

# PROGRESS.

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## DEFACING THE STONE.

FOOT PRINTS ON THE FRED YOUNG MONUMENT.

How This and Other Public Places are Made Far From Beautiful by Thoughtless People—Actions that are Not very Creditable to the City.

The Young monument has been one of the points of interest for Sunday afternoon strollers recently and it has found hosts of admirers. Those who walked around it last Sunday, however, saw more than a "picture in stone" of a boy struggling with the waves, or wreathes and angels. A number of dirty foot marks on the small elevated platform of stone which surrounds it, attract more attention than the work of the artist, and the comments passed were very forcible and to the point.

The footmarks showed a weakness that some St. John people—and it is to be hoped that is only among the younger element—seem to find difficulty in overcoming. It was quite evident that somebody had climbed upon the monument with dirty boots and walked all around it. Any one who had passed there Saturday evening might have seen the destroyers examining the work, by the light of matches. People who will go to such extremes to satisfy their curiosity need looking after, and if they could only be caught and punished it would be a good thing for St. John.

Whenever an attempt is made to beautify the city in any way these miscreants usually put in an appearance, and begin their work of destruction.

Attention has been called to them time and again, but still they bob up serenely whenever anything new appears. Such people are a disgrace to any city, and St. John appears to have more than its share of them. Every city of any size or importance has its parks and public places, and few of them cannot boast of a monument, but it is doubtful whether any other place in Canada can produce boys who are ill bred and thoughtless enough to climb upon them with muddy boots. In other places no one seems to think of such a thing, and any one caught acting in this manner would be dealt with without the aid of the police. But here it is different. If a certain number of people organize themselves into a society to beautify the city, and spend time and money in procuring and planting trees, another set comes along and pulls them up before they are firmly rooted.

The Haymarket square is probably the greatest monument that was ever erected to the destructibility of any people. What a number of enterprising young men with the interest of the city at heart tried to make a beauty spot, was turned into a dumping ground. One has only to look at any of the drinking fountains to see further evidences of this predominating characteristic of St. John people. It is very seldom that a decent looking cup is attached to them. If it hasn't been carried away altogether and the chain taken to decorate somebody's dog, it is shattered to pieces. And not only the cups are battered and shabby, but the fountain itself is chipped off in such a manner that it is hard to believe that it was once intended.

People who are interested in seeing the ornamental and beauty spots of the city looking at all decent should take the matter in hand whenever the opportunity presents itself and deal with the offenders without waiting for the public to do it. The latter cannot always be around and every taxpayer should feel that a little responsibility rests upon him in this respect. He should feel that that which belongs to the city is as much his property as anybody else's, and protect it accordingly.

This, however, is not the popular idea. At present most people seem to think that they own the property all right, but not as proprietors, and carry it off so that nobody else will get a chance to enjoy it. While this feeling is prevalent, St. John will never be remarkable for its attractiveness. The citizens of most places seem to take a delight in making their city attractive and as a result have in their gardens and parks beautiful flower beds that they do not have to put under lock and key, and monuments that retain all their attractiveness without being fenced in. Experience has shown that flowers put within the reach of St. John people usually change their location, and a reference to anything of this kind as having taken place in the Rural cemetery or old Burial ground has become commonplace.

If this weakness has such complete control of so many people, something should be done to have this particular class looked after, although when people show such little regard for matters in which they should have some pride and interest, it is a difficult matter to deal with. The only way seems to be to make determined efforts to catch some of these miscreants and punish them and make the fact generally known. There are thousands of people, who take an interest in the appearance of the city, and it is the wishes of this class that the authorities should consider.

## EX-CONSUL MURRAY'S SUICIDE.

He Deliberately Shoots Himself With a Rifle.

"Ex-consul Murray shot himself this morning."

That was the short but startling sentence that flashed about the city at noon Thursday, and that was the only news. There were many people who would not credit it until they heard it again and again.

It was not until the evening papers were issued that many facts got out. It was known that Mr. Murray had been to New York and returned in Thursday morning's train. Whether the act was deliberate or committed when not himself was not known.

The facts as elicited at the inquest and from the intimate friends of Mr. Murray show that he has not been himself for some time. His family attribute the fact to an old attack of a gripe from which he had never entirely recovered. The statement of Mr. H. G. Thorne who went part of the way to New York in his company would indicate that Mr. Murray was not in good spirits. The statement of Mrs. Murray of his strangeness when he arrived home Thursday morning would go to show the same thing and the evidence of those who knew Mr. Murray intimately made it so clear to the jury that he was of unsound mind when he committed the deed that they returned a verdict to that effect. Mr. Murray arrived by the morning train from New York and went home. He was unwell and was induced by his wife to go to bed. That was the last time she saw him alive. Four or five hours later a rifle shot rang out and with it the life of Mr. Murray was taken. It would seem from all the available evidence that the act was deliberate. The rifle which he used was in the adjoining room. He must have procured it without being seen and then began his arrangements for self-destruction. The coolness and nerve required for such a deed cannot be imagined. He stood before a mirror and using the left hand to steady the muzzle of the weapon behind his ear pulled the trigger with his right hand. The bullet went clear through his head and penetrated the ceiling from which it was extracted by the chief of police.

Mr. Murray was a man well known about town and well liked by those who knew him intimately. He was a hail fellow well met with all his friends whom he delighted to entertain at all times. He and Mrs. Murray moved in the best circles in this city and but a few months ago their daughter was married to Mr. Sessions, of New York. The wedding was a brilliant one, and will be remembered by many.

Mr. Murray's body will be taken to New York for burial. He left that city but a few days ago, and according to a telegram from Mr. J. D. Leary, whose agent he was in this city, he was in good health and spirits, and had all the money he wanted.

## A Costly Game of Hide and Seek.

According to the Kings county accounts for this year, which have just been issued, it cost the county \$94.93 to have excursion parties through the county trying to make the acquaintance of the men who shot Charles Sheek. Of this amount constable McLeod only received \$32.95, while the St. John officers, who probably understand all parts of the business better, ran their bill up to \$61.98. It will be remembered that Chief Clark got the nearest to the supposed tramps of any one, except the policeman who passed them out the marsh, and the chief therefore has the largest bill, \$36. Capt. Rawlings coming next in command has the next largest bill, \$15.58, while Detective Ring was content with \$10.40. Meanwhile the tramps are as free as the air, and probably enjoyed their experiences with the New Brunswick constabulary, especially the game of hide and seek at Westfield in which Officer Baxter and the chief were inseparable, and therefore lost the game. Whether Kings county enjoyed the fun as much as the police and the tramps did is a question.

## The First Lot Exhausted.

A large number of people called at PROGRESS office this week to see the set of ten famous books advertised to go with the subscription price and half a dollar extra. Many of them left their orders for the set and were pleased beyond measure with the premiums. There were one or two instances where cloth instead of paper bindings was looked for, but even in these days of cheap book making, ten cloth bound books could not be given for half a dollar—five cents each. The order that PROGRESS placed after the first books has been entirely exhausted and a number of out of town people who have sent their cash will be forced to wait for a day or two until the books arrive. In the meantime orders are being booked from the samples shown in PROGRESS counting room. But please remember the binding of the ten books is uniform and handsome in paper not in cloth.

## REACTION OF THE BOOM.

A BUSINESS MAN TALKS ABOUT THE TIMES.

Bad Crops of Late Years—Poor Freight—An Unfavorable Tariff and the Competition of the Upper Provinces Have Done the Mischief.

It cannot be said that business has shown any improvement during the past week. In fact, if anything, it is somewhat quieter. Money continues to play hide and seek, and the collectors say it is very closely hidden. The reports from the country show that the weeding out of the unsuccessful from the successful, the reckless from the careful, the unfortunate from the fortunate has begun. When it will end is a question which few would attempt to answer.

It is a curious fact that even upon the business outlook the opinions of merchants differ widely. Some, with whom the writer has talked freely are convinced that hard times are past and that the fall and winter trade will be up to the average. Perhaps the wish is father to the opinion for it must be said that the majority of business men seem not to take so hopeful a view of the outlook. The pessimists, of course, can see a cloud blacker than any that has ever hung over the country, while the common sense, prudent and successful merchant says he can see no cause for alarm, no reason why the future should not see trade recovered and active.

"We have seen a succession of bad crops up to this year," said one gentleman, "and the news that the harvest this fall were abundant did, I think, occasion undue elation and hope. The farmer has not recovered himself sufficiently to cause any decided boom in the country business. Then we have had a year or so of poor freights—something that affects these provinces more than anyone can well imagine. They have increased the depression which seems to have set in after a boom. Up to a few months ago—perhaps a year—there was a decided boom in the maritime provinces. Upper province business was, on the contrary, dull, and the immediate result was the outpouring of the overproduction of its manufactures. Men went into business who had no right to do so. They had no capital beyond a slight knowledge of business—and very slight in many cases—and their natural energy. Any kind of time was given, and the larger merchants of this section suddenly found themselves called upon to compete against people who were sacrificing goods instead of selling them, who promised any terms to Tom, Dick, and Harry before they would lose an order. Such competition as this was bound to do mischief, and the results are cropping out now. No matter how long the time, payments must be made in the end and the end has come. Many payments have not arrived."

"We might go a little further and lay some blame upon the McKinley bill which has, to put it mildly, disarranged some branches of trade, more particularly the lime exports."

Perhaps this sums up the causes and the effects reasonably and correctly. If it was as easy to find a remedy there would be plenty of willing hands to apply it.

Only one embarrassment of any magnitude is reported in the city this week. PROGRESS understands that offers of settlement have been made but is not informed whether they have been accepted or not.

## MOUNT PLEASANT'S OIL WELL.

Two Aldermen and a Lawyer Were Induced to Investigate It.

A rather good story is told at the expense of Ald. Connor and McGoldrick and Mr. John L. Carleton, whose credulity has never been a matter of certainty before. It came about in this way: The well that was being dug on Mount Pleasant on the convent property became very deep before there were any signs of water. At last the welcome liquid put in an appearance in the oft lowered bucket and a small crowd gathered about it eagerly. It was muddy water and yet—was it water? It smelt like oil. It tasted like oil. After considerable speculation word was brought in to the city to the office of Mr. Carleton and he and the two aldermen journeyed to the spot. In the meantime the lady superior had inspected the contents of the bucket, and in her opinion it was fish oil!

When the new comers from the city heard that they were astonished. How could fish oil get into a well so deep. The idea was preposterous. They inspected the liquid. It was oily sure enough and their hopes began to rise that a find had been made. And yet they were puzzled for the smell was that of fish oil. About this time the bucket was lowered again and again hoisted. The appearance of oil was just as decided, but while the bucket was being hoisted Ald. McGoldrick made a discovery. The excavators were using new rope from which, when hanging in the well the oil had trickled into the bucket. Thus the oil well trickled out.

## RELICS OF FORMER DAYS.

The Exhibition and Sale of the Curios of the Tisdale Family.

Auctioneer Gerow waxed eloquent in Jack's hall this week upon the excellencies of the Tisdale furniture and curios. The sale was the event of the week among the ladies and relic hunters, and a number of people are now feeling as satisfied with themselves in possessing something ancient and unique as the members of the Tisdale family were 100 years ago, when they purchased those same articles as the latest style.

Some extraordinary prices were paid for articles which to the practical mind were apparently worthless, while really serviceable articles fell short of their value. But everything had to be sold and it was—solid silver, glass, china, old trunks, footstools, hand-boxes, massive mahogany bedsteads, down beds over 70 years old, and quilts with queer grotesque figures worked on them. There was nothing modern in the whole collection, and some of the articles offered were in a dilapidated condition. A dining table nineteen feet long, with the legs gone and their places taken by unsightly packing cases, was sold to the Messrs. Lordly for \$55. A picture of the Prince of Wales as he looked when he was young and innocent and had not been initiated into the mysteries of baccarat, was knocked down cheap for \$1.10, brass frame and all. Mrs. Manson now owns a bonnet that would create a sensation on King street any day, but was considered very fashionable and pretty when its first owner appeared out in it. It is a piece of head dress that would leave even the theatre hat of the present very much in the back ground for size, and is made of yellow drawn satin and sports a lengthy white Brussels net veil. There is material in it for half a dozen bonnets as they are worn today, but it went for \$2.50. Mrs. Thomas McAvity bought two card tables beautifully carved for \$15 each, and a number of other ladies paid equally good prices for articles that they knew were serviceable and much better than the hurriedly manufactured goods of the present.

The Tisdale family were well supplied with bonnets, and these monstrosities attracted an unusual amount of attention. Although the shapes were somewhat different from those in milliner's windows, the Tuscan straw of which they were made and the satin trimmings were admired to such an extent that other defects were lost sight of.

Jack's hall was a museum this week, a good one at that.

## Mr. Quinn Has His Say.

Mr. John Quinn, of Westmorland road, called upon PROGRESS this week and gave it as his opinion that the recent experience with Mr. John Sheenan, of the same place, which ended in the police station and in the speaker being fined \$5 and costs, besides taking a beating from the defendant, would make a nice little article under the head of "Silvery tongues and elastic consciences." Quinn has moved out of Sheenan's house since the trial, as the former did not appear to want him there judging by the remarks in court. Quinn, however, "holds the key," has paid \$2.00 on this quarter's rent, and is looking for a family of gypsies to rent his flat to. Mr. Quinn says that his landlord who was so much annoyed by the disturbance he made forgot to tell about the time that some of his family went up stairs and took the slats out of his bed, thinking that he would bring out on the floor. Mr. Quinn related a number of little incidents that showed that he is as eloquent as his friend Mr. Sheenan was at the police court last week.

## Where Land is Valuable.

If there is any question as to whether the city is growing in population and area, there is none whatever in regard to the growing qualities of the I. C. R. and C. P. R. yards here. The visit of the government representatives this week caused quite a flutter in the vicinity of Mill street, and property there will probably be regarded as very valuable from this date. And it has been all along. People of a speculative turn of mind have had their eyes on the lots marked off on the site of the old lumber yard, and the prospects have been discussed for building on these, until the question of getting the ground came into consideration, when a number are usually forced to give up the building idea. The owners of the lots have placed a good paying value on them, but for all this building operations have been going on very lively.

## Trying for the Prizes.

That there are many people interested in the correspondence contest is quite evident from the letters which have arrived addressed to this or that *nom de plume*. If the news is all right and authentic it is added to the contribution above that signature. A glance at the large quantity of city social news will show what the result has been. There is more this week than last, and so far the contest appears to be quite even.

## LOCKED OUT AT NIGHT.

MISSIONARY SAUNDERS WAS OUT AFTER HOURS.

And Could Not Get Into the Sailors' Home—He Went to a Hotel and the Ladies of the F. S. Society Have Remonstrated but Miss Hutchinson is Firm.

The lady members of the Seaman's Friendly society have been in trouble, and all on account of another lady whom they admit is doing much good among the sailors and spending her own time and money to carry on the work.

When Miss Hutchinson built the Home there was no Seaman's Friendly society. She was the pioneer in effective work and there were some people who helped her who really could not see the need of starting a society to do the same work. Of course Miss Hutchinson was called upon to aid the new departure or at least to countenance it. It is understood that she did so, though with no very clear idea of what it proposed to do for the sailors that was not being done in the Home.

The ladies were energetic and began in various ways to show their sympathy with Jack and his troubles. The final move made was the engagement of a missionary, Mr. Saunders whose work was to move among the sailors and who was to remain in the Home. Mr. Saunders found the Home large enough but he complained that there was no fire in his room. When the ladies of the S. F. society who appeared to be the intermediary between him and Miss Hutchinson complained of this they were told that a man with the warmth of the love of God and his work in his heart should need no fire at this season of the year.

Mr. Saunders worked along complying with the rules of the house which are very strict and getting along amicably with everyone. One evening he walked out about 9 o'clock and remained out until between 10 and 11 o'clock. When he returned he found the doors of the house locked and the light out. He rang the bell but there was no answer and he went away again for another stroll. When he returned he rang and knocked and pounded on the door until a head appeared at a window, and a voice exclaimed "It's after hours, you can't get in."

"But," remonstrated Mr. Saunders, "you have locked the house before the hour, and I must get in."

"Ten o'clock is the hour, and you can't get in this house tonight."

"But I am Mr. Saunders, the missionary residing here at the home," said the gentleman, thinking that he might not be known.

"I do not care who you are, you cannot get in this house tonight."

And Mr. Saunders went to a hotel. The secretary of the S. F. society sent out notices for an indignation meeting, and a determined delegation waited upon Miss Hutchinson. They found her strongly entrenched in her position, and they could not move her, and at last accounts Mr. Saunders was the guest of a city clergyman.

## NOT WHAT IT SEEMED.

One of the Exhibits of a Medicine Manufacturer Proves to be Wood.

That old saying "Things are not always what they seem" has been proved again and this time at the expense of the Bank of Montreal.

When a New Brunswick manufacturer of cure-alls failed some time ago that monetary institution was among the list of creditors with a claim of \$1500. Instead of taking part or next to nothing the bank preferred a judgment and had no trouble getting it. Since then it has lost no opportunity to make said judgment as valuable as possible and keeps a sharp lookout for anything that it can lay hands upon.

Meanwhile the manufacturer is at work again making goods and selling them. He was among those who promised a large exhibit to the exhibition in this city. The space was fairly large and from all accounts that got out and paragraphs that were printed, the exhibit was to be something of value and worth talking about. Its shape was that of a pyramid and it would, of course, take a large amount of stock to complete such a show.

So thought the Bank of Montreal, and when the news appeared in the papers that Mr. So and So's large exhibit had been shipped to St. John, word was sent to the lawyers here. They informed the sheriff who laid his plans accordingly. He was not in too much haste and waited until the show was fairly open and the manufacturer's pyramid as complete as possible. Then the sheriff went and took his writ along. He seized the pyramid and made a discovery immediately. The whole thing was made of wood and worth about as much as an ordinary wood pile. The labels and other printed matter covered the blocks of course but "Cure all" was not there. Which all goes to show that the resources of civilization are in no danger of exhaustion.

## MR. WHOOLEY'S BENEFIT.

His Tenth Chicken Raffle Went Off Successfully.

Mr. John Whooley, cartman, is a man of original ideas—ideas that are not only original but remunerative. Some ten years ago he began to do some marketing in the fall. He kept a sharp lookout for a good supply of chickens and ducks, and ordered them for delivery on a certain day. Mr. Whooley then sent word to his friends to come and see him and have a game of cards. Of course they all went, and spent the evening handling the paste boards for the chickens and ducks. "So much a corner," and two corners usually paid for the feathered bird; the other two were Mr. Whooley's profit.

It is quite evident that the boys patronize the raffle in good shape, for Mr. Whooley's profits last year for the evening were \$43. This year they dropped to \$35, for the times are hard and the chickens tough. But there was a goodly assembly and much fun. The only refreshment inside was apples. As a list of those invited and present would take up too much space the prize winners only are given. According to the score John H. Morrison was a duck richer when he said good night, while W. Kane carried a goose. John McAulity secured a pair of chickens, but John Collins' lot was a young rooster. A duck and a hen fell to W. Walsh and Geo. Duffy, while John Duffy was lucky enough for a goose, and the autocat of Prince ward, James Brennan, had to be content with an aged hen. Jerry McCarthy and Henry O'Leary each had some fortune in the chicken line, while the luck of P. Heffern brought him no less than three pairs of fowl. Among the other prize winners were: Andrew Fox, Frank Downey, John Dewey, and Patrick Jennings.

Everybody had a good time and promised Mr. Whooley to call again.

## A Joke and Not a Joke.

There was considerable laughter around town when the report was printed that a delegation of three St. John men in Montreal were trying to engage an orchestra for the new opera house. Some people were surprised to learn that the gentlemen in question had gone into the amusement business and others that they could find an orchestra in Montreal superior to Harrison's which is acknowledged superior to any east of Boston. Of course it was a joke but one that those interested in the opera house did not appreciate when theatrical companies began to inquire if they would have to bring an orchestra with them if they came to St. John. They had evidently seen the paragraph but not in its jocular light.

## Only a Few Kickers.

Some members of the Beaver lacrosse club were evidently displeased at the fact that the Unions proposed having their sports before theirs, and tried to make some unpleasantness. The Beavers have a number of good athletes among their members, and the club representation at any of the local sports usually proves a feature. The Unions, therefore, did not want to have any difficulty on that point, but having made arrangements for medals and buildings they were decided to have the sports if they had to import attractions. However, the members of the Beavers who did the talking did not voice the sentiments of the rest of the club, and when the entries closed the Beavers were well represented.

## Fulling in the Quarters.

A couple of fair and energetic canvassers who were quite well known to the frequenters of the Bijou theatre last winter have been doing the town for quarter dollar tickets which will entitle the holders to admission to the Institute Monday night, for a benefit to the Princess Ida who was injured after a performance during the exhibition. They had a good many quarters when PROGRESS saw them and they weren't bashful about asking for more.

## Trinity Association's Course.

It seems now to be quite the thing for a church to have its Young Men's association and for the association to have its lecture course. That of Trinity church is announced in another column. There are half a dozen evenings of literary and musical enjoyment promised in which the rector, Mr. Ellis, Mr. McKeown and Rev. Mr. Little will figure. The season tickets have been placed at the very low figure of half a dollar which is certainly not much to pay for so much.

## Three Bands Will Be There.

That hard working and efficient bandmaster Mr. Charles H. Williams of the Kingsville band, will be given a grand testimonial concert in the Institute next Monday evening. A fine programme has been arranged, and the City Cornet, Kingsville, and Citizens bands and Harrison's orchestra will all take part. An event of this kind will be a novelty and should draw a full house.



JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St. Manufacturers' prices. RUBBER CO., Providence, R. I. ... STOVES, ...



IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Now that the concert to be given by the Oratorio society ... are bestirring themselves, although the concert will be a week later than the original date.

The October meeting of the "Old Musical Club" was held at Mrs. Wm. Bowden's, Sydney street, on Tuesday evening.

Mr. John Wilson, once a very prominent member of our musical circles, has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Jardine, where he was joined by Mrs. Wilson, who has been spending the summer up the river.

Mr. R. P. Strand has taken a house on Sewall street, and will occupy it shortly. Mrs. Blanchard, another well known member of our musical world has been visiting Mrs. W. S. Carter, Elliott Row.

It was very stupid of me, I own, to confound the "Benedictus" with the "Gloria" in the Mendelssohn, when I heard it played by the pupils at Miss Hickey's school of music.

On Tuesday evening the "Music Union" had a rehearsal in Leinster street church, but it is within the bounds of possibility that we may have another amateur minstrel performance sometime during the winter.

The Philharmonic club met at Mr. W. A. Ewing's Duke street, on Friday evening, when the program for the Oratorio concert, which, by the way I forgot to say, will be held in the new opera house.

A concert was given on Thursday evening in the Russell's street Baptist church, but I will be unable to notice it this week.

Many thanks are due Mr. G. Bernhard Manner, for the copy of his theme and variations of "I'm going to write to papa." I am sorry that I cannot say anything very encouraging in regard to the composition.

Boston is musically very gay just now with the Symphony concert, Nordica, Laura Schlimmer-Lapponen to Lactis de Lemmermoer, Mascagni, Cavalleria Rusticana, at the Tremont, "Ship Ahoy," at the Hotel and at the Wigmore Hall, and at the Globe, and many other attractions to be heard in the near future.

Qu'est-ce qui s'est passé en ville cette semaine? Rien de très intéressant, il me semble. Il faut alors, ne rien dire, dites-vous; mais pas du tout, ce n'est pas une raison pour se taire parce qu'on n'a rien à dire; pour bien des personnes, au contraire, ce n'est qu'une excuse pour parler. En effet, c'est un bel art que de pouvoir dire des choses d'une manière qu'on ne les oublie pas.

Mais quelqu'un ne fasse pas grand'chose à ce moment-ci, on entend de tous côtés: "Je suis bien fatigué!" "J'ai tant à faire." "Je suis si pressé," etc., etc. Et cela au commencement de la saison.

La réunion française s'est passée la semaine dernière chez Mlle. Deyver. Il y avait une répétition de la petite-comédie qui se jouera dans une ou deux semaines.

DONE WITH THE BRUSH.

THE CARE SCENIC ARTISTS GIVE TO DETAIL IN THEIR WORK.

Mr. Chidley Tells Interesting Stories About Them, and How Some Wonderful Stage Pictures Were Produced—A Real Lobster For Effect.

One of the reasons for the comparative obscurity of scene painters, apart from the seclusion of the paint-bridge on which they pass their lives, is the somewhat dirty nature of their occupation.

The scene painter, dressed in a suit of canvass overalls, splattered from the crown of his head to the heels of his slippers with paint of all the colors of the rainbow, often presents an appearance which in the eyes of the careless observer, discounts him.

Among the foremost ranks of scenic art Clarkson Stanfield in his time stood eminent. He had been a sailor, but on his last voyage and that capacity fell from the rigging and broke his leg, which not being properly set incapacitated him for a sailor's life.

A story is told of Stanfield that once he painted a marine view with a red lobster on the shore in the foreground. With the scene painter's instinct for effect, he had wanted a bit of scarlet and put it in the first object he thought of.

One more link is appended to the apparently endless chain of the "Ipsic Apert" contention. The lengthy title and the very explicit preface plainly set forth the scope of the present treatise, the learned pages of which present a rather appalling view to the man of scanty leisure.

While the subject matter of the controversy is not such as to attract the popular mind, the frequent and first outbreak of the wordy war have drawn very many to the standpoint of interested spectators, looking eagerly for the result; actuated, perhaps, by the not very lofty motive of mere curiosity as to which may prove the winning side.

It is, however, only a few men of established reputation who could dare defy criticism in this way. Scene painters in particular are necessary to the correct appreciation of art in its highest and most noble phases.

When he painted the drop curtain for the Imperial Theatre of Lyons he went to the trouble first of designing a deep gold embroidery for it, then having the actual embroidery made of bullion lace and draped, and then faithfully copied on to the curtain.

Several, the great English painter, was equally precise. Nothing was left to chance; in the great spectacular pantomimes at Drury Lane he would draw a perspective line upon the wall under which all the persons in the play were measured.

Various governments pay their chiefs as follows: United States, \$40,000 a year; Persia, \$30,000,000; Russia, \$10,000,000; Siam, \$10,000,000; Spain, \$3,900,000; Italy, \$3,000,000; Great Britain, \$2,000,000; Mexico, \$2,500,000; Japan, \$2,300,000; Egypt, \$1,575,000; Germany, \$1,000,000; Saxony, \$700,000; Portugal, Sweden and Brazil each \$600,000; France, \$200,000; Hayti, \$240,000; Switzerland, \$5,000.

THE ENGINE DRIVER.

An English Paper tells of His work and Responsibility.

We all travel nowadays, and we are all interested in engines and engine-drivers. There is a readable article on the men who drive locomotives and the speed they run at in Chamber's Journal.

A man on being appointed a driver will try his hand at first with a slow goods train; and having shown himself competent and careful he will then have charge of an express goods or slow passenger train, and the height of his ambition is generally attained when he is called upon to drive such trains as the Flying Scot, the Wild Irishman, or the Flying Dutchman.

Engines are very much like racehorses—they have little tricks and peculiarities of their own, and require humoring; for this reason every driver keeps to his own engine as much as possible.

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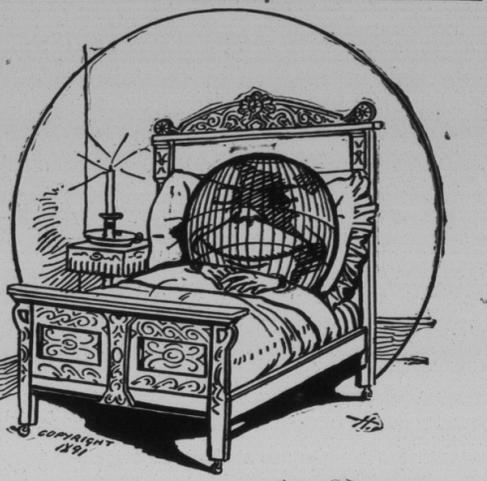
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We supply the World

If you spend a cent in Furniture before you have taken a look at our stock and our prices you'll make a mistake, and the more you spend the bigger your mistake will be.

Harold Gilbert's Warerooms, - 54 King Street.

The Ostrich Kicks. In the nesting season the male ostrich is a ferocious animal, and cannot be approached with impunity.

THE WORKMEN are in charge of the OPERA HOUSE blasting under the stage, and preparing to put in heating apparatus.

Meanwhile the management is arranging for immediate ATTRACTIONS.

EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusty, pimply, blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and Restorer of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

GRAND TESTIMONIAL CONCERT TO MR. CHAS. H. WILLIAMS, AT Mechanics' Institute, TUESDAY, OCT. 27, 1891.

THE CITY CORNET BAND, KINGSLIDE BAND, CITIZEN'S BAND, HARRISON'S ORCHESTRA, and leading Vocalists will assist.

THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION OF TRINITY CHURCH. Thursday, Nov. 5, 1891, Rev. Canon Brigstocke, D.D. Subject: "Hocks"

DO NOT FORGET THAT Always keep a large stock of all goods pertaining to the Jewelry Business, and are continually adding to their stock in the Latest things that are manufactured.

TAKE A LOOK AT THEIR DIAMONDS, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, Umbrellas, Clocks, Pencils, Canes, etc. No. 48 King St.

Manchestor, Robertson & Allison.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Mansie Building, 28 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

The Subscription price of Progress is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Unless this is done they will be quite sure of being overlooked. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. Unless this is done the editor cannot be responsible for their return.

The Circulation of this paper is over 9,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section. Its advertising rates are reasonable and can be had on application.

Copies can be purchased at every known news or business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Unless this is done they will be quite sure of being overlooked.

Liberal Communications will be given to agents for subscriptions. Good men, with references, can secure territory by writing to the publisher. 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 and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

CIRCULATION, - - 9,800

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE:

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

A REMEDY FOR DIVORCE.

It has been suggested that a good way to remedy the evil resulting from the lax divorce laws in force in the United States, is to provide that in every case the state shall be made a party and that if a divorce is granted, the person at fault shall be punished criminally. Infidelity to the marriage vow, cruelty, desertion, failure to provide for, are or ought to be offences against the law in all parts of the civilized world, and these are the principal grounds of divorce. Many persons are guilty of these acts for no other reason than to force their spouses to seek relief in the divorce courts. Now without discussing whether divorce ought to be granted for many of the reasons recognized in the United States, it will be conceded that the guilty party ought not to be allowed to profit by his wrongdoing, as in many cases he does. The man we will say for gallantry's sake, grows tired of his wife. He treats her cruelly. She seeks relief in divorce and he is free to go on to seek fresh victims. If he were first to serve a term in the penitentiary he would probably not feel like repeating the operation. The knowledge that his wife could obtain this freedom, with alimony and that he would have the privilege of living in retirement at the public expense, might keep many a refractory husband in order. But some will say: Would you tie people together who would be far better apart? That question does not arise in this connection. There are hundreds of married couples, getting along well together, who might just as easily have led a cat and dog life. Being united and having discovered each other's weak points they shrewdly avoided irritating each other, until what has been a life time of misery has become one of comfort and respect, if not of affection. A partnership which is permanent, or to the breaking of which a heavy penalty is attached, is more likely to become tolerable than one that may be broken at a moment's notice. Moreover when obstacles are thrown in the way of divorce more deliberation is exercised in marrying. In a state of society where divorces are common and where they carry with them no social degradation, people assume the marriage tie very lightly, and the marriage relation is not regarded as a life bargain, but as an arrangement for mutual convenience, to be continued as long as it is mutually agreeable. When either party grows tired or sees some one else whom he or she prefers, it is the easiest thing in the world to give the other good grounds for seeking legal separation. A great deal of the fun of the performance would be lost if the offender was given a year or two to reflect over it in the company of thieves, forgers and other scoundrels. Taking it altogether the suggestion seems a capital one.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

A short time ago the despatches told of an attempt upon the life of the emperor of Austria, and later it was said that the proposed assassination was planned by the Russian official secret service. There is something so inconceivably abominable in the case of the emperor, who is popularly supposed to spend his time in trying on new suits of diamond-proof clothing, being even indirectly implicated in a plot to kill his well beloved neighbor of Austria, that most people rejected the story as the invention of a particularly horrible sensation. Nevertheless it is quite within the possibilities that the story is true. Now if that cynical Frenchman who used

always to ask, when some outrageous piece of villainy was unearthed, "Who is the woman?" were alive today, he would probably have propounded the same question when news came that FRANCIS JOSEPH had just escaped death at a murderer's hands and this would have been the story:

In the gay court of Vienna, the affairs of love scarcely hold a second place to those of war, and when Crown Prince RUDOLF, though the husband of a handsome wife, began to pay more attention than politeness absolutely required to a young and very pretty countess, society was not particularly shocked, and if the Crown Princess did not like it, she was discreet enough to hold her tongue. And so things went on swimmingly enough. Germans, Slavs, Maggars and all the other nationalities which go to make up the hypertened Austro-Hungarian empire liked PRINCE RUDOLF, and being not averse to promiscuous love-making, when carried on within reasonable bounds, they shrugged their shoulders over his little infidelities and assured themselves that nothing else was to be expected of such a dashing fellow, for had not his father been just such another, and who had turned out a better sovereign? But here was just where the trouble lay. If FRANCIS JOSEPH had not been just such another, the pretty countess never would have appeared upon the stage of history, and what wonder was it that when the father had loved the mother, the son should love the daughter. It came about at length that the story of his son's amour reached the emperor's ears, told to him, it is said, by a jealous woman. The emperor's horror was intense, for he loved both his children, the prince and the pretty countess. At once he caused RUDOLF to be told the terrible secret that the girl whom he loved so well but not wisely was his own half sister. Stunned by the awful discovery, the young lovers could see only one road of escape, the short and unknown path that leads to the hereafter, and they took the journey together.

Now FRANCIS JOSEPH has no other child to wear his crown when he follows his erring children, and the next occupant of the throne will be a nephew, who is remarkable for nothing so much as for his unpopularity. When the time comes for him to take the sceptre, it is fondly hoped, by jealous neighbors, that Austro-Hungary will go to pieces; and when the break comes Russia hopes to be able to march to Constantinople. Therefore it is that a quarter of a million men marched on the east bank of the Truth in full marching order, while assassins tried to get in their work at Vienna. Who shall say that their romance has gone out of the world? What weirder story can all the past unfold?

MEN AND THINGS.

The New York presbytery came within a very few votes of stopping all proceedings against Rev. Dr. Briggs, charged with heresy. When the ministers of a church are almost equally divided upon the question of what is and what is not heresy, laymen may be excused if their ideas are a trifle misty on some points. The rule seems to be, however, for the pulpit to require the pews to be orthodox, no matter how much latitude it demands for itself.

Millions of people in Europe have not enough to eat. Millions of bushels of wheat are offered for sale in America in excess of the present demand. Of course it will all be wanted by and by; but the astonishing thing is the barrier which stands between these starving millions and the overflowing granaries. It is not distance. That in these days of railways and steamboats is nothing. What is it?

The czar has decided to have a silver wedding and as the King of Denmark, his father-in-law, was too poor to pay for the festivities, the czar put up the necessary amount of roubles. Did ever a man so miss an opportunity? Here is the ruler of a vast empire, thousands of whose subjects are dying from famine. Had he proclaimed that instead of celebrating his silver wedding he would devote the money and much more to relieving distress in the stricken provinces, he might have gained such a hold upon the affections of the people as never could have been shaken. But he goes on making money and dodging dynamite. There are some people whom only assassination can teach.

A little story comes from London that Kaiser WILLIAM told his grandmother that war was inevitable, and that he ought to fight before France got stronger. The queen told him that he would do a wicked thing to precipitate war; but the young man did not come for advice and went off in the sulks. Then the queen asked SALISBURY to talk to him; but the shrewd premier said that the Kaiser would be sent unasked advice and in sheer obstinacy bring on a crisis. He advised the queen to write to the czar advising him to give the French fleet a splendid reception, and also to the President of France offering a reception to the fleet if it came to Portland. The plan worked to perfection, and the Kaiser feeling that France was not quite isolated has been fair to keep the peace. This is a very nice story and may be true.

The captain of an American man-of-war,

who was in Valparaiso after its capture by the revolutionists, says that the union Jack was carried everywhere by the victorious soldiers, who cheered for England and Chile, and howled at the United States. The captain thinks it will take two generations for the United States to regain its position in the southern republic. This is due to two causes. U. S. Minister EGAN thought because England favored the revolutionists he ought to favor BALMACEIDA. "I felt it my duty to fight England," he said. The second cause was that the U. S. have a new navy; and they could not resist the temptation to show it off a little. So they chased the *Rata* into a Chilean port and captured her there, notwithstanding the protests of the revolutionists and the fact that nothing had been proved against the vessel, which has since been released.

IN CASTLES OF WOOD.

Perhaps the safest homes the birds have devised are the snug castles built—or rather cut out—by the woodpecker family. At any rate, it is plain that they feel so themselves, for their little folk are the boldest and most noisy of feathered babies. You will find that most young birds whose cradles are on the ground, or much exposed, are silent little fellows, rarely raising their voices above a faint peep. They seem to know their safety depends on their silence. In nests that are higher the youngsters are not so prudent. The oriole (as I have called) swings and dangles from the end of an elm cable and cries without ceasing; but loudest of all are the dwellers in tree-trunks. The flicker baby will stand at his door, a round hole in the trunk, for hours and shout at the top of his voice; if he did so on the ground he would be snatched up by many a prowler on the lookout for tender young nestlings to eat, not to speak of the race of mankind. One who is acquainted with the interesting young flickers can always tell when they are getting ready to fly. One that I watched spent several days in his doorway, looking about and calling vehemently, hardly staying away along enough to sleep. This was in striking contrast to the conduct of his parents, who came and went as silently as though they had no voices. Not till he had flown were they heard calling and drumming on dead limbs. And the moment the youngling left the nest he seemed to understand that he was not so safe as at home, for he too became still. There were other tree-trunk dwellers in the woods near where I spent last summer. Besides the flicker and the sapsucker, there were the red-headed woodpecker, and the downy and hairy, the last two of whom are exactly alike except that the hairy is two inches longer than the downy. I heard the infants cry away up in their stronghold, but I could not see them till they could fly.

The most persistent brawler I ever heard in a nest is the young sapsucker, or yellow-bellied woodpecker, whose voice may be heard anywhere near his tree from early morning to the dusk of evening. His home is in a dead tree, often with neither bark nor limbs left on, so it is perhaps the most secure of all, he seems at least to have no hesitation about making all the noise he desires. One day a young hairy woodpecker came flying out of the woods and alighted about fifteen feet from where I was sitting, on the trunk of a tree. As he came he cried in a loud voice, "Pip! pip!" and of course I kept perfectly still to look at him. He was not in the least afraid of me; indeed, he seemed anxious to show what he could do in the way of food-hunting. He went to work on the side of the tree next me, tapping vigorously at the bark, and when a bit of it fell he leaned back and looked at it in the most critical manner. Then he went to work at the hole he had made. He probed every crack with his beak; he turned his head and peered under the loose ledges, then dug into the soft inner bark as if he were searching for something, or pretended to, and for fifteen minutes he entertained me that morning. Woodpeckers are among our most useful servants. Every one kills thousands of insects in the summer, digging them out of the bark and wood. If the woodpeckers were to stop their work, many fruit and shade trees would die. Yet because they cut holes in the bark, which scientific men who have studied them say does not injure the tree, farmers and gardeners are slow to know better, give the birds a bad name, and kill them whenever they can.—Olive Thorne Miller in *Christian Union*.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

An Undertaking Establishment in Connection With the N. B. Casket Factory.

Many people ever give the business of the coffin and casket maker a thought, until the time comes, as it invariably does, when the purchase of a casket becomes of great importance in connection with a painful duty. But for all this, the work of manufacturing them goes on, and one would be surprised at the extent of the business done here in the city.

The New Brunswick coffin and casket factory at 157, 159, Brussels street has a wide and favorable reputation for the excellence of the work done, and a walk through their extensive establishment would surprise many who have only seen the building from the outside. Mr. Watson, the proprietor, has been employed in Scott, Lawton & Love's factory where the cutting is done, and the Brussels street establishment is well taken up with stock and work rooms where the goods are finished. The coffins and caskets are put together in a department on the lower floor, and upstairs is the flowing room where the bulk of the stock is kept in rubbing varnish, ready to be finished when ordered. In an adjoining room the coffins are given a polish that has made a reputation for the factory. Mr. D. McCafferty who has charge of this department has had large experience and is a thorough workman. Although the goods are all in imitation they can hardly be distinguished from walnut or burrill and have certainly a very handsome appearance.

Mr. Watson also keeps a stock of furnishings on hand, which enables him to make all parts of his work in keeping with the fine appearance of the wood. The goods of the factory are well known to undertakers throughout the provinces, and large shipments are being made every day. Mr. Watson has decided to make a new departure and, with Mr. McCafferty, has this week opened an undertaking establishment at 135 Waterloo street. Having the factory from which to get their supplies the new firm will have a great advantage in being able to furnish all their own goods, saving the manufacturer's profits.

All He Is Expected to Know.

Mrs. Fangle (to Prof. Grubbs)—"So you are a government chemist." Prof. Grubbs—"Yes, madam." "Do tell me; what is the latest in baking powders?" An American, looking at the ferri-

ble completion, will find new reason to be grateful to Providence for delivering this continent from the hereditary principle in government.—Youth's Companion.

THE LEATHERSTOCKING TALES.

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

The first and greatest of American novelists was James Fenimore Cooper. His popularity, says a writer in the *Century Magazine*, "was cosmopolitan. He was almost as widely read in France, Germany, and Italy as in Great Britain and the United States. Only one American book has ever since attained the international success of those of Cooper's—'Uncle Tom's Cabin'—and only one American author, Poe, has since gained a name at all commensurate with Cooper's above." The great author is dead, but his charming romances still live to delight new generations of readers. "The wind of the lakes and the prairie has not lost its balmy and the salt of the sea breeze its savor," says the same writer above. "Inventive, interesting, and full of incident, intensely interesting, ascending in adventure, just pace, elevating, manly, and entirely devoid of all the objectionable features of the modern Indian story. No reading could be more wholesome for young and old than Cooper's romances. An entirely new edition of the Leatherstocking Tales has just been published, in one large and handsome volume of over three hundred pages, containing all of these famous romances, complete, unaltered and unaltered, viz.:

THE DEERSLAYER, THE PATHFINDER, THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE PIONEERS, THE PRADER.

This handsome edition of the Leatherstocking Tales printed upon quality paper, and bound in a beautiful cloth and one which should have a place in every American home. It contains five of the most thrilling romances that the mind of man has ever conceived. A whole winter's reading is compressed in its handsome Indian story. All who have not read Cooper's stories have in store for themselves a rich literary treat. Every member of the family circle will be delighted with the publisher's new edition of the Leatherstocking Tales whereby we are enabled to offer this large and beautiful book almost as a free gift to our subscribers. Such an offer as we make would not have been possible a few years ago, but the lightning printing press, low price of paper and great competition in the book trade have done wonders for the reading public, and this is the most marvelous of all.

Read Our Great Premium Offer! We will send THE Tales, complete, as above described, with LEATHERSTOCKING TALES, for one year, upon receipt of only \$2.25, which is an advance of but 25 cents over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get this fine edition of the famous Leatherstocking Tales for only 25 cents. Perfect satisfaction is guaranteed to all who take advantage of this great premium offer. Those whose subscriptions have not yet expired who renew now will receive the Leatherstocking Tales at once, and their subscriptions will be extended one year from date of expiration. The Leatherstocking Tales will be given free to any subscriber sending us one new subscriber to our paper. Address all letters: EDWARD S. CARTER.

KICK IN THIS COLUMN.

A Question for Theologians.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Will you kindly inform me through the columns of your widely read paper whether the initial S in the revised version of the New Testament, as found in the 35 verse of the 8th chapter of John, should be a capital or small letter, as to my mind a great deal depends on which is correct. As a capital is always used in reference to the Trinity or any part thereof, while the small S would refer to finite beings. By enlightening me on this you will greatly oblige

"MYSELF."

DEAR SIR:

The policemen who were so actively engaged some time ago in making prominent citizens "move on," should now devote a little of their time to loafers who stand in the door ways on King street in the evening and expectorate tobacco over the sidewalk. Last Sunday evening the asphalt near the foot of the street was in a disgraceful condition, and ladies, who did not want to have their dresses ruined, had to take the outside edge of the sidewalk.

They Got All the Fun.

I was a pleased reader of "Thymec" (Dorchester) spicy remarks on the nuisance of rice throwing at weddings in last week's PROGRESS. At a recent one here the rice usually showered on the bride at the station was, on this occasion, lavished on her at the church porch. It seems to me that the rice throwers get all the fun of which the bride and her friends are her unfortunate victims. SNOW DROP, Sackville, Oct. 21.

Jean Coombs Coming.

Those who like good plays and a good company will be pleased to know that Jean Coombs and her company are coming to the new opera house. From every report that PROGRESS has heard this will be an attraction worth seeing and waiting for. The engagement opens November 2, and continues for two weeks.

A Remarkable Voyage.

Two sailing ships recently lay in the Mersey that had left Liverpool on the same day last year, and after voyages of nearly 30,000 miles for each returned to port at Liverpool almost side by side. They left on October five for Astoria, Oregon, and arrived there on March 1 and 2, having been in company with each other for a large portion of the voyage. They were in sight for 40 days of proximity one of the captains and his wife enjoyed a Sunday dinner on the other vessel, the compliment being returned on the following Sunday by the other captain. Both vessels left Astoria on April 3; but this time one sailed for Dunkirk and the other for Havre. They left these ports at nearly the same time, and entered the Mersey within hailing distance after a voyage of 342 days.

He Was Good for Advice.

"I've been a wanderer on the face of the earth for a dozen years," whined the seedy applicant for a dime to a rich and healthy monopolist. "Ah, indeed, my good fellow," was the monopolist's reply; "and have you got nothing by it?" "I got at me," said the tramp bitterly. "Well, judging from your appearance, I should say you ought to try some other part of it and give it a face a rest for a year or two," and, turning on his heel, he stepped into his elegant carriage and was driven away to his magnificent home.

He Was impolite.

"Can you give me the time, sir?" asked a man in the street car. "You might as well ask me for a dollar," was the reply. "I beg your pardon! I thought you had a watch." "I have; but it is in my pocket."

ANNAPOLIS.

Oct. 21.—Miss Barr has returned from a month's visit in Halifax. Mrs. John Harris has returned from a visit of some length in Boston. Miss Swedee is staying with Mrs. Charles McCormick. Miss Rosa Maynard, of Windsor, is visiting her sister, Mrs. How. Mrs. Geo. E. Thomson is receiving visitors this week at her father's house. Mr. Thomson is pursuing his dental studies in Philadelphia. Mr. Leavitt is able to re-visit his home after his illness. Mr. Beavert, of Round Hill, has started a new drawing class here. At last the old soldiers' quarters in the parish have been pronounced by the War Department as having been driven out by rain. They have taken a house on Bonaker street.

WINDSOR, N. S.

Oct. 21.—Social events are still few and far between in Windsor, with the exception of a little disputation enjoyed by most of the girls of the church school last Saturday, in the form of a drive given them by some of their friends who have horses. Mrs. O'Brien also entertained a few girls at dinner. Prof. and Mrs. Vroom and their little daughter have returned from England, where they have been spending the summer. Miss Campbell is visiting her sister Mrs. Vroom. Mrs. Roberts, of Fredericton, is visiting her son, Prof. Roberts. Miss Roberts, who is at present on the staff of teachers at the school for the blind in Halifax, spent Sunday at Kingsport. Mr. Moore, of Halifax, has been visiting Mrs. Geo. Wilcox. Miss Minnie Pratt, of Wolfville, spent Monday in Windsor. Dr. Hill returned from Halifax on Tuesday. Mr. Goodridge Roberts returned to Windsor last evening. The marriage of Mr. J. Shaw and Miss Chisholm took place yesterday. The wedding was a quiet one, at the house of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien. The bride and groom will take up their residence in the house lately occupied by Mr. William Shaw. Mr. and Mrs. William Shaw have moved to the house vacated by Mr. E. McKean. Since writing the above, I have heard of a small card party given by Mrs. Moody last Thursday.

WOLFVILLE.

Oct. 21.—Mrs. Ernest Brown gave a very pleasant progressive euchre party to her friends on Thursday evening last. Among the guests were Miss Brown, Miss Borden (Grand Pre), Mrs. and Miss Des Barres, Miss Haliburton, the Misses Prat, Mr. Prat, Mr. Brown, Mr. Bigelow and others. Miss Haliburton has gone to Boston for a short visit. Much sympathy is felt for the Rev. Mr. Freeman and family in the loss of Mrs. Freeman, his daughter who died last week. Mr. Charles Albert, of King's college, Windsor, took the service in St. John's church on Sunday last. Mr. H. N. Shaw went to Bridgetown on Thursday to take part in a concert given there. Miss Jessie Brown has returned from Bedford after a very pleasant visit among friends there. Mr. Hilton Pitt, of Bermuda, is in town for a time, and will visit her sister while there. Cards are out for a dance at Mr. Storewood's for Wednesday evening. Miss Roberts, of St. John, is visiting Mrs. C. H. Starr. Mr. Thomas Cramp and Miss Gump, of Montreal, after spending a few weeks here returned home on Monday. Miss Jessie Newcombe is the guest of Miss May Prat. Miss Sadie McKean, who has been at her home for some weeks, returned to Halifax this evening. T. H.

HAVERLOCK.

Oct. 21.—The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Seel will regret to hear of the loss of their little baby girl. Mrs. J. L. Wilnot has been called to Lynn through the illness of her father, Mr. Thomas Payne. Mrs. W. W. Kilian went to Sussex this morning to the district lodge of the Odd Fellows. Last Monday evening a very select few gathered, according to invitations, at the residence of Mr. J. B. Price. A very pleasant evening was spent, the chief amusement being the tripping of the light fantastic. Mr. D. O'Neil went to Moncton Tuesday morning. Mr. H. A. Thorne is confined to his bed through illness. The Rev. Bert Keith, of Moncton, is visiting his friend, Mr. Ira F. Keith, TUNY.

PICTOU, N. S.

Oct. 21.—Miss Jean Falconer, of Pictou, left last Friday to visit friends in Dartmouth. Mr. Harry MacLennan, of Pictou, who has been spending the summer at home, returned to New York last week. Mr. George Miller, of Tatamagouche, spent last Sunday in Pictou. Miss Davies, of Stellarton, spent last week in Pictou, the guest of Mrs. Charles Priddy. Mrs. Sinclair, of New Glasgow, was in town last Tuesday. Dr. Stewart returned home last Monday, after an absence of five or six months in England. As court meets here this week there are several strangers in town: Judge Graham, Mr. C. D. MacDonald, of Halifax, and Mr. MacPhee, of Antigonish. Rev. Mr. Quinn preached in Prince street church last Sunday evening.

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A GREAT LITERARY BARGAIN!

Cooper's Famous Romances of the American Forest!

THE LEATHERSTOCKING TALES.



By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

The first and greatest of American novelists was James Fenimore Cooper. His popularity, says a writer in the Century Magazine, "was cosmopolitan. He was almost as widely read in France, Germany, and Italy as in Great Britain and the United States. Only one American book has ever since attained the international success of those of Cooper's—'Uncle Tom's Cabin'—and only one American author, Poe, has since gained a name at all commensurate with Cooper's above." The great author is dead, but his charming romances still live to delight new generations of readers. "The wind of the lakes and the prairie has not lost its balmy and the salt of the sea breeze its savor," says the same writer above. "Inventive, interesting, and full of incident, intensely interesting, ascending in adventure, just pace, elevating, manly, and entirely devoid of all the objectionable features of the modern Indian story. No reading could be more wholesome for young and old than Cooper's romances. An entirely new edition of the Leatherstocking Tales has just been published, in one large and handsome volume of over three hundred pages, containing all of these famous romances, complete, unaltered and unaltered, viz.:

THE DEERSLAYER, THE PATHFINDER, THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE PIONEERS, THE PRADER.

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KICK IN THIS COLUMN.

A Question for Theologians.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Will you kindly inform me through the columns of your widely read paper whether the initial S in the revised version of the New Testament, as found in the 35 verse of the 8th chapter of John, should be a capital or small letter, as to my mind a great deal depends on which is correct. As a capital is always used in reference to the Trinity or any part thereof, while the small S would refer to finite beings. By enlightening me on this you will greatly oblige

"MYSELF."

DEAR SIR:

The policemen who were so actively engaged some time ago in making prominent citizens "move on," should now devote a little of their time to loafers who stand in the door ways on King street in the evening and expectorate tobacco over the sidewalk. Last Sunday evening the asphalt near the foot of the street was in a disgraceful condition, and ladies, who did not want to have their dresses ruined, had to take the outside edge of the sidewalk.

They Got All the Fun.

I was a pleased reader of "Thymec" (Dorchester) spicy remarks on the nuisance of rice throwing at weddings in last week's PROGRESS. At a recent one here the rice usually showered on the bride at the station was, on this occasion, lavished on her at the church porch. It seems to me that the rice throwers get all the fun of which the bride and her friends are her unfortunate victims. SNOW DROP, Sackville, Oct. 21.

Jean Coombs Coming.

Those who like good plays and a good company will be pleased to know that Jean Coombs and her company are coming to the new opera house. From every report that PROGRESS has heard this will be an attraction worth seeing and waiting for. The engagement opens November 2, and continues for two weeks.

A Remarkable Voyage.

Two sailing ships recently lay in the Mersey that had left Liverpool on the same day last year, and after voyages of nearly 30,000 miles for each returned to port at Liverpool almost side by side. They left on October five for Astoria, Oregon, and arrived there on March 1 and 2, having been in company with each other for a large portion of the voyage. They were in sight for 40 days of proximity one of the captains and his wife enjoyed a Sunday dinner on the other vessel, the compliment being returned on the following Sunday by the other captain. Both vessels left Astoria on April 3; but this time one sailed for Dunkirk and the other for Havre. They left these ports at nearly the same time, and entered the Mersey within hailing distance after a voyage of 342 days.

He Was Good for Advice.

"I've been a wanderer on the face of the earth for a dozen years," whined the seedy applicant for a dime to a rich and healthy monopolist. "Ah, indeed, my good fellow," was the monopolist's reply; "and have you got nothing by it?" "I got at me," said the tramp bitterly. "Well, judging from your appearance, I should say you ought to try some other part of it and give it a face a rest for a year or two," and, turning on his heel, he stepped into his elegant carriage and was driven away to his magnificent home.

He Was impolite.

"Can you give me the time, sir?" asked a man in the street car. "You might as well ask me for a dollar," was the reply. "I beg your pardon! I thought you had a watch." "I have; but it is in my pocket."

ANNAPOLIS.

Oct. 21.—Miss Barr has returned from a month's visit in Halifax. Mrs. John Harris has returned from a visit of some length in Boston. Miss Swedee is staying with Mrs. Charles McCormick. Miss Rosa Maynard, of Windsor, is visiting her sister, Mrs. How. Mrs. Geo. E. Thomson is receiving visitors this week at her father's house. Mr. Thomson is pursuing his dental studies in Philadelphia. Mr. Leavitt is able to re-visit his home after his illness. Mr. Beavert, of Round Hill, has started a new drawing class here. At last the old soldiers' quarters in the parish have been pronounced by the War Department as having been driven out by rain. They have taken a house on Bonaker street.

WINDSOR, N. S.

Oct. 21.—Social events are still few and far between in Windsor, with the exception of a little disputation enjoyed by most of the girls of the church school last Saturday, in the form of a drive given them by some of their friends who have horses. Mrs. O'Brien also entertained a few girls at dinner. Prof. and Mrs. Vroom and their little daughter have returned from England, where they have been spending the summer. Miss Campbell is visiting her sister Mrs. Vroom. Mrs. Roberts, of Fredericton, is visiting her son, Prof. Roberts. Miss Roberts, who is at present on the staff of teachers at the school for the blind in Halifax, spent Sunday at Kingsport. Mr. Moore, of Halifax, has been visiting Mrs. Geo. Wilcox. Miss Minnie Pratt, of Wolfville, spent Monday in Windsor. Dr. Hill returned from Halifax on Tuesday. Mr. Goodridge Roberts returned to Windsor last evening. The marriage of Mr. J. Shaw and Miss Chisholm took place yesterday. The wedding was a quiet one, at the house of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien. The bride and groom will take up their residence in the house lately occupied by Mr. William Shaw. Mr. and Mrs. William Shaw have moved to the house vacated by Mr. E. McKean. Since writing the above, I have heard of a small card party given by Mrs. Moody last Thursday.

WOLFVILLE.

Oct. 21.—Mrs. Ernest Brown gave a very pleasant progressive euchre party to her friends on Thursday evening last. Among the guests were Miss Brown, Miss Borden (Grand Pre), Mrs. and Miss Des Barres, Miss Haliburton, the Misses Prat, Mr. Prat, Mr. Brown, Mr. Bigelow and others. Miss Haliburton has gone to Boston for a short visit. Much sympathy is felt for the Rev. Mr. Freeman and family in the loss of Mrs. Freeman, his daughter who died last week. Mr. Charles Albert, of King's college, Windsor, took the service in St. John's church on Sunday last. Mr. H. N. Shaw went to Bridgetown on Thursday to take part in a concert given there. Miss Jessie Brown has returned from Bedford after a very pleasant visit among friends there. Mr. Hilton Pitt, of Bermuda, is in town for a time, and will visit her sister while there. Cards are out for a dance at Mr. Storewood's for Wednesday evening. Miss Roberts, of St. John, is visiting Mrs. C. H. Starr. Mr. Thomas Cramp and Miss Gump, of Montreal, after spending a few weeks here returned home on Monday. Miss Jessie Newcombe is the guest of Miss May Prat. Miss Sadie McKean, who has been at her home for some weeks, returned to Halifax this evening. T. H.

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Takes Little Labor and Time.

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**WHERE ARE YOU GOING TONIGHT?** TO KERR'S! WHAT KERR'S? **KERR'S ICE CREAM PARLORS, ON KING STREET, HE MAKES DELICIOUS ICE CREAM AND ICE CREAM SODA. OPENED TO-DAY!** 2 CASES CHILD'S SPRING HEEL BUTTON BOOTS, very cheap. 1 CASE MISSES' SPRING HEEL BUTTON BOOTS, ALSO A Large Assortment of Children's English Slippers. 1 Case Men's Balmorals at \$1.00 per pair. **G. B. HALLETT, - - - 108 KING STREET. ENGRAVING.** PORTRAITS, HOUSES, STORES, ADVERTISEMENTS. **"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU, SAINT JOHN, N. B.**

**St. John—South End.** Mrs. Wickwire, of Canim, N. S., is in St. John, and is spending the winter with her mother, Mrs. Lawrence, Germain street. Miss Wickwire will spend part of this winter here and part in Truro. Mrs. Devere, who has been visiting her parents, Rev. R. and Mrs. Mathers, returned yesterday to her home at Woodstock. Mr. and Mrs. White Mathers left last week for the *Duport Castle* for Bermuda, where he will spend the winter with his sister, Mrs. Tucker. Mrs. LeBaron Drury, formerly of St. John, now of Georgia, U. S., arrived in the city last week, and will spend the winter with her mother, Mrs. W. C. Drury, Colburn street. Mrs. Storey, of Eaton square, London, is also the guest of Mrs. Drury.

Mrs. Willis Ambrose, who has been so seriously ill with erysipelas in the head, has somewhat recovered. Mrs. Ambrose, of Dickey, arrived in St. John the first of this week to attend her. Mrs. R. P. Starr returned from a short visit to Gagetown this week. Miss Marion Jack is the guest of Mrs. J. R. Hall, Germain street. Miss Nellie Sailer has returned home from Halifax, where she has spent the last few weeks with Mr. John Albro. Dr. Beverly O. Kinser returned to New York on Saturday last, after a visit to his home in New York. Capt. Arthur Harnard arrived from England this week to make a short stay. Mrs. Oty Crookshank and Mrs. James Beck (Fredericton) were in the city the week of Mrs. R. W. Crookshank, Sydney street. Mr. Hugh Flemming, son of Mr. Sanford Flemming, spent the day and two in the city this week as the guest of Lady Tilley. Mr. Alison White, who has a severe cold, is being treated in his carriage on Saturday last in a room at the Hotel de Ville. Miss Bessie Clowes (Oronoto) is visiting friends in the city. The many friends of Mr. John Wilson, formerly of St. John, now of Halifax, were pleased to see him in the city this week. Mr. Wilson and her two children who have been spending some weeks up the river return to Halifax with him today. Miss F. Murray, who has spent this summer with her sister in the Southern States has returned home to spend the winter with Miss Wright. Miss Mary Fitch, whose marriage with Mr. Moore at Newry, New Jersey, I mentioned last week, was last week three days after her marriage, Mr. Moore dying of apoplexy of the lungs and leaving her fortune of \$10,000 to her. Miss Neale, of Gagetown, who has been visiting Mr. Macdonald, Charlotte street, returned home this week. Miss Vera Osburn, of St. Andrews, is the guest of Mr. Herbert Street, King street, east. Next Christmas day will be the 100th anniversary of the consecration of the first Trinity church, and it is heard that the rector, Rev. Canon Brigstocke, is now compiling a book containing a complete history of the three churches, which, since then, have stood on the same site, together with portraits of all the different priests in charge. Messrs. Heblon and Clouston, Montreal, spent this week in the city inspecting the bank of Montreal. The sad death of Mr. James Murray, ex-American consul, occurred Thursday at his residence. The sympathy of the whole community goes out to the bereaved family. The funeral of Mr. Murray will be taken to New York tonight for interment, accompanied by his son, Mr. D. Ormy Murray, and will be met at Boston by his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Sessions. It has often been noticed especially by strangers visiting our city, the lack of handsome equipages on our streets, but this autumn there seems to be a move in the right direction and there are some very pretty little traps seen about town. Conspicuous among them are those owned by Dr. Heberington, Dr. Harry Maclearen, Mrs. T. W. Bell, Miss Warner, the Misses Troop, and Mrs. F. Harding.

I am sure that every one will be much pleased to hear that Lady Tilley has been receiving lately many acceptable contributions for the "home for trained nurses" in connection with the general hospital of St. John. The idea of having this home originated with Lady Tilley and she has devoted herself to it with a untiring energy for which she is so remarkable in all charitable works. The home, which presents a very neat appearance from the city road, is rapidly progressing, and I understand that only a few hundred dollars are required to finish it. It is to be hoped that Lady Tilley will be enabled to complete the entire work before Christmas. A handsome donation recently received is a polished red granite panel, four feet in length and bearing the following inscription: "The Hospital Home for Trained Nurses, founded by Lady Tilley, 1891." This generous gift is from Messrs. Milne, Coult & Co., of the St. George granite works, and will be placed over the front door of the home. Messrs. Emerson & Fisher have kindly given a beautiful cherry table, and Mr. and Mrs. Murray a handsome wool bed-quilt, and Messrs. Blake & Co. a gas stove. The following sums have also been received in aid of the home: Proceeds from parlor sale at St. Andrews, \$22; St. John, \$20; collected by Mrs. Arnold, \$25; St. John, \$10, and St. George's church, Carleton, \$10. Mr. and Mrs. James F. Robertson, of Rothesay, and Miss Robertson, who have just returned from an extended continental tour. They came to New York from England in the White Star line steamer *Troisic*. Mr. J. W. Y. Smith, of Dorchester, spent last Sunday in St. John. Mr. F. H. C. Miles, of this city, has gone to Boston and New York to visit the galleries and exhibitions of paintings, as well as the great art collection of the friends of Mrs. Jeremy Taylor, of Montreal, (formerly Miss Manning) of St. John, are contributing her on the birth of a daughter. Mr. J. Walker Donald, New England passenger agent of the Chicago and Alton railway, is visiting his friends in this city. Rev. Mr. Storrs, of London, Eng., spent Sunday in St. John, the wife of his relative, Mrs. W. C. Drury, Colburn street. I hear that Miss Delaney has recently entered the St. John training school for nurses. Rev. J. deSoyres returned home last Saturday from Boston. Mr. R. G. Murray has gone to Halifax to pursue his studies at the Dalhousie school. Mrs. Lawrence has moved into her pretty new house, Haven street. Judging from all that I hear, the calico ball will be a great success. Different ladies have undertaken to ask their friends to send refreshments of various kinds, so we may all expect to be called upon. I fancy the toilettes will be even prettier than usual, and will at least all have the merit of being perfectly fresh and new. A friend of mine, who has taken time by the forelock, showed me yesterday her dress already completed. As she is a piquant brunette, the artistic looking yellow sateen which she has selected, will be extremely becoming. All I can tell you about myself, is that I am going to wear a lovely shade of blue, and that I am sure that I shall have a perfectly splendid time. Mr. W. H. Thorne has returned home from his European trip. He was a passenger by the steamer *Saxeville* from Liverpool. Mr. Charles E. Doody, civil engineer, spent Sunday in St. John. He has been appointed government engineer in place of Mr. Brown, C. E., who recently resigned his position and returned to Europe. The friends of Capt. Colby, of the steamer *State of Maine* will regret to hear that he is laid up at his home in Portland, Me., with rheumatism. The entertainment given last week in the Sunday school house of St. Paul's (Valley) church, was very successful. The entertainment commenced in the afternoon, and was supplemented in the evening by music, readings and tableaux, the latter being arranged under the efficient management of Miss Albin Coster. In those illustrating "Curfew must not ring to-night," Miss Coster was particularly strikingly well in her pretty white dress, and Mr. Harold Wright made an admirable "Ball Underwood." Mr. Henry C. Preston has returned home from his home in St. Martin, where he has been spending the winter.

**MARRIED.** WIVES-BARON-GEMMEL.—At St. Andrew's church on the 20th inst., by the Rev. L. G. Macmill, Belle F. White, second daughter of David J. White of Balta Sound, Shetland Islands, to B. Bryce-Gemmel of Rulmfield, Demerara, B. G.

**DEPARTING.** The Rev. J. T. Parsons and his wife, intended returning this week from St. John to Marysville. The many friends of Miss Prince, who was married on last week by the Rev. J. T. Parsons, will be sorry to hear that she met with a very painful accident last week by falling and breaking her arm while engaged in some domestic occupation. The steamer *Windsor* had a very long and stormy passage last week. She was expected here from New York on Wednesday evening, and did not arrive until Friday morning. Among the passengers was Mrs. L. Barrow Drury, formerly well known in society circles here. She passed through St. John on her way to Fredericton to visit her relatives there. Mr. C. A. Stockton is absent in Toronto, and expects to visit New York before returning home. Mrs. Christian and her daughter Miss Bessie Christian left on Wednesday morning for Boston, where they intend spending the winter. The Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, who is now acting as minister of railways, arrived here on Wednesday morning. The much regretted death of Mrs. Alexander Shivers of this city, occurred at Brookline, Mass., last Saturday at midnight. Mrs. Shivers had been suffering with rheumatism for the past three weeks and contracted a cold which turned to pneumonia, and finally resulted in her death. The deceased lady leaves a daughter, also a son, Mr. Kilgore Shivers, who resides at Campbellton, N. B. Mr. David F. Murray, who has been connected with the masters of the Grammar School, to which a very pretty residence has recently been added. Mr. Alison White is confined to his home in consequence of injuries received by being thrown from his carriage while driving near Rothesay. Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Cluch have returned home from Boston. Mr. Cluch has recently purchased a very pretty desirable little residence, which his alterations and improvements have made a very desirable little residence. Mr. W. J. Wilson, of the Grammar School, has been appointed to the geological survey staff at the department of mines. Before leaving he was presented by his associate teachers with a handsome Russia leather dressing case, and the principals and number of the teachers of the other schools made him a present of a beautiful French clock as a token of their good will.

Miss Rogers, the organist of Germain street church, is visiting E. E. H. Mr. John Harding returned this week from his annual inspection of lighthouses. Mrs. Henry Smith, of St. Stephen, is visiting Mrs. Wheeler, Westworth street. I had the pleasure of hearing the Y. M. C. A. orchestra this week for the first time and I was delighted by the music rendered. While they are under the leadership of Fred. White it should be remembered they are to a large degree very young men, but I feel assured that the time is not far distant when St. John will be justly proud of the Y. M. C. A. orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway and daughter have taken rooms at the "Carroll house" for the winter. Mrs. Gilbert White is visiting her son Mr. Collier White in Newton, Mass. Mrs. Earnest Fairweather is residing here in Boston. Mr. Charles Harding is north on a gunning excursion for a week. The society of little girls called the "Busy Workers" held their first meeting for work Saturday at Mrs. Kilpatrick's, Colburn street. They are looking forward to a sale of useful and fancy articles in aid of Mr. Campbell, Williston and Morton Smith, so well known in Manchester, Robertson & Allison's establishment, in connection with the death of their father, Mr. James Smith, and as it is only three months since they were called to part with an estimable mother, with heartfelt sympathy is extended to them in their great bereavement. Masters Hall and Corwell are taking in the N. B. scenery on a trip. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Short, has gone to Philadelphia for medical treatment. Mrs. Hutchinson and her daughter Lillie have returned from Dorchester, after spending a week there, and the intention in connection with the marriage of Miss Chapman and Mr. McQueen, M. P. F. Mrs. Elkin and Miss Yerxa have been called to St. Mary's on account of the severe illness of their mother. Mr. Thompson, the celebrated American Sunday school worker has been in St. John for a few days, the guest of Mr. L. S. Simms, Germain street. Mr. Lucas representing Canadian schools was the guest of Mr. Featheringham. The above gentlemen with a large number of Sunday school workers left on Wednesday for the Sussex convention. PURTAN.

Monday seems to have been Wed'day today this week, as no less than two anniversaries were celebrated last day. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barr entertained a number of their friends, in being their "wooden wedding." They received numerous presents, both ornamental and useful. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Clark, Miss Yeung (Can. N. S.), Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Sheriff Harding, Mrs. Harding, Mrs. Payne, Miss Payne, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ketchum, Miss Ketchum, Miss Harding, Miss Leavitt (New York), and others. Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Jardine's friends gave them a social party on the same evening, the occasion being their "cotton wedding." Mrs. and Miss Vroom went over to Digby this week to be present at the marriage of Miss Fannie Pickman, formerly of this city, to Mr. Crookall. Miss Vroom is to be bridesmaid. Mr. C. A. Robertson's friends will be glad to hear that he is recovering from his severe illness. Dr. Emery returned last Saturday from New York. On that day that are to have Mr. Hickson as lay reader in St. John's (stone) church. Mr. William Howard, of Chatham, is the guest of Mr. L. Clark. Mrs. B. Lawrence has removed from Colburn street to her new house on Haven street. Mr. Jack Yonson who was the guest of Mrs. Blair, Orange street, has gone to Boston. Mr. J. E. Secord and Miss Secord are visiting their brother, Dr. Secord, in New York. Mr. Monte Brittain has returned from Sydney, where he has spent the last ten years, to be with his father, Mr. Robt. Brittain, who is still very well. Miss Leavitt, of New York, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. E. B. Ketchum. Mrs. Louise Murray, of Marble Cove, and Miss Murray, of Fredericton, are visiting in Boston. Miss Frankie Tibbits is visiting her sister, Mrs. Douglas Hazen.

(Continued on Eighth page.)

If you want Black and Colored Dress Silks, Trimming Silks, Velvets and Velveteens, Silk Plushes, Silk Mantle Seals, Figured Art Silks for fancy work. **WRITE TO US FOR SAMPLES.**

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Our Sample System is run on a modern principle, and will prove to be a surprise to people who are accustomed to receiving mere clippings in response to their requests for samples. A perfectly satisfactory selection can be made from the large variety sent out by us. As our aim is to give everyone throughout the country an equal chance with city buyers, who can drop in any minute and see what fashion is doing for them.







ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1891.

WHAT HALIFAX NEEDS.

"FAGIN" SEES MANY THINGS THAT MIGHT BE IMPROVED.

But the Same Can be Found in any City—Bad Sidewalks, High Fences—Spotted by the Foes of Visitors—The Gifts of Nature.

Halifax is spoiled; that is, its people are. Long accustomed to hearing their city extravagantly flattered by effusive American tourists, Halifaxians have come to look upon such praises as their necessary right, and would, no doubt, be deeply moved were anyone to point out to them the fact that although their city possesses many points of interest and beauty it is, in most cases, in spite of the worst efforts of its people to make it otherwise, and not on account of any trouble taken by them to aid, in that regard, the kind endeavors of a generous tourist. The aforesaid tourists are, of course, largely responsible. As a class, they are always lavish in their praises, and inclined to overlook shortcomings, and the ordinary mortal is ever ready to concur in an opinion which is flattering to his vanity, and soothes any faint flatterings of self-reproach. Halifaxians are, perhaps, more susceptible in respect to their city than most other people. So it is that accustomed to having their attention directed to the attractive side of their city by persons who are too generous or too indulgent to find fault where fault may well be found, they have learned to look at that side only, and to ignore entirely the fact that in many respects the city is far from being what it should be, and noticeably behind other cities which lack both its population and its natural advantages.

Halifaxians are, in a general way, very proud of their public gardens (though, to be sure, the great majority scarcely enter them from one year's end to the other); they are proud, too, of their park, of their harbor and military importance, and of their harbor. And justly so. The gardens and park are certainly beautiful; the harbor magnificent, and the presence of the navy and garrison of inestimable importance to Halifax. These features of the city have been so frequently and voluminously described, that it may be taken for granted that everyone has read of them, and knows all about them. There are other features, not so pleasant, and not so frequently described, to which it may not be unprofitable to draw the attention of "Progress's" Halifax readers; features which are fully as striking to the impartial visitor as those which have just been mentioned, and although, perhaps, less commented upon, none the less worthy of comment.

I know of nothing more dispiriting than the ride into Halifax proper from the railway depot. As you enter the city, the ill-smelling street lined with buildings in various stages of delapidation, all of wood, and all, or nearly all, destitute of anything like paint. On that street, one of the chief thoroughfares, and within a short distance of the city hall, are to be seen huts and hovels which strike the eye as the most insignificant country village. The need of paint is Halifax's greatest need. All over the city it is the same thing, wooden buildings everywhere, grimy, dark, and crying for paint. What would otherwise be one of the finest views in Canada, that from the Citadel hill, is cruelly marred and almost spoiled by the rows of dirty, unpainted buildings lying at the observer's feet.

And the streets and sidewalks! Save the mark! There is not a foot of street paving in Halifax. To keep down the dust in summer the streets are watered every day, and all day till the mud is worse than the dust would have been. Every conceivable description of sidewalk is to be found in the business part of the city, excepting planks, which would be preferable to most of those which are in use.

From the park, at one end of the city, to the depot at the other, and beyond, the walk on the west side of Pleasant, Barrington and Lockman streets is mud, plain mud, except in dry weather, when it is dust. In fact this is a very popular style of sidewalks all over the city. In other places you encounter asphalt (always rough and scuffed), stone pavements (which are worse), bricks, covered with an inch of loose sand; bricks, covered with mortar, and bricks, plain, which curve and twist, up little hills and down miniature dales, with loose bricks bobbing up here and there above the others, till you catch your heels, and stub your toes, and finally lose your footing and your temper altogether; unless, to be sure, you are a Halifaxian, in which case you pick your way briskly along with the serenity and safety which comes of long experience.

It is hard to say which feature of Halifax strikes the casual observer most forcibly, its sidewalks or its fences. Halifax fences are fences that are fences. Halifaxians who own places that are beautified by grassy lawns or green trees act as if they were ashamed of the fact, and at once proceed to conceal it by erecting high, close board fences about their property, so that nothing can be seen from the outside except, perhaps, the tops of the trees. Let some one should have the impertinence to wish to see something more, the fence is generally surmounted by a row of nasty iron spikes, which, it need hardly be said, seldom fail to secure the desired seclusion. It is the same thing everywhere, pretty places ruined by these hideous barricades, relics of a past age. Were all such fences removed the beauty of Halifax would be increased fourfold. Well-to-do Halifaxians are moreover, as a rule, very neglectful of the outside appearance of their homes, both as regards the dwellings themselves and their surroundings. Men with large fortunes are, in some instances, content to live in houses in need of paint, and quite devoid of attractiveness. Handsome modern residences, of brick or stone, such as adorn Sydney street, Queen Street and Mount Pleasant in St. John, are nowhere to be found in Halifax. Stone dwellings, indeed, are almost unknown, but imitations

abound, wood or brick covered with stucco, and the work badly done in most cases. In fact, this is a favorite material for churches and stores, as well as dwellings, though its beauty or utility are certainly not apparent. With the exception of the post office and Roman Catholic cathedral, there is probably no building in Halifax which possesses the slightest claim to architectural beauty. This is especially true of the churches, which are, in most cases, painfully ugly inside or out.

Halifaxians must be an unusually good-natured people, or they would never submit so long and so passively to the inconvenience and discomfort occasioned by the weekly out-of-door market, which every Saturday renders the neighborhood of the post office so disquietingly "picturesque" and so extremely disagreeable. Three streets in what is one of the best and busiest parts of the city are thus obstructed, for the greater part of the day, with a kind of conveyance, laden with market stuff, while the owners encumber every foot of sidewalk in the vicinity with their not very clean personalities. Here Halifax ladies are content to come each week and suffer themselves to be jostled and crowded indiscriminately by all ranks and conditions of men and women, of all colors and every degree of dirtiness, or pulled to one side to inspect some carrots, while on the other side a stalwart daughter of Ethiopia urgently invites attention to her blueberries, carelessly burying her dusky hands in them from time to time in order to fully display their lusciousness. A very picturesque scene it certainly is; but are there not qualities more to be desired than the picturesque, which are here notably absent? Other city corporations compel the use of the city market-house, devoting the tolls to civic purposes, and thus benefiting equally the city and the citizens who are thereby enabled to do their marketing in comfort and cleanliness, and, at the same time, to enjoy a freedom of locomotion on the streets which on market day is hitherto unknown in Halifax.

Other features of the city could be pointed out which are capable and sorely in need of improvement. Such is the case with all on the Dartmouth ferry, which should be reduced to one cent, as in St. John, or, indeed, made free. Such is the fact that wooden buildings may be, and are every day, erected on the principal business streets, a menace to the city which is well illustrated even in Moncton, with only one-fourth the population of Halifax. Such, too, is the volunteer fire service, which is ridiculously inadequate to the needs of so large a city; and, as a part of that service, the small number and size of its fire engines, dearly demonstrated on the occasion of the recent great fire. If the people of Halifax would devote less thought to their park and more to their streets and sidewalks; less to their public gardens and more to the appearance of their houses and places of business; less to their harbor, the navy and the garrison, and more to their churches, fire department and market; if, in a word, they would enhance, by well-directed civic and private enterprise, the attractions with which the city has been so lavishly endowed by nature, they could make it, in a short time, all that by reason of its history and surroundings it should be, very Mecca for tired travellers, a home for all Canadians.

[Those who have followed the list of Progress contributors know that "Fagin" usually has something to say when he writes. His comments on Halifax are frank but not unfriendly. He should, however, remember that paint and good sidewalks do not make a city. They may prove it without a doubt, and my own observation during the past year makes me believe that Halifax is recognizing the fact. Blemishes seem a part of every town. We in St. John have so many of them staring us in the face every day that we cannot afford to complain. But as "Fagin" lives in neither St. John or Halifax, he is under no such restraint.—THE EDITOR.

GREAT BELL CASTERS.

An Industry in Which Russia and China Lead the World.

The Russians and the Chinese are behind the rest of the civilized world in many things, but bell-founding is not among the number, for the bells manufactured by both nations are not only the largest, but among the best of those made by any nation. It is said that before the great fire by which Napoleon was driven out of Moscow there were in the churches of that city 1,706 bells, each of which exceeded 15,000 pounds in weight. The capital of China, Peking, is according to Father Le Comte, not far behind, as its temples there are seven bells, each exceeding 120,000 pounds, and a great number of less size. The giant bell of the world is in Moscow; it is poetically denominated the King of Bells, and is 19 feet and 3 inches high, and its circumference round the rim is 60 feet and nine inches. Its weight can, of course, only be estimated, but, by the least calculation, it is 443,732 pounds, and its value as old metal exceeds \$300,000, not considering the gold and silver, of which there is a considerable quantity which enter into its composition. This bell, when rung required forty men to ring it, the clapper being swung by means of two long ropes, with twenty men at each. The great bell at St. Ivan's in Moscow, is forty feet and nine inches in circumference, its thickness just above the rim is sixteen inches, and its weight is computed at 127,830 pounds. The bells of Peking have been mentioned, but next to them is the great bell of Vienna, which weighs 40,200 pounds. After these are many smaller, yet of considerable size. A bell of Olmutz, Bohemia, and a bell in Rouen, France, are about equal in size to the Vienna bell; the bell of St. Paul's, London, weighs 38,470; the bell of Westminster, 30,350; that of St. Peter's in Rome, 18,600. Several of these bells are sounded only on very important occasions. The St. Paul bell, the Vienna bell and the bell of St. Ivan's are tolled only at the death of royalty; the bell of St. Peter's tolls at the death of a pope.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

GREAT MEN IN THE HOUSE.

How Canadian Statesmen Look and Act During a Debate.

Had Ottawa, which is by no means an unprosperous city, many unemployed, there would be due from them a vote of thanks to the dominion at large. When wintry winds drive off the capital's streets all who are not by cruel necessity obliged to forsake the genial shelter of shop and house, the strangers' gallery in the house of commons is always filled. There sit men who are little for what the legislators talk of. To them warmth is more than eloquence and they dozeingly listen to the speeches of their rulers.

Not unvaried are these speeches. The rendition of them is usually indicative of the temperament of their deliverers. Sir John Thompson speaks slowly, choosing his words, twiddling his glasses between his thumbs, and never raising his voice during his impassive periods. Should he be speaking upon some subject in which his opinion, as leader of the commons, outweighs that of himself as a private member, he often begins a sentence in his place in the vacant row of benches, and still speaking, walks slowly down the aisle to the seat now vacant, but once occupied by Sir John Macdonald. As he walks down the aisle, there rises in the mind of some of his hearers the thought of some of his manner of walking and the incoming to a church of a surprised choir. Good English Sir John speaks, but his precise manner in a great measure detracts from the fire of his often powerful periods.

Not so Laurier. His French blood is not easily heated, but when his anger is aroused he is a fighter. He seldom forgets himself. His is not the desk-pounding style of oratory, but he can send forth stinging sentences the like of which even that master of invective, Sir Richard Cartwright, cannot produce. Somehow, Mr. Laurier's French accent seems to make even more forcible his deliveries.

Foster is unlike either of these men. He has naturally a quick temper, but by the exercise of a tenacious will he has it under almost thorough control. But sometimes anger outweighs prudence, and then from under his hat brims come a few words which inflame the already heated minds of the liberals.

Everybody knows Cartwright; his nasal accent, his uncontrollable temper, his lashing sentences. Happily the knight sits in his chair, his slouch hat pulled down over his eyes, his shoulders dropped, his chin on his chest. The careless observer would think him to be the most uninterested man in the house, but when his turn comes there is a change. Bolt upright he stands shaking that prehensile finger of his at the government which he so much distrusts. No soft words are his; out he raps sentence after sentence until he has had his say, and, that finished, he becomes again that bundle of clothes, heaped in a chair.

These are the most notable of the House's speakers, that is, of course, speaking of their most salient characteristics.

There is the monocled Sir Adolphe, who always looks bored, but who can make a rattling good speech when that laziness of his is conquered; there is that evergreen old man, Mackenzie Bowell, who is ready always to fight bitterly or to bandy airy witticisms with his friends of the opposition; there is D'Alton McCarthy, who seldom applauds, but always listens intently, and there is Mulock, who is ready to talk on any topic, and usually talks well.

When these men are not speaking their attitudes are characteristic. Laurier seems most comfortable when he can rest his head on his hands; Foster sits half turned from the opposition side, with his hat pulled down over his brow; Sir John Thompson is still as a ramrod, while Mackenzie Bowell usually cocks one leg jauntily over the arm of his chair, and talks in an undertone to his neighbors. Young members almost always signify their newness to parliament by keeping their hats on all the time, but the old stagers have a regard for their hair, and accordingly sit bareheaded.

There are many men in the house who are voters, not speakers, men who are never heard of except when they figure in the news and news. These are the men who are valuable to their parties, at least one would think so to witness the lordly manner in which they distribute tickets to the galleries and receive their visiting constituents.—Toronto Telegram.

Boulanger and the Princess Carlotta. Reminiscences of Boulanger are coming forth every day. Here is one that relates to the beginning of his fortune. He was with Marshal Bazaine in Mexico when Napoleon III. was hoping to establish an empire there. The Princess Carlotta, who was then a captain and had command of the guard at the principal gate of the city, had just rolled a fresh cigarette and was about to light it when he saw a small cloud of dust in the distance, and he waited for the rider to approach nearer supposing him to be a courier. But a few minutes afterward he saw that the galloping rider was the Princess Carlotta, and that she was being pursued by a small body of horsemen. He believed that the Mexicans were trying to capture her as a prize. Throwing away his cigarette he summoned his guard, ordered the gate thrown open, and rushed down the roadway, forming his men in line as the would-be kidnappers advanced. The princess galloped furiously onward and reached the gate in safety. Boulanger and the guard fired at her pursuers, and they, seeing that the princess had escaped from them, turned and galloped away. For that act, it is said, Boulanger was made a Mexican brigadier by Maximilian. When Boulanger returned to Paris Napoleon greeted him very cordially and spoke of the incident. From that day he was a favorite.

HALF-A-DOZEN FAMOUS SMOKERS.

Men Who Did Not Belong to Anti-Tobacco Associations.

Lord Tennyson is said to be particularly attached to a long churchwarden, a basketful of which is placed by the side of his writing-table, while on the other side is a second basket. As soon as a pipe is finished, the poet throws it into the second basket and charges a fresh one, which is treated precisely the same way when finished with.

Mario, the great singer, was an inveterate smoker; he smoked incessantly every where, and his servant always stood at the wings of the theatres in which he performed, to receive the burning cigar from his mouth at the moment when he went on to the stage.

In a sketch of Edward Lytton Bulwer, by MacIver, in the South Kensington museum, the great novelist is represented in an easy-chair with his legs stretched out, and smoking his pipe, the straight stem of which almost reaches down to his slippers.

General Grant was a devout worshipper at the Nicotian shrine. During the many arduous campaigns in which he was actively engaged, he subsisted almost entirely on tobacco. The tough Yankee sometimes smoked as many as 20 cigars in 12 hours.

Bismark consumes enormous quantities of tobacco. When any measure of importance was in course of progress through the German parliament, the "iron Chancellor" hardly ever had a cigar out of his mouth, except when he was eating, speaking, or sleeping. In his youthful days he prided himself on being what the Germans call a "chain smoker," or, in plain English, one whose morning and night are connected by a chain of cigars, each link of which is lighted at the stamp of its predecessor. "Happy man!" once exclaimed Gambetta of him, "beer and smoke agree with him." On one occasion, when about to light his last cigar, he observed to a friend: "That the value of a good cigar is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of getting another."

Victor Hugo was another inveterate smoker, and whenever his friends happened to call they were invariably invited to join him by the freside and share the honored pipe.—All the Year Round.

THE MAGIC LADY.

Her Disappearance from Sight—Explanation of the Trick.

Everybody is familiar with the trick in which a woman is seated on a chair and covered with a shawl, and at the bidding of the magician the woman disappears from sight just as he withdraws the shawl, leaving nothing behind but the chair and the newspaper on which it rests. The trick has been modified and improved upon in various ways until at present it has assumed a new feature, in that the shawl also disappears simultaneously with the woman.

The preparations are the same as of old. A newspaper made of India rubber has a

large square cut out in the centre, not visible, however, to the eyes of the spectators. This paper is spread on the floor on the stage trap and the chair is placed upon it in such a manner that the trap opens beneath the legs of the chair. Back of the chair a screen is placed.

The woman comes in and sits down on the chair. The juggler covers her with a silk shawl, beginning at the head and ending at the knees and feet. Then he retreats and pronounces the magic formula, "Que, two"—at the word three the shawl and the woman have both disappeared.

As in the former case, so often explained, the woman is lowered on the trap while being covered, and an invisible frame supports the shawl and gives it the outline of the "female form divine."

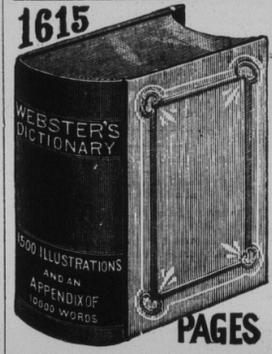
At the word "three" this form disappears below the trap, the seat of the chair falls into position and the shawl, which is held behind the screen by an invisible thread, is withdrawn so quickly that it seems as if woman and shawl vanished at the same time.

The whole depends, of course, upon the swiftness of the action, which deludes the eye.

"The Corsican Brothers."

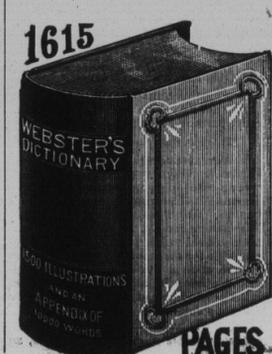
The story of the popular drama of this name is stated, upon good authority, to be founded upon the following incident: Louis Blanc (a noted Frenchman of the last generation, who took a conspicuous part in the French revolution of 1848) and his brother had a close resemblance in manner, person and features; and what is still more remarkable, they were connected by a mysterious constitutional sympathy which bound them so closely together in spirit and feeling that, however separated they might be, no accident could happen to one without the other having a sympathetic impression of it. This it chanced one day, while the brother of Louis was enjoying himself with a party of friends, he was observed suddenly to change color. He complained of a sensation as if he had received a blow on the head, and he avowed his firm conviction that something must have befallen his brother Louis, then in Paris. The company treated this as a mere freak of imagination; but one or two of them, more curious than the others, noted the day and the hour, to see how far this warning might be justified by the actual event. On investigation, they discovered that, at the precise moment then and there indicated, Louis, while walking along a street in Paris, had been knocked down by a blow upon the head, dealt by some one who had approached him unperceived from behind. He fell senseless to the ground, and the ruffian escaped; nor could all the efforts of the police afford the slightest clue for his detection. He was suspected to have been a Bonapartist, and to have been influenced by political hatred of the uncompromising republicans.

We hear the rain fall, but not the snow. Bitter grief is loud, but calm grief is silent.—Auerbach.



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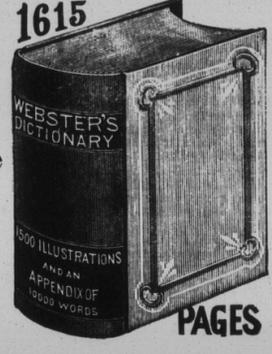
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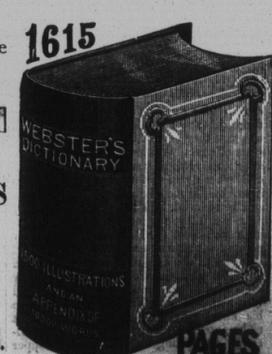
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# JAY, A CALIFORNAN STORY.

It was at a rather late hour in the evening, about a year ago, that the Piedmont, arriving at the ferry-landing, at the foot of Market street, deposited, among other travellers, a handsome young fellow, broad-shouldered, bronzed, and manly, but with much of the air of a stranger about him. This latter characteristic, however, was amply accounted for by the fact that he had just arrived from Northern Mexico and had never before set foot outside his native country. He betook himself to the Palace Hotel, and soon was sleeping the sleep that comes to a man who has been shut up for forty-eight hours in a drawing-room car after twenty-four years of active life on a cattle ranch.

At seven the next morning he appeared at breakfast, and half an hour later he strolled down to California street and soon found the insurance office of Mr. George Russell, to whom he had a letter of introduction. Fortunately, a sleepy porter was opening the office for the day, and from him the stranger learned that Mr. Russell, being a young gentleman of fashion and having a nice regard for his personal comfort, would probably reach his office at about ten o'clock. So he left the letter with the porter, and, jumping on a car, spent a few hours in looking about the city.

Presently Mr. Russell appeared at the office and found, among his letters, the following, from his brother, who, some six months before, had gone down to Mexico to look after his business interests there:

DEAR GEORGE—This will introduce to you Mr. Ricardo Armstrong, who is making a visit to San Francisco, where he knows absolutely no one. I commend him to your care. Tell him about and show him the town. He is a thoroughly good fellow; his father is one of the leading men down here, having married into one of the old Spanish families about thirty years ago and since acquired several large cattle ranches up in the mountains, and he naturally has no end of money. You need not hesitate to keep him in funds if he runs short (which, he is not likely), and if you have any to spare (which is even more probable), and you can introduce him to your friends and tradesmen, for he does not cheat at cards and pays his bills with a promptness that is almost reprehensible. As to your fair friends, they will think none the worse of you if you present him; he is good-looking, as you can see for yourself, and as generous as a prince in the matter of flowers or suppers, as the exigencies of the case may require. Your affectionate brother, HARRY.

Naturally, the young cattleman was received with open arms. "It is unfortunate," said Russell, "that you make your first visit to San Francisco just at this time. It is the most disagreeable part of the year here, and everybody is out of town. You would not find me here if it were not for this confounded business. However, I shall do my best to show you the sights and make your visit a pleasant one. Meanwhile, we may as well go out and get some lunch."

A quarter of four later, the two new friends were seated at one of the little tables in a swell restaurant. They had a rather elaborate lunch, judging by the bill, which the visitor would not let Russell look at; and, after that, Russell took the young cattleman around to his father's, his tailor's, his bootmaker's, and his other shops, where he left considerable orders. In each of these places, as they were leaving, Russell managed to take the shop-keeper aside for a moment and intimate to him that Mr. Armstrong was going to be a very good customer, and that, by the way, "that little account" might be allowed to run a while longer—"one good turn, you know," and much more to the same effect.

Russell took the stranger around to his club that evening, and gave him a very good dinner—a good dinner for a dollar a plate, without wine. Then they strolled into another room and had a *posse cafe* and a cigar. A number of Russell's friends dropped in, and had a cigar, and the cattleman was formally presented to them. At about nine o'clock they adjourned to the rooms of one of the men who had an apartment near by, and indulged in a quiet game of poker, with the result that, when the party separated, every one was "broke" except the young cattleman, who was seventeen hundred dollars ahead—five or six hundred in coin and bills and the remainder in I.O.U.'s.

"By the way, Armstrong," said Russell, "as they were leaving, 'let me give you a card to the club. You will find it a great convenience, and, besides, you can meet our friends there and get into a little game almost any evening."

"Thank you very good," returned the young cattleman, and Russell's listening friends plucked up spirit at the prospect of revenge, only to become savage and dejected again as he added, "but I really don't care for poker. I think I shall spend most of my evenings at the theaters."

Mr. George Russell caught it hot and heavy the next day when he strolled into his club at lunch time. "Where the devil did you pick up that jay you sprung on us last night?" demanded one. "He had hayseed in his hair and aces in his sleeves, I'll take my oath."

"Did you get on to his diamonds?" snarled another. "Worst taste of any man I ever saw brought into this club. Why, he looks like a country bar-keep."

"Oh, let go!" said Russell. "He's all right. My brother Harry vouches for him—says he's a big cattleman in Northern Mexico and has no end of rocks. But I must confess it is rather nasty—he's ahead about seventeen hundred good California dollars, and he doesn't care for poker. I don't see how the mischief we are to get them back."

For all concerned, the affair was soon smothered over. There was no denying the fact that the young cattleman was a thoroughly good fellow. He was generous to a fault; and, if he "threw his money round loose," he did it without any flourishes. Nevertheless, his new friends made constant remarks to one another about his "con-founded presumption" and his "vulgar ostentation." "These jays," they said, "always want to make a display. And it doesn't cost this one much, seeing he does it all on our seventeen hundred dollars."

One day, as Russel was strolling up Market street, he met a demure young person who smiled at him discreetly, as becomes a young person who knows her place and remembers that a lady's maid, however pretty, is still a lady's maid.

Russel stopped to speak to her. "If I am not mistaken," he said, "I have had the pleasure of seeing those pretty dimples before, Marie. Is Mrs. Pollock in town?"

"No sir," replied Marie; "she will arrive tomorrow evening, but only for the one night. She is coming down from the ranch, and will stop in town over night on her way to Monterey. I was sent down to buy a pair of gloves to prepare the house for her and make some purchases."

"Then you are mistress of the house for twenty-four hours," said Russel. "Do you know, Marie, you have quite the air of a fine lady about you, with your pretty face and your sweet gloves, and that stunning little handkerchief peeping out of your pocket. It's a very foolish little handkerchief, too; if I were in its place, I would never try to get out of such a delicious hiding place."

"Oh, Mr. Russel, you are always poking fun at a poor girl."

"No, on my word, Marie, that gown becomes you amazingly. I shall have to tell Mrs. Pollock that you bring out all the good points of her costumes."

"Then I would lose my place, sir, for Mrs. Pollock is none too patient."

"As you say, Marie; I have found that out to my cost—and so have you in another way."

The maid was about to proceed on her way, when Russell detained her, for an idea had just entered his head. "Marie," he said, "how would you like to have a pretty little pair of diamond earrings, or a gold bracelet, with an M in pearls on it?"

"I would rather have a little gold watch, sir," said Marie, with sparkling eyes, "for a lady's maid can't wear jewelry. But if it is anything wrong—you know, sir, I am an honest girl."

"Certainly, Marie; but even an honest girl likes a good laugh. Now, listen to me. I want to play a huge joke on one of my friends, and Russell proceeded to unfold his plan and instruct Marie in the role she was to play."

"Well, sir," said Marie, hesitatingly, "if it were only to put on one of Mrs. Pollock's evening gowns—but to take her name—oh, I never could in the world!"

"Your scruples do you honor, O model of maids, and I share them with you. You can call yourself Mrs. Porter, so as not to change the initial. Now there remains only to find a servant to announce the guests. Haven't you a young man who can do the trick?"

"Yes, sir; but what if Mrs. Pollock should find out and discharge me?"

"How could she find out if you didn't tell her?"

"Well, shall I have the watch?"

"A gold one—a stem-winder, guaranteed for five years."

"With a chain?"

"With a chain—a gold one, too."

"Oh, Mr. Russel, it is very wrong, what you want me to do. But what tempts me most isn't the watch. It is to spend a whole evening with fine gentlemen, who will call me 'madam' and pick up my fan whenever I drop it."

"That evening, after posting his friends, Russell said to the young cattleman, who had taken him to dinner, a thing he permitted quite often:

"It is about time you were meeting some of our best families, Armstrong. In an hour or so, if you like, I shall take you out to call on Mrs. Pollock, who is going to have a few friends at her house this evening. We can go around to the club and pick up some of the fellows who are going."

thought of presenting to Mrs. Pollock—they imagined nothing unusual in the situation, for they had never before seen Mrs. Pollock or her sister.

"What a delightful surprise!" cried Mrs. Pollock, a jolly widow of thirty-odd. "Why, you are veritable wizards. We were not to arrive until to-morrow, Bessie and I, and it is only by the merest chance that we are here twenty-four hours ahead of time. How did you find out we had arrived? We have seen no one and told no one we were coming."

"Yes—er—quite so—I shall explain presently," said the badly flustered Russel; then, plunging boldly in, he continued: "But first allow me to present two friends whom—it is not quite usual, perhaps, but—it was a mere chance you know, the merest chance in the world. And one of them has just arrived from Mexico—such a distance, you know. Mr. Ricardo Armstrong begs that you will excuse his not appearing *en masse*."

Mrs. Pollock could not imagine the cause of the some embarrassment of Russel and the men she knew, who turned white and red by turns, while great beads of perspiration stood out on their faces. Being a woman of tact, however, she thought to put them at their ease by turning to the young cattleman and saying:

"Mexico is such a distance from here," she said. "Did you have a pleasant journey, Mr. Armstrong?"

"Quite pleasant, madam, I thank you," said the young stranger, with a bow, that dated from the last century. Then he drew the watch from his pocket, removed the paper that enveloped it, drew it from its box, and placing it in the hand of the astonished Mrs. Pollock, he continued, in the midst of a dead silence:

"As I have for the first time, madam, the honor of paying my respects to you, permit me to conform to an old custom—"

"An old custom?" repeated Mrs. Pollock, her eyes wandering over the horrid-looking faces about her. "I—do not understand."

Poor Russel, who by this time had had a dry stitch in him, stepped up to her and whispered in her ear: "Take it. You would wound him horribly if you refused. I shall explain later. The poor fellow thinks he is acting quite properly."

"Truly, Mr. Armstrong," said Mrs. Pollock, "you overwhelm me with your kindness. We San Franciscans are not accustomed to such compliments."

Meanwhile Clark thought he was witnessing the farce arranged beforehand with Marie, and was enjoying it all hugely. Unable longer to restrain his admiration, he sauntered over to Mrs. Pollock.

"Glad, girlie, I must compliment you on your manner. It is not out of the whole thing, I would have been taken in myself. Why, with your looks and your style, there's no saying where you'll end up."

As to the young cattleman, who did not catch much of this scene, his brown eyes were centered on Miss Bessie Barton. Nothing so delicate as to admit a refined and pretty blonde as the constant sight of the dusky women of Mexico, and Mrs. Pollock's sister was a peachy vision of delight.

By this time, Mrs. Pollock, who knew, by long acquaintance, the lengths to which George Russel would go to carry out a practical joke, had got that man into a corner of the room.

"Well, sir," she said, her blue eyes flashing ominously, "what last folly has that rattlebrain of yours led you into?"

"There was nothing here, for I thought it but to make a clean breast of it and throw myself on Mrs. Pollock's mercy. At first she was inclined to be angry and turn the whole crew out of doors. But the adventure struck her as droll at bottom, and, beside, Russell and his accomplices looked so utterly pitiful that she judged it best to be sufficiently punished. After all, the young cattleman was the only one who had a right to be angry at this school-boy prank; and that is just what he was on the point of becoming when he discovered the role he had been led to play. But Mrs. Pollock smoothed it all over, for she was as wise as well as a charming woman. She forgave them all on condition that there should be no further words about it."

The young cattleman soon became a great favorite with Mrs. Pollock. She conceived a great liking for him, made him an intimate at her home, and launched him in society, where, indeed, he was presently quite in his element. Perhaps she had her designs on him. At any rate, in the spring, Grace church was the scene of a very pretty wedding which united the lives of her sister, Bessie Barton, and the young cattleman.

The only one who was not forgiven was poor Marie, who was dismissed that very evening. So in all ages have the lesser ones paid for the follies of the greater.

### WHAT IT WILL COST.

Aside from the cost of the great buildings at the world's fair, which will not be far from \$75,000,000, the following are among the sums which have been or will be spent in preparation of the exposition grounds: Grading and filling, \$450,000; landscape gardening, \$323,500; viaducts and bridges, \$125,000; piers, \$70,000; waterway improvements, \$225,000; railways, \$500,000; steam plant, \$800,000; electric lighting, \$1,500,000; stationary, \$100,000; vases, lamps, etc., \$50,000; lake front adornment, \$200,000; water supply and sewerage, \$600,000; other expenses \$1,000,000; total \$5,943,500. The total expense of organization, administration and operation of the Exposition is estimated at nearly \$6,000,000. This takes no account of the sums to be spent by the government, the states or foreign nations.

### When Japan Was in Darkness.

Two centuries ago the traveller in Japan, had been asked, would you see a man in China the following declaration in Chinese characters: "As long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the christian King, or the Great God of all, if He violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."

### SOME SNUFF STORIES.

Amusing Experiences of Scotchmen who seek "the snuff-box."

Some of the snuff experiences of the Scotch are not without humour. There was the minister—somehow most Scotch snuff stories have a minister in them—who set forth to kirk one very windy day, thinking over his discourse as he went; when he got half way, and had reached the thirdly in the sermon, his chain of thought missed a link; to regain it he took out his snuff-box and rapped it, but the wind was in his face, and as he could not take a pinch to windward he turned round, and enjoyed one, two, three; hah! the missing phrase came in the sermon, his chain of thought was again to face the wind, and by-and-by astonished his servant by walking into the house instead of into the kirk two miles away!

Snuff, of course, had some virtues. At a Catholic church to wit, it is reported that a stranger lady came one Sabbath and sat in a large pew with certain farmers and their wives. Just before the sermon a big snuff-mull was handed round, which the lady passed without helping herself to. "Tak' the snuffin' men, tak' the snuffin' men," said the mull-holder in a hoarse whisper. "Ye kenna ken oor meenister; ye'll need it afore he's done."

Dean Ramsay has several strange stories to tell of snuff-taking among the Scots. "When the text had been given out," he says, "it was usual for the elder branches of the congregation to hand about their Bibles amongst the younger members, marking the place and calling their attention to the passage. During service another handing about was frequent amongst the seniors, and that was a circulation of the snuffin' mull or snuff-box. Indeed, I have heard of the same practice in an episcopal church, and particularly in one case of an ordination, where the bishop took his pinch of snuff, and handed the mug to go round amongst the clergy assembled for the solemn occasion within the altar rails."

In another place the Dean tells us of the honest Highlander who saw at the hotel door a magnificent man in full tartans, and noticed with much admiration the wide dimensions of the nostrils in a fine upturned nose. The Highlander, a genuine lover of "snuffin'," went to the stranger, and as his most complimentary act offered him his mull for a pinch; and the stranger drew himself up, and said rather haughtily, "I never take snuff." "Oh," said the other, "that's a peety, for there's grand accommodation!"

Another of Ramsay's reminiscences tells us how a severe snow storm in the Highlands had lasted for several weeks and stopped all communication betwixt neighboring hamlets, and reduced the snuff-boxes to their last pinch. Borrowing and begging from all the neighbors within reach were first resorted to; but when these failed, all were alike reduced to the longing which unwillingly abstinent snuff-takers alone know. The minister of the parish was amongst the unhappy number; the craving was so intense that study was out of the question, and he became quite restless. At last resort the headle was dispatched through the snow to a neighboring glen, in the hope of getting a supply, but he came back as unsuccessful as he went. "What's to be done, John?" was the minister's pathetic inquiry. John shook his head, as much as to say he could not tell. The minister's superfluous Sabbath cap, as it is a new idea had occurred to him. He came back in a few minutes, crying, "Hae!" The minister, too eager to be scrutinizing, took a long, deep pinch, and then said, "Whaur did you get it?" "I snuff the poupi," was John's expressive reply. The minister's superfluous Sabbath cap had not been swept up in vain.—W. J. Gordon, in the Leisure Hour.

### MISTAKES OF REPORTERS.

They All Caused Mirth, and Were Wondered at and Remembered.

A very well-known, witty, and popular parliamentary reporter confessed the other day to the writer that it was his pen which once perpetrated the funny sentence attributed to the late Dean of Wells, who spoke at a diocesan conference in a debate on vestments. The dean was reported to have said that he did not mind what "coat" he wore so long as it had a dozen sleeves. The strange partiality for a garment with a plurality of sleeves passed unnoticed in the local sub-editing room, and a proof of the speech was handed in the telegraph office to be "wired" to a London daily newspaper. Here again the dean's taste in the matter of sleeves did not strike the sub-editor as all peculiar. The metropolitan publicity given to the strange utterance drew the attention of the professional wits to it, and it was not till then that somebody found out that what the dean had really said was that he did not mind what *cope* he wore so long as it had *dozen* sleeves. The ear in regard to the first word had played the reporter false; and in the second, the photographic shorthand character might easily have been mistaken; for unvocalized and written hastily, the signs standing for the words *decent* and *dozen* have a dangerous family likeness to each other. Poetical quotations, when unfamiliar, are the bane of reporters, not always because the rhyme and rhythm are apt to confuse the ear accustomed to prose, but frequently because public speakers seldom quote correctly.

It was a lady lecturer on "The Rights of Women" who was at fault when she recited—

The rights of women, what are they?  
The right to be abused and to pray;  
The right to nurse when others bleed,  
The right to succour in distress.

At the same time, the attentive transcriber should not have done his work mechanically, but made the third line run—

The right, when others curse, to bless.

The economic world, the late Professor Hodgson, again, was made to declare, "was a chaos of discordant and conflicting demons." The professor really said "atoms," which was more scientific and less satanic. Mr. W. E. Forster must have been amazed for the last that he was held responsible for the astounding statement that "intoxication is the best thing in England," whereas he had said, "intoxication is the besetting sin of England."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

Ladies' Pocket Books at McArthur's, 80 King street.



Oh, had some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us;  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,  
And foolish notions.

Power to avoid the worry, the steam of wash day, the greater part of the hard work—the power to get the best satisfaction is given to all who use SURPRISE Soap on wash day. SURPRISE Soap has these remarkable qualities—you can see yourself as others see.

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It's a world of trouble to do your own washing. Everything's got to be just so. There's the stove, water, soap, and other things to look after, besides getting dinner. How does your hard working husband like the wash-day picked-up-dinner? What a comfort it would be if somehow a good fairy would have the work all done for you. UNGAR does family washing, and has lots of it to do. The women like to have him do their laundry. There's no rubbing or wearing of the clothing, but the dirt is virtually sucked out of the clothes by machinery. White dresses that have been worn all summer look as good as new after we're through with them.

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# SUNNY READING

**MORNING SERVICE.**

**MORNING.**

That is this day Thou has blessed us, and given us part in Thy work on the earth. That the darkness covering the earth calls Thy weary ones to rest in Thee. That Thy care is over all Thy children, Thy compassion with all sufferers, and Thy fatherly pity and longing toward all sinners.

That in Jesus Christ we have beheld the glory of Thy goodness and love, and know Thee to be the Everlasting Father and Saviour of men. Amen.

**A PRAYER.**

O God, the true light of faithful souls, the light of those who flee unto Thee, the hope of those who cry unto Thee, cleanse us from our sins and from every thought displeasing to Thy goodness, that with a pure heart and a clear soul, with calm trust and perfect love, we may worship Thee as we seek to remember and realize Thy love in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

**HYMN.**

Christ Whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ the true and only light,  
Son of righteousness,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night,  
Day-spring from on high,  
Day-star in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee,  
Joyless in the day's return  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,  
Till Thy light impart,  
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

**Read the Holy Scriptures.**

Truth, not eloquence, is to be sought for in Holy Scripture.

Each part of the scripture is to be read with the same spirit wherewith it was written.

We should rather search after profit in the scriptures, than after subtle arguments.

We ought to read plain and devout books as willingly as those high and profound.

Let not the authority of the writer be a stumbling-block, whether he be of great or small learning; but let the love of pure truth draw thee to read. Enquire not who spoke this or that, but mark what is spoken.

Men pass away, but the truth of the Lord remaineth forever. God speaks unto us in hundry ways without respect of persons.

Our own curiosity often hindereth us in reading of the scriptures, where we will examine and discuss that which we should rather pass over without more ado.

If thou desire to profit, read with humility, simplicity, and faithfulness; nor ever desire the repute of learning.

Enquire willingly, and hear with silence the words of the holy men. Let not the parables of the elders displease thee, for they are not given without cause.

**SERMON.**

**Parables.**

BY REV. CANON H. SCOTT, HOLLAND, PUBLISHED IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, LONDON, ENGLAND.

"And the disciples came, and said unto Him, Why speakest thou unto them in parables? He answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given. For whosoever shall be given, more shall be given to him, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever shall not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath. I will speak unto them in parables; because they see, but do not see; and they hear, but do not hear; lest they should see, lest they should hear, lest they should understand."—Matthew xiii. 10, 11.

All of us are drawn towards Jesus in the character of the homely and simple teacher, of Him who spake to the multitudes as none other ever spake; and there is no occasion on which this presentation of Him is more attractive and more welcome, than when he went out of His house and took His seat in the boat by the sea shore, while the whole crowd gathered together on the shore, and "He opened His mouth and spake unto them in parables, saying, Behold a sower went forth to sow." How easily we seem to mingle with the throng; how quickly from our very childhood we have felt the beauty of the scene; how familiar it is, how human, how sympathetic! Here is no barrier of stiff theological formula to fence us off, no dogmas uplifted to warn us that trespassers will be prosecuted. We simply gather in the open air by the sea shore with the mixed crowd. They and we come and go as we will; there we sit, and we are glad enough to be there, so long as the tones of that voice are in our ears, glad enough and satisfied if only He will go on telling us story after story of the kingdom of heaven, stories so characteristic of Him and His ways, so simple, so vivid, so incomparable; of the sower who went forth sowing, of the tares sown amid the wheat, of the reapers that gathered into the barns, of the mustard seed which grew from a tiny seed to a tree in which birds make their nests, of the hidden heaven working in the three measures of meal. Such stories as these pass straight from heart to heart, for, indeed, they have in them the significance that belongs to all daily duties and labor, which has continued from seed time to harvest since the world began. All such acts, in all hands, under all skies, have a dignity and pathos about them, which appeal to our common humanity. We can feel it as we lean over a gate perhaps in some kindly holiday and gaze on the old work, while man wins his daily food from the soil or the sea—the sower sowing the seed, or the reaper gathering in the corn, or the fisherman drawing his net to shore. So it was when life was young; so it will be to the end, and as we look we can forget the troubles present. Here before our eyes is the enduring toil which knows no change, the toil that underlies all the shifting centuries; here it still is just as of old, if only we could be contented to drop all our differences and surrender ourselves once again to the simple industries of simple men. How calm, how deep, the peace here as we lean and look at the sower who goes out to sow, at the reaper who binds the wheat into sheaves?

## MORNING SERVICE.

To some such feeling our Lord appeals in the parables as He turns our thoughts back to all that is most plain and primitive and natural in the daily life of human toil. Just because these stories lay hold with such direct force upon the immemorial and elementary simplicities of our common existence, therefore it is that they carry with them such a universal appeal. They, too, suffer no change any more than the scenes which they embody. Other things may be difficult to transport from their original surroundings, and to adapt to novel circumstances; but all men sow and reap, and fish and beg and buy and sell, and store in barns, and give feasts, and hire laborers, and marry and are given in marriage, and all races, therefore, are ready to enjoy the charm of our Lord's parables. This is one side of the picture.

**Teaching By Stages.**

But then, just as we are settling down to this easy and pleasant view of things, just as we think how well it might have been if theology had been but content to present us this beautiful vision of Jesus and His preaching, as He sat in the boat and spake in parables; lo, it is no crabbled theologian of later days, but the gracious teacher Himself who arrests us with a sudden word; our dream is roughly scattered by the words of my text as they reveal what is passing in His mind. He, it would seem, is not at all content to sit in a boat and tell parables; it is not for that that He is come into the world; He has other and deeper aims; He is pursuing a severer toil; some awful secret is being held in reserve, and only because so few can bear it and even listen to it without damage, only so is He reduced to speaking in parables, we learn, are not the full and adequate vehicle of the truth. No, they are but tentative experiments on those who are without—on those who are, as yet, unfit, untested, untrained. Parables are so to speak, forced upon the Lord. They are His only method of dealing with this loose mob that is following Him. He cannot venture to confide to them his full mind, for it would but confuse and repel them. So long as it was His disciples He could address them openly, as in the sermon on the Mount, with plain strong directions. So it had been apparently, at the first, but that now that His fame had spread—now that a mixed multitude is swarming around Him—He is driven to protect His doctrine from degradation, misunderstanding, confusion. We may remember some of the strong words of warning spoken by Himself on the Mount as to the peril of giving that which is holy unto dogs. In those words He revealed the responsibility of the teacher for his hearers. It is not enough that he has in his hands pearls to give; he must see to it also that he disturbs them aright to those that will profit by them.

So the parables express the guarded caution with which the revelation of the Father must be made. It is not enough that God should reveal His love for fallen man; it is lower than that, He must do it in a way of condescension to all the gradations of darkness into which men have fallen. Here is the irony of the terrible passage quoted by our Lord from Isaiah in answer to the wondering question of the disciples why he should speak in parables. "Why in parables? Because so many, though they willingly listen, are in such a state that, hearing they hear not, and seeing they see not; it is because 'these people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes are closed lest at any time, seeing with their eyes, and hearing with their ears, they should understand with their hearts, and should be converted and I should heal them.'" "Lest they should be converted and I should heal them." That is the dreadful thing that would happen: that the dreadful thing that they are bent on postponing. If it were not for obstructions they have than themselves interposed, the whole work might be done and over: there would be no need for the weariness and the pain of God's infinite patience as He lingers long, knocking at the door that will not open, and yet He may force an entry past bolt and bar; no need for all that, no need for care and forethought in the ministry of the truth if men had been ready to hear the truth; if their hearts had been alert it would all have been achieved at a stroke, the world would have been won. But our Lord seems to say, "Men seemed determined to put God to greater pain than ever, they have determined not to yield; they have stopped their ears; they have made themselves uneasy, repugnant and hostile, lest they should be converted there and then, and should find themselves healed. That is the irony of love picturing the postponement of the good it brings and since the facts are so, since men have determined that the process of their salvation shall be slow and difficult and gradual, therefore Christ has conformed to their ways; He has qualified the blinding light, He has shadowed it down to the dusk in which men abide. He has divided his teaching into stages, so as to protect these obstinate hearts against their own prejudices. He has fallen back on these parables. The parable is just the teaching that is convenient for those who hear and yet hear not, who see and yet see not. Something they hear—a picturesque tale, a lively image—this is attractive, there is no one who will not give it some entry. Even those who most vehemently repudiate the most emphatic message, even those who might in indignation take up the stones to kill Him, it is attractive, there is no one who will not listen to these parables, and if they listen and are pleased to walk away without further question no irreparable harm will be done, only they will be much as they were before, only they will postpone the day of possibility, they will not have been brought up near enough to the fire to be scorched by it, they will have been saved

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will give you both. This offer—is not alone to our citizens—but to the many thousands of Ladies' HANDS and FEET that are working and walking in the FAR WEST (or any other part) of our big Dominion. Enclose \$1.00 in a letter, and back will come TO YOU the promised value.

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the uppermost disaster. But, on the other hand, if there are any there who have ears to hear and eyes to see, then the parable will work its perfect work upon them, they will never be satisfied by its mere beauty, they will feel the prickings of a Divine secret, the parables will quicken and animate them into a more eager expectation; something in them will provoke them, they will be restless until they have gone further, they will press in with the other disciples into the house with the Master, they will insist on being told what it means— "Declare unto us the parable, who is the sower that scattered the seed? What are the bundles which will be burned? And it is these persistent, clamorous questioners to whom it is given to know the mysteries of heaven. These will ask and knock, and asking will receive, and knocking it will be opened unto them. To those who have the energy to seek, to them will be given. Blessed be their eyes, for they will see that which kings and prophets before them desire to see; blessed will be their ears, for they will hear that which their own souls have long hungered after through weary times of silence. Blessed are they to whom it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.

## The Hedge of the Truth.

Now, there is the change from the first conception of the parable. We are fascinated by listening here to a moral story of the truth, and lo! it is these parables themselves that are the hedge. They hedge off the unready; they encompass the mount that burns with fire lest any living thing should rashly come too near and perish; and far from being intended to satisfy their pleasure in teaching, and save us the trouble of harder problems, their primary purpose is to compel us to be dissatisfied with their simplicity, to force us to break through this graceful screen that holds so much concealed behind, to insist upon entering within the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. The parables are a sieve through which our Lord passes all who come to Him. If we do as so many are inclined to do, if we remain on the level of the parable and say "That is enough for me: let the revelation of Christ stop there: let me listen to these simple moral stories, and let me be satisfied with more difficult and precise inquiries," then the parable has failed to fulfil its office unto us; it has only served to mark us off as unfit for more, as those who hearing do not hear. This only it has done for us, it has spared us the risk of a deeper and sterner contract with the Lord Jesus Christ. No, we will keep asking ourselves "Who is He that so speaks? What is His authority? How is it that He is so quietly assured of this awful message of deliverance? How does He know so exactly the mind of the Father, and claim to represent it with such separation? Why does He speak in such a manner, so supreme? And what is this kingdom about which He speaks so confidently? And why is he alone aware of its nature and its laws? This kingdom—where is its gate by which we may enter? When did it begin, and how and where? Who is the Lord, and what is He to be found? The Lord, and what is He to be found? Every word that this strange teacher preaches rouses up in those who think these importunate agitations. They cannot listen and not want to know more; they cannot go so far and not desire to go further. To accept Christ with His claims and His wonders, to be driven to the point of all honest seekers. No, at all costs they will press around that house where He is, enter inside with him, as we feel sure there is more to be known. Look at his face as he closes the preaching and passes through the door of the house; what is that? What secret is he holding back? What is the mystery of His presence? Who art thou Lord? Who art Thou? Who is He? that is the one demand that grows stronger and more intense with all those who have ears at all to the preaching of Christ. We must ask it, and, once asked, the question must be faced and answered. It may conceal itself for a long time even in some parable, but at last it will make itself felt of all.

Let us think of our own case. We have drawn near, perhaps, without any clear motive: we find ourselves within the sound of His voice; it may be habit that brought us to church; we have always gone to service; we have grown up that way, and see no reason to change: the habit is enduring, and it is pleasant, and Sunday after Sunday we sit with the throng and listen, and like those on the seashore at Galilee we are gratified, soothed and contented as the word of the Lord is uttered: we listen and admire, we know that great things are being spoken of, much is told us in service or in sermons, and it all sounds high and wonderful: we should like to be in that kingdom, and are glad to hear of it; we grow familiar with its language, with the pictures of its doings; we almost seem to be concerned with it, and we enter into interests which are evidently so vivid and so glorious. So this habit is to us just what the parable was to them of old. It is good, for it has brought us near to Jesus; it has never occurred to us to ask very serious "What do all these strong words mean exactly to me? This kingdom, these blessings of God, this wonderful work about which they talk—can I give it any actual and precise meaning? Can I say really what it comes to? Can I say about this kingdom and its king, and yet leave it all to hazy and vague? Who is He, the King, and what does He do for me? Can I put into words? What does He pledge me to? What demands does He make on my life? This Sower, has He

terly sown His seed in me, and with what issue? And if I can hardly tell for myself whether he has or not, will He Himself tell me if I follow Him into the house? Do those questions start in us? In some dim way do we not recognize the necessity of taking a step further than we have yet made into the knowledge of our own souls, into the knowledge of our Lord and Master?

## The Hour of Conversion.

Some, no doubt, there are who begin their religious life with this direct question: "Who art Thou, Lord?" They have never perhaps thought of Christ until He has met them face to face with the irresistible alternative, "Believe, and thou shalt be saved." If so, then that has been their hour of judgment and conversion—sharp, abrupt, decisive. But to most of us religious life has begun in parables. We have hung about Christ's footsteps for a long time, either through habit, or because of some attraction, because of the musical service, because of the beauty of the church. All at once we have before us the imperative question has fastened upon us, "Do I know?" "Do I believe?" "Am I converted?" The question may not have been put, but it is there bidding its time. Jesus is not yet satisfied: He is waiting behind the parable to be known, to be pursued, to be asked into the house. He wants the question has fastened upon us, "Do I know?" "Do I believe?" "Am I converted?" 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SOUTHWARD IS THE CRY.

THE MARCH OF THE FEATHERED TRIBE STREWN WITH DEAD.

Great Flocks of Birds Making for the South—How Thousands of Them Meet Their Fate—Seen from a Lighthouse Lantern—Killing Bewildered Geese With a Club.

Every night now the air is full of feathered armies on their autumn march to the south. The farmer hears strange sounds and shrill calls above his head. Many a one living in cities hears a tempest of wings pass far above in the dead of night.

It is estimated that during the marching season, which is now at its height, many millions of birds pass southward every night. They come from every part of the north, and fly five or six hundred miles without resting.

The birds that fly in the night rest and feed during the day along the route. The night-flyers, as a rule, live in coverts in the North, and they are afraid to expose themselves in daylight in large numbers; but those that haunt open places mount high into the air at sunrise and fly till dark.

There has been some cold weather lately in the north and this has set the birds on the southern march. They stay about their summer haunts till gray frost comes

The light-keepers now are sending in some very interesting stories about the birds. Two keepers tell me that on a dark and stormy night a week ago thousands of birds were attracted, and that the lanterns were fairly pelted with them. Hundreds of them lay dead at the bases of the towers in the morning and many dead and wounded ones were seen floating in the sea. I have spent some nights in the lanterns with the keepers, and those that were dark



SAILORS CATCHING BEWILDERED GEES.

and stormy brought the largest crowd of birds. Some of them approached the light carefully, flying round and round and then stretching themselves, peered with wide, wonder-stricken eyes in through the glass. Numbers of them flying in a bewildered way struck the lantern with a heavy, sousing sound and fell backwards as if shot. The concussion kills them instantly, for they strike head first. Ducks, guillemots, gulls and other large birds kill themselves as readily against the glass as robins, thrushes, warblers, sparrows or peewees.

Once I went to the top of the statue of liberty, and here the very heavens seemed to be dark with the wings of birds. They were driving before the storm in hundreds and thousands, but the flocks, as we could see by our glasses, kept well together. Nevertheless the leaders of each company kept on sending out signal cries so loud that they could be heard for half a mile through the storm.

These were to keep the migrants together, for they could very easily get separated in the dark. Away from the rear of one of the huge flocks came a distinct answer, and then the leaders struck out more swiftly, feeling that the army was holding together. Some of these immense flocks resembled large sailing clouds, and a body of wild geese



SEEN FROM INTERIOR OF LIGHT HOUSE.

some night, or the pools are skimmed over with ice; then there is a gathering of the aerial clans. The old ones, birds that may have made the passage for many seasons, utter loud signal cries which bring the flock together, in large congregations, on the edge of the wood. Here they circle around screaming and singing as it delighted at the prospect of the march. Birds that have not been within miles of each other during the summer and which never met before, mass together under the leadership of a few veterans. I have often seen two or three thousand crows gathered in one body and waiting for the signal to start.

The birds that fly in the night rest and browse wait till dusk then you hear a hurricane of wings. They rise often one or two miles, and sometimes three hover among the clouds, and then, having determined their course speed onward. They hardly ever set out on a night when no stars are visible, for it is by these undoubtedly that they are guided to the greatest extent.

Sometimes a storm arises when they are miles up in the air; the stars are blotted out, and they lose their way. Then they are driven before the gale for miles, but they select a piece of forest, where they perch and wait till the weather clears. If the weather is fine they tarry at each stopping place for several days, frolicking and chasing one another through the air and filling the air with their cries. But the first tinge of cold in the wind sets them off again to a warmer region where they feed and scream and whistle and sing till gray frost appears or a bitter northern wind be-



WHAT THE STATUE OF LIBERTY SEES.

moved in a semi-circle, which seemed to me to be nearly a quarter of a mile wide. The geese paid no heed to the light, but went on silently, save for the occasional "honking" of the leaders. Some of the crows came near the light, and many birds struck the bronze and stone, some of them falling back stunned and others dead. Certain inhabitants of the island picked up all the dead ones that lay on the grass in the morning, and they were up so early and did their work so stealthily that we missed seeing several specimens.

EDMUND COLLINS.

A BUSY WOMAN.

The Work Performed by England's Queen and Her Private Secretary.

People who are unacquainted with the extreme attention which the queen gives to matters of detail will be surprised to learn that the affairs of the state occupy her majesty's attention for several hours daily. At Balmoral, Windsor, Osborne, Buckingham Palace, or abroad, the routine of business is rigidly adhered to, and the closest touch is maintained by the sovereign with the government of the country. There is not a departmental office of any consequence which is not kept in daily communication with the head of the realm, whose prompitude in dealing with documents submitted to her is really marvellous, considering her age and sex, for a lady of her advancing years might reasonably expect to have a little leisure.

The queen takes a genuine pleasure in this clerical work, and her firm signature—"Victoria R. and L."—is appended to all sorts of state papers. Besides those documents which relate to procedure, whose nature is more or less comprised within the limits of our constitution, the queen is directly concerned in a great variety of matters upon which the generality of the public never troubles itself at all. There are questions of precedent, of etiquette, of honoraria, of ceremonial, and of payment to be considered; every change of uniform in the army must be referred to the queen, and a great many complicated points concerning military and civilian orders and decorations directly engage her majesty's supervision and attention.

Her majesty is equally attentive in the arrangements for any forthcoming event in which she may be taking an active part. The projects of the entertainment, reception, review or whatever pageant may be approaching have to furnish the queen, through her private secretary, with a multitude of particulars. Nothing is seemingly too insignificant to be referred to her. The height of platforms, the number of steps, the police arrangements in detail, and a host of minutiae are submitted to the royal scrutiny.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.



PICKING UP THE DEAD AND WOUNDING AT THE FOOT OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

gins to pipe. Some birds travel 6,000 miles every spring and fall, going from northerly parts of Greenland to the tropic of Capricorn.

The wild geese, the barnacle goose and the brant can each fly from five to seven hundred miles without resting, and they are now crossing the Gulf of St. Lawrence every day in hundreds of thousands. They assemble in large bodies on the headlands in Newfoundland when the weather begins to grow cold and wait for a fair wind, which is a northeaster. The geese and brants like to set out in the morning, but sometimes the wind veers, fog arises from the sea, smothering the sun in the day and the stars at night, and they become bewildered.

Captains of schooners that sail across the gulf in spring and fall frequently find from a score to a hundred of wild geese in the morning, crouching on the deck, hatches, railings and booms. These birds will not alight in the sea, and become perfectly tame by bewilderment and terror, and the deck hands kill them with gaffs.

A large majority of the migratory birds journey by night, and any one interested in the subject, whether he live in the city or the country, will be able to know when a congregation is passing. The expert, moreover, can determine from the whistles and calls what species of bird comprises the passing flock. They do not whistle or sing as they do in the woods, but usually give out one or two notes which are intended as signals to keep the army together. The bobolink, for example, cries "Spink," "Spink;" the king fisher gives a hoarse screech though he laughs and chatters when not in passage; the woodpecker screams and the duck gives a resonant quack.

Some of the birds of passage adopt special routes and go by these every year.

LADIES BEWARE

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DIVORCE IN JAPAN.

Neither Lawyers Nor Much Money Needed in the Process.

"Speaking of divorces," said Lent Butt, of the revenue cutter Johnson, "the most peculiar one I ever saw was in a little island off the coast of Japan, about twenty-five years ago.

"The surgeon and myself being off duty went ashore, with the double purpose of stretching our legs and sending off to the ward-room mess any delicacies in the way of fresh meat, fowls or fruit, which we might happen to run across. With us went a Japanese sailor, whom we had shipped, being short handed at a port on the coast of the Mikado's insular realm.

"We walked about the poor little village, which was the principal seaport of the island, and were regarded by the natives with an innocent, awe-struck and wondering expression which betokened their very rare acquaintance with white men. As we were strolling along the main street, if street it may be called, after having with Sorakichi and I induced a very brown and wrinkled Japanese to take some rabbits, pigeons and fruit off to the camp, we came to a building, aerial in architecture, as are all Japanese structures, but much more pretentious than any we had yet seen.

"That is a temple, where they make worship," explained Sorakichi.

"We had two hours to spare and entered. As we did so a young man and a young woman came in another entrance. Both wore a blue scarf across the left shoulder and knotted under the right arm.

"Been marry; split now, quieted off," said Sorakichi, and an inquiry developed the fact that the youngsters, neither of whom could have been over 22, sought a divorce.

"Blue match show," said Sorakichi, and we stood aside and watched the pair. They went together before the most hideous idol it has ever been my fortune to see, both undid their blue scarfs, bowed three times to the ground, and, turning, left the temple by opposite doors.

"All good now," explained our interpreter; "get marry some more; yes, to-day, mebbe."

"Further inquiry elicited the fact that this was the regular ceremony of divorce among the lower Japanese in certain provinces."—*Chicago Times*.

Too Apt at Retort.

In the latter days of Frederick the Great, the British minister-plenipotentiary at the court of Berlin was Hugh Elliot. The relations between Prussia and England were at that time not altogether friendly, and the personal intercourse between Elliot and Frederick were not at all so. The king indulged in gibes and sneers but little disguised and Elliot in equivocal retorts.

A certain minister of Frederick's at the British court had been recalled and replaced by a more liberal-conditioned fellow merely to spite the English cabinet.

"What do they say of Blank in London?" asked Frederick in a taunting tone. "That he worthily represents your Majesty," replied Elliot, bowing to the ground.

This did not mend matters, and the king would not speak to Elliot at successive levees. Elliot, highly indignant, was longing for an opportunity to be revenged, when, intelligence having arrived that Hyder Ali had made a successful attack upon British possessions, the king asked in a wicket way:

"Mr. Elliot, who is this Hyder Ali who knows so well how to settle your affairs in the Indies?"

"Sire," answered Elliot, "he is an old despot who has plundered his neighbors a good deal, but now, thank heaven, he has come to his stage."

It is needless to say that Mr. Elliot with his pronounced views on despots was speedily sent elsewhere to exercise his energetic irony. He was transferred to Copenhagen.

Lechuzo the Bravo.

Turn about is fair play. The hero of the Spanish bull-ring now is not a torador, or slayer of bulls, but a bull, who has repeatedly cleared the arena of his antagonists. He has not killed or dangerously wounded any man, but he has put to flight every torador, picador, chulo or banderillero, who has dared to enter the arena with him; and though the crowds have come to see him slain, his conduct has been so valiant that the people have demanded that his life should be spared.

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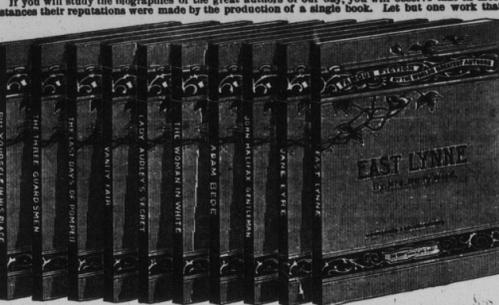
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Opinions of some Distinguished Guests on the "Myrtle Bank" Hotel. From the Hon. Pitt Rivers Stuart, King's House, Jamaica.—Having been staying on several occasions at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, I have found it well appointed, and the Staff most obliging. The Hotel is well situated, the verandahs have the benefit of the sea-breeze and command very interesting views. We found the beds especially comfortable. From Arthur Harvey, Esq., Toronto, Canada.—I have spent some weeks in Jamaica, every hour of which has been delightful, and much of the pleasure has been due to the excellent accommodations of the Myrtle Bank Hotel. The rooms, the cuisine, and the civility received at your hands, call for this acknowledgment. From the Hon. Theo. J. Clayton, Thurton, Penna.—We have spent ten days at Jamaica, making the Myrtle Bank Hotel our headquarters. We have found it the best Hotel on the Island. We can recommend this Hotel to our countrymen as an agreeable resting place. From John M. Oakley, of Pittsburg, Pa.—On leaving your hospitable house, the "Myrtle Bank," after two weeks' stay, we wish to say to our countrymen, through you, that we have found your locality favored by the sea-breeze as cool as the mountain top. We shall advise all our friends visiting Jamaica to stop at this Hotel. From Rear-Admiral Seymour, R. N.—For the four weeks I have lived in your Hotel, I have been struck with the civility of the Staff to guests and visitors. I wish the undertaking every success. I advise any one visiting Kingston to stay at Myrtle Bank. From Hon. T. A. and Lady Brassey.—The Hotel is about the best planned I have seen in the tropics. The broad verandahs and passages entirely open to the air make it deliciously cool. The bed rooms could not be more comfortable. From Senator Warner Miller, U. S. A.—I desire to express my appreciation of your Hotel. I have found it a most delightful place and have enjoyed my visit to Kingston. Your Hotel furnished me with perfect accommodation. From Cleveland Moffatt, Correspondent of the "New York Herald"—It gives me pleasure to state that during the ten days I have passed in your pleasant Hotel, I have been treated with the greatest courtesy and attention. No trouble spared in the interests of the guests. The Hotel is certainly well managed. From John C. Kites (Sept. 9th, 1891), Correspondent "New York Herald"—During the stay of myself and wife at Myrtle Bank we have received every attention. The accommodations are most excellent, the beds could not be better, and it is table is first-class.

JAMAICA can be reached by Steamer Alpha from Halifax, sailing twice a month, \$15 for return passage; or by Steamer of the Boston Fruit Company, sailing from Boston twice a week, \$50 for return passage. For further particulars address: HERBERT A. CUNHA, MANAGER MYRTLE BANK HOTEL CO., Kingston, Jamaica.

EARLY WINTER

Novelties Noted while—A Pretty Braided Dress and a Cloak With Buttons. The keenest insight into immediate future is of women who are so count at all in fashion mean the artists who ing houses and the ex-



A BRAIDED

The sketch, therefore has made for me of early winter promenade pressing a very accurate will be worn on the holidays.

A very beautiful and narrow, with all the design. Syrian cloth is slightly rough, but delftly soft and pliant as appears from the form of the sheath, narrow, with all the side. The coat a quarters length, but set on at the waist; garment is cut in a are square, the collar



A CLOTH DRESS AND

and the sleeves very eccentricities. The skirt and the coat sealakin. The some degree of elasticity otherwise be a very done in dark blue admixture of gold. gested as an accom felt with blue plumes.

Side by side with friend has put a ca is not uninteresting Paris, and is of ornaments of white touched with pink, that would have no cept for evening wear. The bonnet



A BROADWAY

is of mahogany very jet and white velvet. From a score to recently worthy of richest, if not of figured in the second marvel of braid we are a good prop most elaborate gress for a woman maids an ability to nifty, and keep all the time they played. A reddish was the material think, Venetian, in black silk to graceful patterns edge of ostrich to supplied a finish would be better. A velvet bonnet jut and brown.



# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

There are no heathens now to be found in the group of Fijian Islands.

It used to be a superstition that coral became pale when those who wore it were ill.

Professor Max Muller estimates the number of Buddhists in the world to be 450,000.

The population of India is believed to have increased in ten years from 255,000,000 to 285,000,000.

Two hundred thousand families, it has been calculated, are living in London on £1 a week.

Napoleon in his will left a handsome legacy to a wretch named Chatillon, who had attempted to assassinate Wellington.

The loss of life on board British vessels at sea or in rivers or harbors in 1889-90 amounted to 4,207, of whom nearly one-third were drowned.

"An it please the pigs" is, with a small change, the old Roman Catholic ejaculation, "An it please the pix" which is the box in which the Host was carried.

The shortest space of time noted by the turkman's watch is a quarter of a second—an interval so brief that the eye can hardly observe, the mind can hardly appreciate it.

According to Linnaeus, the progeny of three female flesh flies (each gives birth to 20,000 young, and a third generation is produced in a few days) would devour the carcass of a horse with greater speed than a lion could.

Oats originated in North Africa, onions in Egypt, parsley in Sardinia, peaches in Persia, peas in Egypt, potatoes in America, rye in Siberia, spinach in Arabia, sun-flower in Peru, tobacco in America, and Walnut in Persia.

The duel is the survival of the trial by ordeal. Rowland Yorke supposed to have brought it to England in 1287, but earlier than that it was not unusual to see a glove hung over the altar in church as a challenge to anyone who would take it down.

As everyone knows a billion is a million millions. Allowing that so many as 200, which is an outside number, could be counted in a minute, it would, excluding the 366th day in leap year, take one person 9,512 years before the task of counting a billion would be completed.

In the third century the Macedonians employed artificial flies in the capture of fish with hooks, and Hesiod, Cicero, and others among the ancient poets sounded the praises of fish. Strabo, Virgil, and even the early christian fathers make many references to the fish living in the seas in their times.

When first hatched, says an authority, the larva of the silk worm moth weighs 1-100th of a grain, but before it passes, in the course of the comparatively short season, into the pupa or second stage of insect, it attains, by eating, a weight of 95 grains, which is an increase of 9500 over its original weight.

If parents are tall, the children tend to be tall, but the offspring of parents of unequal height most frequently follow the shorter. Excessive tallness is very rarely perpetuated; even if both the parents are above the average, the height of the offspring is usually only a third of the excess reached by the parents.

From Mars the earth appears much the same as Venus does to us, but on Venus she shines with a lustre exceeding the most brilliant of the stars. But, like Venus—which is to us a morning and evening star—the earth is to Venus a night star, and shines upon her with a brilliancy much greater than that of Venus at the period of its greatest luminosity.

The title kaiser is a corruption of the name Caesar. Caesar was the family name of the first five Roman emperors, and was afterwards adopted as a title by their successors. It was also used, by way of distinction, for the intended or presumptive heir of the empire. The title under the corrupted form of kaiser is borne by the emperors of Germany, Austria, and as czar by the sovereigns of Russia.

Superstition has it that a mole on the left side of a man denotes danger and struggling; on a woman, sorrow. A mole on the upper lip shows happiness in marriage. A mole on the breast shows affection, loyalty, strength and courage, and will gain honor. A mole on the right cheek shows the party to be much beloved, and will come into great fortune. A mole on the left shoulder, sorrow and labor. A mole on the forehead of a man or woman denotes that their friends and neighbors, being beloved of the eyebrows of a man denotes inconsistency; but if on a woman it shows she will have a good husband. A mole on the neck shows a man to be prudent in his actions; but if on a woman it betokens weak judgment, apt to believe the worst of her husband.

It is said that insanity is one of the scourges of Newfoundland, where intermarriage obtains.

One-fourth of the street railways of the United States are being operated wholly or in part by electricity.

If the actual strand-line of Norway was measured, the coast-line would probably measure upwards of 3000 miles long.

It is said that one in every five of the population of London dies die, or is destined to die in an hospital, workhouse, or a pauper lunatic asylum.

With a registered tonnage of over a million and a quarter, and a seafaring population of over 47,000 men, Canada ranks fourth among the maritime nations of the world.

It is not definitely known who brought the first wheat seed to America. When this continent was discovered the only cereal that grew here was maize. Wheat was introduced into Britain by the Romans, and it can be traced back for nearly 4,000 years.

The returns of the British army for the year 1890 show that the effective strength of the regular army at the end of the year was 210,860. The total enrolled in the auxiliary and reserve forces was—army reserve, 60,233; militia, 113,162; yeomanry, 10,697; volunteers, 221,048.

The origin of "windfall" in the sense of "good luck" dates from the time of William the Conqueror. It was then a criminal offence to cut timber in the forests. Only such could be gathered as the wind had blown down; hence a heavy wind-storm was hailed by the peasants as so much good luck, and from this comes the modern application of the expression.

The usual English spelling of the title of the Emperor of Russia is *Czar*, probably to show its connection with the Latin *Cæsar*. A much better transliteration of the Russian word is *Tsar*. According to the scheme of transliteration adopted at the Natural History museum, and by the Botanical, Linnaean, and Zoological societies, the word would be written *Tsar*.

## FRENCH AFRAID OF WATER.

It's no Joke, but Absolutely Hard Work to Get the Liquid to Drink.

Much has been said in a facetious way about the difficulty travelers have in France getting a simple drink of water, and some personal experience of the kind is one of the stock anecdotes of every tourist. And yet, as a matter of fact, this difficulty can hardly be exaggerated.

In Normandy and Brittany Normandy cider, with a taste like poor Rhine wine but a complexion a shade darker, is the exclusive beverage of the people; wine is a luxury, as it is not made so far north; tea is practically unknown, and chocolate likewise; milk is rarely found at all, and absolutely unobtainable after noon; and water, to end the list, would never be thought of in this connection.

We stopped at a fine copious spring by the roadside, and a native passing by hesitated in curiosity and surprise and hastened to warn us that water was injurious and that it would make us sick; and every time we inquired for water at a wayside cottage madame would refuse to give it to us and would respond with the inevitable cider.

We had been about two days on our road to Paris when we began to get desperate at this treatment, for we had forgotten how water tasted, and as we passed a well and saw a woman appear at a door with a

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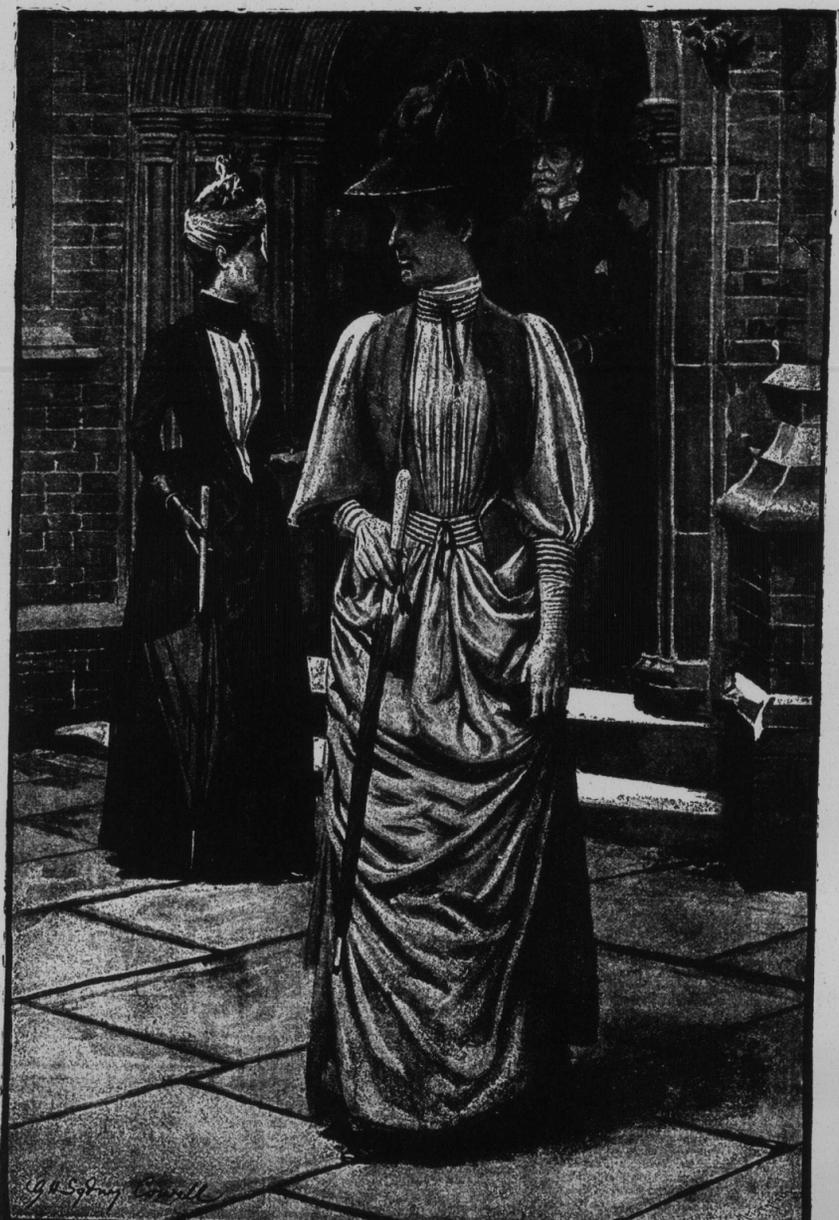
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Many estimates have been made of the rate at which the Niagara Falls are wearing back the precipice over which the river tumbles. The latest is a report made by Mr. Bogart, state engineer of New York. He comes to the conclusion, after comparing the survey made in 1842 and the results arrived at in 1890, that the annual recession of the American Fall had been 7-8 in., and at the Canadian or Horseshoe Fall 2 feet 6 in. During this period the crestline of the American fall has sunk from 1080 to 1060 feet, and that of the Canadian has risen from 2260 to 3010 feet, while the area of rock which has been carried away during these 48 years is 32,900 square feet at the American and 275,400 at the Canadian fall.

Persons born in spring have a more robust constitution than those born at any other seasons. Births and deaths occur more frequently at night than in the day-time.

North America is estimated to possess 187,425 miles of railway, or 21.54 miles per 10,000 inhabitants; South America to have 16,000 miles, or 5 miles per 10,000 inhabitants; while Europe has 111,000 miles, being at the rate of 4.06 per 10,000, Asia having 20,000 miles, or only a ratio of 1/4 mile per 10,000; Africa, with 6,000 miles of railroad, averaging 3.10 of a mile per 10,000 inhabitants; and Australia ranking nearly with Europe and South America, with 13,000 miles of railroad and a ratio of 3.42 miles per 10,000 inhabitants.

A coat of arms in mediæval times was a coat bearing armorial insignia worn over the armor by warriors, so that they might be distinguished by their soldiers. The "coat of arms" as now understood is a complete and distinctive heraldic composition. This art took its use about the time of William the Conqueror, and originated in the customs of the knights of the middle ages adopting a distinctive badge or color when they were engaged in warfare. After the crusades the knights who had distinguished themselves by their prowess adopted the badge which they had worn during the war.

bucket one of us rushed upon her and unceremoniously seized it, and in another minute we were drinking defiantly of the interdicted liquid. The woman was still standing in her tracks dazed and dumfounded as we returned her bucket full to the brim, and in her absence of mind she returned the pour we offered her—the first case on record.—Paris Letter.

**Curiosities About Gold.**

Gold is so very tenacious that a piece of it drawn into wire one-twentieth of an inch in diameter will sustain a weight of 500 pounds without breaking. Its malleability is so great that a single grain may be divided into 2,000,000 parts and a cubic inch into 9,523,809,523 parts, each of which may be distinctly seen by the naked eye. A grain and a half of gold may be beaten into leaves of one inch square, which, if intersected by parallel lines drawn at right angles to each other and distances only the one-hundredth part of an inch, will produce 25,000,000 little squares, each of which may be distinctly seen without the aid of a glass!

The surface of any given quantity of gold, according to the best authorities, may be extended by the hammer 910,814 times. The thickness of the metal thus extended appears to be no more than the 566,020th part of an inch. Eight ounces of this wonderful metal would gild a silver wire of sufficient length to extend around the globe!

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## MEN AND WOMEN

M. Pasteur has now, Emperor of Austria, Pasteur, and been decorated of the Iron Crown.

Queen Victoria now of 367,000,000—a great people than ever acknowledged of any one other person or modern times.

A son of Ole Bull, wegiat violinist, has his father's genius, and debut in Paris as a soloist of about 22 years.

Prince Henry of Orléans the fact that the chances to the "throne" of France small, has done the next tiered the ranks of the job.

Alexandre Dumas is a handed philanthropist in his books and plays is did and many a poor and oblige him a debt of gratitude wholly repaid.

John D. Rockefeller, est annual income of any has spent the summer w farm, just as if he was a and doing quite as much his hired men. He has suit of health.

John Whitman, the pounds with his teeth, p weighing 30,000 pounds North street, Baltimore presence of about 300 have required the united ordinary men to move th

Until recently the roy has been lighted only b the father and the grand ent Kaiser were opposed not allow it to be introd ace. Emperor William and is now arranging fo

George Keenan, the n eller, says the czar is a but his judgment is bad, rowed by his advisers. divinely appointed to pe for having crucified the he is only inflicting the scriptures by so doing.

The Duke of Cambri best known old boys in is hardly a soldier, polio in town who is not ac rosy-gilled and white-man, who has never bee the officers of the army persist in being a fussy iers.

Fifteen keen and cou form the czar's body guo pany the czar almost eve in uniform; and they h watch in the imperial kit ally act as cooks. Th never be convinced that ing" fresh bottles thre day.

A Zulu prince, the yo Cetova Totowa, is an in the streets of St. Louis. stalwart young man, wei with a face of rich copp red hair. He is one of dren, his father possessi forty wives. He is ba baptist ministers for m Africa.

Queen Victoria has co fifty-five years, there bei sovereigns who have exc respect—Henry III., wh years, and George III. She is also third with re having been 72 years Those who have exce respect were George II. he was nearly 77, and died at 81 years.

The first time the Em ever donned a frock coat in 1867, when he went exhibition as Napoleon I pleasure did he take in the he has never worn the li he left Paris. At home always in uniform, excep shooting, and then he v costume, with green wa legs bare at the knees fashion.

The young King of Sp to his nurse, Maximia time ago. For five year was with his youthful night. The little fellow attached to her that it w aration would endanger make the parting easier rid the day the court Sebastian. She is to re pension on the royal a siderable sum of money the woman's husband, w

A compactly built yo Frank Talmage, son of l yn preacher. He has n his father, although in r resembles him. He h ruddy complexion, a fir part of them to penetrat the person he is talkin form tokens abundant. He is a good hand at an play ball, fence, swim, r his father, he practices door exercise, and he s like the sons of many g laggard. He will soo Union Theological Sem studies he goes at it vig unlike many other son does not try to make hi name. He was elect minister of the gospel, a summer has had charg Hudson. He is noted studiousness and the ab subject he takes up in a as instructive way. He lectures, and has b \$100 for one night's ser like his father, in a qu way, and seems to pos powers. After he gra married to Miss Gertru Sing, N. Y., a cultu young woman of 20.

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MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

M. Pasteur has now, by the grace of the Emperor of Austria, become Baron von Pasteur, and been decorated with the order of the Iron Crown.

Queen Victoria now rules a population of 367,000,000—a greater number of people than ever acknowledged sovereignty of any one other person in either ancient or modern times.

A son of Ole Bull, the famous Norwegian violinist, has inherited some of his father's genius, and will soon make his debut in Paris as a solo-violinist. He is a youth of about 22 years.

Prince Henry, of Orleans, recognizing the fact that the chances of his succeeding to the "throne" of France are extremely small, has done the next best thing and entered the ranks of the journalists.

Alexandre Dumas is one of the most open handed philanthropists in Paris. A great part of the large income he derives from his books and plays is dispersed in charity, and many a poor and obscure author owes him a debt of gratitude that can never be wholly repaid.

John D. Rockefeller, who has the largest annual income of any man in America, has spent the summer working on his Ohio farm, just as if he was a common laborer and doing quite as much labor as any of his hired men. He has done it in the pursuit of health.

John Whitman, the man who lifts 600 pounds with his teeth, pushed a freight car weighing 30,000 pounds along a switch on North street, Baltimore, recently, in the presence of about 300 people. It would have required the united strength of eight ordinary men to move the car.

Until recently the royal palace at Berlin has been lighted only by candles. Both the father and the grandfather of the present Kaiser were opposed to gas and would not allow it to be introduced into the palace. Emperor William has had gas put in and is now arranging for electric lights.

George Keenan, the noted Russian traveler, says the czar is a well-meaning man, but his judgment is bad, having been narrowed by his advisers. He believes he is divinely appointed to persecute the Jews for having crucified the Saviour and that he is only fulfilling the commands in the scriptures by so doing.

The Duke of Cambridge is one of the best known old boys in London, and there is hardly a soldier, policeman or hackman in town who is not acquainted with the rosy-gilled and white-haired two-bottle man, who has never been over popular with the officers of the army because he would persist in being a fussy friend of the soldiers.

Fifteen keen and courageous Corsicans form the czar's body guard. They accompany the czar almost everywhere, sometimes in uniform; and they have even to keep watch in the imperial kitchen and occasionally act as cooks. Three of them can never be convinced that the wine has not been drugged, and they insist upon "tasting" fresh bottles three or four times a day.

A Zulu prince, the youngest son of King Cetoswa Tsetoswa, is an interesting figure on the streets of St. Louis. The prince is a stalwart young man, weighing 186 pounds, with a face of rich copper hue and curly red hair. He is one of twenty-one children, his father possessing the luxury of forty wives. He is being educated by baptist ministers for missionary work in Africa.

Queen Victoria has completed a reign of fifty-five years, there being only two British sovereigns who have exceeded her in this respect—Henry III., who reigned fifty-six years, and George III., fifty-nine years. She is also third with reference to age, she having been 72 years old on May 24. Those who have exceeded her in this respect were George II., who died when he was nearly 77, and George III., who died at 81 years.

The first time the Emperor of Austria ever donned a frock coat and silk hat was in 1867, when he went to visit the Paris exhibition as Napoleon III's guest. Little pleasure did he take in these garments, and he has never worn the like of them since he left Paris. At home or abroad he is always in uniform, except when he goes out shooting, and then he wears a Tyrolean costume, with green worsted gaiters and legs bare at the knees in the Highland fashion.

The young King of Spain bade farewell to his nurse, Maximina Palazuela, a short time ago. For five years and a half she was with his youthful majesty day and night. The little fellow was so strongly attached to her that it was feared their separation would endanger his health. To make the parting easier the nurse left Madrid the day the court departed for San Sebastian. She is to receive a comfortable pension from the royal treasury. A considerable sum of money was also given to the woman's husband, who is a carpenter.

A compactly built young man of 24 is Frank Talmage, son of the famous Brooklyn preacher. He has not the physique of his father, although in many other ways he resembles him. He has a strong face, ruddy complexion, a firm mouth, and eyes that seem to penetrate the very being of the person he is talking to. His stocky form betokens abundant outdoor exercise.

He is a good hand at an oar. He can run, play ball, fence, swim, ride and box. Like his father, he practices the gospel of outdoor exercise, and he shows it, too. Unlike the sons of many great men, he is no laggard. He will soon graduate from Union Theological Seminary. When he studies he goes at it vigorously. And again, unlike many other sons of famous men, he does not try to make his way on his father's name. He was elected to become a minister of the gospel, and during the past summer has had charge of a church on the Hudson. He is noted in his class for studiousness and the ability to present any subject he takes up in an entertaining as well as instructive way. He delivers public lectures, and has been paid as high as \$100 for one night's services. He speaks, like his father, in a quick and nervous way, and seems to possess real oratorical powers. After he graduates he will be married to Miss Gertrude Barlow, of Sing Sing, N. Y., a cultured and beautiful young woman of 20.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

Bliven—"I'd sooner be lectrocutted dan hung." Tim de Tough—"Why?" Bliven—"Cause dere's no suspense."

Mother (severely)—You let James kiss you last night. Daughter (penitently)—His pressed me so much I had to.

Guest (at Maine resort)—What lake is that? Hotel Proprietor—I've been here only one season and can't pronounce it yet.

A Ready Maid Suit—Algernon—"Kitty, I—that is, will you—er—ah—"

Policeman—"Do you have to take care of the dog?" Nurse girl—"No. The missus says I am too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children."

She (pouting)—"I don't care if it is moonlight and beautiful and all that. I am not enjoying it." He—"Genevieve, if you insist upon it you may kiss me."

Mrs. Youngwife—Have you any beets? Grocer—"Yes'm. Mrs. Y.—Please send me up two pounds of live ones. Grocer—Live ones? Mrs. Y.—Yes, my husband says he has no use for dead ones."

"Bessie," said papa, "won't you have a little piece of this chicken?" "No, thank you," said Bessie. "What! no chicken?" "Oh, yes, I'll have chicken, but I don't want a little piece."—Philadelphia Record.

"How far is it to the next town?" asked a footsore tragedian of a passing teamster. "About ten miles," was the comforting answer. "Great heavens, I can't walk that far." "No? Then you'd better hire a haul."

A Righteous Strike.—"But," said the hotel keeper to the striking waiters, "you get precisely the same food that we serve to the guests." "Yes," replied the leader, "that's what we are kicking about."—New York Sun.

Editor of an agricultural paper—"Look here; here's a man who asks the silliest questions?" Assistant—"How about it?" Editor—"Why, he asks me the best way to cure hams, and doesn't state in his note what's the matter with them?"

Printer (to editor)—"The goat got in the office last night, and when I came in this morning he was stone dead." Editor—"Confound that poem! I didn't mean to leave it lying around loose, but I guess he got it."—Atlanta Constitution.

A young man who took his affianced to hear the great singer Nilsson warble her sweetest songs, asked the young lady how she liked the singer's repertoire. "Very much indeed. I think it fits her beautifully," was the surprising reply.

Father—"Come, now, my son; stop beating about the bush. Will you bring the coal?" Old Uncle John—"When I was a boy I didn't beat about the bush much; if I was slow about doing an errand, the bush had a fashion of beating about me."

"And now, children," remarked the Sunday school superintendent, as he brought his review of the lesson to a close, "if the boy who honors his father and his mother is to dwell long in the land, what may we conclude as to the boy who does not?" "He isn't in it," responded the children, with one voice.

Johnny—Popper, does it follow because a man wears glasses he has bad eyesight? Popper—As a rule, Johnny. Johnny—Then you must have awful poor eyesight. Popper—Oh, no, sonny. Johnny—Then why did mommer say you look through ten glasses a day? Popper—I'll explain it to mommer tonight.

Mr. Laman—"Why do you always question patients so closely about what they eat? Does the information you get help you to diagnose their cases?" Doctor Emble—"Oh, no! But by doing so I am enabled to guess what their station in life is, and how much fees I can probably get out of them."—Puck.

"Brother Means," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, entering the counting-room of one of his parishioners, "will you kindly tell me whether or not this \$5 bill is a counterfeit?" It is perfectly good. "What led you to suspect its genuineness, may I ask?" "It was dropped in the contribution-box last Sunday."—Chicago Tribune.

"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water; I'm so thirsty." "No; you are not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep." (A pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink? I'm so thirsty!" "If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and spank you!" (Another pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to spank me?"—Life.

Mr. Bradley Smith, in passing under the rear window of his house, receives the contents of a pail of water on his head. Mrs. Bradley Smyth—"Oh, Bradley dear, I'm so sorry! I believe me it was an accident. I did not throw it at you." Mr. Bradley Smyth—"I know you did not, dear." Mrs. Bradley Smyth—"How love?" Mr. Bradley Smyth—"Because you hit me."—Judge.

A Hoosier lad of twelve years was industriously at work upon a pile of wood in his mother's back yard, when he was approached by a playmate. "Hello, Ben," said the youngster, "do you get anything for cuttin' the wood?" "Well, I reckon do," replied Ben. "Ma gives me a cent a day fer doin' it." "What you goin' to do with yer money?" "Oh, she's savin' it fer me, and when I get enough she's goin' to get me a new axe."

A negro in a Georgia court-room was reminded by the judge that he must tell the whole truth. "Well, yer see, boss, said the witness, "I was skeered to tell the whole truth fer fear I might tell a lie." "Do you know the nature of an oath?" asked the judge. "Sah?" "Do you understand what I mean to say to tell de truth?" "Yes, sah; I'm to swear to tell de truth." "And what will happen if you do not tell it?" "I 'spects our side'll win the case, sah."—Boston Traveller.

Father—So you want an excuse, do you? An excuse for being late to school? What were you doing with yourself—playing marbles? Son—No, sir; I couldn't find no over shoes. Father—You couldn't, eh, you careless boy. They were where you left them, of course. You ought to be thrashed for—Servant—Please, sir, Mr. Nextdoor wishes to know if you are ready. Father—Yes—of course. Right away—Right away. Where in creation is my hat?—Good News.

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THINGS OF VALUE.

No fiddler ever gets tired of his own music. For cholera Fellows' Speedy Relief stands ahead of all other preparations.

When some men pay their preacher they feel as though they were paying a gas bill. Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters is not a new remedy. It has been known in this country over fifty years.

The man who does his best in the place he now has is on his way to a better place. The peculiar enervating effect of summer weather is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which makes the weak strong.

Judas was not the last man who professed sympathy for the poor to hide his own meanness. "I would not think of making Soup from Raw Vegetables" is the verdict of all ladies who have used Kerr Evaporated Soup Vegetables.

The devil lives in the same house with the man who is always boasting about how moral he is. Man is often deceived in the age of a woman and prevent this grayness by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Mothers have it in their power to do as much toward lifting the world up to God as the preachers. "I have found your Wilmot Spa Water of great service to me in rheumatism and kidney derangements." ROBBIE MORTON. Wilmot, April, 1889.

When you find anybody who is doing much to help other people you find one who has suffered. Men who feel "run down" and "out of sorts," whether from mental worry, overwork, excesses or indiscretions will find a speedy cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. All dealers.

The man who lives right himself is continually making unwritten laws that other people have to follow. When you ask for Nasal Balm do not permit your dealer to give you some "just as good" substitute. It is the only remedy yet discovered that will thoroughly cure catarrh. Sold by all dealers.

There are too many people who claim to love God with all their hearts who sell potatoes in a small half bushel. Sufferers from La Grippe should not despair—Putner's Emulsion is the best tonic for them. A bottle or two taken as they are getting well will hasten their recovery—perhaps saving them months of lassitude and debility.

How foolish to say, "I like to hear a man say what he thinks." Who ever heard a man say what he didn't think? "In 1872 I was poisoned by Ivy, and, hearing of the beneficial effects of the Spa Spring water of Wilmot in skin troubles, I applied them with result of perfect cure, although numerous medicines failed." W. A. SPROULE. Clementsport, Anna. Co., N. S.

We are obliged to do many things that are distasteful, but courtship is something a man can enter into with all his heart. Would you be fleshy? Then read the following and do as others do.

JOHN McLEOD, Merchant, Charlotte-town, P. E. I., writes: "I have been using K. D. C. about ten days and in that time have gained five pounds. I can safely recommend it to anyone suffering from indigestion." Heaven sometimes hedges a rare character about with unguiliness and odium, as the burr that protects the fruit.—Emerson.

Have you used Lensive Phenix in the wash? No? Then you have missed a comfort, a benefit and a joy. For Lensive Phenix is the greatest help to the housewife that has ever been put on the market. Just think—it will make any kind of clothes like new when used in the wash. Dissolve a little in hot water and it will clean marble, or metal, or tinware, or in fact anything that wants to be cleaned all over the house.

The journalist who leaves the press for the pulpit doesn't enlarge his sphere of usefulness, but he may thereby increase his own chance of getting to heaven. God loves to see a man take off his coat and roll up his sleeves as though he meant something. They are not building any mansion in heaven for people who are neither cold or hot.

You Take No Risk In buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building-up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's.

The Attachment of Horses. Two Hanoverian horses had long served together during the Peninsular war, in a German brigade of artillery. They had assisted in drawing the same gun, and had been inseparable companions in many battles. One of them was at last killed; and after the engagement the survivor was picketed as usual, and his food brought to him. He refused, however, to eat, and was constantly turning round his head to look for his companion, sometimes neighing as if to call him. All the care that was bestowed upon him was of no avail. He was surrounded by other horses, but he did not notice them; and he shortly afterwards died, not having once tasted food from the time his former associate was killed.

Last Love. First love is a pretty romance, though not quite so lasting as reckoned. For when one awakes from its trance, there's a great store of bliss in the second. And 'en should the second subside, a lover can never despair; For the world is uncommonly wide, And the woman—uncommonly fair.

Then poets their raptures may tell, Who never were put to the test; A first love is all very well, But, believe me, the last love's the best.

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It'll not Bother You To pick out a Suit of our stock. We've anything and everything you want. A special lot of very handsome Tweed Suitings; will make up beautifully.

THOS. YOUNGCLAUS, CHARLOTTE STREET.

LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS IN THE Boot, Shoe, and Clothing Trade

20th CENTURY STORE, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET (Opposite the Market). We are going to move into larger premises, in about a month, and in the interval will sell at PHENOMENAL PRICES. It will repay purchasers to hunt us up before buying. Our Stock is very large and we are determined to reduce our Stock, even if it means doing it at a loss.

Men's CONGRESS, \$1.25; BROGANS, 75c.; MEN'S VERY HEAVY WORK BLUCHER BALS \$1.25; WOMEN'S VERY FINE KID BOOTS, 95c., \$1.25 up.; other goods proportionately cheap. TRYON MFG CO., Proprietors. J. A. REID, Manager.

EXTRA VALUE IN MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS (TAILOR MADE). Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Shirts, ALL KINDS, JUST THE THING FOR THIS SEASON. ALL NEW GOODS. CALL AND EXAMINE.

JAMES KELLY, TAILOR AND CLOTHIER, No. 5 MARKET SQUARE, HOT WATER HEATING!

NOW is the time to prepare for comfort in your dwellings next winter. Heat your house with a Hot Water Apparatus; in point of economy, simplicity, cleanliness, and ventilation it is infinitely superior to any other mode of heating. SPECIFICATIONS AND PRICES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. ALL WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

THOS. CAMPBELL, PLUMBER, HOT WATER AND STEAM FITTER, 79 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

NOTHING LIKE making your "Ads." catchy. Have them prominent. Make everybody look at them.

MOST advertisers have made success by using illustrations and cuts in their "ads." Do you? MEN who advertise and want good advertising, have original designs for their "ads."

We originate designs. Make wood cuts and electros, Reproduce, enlarge, and reduce engravings of all kinds

"Progress" Engraving Bureau, SAINT JOHN N. B.

MALCOLM'S IDEAL.

"She must be tall, Bab; she must be graceful as a willow branch, with eyes of midnight darkness, classic features, hair like the raven's wing." Bab, who was stirring cake, looked up at the deep window-seat that separated the old-fashioned kitchen from the garden bed.

HOW AUTHORS WRITE BOOKS.

The methods adopted by various authors who have not won renown in the field of literature are as widely diverse as are the nature of their production. Dickens loved best to work at night, when all was quiet, and like Walter Scott, he was a tremendous worker. Thackeray's method was as erratic as his genius, while Anthony Trollope, as he himself confesses in his autobiography, produced a certain amount of matter every day, whether it had to be done quietly at his desk or amid the turmoil of busier scenes.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Melissa proofed coats or other garments are just what the inventors and manufacturers claim them to be, neither more nor less. They are both rainproof, porous and odorless, therefore perfectly healthful and comfortable. They are common sense garments and should be treated in a common sense manner. Although rainproof, they are not waterproof in the sense that a water cushion or bottle made of rubber is waterproof. Being porous, water can be forced through them either by pressure or by squeezing with the fingers. If they were absolutely waterproof, they would be absolutely air-tight and therefore no better than rubber. Hence lies the peculiar value of the invention. Sensible people do not buy rainproof garments for the purpose of forcing water through them or carrying water in them, neither do they take shelter under a water-spoon, nor sit in a pool for pleasure. They buy rainproof garments to wear for the purpose of protecting themselves from the weather, and a Melissa coat or mantle will effectually protect the wearer for many hours in a heavy rain or snow-storm. Melissa has a peculiar water-repellent property which prevents water when falling in the form of rain or snow on a garment from penetrating the cloth, and the true way to test the utility of a Melissa garment is not by pouring a stream of water on it from a watering can, but by wearing it in a rainstorm. The result will be found eminently satisfactory. Continued exposure to the weather will not impair in the slightest degree the rainproof quality of Melissa. It is fixed and permanent. These garments, thoroughly well made from fine materials, are now on the counters of first-class dealers throughout the whole country.

THINGS OF VALUE.

K. D. C. is a positive cure for Dyspepsia or Indigestion in any form. Avarice is the vice of declining years.—George Bancroft. Parachute jumping is not a business that tends to elevate a man. K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of Indigestion, even of long standing. Parachute jumping is not a business that tends to elevate a man. K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of Indigestion, even of long standing. Parachute jumping is not a business that tends to elevate a man. K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of Indigestion, even of long standing.

Steamer Clifton. COMMENCING the 1st October, this Steamer will leave Indianapolis Wharf at 2 o'clock, p. m., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. International Steamship Co. AUTUMN EXCURSIONS. Boston and Portland \$5.00 ROUND TRIP \$5.00.

FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING Sept. 14, the Steamer of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at 12.30, standard time. Returning will leave Boston same days, at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 9 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

On the Rhine of America. STAR LINE. FOR FREDERICTON, ETC. A STEAMER of this line will leave St. John, North End, for the above place every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12.30 p. m., calling at all way landings; returning on alternate days.

ARE YOU BILIOUS? PARSON'S PILLS. "Best Liver Pill Made" JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment. UNLIKE ANY OTHER. For INTERNAL as well as EXTERNAL use.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LTD. CITY OF MONTICELLO. Capt. ROBERT FLEMING, Commander. This steamer will, on and after the 12th Sept., and until the 15th November, sail from the Company's pier, Reed's Point, St. John, at 7.30 local time, every Saturday morning, and on returning will sail from Annapolis, upon arrival of the Halifax express, due at 1 p. m., on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, calling at Digby each way.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Popular One Way Parties. PACIFIC COAST! TOURIST SLEEPING CARS leave MONTREAL (Whisper Street Station) at 8.15 p. m., Oct. 28; Nov. 11, 25; Dec. 9, 23, 1891.

Intercolonial Railway. 1891-Winter Arrangement-1892. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 1st day of October, 1891, the trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton 7.05.

Baby, Look at the Birdie! They don't have any such antics at ERB'S. It is taken so quick they think it is always taken. Everybody that wants PHOTOS should go to ERB'S, 13 Charlotte Street, - Saint John, N. B.

Photography. THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY. That has ever appeared in St. John was seen at the recent exhibition, and those were produced by CLIMO. This was the verdict by all who saw these skillfully wrought portraits.

SWANN & WELLDON, Artists, PHOTOGRAPHERS. SITTERS ASSURED SATISFACTION. Pictures of every kind copied and finished to EVERY style.

FERGUSON & PAGE. DESIRE to announce to their numerous patrons, that they are ready for the Spring, Business. NEW GOODS. Watches, Jewelry, Silver Goods, Plated Goods, Clocks, etc. The finest stock to be found in the Maritime Provinces at 43 KING STREET. AN ELEGANT LINE OF ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN PERFUMES. THOMAS A. CROCKETT'S, 162 PRINCESS STREET, COR. SYDNEY, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

VOL. IV. WATER I. THE RELAT... Water that... Contem... and one portion... cut up appen... large wall, be... and four o... foundation on... for several p... keep the water... lar... Ka... For several... been a kind of... that collects o... the year, e... ently determ... made to turn... it has all been... rain storm the... cellar. It has... a... to Mr... and pr... more anxiety... the story of t... One thing... going to low... All the atten... water have be... were paid for... present work... is a mason an... confine himse... He will take... there is more... is retaining w... erable distinc... Pleasant bou... About three... contract for p... grounds, and... lot it was to... take it into... about the size... Kane had his... But he evade... water would... his cellar. Mr. Kane in... to the sch... evidently so... they had pai... and it prob... that he sho... thing of this... However, water from the... contractor to... hole drilled... was supposed... able fluid in... The water... cellar, and t... office of the... body decide... make the wa... Mr. Kane w... drain was d... placed inside... the water w... gutter. I... expensive... question... to clog up... Kane's cell... the catch i... this! Such... The water... fused to run... rably lik... found it wa... Mr. Kane... and evide... sympathize... tractor, w... the compl... what? I a... If the c... emergency... clogged up... so wide an... work. B... One col... work on t... of one... and gain... This w... school bo... to get the... their pre... enough to... The ret... particular... for it... Mr. Kane... and clay... to be gre... line of bu... more effe... drains he... standing... has given... kind of w... Of cou...