remains in an indefinite way. These discourses were republished in the United States. Among those who read and accepted them was a woman in the city of New York, of great intelligence and intellectuality and of high culture. A year or two later she removed to a suburb upon the Hudson river, continuing to attend the presbyterian church, but frankly informed the pastor that she had lost faith, and attributing the change to those discourses. Afterwards she became ill and died of a lingering disease. During the months of her steady but not rapid progress to the grave, the pastor frequently visited her, making every effort to re-establish her faith in the simple provisions of the gospel, but in vain.

"To the last she said that she knew nothing, and was not able to believe anything positively. So much had been shaken that she was not certain there was anything that could not be shaken.

"Less than a year after this woman's death, the author of these sermons was summoned to trial for heresy. When the charges were submitted, he asked a little time for reconsideration and submitted a statement that when he prepared those discourses he believed them, but further reflection had convinced him that he had erred in taking many things for granted that had not been proved, deducing conclusions that were not warranted even by his premises, and expressing himself in an unguarded manner, and that he desired to retract several of the discourses in whole, and in part all but one or two.

"But the woman who had given up her faith in the essentials of the gospel for faith in him had died in darkness."

### Names of Good Friday.

Good Friday is one of the best and most musicial of the forms which the name of this day in Holy Week has assumed. In Bohemia it is called "Great Friday," in Southern Germany "Black Friday," in Denmark "Long Friday," and in Wales it is "Friday of the Lesson of the Cross." In some places also on the continent it is called "Still Friday."

### LESSONS TAUGHT BY EASTER.

**The Idea of the Resurrection the Basis of All Spiritual Growth.**

The idea of resurrection life lies at the basis of all spiritual growth. It has a two-fold aspect; one affecting the christian himself and the other influencing the world. One who has died in Christ, who has so completely identified himself with his Lord that his flesh has been crucified with its affections and lusts, is in truth a new man, in a new resurrection life. His past is set far behind him and his connection with it is one of memory only. If any question of the supernatural origin of Christianity were mooted to such a man, he need look no farther than his own soul for the proof. There is no human power, no power in circumstances, that could work the change in him that has been worked. It must be of God. Certain studies and pursuits may awaken new kinds of enthusiasm and turn the intellectual life into new channels; new conditions of life, such as the sudden acquisition of fortune, may give new standards of taste and feeling, but they do not change the man. They do not make him feel different towards his fellows; they do not give him new motives or new ideals. The spiritual change does these. The man who has experienced it lives a new life. The things which were formerly his delight are now tasteless and insipid. His love goes out to every one. He strives after attainments which were former meaningless to him, and his hopes are centred on higher objects. The life of the animal, content with the sunshine and abundance of food, is not farther from him than his old life of fleshly pleasure. The man is born again, he has died to his past and is living a resurrection life.

The change within has an outward manifestation. Resurrection life is recognized by the world. Explorers like Livingstone, philosophers like Newton, philanthropists like Peabody, shed their light far forward to succeeding generations. Their spirit is in their successors, who carry on their work. Their bodies die, but their spirit lives on in the men that follow them. Elisha inherits the spirit of Elijah, and works like wonders. So, in infinitely degree, is it with Christ's spirit. "The works that I do," Christ said, "shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." The life that he puts into his followers is a mighty force. It is ever finding new outlets and new spheres of operation. Christ's resurrection may be doubted by the sceptic, but he cannot shut his eyes to the fact that Christ's spirit is working in the world. He sees it everywhere, in the efforts to relieve suffering, in the kindliness which goes to the rescue of affliction, in the condemnation of cruelty and oppression, in the ever growing hatred of selfishness. Christ rises anew in every generation; and his people show him in their lives. The savage wonders at the kindness of the missionary, at his loving disposition, and at his self-denial. It is Christ in the missionary, that he sees and admires and, though he knows him not, he is prepared, by what he sees, to recognize the Master in the servant. It is the resurrection life, Christ risen again in his people. So, in the daily life of the humblest Christian, Christ may live in acts of helpfulness and mercy and magnanimity.

### A Disturbed Compass.

A naval officer recently back from a long cruise relates a remarkable experience. He says that one morning it was discovered that the ship was a long way out of her course. The quartermaster was questioned, but he insisted that he had accurately followed his instructions. The captain lectured him sharply and impressed upon all the men the need of greater care. The next night there was a similar deviation. The officers became alarmed and their perplexity increased. On the third night the course was given out as usual, but the captain waking up in the night was horrified by seeing that the ship was evidently out of her course again. He rushed on deck, almost overturning the quartermaster at the wheel, and there saw to his surprise that the compass indicated that the ship was on her right course. He perceived that the compass might be wrong. He therefore sent the quatermaster to call the captain. After the quatermaster went on his errand the needle quivered for a moment and then swung around in the right direction. In a short time the quatermaster returned with the captain, an as the former approached the compass, the needle was again deflected. The captain being informed of the strange phenomenon, questioned the quartermaster and insisted on knowing what he had about him that could affect the compass. At last the man said he was wearing an electric belt. This explained the perturbation and the mystery was solved. The inconsistencies in the course of some professing Christians often have an analogous cause. A defect in early training, the existence of some strong propensity or some cherished secret sin perverts the conscience and leads them to call evil good. —(Acts 26:9.)

### Phillips Brook Was Kind.

Among the many fine traits of Phillips Brooks character was that of kindness, selfishness as to his own comfort or convenience. An illustration of this is given by a gentleman who was once a fellow traveller of Mr. Brooks on a journey to Bar Harbor.

They went by boat, changing at Rockland in the early morning for the Mount Desert steamer, which leaves as soon as possible after the arrival of the Boston boat. Mr. Brooks' baggage consisted of a small travelling bag and a steamer trunk. On landing at Rockland he looked about for an expressman to transfer the trunk to the next wharf, only a short distance.

The only man there who seemed at all inclined to earn a quarter was lame, and had sort of wheelbarrow, in which he assured Mr. Brooks he could easily manage the small trunk.

Mr. Brooks looked at the poor cripple for a moment, and then, handing him the bag, said: "All right; you just run along with this bag, and I'll manage the trunk;" and taking the steamer trunk by a grasp on the strap, he walked toward the Bar Harbor boat, followed by the lame man, who was glad to earn his money so easily, but was not aware that the gentleman carrying the trunk was Phillips Brooks.

When a man is going down, don't increase his trouble; when everybody is blaming him, do not swell the chorus of censure.

### Messages of Help for the Week

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands; sing forth the honor of his name. . . Come and see the work of God. . . . Come and hear, all ye that fear God." Psalm 66.

"The secret of the lord is with them that fear him." Psalm 25:14.

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe, in God, believe also in me." John 14:1.

In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." John 16:33.

"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. 5:5

"We are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ. For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ." Gal. 3:26, 27.

"And if ye are Christ's then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." 27th Verse.

### A Convert to Missions.

'I am a convert,' said Mrs. Bishop, at the recent Keswick convention, 'to missions through seeing missions and the need for them. Some years ago I took no interest whatever in the condition of the heathen. I had heard much ridicule cast upon Christian missions and perhaps had imbibed some of the unhallowed spirit. But the missionaries by their lives and character, and by the work they are doing wherever I have seen them, have produced in my mind such a change and such enthusiasm, as I might almost express it, in favor of Christian missions, that I cannot go anywhere without speaking about them and trying influence others in their favor who may be as different as I was before I went among heathen countries.'

### The Model Prayer of The Ages.

O Thou, our Father, dwelling in heaven!
Not circumscribed, save by the larger love
Which to thy love's first offspring must be given,
Who from the first have dwelt with thee above!
By every creature hallowed be thy name
And praised thy goodness, as for man was meant
To render thanks to thy benignant flame:
May to our souls thy kingdom's peace be lent,
For of ourselves we could not come thereto
With all our intellect, unless 'twere sent:
And even as of their will thine angels do
Chanting *Hosanna* sacrifice to thee,
So to thy will may men their own subdue:
Our daily manna give to us this day,
Without which help, through this rough wilderness,
Who strives to go falls backward on his way.
And even as we forbear us to redress
The wrong from others which we have to brook,
Pardon thou us, benignant One! and less
On our deserving than our weakness look;
Try not our virtue, ever prone to yield,
'Gainst the old enemy who spurs it so;
Deliver us from him and be our shield.

Dr. T. W. Parsons trans. from Dante.

### The Easter Lesson.

The Lord is risen, joy is in the air,
Faith triumphs over prejudice and pride,
God's voice hath spoken—and the Cross is there
On Calvary's crest where Truth was crucified.

Not to the Tomb where Heaven was disclosed,
This mother came that primal Easter day;
But to the Cross where Sorrow self-imposed
To life eternal glorified the way.

And there beneath the Easter's radiant skies,
Her mother heart swayed by the hour's control,
Up to the cross directs her infant's eyes
To have the memory graven on his soul.

Thus has it been since that first Eastertide,
The Christian mother seeks the Cross this day
To show her child Faith's glory and its guide,
And pray its light may lead him Heaven's way.

Rev. C. S. O'Neill, in Donahoe's Magazine.

### Lilies of Lent.

Ye tell us that spring is a hastening comer—
That winter is past and his passion is spent—
That glory and gladness will dawn with the summer;
But ye will not live for it, lilies of Lent.

The fields will be green and the grass will be growing
When manifold blossoms in beauty are blent;
But ye will not know that the zephyrs are blowing
And opening the rose-petals lilies of Lent.

Ye cheer us on days that are darksome and dreary,
And die ere the sunnier seasons are sent:
Then can we of singing your praises grow weary,
For all ye have done for us, lilies of Lent?

When roses their fulness and fragrance are giving,
No thought shall we waste on your shape or your scent:
Which is but the way of the world that we live in,
And we are its citizens, lilies of Lent.

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

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

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**T. YOUNGCLAUS.**

# WHEN CRABBE RESTED.

*THE LONG INTERVAL IN WHICH HE PRODUCED NO VERSE.*

**His Best Poetry Appeared When He Was Past Middle Life—His Unfortunate Remove—How He Saddened as the End of His Life Drew Near.**

With the publication of "The Newspaper," issued in 1785, while at Strathern, Crabbe suspended his poetical labors, and produced no more verse till 1809, when his Parish Register appeared. His other principal works, of the earlier period and commendation of Burke and Johnson. These and others of his friends were now gone; and their absence, and the increase of parochial and domestic cares, may have had something to do with this interruption of poetic pursuits. But during all these years he was acquiring poetic material, and ripening his powers for still stronger work. He was past middle life when "The Borough" and "The Parish Register" were published, which contain his best poetry; and when, in 1819, the "Tales of the Hall" were published, he had reached the age of sixty-five. These were given to a new public, and drew around him another school of critical admirers. He, who had begun with Burke and Johnson, had lived, by new original, and still more powerful verse, to acquire the suffrages of Fox, and Scott, and Byron, and a bright company of the literary men of that time; and to tuck into his waistcoat pocket, out of the hand of John Murray the magnificent sum £3000. Moore and Rogers counselled him to deposit the bills in safe hands, without delay. No, no: not at all! he would take them home to Trowbridge "and show them to his son, John. They would hardly believe in his good luck at home if they did not see the bills."

But, though Crabbe remained silent to the public so long, his life and pursuits were poetical. "Out of doors," his son says, "he had always some object in view—a flower, or a pebble, or his note-book in his hand; and in the house, if he was not writing he was reading. He read aloud very often, even when walking, or seated by the side of his wife in the huge old-fashioned one-horse chaise, heavier than a modern chariot, in which they usually were conveyed in their little excursions, and the conduct of which he, from awkwardness and absence of mind, prudently relinquished to my mother on all occasions."

An unfortunate remove was made from Muston to Parham, the former home of his wife. In this small Suffolk town she had been brought up in the home of her uncle Tovell, a jolly and wealthy yeoman, who had acquired some gentlemanly dignity and consideration. The poet, upon the death of this old gentleman, put a curate in his place at Muston and went to reside in the Tovell house. "The house was large, and the surrounding moat, the rookery, ancient dovecote and the well-stored fishponds were such as might have suited a gentleman's seat of some consequence. . . . On entering the house there was nothing at first sight to remind one of the farm; a spacious hall paved with black and white marble, at one extremity a very handsome drawing room and at the other a fine old staircase of black oak, polished till it was as slippery as ice, and having a chime clock and a barrel organ on its landing places." But he did not find the comfort he anticipated, and long regretted his choice. "It was a desertion of his proper flock and duty in obedience to his own private inclinations, and it was not blest." The day they quitted Muston, as they rode slowly out of town, behind a load of their furniture, some one who knew them called in out a solemnly impressive manner, "You are wrong, you are wrong!" The sound stung him and awoke an accusing conscience. "You are wrong!" sounded in his thought, as if spoken by a supernatural voice, through all their journey.

Untill forbearance ceased to be virtue.

After putting up with the old maid humors and figetty ways at a Towel sister, resident in the house; who would threaten whenever anything was done that did not suit her, to "make a cadicy.* to her will;" Crabbe made another remove. This time it was to Great Glemham hall, while just at hand was the village of Sweffling where he drew large congregations, and had an admiring friend in his rector, Mr. Turner. Great Glemham was the property of a Mr. North, and became the poet's residence for five of his most satisfactory years. "The house was large and handsome. It stood in a small but well-wooded park occuping the mouth of a glen; and in this glen lay the mansion. The hills that were on either hand were finely hung with wood; a brook ran at the foot of one of these, and all around were woodlands, and these green dry lanes which tempt the walker in all weathers, especially in the evenings, when in the short grass of the dry sandy banks, lies, every few yards, a glow worm, and the nightingales are pouring forth their melody in every direction. In such a place, too, a paradise to his boys, he was as busy in botany as ever; wrote a treatise on the subject, which, however, he was advised, to the public loss, not to publish, because such books had usually been published in Latin! He therefore burnt it as he used to do novels, which it was his great delight to write scores of, and then make bonfires of; his boys carrying them out to him by armfuls in the garden, and glorying in the blaze as he presided over it.

What remains must be condensed in a few paragaaphs. His removal from the beautiful retreat of Glemham, in 1805 to Rendham, in Suffolk, and his resumption, with many annoyances and cares of his old charge at Muston, which was neglected and run down: the suspicion in which he was held, and the shyness of the farming-folk, who had now come under the influence of dissenting ministers; and the absurd stories put into circulation about him. Crabbe a Jacobin! and Wordsworth a Jacobin, forsooth! But what will not prejudice affirm? But these nine troubled, busy years, in the cold, clayey farm country were practically rich, for here the "The Borough" and "Parish Register" were produced; and here his beloved wife, long an invalid, died. No wonder, if under the pressure, he threatened to give way; no wonder if his spirits failed him and health declined; no wonder if he saddened at the sight of all around him, and longed for a change of scene.

This came in June, 1814, when the Duke of Rutland bestowed upon him the living of Throw bridge, in Wilts Co., ad joined to which was the smaller living of Crovton Kerrial, in Leicestershire, and where his remaining years were serenely spent, in the genial fulfilment of benevolent social and religious duties. It was one of the places the outward features of which are not prepossessing, but which never-the-less contain in seclusion the characteristics that win and satisfy the heart. Crables made many friends among the kindly, intelligent people of Trowbridge, and here his sons found wives, while his biographer, George, was afterwards found by Howitt, located as a clergyman in the very neighborhood. Here they will point out the quarries where he geologised, long after his botanising habit had been discontinued. From this home he was a frequent visitor at London, in the houses of the literati and nobility. From this home he went, at Scott's invitation to Edinburgh, and saw the Border-Minstrel in his house on Castle street; but, because of George IVth's visit at that time, did not get to Abbotsford. He was happy in the smiles and welcomes of men, in places high and low; and rich in the esteem and love of his people, he died at Trowbridge in his seventy-eighth year, and was buried in the chancel of the church, wherein for ninteen years he had ministered, and where his memory was long remembered.

"His parsonage," writes Howitt, was a good capacious old house, of grey stone, with pointed gables, standing in a large garden surrounded by a high wall. It lies almost in the heart of the town, and within a hundred yards of the churchyard. In his time, I understand, the garden was almost a wood of lofty trees. Many of these have since been cut down. . . . A very civil and intelligent sexton, living by the church yard gate in a cottage overhung with ivy, showed me the church, and appeared much interested in the departed pastor and poet. I ascended into the pulpit, and imagined how often the author of "The Borough" had stood there and addressed his congregation. There is a monument to his memory in the chancel, by Baillie. The old man is represented as lying on his deathbed, by which are two celestial beings, as awaiting his departure. The likeness to Crabbe is said to be excellent. The inscription is as follows:—"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. George Crabbe, L. L. B., who died, Feb., 3rd. 1832, in the 87th year of his age, and the 19th of his services as rector of this parish."

This man of mild speech and benevolent demeanor, but of severe muse, was a lover of the sea, and described it with particular freshness and vigor, it is recorded of him that on one occasion he mounted his horse and took a lonely ride of sixty miles, solely to look upon

"The glittering waters on the shingle rolled."

and breathe once more the freshness of that element that had been near to him in all his childhood days. PASTOR FELIX.

NOTE.—The name Ortord in a recent paper was by an error of the printer given as Oxford.

*Codicil.

*USEFUL UNDERSTANDINGS.*

**How Native Indians Use their Feet as Well as their Hands.**

In the native quarters of the towns of India the strange spectacle may be seen of a butcher seizing a piece of meat in his hands and cutting it in two with a stroke of his knife held between the first and second toes of his foot. The shoemaker uses no last, but turns the unfinished shoe with his feet, while his hands are busy shaping it. So the carpenter holds with his great toe the board he is cutting, and the wood turner handles his tools as well with his toes as with his fingers.

This use of the feet to assist the hands in their labor is not, however, the mere result of practice, but is principally due to the fact that the Hindoo foot is quite different from ours in its anatomical conformation.

The ankle of the Hindoo, and the articulation of the back of the foot, permit considerable lateral motion. Then the toes possess a surprising mobility. The great toe can be moved freely in all directions, and the first and second toes are separated by a wide space, sometimes as much as five-eighths of an inch across at the base of the toes and two inches at their extremities.

The articulation of the hip is also peculiar, and this renders it easier to use the toes in handling objects by enabling the Hindoo to sit in a squatting posture much more comfortably than we can.

A similar formation of the feet and toes is found among the Anamese, but it is not, as might be supposed, a common thing among barbarous and savage tribes.

One naturally thinks of the resemblance to a monkey which a human being using both feet and hands in the manner described above must present, and yet M. Regnault is careful to point out the fact that the Hindoo foot is not at all like the foot of an ape or monkey. The great toe is not opposed to the other toes like the thumb, as occurrs with the monkey, and accordingly the pedal dexterity of the Hindoos is not to be taken as an indication of simian descent.

Wigs were probably invented about the time of the first Roman emperor, for we are told that Otho had a scalp of fine leather with locks of hair upon it so well arranged as to seem natural. When wigs were introduced into England the clergy inveighed against them as being indecent and unnatural, and even cut their own hair shorter to express their abhorrence of the fashion.

# EASTER IN OLDEN DAYS.

*HOW THE FESTIVAL HAS BEEN KEPT IN MANY LANDS.*

**Its Origin Is Very Remote—Rejoicing Over the Advent of Spring—Quaint Customs—How Good Clothes and Fancy Clothes Found Place in the Festival.**

The word Easter is derived from Eastre, Eoster, or Ostara, as the Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring was variously known. In the days when all good things—and all bad things, too, for that matter—were supposed to be the work of this or that goddess, it was but natural that such a delightful thing as the disappearance of grim winter and the appearance of joyous spring should be celebrated by a thanks offering to the personification of the balmy springtide. Even our rugged Anglo-Saxon ancestors were not proof against this sentiment, and the advent of Eoster, or Easter, was annually made the occasion of a great festival. Hence our word Easter, and in a measure perhaps, our Easter festival, commemorative though it is of the resurrection of Christ.

The French call the festival Paques; the Italians, Pasqua; the Spanish, Pascua; the Greeks, Pascha—all of these terms being derived from the Hebrew Pesach, meaning Passover. Among the Jews the Passover has for centuries been most religiously observed, Passover week beginning on March 14 and ending March 21. Consequently the Jewish christians fell into the habit of celebrating Easter on March 21, irrespective of the day of the week.

The early Christians did not observe Easter, and it was not until the fifth or sixth century of the Christian era that the observance of the day became general. The council of Nice, in 325 A.D., ruled that the day must be observed on the first Sunday of the first full moon after March 21, and to the See of Alexandria, in Egypt, was given the duty of yearly promulgating the proper date of the celebration. There was much confusion, however, among the different churches in regard to the time of holding the festival, owing largely to the rivalries and animosities of the various sects. About the eighth century all the Western churches came to an agreement on the subject, and thenceforth celebrated the festival on the same day, but the Eastern churches persisted in reckoning by the old calendar and observed Easter a fortnight later. The Greek, Russian and Oriental churches have held to this custom even to the present time.

Tardily recognized though it was the Easter festival, duly established, at once took and has since held a prominent place in the Christian calendar. The early fathers emphasized the importance of its observance by their writings and sermons. In the year 367 A. D. the Emperor Valentinian I. decreed that on Easter day all prisoners not guilty of heinous offences should be liberated, and the same practice was followed by a number of his successors. On Easter eve all the churches of the East were illuminated until daybreak and in various other ways the joyous significance of the festival was made manifest in the observance of the day.

In olden times, each of the three days immediately preceding Easter Sunday was observed with rites and ceremonies peculiar to it. Thursday of Holy Week was variously known as "Maunday Thursday" and "Share Thursday" and was a day for giving alms to the poor. The Maund, or charity bread, was then distributed to the poor who flocked to the churches to receive it. The rich and powerful also humbled themselves on this day by washing the feet of the poor in commemoration of Christ's humility in washing the feet of his disciples. Kings, queens, and emperors were accustomed to perform this humble service for deserving paupers. Hone mentions one occasion on which Queen Elizabeth washed the feet of thirty-nine poor women, this number representing the years of her majesty's age. Nowadays, women of much humbler rank than Elizabeth would probably shrink from thus openly declaring their ages, even though they could bring themselves to perform the ceremony itself, but Queen Bess had no alternative, vain though she was, as her years were a matter of well known record.

The ceremony, as described by the veracious historians, was an elaborate one, and was followed by the presentation of many and valuable gifts to the paupers whose feet had been bathed by royal hands. Other monarchs of England were sufficiently swayed by the religious custom of the time to perform the feet washing service for the indigent, but with the death of James II. the practice died out forever, so far as English royalty was concerned.

Thursday of Holy Week was also observed in divers other singular ways, one of which was the shearing of the heads of the faithful. An ancient authority tells us "in old Fathers' days the people would them shere theyr hedes and clypp theyr herdes and pool theyr heedes and so make them honest against Easter day." Thus came the name of Shere Thursday.

Good Friday, or Passion Day, the culminating day of Lent, was so vigorously observed that total abstinence from food for the twenty-four hours was commonly practiced, and even now strict ritualists take on this day but little sustenance save bread and water at morning and night, fasting throughout the remainder of the day. Attendance at divine service is insisted on by strict churchmen, and it has been always the custom in England and her colonies to regard Good Friday as a public holy day. The custom of baking "Holy Cross" buns on Good Friday is an old one. These buns were formerly like the paschal bread, unleavened. They are, even to this day, marked across the top with the form of the cross, and displayed in the baker's and pastry cook's windows.

Easter Eve is in some parts called "Holy Saturday." On the evening of this day it was the custom to make preparations for the coming feast, and in Ireland the midnight hour was saluted in every house with a great clapping of hands, accompanied by the utterance of a Gælic phrase signifying "out with Lent." The vigil ended with much merriment. Did one of the merry-makers allow his appetite to tempt him to partake of food before cock-crow, it was superstitiously believed that dire misfortune would come upon him.

Not the least remarkable of the old time Easter customs was the unwritten law which made it incumbent upon all good citizens to, if possible, appear in new raiment on "the glorious Easter morn." If financial difficulties made this step impossible, those so situated were expected to observe the day by at least wearing a new coat, new hat or something or other purchased in honor of the occasion. Here again we have proof of that rather trite remark of Solomon's to the effect that there is nothing new under the sun, for does not every woman of spirit in our own day feel it her bounden duty to appear in a new bonnet, if not an entirely new costume, on Easter Sunday? In Poor Robin, the ancient custom responsible for this modern law of fashion is referred to thus:

At Easter let your clothes be new,
Or else be sure you will it rue.

Barnes the Dorsetshire poet, puts the following words into the mouth of one of his rustics:

Last Eas er I put on my blue
Frock coat the virst time, vier new;
Wi' valler buttons sal o' brass,
That glittered in the zun like glass;
Bekiaze 'twer Easter Zunday.

The lavish decoration of places of worship with flowers was a feature of Easter Day observance centuries ago. White flowers, typical of purity, have always been the favorite Easter flowers. The lily is widely recognized as the emblem of the Resurrection, and the Passion flower, a species of aster of pale purple hue, has also come into general use in Easter decorations.

Our forefathers prolonged the Easter festival so as to include the following week thus making the celebration include fifteen days. The week beginning with Easter Sunday was given up to sports, games and other species of merry-making. An odd feature of the old time celebration was that of heaving or lifting, the "heaved" sitting in a chair decorated with white ribbons. Easter Monday and Easter Thursday were known as heaving days, the women sitting in a chair on Monday and the men on Tuesday. Those heaving or lifting the chair, were expected to lift it three times and then kiss the occupant, who in turn kissed them. To the regret of the lads and lassies in the districts where the novel ceremony was once performed, the custom has long since died out.

On Easter Tuesdays it was the privilege of the men to beat their wives, who repaid the compliment in kind on the morrow. This ceremony, as far as can be learned, was not provocative of lawsuits or separations, and was, no doubt, a mere loving castigation. Young couples also amused themselves by rolling down hill locked in one another's arms. The significance of this old custom is not apparent. Hand ball was one of the most common Easter games. A sort of water tilting contest was much in vogue, young men in boats without oars drifting against a shield suspended in midstream and striking at it with a lance. If the lance was broken against the shield it was considered a good stroke and won applause, but if the shield was missed or the spear remained intact the owner of the lance invariably lost his balance and tumbled into the water. No serious consequences followed such a mishap, however, as a boat was held ready to pick up the unlucky tilter. This sport was varied by suspending a bag of sand from the end of a swivel pole as a mark for "tilters" on horseback. The contestants would ride furiously and prod the bag and then attempt to dodge it on its return. If they did not they were apt to be well thumped for their pains. The bitter herb—tansy—was used in a symbolic way at Easter and sports were instituted in its honor. A "tansy cake" was often the prize at a hand ball match or foot race. This was often frosted and adorned with some fanciful device.

Eggs have been associated with the celebration of Easter for many hundred years, but their emblematic use is as old as the beginning of history. The ancient Egyptians held them sacred as an emblem of the renewal of the human race after the Deluge. The Jews also used them as an emblem of the Resurrection. In the north of England it has for a long time been the custom to send presents of eggs at Easter to intimate acquaintance. These "pace eggs" are usually decorated in colors and were often inscribed with the names of the giver and recipient. They were sometimes elaborately decorated with scrolls by a pen-knife. This custom of sending to acquaintances colored eggs at Easter has become quite common of late in this country. These eggs are not infrequently mounted in silk or on panels and decorated with ribbons or painted with flowers or landscapes, in water colors. The eating of eggs at Easter as at the Passover was at one time a part of the ritual of this day. The inhabitans of Persia and Mesopotamia have a custom of coloring eggs red, signifying the shedding of blood, and presenting them to relatives and friends. The Siberians have the same custom with many elaborate and interesting ceremonies added.

Easter has been celebrated by some of the noblest inspirations of sacred poetry. No less than Christmas, it stirs the imaginative faculty of the soul, and truly the mystery and sublimity of the Resurrection is a theme to dignity any poets's pen. The genius of Giles Fletcher has flooded it with the light of religious thought and colored it with feeling. Martin Luther, Bernard of Clairvaux and many a minor singer of England and Germany have embalmed in reverent and beautiful verse the festival at once emblematic of physical and spiritual regeneration.

**The Easter Kiss in Russia.**

The kiss plays an important part in the Easter ceremonies of Russia. During the great festival of the church, from the highest to the lowest, the Easter kiss is given and received. "Christ is risen," says one; "He is indeed," replies the other; and a mutual embrace follows. The Czar salutes his family, his retinue, the members of his court, and his personal attendants. The general kisses the officers of his corps, and the colonel those of his regiment; a master embraces his servants. Even a beggar proffering the salutation of "Christ is risen" to some high-born dame would receive the usual response, but the kiss would probably be commuted for some small piece of money.

Some men are so constituted that they cannot enjoy a pleasant day because they are afraid the morrow will be disagreeable.


# FROM BIRTH TO DEATH.

## Principles of Dissolution in Our Bodies.

**Paine's Celery Compound Banishes the Seeds of Disease, and Gives Long Life and Good Health.**

GEORGE A WILTSE.

A great writer has said: "We are born with the principles of dissolution in our frame, which continue to operate from our birth to our death."

A more recent authority—a medical man of long experience—has made the important statement, that "Men and women can quickly dissipate and stamp out every trace of the common ailments which attack them, and add many long years to life, if Paine's Celery Compound is used instead of the ordinary drugs now so freely dispensed to satisfy professional custom."

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Mr. George A. Wiltse, of Athens, Ont., whose portrait appears above, was fast becoming a victim to dyspepsia. Knowing what Paine's Celery Compound had done for others similarly tortured and afflicted, he used nature's health-giver and soon found a complete cure. Mr. Wiltse writes as follows about his case:—

"I want to add my testimony in favor of your valuable remedy, Paine's Celery Compound, which I have been taking for over a year for dyspepsia and severe pains in the neck and back of the head. Your medicine has produced a complete cure in my case, and I have recommended it to several friends who claim they have received great benefit. I can testify, therefore, in all honesty, that your Paine's Celery Compound is a very valuable medicine."

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of Baby's Own Soap in your linen drawer and it will impart to your clothes the delicate aroma of fine French Pot Pourri, in a modified degree.

The longer you keep the Soap before using it the better.

**Beware of Imitations.**

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**Pants from $3 to $12.....Suits from $12. up.**

**PILGRIM PANTS CO.,**

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We seek to supplant alcoholic and fermented drinks by something more wholesome, more satisfying and refreshing—something embodying all the best principles of ripe grapes, marred by nothing that would falsely stimulate or excite; and in the new era that is dawning, the life-giving principles of the grape in their purest condition, will enter every home as a comfort and a blessing, instead of a delusion and a snare.

**E. G. SCOVIL,** Maritime Agent, **62 Union St., St. John.**

Telephone 523. Be sure and get the PELEE ISLAND BRAND.

# WAS A VERY FREE SHOW.

### THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ON THE BOARDS IN ILLINOIS.

**There Was No Relation Between the Performance and Its Title—How the Population Managed to Secure Admission on their Privilege as Dead heads.**

I had just asked the waiter if he gave bread with clam chowder when two gentlemen seated themselves at the table next mine. One of them ordered three absinthe cocktails served hot, and the other took a new drink, very popular in Paris, and said to be the identical thing with which the Ameer of Afghanistan removes his political enemies.

"Paresis is played out," said this gentleman, tapping his glass. "We have something new."

This evidence of reckless striving after novelty gave me an inking of the profession which these gentlemen adorned, and my surmise was quickly proven to the correct.

Pretty hard luck," said one, evidently referring to a story which the other had told. "It reminds me of the Arabian Nights at Mendota."

"Guess that's a new one on me. Never heard about it"

"You know Wemys Henderson?"

"Sure; brother of Dave."

"Well this happened to Wemys in the early days, when he was just beginning to take hold of the business. He started out of Chicago in charge of his brothers big spectacular troupe, playing "The Arabian Nights." Hundred and fifty people in the cast; half a dozen horses and three camels, two of them alive and the other stuffed and rigged to run on castors. Instead of going ahead of his show he stayed right with it at first, and after a week or two of fair business he found himself in Northern Illinois, with an open date just ahead of him.

"So he took a map and looked around for a town where he could give a performance at short notice. Didn't expect to make much, thought he might pay expenses and clear up a ton or two of hay for the camels. He run his eye over the map, and right on his route he struck Mendota. It looked like a big place. Any quantity of railroads centred there, so that a casual observer would have said that Chicago and Springfield were scarcely in it with Mendota.

"So Wemys telegraphed the manager of the Opera House in Mendota, asking if the date was open. If it was he said he'd take it. Well, it was, I should say so. There hadn't been anything but open dates in Mendota since the strawberry festival in the preceding Summer. Wemys telegraphed to engage an orchestra and have the town billed in great shape. They had splendid paper. Nothing could be more attractive. It was calculated to draw the frost out of the ground in the middle of December.

"Well, the show arrived in Mendota one forenoon, and just about doubled the population of the place. Wemys asked the first man he met where the Opera House was, and the man smiled sadly and said he'd never heard of any such place. There was a hall over somebody's grocery store where entertainments were sometimes held, but that was the extent of the theatrical accommodations. Wemys took his company to the hotel, and as many of them as there was room for went inside while the others sat on the steps.

"Then he viewed the hall. The auditorium was just about big enough to suit the company, exclusive of the animals. The stage was 18x10 feet. and there was a wooden pillar running through the middle of it. Wemys had three car loads of scenery, but there wasn't a piece of it that could be got inside the hall. But his blood was up and he was determined to give a show. He turned to the proprietor of the hall:

"'Did you engage an orchestra?' he asked.

"'Well, I did the best I could. The melodeon'——

"'What?'

"'Yes, sir; the melodeon. That's what we generally use for church entertainments. I thought I'd take a wheelbarrow this afternoon and go 'round and get it. Miss Nutter usually plays for us, and we give her from 75 cents to $1 as a general thing. I told her I guessed you wouldn't haggle about the price. She can play 'most any hymn tune.'

"Wemys interrupted him with a groan. 'Isn't there a man in town who can play the violin?' he asked.

"'There used to be a feller who could fiddle a little, but I believe he's dead.' He lived two or three miles out o' town, so I ain't heard positive, but I was told.'

"'Send a boy to his hause and get his fiddle. I don't care anything about the man.

"Wemys had just remembered that there was a man in his company who had scraped the violin when nobody was present with authority to prevent him. By request this performer had not taken his instrument on the road. However, his despised accomplishment promised at this juncture to be the salvation of the whole show. The violin of the deceased Mendotan was obtained and the melodeon arrived without accident. During the afternoon Miss Nutter, who was a pillar of the church, and Wemys' violinist, who usually did the turn with the trained camel, practiced together, but they did not produce first-class ballet music, according to the accounts which I have heard.

"There were no dressing rooms in the hall, but that didn't matter, for the show was to consist of a few specialties, and such changes of costume as were absolutely necessary could be made in the grocery store below. About 7 o'clock Wemys came over from the hotel to open the doors. There was nobody outside, but within were ten men seated on a bench behind the rusty iron stove which heated the hall.

"'Well, gentlemen,' said Wemys, 'you'll have to step outside and get your tickets, the show is going to begin.'

"The first man looked up into Wemys' face and said: 'I'm all right. I'm the feller that got the violin.'

"Wemys allowed that that was good for a pass. Then the next man said: "I'm all right. I carried one end of the melodian.'

"And the third man said: I'm all right, too.' What in thunder did you do?" asked Wemys I carried the other end.'

"The fourth man had carried the middle and the fifth had carried the stool. And so it went on to number ten. Each man unhesitatingly pronounced himself to be "all right.'

"But the tenth man looked up with a vacant stare, and said: "I ain't right.' 'Well, I'm glad to find somebody who isin't, said Wemys, "What's the matter with you?"

"I ain't right here,' said the man touching his forehead.

"That's so,' said the other nine. 'He ain't got any brains. He always gets into shows.'

"Wemys passed the one man who wasn't right, as he had passed the nine who were, and they all took places on the benches near the stage. As the clatter of their boots subsided there came the sound of footsteps on the stairs. Wemys hastened to the door. He found himself confronted by eight men.

"These are all friends of mine,' said the leader, indicating the other seven. 'Pass right in, gentlemen.'

"Hold on, there!" exclaimed Wemys. You'll have to get tickets first.'

"With a majestic sweep of the arm the leader drew aside his coat and showed a large tin star hanging on a button of his vest by a wollen string.

"'I guess you don't know me.' he said. 'I'm the chief of police.'

"'I don't care who you are; you can't get in here without buying a ticket.'

"'Can't I? Well, now, we'll just talk that over. Have ye got a license to give this show? No, ye haven't. Then ye don't give it.'

"'Walk in, gentleman,' said Wemys, 'I'm glad to see you.'

"The chief and his seven friends filed in. The other officials followed in short order, and they all 'worked the door.' The situation became too painful to Wemys. He relinquished his post to an assistant, and went behind the curtain to see how things were working. He found that the ladies had pinned up some shawls on one side of the stage so as to conceal those who were not actively engaged in their specialities, while the men had arranged to make their exits and entrances by means of a window and a ladder.

"The performance began. Of courses, it bore no relation whatever to 'The Arabian Nights.' But it was a better variety than had ever been seen in Mendota before. A member of the corps de ballet (taking the place of the premier, who positively refused to appear on such a stage) had just saluted the audience with a graceful wave of her right lower extremity, when a horrible yell was heard arising from the front benches. Wemys traced it to the man who 'wasn't right.' He was having a fit. Miss Nutter and the camel driver had not noticed it. They had been to much occupied with their own troubles. The melodeon and violin continued to execute 'Pull for the shore,' in waltz time. But a grave and clerical-looking gentleman arose from the foremost bench and waved his hand slowly up and down, extended toward the stage.

"'Pause a moment my young friend' he said to the faded coryphee. 'If you keep perfectly still I am sure that this unhappy young man will speedily recover.'

"'Well, the show stopped while the man who wasn't right was having his fit. When he was all through the performance continued. Four times during the evening was this cheerful interlude added to the regular programme. Just after the third fit Wemys had a talk with the man whom he had put in charge of the door. The man was sitting on the bannister rail in a trance. Wemys touched him on the shoulder.

"'Eh! certainly, certainly,' said the man, 'pass right in.'

"'What are you talking about?'

"'That you, Mr. Henderson? I thought it was another deadhead. Say, this beats the world. What do you think? Just after you left there was a feller came along with tears in his eyes. He handed up seven nickels and three pennies. Said it was all he had in the world. I took the stuff and let him in. Say, it was lucky I did or we'd have been skunked. All the rest of them are deadheads. They got by me somehow. There's the 38 cents. It's the total cash receipts.'

"Wemys took it and counted it carefully in the light that struggled out from the door of the hall. As he stood there the man who wasn't right fell out of his chair in another fit.

"'Go it!' yelled Wemys, 'I don't blame you. This place would give anybody a fit. I feel one coming on me now.'

"With a howl much louder and more harrowing than the epileptic's. Wemys bounded down the stairs and vanished in the direction of the hotel."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### A New Kind of Captain.

James Payn tells in the Independent of an amusing incident which took place the other day on board an Australian liner. A sly Australian Major, after spending the first evening very late with his friends in the saloon, suddenly returned to them after saying good night, and requested an interview with the purser. He was very white.

"There is a lady," he said, "in my cabin, No. 42."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed the purser. "Here's the list. Your companion is Capt. Higginson."

"Nothing will induce me to go into the cabin again," said the major.

"Well, I'll go," returned the other. He returned with great celerity, and with as white a face as the major's. "Upon my life you are right. We'll put you somewhere else for the night, and see about it in the morning."

With the earliest dawn they sought the steward and demanded an explanation.

"It's all a mistake, gentlemen," he said; "It's Capt. Higginson, all right. Here's his luggage."

"We must have this explained," said the purser. "This portmanteau is unlocked; let us see what is in it."

It was a lady's wearing apparel.

"By jingo," cries the steward, "that's what comes of taking names as don't belong to us. She said she was Capt. Higginson; but she didn't say as it was only in the Salvation Army!"

The Prince of Wales, by eating toast at dinner instead of bread, has set a fashion which is becoming the rule in society and at leading clubs.

### IN THE QUEER CITY OF BIRDS.

**The Singular Story of the Crusoes Left on Inaccessible Island.**

A few years ago a man-of-war dropped anchor off one of a group of three very small islands in the South Atlantic, lying between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. The island was so desolate, out of the way, and forbidding, that it had been named Inaccessible. Before the boats could be lowered, the officers saw through their glasses two men upon the cliffs, making signs for them to come ashore. A boat was accordingly sent in, and the two men were rescued.

Two years before they had been left upon this island to capture fur-seals; but the animals had deserted the place, and until now no vessel had been seen in all that dreary time. The strangest part of their story was that they had been living on the outskirts of a great city, with a population much larger than that of London—a city of birds, the queerest of their kind—the penguins.

The Crusoes were taken aboard the ship, and the following day accompanied some of the officers ashore, and showed them about the strange settlement in which they had wearily lived so long, and whose noisy inhabitants they knew so well.

The approach to Inaccessible Island was forbidding indeed. Abrupt cliffs rose from the sea one thousand feet or more.

On some sides a low beach had formed, almost concealed by a dense growth of tussock grass five or six feet high. In this grassy forest was the city of birds; not a lot of nests laid here and there, but a regular city laid out in streets and roads, and at night the noise from the millions of its inhabitants could be heard for miles away.

As the boat neared the shore, under the guidance of the two islanders, numbers of strange objects like small purposes were seen darting along on the water, in schools of some hundreds or more. They took successive leaps, moving with great rapidity, describing short curves in the air, taking dives and headers in and out, exactly as purposes do; but to the astonishment of the visitors. they made for the shore, and were soon seen clambering upon the rocks. They were penguins.

They had all made for one landing, which, the two Crusoes said, led to the city. Here the boat was beached. Penguins were hopping up and down the well-worn pathway in twos and threes, while many laid about within reach, taking sunbaths and gazing at the sailors in idle curiosity, remaining so quiet that an artist among the party photographed a group with the men standing among them.

Following the bird path, the men from the ship went at once into the city. Every spot was crowded with a motley, jostling mass of bird citizens, whose nests, containing the young and eggs, were on all sides.

On each nest sat an angry mother, who would open her mouth and scream some terrible threat in the penguin language, and as the greenish white eggs were broken by the onward charge of the men, the birds seemed to be driven to desperation. A valuable dog that had started with the exploring party, was lost in this bedlam of a city, and, although repeated endeavors were made to find him, he was never heard of, and the poor fellow was probably killed by the outraged inhabitants.

Not many miles from here was another small island with an area of hardly a square mile, yet on it was another city of over a million inhabitants.

As on Inaccessible, the penguins had a general roadway leading up from the sea into the tussock grass, the hard rock actually being polished by the millions of feet that had passed over it. As the voyagers appeared hundreds of the birds were passing up and down, hopping along in their ludicrous manner.

One remarkable fact concerning these strange creatures, ascertained from the two sailors, was that in the middle of April after moulting, the cities were deserted, not a single inhabitant remaining. Where they went, how far, or what they went for was inexplicable.

They could not go to the Cape of Good Hope, the mainland, and how they could swim back to the islands without landmarks was remarkably strange. Perhaps this is their vacation season, which they spend at sea. In the last days of July the males return, and the females return about the middle of August, remaining at home until the following April.

### HOW TO COOK EASTER EGGS.

**Seasonable Suggestions as to the Best Ways of Doing So.**

From time immemorial eggs have been given to the children on Easter, and served in various ways at the table. Many and varied are the souvenirs exchanged at this season. Some of them are in the form of young chickens just escaping from the shell, others are fancy bags made in the shape of eggs, while others are attractive cards with numerous chickens and eggs scattered all over them. Below are given some ways of preparing eggs for the table.

Baked Eggs—Break as many eggs as you desire to use, one at a time, and drop into a buttered dish (being careful that they do not encroach on each other), sprinkle with salt and put a bit of butter on each, put this into the oven and bake untill the whites are set.

Stuffed Eggs—Boil a dozen very hard, remove the shell and cut them in halves: remove the yolks and mash with a spoon, add to them a little chopped parsley, salt and some melted butter and refill the whites; cut the point off, and serve on hot toast or simply on a platter which is garnished with parsley.

Poached Eggs—Break your eggs and drop one at a time into a spider of boiling water; when the whites are well set slip a spoon under each and remove to a slice of buttered toast; put a little butter on each one and season with salt; serve at once.

Escalloped Eggs—Boil six eggs hard, chop them up thoroughly, make a white sauce and mix all well together; butter a pudding dish and put in a layer of bread crumbs and butter, then a layer of egg, and so on till the dish is full, having bread crumbs on top; bake a light brown and serve immediately.

Egg Salad—Boil six eggs 15 minutes, remove the shell and cut them in two lengthwise, remove the yolks and mash fine, add salt, pepper and vinegar to the taste, return to the whites and smooth the tops: serve in lettuce leaves or fresh water cresses, with a mayonnaise dressing.

Eggs in a Nest—Boil six eggs 20 minutes, remove the shells, separate the yolks without breaking, rub them to a smooth paste with a little melted butter to moisten and shape into balls; cut the whites in thin, narrow slices, and mix with them an equal quantity of fine shredded chicken and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley: pile this mixture which should be dry and light, on a platter or salad dish in an oval ring, and place the yolk balls in the centre: set the dish in a steamer to heat through, around the edge pour a rich cream sauce, and serve more sauce in the gravy dish.

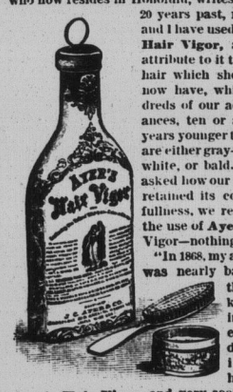
Omelet—Four eggs, beaten separately, one tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of milk and a little salt; melt a tablespoonful of butter in a spider and, pour in the mixture; let it cook on top until the bottom begins to brown, then place it in the oven until it is light brown on top; try with a broom splint; remove carefully and serve at once.

### Easter in Olden Times.

In ancient Persia, many years before the birth of Christ, the people were all worshippers of fire. According to their religion, as communicated to them by their prophet, Zoroaster, there was first a great spirit who existed from all eternity. From this came the first light; and from this light sprang two brothers, Ormuzd and Ahriman. Ahriman grew jealous of his elder brother, who was condemned by the Eternal One to pass 3,000 years in utter darkness. On his release he created a number of bad spirits to oppose the good spirits created by Ormuzd; when the latter made an egg containing good genii, Ahriman produced another full of evil spirits, and broke the two together, so that good and evil became mixed in the new creation. In memory of this legend the Persians of the present day, when they keep the festival of the solar new year in March, present one with colored eggs, and it is supposed that from this we get our similar Easter custom. Eggs have always been held as symbols of the bringing forth of life, and are therefore very naturally associated with the rising of the Lord from the tomb. In olden times the festival of Easter was celebrated with many ceremonies, sports and observances. Chief among them, as now, was the giving of colored eggs, called "pasch" or "pace" eggs, which the boys and girls rolled down some grassy hillside until they broke, the one whose egg held out the longest being the winner.


## A Gentleman

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




"In 1868, my affianced was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use **Ayer's Hair Vigor**, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarrun, Bastrop, Tex.

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Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Nethern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Anappolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies

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H. C. CREIGHTON, Ass. Supt. J. R. STONE, Agent.

## DON'T LET ANOTHER WASH-DAY GO BY WITHOUT USING

YOU will find that it will do what no other soap can do, and will please you every way.

It is Easy, Clean, and Economical to wash with this soap.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

HARDING & SMITH, Agents.

## Nixey's Black Lead

Quick, Lasting Polish for Stoves & Grates. Easy to apply. Always bright and beautiful.

No DUST

W. G. NIXEY, LONDON, ENG., is the oldest and largest manufacturer of Back Lead in the world. An article which has been popular everywhere for NEARLY A CENTURY, must of necessity, be the BEST OF ITS KIND. CHAS. GYDE, Agent, Montreal. Sold by Grocers and Hardware dealers.

## G. J. Hamilton & Sons

MANUFACTURERS OF

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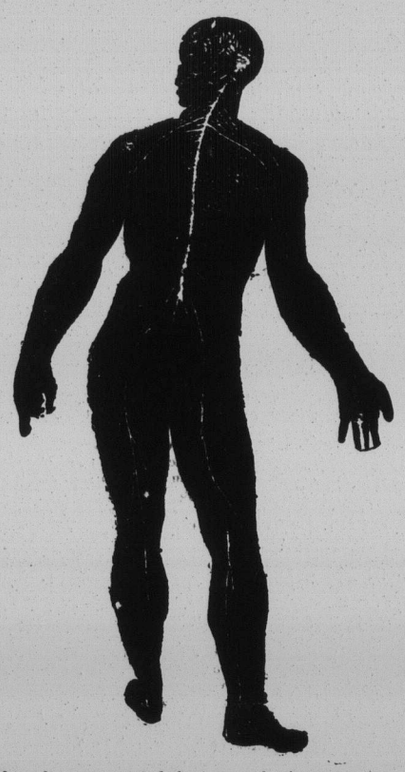
## NATURE YIELDS ANOTHER SECRET!



It has often been contended by physiologists and men of science generally, that nervous energy or nervous impulses which pass along the nerve fibres, were only other names for electricity. This seemingly plausible statement was accepted for a time, but has been completely abandoned since it has been proved that the nerves are not good conductors of electricity, and that the velocity of a nervous impulse is but 100 feet per second—which is very much slower than that of electricity. It is now generally agreed that nervous energy, or what we are pleased to call nerve fluid, is a wondrous, a mysterious force, in which dwells life itself.

A very eminent specialist, who has studied profoundly the workings of the nervous system for the last twenty-five years, has lately demonstrated that two-thirds of all our ailments and chronic diseases are due to deranged nerve centres within or at the base of the brain.

All know that an injury to the spinal cord will cause paralysis to the body below the injured point. The reason for this is, that the nerve force is prevented by the injury from reaching the paralyzed portion.

Again, when food is taken into the stomach, it comes in contact with numberless nerve fibres in the walls of this organ, which at once send a nervous impulse to the nerve centres which control the stomach, notifying them of the presence of food; whereupon the nerve centres send down a supply of nerve force or nerve fluid, to at once begin the operation of digestion. But let the nerve centres which control the stomach be deranged and they will not be able to respond with a sufficient supply of nerve force, to properly digest the food, and, as a result, indigestion and dyspepsia make their appearance. So it is with the other organs of the body, if the nerve centres which control them and supply them with nerve force become deranged, they are also deranged.

The wonderful success of the remedy known as the Great South American Nervine Tonic is due to the fact that it is prepared by one of the most eminent physicians and specialists of the age, and is based on the foregoing scientific discovery. It possesses marvellous powers for the cure of Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, Headache, Sleeplessness, Restlessness, St. Vitus's Dance, Mental Despondency, Hysteria, Heart Disease, Nervousness of Females, Hot Flashes, Sick Headache. It is also an absolute specific for all stomach troubles.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St.; E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

## HER MOTHER'S SISTER.

She was a puny, yellow-skinned, big-eyed, big-mouthed child, with thin arms and legs, and brown untidy hair. The eyes were red and the mouth tremulous with tears when she stood alone, in the world in the drawing-room of her aunt's house in Highgate, quite alone now that the friendly doctor who had taken charge of her an her homeward voyage had brought her to the house of her dead father's only sister, and, being a busy man, home on a short furlough after a long Indian service, had kissed her, bidden her to be a good girl, given her half a sovereign and a box of sweets and left her.

The old servant who had opened the door had said that her mistress was attending a clothing-club tea—had said it with no appearance of surprise that her mistress should be absent at the hour which she herself, had fixed for the arrival of her only brother's only child.

Una walked around the room, looking at the pictures in their heavy, dull maple frames: "The Woman of Samaria," "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," "The Maid of Saragossa." She looked at the marble top of the chiffonier, where the case of stuffed birds were; at the heavy stiff, damask curtains, the somber respectability of the Brussels carpet, the severe uninviting orderliness of the rep-covered chairs.

She looked out of the window at the garden, in attention as normal as the room itself, but where the lavish hand of Autumn had scattered golden leaves to the despair of the gardener and the littering of the lawn. It was a chill, damp outlook. Una shivered and walked back into the room.

The chiffonier attracted her most. The stuffed birds were pretty; besides, there was at the back of them a looking-glass, in which she could see her face, her poor, little, pale, frightened face. There was glass in the doors of the chiffonier, too, reflecting her black stockings and the little skirts that were trimmed with crepe, because it was not yet four months since jungle fever had killed the father and mother. She was tired. The chairs looked at her forbiddingly, yet with a sort of challenge, as though they dared her to sit on their neat cushions. She was too tired to accept the challenge and too tired for the little feet to support her longer without protest.

So she sat down on the Brussels carpet in front of the looking-glass door of the chiffonier and peered into its depths. It was a comfort to her to see her own face. That, at least, was not strange as everything else was. It was almost like having a friend there, and she sat looking at herself in the glass, and pitied herself very much indeed, as children do, and grown folks likewise.

She was lost in a sad dream of the time when the face had had a soft shoulder to rest on, kind friends to stroke it, dear lips to kiss it whenever it would, and she did not hear the door open and her aunt come in. She had just reached out a little clammy hand with an impulse of affection toward the image which seemed all that was left of the old life, when her arm was caught from behind, and she sprang to her feet literally speechless with the sudden shock.

"So, you are my niece," a hard voice said, and Una, looking up, saw an elderly woman with pale banded hair and black shawl, and a very ugly bonnet.

Una opened her lips, but the "Yes, aunt," would not pass them.

"And what are you doing setting down there on the floor as if you were a dog?" The voice was not unkind, so Una managed to answer:

"I was looking at myself in the glass."

"Why?" asked her aunt.

"Because, I like to," was Una's summary of the reasons that had brought her to that contemplation.

"Indeed!" her aunt answered. "And what is you name?"

"Una," said the child.

"Anything else?"

"Una Mary Vincent."

"Well, Mary," said her aunt, instantly adopting the name unfamiliar to her niece. "I shall not call you Una because I think it is high-flown and romantic, and not at all suitable for a little girl."

"Mother and father called me Una," the child found courage to reply, clinging to that in the midst of the waves of terror and loneliness and lovelessness that were closing round her.

"Indeed!" replied her aunt, as if that made no difference. "But I shall call you Mary. Now, Mary, you will have governesses and teachers, and every advantage that I can give you; and I hope you will be a good girl and not tiresome. Give me a kiss, and I will ring for Fraser to take you upstairs."

Una lifted her lips obidently, but it was a hard, unresponsive cheek that she touched There was no lingering pressure, no touch of a hand on her hair, no arm put aronnd her for a moment, no love. She followed the old servant patiently up the steep carpet stairs into a large, dreary room furnished with mahogany and seriousness. Left alone, she took of her hat and jacket, washed her hands an face. and did her hair as well as she could at the big looking-glass between the two deep windows.

It was growing dusk; she did not like the big room; she hastened down to her aunt. There was tea—a silent meal. Then Aunt Mary gave her a bound volume of the Monthly Packet, and turned herself to wrestle with a number of little account books in mottled paper covers. Bedtime came all too soon, a bedtime that meant loneliness in the big dark, quiet chamber. Una's heart beat with terror when she found herself alone there with the one candle. She undressed very quickly, trying to encourage herself by saying over as quickly as she could all the texts and hymn she could remember, in a vague hope that they might act as a charm against what might be lurking invisible around her, ready to spring into active, horrible material existance as soon as the light was blown out.

Once in bed kind nature remembered the child for whom no one else in all the busy, living world had any thought in that hour, and rocked her sweetly and swiftly into dreamless sleep.

Next day a prim but kindly governess appeared. For the first time Una found in sums and geography a refuge from her bitter longing for love and from the bleak waste of misery that life had become to her. When she went up to wash her hands for tea she found that the big dressing table, with its large swinging glass was gone. When she came down she said timidly to the aunt who sat waiting behind the tea tray:

"There is no locking glass in my room, aunt How am I to do my hair?"

"You must learn to do without a glass," her aunt replied, beginning to pour out the tea with grim rigidity. "I didn't say anything to you about it yesterday because you were tired, and I didn't wish to be too severe with you; but I must tell you I was very much shocked to find you indulging in foolish vanity before the looking-glass. You will have no glass for the future.

"Yes, aunt," said the child, meekly, climbing on to the large horsehair chair and smoothing her pinafore down over her black frock.

"Will you please pass me the bread and butter?" the aunt went on. "You must learn to be very obliging and agreeable, Mary, and think no more about looking-glasses and such vanities. Remember that you are an extremely plain child. You will grow up to be a very plain woman. From what I have seen of you I am quite sure that you will never be a clever one. So you must be good and obedient or no one will ever love you, You will certainly not be loved for your looks or your cleverness."

"No, aunt," Una answered, choking down bitter tears with the bread and butter.

"It will be no fault of mine," said Miss Vincent, complacently to herself, as she sat alone that night over the clothing club accounts—"it will not be my fault if she grows up vain and frivolous. I will do my duty by her, whatever it costs."

And she did. She was a woman in whom duty took the place of faith and hope and charity. She saw that Una was well clothed and sufficiently fed. She saw that Una was well taught and had regular daily exercise in the open air. She took her to church She taught her her catechism, and at the proper age she had her taken to the Bishop to be confirmed. All this care Miss Vincent gave ungrudgingly. More than this she had not in her to give.

So Una grew up a silent, awkward girl, more and more finding her pleasure in learning and reading. There were no books of a frivolous character at Miss Vincent's. It was a sympathetic housemaid who gave Una a copy of Longfellow, furtively, on her fifteenth birthday, and the same housemaid, at her request, bought her Mrs. Hemans and Scott, and a vilely printed edition of Shakespeare, with the 10 shillings, the Doctor had given her at parting five years before. She had not spent the 10 shillings, she had nothing to spend it on. All her material wants were supplied, and Miss Vincent would not have approved of any catering for spiritual needs beyond the official banquet of prayer-book and hymn-book and sermon.

So Una hid her poetry books on the top of the big wardrobe and read and re-read them.

After the first day she had never looked in the glass. At first from the blind instinct of obedience, which ten years of loving care had made strong within her; afterward because the memory of her aunt's words rankled in a wound that never healed.

"No one will ever love me. I am not good. I shall never be clever. I must always be ugly. I don't want to see an ugly, stupid person's face."

And not to look in any glass in any room at any time became a habit stronger than any resolution could have been, and she grew up, learned for her years and thoughtful, taking her part in Miss Vincent's mothers' meetings and the acts of duty, misnamed charities, till it seemed to her as if the world must always, always go on just like this, with nothing in it beautiful except the flowers in their seasons in the dull garden, the memory of those ten years in India, and the contraband poetry books on the top of the mahogany wardrobe.

No visitors came to the house except the prim ladies who brought their scissors and thimbles and sat seriously sewing through the Wednesday afternoons, while an improving book was read aloud. Una was as much alone as though she never touched a human hand or saw a human face. Then, quite without warning, the change came.

Miss Vincent died, died suddenly, sitting upright at her table, working at the accounts in the little marble-covered account books—died with her pen in her hand and with anxious eyes tracking through the long columns a missing four pence or halfpenny. They found her there in the morning when they came in to unbar the shutters and remove the slight trace of yesterday's dull life from the carpet and chair and tender.

They went up and told Una without preface or hesitation.

"Get up, Miss Mary!" the housemaid said, "your poor aunt is dead."

And Una got up. She did not run down to see the worst for herself, in dressing gown and slippers; but she dressed quickly with all the customary routine of the toilet, and as on other mornings brushed out her long hair and twisted it up, looking all the while out of the window. It was a bright May morning. There were two blackbirds on the wet lawn. Then she said her prayers, because she had always been used to say them, and went downstairs

The doctor was there. They had laid Miss Vincent on the table and covered her with a sheet. The doctor was arranging its folds over the dead face when Una came in.

"The poor lady's niece," said the cook, introducing them. "The doctor, Miss Mary; he says it's all over.

Una turned away and went into the drawing-room. She stood there gazing out of the window, the tears slowly rolling down her face, with an ache of heart, just as though she had loved the hard woman who lay cold under a sheet across the hall. Perhaps she had, without knowing it, for love is a plant which grows in strange places and with little to feed it. The doctor's voice aroused her.

"Come my dear," he said. "You must cheer up. Is there no one you can send for?"

"No one," said Una.

He meditated a moment.

"I don't like leaving you all alone in this big, sad house," he said.

He was a white-bearded old man, with a shining bald head and friendly eyes.

"I must send my wife to keep you company."

And Una, who could not understand her own tears, let him go without a word. It seemed to her that no time had passed, or else a very, very long time, indeed, so long that one might well lose count of it, when the door opened, and a stout, rosy-cheeked old lady, with little white curls on each side of her smooth forehead, came into the room. She made two steps forward, hesitated, then came right up to the forlorn little figure by the window, and, quite simply, as if it were the most common thing in the world, took Una in her arms and kissed her again and again.

"You poor little thing!" she said; you must come home with me."

And Una still stunned, obeyed.

It was when she had been there a month that the doctor's wife looked up from her pile of letters at breakfast with a new joy in her face.

"My son is coming home," she said. "He will be here, he says, almost as soon as his letter. He's got a year's leave. Oh! my dear, what a happy old woman I am!—the happiest in the world!"

And the doctor at the other end of the table took his spectacles off and wiped them—to have a good look, as he said, at the happiest woman in the world.

All this time Una had never looked in the glass. "They love me here," she said to herself, "so what does it matter how I look?"

That night as they sat around the fire—for the evenings were still chilly, though it was early June—the rumble of wheels came up the road. The doctor's wife, throwing her 60 years behind her, rushed to the door. There was a sound of hurried inquiries, of kisses, of luggage being set down in the hall, a chink of money as the cab was paid, and then the doctor's wife, with pink roses in her own pretty old face and stars of joy in her faded eyes, came into her room, leading a handsome, bronzed, soldierly man.

"This is my boy, Una," she said. "Francis, this is my dear girl!"

And as she came across the room, holding out a brown hand and looking at Una with frank, blue eyes, her own dropped before them, and wished with a little pang, for the first time in years, that it had pleased fate to make her a little better, not quite so stupid, not quite so ugly.

A month later the great happiness of her life came to her when those blue eyes looked closely into hers, and those strong hands held her own.

"But is it possible," she cried, "that you really can care, that you really want me? I am so—so"——She could not say it. Why should she tell him that she was ugly and stupid and not very good if he did not see these things? Or perhaps he saw them and did not mind. So she said "Yes" to his questions, because she had given him her heart four weeks ago in exchange for the first look from those blue eyes of his.

They had been married three weeks, and the honeymoon was in its last quarter, and in the little lodging at Hythe Una was twisting up the long black hair still damp and salt with the sea.

Her husband watched her with loving pride.

"Una, my heart," he said, have you made a vow of humility that you never look in the glass? You always look out of the window when you are twisting up that dear hair of yours. Why is it?"

Una did not answer. She twisted up her hair, and when the last hairpin was in its place she came and knelt beside her husband and laid her soft cheek beside her shoulder.

Then she told him the whole tale, as I have told it to you, and she showed him her poems, which I cannot show you, but you can get them from Mudie's for yourselves, and when he looked through them and heard all her tale, he clasped her in his arms and kissed her a hundred times.

"You not good; You not clever? You not pretty? My beauty, my pride, my heart's delight! Come with me and let me show you how beautiful my wife is!"

He led her to the little gold-framed looking-glass above the sitting-room mantelpiece.

"There," he said.

He looked and she looked. The looking-glass reflected his fair hair and strong face, and on his shoulder the rough brown head of his wife. But she did not look at her low, broad forehead, her arched brows and beautiful, dreamy passionate eyes. She did not see the sensitive, soft-lipped mouth, the round softness of the firm chin, and the faint, shell pink of the smooth cheeks. Her eyes met his in the glass and she answered the word she read in them.

"Am I?" she said. "Really? And you are pleased?"

He turned and kissed her again. "Look at yourself, Una," he said.

She flung her arms round his neck. "No, why should I look there? Why should I wish to see myself when I can see you my dear?"

### He Did It, Sure Enough.

A spruce young lawyer led a blushing damsel as a bride from her rural home and returned with her to the hospitable mansion of her father-in-law to enjoy the Christmas festival.

He was called upon to carve. The turkey was overdone and was somewhat tough withal. The spruce young lawyer struggled with it, but the bird wouldn't yield.

An enormous pudding stood beside the turkey, and was in the lawyer's way. Finally he took up the pudding dish and placed it in his chair behind him, and then renewed his attack on the turkey with double vigor.

His face was red with effort and embarrassment, his glasses streamed with perspiration—but still he struggled. At last he made a tremendous effort, and succeeded—in launching the impervious bird onto the other side of the table.

"There," he said in dispair, "now I've done it!" and sat down in the pudding!

### Egg-Rolling in Washington.

A curious custom prevails in Washington. On every Easter Monday the children of that city gather in the "White Lot," which is just in the rear of the White House, and indulge in the sport of rolling eggs, colored and otherwise, down the declivity. The sport is indulged in by thousands of childeren, and witnessed by thousands of grown people. How the custom originated we do not know. It formerly took place in the Capitol grounds, but owing to the injury to the turf and shrubs, the little folk were banished to the "White Lot."

### His Personal Privilege.

Irate German (to stranger who has stepped on his toe)—Mine frent, I know mine feet was meant to be valked on, but dot brivilege pelongs to me.

### LIVING TOGETHER IN AMITY.

In the Sierra Ancha Mountains Man and Bear are Mutually Tolerant.

Up in the Sierra Ancha Mountains of Gila County there are plenty of bears, great big bears, as big as 4-year old steers, and with claws on them that leave a mark like a butcher's cleaver in the snow. There are not many people in the Sierra Anchas, though some years, in the month of May, a few people go up among the pines and plant potatoes. And the potatoes they harvest before the snow comes in the fall are the finest in the world. Well, these potato farmers all have an inexhausible fund of bear stories. Of course, there is plenty of other game—the residenters principally live on wild turkey and deer meat, and esteem bacon and beef in the light of delicacies. But as to bears. The potato farmer will prop himself against a tree in the woods at night, gaze into the huge fire of pitch pine deadwood and between puffs of his comforting pipe, tell a story something like this:

"Ye see, I was a-goin' over the saddle near Mount Lookout, not notcin' like, and all of a sudden I heard ahead of me a kind of a sound like a horse was startled. An' right thar before my eyes was the biggest, woolliest bar I ever seed in my born days. Why, he was about as big as the cabin I built that year over near the head o' Coon Creek. Well, I was skeered clean out of my boots, and the bar appeared to wonder what I was doin' occupyin' that trail. Well, we surveyed each other for a few minutes, when I stepped off politely to one side into the timber, and the bar went off down the trail."

"Why," exclaimed a man who heard this story, "didn't you have a gun?"

"Why, of course; never stir out without my old Winchester 45."

"Why didn't you shoot him, then?"

"Good Lord, youngster, do I look like a blame fool? I hain't lost no bar. Bar's all right, only you just let him alone when you meet him on the trail and he'll return the compliment."

Nobody shoots bears in that country. Bear and human live together with mutual respect, if not amity, and neither side cares to break the truce.

## BORN.

Halifax, March 1, to the wife of F. S. West, a son.
Richibucto, Feb. 28, to the wife of Abel Dixon, a son.
Alma, March 10, to the wife of D. A. McQuaid, a son.
St. John, Feb. 25, to the wife of William Holder, a son.
Halifax, March 15, to the wife of Charles Henry, a son.
Shemogue, Feb. 28, to the wife of William Grant, a son.
Halifax, March 16, to the wife of G. E. Faulkner, a son.
St. John, March 14, to the wife of R. A. Christie, a son.
Chatham, March 11, to the wife of James McCullam, a son.
Sussex, March 13, to the wife of Rev. B. N. Nobles, a son.
Truro, March 12, to the wife of Daniel Turner, a daughter.
St. John, March 16, to the wife of James E. Earle, a daughter.
Halifax, March 5, to the wife of Horatio Carroll, a daughter.
Halifax, March 13, to the wife of Dr. George Campbell, a son.
Dalhousie, N. S., March 7, to the wife of Robert Iles, a son.
Parrsboro, March 14, to the wife of Daniel Lockhart, a son.
Fredericton, March 6, to the wife of T. Amos Wilson, a son.
Richibucto, March 12, to the wife of John Graham, a daughter.
Windsor, March 5, to the wife of J. Arnold Smith, a daughter.
Moncton, March 15, to the wife of Dennis A. Richard, a son.
Upper Belleisle, March 7, to the wife of Albert E. Goodwin, a son.
St. Andrews, March 3, to the wife of William Bannon, a daughter.
Halifax, March 14, to the wife of Frank J. Wetmore, a daughter.
Smithfield, N. S., March 3, to the wife of John H. Pratt, a daughter.
Richibucto, March 5, to the wife of Angus Robichaud, a daughter.
Grand Harbor, Feb. 28, to the wife of Capt. J. A. Dixon, a daughter.
Ingonish, C. B., March 6, to the wife of F. C. Brewer, a daughter.
West Bay, N. S., March 8, to the wife of Jacob Willigar, a daughter.
Burlington, N. S., March 9, to the wife of Albert W. Burgess, a daughter.
River John, N. S., March 7, to the wife of L. H. Wheaton, a daughter.
Windsor, March 7, to the wife of Robert Underwood, two daughters.
Ellershouse, N. S., March 3, to the wife of Alex. Matheson, a daughter.
Baddeck, C. B., March 7, to the wife of M. H. Mackenzie, a daughter.
Dalhousie, N. S., March 11, to the wife of Captain Josiah Beckler, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Athol, N. S., Feb. 21, John R. Noble to Georgia Thompson.
Halifax, March 10, by Rev. R. Smith, George Hall to Eliza Hodgeson.
St. John, March 15, by Rev. G. M. W. Carey, Medley R. Provan to Orilla Purdy.
Burton, N. B., Feb. 26, by Rev. David Long, J. Nickel to Bertha C. Mowatt.
Haynesville, March 11, by Rev. H. O. Gidney, Melvin Crank to Lina Irish.
Bridgewater, N. S., by Rev. J. H. Orr, Albert Wambolt to Maggie S. Croft.
Sussex, March 12, by Rev. A. M. Hubley, John M. Lyons to Annie E. McMonagle.
Chatham, March 15, by Rev. N. McKay, Donald McEachern to Frances Beattie.
Baddeck, C. B., March 8, by Rev. D. McDougall, Donald McKay to Effie Morrison.
St. John, March 14, by Rev. G. W. McDonald, John D. Cosman to Agnes J. Law.
Barrington, March 13, by Rev. Cranswick Jost, John B. Oreehla to Bertha Crowell.
Sackville, March 14, by Rev. W. H. Warren, W. H. Tracy to Jennie E. Hutchinson.
St. Stephen, March 14, by Rev. W. Penna, W. Thomas Smith to Addie A. Gothrow.
Centreville, March 7, by Rev. J. E. Flewelling, Edward L. West to Eliza Antworth.
Meiklefield, March 18, by Rev. D. Henderson, Donald McDonald to Christina Campbell.
Houlton, March 1, by Rev. H M. Briggs, Charles F. Dalling to Essie Blanche Garnett.
Lower Caverhill, March 9, by Rev. J. K. King, David Haines to Mrs. Emily Oliver.
Pomeroy Ridge, March 7, by Rev. A. W. Bell, William G. Nelson to Linnie Johnson.
St. John, March 19, by Rev. G. O. Gates, James R. Chittick to Sarah Ann Richardson.
Kentville, N. S., March 7, by Rev. W. P. Begg, Ingerson Lightfoot to Amanda Rogers.
Fredericton, March 14, by Rev. Canon Roberts, J. Fenwick Fraser to Minnie Richards.
Stellarton, N. S., March 15, by Rev. David Burgess, Alexander Hay, jr., to Hannah McLeod.
Pugwash, N. S., March 12, by Rev. J. McKenzie, Richard A. Sarson to Mrs. Jane Stewart.
Sackville, March 14, by Rev. W. H. Warren, Richard McCoubrey to Mrs. George Beale.
Rowena, N. B., March 13, by Rev. John B. Young, Edward Armstrong to Maggie E. Robertson.
East Mountain, N. S., March 7, by Rev. C. W. Swallow, Melbourne Lynds to Mary E. Johnson.


# Johnson's ORIGINATED 1810. ANODYNE LINIMENT

It was invented in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old-fashioned, noble hearted Family Physician. It is recommended by physicians everywhere. All who use it are amazed at its power and praise it forever after. It is used and endorsed by all athletes. It is the best, the oldest, the original. It is unlike any other. It is superior to all others. It is not merely a Liniment, it is the Universal Household Remedy from infancy to old age. There is not a medicine to-day which possesses the confidence of the public to so great an extent. Every Mother should have it in the house, dropped on sugar suffering children love to take it. It produces an increase of vital activity in the system. Its electric energy everlastingly eradicates inflammation without irritation. Generation after Generation Have Used and Blessed It.

**For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL Use.**

I. S. Johnson, Esq. My Dear Sir:—Fifty years ago this month your father, Dr. Johnson, called at my store and left me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on sale. I have sold Johnson's Anodyne Liniment ever since. I can most truly say that it has maintained its high standard and popularity from that time to this. It is doubtful if you have many customers who remember the good old Doctor who first compounded this medicine, and received it direct from his hand fifty years ago. JOHN B. RAND, N. Waterford, Me. Jan. 1891.

**Cures Croup, Colds, Coughs, Sore-Throat, Cramps and Pains.**

It is marvelous how many complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises. Relieves all Bowel Complaints. Taken in water or dropped on sugar. It positively Cures Catarrh, LaGrippe, Asthma, Bronchitis, Lameness of Muscles, Stiff Joints, Sprains and Nervous Headache. Retail price, 25 cents, Six $2.00, express prepaid, if you can't get it nearhome. Ask first. Sold by all druggists. Full information sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass


## DIED.

Milltown, James Falloon, 98.
Oakville, Feb 28, Isiah London, 64.
Caledonia, March 5, Zenas Smith, 82.
Kemptville, March 1, Nelson Gray, 82.
Chatham, March 10, Maggie Ryan, 69.
Halifax, March 7, William Douglas, 49.
Bridgewater, March 9, David Wire, 83.
Thorburn, March 15, Andrew Weir, 75.
St. John, March 14, Henry W. Frith, 68.
Alma, March 13, Alexander Douglas, 70.
Gulf Shore, Feb. 26, Alexander Ross, 76.
Halifax, March 12, Welwood Mingo, 36.
St. John, March 15, David M. Breen, 47.
Green Hill, March 19, Thomas Fraser, 89.
Fredericton, March 9, Mrs. F. P. Shields.
Hartland, March 14, Isaac Hagerman, 85.
Antigonish, March 9, John McDonald, 82.
Merigomish, March 7, Andrew Murray, 4.
Taylor Village, March 14, Jane Taylor, 66.
North Sydney, March 11, Saul Bonnell, 81.
Halifax, March 13, George Henderson, 84.
Merigomish, March 6, John D. Murray, 49.
Alma, March 13, wife of Thomas Horne, 84.
St. John, March 13, Thomas Littlejohn, 60.
Centreville, N. S., March 8, Ellen Baker, 78.
Halifax, March 16, Daniel C. McCready, 28.
Paradise, N. S., March 10, Major Morse, 92.
Halifax, March 12, Mrs. James Hirlylie, 24.
Holmesville, March 2, Bernard McVane, 74.
St. Andrews, March 12, Harris H. Hatch, 83.
Halifax, March 15, Elizabeth D. Kinsman, 49.
Charlottetown, March 1, Henry McKenna, 47.
Nelson, March 13, Mrs. Michael Monahan, 62.
Basswood Ridge, March 8, Jane Magwood, 65.
Enfield, N. S., March 7, Donald McKenzie, 70.
St John, March 20, Bartholomew Coxetter, 78.
Volger's Cove, March 14, Joshua Sweeney, 31.
Irish Settlement, March 10, Thomas Wilson, 75.
Digby, March 11, Carrie, wife of Ensley Stailing,
Inglewood, March 16, Captain N. W. Brooks, 85.
St. John, March 18, Mrs. Kathleen Carpenter, 92.
Springhill Mines, March 11, Mrs. Livingstone, 41.
New Glasgow, March 3, Mrs. Robert Bradbury, 47,
Margaree Harbor, March 3, Kenneth J. Taylor, 59.
Hardwood Hill, N. S., March 5, Hugh O. Denoon, 66.
Lower Barney's River, March 6, John D. Murray.
Tusket, March 12, Laura, wife of Ralph Blauvelt, 30.
Moncton, March 16, of heart failure, Sarah Cooke, 68.
Sackville, March 19, Hon. Amos Edwin Botsford, 80.
Corn Hill, N. B., March 12, Mrs. Henry Branscombe.
Musquash, March 12, Emily, widow of John Taylor, 86.
Portuguese Cove, N. S., March 12, Edward Sadlier, 64.
Wolfville, March 17, Catherine, wife of Rev. A. Martell.
Halifax, March 16, Mary E., wife of John Dugwell, 62.
Westville, March 3, Anna, wife of William Workman, 61.
St. John's, Nfld., March 15, Annie, wife of William Foley, 30.
Havelock, March 5, Alma, daughter of Moses Hover, 7.
St. John, March 15, Catherine, wife of James Heffernon, 56.
Cole Harbor, March 14, Willena, wife of John D. Settle, 51.
Thorburn, March 1, Mary McDonald, wife of John Chisholm.
Fredericton, March 18, Minnie, wife of Steve B. Brown, 21.
Halifax, March 14, Margaret, wife of Duncan Bailey, 40.
Dartmouth, March 16, George, son of Alex. R. Graham, 5.
Mountville, N. B., March 11, Captain John T. Wilbur, 44.
Westport, March 11, Gussie, wife of George Bowers, 47.
Halifax, March 11, Mary, daughter of William Appleton, 8.
St. John, March 18, Mary A., wife of John Richards, 49.
Halifax, March 12, A. W., son of A. M. Hamilton, of Onslow, 19.
Richibucto, March 7, Emily, daughter of R. J. and Sarah Flint, 5.
St. John, March 20, Fred., son of C. B. and Maggie Dever.
Burden, N. B., March 3, Hamilton, son of Luke and Carrie Kelley, 5.
Mt. Uniacke, March 3, Beula, daughter of John and Emma Bridle, 3.
Bridgetown, March 11, William, son of James and Annie Currell, 22.
Coverdale, March 16, Charlotte, widow of the late John Leeman, 81.
Moncton, March 12, of congestion, Ella, wife of James Haines, 31.
Burlington, March 5, Rachel, widow of the late Peleg Sanford, 86.
Halifax, March 17, Christie, daughter of the late Hugh McDonald.
Moncton, March 18, of consumption, Fanny, wife of William Evans, 32.
Halifax, March 13, Christina, daughter of the late Robert Downs, 65.
Antigonish, March 12, William, son of the late Stephen Hulbert, 75.
Halifax, March 13, Lizzie, daughter of John and Mary A. Knodell, 28.
St. John, March 17, Mary E., daughter of Alex. and Mary Moriarty, 1.
Gaspereaux Station, March 10, Charlotte, wife of William H. Jones, 26.
Chatham, March 7, Mary A., daughter of William and Annie Cherry, 29.
Churchville, N. S., March 5, widow of the late Donald McDonald, 100.
Halifax, March 12, Catherine, widow of the late Norman McDonald, 78.
St. John, March 20, Florence daughter of Hazen J. and Eliza Dick, 16 days.
Greenwich, N. S., March 3, Rebecca, widow of the late Enoch Forsythe, 72.
Liverpool, N. S., March 5, Abigal, widow of the late James B. Moody, 92.
Old Ridge, March 11, Freda, daughter of William and Bessie Snow, 10 days.
Chatham, March 8, Mary Isa, daughter of Shepherd and Mary Frost, 13.
Georgeville, N. S., March 12, Andrew, son of Angus and Bridget Dunn, 19.
Boston, Mass., March 13, Harry, son of Harry and Jane C. Cook, of Montreal, 1.
Halifax, March 17, of pneumonia, Helen S., widow of the late Robert Morrow, 68.
St. John, March 17, Bertha, infant daughter of Archibald and Margaret Morgan.
West Side Lochaber, N. S., March 9, Mary A., daughter of Andrew McInnis, 25.
St. John's, Nfld., March 15, Mildred, daughter of Henry and Hannah Snow, 12 months.
Port Joli, March 5, Gordon Franklin, son of Robert G. and Alice M. McDonald, 1.
Halifax, March 14, of pneumonia, Reginald, son of Arthur and Louise Fenerty, 10 months.
Halifax, March 16, Mary, wife of Philip J. Flavin and daughter of Peter Smith of Kentville.
Bangor, March 13, Gertrude, daughter of Joseph and Eliza J. Wilson, of St. John, N. B., 19.
St. John, March 18, of congestion of the brain, Mary Jane, widow of the late W. H. Cox, 59.


RAILWAYS.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

**TRANS-PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS**

LEAVE **VANCOUVER** FOR

**JAPAN, CHINA, &C.,**

On arrival of Express Train from the East, March 5, April 2 and 23, May 14, June 4 and 25, 1894.

for

**Hawaii and Australia**

at 7 a. m. on Feb. 16, March 16, April 16, May 16 and June 16, 1894.

For rates of fare and other information apply at Company's offices, Chubb's Corner or at Passenger Station.

D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Montreal.
C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt. St. John, N. B.

**Intercolonial Railway.**

On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax | 7.00 |
| Express for Halifax | 13.50 |
| Express for Sussex | 16.30 |
| Express for Point duChene, Quebec, and Montreal | 16.55 |

**WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:**

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.40 o'clock.

A Freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock.

| | |
|---|---|
| Express from Sussex | 8.25 |
| Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Monday excepted) | 10.30 |
| Express from Moncton (daily) | 10.30 |
| Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton | 18.40 |
| Express from Halifax and Sydney | 22.30 |

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton N. B., 8th Sept., 1893.

**YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.**

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Thursday, Jan. 4th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**LEAVE YARMOUTH**—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p. m.

**LEAVE ANNAPOLIS**—Express daily at 12.55 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 12.40 p. m.

**CONNECTIONS**—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with steamer Bridgewater for St. John every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co., for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 136 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

Trains are run by Railway Standard Time.

J. BRIGHT, General Superintendent.
Yarmouth, N. S.

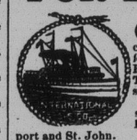
STEAMERS.

**INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.**

Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK

**FOR BOSTON.**



COMMENCING November 13th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.25 standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 p. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

**Victoria Coal.**

LANDING.

1000 TONS of this well known

**House Coal.**

**J. F. MORRISON,**

SMYTH STREET.