



A BUILDING TO GROW IN. THE INCREASE OF THE ODDFELLOWS MADE IT NECESSARY.

A Handsome New Oddfellows Hall at Halifax—It Contains Everything the Order Needs and Will Be a Source of Revenue to the Men who Worked for its Completion. HALIFAX, May 25.—The oddfellows are to be congratulated on the completion of one of the finest buildings in the city. It is specially adapted for the use of the order which is now so rapidly increasing here.

The building is situated on Buckingham street, has a frontage of 43 ft 6 inches, depth of 75 ft., and height of 46 ft. From the cellar to roof it is constructed in the most substantial manner, and its handsome appearance is a credit to the oddfellows as well as the architect and builder.



GRAND MASTER EDWARDS.

the street. In the centre rises a cupola to the height of 60 ft., surmounted by an open turret and flag staff.

The building is constructed of brick and stone with iron girders over the shop front. The front is of pressed brick with carved freestone trimmings, relieved with ornamental terra cotta panels and white brick, giving a fine effect.

On the first floor is a large store occupied by Mr. James Shand and on the left is an entrance for goods fitted with a hoist. The cellar under the building is very light

CROWDED ALL THE TIME.

But the People Push and Crush and Won't Keep to the Right.

The oddfellows' bazaar opened on Tuesday afternoon, according to arrangement, by Hon. W. S. Fielding. Throughout the evening the whole building was literally thronged, and the stairways were frequently blocked.

It is strange that, both at such places and on the streets, the majority of people haven't sense enough to keep to the right, and thus avoid the pushing and crushing that now ensue. One hundred determined people in almost any town could soon educate the majority to this line of action by simply setting the example.

The refreshment and confectionery tables looked especially well and were extensive. The fancy tables were three in number. That of "Mystic" lodge occupied the head of the room alone, in distinct exclusiveness; while the "Rebecca," "Orient," and "Amby" were grouped together in true brotherly love and three links fashion.

One regrettable feature, from a moral point of view, was the number of what, in plain words, would be called lotteries. These, in whatever form, should not be countenanced.

The fancy tables were well filled with a great variety of useful and fancy articles; and the number of "darling dollies" was legion.

The order has many real friends judging by the generous contributions. A suit of men's clothes from Scovil, Fraser & Page, a fine organ from W. H. Johnson, a handsome fancy table from Nova Scotia Furnishing Co., a silver cake basket from Mr. Mitchell, and many others equally valuable.

The debt on the building should be largely reduced by this bazaar.

WHO THE LOYALISTS WERE.

An Englishman Who Knew About It Enlightens His Partner.

The recent failure of the loyal citizens of St. John to celebrate "Loyalist day" with anything like fitting observance, "reminds me," as the late President Lincoln would say, "of a little story," which may not be out of place, as it will at least serve to show that once upon a time the denizens of the city by the sea were proud of their loyalist forefathers and considered them worthy of all honor.

About five years ago I chanced to be coming down the St. John river from Westfield to St. John, on one of the river steamers. On the same boat were two English navies, who seemed to have been "brought from Rome" but a very short time, and who displayed the liveliest interest in everything they saw and heard during the journey.

One seemed to be acting as a sort of "croner," to his companion, having evidently seen more of the world in general, and Canada in particular

and will be used for the storage of fruits, etc. A part of the cellar is divided by a brick wall in which is placed the hot water boiler and fuel. The whole building is heated with hot water apparatus.

An easy platform staircase 5 feet wide leads from the first to the third stories. On the second story is the recreation room, 30 by 72 feet, and lavatories fitted with the most improved plumbing. The third floor is entirely devoted to lodge purposes.

Leaving the hall one enters the ante-room and from there into a splendid lodge room, 41 by 45 feet and 19 feet high. The ceiling is finished in panels with wood and plaster cornices and heavy cove, giving a handsome effect.

The floor of the lodge room is laid with Brussels carpet specially imported, taking nearly 200 yards to carpet the room.

The officers chairs are placed on raised platforms upholstered with crimson and blue plush, with canopies of corresponding color over the N.G. and V.G. chairs.

Two rows of opera chairs are put on both sides of lodge room, they are very neat and substantial.

Opening from the lodge room is the parlor, a room fitted up with wardrobes for the regalia of the order. A committee room, 14 by 16 ft., is in connection with the ante-room.

The janitors apartments consisting of five large rooms are situated on fourth storey to the rear of the building.

The building was designed and superintended by Henry Busch, architect.

The building was built by I. O. O. F. Joint Stock and Building Association, limited, with the following officers: W. S. Rogers, president; Archibald Graham, vice-president; John H. Sutherland, treasurer; T. G. A. Wilson, secretary; directors, James Hill, H. A. Taylor, H. H. Banks, W. A. Malling, A. Gardiner, G. Edmunds, I. C. P. Frazee, W. E. Crowe.

Well Known Throughout the Provinces and Popular in Every Capacity. Probably no member of the Independent Order of Oddfellows is better or more favorably known among the brethren of the triple link than Grand Master Jos. P. Edwards. As conductor on the W. & A. R. he is known far and wide, and is universal

than he had. As we neared St. John the city was seen to be gaily decorated with bunting, flags fluttered from every available flagstaff, and everything wore a festive look.

"Say, Bill!" said the well-informed of the natives, "Wot's all them flags a flyin' for?"

"The 'ere a flyin' on account of its bein' the day the Loyalists landed," said Bill promptly.

"Loyalists? Who was them?" asked his unimpressed friend.

"Well, now Jim, you must be a ignorant sort of a cuss, you must," answered Bill with withering scorn.

"W'y, the Loyalists was the coves wot come over with Columbus afloat!" And Jim subsided into a morose silence which lasted until we landed.

WOMAN'S CONVERSATION.

She Should Learn to Excel as a Listener. Especially When Talking With Men.

The first great fundamental principle in the now waning fine art of conversation is, paradoxical as it may appear, to be silent, to listen intelligently, to be sincerely interested, to be sympathetically responsive, to draw out the best points in your friend or companion.

This requires in preparation a study of every topic of current interest, a well-fed, well read mind, a good memory, an honest interest in every phase of life and thought, and a heroic selfishness and mortification of the spirit equal to that with which the old martyrs smiled and sang while the fagots blazed and the burning oil steamed.

The listener who waits with eager and ill-concealed haste for you to finish your story that she may tell the better one of which it reminds her is not the kind of woman who creates a salon or acquires a following of choice spirits.

And the finishing course in this art of talking is to learn how to answer easily, brightly, to the point, to convey the truth that you understand but still are not satisfied with what you have learned.

So many people quench one's enthusiasm with the answer that says, "Oh, I know all about it now." There is a wide gulf between the good talker and the good conversationalist. The former is aggressive, demands recognition and monopolizes attention.

The latter, with finer art, more subtle grace, is quiet, unselfish, and tactful, and must of necessity have a wider range of subjects than the former. To talk well one needs to be acquainted with but few themes, since one can guide the conversation in these channels; but to listen well one must be ready to stand and deliver upon anything, from the silver question to the newest thing in lace or the favorites on the turf.

The suggesting of topics is the finishing touch of the social education. It is something that cannot be taught. It is like the old physicians experience that makes his opinion more valuable than the student's. It requires wisdom, tact, quickness of thought, and decision and more of the unselfishness that is the root of all courtesy.

If you know your guests for the dinner or reception it is well to sit down and think out what they are most interested in, and

ly popular on account of his good fellowship, his genial manners and his obliging disposition; and among Odd Fellows the same qualities have made him a host of friends, and given him today a warm welcome in every lodge-room in the maritime provinces.

Entering the order about 1874, he soon passed through the principal offices in his lodge, and became a member of the grand

early in his term of office he laid the corner stone of the new Odd Fellows' temple in Halifax. He has already instituted either personally or by deputy five new lodges, viz.: Orion, No. 58, at Port Maitland; Rising Sun, No. 59, at Lunenburg; La Have, No. 60, at Bridgewater; Mayflower, No. 61, at Barrington; and Vesta, No. 62, at North Sydney, and the prospect is good for several others before the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge in August.

The progress of the order in the jurisdiction, which embraces Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, both in numbers and in all the elements of the good works oddfellows are known to do will probably be found to be greater during the year closing on June 30th next than in any previous year; and not a little of this prosperity is attributable to the activity, the enthusiasm and the devotion to the principles and work of the order possessed and manifested by Grand Master Edwards.



ODDFELLOWS' TEMPLE, HALIFAX.

Lodge at its session at Annapolis in 1877; was appointed Grand Conductor in 1880, Grand Herald in 1884, and D. D. Grand Master in 1885. In 1889 he was elected Grand Warden, in 1890 Deputy Grand Master, and in 1891 Grand Master which office he now holds.

An unusual and gratifying activity prevailing in the Order, especially in Nova Scotia, has given Grand Master Edwards a good deal of organizing work to do. Very

then inform yourself, not with an idea of talking, but of listening. There is nothing more exasperating to the specialist than to have some one attempt to tell him all about his own specialty, nothing more subtly flattering than to be made to advance his ideas by adroit questioning. For the unexpected encounter, tact, which is genius and experience, which is the mother who gives it life, will come to the rescue. The world is full of talkers, but the art of conversation languishes while the people chatter.

The Proper Way to Sit. A proper sitting position requires that the spine shall be kept straight, and that the support needed for the upper part of the body shall be felt in the right place, says The Ladies' Home Journal. Therefore, sit as far back as possible in the chair, so that the lower end of the spine shall be braced against the back of the seat. If this back is straight the shoulders will also rest against it; if not, they will have no point of support, and it will be found "that they do not need it." This position makes no strain upon the ligaments of the spine. It allows a proper position of the shoulders, consequently of the chest, consequently of the lungs, stomach and every other organ.

Their work is carried on naturally and comfortably, as is also the circulation of the blood, which, in a wrong sitting position, is seriously interfered with. With the feet resting squarely upon the floor, the hands resting easily upon the lap, perfect equilibrium, and consequently perfect rest of the body, is secured. There is no strain upon any part of body; no muscle or organ is required to do more than its legitimate amount of work. The arms should never be folded, for this position not only causes a strain upon the spine, and all the other evils already referred to, but, in addition, places the weight of the arms upon the stomach, and diaphragm, thereby increasing the labor of digestion and respiration.

Placing the hands behind the back, if possible, is a good attitude to take occasionally, giving, as it does, the fullest expansion to the whole upper part of the body.

New and Nice. MacLaren's Imperial Cream cheese, Canadian Siltion cheese, strawberries and cream and other luxuries in season at J. S. Armstrong & Bros' grocery, 32 Charlotte st.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, NORTH CONWAY, N. E. A CURE FOR Drunkenness, Opium Habit and Nervous Prostration.

This branch of the famous Institute at Dwight, Ill., contains the same practice by the same remedies and methods as the original Institute at Dwight in attendance. House delightfully situated; quiet home; modern conveniences; Forest Glen Spring. Reached by mountain division of Maine Central R. R., 60 miles from Portland, Me. Price for treatment \$25.00 per week; Board \$5.00 to \$8.00 per week.

Communications confidential. Write for full particulars to Manager Keeley Institute, North Conway, N. H.

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS. GREAT Reduction in Prices. Cab Photos \$1.50 to \$2.50 per dozen. 1 doz Cab Photos and one 11x14 Photo of the same only \$3.00, all first class work, at 59 King street J. McCLURE, May 14 41

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE. Belleville, Ont. Most widely attended Business College in America. 40 students from N. B. and N. S. have been in attendance since last fall. Send for the 23rd annual circular. Address, ROBERTSON & JOHNSON, Ontario Business College, Belleville, Ont. May 17-1902

A DOLLAR ON RECEIPT OF One Dollar we will send post paid 144 annuals in 12 monthly varieties, or 60 Transplanted bedding plants distinct colors, or 14 Choice House Plants. Our new illustrated list contains full particulars of the above offers free on application to NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY, Lockman street, Halifax, N. S., James H. Harris, Manager. See Display Advt. Page 6, May 21, 41

ROBERTSON'S PRINTING STAMPS. 25 CENTS. Pen and Pencil Stamp to print your name, twenty-five cents by mail. ROBERTSON'S PRINTING STAMPS WORKS, St. John, N. B.

\$1.00. A NICKEL PLATED Self Inking Stamp to print envelopes, etc., \$1.00 complete. ROBERTSON'S PRINTING STAMPS WORKS.

75 CENTS. A Complete Printing Office. 4 Point of Metal body. Five counters with Ink. By mail 75 cents. ROBERTSON'S PRINTING STAMPS WORKS.

\$3.00. A STAMP to print your Bill Heads or other receipts in red ink. Script or Text Name. By mail 50 cents. ROBERTSON'S PRINTING STAMPS WORKS.

50 CENTS. Our Combined Line Marker and Card Printer, with Indefinite Ink. Script or Text Name. By mail 50 cents. ROBERTSON'S PRINTING STAMPS WORKS.

\$5.00. NOTARIAL SEALS all Metal, \$5.00. To order at lowest prices. ROBERTSON'S PRINTING STAMPS WORKS.

UNDERSTAND THAT the Jew Peddler is not to our employ, and cannot furnish our goods. ROBERTSON'S PRINTING STAMPS WORKS.

\$2.00. A CONSECUTIVE 5 Years Dating Stamp, print the date and name, business and address as well. \$2.00 by mail. ROBERTSON'S PRINTING STAMPS WORKS.

ADVERTISING. IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, WRITE TO GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce street, New York.

NOTWITHSTANDING BRISK SALES well assorted. First-class and Light Trussing are now in demand. A. GILMOUR, Tailor, 72 GERMANS street.

BOARDING. A FEW BOARDERS can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 79 Sidney street—Mrs. McININIS. May 21

FOR SALE. HALLETT, DAVIS & CO. round corners. Cost \$200.00, only a short time in use; must be sold; price, \$250.00. C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 King street.

EGGS FOR HATCHING. HOUDANS, Game, Brown Leghorns, at \$1.00 per thirteen, after June 1st. Stock extra and suited for best results. C. G. L. ROBERTS, Windsor, N. S. May 28, 1892

BUSY MEN WHO have no time to look after their advertisements, can have this work done in a way that will pay them. Printed samples furnished on application. Address "WATSON," Box 21, St. John.

UNFARMERED Grape Juice, case; also Concord, case or dr. E. C. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 63 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN. TELEPHONE 593.

Advertisement for Pelee Island Wine and Vineyard Co. (LIMITED). Having established our Maritime Agency in ST. JOHN, we now solicit your orders for our Special Brands of Pure Canadian Wines.

Dry Catawba, case or dr. St. Augustine, case or dr. Sweet " " " " P. I. Fort. " " " " P. I. Sherry. " " " " P. I. Alicante. " " " "

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CANNED Salmon, Lobsters, Oysters, Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, Beans, Peaches. 1400 Cases. In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

WHY Brantford's Fishing Tackle! WE HAVE A NICE ASSORTMENT FROM THE Best Makers. W. H. THORNE & CO., Market Square, ST. JOHN. AGENTS.

Wire Flower Stands! Wood Flower Stands. (Very Nice.) Flower Vases, Hanging Brackets, Flower Pot Brackets, Trainers, And other Ornamental Goods for Lawns and Gardens. EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

These Freezers Have all tinned surfaces, consequently there can be no danger of poisoning. They will freeze in less time and with less salt and ice than other freezers. All parts are interchangeable. Various sizes in stock. T. McAVITY and SONS, 13 and 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

SINGER SAFETIES! With Singer Wired Cushion Tires. The Singers are the only wheels fitted with the Singer's Patent Wired Cushion Tires, all others use the unsatisfactory Gum-tire. The result is Singer Tires stay on and Gum-tires are constantly "letting trouble." Special Singers with Wired Cushion Tires in stock. Call and see them or send for Catalogue. Eight Singers sold this season to members of the St. John Bicycle Club showing that experienced riders choose Singers. C. E. Burnham & Son, 83 and 85 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Advertisement for Pelee Island Wine and Vineyard Co. (LIMITED). Having established our Maritime Agency in ST. JOHN, we now solicit your orders for our Special Brands of Pure Canadian Wines. Dry Catawba, case or dr. St. Augustine, case or dr. Sweet " " " " P. I. Fort. " " " " P. I. Sherry. " " " " P. I. Alicante. " " " "

Advertise in CIRCULATES WIDELY. CLEANLY PRINTED. CLOSELY READ. The BEACON. 12,000 COPIES of the "Beacon" distributed during the next three months among best class of Summer Travellers in Canada and U. S. Great chance for Hotel Men and Transportation Companies to Advertise.



IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Little of musical interest has happened during the past week. I was disappointed in the performance of Arlington's minstrel which had been so greatly "buffed," both by advertisement and press notices. The starting was decidedly good, but the music was poor, and the jokes somewhat stale. The chorus singing could not compare with that of the St. John amateur minstrels.

The Philharmonic club has been unfortunate in having to postpone its concert more than once, owing to unavoidable reasons. The management now expect to bring it on in the second week, in June. Meanwhile the rehearsals are continuing steadily, and great improvement is the result. Mr. Jones is making good headway with the organ, and will be able to play the concert; it is a great addition to the orchestra.

The performance by the Conservatory of Music of the 2nd of June promises to be very good. In addition to various Greek tableaux and exhibitions of education, there will be songs by Miss Peterson, and violin solos by Miss Marian Ogden. Mr. Norman Ogden of Boston, will also give some "cello solos. This gentleman, though quite young, has made a reputation in Boston, and is a thorough master of that most beautiful of all stringed instruments, the cello.

The musical club will hold the last of their monthly "evenings" on Tuesday, June 21st. The string sextet will play, and every effort will be made to ensure a good programme which will consist of selections from Spanish, Italian and German composers.

FAIR PLAY writes to Progress about musical criticism and criticisms. He does not sign his letter, and would judge that he or his friends have been "cut" at some time. The errors are not so many as he is inexorable, but whether they were typographical faults or the mistake of the critic cannot at this moment be determined. The writer has been engaged in newspaper business for some years, and only wonders that a newspaper appears with so few errors. Accidents will happen and mistakes will be made both in saw mills and printing offices, no matter what precautions are taken.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Sweet Lavender is one of those high class comedies in which a great deal depends upon the company. In good hands it is full of fun, not of the boisterous, exaggerated kind, but humor such as we find cropping up in everyday life when the right kind of people come together. The play is deeper in plot than many comedies, and has pathetic, as well as humorous, parts, which, in the hands of an actress like Emma Madsen, cannot fail to make an impression on the audience, but detracts somewhat from the enjoyment of the fun furnished by the comedians.

Sweet Lavender is the pretty daughter of Ruth Roll, the housekeeper for Dick Phenyl and Clement Hale, barristers, of Brain court, Inner Temple. Hale is an adopted son of Godfrey Wedderburn, a rich banker. He and Minnie Gillfillan, Mr. Wedderburn's niece, grow up together; they love each other as children, and as they grow older it is looked upon as "a match." Minnie's mother, especially, is impressed with this idea. The young people also realize what is expected of them, but when Clement meets the housekeeper's daughter everything else is thrown to the winds. He does not know how Mr. Wedderburn will regard him, and, like the conventional stage lover, does not care, although he is, of course, very much worried over the matter. About this time Dick Phenyl takes a hand. Dick makes his appearance in the morning, after a protracted spree the night before, in which he forms a decided dislike to the pattern of the carpet in his room, which trips him up and worries him almost as much as Clement's love affair.

Dr. Delavey calls to see Clement and makes the acquaintance of Dick, who has only a vague idea of what is going on around him until the doctor calls for a glass. It is for Dick's benefit, and it straightens him up; and to use his own words, "There's no man so sober as the man who is sometimes otherwise." Dick opposes Clement in his love affair, and the two have a discussion which is entirely carried on by Phenyl to the intense amusement of the audience.

An interesting climax is reached when Minnie and her mother return from a trip abroad and find Clement and Lavender in about the same position that most lovers assume when they both confess their love for the first time, and mustache, curls, shirt-bosom and arms get mixed up in a most delightful manner.

Minnie understands the situation and offers herself as bridesmaid; but Mrs. Gillfillan takes the offensive. Lavy's mother also sees trouble ahead, and decides to take her daughter away. Before going, however, she happens to see Mr. Wedderburn and the effect is somewhat startling. The plot of this quiet, and little woman's life begins to dawn upon the audience.

Reverses come to Mr. Wedderburn, fortune makes drunken Dick Phenyl sober, but none the less humorous. Minnie and her mother turn their attention to housework and feel better, while Phenyl also engages in the same occupation, with remarkable result.

The plot drags somewhat in the last act, but Dick Phenyl, who is the life of the play keeps the audience interested. In the end everyone is made happy. Dick's fortune plays an important part; Sweet Lavender's ones and Clement is in the seventh heavens; Minnie finds after a good deal of womanly uncertainty that she loves "that horrid American," Mr. Braam; and Mrs. Gillfillan falls on Dick's bosom, which causes that gentleman to remark, "Who would have thought it of you?" Ruth Roll makes her appearance as a nurse from Dr. Delavey's "Home of Forgetfulness," and meets Mr. Wedderburn whose romantic story of his love for a poor girl 20 years before, comes to the surface. Of course the girl was Lavender's mother and there is a happy reunion.

Tuesday evening a crowded house saw the comedy put on in a way that brought out all there was in it. In Mr. Frawley the audience recognized an old Landowne theatre favorite and gave him a good reception. When he put his hands so deep into the pockets of his sack coat that it was in danger of running down in corners, even those who might have forgotten him had their memories refreshed. Mr. Frawley makes a good lover, but he should remember that although it is perfectly proper to whisper his love and all

that, the audience would like to know what he is saying all the time he is on the stage. Tuesday evening his lines were at times almost inaudible in some parts of the house. Miss Madsen put herself at a disadvantage in the same respect, but her portrayal of Ruth Roll made an impression. Mr. Liston was entrusted with the introduction of "Dick Phenyl" to a St. John audience, and the part will be remembered with pleasure. It is a character that might easily be over done, and as Phenyl is responsible for much of the humor, an actor who failed to perceive what was required of him in high class comedy, would be apt to make it disgusting. Mr. Liston filled the bill. Mr. Jepson was a good old Irish doctor. In the Horace Iream of Mr. Lee, the hustling American of the first act substituted somewhat in the last, although it may have been the fault of Mr. Pinero.

Sweet Lavender as played by Miss Lowrie, was the simple little girl, lovable and confident, that the author intended. Miss Lowrie can claim the honor of being the first actress in her line to appear on the opera house stage. A few others have attempted such parts as Lavender, but if they had the ability, they lacked her personal charms, her girlishness and simplicity.

Miss Earle, as Mrs. Gillfillan, and Miss Ford as Minnie, gave good support as did also the male members of the company.

The "between the act crowd" at the Opera house is increasing in numbers; and in view of this fact requires more time to get seated. If the electric bell in the smoking room tinkled a few minutes sooner it would be appreciated by people who want to hear the first part of each act.

The loyalty of the audience at the Opera house on Tuesday evening was fully demonstrated when "God Save the Queen" was played before the performance began. When the house is crowded there is a good deal of standing to be done before the curtain goes up, for it is not the best seated place in the country. It required loyalty with a big "L" to make men and women stand up of their own accord.

The only drawback to the present season is the standing notice that "gilt opera tickets" will be sold as usual, and that the date of the drawing will be announced later. The people are tired and sick of the business, and will soon be applying another term to it—not any longer but not quite so complimentary. The directors should see what everybody else can tell them, that there is a great deal of indignation over the way they have treated the ticket holders, and that the sooner they have the drawing and pay what prizes are drawn, just so soon will the public begin to forget what has proved to be a most unfortunate, ill-advised and hair-brained venture on their part.

The 62nd Fusiliers propose quite a novel entertainment in the shape of a young ladies drill, in the Palace rink, June 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. Quite complete particulars of the drill with the names of the ladies taking part will be found in the society column, and is interesting reading.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

The Shamrocks opened the baseball season in good shape on the twenty-fourth. After two days rain nobody expected good ball, but both games were worth making the journey to Indian town to see. Base ball in Maine is evidently on a level with the game in New Brunswick, and the visitors say they had very little practice. The Shamrocks were in the same position, but both teams put up a very good game.

The Shamrocks, however, were the stronger team and should have won both games, but in the morning made a bad break near the end.

In the afternoon game there was some fun when the visitors filled the bases and squeezed in several runs. The crowd began to get enthusiastic and excitement ran high. The Shamrocks held them down well, however, and did not go to pieces as might have been expected under the circumstances. It was one of those incidents in the game that make the spectators hanker after base ball and fills the grand stand. The afternoon game was remarkable for spells of lively work, which was largely due to the unusual liberties given to the coaches this season.

The Shamrocks have a very good team, but the fact that the visiting club was not a strong one, probably made the home players show up to better advantage than had the case been otherwise.

The crowd at the afternoon game showed that base ball still has hosts of admirers in St. John, and only needs the activity of a few good men to manage the clubs, get them together and keep them before the public to make the game as popular as ever. Although lacrosse is coming in to favor it has the disadvantage of being a new game which few people thoroughly understand. Base ball is first place; St. John people know the game, and when it is well played, they enjoy it. Last summer, however, was an exception. Although the amateur play very good ball the attendance was large; but this can be attributed to the games put up at the beginning of the season.

Victoria School Alumnae Society. About a year ago several of the graduates of the girls' high school met and organized an alumnae society in connection with the school. As, beyond a few books of reference, there is at present no library in connection with the high school, the society proposes to found one for the use of the students and graduates. With this end in view, it is proposed to give a musical and literary entertainment at an early date, and some of the best talent in the city has volunteered its services. The young ladies deserve every encouragement in the promotion of such a worthy object, and if all the graduates of the school take an interest in the city will hold the audience.

THE DENTIST IN THE WEST.

How the Frolicsome Cowboy Learned of His Mysteries.

Many years ago a group of cowboys rode into the frontier town of Prairieville, and while cantering down the principal street came to a sign "Painless Dentist." They emptied the contents of their revolvers into the sign-board, and then one of the company dismounted and announced his intention to go in and get a tooth attended to. "And I don't pay no fancy price for it, neither," he muttered, as he walked noisily into the office.

The dentist was a quiet-looking young man of twenty-five. With great will the man of the forcepts pulled the tooth, and then, before his customer regained consciousness, he securely tied his hand and foot to the chair, which was firmly screwed to the floor. Then, the dentist took up his position where the patient could see him when he came to. As the cowboy struggled back to consciousness the first thing of which he was sensible was the dentist pointing the revolver at him, and as he awoke, in quiet tones: "Now then, don't move. Just open your mouth as wide as possible, and I will shoot the bad tooth off. This is the painless process. No danger, air, unless you happen to swallow the bullet. Are you ready? Then here goes! One, two, three."

Bang! went the revolver, knocking a hole in the floor under the chair, and the dentist rushed forward holding out the tooth in his hand to show the now terrified bully, who roared for mercy and begged to be released, thinking that he had fallen into the hands of a madman.

The dentist finally cut his bonds on condition that his customer should restore the rattled sign outside the office. And, after paying a sovereign for the extracted tooth, which the dentist grimly declared to be the regular price for painless operations, the crestfallen cowboy departed, convinced that the appearances are sometimes deceitful, and that even a quiet-looking person may have nerve.

The "between the act crowd" at the Opera house is increasing in numbers; and in view of this fact requires more time to get seated. If the electric bell in the smoking room tinkled a few minutes sooner it would be appreciated by people who want to hear the first part of each act.

The loyalty of the audience at the Opera house on Tuesday evening was fully demonstrated when "God Save the Queen" was played before the performance began. When the house is crowded there is a good deal of standing to be done before the curtain goes up, for it is not the best seated place in the country. It required loyalty with a big "L" to make men and women stand up of their own accord.

The only drawback to the present season is the standing notice that "gilt opera tickets" will be sold as usual, and that the date of the drawing will be announced later. The people are tired and sick of the business, and will soon be applying another term to it—not any longer but not quite so complimentary. The directors should see what everybody else can tell them, that there is a great deal of indignation over the way they have treated the ticket holders, and that the sooner they have the drawing and pay what prizes are drawn, just so soon will the public begin to forget what has proved to be a most unfortunate, ill-advised and hair-brained venture on their part.

The 62nd Fusiliers propose quite a novel entertainment in the shape of a young ladies drill, in the Palace rink, June 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. Quite complete particulars of the drill with the names of the ladies taking part will be found in the society column, and is interesting reading.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

The Shamrocks opened the baseball season in good shape on the twenty-fourth. After two days rain nobody expected good ball, but both games were worth making the journey to Indian town to see. Base ball in Maine is evidently on a level with the game in New Brunswick, and the visitors say they had very little practice. The Shamrocks were in the same position, but both teams put up a very good game.

The Shamrocks, however, were the stronger team and should have won both games, but in the morning made a bad break near the end.

In the afternoon game there was some fun when the visitors filled the bases and squeezed in several runs. The crowd began to get enthusiastic and excitement ran high. The Shamrocks held them down well, however, and did not go to pieces as might have been expected under the circumstances. It was one of those incidents in the game that make the spectators hanker after base ball and fills the grand stand. The afternoon game was remarkable for spells of lively work, which was largely due to the unusual liberties given to the coaches this season.

The Shamrocks have a very good team, but the fact that the visiting club was not a strong one, probably made the home players show up to better advantage than had the case been otherwise.

The crowd at the afternoon game showed that base ball still has hosts of admirers in St. John, and only needs the activity of a few good men to manage the clubs, get them together and keep them before the public to make the game as popular as ever. Although lacrosse is coming in to favor it has the disadvantage of being a new game which few people thoroughly understand. Base ball is first place; St. John people know the game, and when it is well played, they enjoy it. Last summer, however, was an exception. Although the amateur play very good ball the attendance was large; but this can be attributed to the games put up at the beginning of the season.

THE DENTIST IN THE WEST.

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The Last Day!

Today the contest for the Ladies Dressing Case and Manicure Set at the 20th Century "Kandy Kitchen" closes. The prize is a very handsome one, and someone will be sure to get it tonight.

Will you be that one? Every purchaser of five cents worth of "Kandy" is entitled to a guess.

INSTRUCTION.

Rev. A. P. Logan, learned the Simple Shorthand by mail. Here is what he says: "I have found the Simple Shorthand very easy to learn. The weakest memory can retain the signs with ease. In four lessons I could write any word slowly. I attempted to learn the Pitman and Lindsley systems but could not succeed satisfactorily. The Simple Shorthand I found easy from first to last. The student will encounter fewer difficulties if he studies with a teacher. This can be done by mail. There is no failure in learning this simple system by mail. Only a third the time and study required. Will you try it now?"

SMELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Windsor, N.S.

Shorthand

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties of a stenographer, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturday excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to J. HARRY EFFER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute.

Just Issued! Kerr's Book-keeping, (REVISED EDITION.) Mailed to any address for \$1.00

A NEW SUPPLY OF Business College Pens. (SPLENDID LOT.) Mailed for \$1.00 per gross.

Business College Circulars, and Specimens of Mr. Pringle's penmanship mailed free. S. KERR, Principal, St. John, N. B.

LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

MISS E. W. MORTLEY, A. Mus. L. C. M., Representative of the London College of Music, will give lessons on the Piano-forte; also in Music Theory, Harmony and History.

Pupils thoroughly prepared for the College Examinations which are held three times each year. St. John being now a local centre. Terms on application at 10 Germain Street.

MISS E. W. MORTLEY, (Silver Medalist) will shortly open classes for Painting, in either Oils or China. Also, having resided many years in France, she will open classes for French in May.

LANGUAGES French, German Spanish, Italian

Regularly Spoken and Mastered in Ten Weeks. Having your books by Dr. Rosenhahn's method system. 4000 Thousands Pupils taught actually in the presence of the teacher.

MASTERSHIP IN 10 WEEKS. THE MEISTERSCHAFT PUBLISHING CO., 100 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Grand Exhibition of Drill

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE LIEUT.-COLONEL AND OFFICERS 62ND ST. JOHN FUSILIERS.

PALACE RINK,

Wednesday, Thursday & Friday Evenings, June 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

75 Military Ladies in 75

Battalion Drill, Company Drill, Sword Exercise, Bayonet Exercise, Ambulance Drill.

Promenade Concert, Brass Band and Bugle Corps. The "Assemble" will sound at 8 sharp. Admission 25 cents.

JAMES S. MAY & SON,

Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

This SEASON'S GOODS are all Personally Selected in the Foreign Markets. First-Class Materials! Equitable Prices!

"Everfast Stainless" Black Cotton Hosiery.

The Best on Earth

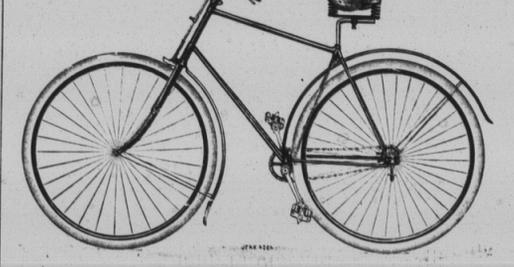
Because: The dyeing it performed by a process known only to the dyer, which renders the color immovably fast, and which many years of study have brought to a state of superiority unequalled and unrivalled. For sale only by

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 Charlotte St. t. John, N. B.

W. ALEX. PORTER

Has for the Spring Trade a large and well assorted stock of fine Groceries, Teas, Coffee, etc. Also Brooms, Pails, Washboards, Washtubs, Scrub, Shoe and Stove Brushes, Whisks, etc., with a full line of Grocery Sundries. Particular attention given to family trade. N. B.—Cheapest all-round Store for the best quality of Goods.

CORNER UNION and WATERLOO, and MILL and POND STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B. We have now in Stock a large supply of the Celebrated



RUDGE SAFETY BICYCLES.

Their eight years experience on New Brunswick roads proves them to be the best wheels on the market. Send for list. H. H. HALL, St. John, Sole Agent for N. B.

OVERCOATINGS, WORSTED TROUSERINGS, TWEED SUITS,

Very Low, at 127 and 129 Segee's Block, Mill Street. W. H. McINNIS, Tailor.

Great Clothing Sale

At the Blue Store, cor. Mill and Main Streets, North End, best stock of Ready-Made Clothing in the City at the lowest prices. Also a first-class stock of Ready-Made and Custom Clothing at the City Market Clothing Hall, 51 Charlotte Street.

T. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor

Notice. Opera House.

Best Comedy Entertainments in Many Years. SECOND WEEK OF THE Summer Stock Co. Monday, 30th, Tuesday, 31st May, and Wednesday, June 1st.

ALL The Comforts of Home.

THE CAST: Alfred Hastings, Pettibone's nephew. Mr. T. D. Frawley Tom McDow, a protégé of Alfred. Mr. H. D. Blakemore Theodore Bender, Esq., a retired produce dealer. Mr. Eugene Jepson Josephine Bender, his wife. Miss Emma Madsen Evangeline Bender, their daughter. Miss May Hampton Mr. Robert Pettibone, a peculiar jealous man. Mr. William Lee Rosabelle Pettibone, his second wife. Miss Marion Lorr Emily Pettibone, her daughter. Miss Jennette Lorrie Christopher Dabney, a broken-down music teacher. Mr. Hudson Liston Judson Langhorn, a young man of letters. Mr. E. Hastings Fil Oritanski, from the Opera Company. Miss Harriet Ford Victor Smythe, in love with Emily Pettibone. Mr. E. S. Mackay Thompson, a shoe dealer. Mr. Geo. S. Fleming Whanna is 77—Drawing room of a private house in London. When is it? Now. What time is it? Act 1—A morning. 2—A few mornings later. 3—Another morning. 4—The same morning. Good morning. "An' I gets half."

JOHN H. SELFRIDGE,

101 Charlotte Street, Opposite Hotel Dufferin, St. John, N. B.

KERR'S BOOK-KEEPING.

An elementary treatise, a Text Book for Schools, Academies and Business Colleges, for use in the Counting Room, and for Private Study. By S. KERR, Principal of the St. John Business College. Pronounced by all to be the best work on the subject. Price, \$1.

FOR SALE BY J. & A. McMILLAN, Publishers, St. John.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday THE MARQUISE. Reduced Prices for the Summer Season. Reserved Seats, 50c, and 25c; Gallery, 50c. Matinee—Children, 10c; Ladies, 50c; Gentlemen, 50c. Tickets at Murphy's Music Store, Opera House Block.



MADAME WARREN'S Dress Form Corsets. This Corset in addition to its other merits has been provided with a long high back, constructed of strong but light and reliable material, and so shaped as to produce a perfect "Dress Form," adapting itself in a natural and easy way to the body, fitting up any hollow part of the chest, obviating all necessity for a pad, and making the dress fit like a model. Only \$1.50 a Pair.

We are sole agents for the above celebrated Corsets. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Millinery.



For Stylish & Fashionable Millinery Our display is second to none. We are also showing a magnificent assortment of FRENCH AND ENGLISH FLOWERS. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

City Debentures for Sale.

TENDERS will be received at the office of the Chamberlains of the City of St. John, up to the 31st day of May, instant, for the purchase of St. John City Debentures for the whole or any part of Forty Thousand Dollars issued in sums of not less than \$500 each, under provisions of Act passed at the last session of the Provincial Legislature entitled "An Act to authorize the City of St. John to issue Debentures for the purchase of the Caledonia, City of St. John, Branch Railroad, etc., etc., payable in Forty Years, with half-yearly interest at the rate of Four per Centum per annum. First coupon, six months' interest, payable the First day of November next following. Not bound to accept the highest or any tender. Chamberlain's Office, FRED SANDAHL, Chamberlain, St. John, N. B., 12th May, A. D., 1892.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville Streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 11,700.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 28.

UNITE THE OFFICES.

When Portland and St. John were united, the influence of the officials thwarted to a considerable extent, the will of the people and the intention of the union. In many departments the expenses were not reduced from 50 to 75 per cent, as many good citizens who voted for the union thought and hoped they would be, but were just as large as the former expenses of both cities for the same service. The department of education was a striking example. Before the union, Mr. JOHN MARCH was secretary and nominal superintendent of the city schools while the late Mr. FRANK HAYES was superintendent of the Portland department. When the two cities became one, Mr. MARCH became secretary of the united department, and Mr. HAYES was appointed superintendent. It was a happy and pleasing arrangement whereby both gentlemen retained their positions and the taxpayer paid the bills with his usual equanimity. But the office of superintendent is vacant through the death of Mr. HAYES, and, though every teacher of any prominence in the vicinity appears to have applied for it, we suggest that the intention of the people be carried out now, and the secretary and superintendent's offices be again merged into one. If there was enough work for two heads of departments, such a suggestion would not be in order, but it is too plain that by far the greater portion of the work required to be done is purely of a clerical nature which should not demand high salaries officials.

The duties of the superintendent requires nothing more than an ordinary education; otherwise Mr. MARCH, would be unable to assume them. But as it is he will do well enough.

JUSTICE FOR LETTER CARRIERS.

In a pathetic appeal to householders, signed by Postmaster HANINGTON, but issued by a man who had letter boxes to sell, the statement is made that a carrier often has from two hundred to three hundred letters for delivery and that great delay is caused by a want of boxes on the doors. This is interesting as showing that a very useful class of civil service employees have a great deal of work to do, and it is equally of interest to know that they are about as poorly paid as any class of men in the country. A petition setting forth this fact was sent to Ottawa months ago, but nothing was done about it, nor is there any immediate prospect that anything will be done. The carriers of Canada do not seem to have pull enough to get justice in the matter.

While the heads of departments in Canada, and many subordinates, are sometimes paid much larger salaries than they pretend to earn, the employees lower down are pinched to the utmost. This is especially true of the post office department, which is the meannest of all in its payments for actual service rendered. The letter carriers must be intelligent active and in every way reliable man. A great deal of efficiency is expected of them, and it must be said to their credit that, when all is considered, their work is far and away beyond their wages. The fidelity with which they do their duty is shown by the rare occurrence of complaints against them. Everybody looks on them as a trustworthy body, and their record proves them to be such.

For their zeal and fidelity a paternal government pays them salaries, of course. A carrier gets \$360 the first year, and each year afterwards up to the ninth year \$30 is added, so that at last, after nine years of service, a carrier whose head and feet remain unimpaired may expect \$600 a year so long as he stays in the service. He also gets one suit of uniform clothes and two pairs of Canadian brogans a year.

The people of the United States do not pay their president any more than we pay our governor-general, but they are a little more liberal with the letter carriers. These receive \$600 the first year, or just

what our carriers have to climb after for nine years. The second year the salary is advanced to \$800, while it reaches \$1,000 in the third and subsequent years. The carriers are also provided with boots and uniform, of a decidedly better style and fit than are seen in this part of the world. It will be seen that the American letter carrier has a good deal more to make him contented than has his Canadian brother.

The matter of letter-carriers' pay is one that interests only a limited number of people, but that is no reason why it is not worth the attention of the government. The carriers are faithful servants and should be paid more than starvation wages for their work.

THE EVILS WROUGHT BY BREAD

A good many people are of the opinion that cold water is a very dangerous drink and avoid it on all occasions where it is possible to procure another beverage. While admitting that whiskey has slain its thousands, some folks allege that the victims of water drinking would be numbered by the tens of thousands were it possible to show the true causes of death in individual cases. The loose practice of saying that a man has died from this or that disease, without telling what led to that disease, precludes more positive information as to the devastation that cold water is continually working by carrying the germs of death into the human system. The picture which an earnest opponent of cold water might draw can well be imagined as a sad one. Yet men have drunk water from the beginning, and no amount of moral suasion is likely to prevent them from continuing to drink it to the end of time. There can be little hope of any radical change in this respect so long as men of influence will countenance, and even encourage, the practice by asserting that "there is nothing so good for the health of the blood as the pure and sparkling water." So long as the poets continue to sing:

Cold water for me! Cold water for me! And wine for the tremulous debaucher, so long will men quaff the insidious cup, die and leave others to follow in their paths to death.

It would seem, however, that the danger to the human race at the dinner table is not confined to the transparent but treacherous glass of water without a stick in it. There are all sorts of dangers lurking within a loaf of bread under certain conditions. As men who drink water also eat bread, when they can get nothing better, it would seem that the lives of the greater portion of temperate citizens are constantly in danger. A man may not be disposed to quarrel with his bread and butter, but his bread at least has no compunction in quarrelling with him. One Dr. DABLINGTON, of New York, makes this very clear in an article he has recently written on the subject. The direct source of danger is found in the *saccharomyces*.

Many a good housewife has made bread all her life and is yet ignorant of what is meant by the *saccharomyces*. Even if it were explained that it is derived from *saccharum*, sugar—and *myces*, fungus—she would look bewildered when interrogated on the subject. It may be of value to her to learn, on the authority of Dr. DABLINGTON, that there exist both the *saccharomyces cerevisiae* and the *saccharomyces minor*, and that the former is brewer's yeast, while the latter is the yeast used by bakers. Yeast is a living organism containing sugar, water and oxygen. It reproduces itself, "lives and feeds on the sugar, and resolves and disintegrates it into alcohol, carbonic acid gas, glycerine and succinic acid."

This is a sufficiently formidable array of facts, but the conscientious doctor goes still further in his warning to imperilled humanity. He proceeds to assert that there is another and worse source of danger: "The yeast that is used to produce bread is smaller than that found in beer and is more active, though it resembles closely beer yeast. Just as soon as fermentation is over or has become languid with either of these two forms another species of yeast called *saccharomyces mycoderma* makes its appearance and goes to work. Whether this is a form of its predecessor or some special species is as yet an open question, but it always comes after the others when the fermenting article is exposed to the atmosphere and produces acetic acid by its presence, the alcohol disappearing as the acetic acid is formed. So, after a time, the whole becomes sour. This latter germ grows with great rapidity and it is calculated that in forty-eight hours a single cell will produce 25,278 new ones."

Just think of that! *Saccharomyces mycoderma* is a hustler beside which the ordinary micro-organisms of commerce may pale with fear. The doctor goes on to say that in the baking of bread the spores of the various yeasts are not always killed by the temperature, and as a consequence the process of fermentation is renewed in the human stomach. Then he draws a yet more vivid picture when he adds:

But this alone is not the only effect; yeast under the conditions of starvation when it is kept from sugar becomes soft and converts a part of itself into soluble principles, producing not only alcohol and carbonic acid gas, but also other chemical substances (xanthine, hypo-xanthine, carmine and guanine), so when the food in the stomach has been absorbed and the yeast which is left in the stomach has nothing more to work on, it disintegrates itself, producing poisons for the system to absorb.

What is the remedy? Alas, it is one which only invalids will take the trouble to have carried out, and a great many of them may neglect the precaution. It is to have the bread boiled—that is what the doctor says—or toasted, so as to fully destroy the effects of these ferments and micro-organisms. Then the country and its people

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

ONE THE RESULT OF THE OTHER.

The Experience of "Progress" in regard to Circulation and Advertising.

Four years ago when Progress started there were nine columns of advertising in it. Four or five of them were transient—that is: in for one or two weeks or a month. A year later, from 15 to 17 columns appeared regularly in the paper, and in the holiday season as many as 22 columns found positions in the eight pages.

When the sixteen page paper appeared about 22—sometimes 24—columns was the average patronage. That was only a year ago. Six months afterwards the volume of advertising was 30 columns and at increased prices.

This remarkable increase can only be accounted for by one fact—the steady and marked increase in circulation. The motto in Progress office has always been "Get the Circulation; the advertising is sure to follow," and so it has. With every increase in circulation comes a corresponding increase in advertising.

So late as last Friday the sheet representative of the leading proprietary article in the country—Ayer's Sarsaparilla—made this remark when preparing to make an advertising contract: "I know it like a book. I have travelled over these provinces for the last three months and not only met it everywhere but read it too."

It is necessary to add that he made a contract? Not for one "ad" but for two. His experience is also that of every traveller on the road whether in Calais or Edmonton, in Campbellton or Baie Verte, in Cape Breton, Charlottetown or Yarmouth, in Digby or Parrsboro or any town that can named almost he finds Progress, Saturday.—Globe Advertiser.

Sent to His Father.

The courage of the Amazons of Dahomey is above proof, and their ferocity, according to M. Bayol, surpasses anything that can be imagined. He witnessed the human sacrifices at Abomey, and here is his description of the exploit of one of the Amazons: I saw a man brought in on an akoko, the baggage-carrying contrivance which the negroes use in transporting their calabash or their pots of palm oil. The unfortunate man was bound and gagged, and a black cap covered his face to the nose.

Two big negroes carrying this burden halted before the king, who spoke to the *mingan* (executioner). The latter then asked the crowd of spectators if it would be a good thing to sacrifice this man in honor of the memory of the exploit of one of the Amazons: I saw a man brought in on an akoko, the baggage-carrying contrivance which the negroes use in transporting their calabash or their pots of palm oil. The unfortunate man was bound and gagged, and a black cap covered his face to the nose.

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THE GLASS SNAKE.

The so-called glass-snake does not break to pieces at the sight of an enemy, as is commonly supposed, but like some lizards, throws off its tail in an effort to escape. There are several lizards which, when attacked, for instance, by a bird or predaceous animal, will throw their tails, and the tail flopping up and down on the ground diverts the attention of the enemy and thus gives the lizard time to escape. The glass-snake adopts the same trick, and thus frequently saves itself. It is true, however, that the joints of this singular creature are so closely connected that the make will be broken to pieces by a blow of stick, though the idea of a reunion of the broken parts is a superstitious absurdity. The broken joints do not reunite, though a new tail will grow out in a few months if the reptile has received no other injury.—Globe-Democrat.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(For Additional Society News See Fifth and Seventh Pages.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas and H. A. Hillcoat.

- KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street... CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street... HAYES & WILSON, 111 Hollis street...

May 24.—The serious illness of Miss Henry, sister of Mr. W. A. Henry, had fair to have cast a gloom over what was one of the prettiest and gayest weddings of the season.

Miss Henry's wedding gown was extremely pretty, and most becoming to her. She is by far the beauty among the coming brides, and her dress could afford to be plain to severity, as it was.

Quite the pleasantest and best managed walking party we have yet had took place on Tuesday afternoon. Major W. L. Oulton was the host.

A really lovely sight on the Queen's birthday was the lining of the Citadel ramparts with men, and the firing of salute and feu de joie from that fort.

On Monday morning the steamer Coptian left as usual for England via St. John's, and was some surprise and consternation in the town when, on Tuesday evening she again returned to port.

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I hear that an engagement announced last week is now contradicted, but am unable to vouch for the truth of the report.

The best scores yet made at the Miniature Rifle club were those of last Saturday, when Miss Morrow quite beat the record of all the lady members.

Colonel H. W. Clarke, I understand, left England for Halifax on Thursday, but was not accompanied by Mrs. Clarke, whose health is still very bad.

Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, the Misses Bell and Miss Clark arrived this week from Washington on their way to their summer residence at Baddeck.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Daly have returned from fishing, having had capital sport.

Are You Going

To do any House Furnishing this season? If so, it will pay you to investigate our offerings in

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Furniture, And other requisites. Send for a copy of our "House Furnishing Guide." It contains much valuable information, and will be mailed free to any address on application.

NOVA SCOTIA FURNISHING CO.—Ltd. Successors to A. STEPHEN & SON, 101 and 103 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

Dr. Allen Haly of Windsor, in Halifax this week. Mr. and Mrs. Fischer Wade of Bridgewater are at the Halifax Hotel.

The Orpheus concert, the last one of the season, took place on Thursday night, and there was the fullest hall for the occasion.

On Friday and Saturday the amateur performance under the auspices of the Wanderers' A. C. Club, was most successful.

What will American women invent next? Here is a garment for which we have all longed for years, but which I doubt if we will have the courage to wear now that it seems attainable.

The top of the cloak consists of a three-quarter buttoned round the waist. Then the gown is put on, the entire length of the projecting part being pulled over the head.

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AMHERST.

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May 25.—It would be useless for me to attempt a description of all the dollops on the 24th; but if general hilarity and dissipation may be taken as a proof of our loyalty, I am safe in saying that our sovereignty was duly honored.

There was also a mammoth social in the Y. M. C. hall. It was the leading attraction of the evening. The entertainment was furnished by the best talent of the town, and the program was most excellent.

On Friday evening, Dr. and Mrs. C. Bliss entertained a large number of their friends at a dinner at the residence of Mr. Barry Best.

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Health

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UNSHRINKABLE. NATURAL MERINO. DRAWERS AND VESTS. EXTRAORDINARY GOOD VALUES.

RIBBED SILK VESTS AND COMBINATIONS. WOOL VESTS AND COMBINATIONS. COTTON VESTS AT ELEVEN CENTS EACH—TWO (2) FOR TWENTY CENTS.

AND FROM THIS PRICE, UPWARDS TO \$5.75 FOR SILK. OUR RANGE OF CHILDREN'S KNITTED UNDERWEAR IS VERY COMPLETE.

Our Special brand of Merino Unshrinkable Vests for Ladies' and Children's Ladies sizes in White and Shetland, at 65 cents each. Children's sizes in White and Shetland, from 44 cents upwards.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, 27 and 29 King Street.

One Secret Of Success.

One SECRET OF SUCCESS in FLOWER GARDENING is to buy plants that have been transplanted and thoroughly hardened off by exposure to the open air.

Over 1,000,000 Bedding and House Plants in Stock at NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY, - - Lockman street, Halifax, N. S.

Illustrated Catalogue on application. JAMES H. HARRIS, Manager.

See Condensed Advt. on Page 2.

The Board of Health has decided that Nisbet's Coca Cough Cure should be in every household, and recommend the Public to get a bottle at the London Drug Store, 147 Hollis St.

J. G. FRAZEE, Dispensing Chemist, Proprietor. Agent for Public Spectacles and Eyeglasses. Telephone 153.

To Learn STENOGRAPHY & TYPEWRITING UNDER THE BEST CONDITIONS AND WITH THE BEST SUCCESS, ATTEND The Halifax Business College.

New Course of Business Practice Best Ever devised. SEND FOR CIRCULARS VICTOR FRAZEE, B. A., Secretary. J. C. FRAZEE, Principal and Proprietor.

WOLFFVILLE. May 25.—This morning the junior class of Acadia college, with exception of the ladies, sailed away in the little steamer, Wanderer, for their geological excursion, taking the usual route.

On Friday evening last the ladies of the seminary gave an exhibition, in College hall, which was very interesting and well attended.

The members of the Digby brass band are to be congratulated by the manner in which their selections are rendered at their open air concerts.

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DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR LIFE. Be advised, and if you feel that you still continue to lose strength put away all prejudices and try PEPTONIZED BEEF.

It is No Quack Medicine. We Tell Everybody What It Contains: Pepsin, Beef, Hops and Barley. Characteristic. It is characteristic of the House to what is the very best, and never sold in what is known in the trade as cheap imitations.

W. H. JOHNSON, 121 and 123 Hollis Street, HALIFAX, N. S. Be sure to write for Prices.

WHO BINDS? KNOWLES. Where? Cor. George and Halifax Sts., Halifax.

Cabbage AND Cauliflower Plants. WELL HARDEN OFF STRAWBERRY PLANTS. SEND FOR PRICES. Halifax Nursery, Cor. Robie and North Sts., HALIFAX, N. S. Telephone 253.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. VERY SMALL AND EASY TO TAKE. Sent on receipt of price, PRICE 25 CTS. per box, by MAIL & BY MAIL, HALIFAX, N. S. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Queen Hotel, HALIFAX, N. S. "Vivat Regina." WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourist to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest bedrooms, and the best table and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces, if not in all Canada.

AMHERST Boot and Shoe Manufacturing Co. MANUFACTURERS, AMHERST, - - Nova Scotia. Established 1877.

AMHERST.

Progress is for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas and H. A. Hillcoat.

May 25.—It would be useless for me to attempt a description of all the dollops on the 24th; but if general hilarity and dissipation may be taken as a proof of our loyalty, I am safe in saying that our sovereignty was duly honored.

There was also a mammoth social in the Y. M. C. hall. It was the leading attraction of the evening. The entertainment was furnished by the best talent of the town, and the program was most excellent.

On Friday evening, Dr. and Mrs. C. Bliss entertained a large number of their friends at a dinner at the residence of Mr. Barry Best.

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Silk, Fine Merino and  
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BROS.

MILLINERY,  
reets, Halifax, N. S.

Hotel,  
N. S.

calling the attention  
of the fact that the  
best deal of attention,  
is to be seen in Canada  
specially from the first  
not in all Canada.  
the 100 rooms, and  
including very floor.

ERST  
manufacturing Co.

and Shoe  
FURNERS,  
Nova Scotia,  
House of the Province.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the book-  
store of W. H. Murray, Main street, and on the  
streets by J. E. McCoy.]

MAY 25.—I do not know what would have become  
of yesterday had not the clerk of the weather re-  
ported almost at the eleventh hour and given us one  
day of what used to be called "queen's weather."  
Although I do not wish to seem ungrateful for any  
favor, we should have appreciated his kindness  
more if he had made up, say, a scow, and not  
spoiled so many carefully laid plans. In the first  
place the athletic grounds which were to have been  
formally inaugurated by the aid of a few words from  
the mayor into "outing park," were in such a state  
of moisture that the most sanguine mind refused to  
contemplate the possibility of any sports being held  
there by other than amphibious animals; but yet  
time and the sun will work wonders, and when the  
hour appointed for the opening ceremonies arrived  
it was quite safe to venture on the grand  
stand without losing one's rubbers, and even  
to play baseball without getting drenched, so perfectly  
drained and carefully kept is the field. Owing to  
these fortunate circumstances there were between  
six and seven hundred people already assembled on  
the grounds when the bandone containing Mayor  
Snow, Mr. D. I. Welsh, president of the Y.M.C.A.,  
and Mr. John Snow, escorted by the Moncton  
cornet band and two companies of the 74th bat-  
talion, arrived. After the military men had  
saluted their general, "outing park" was opened,  
and a game of ball, played between teams from  
St. Joseph's, St. John's, and Moncton, resulting in a  
victory for the latter.

Nothing further of any great importance took place  
during the day, with the exception of a few  
as most holidays. A great many of the sterner sex  
went fishing, but with such success I have not  
heard; and the usual number spent the day out of  
town.

Miss LeFurgey of Summerside, who is attending  
Mount Allison college, at Sackville, spent the  
day with her mother, Mrs. George MacDonnell.  
She was accompanied by her friend, Miss Reid of  
Sackville.

Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Boyd of St. John, spent the  
holiday in Moncton, visiting their son, Mr. Arthur  
Boyd of the Bank of Montreal.

Mr. S. Hunter of the firm of Welsh, Hunter and  
Hamilton, St. John, spent the national holiday in  
Moncton.

Mrs. Wm. W. Daniel left town last week for  
Halifax, and a few days at her former home.  
Quiet everything in the social circles, there is  
no lack of entertainments of another kind, not only  
in the present but in prospect.

On Friday evening, the young people of the  
Central Methodist church repeated the Floral  
cantata, which they gave so successfully a few  
weeks ago, and met with a second success, almost if  
not quite equal to the first.

On Wednesday evening the military entertain-  
ment, given a short time ago in aid of the organ  
fund for St. George's church, was repeated, this  
time for the local militia, and considering that the  
weather was very much against it, was very suc-  
cessful. There were several new features intro-  
duced, notably, the sword exercise and fencing by  
Lieut. F. B. Black of Sackville, and Lieut. Mark-  
ham of St. John, which met with approval.

The ladies auxiliaries of the Y. M. C. A., intend  
holding a "Feast of Lanterns" on or about the first  
of June, and members of St. John's presbyterian  
church are preparing for a fair of mammoth dimen-  
sions, to be held in Babine's hall, somewhere about  
the 7th or 8th of June.

Miss Annie Wright's numerous friends are glad to  
see her in Moncton again. Miss Wright is the  
guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Harris.

Mr. William Laird of the Western Union Tele-  
graph Co., left town on Friday for North Cam-  
bridge, Mass., where he has accepted a position as  
railway telegraph operator.

Mr. Charles Fox, formerly of Moncton, but now  
of Newport, R. I., is spending some weeks with  
relatives in Moncton.

The many friends of Mr. Galt, who went  
south for his health last autumn, will be glad to hear  
that he is so much better as to be contemplating a  
speedy return.

Cecil Gwynne.

SUSSEX.

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

MAY 27.—The holiday was very quietly observed  
here, the only stir noticeable being among the  
sportsmen, a large number of whom visited the  
streams and lakes in the vicinity. One party  
which I heard was so successful as to bring home  
four chubbs.

A pleasant event last Thursday was a tea party  
given by Mrs. Edwin Hallett. Those present were  
Mr. and Mrs. James Hallett, Mr. and Mrs. Allan  
Hallett, Dr. and Mrs. Hallett, St. John's, Mr. and  
Mrs. S. H. White, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Kirk,  
Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Arnold, Miss Lizette Hallett,  
Mr. Oliver Hallett, and Mrs. Hallett.

Two brides are holding receptions this week.  
Miss Eliza Hallett, who is to be married to  
black satin trimmed with jet. Mrs. Frank Hoach,  
who receives on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday  
at her mother's residence, wears a lovely dress of  
cream cashmere.

The Misses Annie and Nellie Ryan are spending  
a few days in Berwick, the guests of Mrs. Evidit  
Fenwick.

Mr. Frank Ketchum of St. John, spent Monday  
in town.

Miss Etta Johnson, Miss Ethel Ryan, and Dr.  
Johnson paid a short visit to Penobscot on Tues-  
day.

Mrs. Grimmer of St. Stephen, left on Saturday  
and was accompanied by Mrs. G. H. Raymond, who  
is to be married to Mr. J. H. Raymond.

Mayor and Mrs. Peter of St. John, spent Tuesday  
in town and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A.  
White.

Mr. and Mrs. Flint of Modesto, Cal., have been  
visiting friends in Sussex. They left this week for  
California.

Dr. Heber Sprout of Newcastle, spent a day and  
two with his patients, Mr. and Mrs. John Sprout,  
last week.

Miss E. Hallett and Miss Lottie Hallett spent  
Tuesday in Hampton.

Miss Clislie L. Langan, of St. John, is at Maple  
grove, the guest of Mrs. W. M. Morrison.

Mr. Rupert Hanson spent the holidays at Petto-  
codiac.

Mr. George Lawson, of St. John, was in town  
yesterday.

Mr. McNinch, who returned from Nova Scotia  
on Friday, has had, I am sorry to say, a very sad  
visit, having been there to attend the death-bed  
of his father, Mr. Bent.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the book-  
store of W. T. H. Fenby and by James H. Haw-  
thorne.]

MAY 25.—The impromptu carol dance given last  
Wednesday evening by Miss Blair at the "The  
Gables" in honor of her guest, Miss Smith, of  
Windsor, has been the most enjoyable affair of the  
week in society circles. The delightful music of  
Hanson's orchestra, the charming manners of the  
young hostess, and the toilettes of the ladies all  
tended to make it a decided success.

Miss Blair received her guests in a pretty costume  
of blue silk.

Miss Frank received her guests in a pretty costume  
of blue silk.

Miss Annie Babbitt, dark skirt, pink silk waist.

Miss Hattie, cream silk.

Miss Myra, black and green chalice.

Miss Bernice, black net, green trimmings.

Miss Myra, black and green chalice.

Miss Logan, buttercup yellow silk.

Miss Nell, cream chalice.

Miss Helen, black net.

The gentlemen present were: Mr. Geo. Blair,  
Mr. Sharp, Mr. Power, Mr. Hart, Prof. Duff, and Messrs.  
Stockley, Prof. Hart, Prof. Duff, and Messrs.  
Baxter, Mr. Blair, Mr. St. John, Mr. L. B. Ly,  
Armstrong, Fairweather, R. Randolph, Smith,  
Sherman, Fisher, Street, Fowler, Van-Thorne, and  
Ruel.

A light running supper was served during the  
evening.

May 24th, the anniversary of the natal day of our  
beloved Queen, Fredericton was in holiday attire.  
Strangers poured into the city from all directions  
as the day was duly observed in the cathedral. In the  
afternoon the horse racing at the park at  
the usual hour, and there were numerous  
picnic and fishing excursions. A most successful  
picnic was given by some young ladies in the  
Hermitage. Among the strangers in town were Mr.  
and Mrs. Chas. Kincaid, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lowe,  
Mr. V. McNeil and Mr. Thomas Kelsey of St.  
John.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Miles and little daughter, Mr.  
Forbes and Mr. and Mrs. Miles, of St. John, made  
a merry party to the city, they to Springhill by  
the afternoon train, and returned the same evening.  
Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Boyce, of St. John, spent  
the holiday in the city.

Rev. Mr. Holt and Mr. and Mrs. Dibble were the  
guests of Canon Roberts for some days last  
week. Mr. Newman made his home with  
Bishop Kingston.

Repeat Orders!

Open this Week.

Ladies' 4 Button  
FRENCH KID GLOVES  
AT 85c. PAIR.  
In Drabs, Tans, Browns and Black.

LADIES' WINDSOR SCARFS  
In Self Colors, Polka Dots, Checks, etc.,  
all widths, from 15c. each.

Wool Challies,  
Dark and Light Grounds.

White Lace Curtains  
at 50c. and 70c. pair.



New French and English  
SATEENS  
Very Stylish Patterns.  
New Dress Trimmings  
Gimps, etc.

HOSIERY  
for Ladies, Misses, Children, Boys and  
Men, in Cashmere, Cotton, Wool and  
Silk, (all sizes), extra good value.

Ribbons, etc., etc.

S. S. PORRER, 11 Charlotte St., St. John, N.B.

An English Dog Cart.



[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master  
Ralph Trainor and at the book store of G. S. Wall  
and in Calais at T. Treat's.]

MAY 25.—The town presented a lively appearance  
on Her Majesty's birthday, which was celebrated  
not only to the spirit but to the letter, all stores and  
places of business being actually closed for the day.

Bunting floated gaily from numerous buildings,  
and among the decorations, the store-windows of  
Messrs. Cameron and McTavish and Mr. Selz-  
field Y. Webber were much admired, the various  
colours being beautifully arranged, making an ele-  
gant display, appropriate to the occasion. The day's  
ceremonies were opened by a number of our more  
loyal and enterprising ladies, with an amusing "Dark  
Town Fire Brigade" exhibition at the public-land,  
to the accompaniment of a storm of torpedoes  
and the indispensable fire-cracker. At noon three  
hundred excursionists arrived under the auspices of  
the members of the Fredericton St. Stephen Young  
Men's Christian Association, who carried out a fine  
programme of sports at the driving park in the  
afternoon and at the St. Croix hall in the evening,  
which I will not attempt to describe, but "our boys"  
were congratulated upon winning the largest in-  
crease in the number of the competitors taking more  
than half of the prizes. The champions among the  
young men were Frank Waushe, Walter Lee Grant,  
Harry S. Stevenson, Walter M. Stevens,  
and Alex. Webb.

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

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

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

Rev. C. H. Paisley is in Fredericton.

Miss Annie Smith, daughter of Mr. William M.  
Smith, is seriously ill.

Rev. Mr. H. H. Laffin has returned from  
New York.

Mr. George Smith is visiting friends in Wood-  
stock.

Mr. Marshall McClure was in St. Andrews attend-  
ing to his law.

Mr. Charles Owen Dexter, of Hamilton, was in  
town to visit last week.

Mr. H. F. Todd has returned from a flying trip to  
Boston.

Mr. George F. Pinder and Mr. Henry Graham  
have returned from Grand Lake stream, where they  
were fishing for trout.

Mr. Charles C. Grant and Mr. Frederick Parker  
Grimmer enjoyed an outing on the city's birth-  
day at Grand Lake.

Mr. G. Duval Grimmer is in town.

Miss Blanche Tibbitts of Gagetown.

Mr. C. A. Newton, who has arrived home from  
New York, was accompanied by Mrs. Newton,  
far as Boston, where she will make a short visit with  
her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Boardman are in Minne-  
apolis.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Harper, who have been  
spending the winter in the south, returned home  
last week.

Mr. McGregor, who has been visiting friends in  
Calais and St. John, returned to his home in Bel-  
mont.

Miss May Morris of St. Andrews, is the guest of  
Mrs. Henry F. Todd.

Miss Annie T. Widdor Augusta, is the guest of  
Mrs. Charles F. Todd.

Miss Minnie Fraser is visiting her parents at  
Grand Manan.

Miss Nellie Smith entertained about fifty of her  
friends very pleasantly on Friday evening.

Mr. Alexander Milne and Captain Charles John-  
son, of St. John, returned home from St. John  
Monday.

Mr. Leonard Tilley is the guest of Mayor Chip-  
man.

Mr. James G. Stevens, Jr., and Master Austin  
Stevens are enjoying a day's fishing at Digbyquash.

Miss Anderson, of Fredericton, is the guest of  
Mr. Henry Graham.

Mr. Horace Burdick of New York is the guest of  
his father, Mr. James Marchie.

Miss Brunner entertained a few friends at a  
five o'clock tea last week, it being the occasion of  
her eighth birthday.

Mr. Macdonald and Miss Gertie Buchanan of  
Fredericton were in town yesterday.

Mr. Alexander Fleming of Fredericton was in  
St. Stephen on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Wisbart and family passed  
through here on Monday by their way the St. Mar-  
tin to spend the holiday.

Miss Lillie and Miss Lillie Whitaker, Mr. Geo.  
McKay and Mr. Hunter White were the guests of  
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Whitaker on the 24th.

Mr. LeB. Black left on Saturday for Fredericton,  
where he is the guest of Rev. William McDonald.

Among the strangers in town on Monday were:  
Mr. R. T. Taylor of Moncton, Dr. Donville, Rother-  
ham, W. Dickson, Moncton, Mr. A. H. Tremblay, St.  
John, Conductor Dalton, Moncton, Mr. F. H. Grass,  
Lewell, Mass., H. A. McKewen, M. P. E. Holmes,  
St. John, all registered at the Vendome.

Mrs. Crosby is visiting her niece Mrs. Hamill  
Warnford.

Messrs. Fred. and Ed. Wedderburn and Mr. Sam  
Hayward were away fishing a day or two last week.

I hear that Mrs. R. W. Gass intends moving to  
St. John as soon as she finds a suitable house.

Mr. John March was in Hampton on the 24th.

The holiday made quite a stir and brought quite  
a number of visitors to the place. The excursion  
from St. John on the steamer Citron was a great  
success and deservedly so, as there is no more  
delightful site in the province than up the Kenne-  
becus. About 1300 came up on the 24th, among  
them being Mr. and Mrs. Ernest March, Mr.  
Bockus, Mr. A. A. Mabee, Mr. John Short,  
Mr. G. G. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll, Mr. Bart,  
Messrs. J. F. and W. H. Merritt and others.

Mr. Fred Melick was here yesterday.

The guests at the Vendome yesterday included:  
W. A. Kain, Miss Kain, Frank Rogers, F. R.  
Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Blodgett, F. Chet-  
nut and wife, R. L. Smith, A. McAlary, J. H.  
Sprout, E. L. Morrison, W. E. Feaster.

Rev. Mr. Frazer, who has just come from Scot-  
land, will occupy the pulpit of the presbyterian  
church on Tuesday.

Mr. R. O. Stockton and W. E. Skillen paid us  
a flying visit today.

MAY 26.—Mr. A. Bartlett of Charlottetown  
spent Saturday and Sunday in town, the guest  
of his sister, Mrs. Travis.

Mrs. Evanson, who has been residing at Sackville  
for some months, has returned and is located at the  
Hotel Leonard.

HARCOURT.

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

MAY 25.—The holiday passed off very quietly,  
no attempt being made to celebrate it in any way  
except a baseball match by the Mortimore boys.

Mrs. J. W. Morton was in town on Friday for a  
short time on her way home from Coogan, where  
she had been visiting her sister Mrs. Bowen Smith.

Rev. F. Richard of Rogersville, was at the Cen-  
tral on Friday.

Mrs. Wm. Powell of Moncton, arrived here by  
train on Friday and at once proceeded down river  
to visit her family.

Mr. W. F. Brown spent Sunday at home.

Miss Lucy Chrysalis and Miss Minnie Buckley  
spent the holidays at their respective homes.

Mr. Hodge of Cornwall, Ont., arrived here by  
train yesterday, and will be a visitor to his  
brother, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Waller.

Senator Snowball was at the Eureka on Monday,  
en route to Ottawa.

Rev. Joseph Sellers of Richibucto, preached to  
the Methodist congregation here on Sunday evening.

Mr. Charles Cole of Moncton, was in town on  
Tuesday.

Mr. J. W. McDermott spent Saturday and Sunday  
in Moncton, and returned on Monday.

Mrs. James Miller, accompanied by her daughter  
Miss Jessie Miller, went to Newcastle on Monday.

Mr. John Walker of Bass River, was in town yester-  
day.

Mr. Lester Brown left today for Cape Tormentine.

Mr. W. Powell of the Eureka, has home res-  
tation for a short time, and went north.

Mr. W. Powell of the Eureka, has home res-  
tation for a short time, and went north.

Mr. A. present residing at Bass River, was here yester-  
day.

Mr. George H. Morton has been seriously ill for  
the past two weeks, but is now convalescent.

Mr. W. S. King of Pettocodiac, was in town yester-  
day, and left in the evening for home.

Mr. George A. Noble, of St. John, went south on  
Monday evening to spend the holiday at home.

Mr. A. E. Palmer, of Gardiner, Me., is at the  
Eureka to-day.

Mr. W. F. Campbell of Richibucto, was at the  
Eureka last evening, and left for home this morning.

Mr. Chappell Farnes, who has been laid up with a  
severe attack of the grippe.

Mr. R. F. Foster spent the 24th in St. John.

Mr. B. E. Esterson made one of his numerous  
visits to the city this week.

Mrs. Sheehan has completely recovered from her  
severe illness.

The familiar form of Henry B. Allison, mounted  
on a beautiful dapple grey, is seen on our  
streets.

The junior class of Acadia college were here this  
week on their annual trip. They have visited sev-  
eral places, principally among which were the ship  
railway, logging mill, etc. Wednesday afternoon they  
played a match game of baseball with a nine from  
St. John, in which they proved no mean  
antagonists, were not in it with the Sackville boys.  
The class was under the captaincy of Mr. Davis, well  
known as the "Yankee" of Midway last year.

Rev. A. H. Livers, of Fort Elgin, was in town  
this week. During the reverend gentleman's stay  
here he made many friends, with his  
ever success in his new field of labor.

Messrs. McDonald, Murray and Estabrooks,  
three keen sportsmen, did some good work with the  
rod on the 24th.

Mr. Alex Ford spent a few days this week in  
Amherst, also Mr. Joseph Dobson.

Dr. Farnon left for his home in New York last  
Tuesday.

ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at T. O'Brien's  
store.]

MAY 25.—Mr. George Ludgate returned home  
this week from British Columbia where he has spent  
the past year.

Mrs. Fred. Bogue has been visiting friends in St.  
John.

Capt. Mahoney spent a day here with his family  
this week.

Mr. Walter Rankin of St. John, made a brief  
visit here last week.

Mr. E. G. Holmes, of St. Stephen, called upon his  
many friends here last Monday.

Mr. J. H. Holmes and his wife of St. John, are  
spending their honeymoon here with Mr. and Mrs.  
St. John.

Chas. Johnson paid a flying visit to East-  
port last week.

Judge Cookburn, of St. Andrews, was with us  
a few hours this week.

Mr. S. Taylor, of Moncton, arrived in town yester-  
day.

Mr. Alex. Milne was in St. Stephen this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Johnson are receiving con-  
gratulations. It is a boy.

Miss Gertie Watson, of Boston, arrived here  
yesterday to make her usual visit to her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McKay and family drove to  
Pondville yesterday and will be the day with Mrs.  
McKay's mother, Mrs. Gillespie.

Mr. G. C. Ludgate, of Musquash, is spending  
a few days here.

Among those who spent the 24th in St. Stephen  
were Mrs. Geo. F. Hibbard, Mrs. Gerty Magno,  
Miss Minnie Farris.

Mr. J. J. returned home yesterday from St.  
John.

The many friends of Miss F. Smith will be sorry  
to learn that she is still suffering from the effects  
of the grippe.

Last evening the St. George Cornet Band gave  
their first open air concert. It certainly was a  
great treat. We trust to hear them frequently during  
the coming season.

RICHBUCTO.

MAY 25.—The sudden illness of Mr. Edmund  
Hutchinson of Kingston, at the home of his brother,  
Mr. Robert Hutchinson, Q.C., last week, terminat-  
ing fatally on Sunday. The deceased was a well  
known resident of Kingston for many years, and was  
well known throughout the country. The interment  
took place at Kingston yesterday.

Mr. H. J. Thoms of St. John, spent a few days  
in town last week.

Rev. Mr. Wightman of Harcourt, preached in the  
Methodist church on Sunday. Rev. Joseph Seller  
occupied Mr. Wightman's pulpit.

Mr. Geo. K. McLeod of St. John, was in town a  
few days last week.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1892.

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HOW WINDOWS.

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Chop Tea.

THE WORK OF ONE MAN.

HOW MARYSVILLE WAS BUILT BY ALEXANDER GIBSON.

A Flourishing Town, Where the People Enjoy all the Advantages of Civilization—Its Mills, Churches, Stores and Homes—The Result of 30 Years Work.

Marysville is situated on the Nashwaak river, about three miles from its junction with the St. John, opposite Fredericton. It is one of the most remarkable towns in the province, inasmuch as its mills, factories, and numerous mansions and cottages are the property of one man.

Going back to the beginning, about twenty-nine years ago, the present site of Marysville was owned and occupied by the Rankine firm of St. John, and known as Nashwaak mills. They had a mill and did a fair business sawing deals, but were not apparently the men who could make the best use of the advantages at hand. Edward Jack, one of the most skillful woodmen and land surveyors in the province, saw at a glance what might be made of the mill site, and the almost inexhaustible supplies of lumber on the river, and, hearing that it would be purchased at a reasonable rate, began to look round for a suitable market.

One day in the early spring, the office of the company was visited by an agent of the present owner who made an offer for the property. The offer was accepted, the property was paid in instalments. Enquiring what discount would be allowed for "cash down" a very liberal one was named, as it was not thought that a man who was then almost unknown in monetary circles could advance so much cash at once. Judge of their surprise when on the morrow the present owner paid "cash down" and the property came into the hands of Mr. Gibson.

At once an age of progress was inaugurated. Old buildings began to give place to new, and houses had to be built for the rapidly increasing population. Almost the first building constructed was the school house. Then Mr. Gibson's own residence was built, planned by the late architect Stead, of St. John. The new store followed, the upper story of which was used for some years as a place of worship, open to all denominations, and for all public meetings and entertainments. Mr. Gibson thought that the growing town required a church and at his own expense he built and furnished one. This was dedicated and dedicated to the Methodist church of the pastor's salary, provides a parsonage with every article required for household purposes, gives an organist \$1,500 per year and a free house and subsidizes a choir which has the best of private training and is one of the best in the province.

The saw mill not cutting what it was thought the privilege was capable of doing, the old wheels were removed and replaced by the Libby turbine, increasing the cutting capacity especially when the water is low. The cost of lumber on the stream and its tributaries increased from seven millions under the old regime to forty-two millions under the new. Cash was paid the workmen, instead of the old style of barter. Goods could be purchased at the store as cheaply if not cheaper than at Fredericton so the people did not leave the place to make their purchases.

Buildings were constantly being erected, the east side of the stream now claiming attention. Ten cottages were put up on that side and log canoes and bateaux used for crossing to and from the mills. This did not last long, however. At his own expense, Mr. Gibson built a bridge across the dam which structure was recently swept away by a freshet after it had served its day and generation.

His next enterprise was the construction of the narrow gauge railway, from Gibson to Edmundston, which with his accumulated push was soon completed. He carried this railway on for several years as well as attending to his numerous duties at Marysville, till he concluded to sell, which he did at a fair profit. It became necessary that some way of rapid communication should be had with Fredericton and a telephone line was placed.

Then he turned his attention to the wants of the people. He organized families growing up around him, having all the advantages of a good school and a wide awake business town, but having no way by which they might earn the means of a livelihood within the town. For a time a paper mill or a cotton factory, but at length decided on the latter. To decide was to act, and soon the site of the cotton mill was swarming with teams and workmen.

To build this structure it was necessary that bricks should be had and another means of wealth, a large brick yard, was started. When the factory was completed the great number of hands had to be housed, and brick dwelling houses were erected rapidly, a block at a time. The hotel, which had been adequate for all needs before, now found its capacity below the requirements, and it had to be enlarged. This not proving sufficient, a brick hotel capable of accommodating one hundred female boarders, was erected in close proximity to the factory. A new bridge was built opposite the mill, the expense being defrayed by the local government. Then a large brick store was put up at a cost of \$6,000, dedicated solely to dry goods, thus relieving the too closely packed general store. A large meat shop was also built.

As this point had been for some years the site of a grist mill, which had fallen into decay, a new one was erected, the machinery alone costing \$8,000.

Then the Canada Eastern railway claimed his attention, and with energy and despatch it was rapidly pushed to completion.

For many years the slabs and edgings from the mills had been consumed by fire. Mr. Gibson, who deprecates waste in any form, put up a lathe mill with six machines, and when the summer season is through

this mill is for cutting shingles during the winter.

Another mill with ten machines is about finished, intended for the manufacture of shingles alone; the output on an average will be one hundred and thirty thousand daily.

No suitable cemetery being in the neighborhood, a site was chosen behind the church, and about four hundred yards from it, which, at large expense, was cleared of woods, leveled, and put in shape. Graded roads were made through it, a large force of men being employed there for several summers. Here all the members of his family who have passed away repose, their last resting place being marked by a handsome and massive marble monument of fine sculpture.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

How Passengers Get Plenty of Time for Lunch on a Branch of the I. C. R.

A friend of mine was travelling on a branch of the Intercolonial railway some time ago. It might have been the northern or the eastern division, but, at any rate, the train stopped at one of the way stations, and it stopped for such a long time that there seemed a reasonable prospect of its becoming "rooted to the spot," as the heroine of the modern sensational novel does upon the slightest provocation; and at last the passengers began to grow uneasy and entertain unpleasant speculations in connection with broken axles, etc. One by one they drifted accidentally out on to the platform and surreptitiously tried to pump information out of the fireman, as to the condition of the engine and the cause of the delay, but the fireman's mind appeared to be a vacuum on some points, and the cause of the delay was one.

At last a friend noticed that neither the engine driver, the conductor, nor the station agent were visible, and concluding that there must really be some serious cause for the delay, he began to make an exhaustive exploration of the station. Things were very quiet, but patient investigation brought its own reward, and the agent's private office, he was horrified to discover—Chapter II.

The station agent, the conductor, two brakemen, and a passenger engaged in the most cheerful, friendly and exciting little game of poker in the world. Serenely amid the storm of angry invective, that the unconscious passengers were pouring forth at the unwarrantable delay, those jovial fellows were playing their little game as peacefully as if they occupied a lodge in some wilderness.

My friend had nothing to say and like a sensible man he said it. When one is in a hopeless minority there is nothing so effective and truly witty as an intelligent and appreciative silence, but as he backed quietly out of the door of that private office the sanctity of which he felt convinced that he should never have invaded, he admitted to himself sadly that there were some few improvements needed upon the I. C. R. and that perhaps a tax on poker chips might be amongst the number. And the passengers kept on swearing!

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

The Tobacco Question in Parraboro.

At a temperance meeting in Rink hall, Parraboro, a few nights ago, addresses were delivered by the clergymen of the town. The baptist minister told of a boy whom he had seen smoking, and had vigorously rebuked. The lad, despite his degrading habit, had evidently been a close student of the phraseology of the good little boy of the Sunday school books, for, according to the speaker, he made this remarkable reply: "Sir, my minister smokes!" And thereupon the worthy baptist preacher was silenced.

The audience seemed deeply moved by this story, especially as it is a well-known fact that Parraboro's Episcopal clergyman is a gentleman whose only fault is a love of the plant that soothes. When the offending rector's turn came, he told a story of a quaker who was wont to smoke tobacco. "I do not know," said the speaker, turning to his baptist brother, "whether or not he smoked to the praise and glory of God, as Mr. Spurgeon said he could."

And there wasn't a person in the hall who seemed to enjoy this allusion to the words of the great baptist more than his Parraboro fellower.

Oysters Fond of Beer.

An interesting experiment was made the other day by a Washington physician to determine the relative effect of whiskey and beer upon the digestion of food in the human stomach. As oysters are regarded as self-digesting food, two fine specimens were selected, one being placed in a glass vessel of beer and the other in a similar vessel about half full of whiskey. The oysters were allowed to remain in their respective receptacles all night. In the morning they were examined by the physician, who found that the bivalve which had been placed in the beer had dissolved with the exception of the tough and indigestible heart, while the oyster in the whiskey had shrunk to half its natural size and was almost as tough as sole leather, no dissolution whatever having taken place.

Origin of the Cross Bun.

In its early days, when, it is to be hoped, it was more toothsome, the hot cross bun played some part in converting the people of these islands to christianity. Fagan England was in the habit of eating cakes in honor of the goddesses of spring, and christian missionaries found that, though they could alter the views of the people in reference to religious matters, they could not induce them to withhold from the consumption of the cross upon the bun of the sign of the cross upon the bun of the Saxon era, and launched it upon a missionary enterprise, which has extended through the intervening centuries and survived till now.

ATHLETICS IN THE HOME.

A Rowing Machine is not Necessary While the Cordwood is in Four Foot Pieces.

They had been married some time—by this I mean any length that suits the reader—and Alphonse being a man of sedentary habits and finding that his lack of outdoor exercise was detrimental to his physical welfare, approached Clarissa on the subject of athletics, and this amiable lady having a fair estimate of Alphonse's indifference to matter, and noticing a sort of languid appearance creeping over the once robust form of her adored, through inactivity and, being aware of these little secrets, displayed her willingness to discuss the subject. Alphonse had broached, and signifying the same, the latter suggested as a starting point that a rowing machine would be a desideratum, adding: "You know, my dear, that the exercise the muscles of the arms would receive, would tend materially to the development of one's physique. Yes, dear, but while that stock of cordwood remains uncut, do you not think the rowing machine—a well sort of superfluity? not to say anything about the cost of the animal, which, I believe, is not quite commensurate with our income."

Oh, dear! quoth Alphonse, "I had married some one with not quite so much to say; my ears would not then be drummed so incessantly as at present you are quite reasonable." Clarissa in addition being finding an opportunity open just now avails herself of it and fires this at him: "Well my fine athletic husband, as you consider me rather talkative, and as you are such an athlete, why in the world didn't you marry a good looking girl, who would have then possessed a dumb-belle," and Alphonse looking up and noticing a mischievous twinkle felt a burning sensation around the heart the moment he cauterized, but man-like attributed it to her failure as a punster, and continuing, suggested as a punter, that he might as well marry a good looking girl, who would have then possessed a dumb-belle," and Alphonse looking up and noticing a mischievous twinkle felt a burning sensation around the heart the moment he cauterized, but man-like attributed it to her failure as a punster, and continuing, suggested as a punter, that he might as well marry a good looking girl, who would have then possessed a dumb-belle," and Alphonse looking up and noticing a mischievous twinkle 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THE BLACK AVENGER.

HE WAS A GREAT BIG MAN ACCORDING TO ALL ACCOUNTS.

Fielding Prepared for Him and His Story Shows the Danger of Depending Upon Personal Description—He Meets the Avenger at Last, with Surprising Results.

"There's been a big colored man here a-lookin' for you," said the First Office Boy.

We have two office boys, the first to go on errands and the second to go find out why the first doesn't come back.

"What did the man want?" I inquired of George the First.

"Dunno," he replied; "wouldn't tell. Said he'd call again. 'Taint any o' my



GEORGE I'S DESCRIPTION OF THE BLACK AVENGER.

business but I advise you to be out. He's the ugliest lookin' feller I ever see."

George I. spoke in a tone of full solicitude for my welfare, and he looked at me with morbid curiosity, as one might regard a cow that was about to be made the subject of an experiment in electrocution.

"He wanted to know if you were married," added George. "I thought perhaps he had scruples against making anybody a widow, so I said I guessed you were."

"If he comes again," said I, "tell him I'm suspected of bigamy and have fled the town."

"Well, he wasn't so very tall, but he was broad shouldered and had a hand about the size of a four-ounce glove. I'd say he'd fight at 200 pounds. He asked me when he could find you in, an' I said you wouldn't be here today."

I gave George I. a quarter and left the office. About two hours later I was obliged to return for some papers which I had forgotten.

I entered cautiously, but encountered nobody more formidable than George II, who remarked: "Pete Jackson's been here again lookin' for you."

"You mean the colored man?" "Yes, an' he's a whale. Must be six feet and a half tall. He ain't so very stout, but he's an awful powerful lookin' man."

"What did the man look like?" "Well, he wasn't so very tall, but he was broad shouldered and had a hand about the size of a four-ounce glove. I'd say he'd fight at 200 pounds. He asked me when he could find you in, an' I said you wouldn't be here today."

I gave George II. half a dollar, and got out of the office as quickly as possible. In the obscurity of the hall I met a colored man and I had already begun to repent of my sins when I recognized him as the janitor's assistant.

"I'm glad to see you alive," said he. "There's been the biggest, bloodthirstiest—"



THE BLACK AVENGER AS DESCRIBED BY GEORGE I.

"You don't mean that he's tracked me here?" I exclaimed. "Old man, I'm lost."

"What's the matter? Have you been writing him up? Some prize fighter, I suppose, that you've been using as a horrible example? That fellow is nearly seven feet tall, and he'll weigh 300. I advise you to carry a gun. Who is he?"

"I haven't any idea; but he must be a remarkable man. According to the description I get of him, he's grown a foot taller and gained 100 pounds in weight since he came into my office at half-past nine o'clock this morning."

Evidently the studio was not a safe place for me. I went home with gratitude in my heart towards George II. for concealing my place of residence. In the morning I made a flying visit to the office to get my mail. The young lady who attended to my large correspondence, and seen that all my letters and manuscripts are misspelled and misdirected, greeted me with an announcement that the Black Avenger had just gone out. She described him to me again. According to her observation he wasn't so big a man as I had been led to expect, but the expression of his coun-

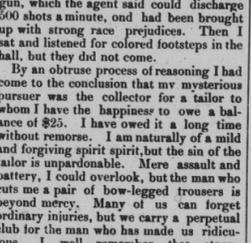
tenance was, if possible, fierce. He had asked that I should leave a note informing him when I could be found.

I saw in the request a means of temporary salvation. I immediately wrote the note, and made an appointment for Tuesday of the following week. The next day George II. informed me that Pete had taken the note and would "come to time."

Then I began to prepare my defenses. I decided that I should soon be called upon to commit a Southern outrage. I was also of the opinion that I couldn't do it satisfactorily alone. The only other occupant of my office, beside the boys, and girl who dealt in real estate—a poor fellow with one foot in the grave and the other on Staten Island, where he lives in a house he has never been to sell.

But the old real estate dealer was hard-ly the man to assist in wholesale slaughter, so I gave him notice to quit, and rented his desk to the agent for a fire-arm factory, who brought some fine samples of his amiable goods. I was especially pleased with the appearance of a large, new Gatling gun, which the agent said could discharge 500 shots a minute, and had been brought up with strong race prejudices. Then I sat and listened for colored footsteps in the hall, but they did not come.

By an obscure process of reasoning I had come to the conclusion that my mysterious pursuer was the collector for a tailor to whom I have the happiness to owe a balance of \$25. I have owed it a long time without remorse. I am naturally of a mild and forgiving spirit, but the sin of the tailor is unpardonable. Mere assault and battery, I could overlook, but the man who cuts me a pair of bow-legged trousers is beyond mercy. Many of us can forget ordinary injuries, but we carry a perpetual club for the man who has made us ridiculous. I well remember the stooped, shouldered, lump-backed coat and the pantaloons, which I think he must have cut with a jig saw. I also recall the arts which he employed to make me accept them; he used the electric light went out and the gas burned with a pale sepulchral flame while I tried in vain to see the out-



READY FOR THE BLACK AVENGER.

line of my figure in his unwashed mirror. And all the time he swore that he could see the clothes perfectly well, and that there wasn't a wrinkle in them.

Meanwhile I kept getting incidental descriptions of the Black Avenger from various people—the janitor, the elevator boy, and others. No two of these descriptions agreed, but I built my ideal character from the most terrible features of all the stories.

And one day he called. George I. saw him coming along the hall and he got into the safe and shut the door; the typewriter girl fainted; the agent poured half a peck of cartridges into the Gatling. Then the dreaded form crossed the threshold. He was a fine looking negro, somewhat above the medium height, with an intelligent expression of countenance, and a courteous bearing. He did not resemble his description. What mortal ever did? He approached me, bowing respectfully.

"Mr. Fielding," said he, "our little church is getting up a fair, and I want you, if you please, to buy two tickets—for yourself and wife—to help the good work along." HOWARD FIELDING.

A Nice Legal Point. The magistrates of Toulouse in France are about to have a case brought under their notice which it will tax their discernment and legal wisdom to decide. It originated with a curious incident which occurred, we read, a short time ago in the refreshment rooms of the Toulouse railway terminus.

A customer, having finished his breakfast at the table d'hote, drew a hundred-franc note from his pocket and tendered it to the waiter. The latter being a little too far off to reach it, an obliging neighbor took it, with the object of passing it on to the waiter. Accidentally, however, he let it fall into a sauce tureen that was being handed round at the same moment.

Another gentleman picked it out of this receptacle, holding the sauced bank-note delicately by the corner. Before he could give it to the waiter a large dog, smelling the sauce, seized the note and swallowed it. All the witnesses of the incident went to the police commissary's office, the customer to whom the note belonged demanding that the dog should be killed, so that he might recover his money.

The dog's master, however, objected that the animal was worth far more than a hundred francs, and the matter was left in suspense till the following day. By a singular coincidence, in the course of the night the dog, taken with some sudden illness, died. The carcass was opened, but no trace of the bank-note was visible. The magistrates of Toulouse have been called upon to decide who ought to sustain the loss of the bank-note.

Queen's Messengers. Railways have now made the journeys of Queen's messengers quite holiday trips. It was different in the old days, when lengthy and adventurous journeys on horse back were common incidents in the messenger's life: One of the most famous of these journeys was that of Colonel Townley from Belgrade to Constantinople, performed under circumstances of great personal discomfort in an incredibly short space of time. It called forth high commendation from Lord Palmerston in a speech in the House of Commons in 1850:—"As a proof of the zeal with which these Royal messengers render their services to the Government of this country, I mention an instance in which one

of these gentlemen performed his duty on an occasion when it was required that he should make an extraordinary effort in order to carry a despatch of very considerable importance from the foreign office to Constantinople, at a time when a question was pending between Russia and Turkey, who was three days and nights in the saddle without quitting it, and performed the journey in the worst weather, and under the greatest possible difficulties." But even this extraordinary journey was beaten shortly afterwards by Mr. (now Sir Henry) Layard, who, though not a Queen's Messenger, performed the duties of one, bringing important intelligence from Belgrade to Sir Stratford Canning at Constantinople, and travelling over the same ground in even a shorter time.

Patriotism in Germany. In order to see paternal government in its fullest development one must go, according to a writer in Macmillan's Magazine, to Germany. In the "over administered" nation cyclists are not merely warned but peremptorily desired to get off their machines going down hill. To take one or two other examples, you cannot hire a cab at a railway station without taking a ticket from the station inspector, and then you must hire the cab whose number corresponds with your ticket. You may not take tickets at the opera except on the second day before, or else on the morning of the performance. You may not water plants on the windowsill, lest they should fall over. You may not put milk in a beer bottle, lest you should poison yourself. This last regulation is, it seems, very stringent indeed. This writer wanted some milk in a hurry for a picnic, and the milkman said that unfortunately he had no bottles. Of the many dozen empty bottles in the shop he flatly declined to sell a single one, alleging that they were not meant for milk. He pointed to the administration stamp on the stopper, which consecrated the bottle to beer for ever, and assured his disappointed customer that it could not be made worth his while to offend that silent witness.

Four Thousand Mummies on a Battlefield. A traveller who has just returned from South America states that on the battlefield of Tarapaca, in the desert, the dead are still lying just as they fell in the battle between the Chilians and the Peruvians. There were about 4,000 of them, and nearly 1,000 horses are left unburied, for the Chilians, who were marching through a horrible region of drought and death, had no time to dig sepulchres. But it never rains on Tarapaca, and the sun has dried the corpses and the nitrate in the soil has preserved them, and upon the plateau 5,000 mummies lie in ghastly confusion, with their broken swords and bayonets all as fresh looking as on the day of that memorable battle. There is no bird, or beast, or insect in that horrible desolation, and if nobody interlopes with the relics they will remain the same for centuries.

PELEE ISLAND Co.'s Grape Juice is invaluable for sickness and as a tonic is unequalled. It is recommended by Physicians being pure unadulterated juice of the grape. Our agent E. G. Scovill, Tea importer and liquor merchant No 62 Union St. can supply our Brands of Grape Juice by the case of one dozen, or on draught.

HOW TO TELL GOOD WHISKY. The Chief Analyst of the Canadian Government informs the People. A 43-page pamphlet recently issued by the Inland Revenue department, under the title of "Bulletin No. 27," furnishes information concerning the quality of liquors of such an interesting and valuable character as to make it an excellent guide book for importers, retailers and consumers; and one that should be in the hands of all who desire to know the names of reliable distillers and dealers, and the way to tell high-class liquors from inferior grades. The information contained in the pamphlet is very full, and is presented in a manner that reflects credit on the Laboratory branch of the Inland Revenue department.

On page 41, referring to Scotch Whiskies, the Analyst says:—"These whiskies claim, I believe, to be produced by distillation of malted grain, or a mixture of malted and unmalted grain, in pot-stills. They are characterized when new by the very large amount of so-called 'emphyneumatic oils' which they contain. The new or raw spirit, being quite unfit for use, is aged in wooden vessels, and in the course of time, through the changes which take place, the oils are oxidized or otherwise converted into products which give the characteristic bouquet or flavor to these whiskies."

Page 33 says:—"Any volatile oils present in a liquor are carried over with the vapor of alcohol, and are therefore found in the alcoholic distillate. Such oils, as a rule, are insoluble in water and nearly insoluble in very dilute alcohol. In consequence of this when water is added to the distillate, so that its volume is double that of the liquor distilled, the oils are largely thrown out of solution, and the emulsion so produced becomes decidedly opalescent. In genuine Scotch Whiskies such oils are necessarily present. Grain spirit (alcohol) is free from these oils and gives no opalescence on dilution with water. As rye whiskey is generally made from such spirit we find no opalescence on diluting the distillate from this liquor. Six samples of artificial liquors were produced in the laboratory from patent still spirit and essences. None of the distillates from them gave any opalescence on diluting with water. It is not

unlikely here the opalescence is very slight the liquor is essentially an imitation article, to which a proportion of genuine liquor has been added. Since in every case in which a high degree of certainty exists as to the origin of a pot-still liquor a very decided opalescence has been found."

On page 34 of the report the government analyst, in reference to furfural reaction, quotes M. L. Lindet—Bull. de la Societe Chimique de Paris, tome V, p. 20, as follows:—"The presence of furfural in liquor is believed to be due to the charring of portions of the malt (or other material used) during process of distillation." Continuing the analyst says:—"In patent stills, where steam heat only is used, this charring of the contents of the still does not take place, and in the spirit produced furfural is not found. The ageing of the spirit which causes changes in the nature of most of the secondary constituents of spirits, does not apparently affect the furfural, which is present as largely in all as in new pot-still whiskies. (The analyst quotes the foregoing from the evidence of A. H. Allen before the select committee on spirits appointed by the British House of Commons 1891.)

The report furnishes on page 21 a list of the Scotch Whiskies analyzed, with the following results:—

Opalescence on Diluting Distillate. Furfural Reaction.

Mackie & Co. Distinct. Very distinct. B. Stewart Distinct. Distinct. Ballouh, Laid & Co. Slight. Faint. Bernard & Co. Slight. Faint. Donald Stewart Slight. Faint. Kiker, Dezer & Co. Slight. Faint. "Realist" Ball's Brand. Faint. Mitchell's Heather Dew, None. Faint. Thom & Cameron Distinct. Very faint. Artificial Scotch prepared in the Laboratory. None.

Several other brands, shipped by blenders and distillers, whose names do not appear, not having been given the inspectors, are not included in this list. These, however, appear in the report in connection with the vendors' names, and are all ranked as more or less inferior to the highest grade above mentioned.

So that, according to the official report of the laboratory branch of the Inland Revenue department, the highest recognized authority in the Dominion of Canada, MACKIE & Co.'s Scotch stands conspicuously at the head of the whiskey list.—Advt.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The best women don't always get married. K. D. C. positively cures the worst cases of Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Ask your druggist for it or send direct to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

Don't swear to your own honesty in a horse trade. The World's Fair—"I will be fairer still when all dyspeptics have been cured by the use of K. D. C.—the Greatest Cure of the Age. Cure guaranteed or money refunded.

Man's clothes are of himself a thing apart; they're women's whole existence. Unlike all other Dyspepsia medicines, K. D. C. is not a cure-all or a laxative, but is a purifier and healer of the stomach—the seat of nine-tenths of all diseases. For restoring the stomach to healthy action it is specially prepared.

We probably should never want to see ourselves as others see us the second time. Substitute nothing for K. D. C.—the Perfect Cure. It acts like magic on the stomach. Test it for yourself! A free sample package mailed to any address, K. D. C. company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

Silence is not only never thirsty, but also never brings pain or sorrow.—Hippocrates. A king appointed by acclamation! Having been tested and proved worthy the highest place K. D. C. has, with shouts of acclamation been acknowledged the king of medicines. Dyspepsia cured or money refunded.

Some men who put the most money in the missionary box, put the most sand in their sugar. C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gentlemen.—The top of my head was bald for several years. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT, and now have as good a growth of hair as I ever had. Mrs. ALBERT MCKAY, Wheatly River, P. E. I.

I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on my head and now have a good head of hair after having been bald for several years. It is the only hair restorer I have ever found. Mrs. C. ANDERSON, Stanley Bridge, P. E. I.

The censure of our fellow men, which we are so prone to esteem a proof of our superior wisdom, is too often only the evidence of the conceit that would magnify self, and of the malignity or envy that would detract from others.—Edwards.

J. VAN BUSKIRK, Bear River, N. S., writes:—"I have great pleasure in testifying to the good effect which I have experienced from the use of K. D. C. I have suffered from dyspepsia in its worst form for over twenty years. Have consulted a number of physicians but could obtain no relief. Also tried a number of patent medicines with no success. After which I commenced to take K. D. C., and am happy to state that I am almost perfectly well. I hope your great remedy may become universally known.

Fools measure actions after they are done by the event; wise men beforehand. I have used K. D. C. for several years, and former look to the end and judge of the act. Let me look at the act and leave the end with God.—Bishop Hale.

TEN IN A FAMILY Make a Big Wash. Mrs. Duncan McKay, Paris, Ont., writes: SURPRISE SOAP is the best soap I have ever used. I can do a large washing for ten of a Family, have them all out by dinner-time and cook for them as well, and not feel tired when I am through.

DELICATE WOMEN Who Wash, can do so with Greatest Ease and Comfort with SURPRISE. Mrs. S. Stephens, Toronto, Ont., says: I heard a great deal about SURPRISE SOAP, so I thought I would give it a trial. I was delighted with the results. I would recommend all delicate women to use it as it does half the work for us. Before I used Surprise I could not do my washing in one day. Now I get done and easily clean up. It is splendid.

A Man Who Has a "Pull." HE must have a regular political "pull" or he couldn't take such a liberty with "his honor." What is a "pull"? Generally speaking it is what every man in politics wants, and something that is absolutely necessary if you want a government position. It is what you bring to bear when you want anything and find trouble in getting it. A pull is not necessary, however, when you want to show your wife the advantage of having her lace curtains done up at Ungar's. She knows what trouble it is to do them herself, and it is not a pleasure for her to wrestle with curtain stretchers any more than it is for you to find the house lumbered up with them. Make a note of it. Consult your wife, and if she has never seen any of Ungar's work in the curtain line she won't hesitate a minute in getting them done there.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, Granville street. It'll be done right, it done at UNGAR'S.

Children's Kilt Suits Made up in Blue Serges and Fancy Tweeds. Prices ranging from \$3.75 to \$5.00. In ordering state chest measure and age, and we will send for selection subject to being returned at our expense. E. C. COLE, Palmer's Block, 178 Main Street. Montreal, May 10, 1892.

NEW DISCOVERY by ACCIDENT IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT. Lay the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or ever afterwards. It is unlike any other preparation ever used for a like purpose. Thousands of LADIES who have been annoyed with hair on their FACE, NECK and ARMS about the neck, and a perfect boon in Queen's Anti-Hairine which does away with shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility. Send money or stamp by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly confidential. This advertisement is honest and straight forward in every word it contains. We invite you to deal with us and you will find everything as represented. Cut this out and send today. Address QUEEN CHEMICAL CO., 174 Race Street, CINCINNATI, O. You can register your letter as any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay \$1000 for any case of failure of slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed. SPECIAL.—To ladies who introduce and sell among their friends the Bottles of Queen's Anti-Hairine, we will present with a BULKY DELIVER, 16 large bottles and samples of hair to select from our own order. Good delivery on commission to Agents. HOME REFERENCES.—The Lytle Safe and Lock Co., 148 to 150 Water Street; Edwin Alden Advertising Agency, 245 Race Street, and John D. Park & Son Co., Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati Ohio.

FAMILY

a Big Wash.

McKay, Paris, Ont.,

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OWERS, T. O. You can

may \$1.00 for any case

arranted.

of Queen's Anti-Hairline,

Large Bottle and sample

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SUNDAY READING



SERMON.

HEARST AND CONVICTION. BY REV. P. M'ADAM MUIR, OF EDINBURGH. Preached in the University Chapel, Glasgow, on Sunday Afternoon, March 6.

"I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."—Job xlii. 5, 6.

This con- can may be said to form the culminating point of the Book of Job. It is the conviction to which all that has been said and done before has brought the patriarch. It is the utterance which all the trials that he has borne, and all the argu- ments that his friends have spoken, bring from his very heart. It is the moral of the whole story. Not in the outward prosper- ity which again attended him, not in the re- newed abundance of his flocks and herds, not in his home filled again with happy faces, do we see the reward of his patient- ness, but in the real blessedness which came as compensation for all his woes, so much as in the spiritual state which enabled him to say, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, re- pent, I condemn myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

Job had maintained his innocence all along. He had indignantly protested against the supposition that his calamities were the direct result of his evil life. He had repudiated the suggestions which one by one his friends had brought before him as probably the origin of his misfortunes. He had not been false, he had not been unjust, he had not been cruel, he had not been vile, he had not been covetous, he had not been idolatrous. He could chal- lenge comparison with many whose lot was happiness itself, and he could boldly de- clare that their deeds and their lives were infinitely worse than his. The narrative impresses upon us, moreover, that this assurance of his own integrity was not mis- taken; that, as regards the discussion be- tween himself and his friends, he was in the right and they were in the wrong. He was regarded with the divine approval. "The Lord said to Eliphaz, My wrath is kindled against thee and against thy two friends, for ye have not spoken of Me the thing that is right as My servant Job hath. But now go to My servant Job and offer up for yourselves a burnt offering, and My servant Job shall pray for you; for him will I accept that I deal not with you after your folly; for ye have not spoken of Me the thing that is right as My servant Job hath." Yet in spite of this conviction of the injustice of the suspicions under which he had smarted, in spite of the triumphant vindication of his character, in spite of the interiority of his friends to him and the false assumption on which they had been reasoning, the words of Job now indicate that after all he has not been altogether right and the arguments of his friends have not been altogether wrong. They had spoken much to the force of all he now agreed. They had accused him of impatience, of rashness in speech, and at the time he had repelled the accusation; but now he humbly acknowledged "I have uttered what I understood not, things too wonderful for me, which I knew not." They had counselled him to repent, and he had retorted that he stood in need of no repentance; but now he cried in deep abasement, "I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes."

What produced this great change? How was it that, emerging victorious from his trying ordeal, his friends silenced and himself approved, he looked upon himself with other eyes than he had looked before, and read another meaning in what his friends had said? It was that he no longer measured himself by human standards, that he no longer compared himself with other men, but with the perfect holiness of the law of God; it was that new light had shone upon him, a new vision had been granted him; he saw order where formerly there had been confusion, he saw mystery where formerly he had fancied there was none; and so in the presence alike of the clearer revelation and the vaster mystery he could only wonder and adore.

Restoration and Revelation. "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee." How had this great sight been granted him? It was by bringing before him the blindness and ignorance of man, and the marvels of the universe, and the majesty of Him by whom the universe was governed. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" one of his friends had said to him, in a very reproachful spirit indeed. "Canst thou find the Almighty unto perfection?" But now that same truth had been otherwise impressed upon him, had been spoken with an authority which he could not resist. What did he know of that Power, that Government which he had been impugning? After he had put to silence his three friends, who could answer him no more because he was righteous in his own eyes, after Eliphaz had interposed as seeking to show the unreasonableness of both Job and his friends, then Lord answered Job out of the whirl- wind, out of the tempest raging without and within. "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare if thou hast understanding. Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened, or who laid the corner stones thereof, when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" He was sum- moned to consider the mysteries which lay round about him, the events and the things in which he had been accustomed to think there was any mystery at all, the night, the day, the sea, the snow, the stars, the clouds, the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field and the monsters of the deep, and in that consideration there dawned upon him a vision of that Mighty Power in which all things lived and moved and had their being. He saw around him so much that he could not understand, he

saw around him power with which he could not contend; what must be the Power which embraced and controlled them all? How foolish, how presumptuous to make of his own weak sight, of his own insignificant case, the measure of the mighty Whole. There was Order though he might not see it, there was Law though he might not understand it. He was convinced that all was well.

And this conclusion was come to, simply because he saw more clearly what had always been visible. It was not because of any elaborate argument, it was not because his doubts and difficulties were taken up one by one and ingeniously removed. "What the voice out of the whirlwind said was no astonishing revelation, was no ex- planation of any problem which had been perplexing him, did not communicate to him any information which he did not previously possess. It showed nothing that was new, and yet it seemed as if some- thing fell from his eyes, as if hitherto he had been blind, as if now, for the first time, he saw what he had heard hitherto others describe. He had been told nothing that could be a surprise to him, and yet how much he had learned—how had the familiar sights and events become instinct with meaning and with life! The volume of nature outspread before him revealed to him, wherever he turned, the infinite wisdom and power and righteousness. It was God whose presence and whose working he discerned in every- thing—nowhere could he look out God was visible.

"I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee; wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." In seeing God he saw himself. The glory of that light streamed upon him, disclosing the recesses of his nature, per- mitting him with horror to behold imper- fections and weaknesses which the darkness had hitherto hidden from his view. It was so different estimating himself in the light which the criticism of his friends threw around, and estimating himself in the light which searched the thoughts and intents of his heart. So long as he had brooded over his sorrow, and had listened to the attempts of his friends to explain the purpose of the Almighty in sending it, so long as he could not detect any unrighteousness in him- self, he could declare himself to be guilt- less of the evil imputed to him as the ex- ceptional cause of his exceptional misery. But when he looked from himself to God, when he saw the Eternal Holiness and Purity, the new sight awoke within him a knowledge of himself which all his self- speculation had been unable to produce. The greatest earthly wisdom became as foolish- ness, the greatest earthly virtue became as villainy by the contrast. He might exulta- bly himself before God. He had been ut- tering words which he ought to have been submissive; he had been misinterpreting the divine law; he had been rushing for- ward where he ought to have held back. He was face to face not with the prejudiced, partial judgment of men which he might well resent, but with the impartial and equal judgments of God from which there was no appeal; and the knowledge of that judgment removed all pride in his own in- tegrity. All that he could now say, he the upright, he the resolute, in his own justifi- cation, was: "I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes."

The Time of Awakening. There are many who can bear witness to a change like that which took place in Job having taken place in themselves. They have passed from a belief which is the result of hearsay to a faith which is the result of personal conviction and this ex- perience in some form is needful for us every one. The modes in which it may be attained are very various, but no one can be right till that vision has been granted to him, till the God of whom he has been taught becomes a reality, is seen and known by the eye of faith. The work of fiction which has been most widely read in recent years is the story of a clergyman who had sadly renounced his faith because, in the presence of modern enlightenment, it was no longer tenable. He is described as a man of noble charac- ter who followed truth wheresoever it lead him. And in following what he believed to be truth, he, of course, did well. But this has perhaps not been sufficiently noted; in the delineation of his character the beliefs from which he parted were really never his. He had been taught them as a child, he had received them by tradition, he had never turned them over in his own mind, never sounded their depths. And so, when another aspect of truth was pre- sented to him which he studied with earnestness, which he found contained much that was helpful to his life, the old beliefs, which he had only fancied that he had believed, could not but fall away. The tradition which we accept may be true in every detail, the authority before which we bow may be worthy of all veneration, but if, having attained to years and powers in which we are capable of making a decision for ourselves, our faith is still held on the frail and solitary tenure that, owing to the accident of our birth in a christian country, we were taught it in our childhood, it will fail us in the time of trouble.

keep forcing it upon them, and may im- patiently plead that they are better than some who seem to have it. They demand different solutions—they turn aside from all that are offered. The strange thing is that when at last they emerge from their clouds, when they have a faith which they have verified, and on which they can rest, it is, as a rule, essentially the same as that which they had found so powerless. They have not had their difficulties removed, they cannot see the explanation, they perplexes them any more than they previously could, they cannot be positive regarding the reason why this should be withheld and that should be allowed; but they see their own inadequacy to pronounce judgement on what so far transcends their comprehension. The mystery is not removed, but deepened and expanded. Yet in the very deepening and expanding, in the awak- ening to the fact that the simplest things are marvellous, there is a strange peace im- parted to the heart; for over and beyond all seen or unseen, familiar and awful, He is discerned who is overruling all; and our poor, frail selves may surely trust them- selves to the Almighty Hands. It is, in- deed, extraordinary, the new meaning which often comes with the course of years into the commonest words and things. Aged saints, who have been growing all their days in the knowledge of God, will, when drawing near to death, pour out their supplications in the little prayers which they learned to stammer at their mother's knee. Men who have attained to a perfection of character, which is the lot of few, will tell us that their con- fessions of sin which in their youth they deemed extravagant, are now the plainest statement of fact. And what many of us need is not, as we think, that we should have fresh arguments adduced or fresh discoveries made, but only that the well-known, the familiar, the old, should be seen as it really is. Still for us, as for Job, when the weight of sorrow or of doubt presses upon us, the way of deliverance is to be found in looking once again on the manifestations of divine power and love of which we have heard all our days. Still it is to be found in the contemplation of the works of nature—in the sight of law ever unfolding, of beauty ever appearing, of wonder ever multiplying before our very eyes. Still it is to be found in that greater revelation which Job had not, but which to us is most familiar of all—the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. That story which for eighteen hundred years has been repeated and repeated—that story which is contained in one small volume—that story, the chief incident of which may be compressed into two pages—that story which we have heard with the hearing of the ear till we think it cannot possibly con- tain anything which we do not fully under- stand,—it is that old well-worn story which alone truly discloses God as He is, which enables us to cast from us our fears and perplexities, which humbles us to the dust indeed with a sense of our ignorance and folly and sin, but which inspires us with confidence and hope for all the future.

words come home to us; and so acknow- ledging our presumption in rushing in where angels fear to tread, acknowledging that we have uttered what we understood not, things too wonderful for us which we knew not, may we each one, as we bow before Him in silence and in shame, say in the depths of our hearts: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

THE CHURCH AND ITS WORKERS. The Pope has decided to publish an en- cyclical letter at the time of the Columbian exposition on Columbus, in which he will trace the life of the discoverer, and, in particular, indicate the part taken by the holy see in that marvellous epoch of the history of civilization. Mrs. Beecher says that her husband used to prepare the bulk of his sermon Sunday morning after breakfast. But it was never certain that he would use this material. Frequently after the services had begun, the prayer been delivered, the scriptures read, and the choir was half through the hymn, Mr. Beecher would be struck by an idea, and jotting it down on a scrap of paper or the back of a letter taken from his coat pocket he would preach extemporaneously one of the best sermons. Years ago I was having a few days' climbing in the lake district when Mr. Spurgeon came by in an open carriage and pair. I was carrying my knapsack and alpenstock. Stopping to salute me, he said: "What seems your paradise would be my purgatory." I really thought a little such purgatory would be salutary. I asked him what he replied to those who objected to his driving to service on Sun- day. "Oh, I tell them all I am a christ- ian and my horses Jews. They rest on their seventh day, Sabbath, and so help me to rest on my first day, Sunday. Were I to walk it would be my hardest day of work." He told us of two passages of arms in his early ministry. "Dr. Cumming, in a letter to the Times, said that Spurgeon needed more honey. I replied that if Cumming would send me some honey I would send him some salt, which might do him good. They dealt more in salt at the Tabernacle." Beecher had said that Spurgeon owed his popularity no more to his Calvinism than a camel owed its excellence to its hump. "I replied," said Spurgeon, "that the hump was a store of fat on which the camel lived on a long journey, and that its value de- pended on its hump."—Good Words.

words come home to us; and so acknow- ledging our presumption in rushing in where angels fear to tread, acknowledging that we have uttered what we understood not, things too wonderful for us which we knew not, may we each one, as we bow before Him in silence and in shame, say in the depths of our hearts: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

AYER'S Sarsaparilla CURES OTHERS, Will Cure You. Description and Vision. It is the vision of divine love and power and forgiveness which strikes our "doubt- ing dumb," which alone affords relief to the spirit longing to believe that all is well, that human aspirations are not a mockery and an illusion. But it is a vision which each must see for himself; one cannot communicate to another what he has seen. The impression made upon us by the description of any scene from the lips of others is always in many points strangely unlike the scene as it appears to our own eyes and our own hearts. The most skillful word-painter cannot give us a perfectly true conception of a glen or a hill or a stream if we have never seen it. He may record every feature of the landscape—he may delineate with the most accurate minuteness of detail, the ruggedness of the rocks, the luxuriance of the wild flowers, but so long as we merely read his description, we make mistakes as to the multitude of details, we could not from his mere words draw a picture which in every respect should be like the original. We have to see it before we can appreciate the fidelity of the description. So it is that each of us must see the vision of God for himself, must hear the voice of God for himself, otherwise we have no adequate conception of what it is, and no attempt to cast from us our fears and perplexities. What was it that Job saw? in what way did he discern the awful pres- ence? Not one word is here to tell us. The same scenes, the same influences, were around him, but he saw what they did not see. He saw, he worshipped, he trusted, he repented, he was following with a new life, new power; he went forth a new man. And we must rest content till spiri- tual things become realities. "We have heard with the hearing of the ear;" we hear every Sunday of God, of Christ, of the Un- seen and Eternal. But it is mere hearing? Are the most beautiful words more to us than platitudes? Are they but venerable traditions which we never have been roused to question? In these days it will be strange if you escape being called on to test the beliefs in which you have been trained, if there does not come a time when you are forced to ask, "Are the lessons which we learned long ago fancies or real- ities? Are the disquisitions to which we have listened on the divine government of the world true or false? It may be that in fiery suffering we rise up in revolt against the narrow prejudices of good men, and fiercely turn to pieces the flimsy arguments with which they would vindicate the ways of God to man; it may be that in the de- molition of their common-places there is no more true reverence for God than in the common-places themselves; but when the voice of man is hush- ed, and our angry spirits brood over the hardness of our lot, and the false- hood of the aspersions to which we have been subject, and the mystery of all things—then there speaks a voice to which we must give heed, a voice which but recalls the truths which we have heard before and puts them in a different light, and there dawns upon us from nature and from the gospel a vision of that which we had often heard described in feeble, stammering ac- cents, and we fall down contrite, yet in hopefulness, before Him of whom no tongue of man has ever spoken, in sublimest flights of imagination of what approaches the Divine Reality.

As we think of what our relation to Him in the past has been, we may realize that we have said much about His ways that had no meaning even for ourselves; we have ut- tered in light and frivolous moods the most awful truths. May the reality of these

INTENSE SUFFERING! Mr. William Buchanan, 24 years engineer in the Cunard Steamship Company's service, 8 St. John's Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool, Eng., writes: "I suffered two years of agony from an affection in the head which six physicians pronounced incurable. They were divided in opinion as to whether it was acute neuralgia of the head or rheumatic affection of the brain, but all agreed that I could never recover. In my paroxysms of pain it needed two and sometimes three men to hold me down in bed. When at death's door, ST. JACOBS OIL was applied to my head. It acted like magic. It saved my life. I am well and hearty, and have had no return of the trouble." "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

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ACTORS OFF THE STAGE

THE CLUBS AND HOMES OF ENGLISH PLAYERS.

The Flurry of the Stage Not Found in Private Life—How They Hide From the Public Gaze—Famous Clubs of London and Something About Them.

LONDON, May 9, 1892.—In nearly every great American city we have some particular locality constantly frequented during certain hours of the day by actors great and small. The casual passer lingers curiously within the region. Even one least accustomed to striking city phases, is instantly impressed with the unusual character of the neighborhood and with the manners and dress of its frequenters.

Public houses of a cozy rather than a sumptuous sort are characteristic of the place. Windows above it are filled with strange costumes. Little low windows and still tinier glass cases or receivers here and there display curious examples of the wigmaker's art. "Voice Training" can be secured up this dingy flight of stairs. "A School of Elocution" will be reached through another dark entryway. The legend "Fancy Steps," will appear where the stairs hint of serious stumbling instead. Next the roof of one building "Pupils" will be "Fitted for the Stage."

"Banjo Taught" has broken out upon every doorway directory. And signs of "Dramatic Agency," where the first and perennially successive looting of actors is done, cluster like beacons of wreckers to entice the veteran as well as the youngest skipper upon the shoals of treacherous dramatic seas.

In general and particular everything needful to "the profession," and many things which its members could safely schew, are gathered in and about this strange little city world within the great city. It is called "The Rialto." And upon these "Rialtos," by day, walk for pleasure or profit, in idleness or anxiety, in pompous plenitude or in pitiful poverty all those hundreds and thousands who by night charm and cheer us upon the mimic stage.

Our American "Rialtos" are more marked in concentration and character than those of European cities. This is particularly true in New York. In London, where are the haunts of probably more actors than exist in any other four or five of the greatest cities, there is no spot which exactly corresponds with the American actors' "Rialto," except one. That one is the greatest resort in the world for music-hall performers. It is just across the Waterloo bridge from the Strand, on the Surrey side of London; is called in local parlance, "Poverty Junction."

But between these folk, who are called "prossers" or "pros," in the vernacular, and the actors of London there is an ever impassable gulf. In our country there is considerable commingling and association of these elements or classes. This almost wholly accounts for the characteristic groupings of business and loungers forming our "Rialtos." Here the actor not only scorns the "pros" as he would a tramp, and will have none of him as a companion, but he will drink no liquor, eat no food, transact no business, and frequent no thoroughfare or haunt, where the "pros" are permitted to come.

There are reasons for this close "rawing" of professional lines. An important one is found in the fact that for a very long time London theatrical managers have sustained an absolute monopoly of dramatic performances. By law the proprietors of music-halls are forbidden to present any exhibition of a dramatic nature. Their compensation is in being permitted to sell all manner of liquors by hands of bewitching barmaids, of their great sources of attraction and profit. To the "legitimate" dramatic performer, any one who has appeared in "the halls," from his standpoint of ethics, can by no possibility ever become a genuine actor or attain to his social standing.

On the other hand, you will seldom find an English, Irish or Scotch actor who is not a gentleman born and bred. I do not mean that he is always of the so-called British "gentry" stock. But I do mean that the stock from which he has sprung is his usually of the best quality; that he has had the advantage of being well bred; has been given excellent home and school, and very often university training; that he is a reader, a student and a traveler; and that the best regime and athletic sports have done for him, physically, what his education has done for him mentally, and his unavoidable culture, off and on the stage, has done for both his ethics and his manners.

This is universal rather than exceptional. He is therefore justly proud of his vocation. Such names as those of Shakespeare, Kemble, Garrick, Macready and Mathews, furnish endless pique and spur to his ambition.

This is why the haunts of London actors differ from the haunts of American actors; and why, also, their environment naturally produces the ablest delineators not of intense and exaggerated character and situations, as with the French, and somewhat with our American school, but of those fadeless good and mellow comedies, dramas and tragedies which appeal to the intellect and heart, rather than to sensation hunger, the nerves and the passions.

These changeless conditions naturally give London actors as a class but two places that may be regarded as their real haunts—their homes and their clubs. The first of these may be seen to Americans an odd sort of actor's retreat.

They are seldom grand affairs. It is their great number and their sweet and good homeliness which make them remarkable. The exigencies of provincial professional travel and frequent American tours often render their continuous occupancy impossible. Frequently the husband goes in one direction and the wife, if she be an actress, in another. But the abiding-place is Mecca to both, and there is always some one to hold the belongings together, and train the little ones against the home-coming.

The English actor has a grand abhorrence of a big and showy home. I could print

THE STORY OF KIPLING'S SUCCESS.

How the Young English Writer's Stories First Gained Attention.

When Kipling left India with his collection of stories—in whose possibilities he had himself infinite faith, although, so his friend said, the editors of the Indian newspapers in which he published a number of them thought but slightly of them and begrudged them the space they filled—his first idea was to publish them in America. So he made his way to New York with a letter of introduction in his pocket to a prominent publishing house. By some curious affinity in lack of insight this house thought no more of the stories than did the unappreciative editors out in India.

Kipling, in his disgust, made no further attempt to dispose of his stories on this side of the Atlantic. He tried his luck in London with better success, so far as finding a publisher is concerned. His stories were brought out, but, strange as it may appear in view of their subsequent popularity, they fell perfectly dead. His stock of money was giving out. His lodgings and board were of the most economical. It looked as if he were intended to gain his living by some less agreeable occupation than story writing.

The friend, who was acquainted with India and with Kipling's career there, explained that he was a very brilliant young fellow, who knew India as few men know it, for he had a remarkable faculty of observation; that he had just come, home bringing with him a volume of stories which he had published; that he must have with him, also, a large stock of interesting memorabilia; that in his (the friend's) opinion Kipling was the coming man in story telling; that it would be greatly to the credit of Yates' paper to anticipate in being on the whole, rather unwilling to submit to the un-English advertisement of an interview. The reporter prevailed upon him to do the favor (Kipling's friend said that he understood as well as any one the help the publicity would do to him, and was simply playing a game of bluff). So the interview appeared, some two columns in a much read paper. It created no little talk. Among others who read it with interest was the reviewer of the London Times. He remembered in an indistinct way that Kipling's stories had come to his desk and that he had let them lie there. He hunted them up, and in the light of what we now know about the man was greatly impressed by them. He gave them a half column review or more, and said that Kipling's Englishmen were enough. To find Kipling indured in the Times immediately set them to reading him. The stories no longer lay, dust covered, on the publishers shelves. The stock on hand was not sufficient to meet the sudden demand.—Independent.

Birds as Surgeons. Some interesting observations relating to the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were recently brought by Monsieur Fatio before the Physical Society of Geneva. He quotes the case of a snipe that he has often observed engaged in repairing damages. With its beak and feathers it makes a very creditable dressing, applying plasters to the bleeding wound, and even securing a broken limb by means of a stout ligature. On one occasion he killed a snipe which had on the chest a large dressing composed of down taken from other parts of the body and securely fixed to the wound by coagulated blood. Twice he had brought home snipe with interwoven feathers strapped on the side of a fracture of one or other limb. The most interesting example was that of a snipe, both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He recovered the snipe on the day following, and he then found that the poor bird had contrived to apply dressing and a sort of splint to both limbs. In carrying out this operation some feathers had become entangled around the beak, and not being able to use its claws to get rid of them, it was almost dead when discovered.

In a case recorded by Monsieur Magnin, a snipe, which was observed to fly away with a broken leg, was subsequently found to have forced the fragments into a parallel position, the upper fragments resting on the knee, securing them there by means of a strong band of feathers and moss intermingled. The observers were particularly struck by the application of a ligature of a kind of flat leaf grass wound round the limb in a spiral form and fixed by means of a sort of glue.

Ensign Epps, the Color-Bearer. Sewed a wreath of glory and duty. The flowers and flames in height and beauty. Like a crimson lily with her heart of gold. To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old And buried as deep as their dead commanders. Ensign Epps was the color-bearer. No matter on which side, falling on Earl. Their cause was the shell—his deed was the pearl. Scarce more than a lad, he had been a sharer That day in the widest work of the field. He was wounded and spent, and the light was lost; His comrades were slain, or a scattered host. But stainless and scatheless, out of the strife, He had carried his colors safer than life. By the river's brink, without weapon or shield, He faced the victors. The thick breast-met. He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed Ere he held the banner aloft. As proudly as if the fight were won, And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade, Came to the aid of the leader who had fled. Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made. Then around his breast, like the scarf of his love, And plumed in his armor into the tide, And there, in his dress of honor, died. What are the lessons your Kingdome teach? And what is the text of your proud commanders? Out of the centuries heroes reach To us the words of their noblest and truest. Of one man's truth and of all men's glory, Like Kipling Epps at the battle of O'Rielly. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

HAD SEEN THAT LETTER BEFORE.

A Story Showing the Advantages of Looking at the Signature.

Some people readily forget that they were ever young, and never recognize the fact that history is apt to repeat itself in individual humanity as well as in writer senses. The parents stood gazing with frowning brows at their daughter, while she was trembling and weeping. Their brows deepened as the mother wiped her glasses preparatory to reading a letter found in the girl's pocket. It began:—

"Angel of my existence—"  
"What?" cried the old man, "you don't mean to say it begins like that? Oh, that a child of mine should correspond with— But pray proceed, my dear."  
"Existence" spelled with an 'a,' too," added the mother.  
"Why, the lunatic can't spell," said the old man.  
"It is impossible for me to describe the joy with which your presence has filled me."  
"Then why does he attempt it, the donkey? But pray don't let me interrupt you. Go on, go on; let joy be unconfined."  
"I have spent the whole night in thinking of you—"  
"That's picturesque, anyhow."  
"And in bitterly deriding the obstinate, disagreeable old buffer, who will not consent to our union."  
"Great Scott! So I'm obstinate, disagreeable, and an old buffer, eh? Oh, let me get at him!"  
"But, Theodorus, my dear," interrupted the old lady.  
"Yes, yes—one moment. I was about to observe that the hand that could pen such words would not hesitate to poison the most cherished relative."  
"Theodorus, I didn't see this over the leaf."  
"Eh? Let me see. Hum—"  
"Yours, with all the love of my heart, 10th May, 1890. Theodorus."  
"Why, bless my eyes, it's one of my letters."  
"Yes, pa," explained the olive branch; "I found it yesterday—only you wouldn't let me speak."  
"You may go into the garden, dear. Hem! we've made a nice mess of it."

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. UNLIKE ANY OTHER. FOR INTERNAL & EXTERNAL USE. IN 1810. Originated by an Old Family Physician. Think Of It. In use for more than Eighty Years, and still leading. General relief after Generations have used and blessed it. Every Traveler should have a bottle in his satchel. Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Croup, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Lumbago, Sprains in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne Liniment a speedy cure. Should have Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tracheitis, Croup, Hoarseness, and Pains liable to occur in any family without cost. Delivered by mail. Price, 50 cts. post paid; 6 bottles, \$2. Express paid, 1.50. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

McKinney's Night Dispensary. TO THE PEOPLE.—Please notice that I have removed my Drug Store to the corner opposite the old stand on Charlotte and St. James streets, where I also reside now, and will be prepared to fill prescription orders all night and all day, giving the same my personal attention. Customers during the night will please note Electric Bell on shop door which communicates with my residence. JAMES MCKINNEY, Druggist.

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"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

I wonder if any of you will be going fishing on the 24th, girls? And whether you will enjoy yourselves, and catch many fish? I do sincerely hope you won't! I am sure you won't go fishing! I mean, of course—because I have a horror of women who fish, and I think that if I were a man I should turn and flee from any girl who was capable of stringing a poor, helpless, writhing worm on the cruel barbed hook, with which she hoped to catch an equally helpless fish, by the tenderest and most vulnerable part of his body, his mouth. And I should furthermore feel certain that a girl who possessed sufficient sense to drag the struggling captive off the hook might also possess enough force of character to administer condign punishment to her husband when she thought he needed it. "The gentle sport" it has been called but I see very little gentleness about it, and I wonder what the fish would say, if they could speak? And yet, I suppose, we all fish sometimes, don't we? At least people say we do, and sometimes we land our fish with commendable suddenness, before he has had a chance to play with the line, while at other times we let the poor fellow on the hook just to gratify our own vanity until he asserts his independence by snapping the line, with one vigorous effort and swimming away, a scared and saddened, but much wiser fish. I really think I shall have to write a book on "Angling, considered as a fine art," some of these days.

MARION EBLE—St. John—Yes, I remember, you very well, and I should be only glad to help you in any way in my power, but you have no idea how hard it is to give any advice that will be really useful and practicable. Indeed I do know all about it. I shall never forget the first story I ever wrote for publication. I was only sixteen and with the callow arrogance of extreme youth I decided to aim high, and choose only a first class publisher for my maiden effort. With this end in view, I selected the Appleton's of New York, for the honor of bringing out my story, and I sent it to them with some stamps and a note, the easy confidence of which must have afforded them intense amusement, provided they had any sense of humor. Then I awaited results and made calculations about the proceeds of my venture. That was some years ago, and I have not heard from them yet. But this I must say, that I don't believe I have ever written anything as good since, and that I think the Appleton's were pirates to keep those stamps, and the story, too! I really believe I have mourned more over the stamps than the story. I have also met with the still more puzzling experience of having my first contribution accepted and my second rejected without explanation. So you see I can sympathize with the troubles of young authors. I really do believe that the American journals are the best, and I know they are the most liberal; but then I am afraid one must be either well known or well recommended in order to obtain an entrance to their pages, but still I recommend you to The Ladies Home Journal before you give up. After all you can but fail, and it is best to try. Then there is Toronto Saturday Night and The Dominion Illustrated Monthly, either of which should be a good market for the work of young Canadians, provided it is good. If you can write bright, short stories suitable for young people or children there is little doubt of your finding an opening in The Youth's Companion, though the latter magazine is rather hard to please, I must admit. Don't get discouraged, keep trying, and I will be glad to give you, and I only wish I could do something more tangible in the way of helping you. Write your name clearly and legibly, paying great attention to punctuation and the proper division of your sentences, for a great deal depends upon the appearance of a manuscript and its workmanlike style. If you could have it typewritten, so much the better. I shall be interested in hearing how you succeed and if I can help you in any way, please let me know.

FLORA McFARLANE, St. John.—I am an glad you were pleased, and it is very nice of you to write and tell me so. I think it must be a very delightful exercise, and though, at first sight a lady does look rather masculine on a bicycle, it is merely because we are hardly accustomed to the idea yet. You know once upon a time skating was considered a bold and masculine amusement for girls, and I remember myself, that the first time I saw a lady on snow shoes I was shocked, and very much inclined to blush. I do not see the very slightest charm about the horrid song it is not even "catchy" like "Down went McGinty" and I cannot imagine how it ever became popular; the words are nothing and the music is less. Do't you think so.

ROSE, St. John.—Kiss him good night, by all means, my dear little girl; the greatest pride in the world could scarcely object to giving her betrothed lover a good night kiss, and what good is a sweetheart to a man if she refuses to show him a little affection, and give him the caresses he certainly has a right to. How do you know that he will not grow tired of you cold a piece of perfection and seek a more human love? You would be very sorry then, would you not? So take my advice and give "Jim" a good petting the next time he comes to see you; don't be afraid of his finding out that you love him, because that is what he wants you to do.

An Eccentric Frock.

If you are fond of something a bit eccentric you will find it in my initial illustration, a very pretty negligee made up in Turkish stuff. You cut the breadths bias at the top in order to form the plaits and train, and the sides are also bias about the waist. You don't make the usual gores, but substitute very small ones at the waist, and there must be material on the right to make the fold over. Cut the left side as usual and finish with a velvet revers. On the right the revers is sewed on with reversed seam.

The cascade in jabot style may be of surah or crepe de chene. There is a straight collar and pocket flaps, and cuffs are of velvet.

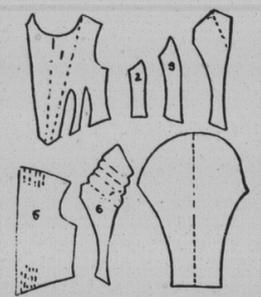
LESSONS IN DRESSMAKING.

Hints That if Followed Will Save Money in the Home.

In spite of the prevalence of Russian blouses, deep basques are, on the whole, decidedly going out of fashion, and the majority of dresses are now made with short waisted or pointed bodices, generally accompanied by some form of corset. The difficulty of making a perfectly fitting corset prevents this style from becoming very popular with amateur dressmakers, but the corset may be imitated by straps of velvet or ribbon, which are equally fashionable, and offer no difficulties whatever.

The bodice illustrated at figure 1 gives a good example of this strapping, and is specially suitable for dresses of plain woolen material. The skirt is made either in four-reau shape or gored, and trimmed all round with bands of inch and a half wide ribbon velvet. These rows of velvet, with their alternate spaces of the same width, form a trimming from twenty to twenty-four inches wide, or about up to the knees; there would be about seven rows of velvet. The effect on a skirt slightly trained at the back is very pretty, on a short, round skirt it is not so good, being too barrel-like.

The bodice is made up on a lining cut like figs. 1, 2, 3 and 4 of the diagram. The front may be made with or without a seam down the centre; provided a good fit is secured, the presence or absence of the seam is quite immaterial. The fastening is on one side, and the center part, between the slanting lines, is covered with velvet, which may be plaited or laid on flat, but which



must be without a seam. The draped fronts are cut like No. 5, with fine plaits at the shoulder and again at the waist; the front edge is the selvage way of the material and is simply turned under to make the first fold.

The back, No. 6, is also arranged in plaits at the top, leaving a small v-shaped opening to be covered with velvet. The velvet straps start from the side seams and end in points in front; the lower strap forms the waistband, which is fastened on the point of the bodice at the back with a little rosette or bow. The sleeves are trimmed with bands of velvet up to the elbow, and the collar is trimmed with three rows of velvet, fastened on one side with little bows.

This makes a very pretty and simple morning gown for young ladies, and looks well in gray and black, fawn and black, and in any of the plain, rather light colored woolsens that are always worn in the spring.

THE USE OF FLOWERS IN DRESS.

Wherein the English Woman Distances Her American Cousin.

The American woman, while she claims she loves flowers, does not seem to have the same ability in arranging them as personal decorations as is possessed by her English cousin. An English woman will select the finest artificial flowers and garland an evening gown with them until she makes herself look like a veritable "walking flower," which is what Heine says that all we women should be. After the flowers are found, dressmaker and dress wearer will study how they can best be arranged for evening wear. A pretty blonde who was going to the races, who had discovered that deep dark Russian violets best framed her face, had a jaunty bonnet made entirely of these blossoms, while she wore about her shoulders a lace cape with a medic collar formed of violets, their leaves and stems. A ribbon exactly matching the flowers in hue caught the lace cape just in front. She was a wise blonde, for she realized that not only did she look as pretty as a picture, but she was wearing the flower that everything masculine most admires.

Another pretty floral garniture is intended for wear with an evening bodice. It is a plastron shape composed entirely of primroses, and has as its finish on each shoulder a flaring white ribbon bow. Just at one side of the corsage is placed a small love bird, and its mate is behind the ribbon bow on the left shoulder. This was placed on a white silk bodice. Such an addition to one's gown will do much to make it look almost as good as new. The knowing how to dispose of the small adjuncts of dress is really what makes a successful toilet, and this is the art of the French woman, who knows how to suit every part of her costume to the hour of the day and the occasion. English women excel in their evening toilets, but the American is rapidly gaining wisdom from each of her cousins, and will in a short time lead the procession, so far as good dressing is concerned.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Specially Prepared from Practical Treats for the Lady Readers of "Progress."

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

Some Ways of Serving Sweetbreads.

Sweetbreads are daily becoming more and more in demand, both to tempt the capricious appetite of convalescing invalids, and for dainty dishes on dinner, luncheon, or tea tables. While by no means difficult to cook, care must be taken to follow the directions for their preparation, the process, being the same, no matter which of the receipts chosen. In selecting, the larger, plumper and more fleshy they are the better. Put them first into tepid water, letting them remain for fifteen minutes to half an hour, then set them on the fire in cold water, to which a little salt has been added. As soon as the water begins to boil, pour it off, and slip the sweetbreads into a pan of cold water and leave them until perfectly cold. This parboiling and chilling, which is termed "blanching" makes them fair and white. Next remove the pipe and skin. Here is where the woman cook with her scissors can do better work than a man with his knife.

Sweetbreads Whole with White Sauce.

Blanch the sweetbreads in the usual way. Put into a saucepan of a size to hold them in one layer, but no larger, as much white stock as will barely cover the sweetbreads. Thicken this with a little white roux (flour and butter worked together smoothly), add a sprig or two of parsley, a small onion, and a little pepper, salt and grated nutmeg. Let it simmer two or three minutes, then add two table-spoons of thick cream, or if none handy, milk will do. Put in the sweetbreads, and let them simmer in the sauce for about half an hour. Take the onion and parsley out of the sauce, let it cool for a minute, then mix a spoonful of the sauce with the yolk of an egg. Add this gradually to the rest of the sauce, stir it until it is smooth, then put the breads on a hot dish and pour the sauce over them. If liked, the egg yolk may be omitted, and a desert spoonful of lemon juice added to the sauce, which should be rather highly seasoned. White dishes should not be insipid; though delicate, they should be piquant; i. e.—sharp, pungent. For the thickening, allow one table-spoonful of flour and butter the size of a walnut—for each sweetbread.

Sweetbreads With Tomato Sauce.

It came to my ear last week that I had made a mistake in serving tomato sauce with braised sweetbreads. I have the authority of the best cooks on cooking, and have observed the practice of many professional cooks to the contrary notwithstanding. Blanch the sweetbreads, trim them, and cover them with thin slices of fat bacon. Take a braising pan, or a stew pan with a tightly fitting cover. Put into it a carrot sliced, and a moderate sized onion. Lay one or two slices of bacon on the vegetables, then put in the sweetbreads, and sufficient good veal stock to almost cover them. Sprinkle a little salt over them, put on the cover with a sheet of buttered white paper between it and the stew pan and put it on the top shelf of the oven, and cook thus for about thirty to forty-five minutes or until the sweetbreads are slightly browned. The bacon must be taken off when they are about half done to allow them to brown. To make the sauce, strain a can of tomatoes, and before rubbing the pulp through a sieve, add a little salt, a little nutmeg, and a little pepper, and add the gravy that the sweetbreads were cooked in to the tomato pulp. Season with salt, pepper and a little nutmeg. Stir over the fire until it is hot and smooth. Arrange the sweetbreads in a circle on a hot dish overlapping each other, and pour the sauce in the centre.

Asparagus—How to Cook It.

Of all the succulent herbs a fine dish of asparagus cooked to a nicety, seasoned to a charm and spiced by a good appetite, is fit for the gods. It is more, it is healthful, but not especially nutritious; it forms one of the most valuable of vegetable luxuries. The plant has been brought to perfection by sensible cultivation; it is a native of Southern Europe and found growing wild along the shores of Italy, Greece and Turkey. Asparagus is a great favorite in London, where it is consumed in large quantities.

The following is the way to cook it:

The bunch should be plunged in boiling water, which should be well salted, set down on the root end, with the tips well out of the water, as the steam cooks them quite sufficiently; almost any asparagus will be well cooked after twenty-five minutes' boiling. It can then be put into a collander and drained, the strings carefully cut and the vegetable arranged on toast to serve. Several sauces are used with it, either plain butter, pepper and salt, a la Hollandaise, or drawn butter be poured over it. Sometimes when the tips of the asparagus are served with toast as an especially great dainty, the stalks are well boiled and strained for soup; this makes a delicious soup, more so when cream is added. Asparagus can be steamed to warm it over, cut in small bits and stirred into an omelette, if any happens to be left over.

How to Eat it.

I notice that a Canadian work on cooking and table etiquette says "it should never be held in the fingers, but the tips should be cut off with a knife on the plate and eaten with the fork." I am afraid the writer of that work has not "dined out" very much or she would have observed that where asparagus tongs are not provided, the best people invariably use their fingers to convey it to their mouth, taking each stalk separately and daintily between the thumb and fore finger; dipping the head into the dressing first.

Properly, it should be served as a separate course after the meats, or often after the game, if there is any. It is as often served cold as hot, and makes a refreshing summer luncheon dish served ice cold with an oil and vinegar dressing.

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NEW ROYAL CLOTHING STORE, 47 KING STREET, St. John, N. B. R. W. LEITCH, Prop.

Marrow Bones.

Marrow bones are cut from the shanks of beef, about five inches long. They are considered a great delicacy by many. They are usually served as a savory entree at the end of the dinner. To cook them stand the bones upright on a flat tin plate with a four-and-water paste over the ends. Boil them in a sauce-pan, but do not let the water come higher than half way up the bones. Time to boil, 30 to 40 minutes. When done remove the paste and roll each bone in a napkin folded to the length of the bone, and serve on a strip of dry hot toast. The marrow should be scooped out with a marrow scoop and quickly spread lightly over the toast, and then freely sprinkled with pepper and salt.

Breast of Lamb with Green Peas.

The breast of lamb is the cheapest part, and can be cooked in various ways. 1. Cut up the meat into neat pieces, stew a little pepper and salt over them, place them in a stew pan with as much weak stock, or water, as will cover them, and let them simmer very gently for an hour or more. Take out the meat when tender and place it on a hot dish and keep it warm. Thicken the gravy with a little flour and butter, and add a can of the best French peas, or a pint of fresh green peas, sprinkle salt and pepper over them, egg and bread crumb them, and fry a nice brown. Drain and serve with tomato sauce.

2. Trim a breast of lamb and put it whole into a stew pan with as much water as will cover it. Add a bunch of sweet herbs and an onion stuck with one or two cloves, and let it simmer very gently until it is sufficiently tender to remove the bones. Then take these out and let the meat get cold while it is pressed between two dishes. Then cut into neat pieces, sprinkle salt and pepper over them, egg and bread crumb them, and fry a nice brown. Drain and serve with tomato sauce.

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# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Spaniards have a saying that water in May is bread all the year.

Pan is a Greek word meaning all. Thus the phrase Pan-American Congress means a congress of all the nations of America.

New York city consumes about 3,000,000 eggs every day, about 2,000,000 worth of which are annually sent from Canada.

The ocean cables of the world now stretch over 120,250 miles. In all there are over 1,000 cables, nearly all of which are of English manufacture.

Cold iron has been rolled so thin that 18,000 sheets upon one another would measure only an inch in thickness. 1,200 sheets of tissue paper make but little more than an inch in thickness.

The main signal-box at Euston station on the London and North-Western line is the largest in the world, and contains 288 levers. At London Bridge station there is a signal-box containing 280 levers.

Japan has now a school system quite similar to that in the United States. It has 38,000 schools, of which 26,000 are elementary; 72,000 teachers, and 3,410,000 pupils; and the total expense of the system is about \$7,000,000 annually.

The title "Mrs." was, in olden time, applied to unmarried as well as to married women in England, and to young as well as to old. Although it was not perhaps so universal to address quite young children, as it was those over twenty-one by the title of Mrs., yet it was frequently done.

The total extent of British Africa is estimated to be 2,470,000 square miles. The only other European country which controls a million square miles of Africa is France, which owns the desert Sahara, 1,550,000 square miles, and 1,400,000 square miles besides, including Algeria, part of Guinea, part of Congo and Madagascar.

Honey statistics indicate the number of what the early English lexicographer, Nicholas Bailey, calls "mansions for bees." The hives are estimated: Greece, 30,000; Denmark, 90,000; Russia, 110,000; Belgium, 200,000; Netherlands, 240,000; France, 950,000; Germany, 1,450,000; Austria, 1,558,000. In the United States 2,800,000 hives produce 61,000,000 pounds of honey.

Pepsin is prepared from the gastric juice found in the stomachs of hogs, and the ability of the hog to digest anything and everything that will pass down its throat is probably what led to the somewhat peculiar idea of concentrating the fluid which makes digestion so easy in the porcine race. Hogs that are kept without food or water for twenty-four hours before being slaughtered yield an immense quantity of gastric juice and correspondingly of pepsin.

There are now more than 500,000 almond trees actually bearing in the United States; there are hundreds of thousands of bearing coconut trees; there are more than 250,000 olive trees, producing fruit equal to the best Mediterranean varieties; there are more than 500,000 bearing banana plants, 200,000 bearing lemon trees, 4,000,000 orange trees, and 21,000,000 pine-apples, and the value of tropical and semi-tropical fruits grown under the American flag is nearly \$20,000,000.

The regular standing army of Chili is about 5,000 men, divided into 900 artillery, 1,000 horses, and 3,200 infantry. Every able-bodied citizen is liable to military duty. There is a national guard which is supposed to number about 50,000 officers and men, but it rarely numbers more than 30,000. The navy consists of thirty-one vessels, including one turreted ironclad battleship, three armored cruisers, fourteen torpedo boats, and thirteen unprotected vessels, including corvettes, gunboats and dispatch boats.

Blonde hair is finer than that of any other color. By actual count it has been ascertained that four hundred hairs to the square inch grow upon the head of a blonde beauty. The brown comes next with three hundred and fifty, then comes the black with three hundred and twenty-five, and the red with two hundred and fifty or two hundred and sixty. After counting the hairs growing on an inch square it has been estimated that on the head of a blonde there will be about 140,000 hairs, while a brown suit of tresses will have 100,000, a black 102,000, and a red 90,000.

In Norway it is the custom to charge married couples when travelling one fare and a half. There are nearly a thousand miles of railway in that country, which, with the exception of forty-two miles, all belong to the state. In Austria and Hungary, where the zone system of railway travelling was first introduced, a wife who is accompanied by her husband can travel at half fare; children under six years of age, if with an adult or their parents, travel free; children of the same family from six to twelve travel at one-third fare, if more than two only one-fourth fare is charged; from twelve to twenty they travel at half fare.

According to standard time, which was adopted by agreement at 12 o'clock on November 18, 1883, by all of the principal railroads of the United States, the continent is divided into five longitudinal belts and a meridian of time fixed on each belt. These meridians are fifteen degrees of longitude, or one hour's time, apart. The time divisions are called intercolonial time, (only partially used in certain provincial cities) eastern time, central time, mountain time and Pacific time. The railways in Eastern Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, New England, the middle states, Virginia and the Carolinas use the seventy-fifth meridian, which is that of Philadelphia; Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Texas, Kansas, and the larger part of Nebraska, and Dakota use the sixtieth

meridian, which is that of New Orleans; the territories go by the time of the 150th meridian, which is that of Denver; and the Pacific states employ the 120th meridian. This new system has reduced the time standards from fifty-three to five.

### "PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

"My lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury, when giving in his verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."—*Tid-Bits.*

Old Fruity (offering his visitor a glass of wine): "There, my boy, that's what I call honest wine." Old Crusty: "Um—yes poor, but honest."

Special Measure Required—"Housewife": "It seems to me that your pint of milk is very small." Milkman: "My cows is the small kind, mum!"

Pope Revised.—It was a Boston girl of uncertain age who is reported to have said that "Where singleness is bliss, 'tis folly to be wives."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A Grand Success—She in satin: "Are you glad that you got married?" She in silk: "Of course I am. Why, I got three hundred and forty-seven presents."

A priest asked of a condemned criminal in a Paris goal: "What kind of a conscience have you?" "It is as good as new," replied the prisoner, "for I have never used it."

"Your bean stays quite a while when he calls?" "Yes," "I should think you would find the time go slowly." "Oh, we manage to squeeze through it."—*Yarmouth Register.*

Scadds (pere)—"You want to marry my daughter, you say, young man?" Hunk—"Yes, sir." "What are your prospects, sir?" "That's what I am waiting to hear, Mr. Scadds."

"That young minister will never succeed; he is too easily confused." "I never noticed it." "I did. At Emma Harkins' wedding he kissed the bridegroom and shook hands with the bride."

Mrs. Wickwire—Let me have half of the paper, Henry, please. Mr. Wickwire—Which half do you want? Mrs. Wickwire—The better half, dear. And he handed her the "woman" half, of course.

Lawyer (drawing will): "Your estate is much smaller, sir, than is generally supposed." Sick Man: "Yes; but keep quiet till after the funeral. I want a good show of grief-stricken mourners."

IN THE SPRING.  
He puts down a half dozen carpets,  
And with one life he repeats,  
But numbers lacks to his feet.

At a trial held some time ago in Ireland one of the jurors asked to be excused from serving on the jury. Judge—For what reason? Juror—My Lord, I've got the itch. Judge (to clerk of court)—Scratch him.

Prudent Mother—"I trust, my dear, that you do not encourage young men in their attentions." Daughter—"Oh, dear me; no. I threaten to tell you every time any one of them kisses me."—*New York Sun.*

First Case of the Kind on Record.—Mrs. McSwat: "There goes that manny inebriate again. Poor Chumlow! How any you any idea what drove him to drink?" Mr. McSwat—"Yes, my dear. Thirst."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mamma—"Didn't I tell you not to take any more preserves out of the closet?" Johnny—"Yes, m." Mamma—"If you wanted some, why didn't you ask for them?" Johnny—with confidence—"Because I wanted some."

Bobby (whispering)—"Didn't I hear Clara tell you, Mr. Featherley, that she was sorry, but she really couldn't give you a lock of her hair?" Bobby—"Well, you just wait a day or two and I'll get some for you when she's out."

Friend—"What on earth are you doing to that picture?" Great Artist—"I am rubbing a piece of raw meat over this rabbit in the foreground. Mrs. De Shoddie will be here this afternoon, and when she sees her pet dog smell of that rabbit she'll buy it."—*New York Weekly.*

At the Masked Ball—Male Dancer: "I know who you are, my fair partner!" Female ditto: "Who am I then, pray?" Male ditto: "Oh! I am quite positive; I recognize you by those lovely white peevy teeth!" Female ditto: "Why, I only got them this morning. Ha! Ha!"—*Sclenblasen.*

George Was Kept Busy.—Jess—"Why did George break his engagement with Ethel?" Bees—"He couldn't stand it; she treated him like a servant." Jess—"How was he like a servant?" Bees—"The only time he had to himself was Thursday afternoons and every other Sunday."—*New York Truth.*

First Yankee: "You say you saw everything in Rome in three days? That's impossible!" Second Yankee: "But you must remember that there were three of us. My wife took all the churches, I visited all the picture galleries, and my son went for the restaurants and cafes. Then we met in the evenings and exchanged experiences."

At the Chemist's.—An old servant stepped in and laid on the counter a prescription for a mixture containing no decigrammes of morphia. The chemist weighed the dangerous medicament with the utmost care. "What a shame!" then said the old woman, nudging his elbow. Don't be so near: it is for an orphan girl!"—*Le Siecle.*

The Paradox Explained.—Mrs. Greyneck—Now, Johnny, I want you say your Sunday-school lesson to me. Johnny—"I can't." Mrs. Greyneck—You wretched boy; have you forgotten it so soon? Johnny—No, ma'am, I ain't forgotten it. Mrs. Greyneck—What do you mean by telling me you can't say it, and then that you haven't forgotten it? They can't both be true. Johnny—Yes'm, they be. I never knew it.—*Boston Courier.*

### MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

George Eiffel is said to have made \$1,000,000 as his share in the Eiffel Tower.

Charles H. Reed, the lawyer who died in Baltimore recently, is said to have lost his law practice and to have become moody after his unsuccessful defense of his brother-in-law, Guiteau.

The "Holy Rose," which the pope bestows every year upon some Roman Catholic prince, fell this year to the Queen of Portugal. The estimated value of this jewel is \$0,000.

Salvini, the tragedian, is said to be the only man on the stage who was born in a palace. It was the Palace Caprigna in Milan, now called the Grille Palace in honor of Ristori, who is Countess of Grille.

The late Alexander Mackenzie, ex-premier of the dominion, had few of the graces of an actor, yet he possessed persuasive powers, and was one of the rare speakers whose utterances would bear verbatim reporting.

Tolstoi's manuscript is full of interrelations and erasures, and the handwriting is small, fine and hard to read. The countess transcribes it for the printer, and one year, it is said, she made fifteen copies of one of her husband's books.

On state occasions Queen Victoria rides in a carriage drawn by four magnificent white horses, but when she is at Hyeres she is quite content with a rickety old basket phaeton drawn by a measly little donkey, whose ears are almost as long as his legs.

Mlle Paulina, a native of Queensland, Holland, is said to be the smallest human being in the world. She is nearly 16 years of age, her height is eighteen inches, and her weight seven pounds. Unlike most of the "midgets," she is remarkably pretty and accomplished, speaking four languages fluently.

Ten miles from Lexington, N. C., is a cave once used by Daniel Boone as a retreat and rendezvous and near it stood the mighty hunter's primitive cabin. When this cabin was destroyed some years ago the heartstone was saved and it will be sent to Chicago to form part of the state's exhibit at the world's fair.

A short time ago the Moorish Kaids gave the Sultan of Morocco and his son a present of 200 male and female slaves to celebrate the event of the marriage of the heir to the Moorish throne. Girls from 10 to 13 years of age fetch about \$80 to \$120 each, and the slave merchants find the females more profitable from 10 to 20 years of age.

The Prince of Wales's health is said to be exciting alarm among the inner circles in England. Since the death of his elder son he has shown a disposition to indulge in hypochondria, and is especially tormented by fear lest the succession may pass out of the male line of his family. This is one reason for his hesitancy to betroth between Prince George of Wales and Princess Mary of Teck.

Perhaps the most extraordinary father who ever lived was Ivan Wassilief, a Russian, who was presented to the Czarina some years ago. He was married twice, and was the father of eighty-seven children. His first wife, who had four, which she had four times in succession, and then had triplets seven times in succession, and wound up with sixteen sets of twins. His second wife had six sets of twins, and two sets of triplets.

Mrs. Montagu, who is now serving a term in prison on a conviction of having caused the death of her husband by cruelty, may one day become Duchess of Manchester. This is how it might happen: The present duke is in very poor health. The present duke is in very poor health. The present duke is in very poor health.

Mr. Edison, who has done so much to make inaudible sounds audible, is afflicted with an incurable deafness. Mr. Posteney Bigelow once asked him if the inventor who has brought the telephone so near to perfection could not do something for his own hearing. "Easily, if the drum was sound," was his answer. "When I was a boy," he continued, "I sold peanuts in newspapers on the railway trains. One day a baggage porter lifted me from the ground by my ears; the membranes snapped, and that is how I became deaf."

Sir Morell Mackenzie, who died recently, was the owner of the most valuable scarf pin. It is in diamonds forming the figure fifty, surrounded by a crown set in pearls, and is one of a few identical in design that the queen had made in celebration of her jubilee. She presented one to each of her children, their husbands, and their wives. The late Emperor Frederick of Germany, then Crown Prince, received one, and greatly prized it. When he died the empress sent it to Sir Morell Mackenzie, with a note saying she would like him to keep and wear it, since it had been peculiarly precious to her husband.

Probably the highest price ever paid for a perambulator was \$350, which Mrs. Wilson Astor, wife of the millionaire of New York, gave for one which she ordered for a grandchild not long ago. It has wheels of oak, springs of the finest steel, a seat of shell-shaped bamboo, of which the cushion is stuffed with fine hair, covered with white silk and white plush, tipped with white plush buttons. The floor is spread with a Persian carpet of white with pink roses. The parasol is of heavy white satin, lined with pink silk, and is covered with the finest Valenciennes lace, while the family crest adorns the sides.

boy; have you forgotten it so soon? Johnny—No, ma'am, I ain't forgotten it. Mrs. Greyneck—What do you mean by telling me you can't say it, and then that you haven't forgotten it? They can't both be true. Johnny—Yes'm, they be. I never knew it.—*Boston Courier.*

## "August Flower"

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How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—August Flower the Remedy.

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to snatch the evening paper as soon as it came, and didn't so much as think of giving me a chance to look at it. Just so long as Sallie does her work well, she shall have a home under my roof, and a girl that doesn't attend to her business isn't worthy of a home at all. "If this girl should, after a while, show the natural tendencies of the average servant, we will break up housekeeping and board until the breed improves. We cannot afford to give up our lives in a ceaseless worry. A bad servant puts indignation in her bread, and where indignation prevails there is no brightness. "You are surely a philosopher, John, but don't you think there's a way to shape a servant to the proper form? I mean that by a certain treatment she may be brought to feel an interest in us. I don't mean that she should really be made one of the family, but I do think that some little attention ought to be paid her. I notice that you never speak to Sallie, and I don't think that this is altogether right. Interest begets interest. "That idea works well in theory, my dear, but in fact it works so ill that you might call it a complete failure. In Europe, servants are servants and not 'helps,' as we hypercritically term them. Take in a 'help' and she becomes an adviser, and, progressing in this, seeks to be a ruler. Let us know our place, and from us let Sallie learn to know hers. "That was a practical suggestion; but the next morning, when she had glanced through the partly opened door of her bedroom, she saw Sallie putting the dishes on the breakfast table; she saw more than this—she saw John step up, place his hand on Sallie's shoulder, and kiss her. A few moments later John stepped to the door and said, "Come, dear, breakfast is ready. "I don't want any breakfast," she sobbed. "Why, what is the matter?" he asked, entering the room. He found her partly dressed, lying across the bed. "Are you ill?" he asked, bending over her. She turned her face from him. "Nothing," she answered, with force and carelessness. "Then why do you act this way? Come, let's eat breakfast. I'm in a hurry to get down to the office. "I told you that I didn't want any breakfast," she coldly replied. "Now, look here, Jenny, what have I done that you should treat me in this way?" "Please go away and let me alone." "Oh, come now, dear, don't act this way. We were getting along so well, and I had thought—" "You hadn't thought anything about me." "Yes, I think of you all the time. Come, let us go to breakfast." "I won't." "All right. If you are determined to be cross, have your own way; but I want to tell you it's a bad start. Good morning." Shortly after he left the house the wife went into the kitchen. "Sallie," she said. "Yes, ma'am." "I don't want you any longer." "What! don't want me any longer? What have I done to displease you?" "That has nothing to do with it. It is enough to know that I don't want you any longer." "No, it isn't enough, ma'am. I have a contract for a month, and you can't break it. If you do, I'll have the Woman's Protective Society down on you, and then there will be a scandal." "When will your month be up?" "A week from tomorrow." "Well, see that you get out promptly at that time." "I will, ma'am." John was worried all day. His business seemed to have gone wrong, and at noon, when he went out to luncheon, he found that his appetite had left him. "The philosopher who said that no man understands a woman was right," he mused. "I thought Jenny was the gentlest and most consistent creature in the world, but I was wrong. But perhaps she will be all right in the evening." On his way home he bought a bunch of violets, her favorite flower. No "pleasings" of a waltz floated out to greet him, and Jenny did not welcome him at the door. She was sitting on a sofa looking far away through the window when he entered the sitting-room. "Dear, I have brought you some violets." "Thank you," she said, taking the flowers and carelessly tossing them on to a chair. He sat down beside her. "Do you feel any better?" he asked. "No." "I am sorry." "Indeed," she replied, looking up in surprise. "Oh, now, here, what's the use of going on this way? I have been miserable all day over your treatment of me this morning, and I can't put up with such folly much longer. If I have displeased you in any way, why don't you tell me?" "Displeased me?" she said, bitterly. "You must think I'm a fool." "I used to think you were the most charming and sweetest creature in the world, but I must say that I am compelled to change my opinion." "And what must I do?" she exclaimed. "I thought you were true and noble, but—but—" she hid her face and sobbed. "Jenny, Jenny, don't go on in this way. You'll drive me crazy. I've done anything to offend you, tell me what it is. Don't go on this way. The servant might see you." "Servant," she scornfully repeated. "I wish she was dead, and I, too, for that matter." He got up and stood looking at her. "If you have arrived at that conclusion, this married life is pretty well up with us. I will not live with a woman who, through hatred of me, wishes herself dead. You may go home to-morrow." "I will go where I please, sir, without any instructions from you." "Ah; you'd better go tonight, then." "Shut up, and don't talk to me." Then he raved. "He had not expected to live to see the day when his wife—his wife whom he had worshipped—would tell him to shut up. If he were a weaker man he would go down to the lake and jump in, but, being strong, he would live a life of misery." "I don't care what you do," she replied. "Of course you don't, but I have more

heart than you. A man always has more heart than a woman has. Yes, I care what you do. I hope that when you go home you may resume your appearance of innocent and happy girlhood, and when the divorce has been granted, you may marry some whistling farmer's boy and again settle down to blissful wedded life. Select one of proper ignorance and necessary humility, and your pathway will be smooth; but if ever he should show any spirit of manhood, crush it as you have attempted to crush mine. There was a likelihood of my becoming a great man. Judge Brown said in public that I was the most promising young lawyer in the State; and I used to dream of the United States senate, and a life of usefulness to my country; but all that is gone now. "And why is it all gone?" she asked, looking up with flashing eyes. "I will tell you. It is all gone because you have acted the brute; you pretended to love me, to be a true man, but I have discovered that you are a heartless wretch. "What do you mean by having discovered that I am a heartless wretch? What have I done?" "You insult me!" she cried. "Didn't I see you kiss that servant-girl?" He staggered back and then laughed. "Come here," he called to Sallie, who had just appeared at the door. He took the girl by the hand, and leading her forward, said, "Jenny, this is my sister. She wanted to write a realistic servant-girl story, and—" "Oh, John!" "There, now, don't cry. I did not put the advertisement in the paper," he went on, holding his wife in his arms, "but sent for my sister, who had just arrived, and who declared she must enter my house as a servant." "Dinner is ready," said "Sallie," laughing.—*Tit Bits.*

What is Right? Right is a scientific preparation which when applied to any woollen material will render it absolutely waterproof without destroying its porous properties, or altering the appearance of the Tweed or Cloth from which garments are made up. Right is economical, furnishing a waterproof and ordinary overcoat or other garment at one and the same time. No one will be foolish enough to buy two coats where one will serve his purpose.

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Harry Wilkes, 1896.

THE Standard Bred Hambletonian Stallion Harry Wilkes, the property of the Government of New Brunswick, will make the Season of 1892 at St. John. TERMS—\$35.00 for the season, to be paid at time of first service. Harry Wilkes, 1896, is by George Wilkes, 510, dam Belle Rice by Whitehall. He will stand at Ward's One Mile House on the Marsh Road. The intention is to send the stallion down about the first of May. Should he be required before that time, arrangements may be made to send him down earlier by applying at this office. J. LUCAS L. INCHEBA. March 30th, 1892.

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