

PROGRESS.

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MR. POTTS AS CHAMPION.

HIS DEFENSE OF THE ILL-GOTTEN MARKET TOLLS.

Who Invest the Market-Tolls Sold Too Low, the City Losing a Thousand Dollars—Another Deal Said to be Contemplated—An Official Statement.

There has been a great deal of discussion this week over market affairs and there appears to be full cause for it.

At the meeting of the council on Thursday, the 29th ult., a proposition was made by the board of safety that they be authorized to lease the market tolls to the present lessee at the same price as paid last year and on the same terms and conditions.

Ald. McCarthy moved that the law be strictly followed and that the tolls be put up at auction as usual.

Ald. McGoldrick came to the rescue of Mr. Potts, the lessee. He explained that the revenues were uncertain; that the present lessee had worked them up so that the city got more than ever before, etc. The resolution was adopted. This is but a sample of how the civic business has been done in connection with market affairs, and is only a proof that the market men are just in demanding some better system than the hit or miss methods now followed.

Respecting the price paid by the present lessee, Mr. Potts, it is claimed that the tolls were put up for sale that there are men (we can give names if necessary) who will pay more than is now being paid, that Mr. Potts paid the price he does because he was forced to pay it or let others do so; that he is not a philanthropist in any degree.

There is a rumor going the rounds that the present clerk, Mr. Lynam, is to be superannuated, his salary to be paid by a certain individual who is closely connected with the market, if a near relative secures the vacant position. Will certain aldermen say that there is no move of this kind on the tapis?

Respecting the complaints made by the market men that the market is badly conducted by Mr. F. L. Potts, the lessee, has taken on himself to conduct the defence of the forestallers, illegitimate traders and bogus butchers. We give his letter in full. He attempts to refute that which was not charged and very carefully keeps away from the main point at issue, the gross mismanagement of the market. It is as follows:

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—Will you kindly allow me space in your valuable paper to correct some mistakes in your issue of last week on Market Management, into which you were doubtless led by persons seeking to forward their own interests at the expense of others, and I would like it to be understood that my remarks are intended for those stallholders or more properly speaking forestallers—who inspired your article and have no reference to the more influential class who are above dictating articles for the press to which they are ashamed to attach their names.

I think the citizens generally will bear me out in the statement that the market should be managed in "their" interest, and not in the interest of forestallers, grocers, or country traders, and that a monopoly of the trade of the market by any of the above named classes, would not be conducive to the best interests of the public generally.

Your statement that stallholders are handicapped by the country trader because of the heavy expense under which the stallkeepers labor in comparison with the small fee charged to country traders and commission merchants is misleading and untrue, and when I state that those who pay market tolls contribute more toward the city revenue in proportion to the amount of business transacted than any other class in the market, I am prepared to back me up with an offer to the council of three hundred dollars more per annum for the market stalls than they are now receiving, providing the council pass an ordinance substituting the payment of market tolls instead of the rent now paid; and I am further of the opinion that if any cause of complaint does exist in this connection, it would emanate with more force from the country trader and those paying market tolls than from the stallholders.

Your reference to my mode of collecting—though very carefully guarded—is liable to be misunderstood, and to leave the impression that I collect more than the law allows. To this I wish to give an emphatic denial. Then as to goods passing into so many different hands and paying a profit in each case and market tolls as well, and after all this expense competing so successfully with the stallholders as to have them complain of being handicapped, seems to me to imply either a want of business capacity on the part of the stallholders or a desire to extort, which horn of the dilemma would the stallkeepers prefer?

The management of the market in other respects not being under my control, I have only to say, that if any such violation of the market laws as come, planned or taken place they are carried on in such a way to evade the vigilance of the clerk and could be more effectually remedied by the parties themselves, such violations complaining to the proper authorities and giving evidence against the transgressors, than by ventilating their grievances through the medium of the press.

There are grievances, however, other than those named, in which these gentlemen are the principal actors, the redressing of which would be of more importance to the citizens than those complained of, but as I have already written more than I intended, I will not mention them this time.

Lessee of county market. F. L. POTTS.

Now it will be allowed by all that this is a very convincing letter as to the guilelessness and childlike innocence of Mr. Potts, but does he not say too much when he offers to pay \$300 more for the stalls than he is now paid. Perhaps he will tell his plan of collection. Ald. McGoldrick is evidently acquainted with it, as he extolled the advantage it was to the market and city to have the tolls collected by the present lessee. There is a whisper in the market that J. Rowe Allen would pay \$1000

A STAKEHOLDER SUED.

THE OUTCOME OF AN ELECTION WAGER.

The Upper Street House of Halifax—A Lady Physician's Speech Causes a Sensation—A Prominent Cyclist takes a Trip to the States, Leaving Many Mourners.

HALIFAX, April 5.—Stipendiary Fielding has a peculiar case now before him upon which he reserved judgment. It is an action resulting from a wager made on the Dominion general election of 1891. The principals are a lawyer, a merchant and a hotel man. The facts as stated to his honor were something like these: The merchant wagered \$20 with the lawyer on the majority the government would have. The returns were indefinite and it was found that the exact majority could not be learned till the house met. This was regarded as too long a time to wait and it was agreed that the bet should be drawn, each gambler getting back his \$20. The money had been placed in the hands of a hotel man to hold. He demanded an order from the betters before he would pay back the money. The merchant got his cash, no one denies that. But strange to say, the lawyer comes forward and alleges that his \$20 was not forthcoming, and has not been paid since. Four years have gone by, and now the lawyer carries the matter into the city civil court, where he sues the hotel man for the money. The defence set up on behalf of the stakeholder was that he did pay the money back, to both betters, the lawyer included, and that besides the statute of limitations makes it impossible to collect such a debt. More than that it is not a criminal offence to bet on an election? The lawyer, to prove that he never received his money, produces the order for its payment, an order which he says was not honored. The case was remarkable in several particulars. First because those who know the hotel man cannot imagine that he would be guilty of a dishonest or dishonest transaction such as is charged against him. Secondly, because it seems strange that the lawyer should so long have remained without the money which he claims was his. Yet it may be all right. His honor will weigh the whole question and will give a righteous decision fair to all at the next meeting of the city civil court.

A Parkhurst Needed. HALIFAX, April 5.—Chief O'Sullivan and Inspector Banks between them have recently been making it interesting for some of the resorts of questionable repute on the upper streets. This is commendable activity. There is a great work to be done in this direction in Halifax. The city has its tendorin district like every other metropolis, and it is the duty of the police, as much as possible, to minimize the evils thereof. The Halifax force are to be congratulated upon the fact that they are not idle altogether in this respect. The more aggressive they are the better will the officers of the law stand with the right thinking public. A recent speech of Dr. Hamilton, one of the two lady doctors in this city, was an eye-opener to some people. The lady physician's remarks would be called "sensational" but they were sad words if true. Speaking of a salvation army anniversary meeting, she told of the evil wrought here by at least one woman, whom the police would do well to watch. The public are thankful for the energy shown by Chief O'Sullivan at this time, and he will have their best wishes if he goes still further.

In this connection that was an awful state of affairs which the police brought to light in the old market building last week. Three or four young men, little more than boys, but some of them in responsible and civic positions, in evil company they spent the nights in the market building. The sentry at the queen's wharf adjoining saw what was going on and occasionally shared in the whiskey. At last, one night, an alarm was given, and half a dozen policemen rushed down from the station. The sentry told what he had seen; the police entered and arrested a woman, or rather a young girl. Next day she was fined \$10, and the brief report the incident received in the Halifax papers was that she had been fined, the money to satisfy justice having been advanced by a "syndicate."

He "Raised" Freight Bills. HALIFAX, April 5.—The Ramblers' Cycle Club has one member less than it had a week ago, and the city's population also has been decreased by one. One of the prominent clerks in the office of S. Cunard & Co has joined the great majority over the border. It is the well-worn story of the young man who lives beyond his means, who keeps up a \$1,000 expenditure and a \$600 income. That is a kind of life that is bound to be short-lived. The departure was sudden, but it was not uncalculated for. When he had gone, new developments appeared. It was found how the young man had worked out the financial problem of a \$1000 life on a \$600 salary. His employers are very reticent on the subject, but it is learned that the money was obtained in a simple way—a very simple way. The young man "raised" freight bills, paid into his office the proper amount and paid into his pocket the balance. During the past few days some of the firms thus defrauded have received amounts of varying size, rebates on freight changed by the young man in accordance with his patent financial plan of living. Many mourning creditors are also left behind moralizing a'tresh on the degeneracy of the times. Yes, this is the latest version of the well worn story of earning \$1, spending \$2, and coming out square at the end of the year.

They are Ahead in Halifax. HALIFAX, April.—PROGRESS last week alluded to the fact that the Hebrews of St. John have been slow to carry into effect the erection of a synagogue. Here in Halifax their brethren are more progressive. First, they obtained a burying ground for their dead in a good location. Then a synagogue was opened. The building selected came convenient to their hands. It was the old free baptist church and prior to that the universalist's place of worship. The Jews bought it at a reasonable price and transformed it from a Christian to a Hebrew place of worship, making it easy and convenient. The property is vested in the Halifax Baron de Hirsch society. All this was done by the less than 70 Jews of this city. They have a resident rabbi here, Rev. Mr. Schwartz, who devotes all his time to work for his race. Much of the credit for this advance is due to a well-to-do Jewish citizen of Halifax, who has assumed a competence sufficiently large to have secured for his name a place in the list of men worth \$50,000—A. L. Michael, of the wholesale jewelry firm of Levy & Michael.

"GOODY TWO SHOES." A Little Girl who Created Some Amusement in a Shoe-Shop.

A funny incident occurred in a King street shoe store the other night. A lady was trying to select a pair of boots for her little girl. A pair was at length found, one of which fitted the little girl's right foot perfectly. The mother was evidently acquainted with a fact that is pretty well known among people having considerable to do with shoes—that the right foot of many a person is not the same size as that of person's left, so she advised the little girl to try the left shoe on the left foot. It was found that that shoe did not fit nearly so well. So a boot of another pair was tried on the little girl's left foot, and this was found to be a perfect fit.

"There, that'll do splendid," said the little girl, jumping to her feet, one of which was enclosed in a boot belonging to one pair, the other in one belonging to another.

The mother smiled, and said, "Now don't be foolish," but the little girl insisted upon having the odd boots.

"You are a very accommodating young lady," said the clerk. "You can adapt yourself to almost any circumstances. Perhaps in a few years you will be even harder to suit." This remark was scarcely just to the young lady, as she certainly seemed to be very easily suited, and it was only by the utmost persuasion on the part of the amused clerk and the amused mother that the little girl was induced to try the right boot of the second pair on her right foot. This happily proved to be a most satisfactory fit.

MR. SKINNER'S APT METAPHOR. He Tells the Three Raymond Administrators How Gaul Was Divided.

It is no uncommon thing for pleasantries to pass between lawyers. In the probate court the other day Mr. Skinner had opposed to him three of his brethren, Messrs. Belyea, Hazen and Pugsley. Mr. Skinner stated during the progress of the argument that he would have liked to have arranged a settlement with the opposing counsel had they shown any disposition so to do. Mr. Pugsley thereupon replied amiably that they had held out the olive branch but Mr. Skinner did not seem inclined to accept it. Then the ex-probate judge replied, vigorously describing this statement as a cheery one. He quoted that opening sentence of Caesar about all Gaul being divided into three parts and ascribed the ownership to his three learned friends. Probably Mr. Skinner was right but it is likely that the owner of Gaul died intestate and the three lawyers at some early time represented the heirs.

Grocers Must be Popular! The makers of the T. R. A. ticket must have a fondness for grocers. Of the sixteen men seven are engaged in this business. The West side and the western portion of the North end present an unbroken phalanx of five of these food distributors. These seven are the mayor, Messrs. McPherson, Maher, McMulkin, Godard, Baskin and Appleby.

READY FOR THE FIGHT.

IS THE CITIZEN TICKET AN OPPOSITION ONE?

Ald. McGoldrick and Christie say not—Ald. Baxter Denies That His Friends Intended to Pack the Meeting—It is the Tax Bill That Takes.

The tickets are in the field and the electors will have a week or ten days in which to finally decide for whom they shall vote. Both sides have scoured the whole constituency for the best men and the result is a strong combination on either side. The fight between the two tickets will probably be as sharp as it was last year.

Ald. McGoldrick and Christie say that their ticket is mis-called an opposition ticket. They do not oppose the T. R. A. platform, they are as strong for retrenchment as that body; on the banner which they have unfurled to the breeze is inscribed "The Citizens' Ticket" and under that name they shall try to win.

Ald. Shaw, Lockhart and Kennedy retire from the field this time and the remaining twelve at present in the council are evenly divided between the two tickets. Very peculiar conditions prevail in civic politics. A man does not decide whether he is government or opposition. He has that responsibility very kindly taken out of his hands by a higher body. Four of the board—Ald. Baxter, Blizard, McCarthy and Millidge, who were counted with the government last year were invited by the higher authorities this year to join the opposition. Reluctantly they consented and not without some protest.

This year the same thing was feared and so was played against wile. Some of the leading members of the association concluded to call the ratification meeting on Tuesday night for earlier time than usual. They did not proclaim the fact from the house-tops, neither did they cause a herald to go about and tell the news. They notified their friends of the change in the hour and then considerably forgot about the other members of the association.

A man whose protest it was feared might lead to serious results was Ald. Baxter. Last year the nominating committee of the association refused to nominate him. His friends rallied about him, suddenly became interested in the T. R. A., identified themselves with the body and had the privilege of voting for Ald. Baxter thus electing him as their standard bearer. When they met therefore at quarter past seven they were a very harmonious little gathering and when Ald. Baxter and some others appeared half an hour later everything had been done.

Now Ald. Baxter denies that either he or his friends intended to pack the meeting. He says that he did not desire the nomination this year. This is a question that PROGRESS will not discuss, merely presenting both sides of the story, the assertion of the T. R. A. men that he was all ready to pack the meeting and his denial of having any such intention.

No matter which side is right the T. R. A. men had no right to cut and dry their business and to force action. Wrong does not justify wrong and the splendid work which the Tax Reduction Association has done in the past will all be undone if ring rule is allowed. In fact it is dangerous for them to do as they did. They tempt reprisal and if any set of men so desired they could, so small is the attendance at these ratification meetings, go there with a few dozen, capture the meeting and cheat whom they please.

PROGRESS objects merely to this action. It does not wish to draw its endorsement of the principles embodied in the whole scheme of the T. R. A. and the whole reform movement. What it says is that this action was not consonant with the spirit of the movement.

Another matter the propriety of which has been called into question is that of establishing businesses for men in wards so that they might run there. The opposition claim that this is been done for Mr. Flood in Dukes. But they reply that this has been done right along for Ald. McGoldrick in Stawley. He has a shingle out there which fills his purpose. So in this matter honors are easy.

His worship the mayor goes in without opposition. The aldermen's tickets are as follows:

T. R. A.	CITIZENS.
Ald. McLaughlin	Alderman D. J. Parly
Dr. Boyle Travers	Ald. McCarthy
Ald. Waring	Jas. McKinney
John Flood	Ald. Blizard
Ald. Daniel	C. M. McLoughlin
J. R. Woodburn	H. V. Cooper
Ald. McRobbie	Geo. A. Knodell
Thos. McPherson	J. E. Wilson
Ald. Seaton	A. L. Law
J. A. Lasky	Ald. Millidge
Henry Maher	Ald. Christie
Ald. McMulkin	R. C. Eklis
J. W. Godard	Ald. McGoldrick
W. D. Baskin	I. E. Smith
S. B. Appleby	A. H. Baxter

There will not be the same disposition to vote the straight ticket this year as last, there will be more picking of men. After all it is the tax bill that takes and the prospect that five or six cents will be

ALD. SEATON CANNOT CONTRACT.

He Found It Out in Good Time to Save Disqualification.

It is a good principle to lay down that aldermen should not engage in business with the city. In St. John it has been done right along. This year Ald. Lockhart has been supplying the Safety department with feed in large quantities. In the past aldermen who were members of printing firms did work for the city. The matter came before the recorder two or three times and he decided that it did not conflict with the law governing the city to do this. It may not conflict with the letter of the law but it is opposed to the spirit of the best government.

Now, however, a thing has happened which is utterly illegal. An alderman tendered for city contract, his tender was accepted and the contract entered into. The work was the printing of the water and sewerage report and the successful tender was Ald. Seaton. The law is very plain on the subject: There is a section in the city constitution which in brief reads as follows: "No person shall be qualified to be elected, or to be or to sit as Mayor, Alderman or Councillor during such times as . . . shall have directly or indirectly by himself or partner any share or interest in any contract or employment, with, by, or on behalf of the corporation." In view of this it is strange how the board of works came to accept this tender or how Ald. Seaton could try to obtain the contract. This is the first time an alderman has openly tendered for city work and it remained for it to be done under the reform regime.

The Daily Record exposed this and as a result Ald. Seaton states that he has withdrawn from entering into the contract. He admits the unlawfulness of the thing and says that he has not accepted the contract.

This makes the matter all right again. But Alderman Seaton seems to feel aggrieved and accuses the newspaper that showed how impossible it was for an alderman to enter into a contract with trying to injure his character. How ridiculous. The alderman for Victoria should not take the matter so much to heart. Instead of feeling sore over the business he should really be grateful, for if his attention had not been directed to the fact by the Record when nomination day came around he would have found that a very effective protest would have been entered by his opponents. There is one thing however that Alderman Seaton did not explain in his letter and that is why he broke faith with the association of employing printers of which body he is a member and which he knew had agreed upon a certain line so far as civic work was concerned. He is a member of a body that has importuned the council to have nothing to do with offices employing what they were pleased to misname "cheap labor" and only a short time ago placed themselves upon record again with reference to the allotment of civic work to a city office. Yet the tenders of this same office for the printing of the water and sewerage report—this office, that employs what Mr. Seaton and his associates call cheap labor—was nearly 30 cents per page higher than that put in by Messrs. Seaton & Co. The price of the latter was 68 cents per page and the figure put in by Mr. Bowes 95 cents.

These are simple, plain facts and they speak for themselves. If they are not the columns of this paper are at Alderman Seaton's disposal to contradict them.

SUICIDE BEGETS SUICIDE. The Theory That one Kind of a Fatality Follows Another.

Some theorists claim that men's deeds are suggested to them unconsciously by others, that there is a special hypnotism which is not exerted intentionally. For instance, they say, suicides always come together, and they explain this because the whole mind of a community being turned by one act of suicide upon the subject suggests the thought with uncontrollable power to some weak man and causes him also to kill himself. This has been noticed right along in St. John, especially of late. On Dec. 26 and 29, 1893, two suicides closely followed one another. Two or three times since that there have been similar instances and the latest is the proximity of the Foster and Bond affairs. The night before Mr. Bond attempted suicide a party was talking about the late Mr. Foster. "Bond will be the next man," said one. The following day his words came true. Now the question is, is there mutual and unconscious interaction between minds, and did the whole thought of the community and the statements of this one party in particular force his resolve into Mr. Bond's head?

There is a rumor going the rounds that the present clerk, Mr. Lynam, is to be superannuated, his salary to be paid by a certain individual who is closely connected with the market, if a near relative secures the vacant position. Will certain aldermen say that there is no move of this kind on the tapis?

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HOW TO BOOM A PAPER.

THE BOSTON "STANDARD" AND HOW IT WAS STARTED.

The Biggest Record on its First Issue of any Newspaper in the World—The Meeting That Gained it Circulation—A Bonus for Cranks.

Boston, April 2.—Dr. S. F. Smith is a retired clergyman, 86 years of age, and he lives at Newton. Some years ago, he wrote a hymn and set it to the tune of God Save the Queen, and by some strange chance it became the national anthem of the United States.

Mr. Smith had no idea that it would attain such widespread popularity, and that it would be accepted by the people as a national anthem never entered his mind. A great many others think he had good reasons for his opinions at that time, for I do not suppose that there ever was a national anthem which so many would like to have consigned to oblivion. The fact that it is set to the British national air has a good deal to do with this feeling, but there are a great many who think the words are not particularly inspiring.

But it would be as well perhaps to say right here that what these people think or do not think does not count, for the old man has innumerable admirers without them, and tomorrow will be honored as few men have been.

The afternoon and evening will be giving over entirely to exercises of a patriotic nature in Music Hall, and Mr. Smith will be the lion of the occasion. The governor, ex-governors, state and civic dignitaries will be there to do him honor and talk patriotism, and Mr. Smith himself will tell how he happened to write the hymn. He has told this story more times than I would care to estimate. I have heard him tell it on at least a dozen different occasions, and I do not hold the record by any means. But no matter, his story is always received with great enthusiasm and the venerable author is always considerable of a card at any patriotic meetings.

There was a patriotic meeting a few evenings ago at which there were present the authors of at least three national airs, and it is generally believed in Boston that if some of them had known what the real purpose of meeting was they would not have been there.

A new daily paper was to come out next morning, as the organ of a class which, no matter what else may be said of it, is very numerous in this part of the world. And it is generally supposed to be composed for the most part of provincialists. I refer to the American Protective Association, or as it is popularly known, the A. P. A. The Boston branch of this association holds meetings in People's Temple every Sunday afternoon, and when I say that Father Chiquiquy is one of the most popular speakers you will be able to form some opinion as to their character. The organization is a secret one, and while there are many people who say without hesitation that they agree with the announced principles of the organization, it would be mighty hard to find anybody who would admit being a member. This great secrecy has been one of the principal objections offered by those who are not members, and everybody admits that the secrecy of the order has been up to the present secrecy of the most secret kind.

The meeting to which I have referred was held in conjunction with about fifty other meetings in as many parts of the state for the purpose of giving the new paper a big boom at the start. There was nothing on the tickets or in the announcement that would give any indication of this, and some of those who were present now say that if they had had any idea of it they would not have been there.

As it was, the gathering on the platform was a remarkable one. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, one of the most respected women in the country, was announced as the principal speaker. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was also there. She is the author of the Battle Hymn of the Republic. These, with Dr. Smith and Major Calhoun, the author of Marching Through Georgia, and Elijah Morse, the Congressman and author of Rising Sun Stove Polish, made a very notable party indeed. A great army post was also there in uniform. Mrs. Livermore tired an audience for the first time in her life, and it all happened because the audience expected something more exciting than what she gave it.

This incident has caused a heap of trouble, and more than anything else brought out the fact that the meeting was not what some people including the grand army men expected it would be.

But, no matter. It was a rousing affair, just as the fifty or more meetings were, and as a result the paper made the biggest record on its first issue of any paper since papers were first printed. It sold 95,000 copies and now claims to be selling 110,000 every day.

There is a good deal of curiosity in regard to the future of the paper. Although it started with big capital behind it there is no saying how long it will last. So far it has not been as aggressive as was generally expected, and the editor has already found it necessary to engage a houncer to take care of the cranks who call to tell him what he should and what he should not do.

The bearing of the bouncer on the future of the paper may have more significance than is apparent at first sight.

R. G. LARSEN.

"PROGRESS" PREDICTIONS O. K.

The Candidates Suggested by This Paper met with Public Approval.

HALIFAX, March 28.—It is noticeable how many of Progress' nominees for public positions are successful. This paper first named G. H. Fielding as stipendiary magistrate for the city of Halifax, and, after many days, he got it. When it came to the judgeship of probate Progress was able to state that a popular candidate would not get the plum, and true enough he did not, while Progress' likely man captured the judgeship. The last evidence of foresightedness was in regard to the office of "medical examiner" of Halifax and Dartmouth. A week before the appointment was made this paper stated that there was no doubt that Dr. W. D. Finn would be the man for the place. This prediction was made in the face of rumors that an older physician would be selected and that all Dr. Finn need expect would be a sort of deputy examiner. Premier Fielding knew what he was about, however, and now that the coroners have gone Dr. Finn steps on the scene armed with his commission of medical examiner for Halifax and Dartmouth.

W. D. Finn, M. D., is twenty-seven years of age, and already he has worked up a respectable practice in this city, where there are so many half-starving doctors of medicine. Four years ago he was made a coroner, and while others, and one in particular, were disgracing the office by inquest-hunting and fee grabbing Finn invariably did the right thing and made himself an ornament to the ancient office of coroner. Now he gets his reward contemporaneously with the exit of his old comrades of the "coroner's court." Medical Examiner Finn will hold his new office just as long as he desires to keep it, which is as safe a prediction as any others Progress has made.

A SEARCH FOR A PASTOR.

Two Suggestions Which may Help St. Andrew's Church.

HALIFAX, March 28.—St. Andrew's Presbyterian church of this city is in earnest search for a pastor to fill the pulpit vacated by Rev. D. M. Gordon, who was appointed to a Pine Hill professorship. They find that too many good men from whom to choose leaves them in as difficult a position as it there were but few. St. Andrew's is determined to accomplish one thing, and that is to secure a pastor as popular and as able as he who occupies the pulpit of an adjoining Presbyterian church. Seeing that that preacher enjoys the reputation of being the most popular pulpit orator in Halifax the task the people of St. Andrew's have set themselves is not an easy one. It is nearly five months, now, since St. Andrew's started out in their search for a minister and the prize seems to be no more in sight than it was when they began; yet it may be found quickly at the last. Here's a word of advice: appoint a good representative committee with full powers to act, and it will likely be found that the vacancy will be soon satisfactorily filled. Here's a suggestion better still: Let St. Andrew's and Fort Massey churches amalgamate, for there is no need of two Presbyterian churches within a stone's throw of each other. Two such churches as those, so close together means expenditure of energy and money which might be more advantageously directed in other quarters every one admits this. If union were striven for as earnestly as is the securing of a pastor it would be found no more difficult of attainment than the obtaining of a minister of the stamp required.

PASTOR AND FLOCK DISAGREE.

A Truro Congregation Expresses Dissatisfaction With Their Leading Elder.

TRURO, March 28.—There is much of interest going on in one of the Presbyterian churches of this town. The relations between pastor and people have become much strained within the last couple of months. A large section of the congregation express strong dissatisfaction with their "teaching elder." They even go so far as to say that a change would be conducive to the best interests of the church, and that it must come and that quickly. The pastor, on the other hand, thinks that in the meantime there should be no change, and he is quite decided that there shall be none. The congregation is one of the best in the synod of the maritime provinces, and it is a pity that its continued success should be impaired, as it threatens to be, if there is not a "change," as the liberal political writers have recently been describing what they professed to believe would follow a general election. Progress has no desire to aggravate this pastoral-congregational embroglio, and therefore will not give further particulars just now or even name the church concerned. But the sooner pastor, kirk session and people came to an amicable and reasonable understanding the better for the cause of Presbyterianism in this church and in the town of Truro as well.

The Persecuted Moors.

The lives lived by the Moors are, without perhaps any exception, the most precarious and miserable that can be imagined. The poor man is thrown into prison for sums he never possessed and can never pay; the rich to be squeezed of all he possesses, while those only can hope to escape who are members of families sufficiently powerful to arouse the fears of the local governor

should be attempt extortion, and not sufficiently powerful to stir up the jealousy and avarice of the Sultan. It is said that even the governors of the provinces suffer for themselves as they make others suffer, for just as they squeeze the agriculturist and the peasant, so they are in turn squeezed by the Sultan and his viziers, and should they fail by constant presents to maintain a good opinion at the court, they can expect only imprisonment and often death.

A WONDERFUL DERELICT.

The Whistling Buoy of Cape Canso, and its Remarkable Wanderings.

The United States, one of whose ingenious inventors was responsible for the greatest of all sources of derelicts—the Joggins and Shuee lumber-rats—is doing service in a line where efficient service was urgently required—the destruction of obstructions to navigation. The United States dynamite gunboat "Vesuvius" supplies the force that is ridding the ocean-path of commerce derelicts which are doubtless responsible for many of the vessels of which the old song says: "We only know they sailed away, and were never heard of more."

Now that the "Vesuvius" is hunting the derelicts of the North Atlantic ocean, will be in order to describe the most weird of them all, with the exception of the mysterious ship that was wrecked off Fire Island Point—one of the whistling buoys that are drifting and, now that their usefulness is gone, and they have become an enemy instead of a friend of the mariner, are still whistling.

There are several whistling buoys that have broken loose from their moorings now on the Atlantic, drifting wherever the fancy of the current makes them go, whose uncanny voices are silenced forever. But, as already intimated, there are two which still give weird whistles while they pursue their futil journey. This history of the most notable of all these derelict buoys is thus told by a reliable authority:

It was originally anchored by a heavy chain cable at Cape Canso, Nova Scotia. The buoy has two whistles which have been blowing ever since December, 1893. It has many times caused mariners who came near it in the dark or the fog to think themselves out of their reckoning, and to be fearful for the vessels under their charge. This whistling buoy of Cape Canso was torn from its moorings by heavy ice that drifted down with the Arctic current in December, 1893. It followed the current for over a month, and was first seen by a passing craft on January 22, 1894. It took a south-westerly course, and drifted in that direction until Feb. 9, when it came within the influence of the Gulf Stream and north-westerly gales and started off to the southeast, crossing the steamship track and getting about one hundred and eighty miles southwest of it. It then drifted in a northeasterly direction and struck into the path of the steamship again late in April. It followed the line for more than seven hundred miles, and on July 5, 1894, it took an east-southeast course. Currents and storms sent it flying northward on August 10, and it went completely across the steamship track again. It was seen in Nov. 13, up in lat. 51, when it came within the influence of the European side of the steamship track; then it was driven diagonally across the track once more, presumably by strong nor-westerly winds, and was last sighted on February 9 by the British steamship Mab. It is now probably with a cluster of derelicts, knocked out by the February hurricane, within four hundred miles of the Irish coast. The captain of the Mab reported that the buoy was heavily freighted with barnacles and was very rusty, but was hoarsely blowing as well as when it drifted away from Cape Canso. The sign on its side, "Cape Canso" was not in the last affected by the weather.

The track of this most remarkable drifter is longer than that of some famous derelicts. It is considered of so much consequence that will be dotted in red on some of the new charts. It has been seen at least fourteen times by the ocean-crossing vessels, and probably many times more.

Cutting the Top-Knot.

"The coming of age" of every Siamese child, in any family pretending to fashion is celebrated with a quaint and picturesque custom—the cutting of the top-knot. This top-knot is nothing more than a round patch of hair allowed to grow on the crown of the head, while the rest of the head is closely shaved. The jet-black locks, still fine and glossy, are wound round into a coil, fastened by a large pin with a gold head, and surrounded on festive occasions by a tiny chaplet of sweet-scented white flowers. It is worn until the time comes when the child, it boy, is to be emancipated from the harem and withdrawn from female control; or in the case of girls, till their marriageable age begins to draw near. Convenience or fancy, or the family superstition, fix this date variously at nine, eleven, or thirteen years; but the even numbers are avoided as less propitious. Come when it may, however, the day of the top-knot cutting is a great and gay ceremony.

A Modern Solomon.

A famous Chicago lawyer once had a singular case to settle. A doctor came to him in great distress. Two sisters living in the same house had babies of equal age who so resembled each other that their own mothers were unable to distinguish them when they were together; and it happened that by the carelessness of the nurses the children had become mixed. How were the mothers to make sure that they received back their own infants?

"But perhaps," suggested the lawyer, "the children weren't changed at all."

"Oh, but there's no doubt that they were changed!" said the doctor.

"Are you sure of it?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, if that's so, why don't you change them back again? I don't see any difficulty in the case."

THREE THOUSAND MORE BAMES.

The Halifax Mayoralty Contest Will be a Hot One.

HALIFAX, March 28.—The contest for the mayoralty is becoming daily more interesting. The legislature in its closing hours repeated the law making it necessary that in order to qualify for a rate tax should be paid within thirty days of polling. This adds 3,000 names to the electoral list and gives candidates and canvassers proportionally more work. The fight will be a red-hot one. An inside history of the campaign, so far, would prove interesting reading. James C. McIntosh and David McPherson are good fighters and the backers of each are determined men. Alderman Mosher was a surprised man last week, when he found that, after all, he was to have opposition in his candidacy for ward 6. James Adams, manager of street railway, is to contest the word with Alderman Mosher, who, however, has the chances much in his favor. It looks now as if the only ward in which there will be no contest is Ward 1 where George Musgrave is in sole possession of the field. Mr. Musgrave defeated a year ago by Alderman Geldert.

Frederick Humphreys, M. D.

Formerly Professor of Institutes of Homoeopathy, Pathology and Medical Practice in the Homoeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.

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Mu... The Cast... they style... home this... as a 10, 20... to dispute... with the wel... to a crowd... a theatrical... is therefore... novelty. Liberal use... this effect... reads well. There is not... of the comp... have been... heavy colds... formers, but... department... particular... provinces... The great... Square thea... zene were d... by this fame... get her. The... the Castle... number of... with them I... hand but I... Boston wou... If he saw the... given by the... wire to take... name of his... "The Octobe... days" there... Dutchman, w... had no busin... I don't think... season in St... Joe Jeffers... Van Winkle's... unprecedented... sides who w... member of... couple of se... Jefferson's c... the role of H... Most, the s... in a lurid p... Mrs. Kend... stage was a... ler." George F... "Triby" con... Johnstone in... is manager of... is remember... member of the... On Monday... (Mrs. Justin... one of her c... in Boston m... evening will... by her husban... man" in whic... which Mr. F... a part. John Koster... Koster and... occurred in N... Miss Edm... this city as... appeared at... last week wh... dramatic mon... of the most c... talent, includ... took part in... Beerholm's... is critically r... paper which... was certainly... colence. The... illustrates an... character of... from recent p... things, none... most of them... his business... matic. "I... give us a Ham... ideal. The... judgment look... of this most c... ing. Mr. Tre... in eight. He... ness—that wa... Spaking co... actress, a Bos... think most p... Notherole's... that she fall... larly in the... plays certain... and upon oc... lose herl... formance of... clearly her l... business is to... Shakespeare's... given this fair... of time and... saps' business... applied child... precision in... pressed some... we first see... not a coquette

Musical and Dramatic.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Castle Square theatre company, as they style themselves, are at the opera house this week. It has been advertised as a 10, 20, 30 cent show. I don't propose to dispute that. Their season opened with the well known play "The Octoroon" to a crowded house. It is some time since a theatrical company has been here. One is therefore quite an attraction if not a real novelty. These facts, together with a liberal use of paper, nearly always have this effect of securing a full house. It reads well, "opened to crowded house." There is not much in it though. The work of the company in their opening play may have been impaired to some extent by heavy colds contracted by some of the performers, but the opinion expressed in this department last week was justified in every particular. They have organized to do the province at a cheap rate apparently. The great Orchestral Band of the Castle Square theatre did not arrive, so the citizens were deprived of the pleasure of hearing a concert in front of the house each night by this famous organization. It did not get here. There is no such band. When the Castle Square theatre company gets a number of musicians together to travel with them they may then call it their own band but I don't fancy Manager Rose of Boston would feel much complimented. If he saw the "The Octoroon" and "Zappa" given by this company he would at once wire to take proceedings to prevent the name of his house being cheapened. In "The Octoroon," which is a play of slavery days there was introduced a clod-hopper Dutchman, who sang (?) and danced. He had no business there. Such individuals did not swarm in the south "before the war." I don't think this company will extend its season in St. John.

Joe Jefferson has been playing "Rip Van Winkle" for the Boston people with unprecedented success. Clarence Handysides who will be remembered here as a member of W. S. Harkins' company of a couple of seasons ago, is a member of Jefferson's company and has been playing the role of Hendrich Vedder.

Most, the anarchist, it is said will appear in a lurid play called "The Sicilienne."

Mrs. Kendal's first appearance on the stage was as a child in "The Poor Traveler."

George Fawcett will be Svengali in the "Tribby" company that will have Sybil Johnstone in the title role. W. A. Brady is manager of this company. Mr. Fawcett is remembered in St. John as a popular member of the Lansdowne theatre company.

On Monday evening next Cissy Loftus (Mrs. Justin Hantley McCarthy) will give one of her characteristic entertainments in Boston music hall. A feature of the evening will be a new one act play, written by her husband entitled "The Highwayman" in which she will appear and in which Mr. Fritz Williams will also play a part.

John Koster, of the well known firm of Koster and Bial, is dead. His death occurred in New York last week.

Miss Ednorah Nahar, well known in this city as a particularly clever reciter, appeared at the Boston Press club benefit last week when she recited W. W. Story's dramatic monologue "Cleopatra." Some of the most clever amateur and professional talent, including Miss Olga Netherole, took part in the programme.

Beebohm Tree in the role of "Hamlet" is critically noticed in a recent Boston paper which says: "Mr. Tree's Hamlet was certainly a surprise because of its excellence. The performance of Mr. Tree illustrates anew the universality of the character of Hamlet." "Mr. Tree departs from recent productions in a number of things, none of really great moment and most of them without offence. Some of his business is cheap and melodramatic. . . . At no time did Mr. Tree give us a Hamlet that was above the actor's ideal. The artist, who, to the eye and judgment loses himself in this portrayal of this most complex character, was wanting. Mr. Tree's art was almost always in sight. He gave us a Hamlet of sadness—that was its definite attribute."

Speaking of Miss Netherole, as an actress, a Boston writer says last week: I think most people who have seen Miss Netherole's work thus far have concluded that she falls short of being a great actress; that she is eccentric in her work, particularly in the "business" of a part; that she plays certain scenes with striking ability, and upon occasions seems to absolutely lose herself in the character. "Her performance of Juliet demonstrated pretty clearly her limitations. Eccentricity of business is foreign to, if not blasphe my of, Shakespeare's heroine. The lines he has given this fair lady to speak were sadly out of tune and clashed with the silly and insipid business of the pitter-patter of a spoiled child, that Miss Netherole gave attention to in the first act. Indeed she executed some of the attributes of the Juliet we first see—for Shakespeare's heroine was not a coquette, was not sophisticated as

Miss Netherole would have us believe—but rather was she natural in all things." During their five annual tours in America—from 1889 to 1895—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have presented eighteen plays.

An illustration of the work done by an actor in "days of old" is found in the following interesting biographical sketch of one among the best of them:

Mr. James R. Anderson, who died recently at the age of eighty-six, had passed almost entirely out of living recollection. He was born in 1819, and was, at one time, considered among the most promising of Macready's recruits, occupying for some years a prominent position. He made his debut in London at Covent Garden, then under Macready's management, on September 30, 1847, as Florizel in "The Winter's Tale," and, said the Athenaeum of the following October 7, "won golden opinions for the ease and propriety of his demeanour and delivery." In "The Novice," an unsuccessful piece, he made his next appearance, and on the 23rd of May, 1858, played St. Valentine de Grey in "Woman's Wit, or Love's Disguise," by Sheridan Knowles; and on March 7, 1859, was the original De Mauprat in Bulwer's "Richelieu," with Macready, Ward, Phelps, Howe and Helen Faucit in the other leading characters. He remained at Covent Garden under the Matthews and Vestris management, playing Biron in "Love's Labour Lost," Fernando in Knowles's "John of Procida" and Charles Courtly in Bojancault's "London Assurance." As Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice," he opened under Macready at Drury Lane, where he played original parts in Jerrold's "Prisoners of War" and Gerald Griffin's "Gisippus." On the 23rd of May, 1842, he appeared as Othello. Orlando, Captain Absolute, Harry Dornton, Posthumus and Faulconbridge followed. In Browning's "Blot in the Scutcheon" he was the first Merton. In 1843-44 he was with Phelps and Vandenhoff at Covent Garden; and at the Haymarket was (Oct. 20, 1845) the original Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons." In 1846 he went to America, opening at Othello at the Park Theatre, New York. In 1848 America was revisited. In January, 1850, he began a management of Drury Lane, in the course of which he produced "Ingomar," playing the title role. In his two seasons of management he is said to have lost over £9000. In 1853, and again in 1858 he was in America. In London, subsequently, he played principally at the Standard. In 1863 he played, at the Surrey, Jack Cade in the second part of "King Henry VI." In September, 1873, he played Antony at Drury Lane. From that time he disappears from the stage. He wrote some dramas now wholly forgotten. His strong and portly figure and his thick white hair were long conspicuous at the Garrick Club, at which, however, his marvellously strong and resonant voice was seldom heard, as he was of taciturn disposition. After about fifty years' membership of the club he was no more seen there, an assault for the purpose of robbery between the club and his rooms at the Bedford hotel in Covent Garden, where he died, injuring him so severely as to prevent him stirring forth. He was a tragedian of the declamatory school, with a voice of marvellous power and range.

Robert Mantell, the actor, whose wife secured a divorce, and who was ordered by the court to pay her \$55 per week, alimony, has allowed it to accumulate so that he is now in arrears to the extent of \$3,500. He has asked the court for a reduction to \$25 weekly and professes his willingness to pay off the arrears as rapidly as possible. Mantell is said to be under contract to Augustus Pitou.

Augustus Daly, speaking apropos of his recent revival of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," is quoted as saying that he never lost a dollar on Shakespearean production or revival in his life. His experience with Shakespeare's plays extends over a period of nearly thirty years.

A California paper of recent date says: "Another dream dispelled, another idol shattered. The ballet girl is mortal. Augusta Solke, a once famous dancer who pirouetted in the original "Black Crook" company, died last week of old age."

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Stainer's "Crucifixion" as given by the choir of St. John's (stone) church on the 28th ult.; was the musical event of that week not only because of its intrinsic merit but also because of the names of our local voices who took part in the production. The array of talent was well known in the community, their individual work is known, and much would be expected from those voices when united in any work, as they might well be called eclectic. In this work of Stainer there is little work for the soprano who on this occasion was Mrs. Carter, the tenor and baritone having the responsibility of the solid work, as it were. Mr. A. E. Lindsay was the tenor and in a number of instances he was almost handicapped by his score. His voice in concert work is well known, and within its legitimate compass, appreciated, because it is then rather musical. I do

not think that Oratorio music is or is likely to become his field, but I do think he often undertakes parts that he cannot sing. He always gives me an unpleasant impression in his endeavors to sing tones that are really outside his fair reach. The effect is in consequence unpleasant. His voice has much power too, but despite that last it was inaudible during some of the crescendo passages, so much more powerful was the organ at those moments. The same observation can be made of Mr. Coster's solo work. There was a like competition between his voice and the organ in some of his solos.—This gentleman's voice is most musical, it is powerful, it is resonant also, but in the instances referred to there was no voice heard, and it was not a matter of much surprise after all when one considers the powers of the average organ. Mr. Coster's voice is admirably adapted for Oratorio, he interprets and articulates well and he seems to delight in this sort of work. The duet by this gentleman and Mr. Starr was splendidly given and in my judgment was the best of the evening's work. The choruses would have been benefited by more rehearsal. In this reference to the handicap to the singers by the loud organ, it must be borne in mind that I do not imply want of skillful playing by the organist. It is simply an instance of mistaken judgment that so frequently attends the work of those who have an instrumental specialty.

The Scotch concert at St. David's last Monday evening was an occasion of much pleasure to all who were fortunate enough to be present. The programme was carried out as advertised with the exception of Mr. Lindsay's number which was omitted for the substantial reason that he was not present. The vocal solo of Miss Watson, the piano solo of Miss Emma Godard and the violin solos of Miss Gibbs and Mr. Watson were perhaps the most noticeable pieces on the programme.

At the concert to be given under the management of Mr. Titus on the 18th inst. Mr. Johnston will sing some of his own compositions.

Tones and Undertones.

"Rob Roy" at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, has had a nightly patronage during its first week limited only by the capacity of the house. There are 2000 seats in this theatre and not only was every one of them taken but hundreds were compelled to stand throughout the evening.

Mascagni has written a new opera soon to be brought out at Milan. It is called "Silvano," has no chorus and only three characters. Signor de Lucia will sing the tenor part.

The twenty-first rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given in Music Hall, Boston, yesterday afternoon, at 2.30, and this evening, April 6, at 8, with the following programme:

- Symphony No. 4 by Haydn
Serenade for Wind Instruments by Mozart
Two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns. (First time.)
Concerto for Piano and Violin by Chopin
Overture, "Frischbutter" by Weber
Soloist, Miss Antonietta Szumowska.

In the church presided over by the now conspicuous Dr. Parkhurst of New York, a Miss Lucille Jocelyn has just been appointed first soprano.

The Kneisel quartette of Boston intend visiting London this summer and giving concerts there. Mrs. Richard Blackmore jr., well known in this city, is continually adding to her good reputation as a charming singer. She was the soloist of the evening on a recent occasion in Boston and her selection a waltz song "Invitation to the Dance," Weber, was pronounced "a delicious treat."

On the 12th inst., (Good Friday) evening in Music Hall, Boston, will be given Bach's Passion Music, by the Handel and Hayden society of that city. This will be the fourth public appearance of their eightieth season. Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker will be one of the soloists. The society on Easter Sunday evening will give the new oratorio "The Life of Man," Carl Zerrahn will be the director and B. J. Lang, the organist.

All the various church choirs in this city are all now actively at work in preparing their Easter music.

The following is the list of Wagner operas with the cast of each given in Boston this week under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch.

- Monday evening, April 1, "Tristan and Isolde."
Isolde: Frau Rosa Sucher
Tristan: Fri. Marie Brema
Kurvenal: Herr Max Alvary
Seaman: Herr Franz Schwartz
Melos: Herr Paul Lange
King Mark: Herr Rudolph Oberhauser
Tuesday evening, April 2, "Lohengrin."
Eisa: Fri. Johanna Gadski
Ortrud: Fri. Marie Brema
Lohengrin: Herr Nicolaus Rothmund
Kne Henry: Herr Conrad Behrens
Tilramund: Herr Franz Schwartz
Harald: Herr Rudolph Oberhauser
Wednesday evening, April 3, "Die Walkure."
Brunnhilde: Fri. Marie Brema
Fricka: Fri. Marie Mauser
Sieglinde: Fri. Elise Kutschera
Sigmund: Herr Max Alvary
Wotan: Herr Emil Fischer
Hunding: Herr Conrad Behrens

- Thursday evening, April 4, "Siegfried."
Brunnhilde: Frau Rosa Sucher
Forest Bird: Fri. Johanna Gadski
Siegfried: Fri. Marie Mauser
Wagner: Herr Max Alvary
Fisher: Herr Franz Schwartz
Alberich: Herr Conrad Behrens
Friday evening, April 5, "Die Gotterdammerung."
Brunnhilde: Frau Rosa Sucher
Gutrune: Fri. Johanna Gadski
Woglinde: Fri. Marie Mauser
Fricka: Fri. Marie Mauser
Siegfried: Herr Nicolaus Rothmund
Gustav: Herr Rudolph Oberhauser
Hagen: Herr Emil Fischer
Saturday afternoon, April 6, at 2, "Tannhauser."
Elizabeth: Fri. Johanna Gadski
Venus: Fri. Elise Kutschera
A young shepherd: Fri. Marie Mauser
Tannhauser: Herr Max Alvary
Walter von der Vogelweide: Herr Paul Lange
Wolfram von Eschenbach: Herr Paul Lange

- Herr Alvary stated recently that he had sung "Tannhauser" ninety-five times, "Lohengrin" seventy-six, in "Meisteringer" sixty-three, "Tristan" thirty-two, in "Rheingold" twenty-nine, and in "Gotterdammerung" thirty-four times. He does not always sing in tune however.

- German opera will be given in Boston next week also. There will be four performances as follows: Monday evening, April 8, "Siegfried"; Tuesday evening, April 9, "Tannhauser"; Wednesday matinee, April 10, "Tristan and Isolde"; Wednesday evening, April 10, "Die Meistersinger."
A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY.
A Spring Millinery Opening at Which There Were Many Visitors.

The millinery department in Manchester, Robertson and Allison's was thronged with visitors on Tuesday of this week on the occasion of their spring opening. The very disagreeable state of the weather on Wednesday however very materially lessened the attendance, but those who found it impossible to attend on the preceding day and who braved the elements on Wednesday were in no way disappointed. When a PROGRESS representative dropped into the establishment on one of the opening days everything was full of life and activity. In bright cherry contrast to the wet, gloomy streets was the scene presented within. The millinery department, work rooms, etc. were for the time being transformed into beautifully draped apartments, with silken portiers, mirrors artistically draped with delicate silks, and in fact everything that could possibly add to the attractiveness of the rooms.

Of course the principal feature was the display of millinery, which never fails to attract a majority of the female population of the city and to an observer it would seem that in Manchester especially, the present season surpasses any previous ones. The elegant imported goods were strongly in evidence and as usual attracted much attention, though to the PROGRESS representative way of thinking, or looking at the matter rather, the work done in the establishment is just as pretty and stylish and another very important thing to be considered, very much cheaper. To buy an imported hat, when one can have the exact fac simile of the same hat made at home for less than half the price is a bit of extravagance that to many seems entirely without reason; but certain it is that the home work can hold its own with any that is brought from abroad.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison never offer their patrons anything in any line but the very best obtainable and their millinery display this year is quite up to their usual standard of good taste and general excellence. There is no gaudy display, though there as everywhere this spring some very startling effects are seen. An attendant informed the representative that clover bids fair to become a rival of the violet this season and looking at the perfectly natural, and delicate white clover this would scarcely be surprising. Extreme width in hats is one of the leading points in the seasons work, and several exceedingly graceful and pretty hats in this effect were shown; buckles are not quite so large as in past seasons and are almost superseded this year by jet ornaments which come in very fanciful designs. Notwithstanding the mixture of contrasting colors, which is a little startling at first the millinery of the present season is becoming to most tastes, and strange indeed is the taste of the person who cannot find something to suit them in Manchester's magnificent display.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

A Swedish electrician and musician has succeeded, after many years' trying, in making a new and, it is reported, a most successful musical instrument, which is played with keys like a piano. It has a frame on which are hung a score of tuned bells, a series of steel bars struck by metallic hammers, a row of steel strings of proper tension, a xylophone, and a kind of bagpipe made of a bit of steel and an electric current. The music from the new instrument is said to be very pleasing.

In The Spring Time

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND MAKES PEOPLE WELL.

Thankful People Everywhere Gladly Endorse the Great Medicine.

It is a Blessing to the Whole Canadian Dominion.

Physicians Acknowledge its Great Curing Virtues.

It Makes Strong Nerves and Pure Blood.

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An Ontario Man Strongly Testifies.

"I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound." This is the statement of Mr. G. J. Smye, of Sheffield, Ont. It makes people well! This fact is so widely known and so fully borne out by thousands of magnificent cures, that the simple statement is in itself sufficient. The whole Dominion has been blessed by the marvellous work of the great medicine, and an army of rescued and saved men and women bless the noble discoverer Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., L. D. Master minds amongst the medical men of the present day readily acknowledge the potent and curing virtues of Paine's Celery Compound. They find that it makes strong nerves and pure blood, two essentials necessary for perfect health and strength. Long-standing troubles, and diseases are cured by Paine's Celery Compound when all other medical agencies fail in their work. For kidney and liver troubles, it is the infallible remedy; Nervous debility, exhaustion, on sleeplessness and headaches are quickly swept away by the curing powers of Paine's Celery Compound. This is the season when the sick must, of necessity, recuperate lost strength, and gain the healthfulness so necessary to make life pleasurable for the summer. All should bear in mind the fact that Paine's Celery Compound "makes people well." The following letter from Mr. G. J. Smye of Sheffield, Ont., speaks of a wondrous cure after all ordinary means had failed to do the work: "It is with great pleasure that I testify to the value of your medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. For nearly two years I suffered from indigestion, kidney and liver troubles. After trying several medicines that did not effect a cure, I decided to try your Compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to the pain in my back; it was only by resting on my elbows and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have in all taken fourteen bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and am now working every day. Anyone may refer to me in regard to those statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound."

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARRAN, Editor.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, S. John, N. B. Subscription price is Five Dollars per annum, in advance.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

THE T. R. A. A MISTAKE.

The unwise action of the T. R. A. in rushing a ratification of their ticket has done their candidates great harm. We should not be surprised if the feeling aroused over this simple incident had an important effect upon the result of the election, and there is no doubt that it should have. If the association and its candidates felt that they could not trust the people to ratify their action at a small but representative gathering, how can they expect the citizens at large to endorse them. The people detest hole and corner methods; they are opposed to trickery of any kind in a public way and it is with keen regret that a large number of those who have in the past given the association a warm and hearty support, find the leaders of it now resorting to the same rule that they opposed so strongly last year. More than this the association seems to have been driven to methods that cannot be endorsed by right thinking people. To establish a temporary business in a ward in order to get past the law, to approach a citizen and gain his consent to be a candidate, and then drop him without excuse, to make and break a platform almost at the same meeting; these are indications that the association has lost its balance and, it may be, its influence. We do not think, for a moment, that the citizens are ungrateful for the T. R. A.'s past efforts, but they are the critics of the moment; and the acts of the present day will have for greater influence with the citizen voters than the good work of the past.

MONOPOLIZING THE MARKET.

The letter of Mr. F. L. Potts, published in this issue, throws more light on the market question. Mr. Potts, it is evident, would like to secure a monopoly of the market, and would be willing to pay for it; so much is plain from his letter. That he is in a fair way to secure such is also evident when the recent action of the council is considered. They decided against right if not law, that Mr. Potts should have the market this year without going through the formality of buying it at public auction or by tender. The Act of February, 1895, respecting the market law, does not contain an intimation that the market can be sold in any other way than by public auction or by tender. It is the council has the right to change this old established custom founded on right and justice, they should be compelled to give some notice of their intention of doing so. Several men in the city were hoping to secure the market this year. Some of them were willing to give at least one thousand dollars more for the right than is now paid. They waited anxiously for notice of auction, and with what result? They found that the council in defiance of right and justice usurped to themselves the power of leasing the market to Mr. Potts. No reason was advanced for this act of unfairness, only that Mr. Potts had "worked up the tolls" and had paid the city more last year than had ever been paid before. It was presented as an act of philanthropy and charity on the part of Mr. Potts; he was willing to aid the city to that extent and such charity should not be allowed to go unrewarded. And the hearts of the aldermen went out to Mr. Potts and in return he was presented with the market at one thousand dollars less than it could have been leased for this year. Now it stands out reason that if the council can do such an act without giving any notice they can put the sole control of the market in the hands of Mr. Potts by appointing his father as clerk. The market men or country people will see the beauties of the system lately inaugurated by the council, and the system of "working up the tolls" extolled at the recent meeting of the city fathers will be demonstrated in all its beauty and completeness. We have no desire to deal unfairly with Mr. Potts. He is a business man and bought the market tolls to

make all out of them he can. It is his right to do so, but it is the duty of the council to allow no man the monopoly of a public institution such as this; and the recent act of the aldermen shows that it is rapidly coming to this. It will be in the discretion of the new board to make such changes in the management of the market as is called for under the new order of things, and the market men as stall holders look for such to be done.

RECOGNIZED SERIOUSNESS.

There certainly seems to be strong belief that "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," now being published in Harper's Magazine, and announced as being by "the most popular magazine writer," is by MARK TWAIN, although CONAN DOYLE seems to be pressing him hard for popularity at present. Several portions of the "Personal Recollections" recall the manner in which Mr. CLEMENS expounded historical and legendary lore in "The Prince and the Pauper" and "The Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." Then there is that inevitable TWAIN humor that will not be kept down, no matter how much legerdemain is piled upon it.

If the novel is by Mr. CLEMENS, and it probably is, the writer should be congratulated on being at last allowed a greater anonymity than that associated with the words "MARK TWAIN." This writer lauds, and challenges the North American Review to deny, that many years before Mr. STEAD began soaring in the region of telepathy, he himself wrote a long article to that journal announcing that he had made a discovery—which discovery was nothing less than the telepathy for which Mr. STEAD gives himself so much credit. But the North American Review would not publish Mr. CLEMENS' article except under his name or pseudonym. Then the humorist said that on no account, did he want the article to appear under either of his names, both of which were associated with humorous exaggeration. The publication of either would prevent the public from taking the matter seriously, and as TWAIN said, he was never more serious in his life. But the editor of the Review even then seemed to think that the affair was a huge practical joke of MARK'S, and refused to publish it otherwise than as humor. So Mr. CLEMENS indignantly recalled his article, and did not publish it until after Mr. STEAD had been listened to with respect upon the subject of telepathy.

MARK TWAIN is not the only humorist that has suffered from a lack of appreciation of his seriousness. There was a somewhat celebrated United States politician who, according to his own account, "would have been president" if he "hadn't been so funny." WILLIAM WARREN, the popular comedian, was a good, tragedian, but was not a success as such, for audiences could never learn to take him seriously. SYDNEY SMITH might have had a greater fame as a serious preacher if the opinion of the masses had not been very much that of his countryman who is laughed at for saying, "We consider him quite our most remarkable buffoon." TOM OCHILTREE, whose jokes that made him famous as a humorist were not his own, but those of a journalist who wagered that he could make any given man famous, and was given TOM OCHILTREE, might have been quite a statesman had not people thought him a great jester. And although, however, humor is a very potent factor in the greatness of some men in other lines, such as ABRAHAM LINCOLN and SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, it might have been injurious to their serious position in the public eye had they been widely recognized as humorists before their statesmanship had a chance to be shown.

Several English papers, which do not seem to be well acquainted with the laws of England, are laughing at a decision recently made in an American court. A citizen of Baltimore recently appropriated a Maltese cat from a neighbor, and was subsequently arrested by the neighbor for theft. When the case came on, counsel for the prisoner pleaded that a cat cannot be stolen; and the attorney-general of Maryland has supported the plea on appeal. It is not becoming for the English papers to sneer at this law, however absurd it may appear to them, for it is the common law of England that there is no property in a cat. The prized Persian cat, or the most useful mouser, cannot be the subject of larceny by that law. Perhaps the reason for the law is consideration for the cat, as a cat which does not like a new home generally manages to find its way back to its old one.

The popularity and esteem in which the late Ex-mayor PETERS was held was shown by the fact that thousands of people turned out to witness his funeral on Tuesday. There were many women and children among them, and they lined the sidewalks all along the City Road. He was well liked by them and it was said that the ladies had voted he would have been elected almost anywhere. Perhaps it was because of their instinctive fondness for a fine manner and good presence that were so well exemplified in him. He did not like much display and so desired his funeral not to be official. Had it been official it would only have been surpassed by the

courtesy that followed the late Governor Boyd to his resting place.

A standard time has recently been introduced in Switzerland. The inhabitants of that country, though conservative enough in some of their views, saw the folly of having two or more forms of time in active operation at the same place, and have for the most part adopted the new time. They are not progressive enough to make the change in time conform with their usual time for retiring however. The new system puts the clock back a half-hour, and the people go to bed now a half-hour earlier than they used to. The gas companies are suffering considerably from the introduction of standard time, and in some raising their rates.

The sawdust pail was considered a remarkable invention, but sawdust bread will probably be thought even more worthy of note. In Berlin there is a great bakery which turns out every day two hundred-weight of bread, which is three-fourths sawdust, the most of the rest being rye flour. A chemical process takes away the texture and taste of the sawdust, and liberates the saccharine and other beneficial elements. Those who have eaten flour-bread that tasted like sawdust will now be able to eat sawdust bread that tastes like flour.

The New York Alvertiser illustrates an article on the recent excitement concerning the minister of justice, but seems to be unaware of the existence of any such person as SIR CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER, notwithstanding his connection with a recent international difficulty. The Alvertiser alluded to him throughout simply as "SIR CHARLES TUPPER," and embellishes his account with an excellent likeness of the Canadian high commissioner at London.

As the romances of the period are not specimens of the "linked sweetness long drawn out" so common in days of old, there is material for a first class modern novel in the following brief note from the Halifax Acadia Recorder of March 29: "On March 18, Rev. F. H. WRIGHT married JOHN HOLT and ALICE COLEEN. This morning Mrs. HOLT applied at the City Hall for a warrant for her husband's arrest for non-support."

Mr. BOK's article on "The Young Man and the Church," which caused a Progress reporter to take a census of the young men at one of the leading churches of this city, which census would have surprised Mr. BOK, would be more appropriate in the English tongue where the following notice is placed on a church door. "Young men are not excluded from the services of this church."

ZADKIEL, the great London almanac maker and prognosticator, in his predictions for 1895, said that Nova Scotia would see trouble during the month of March. The Halifax Echo says that the uneasiness in regard to SIR CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER must have been the trouble with ZADKIEL alluded.

Out in Lansing, Mich., they have a decided improvement on the suicide clubs, providing that it is agreed that the doctrines of MALTHUS should prevail. At stated intervals a member is chosen by lot whose duty it is to get married within the year.

New Brunswick Bibliography. A work of great importance to the student of provincial history and literature is that just issued by W. G. MacFarlane, A. B., of the Record staff, under the title of "New Brunswick Bibliography: the Books and Writers of the Province." It is a paper-bound volume containing a hundred pages of double-column matter. Over five hundred authors are catalogued, and in many cases the list of titles is accompanied by biographical and critical sketches of the writers and by brief descriptions of the more important books. Nobody will be at all surprised at learning that the gathering of the material has occupied a space of five years. The edition is limited and the price has been placed at fifty cents a copy. The book is on sale at E. G. Nelson's and J. A. MacMillan's. The scholarship and care exercised in the compilation of this work are eminently creditable to Mr. MacFarlane, who is well-known as one of the cleverest writers of the maritime provinces. The book is certainly a most valuable addition to New Brunswick bibliography.

Knocked Out on Halifax Time. Here is one of the questions that are always being fired at Officer Stevens at the depot. The other night a well dressed gentleman came along and the following dialogue ensued. "When does the next train leave?" "At 9.16." "How long before it leaves?" "It is just nine now—in sixteen minutes," answered the officer. "How long will it be by Halifax time?" "I have Halifax time, you see." "The officer did not change countenance. He was used to it. But it was a severe blow.

Wall Paper and Window Shades. D. McArthur, bookseller, 90 King street, is giving special value in wall paper and window shades. His goods are all new this spring, and customers can rely on getting best value in all the new goods.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Not now, then knowest what I do, My child I may not be; But what life's future has for you, The present time should see. Love's sweet smile and sorrow's tear, On mine!—into one; That in the night of pain and fear, My will may still be done.

Not now my child do I unfold, My way is often dark; But only can the light discern, And my still footsteps mark. Trust me, nor ask the reason why, Grief comes and parting pain; Only believe that I am nigh, The rest will all be plain.

Not now my child do I unfold, The angel garbed gates; Or it were to tempt all the fold, My sorrow on them wait. Trust me, in my life is mine, My hand shall be thy guide; My story round thee yet shall shine, Come and in me abide.

No, now can we through distance dim, Reach all God's silent way; Enough to sing love's heavenly hymn, Down the far fields of day. We must be satisfied to hear, What some day we shall see; Why what we held on earth most dear, Trust not for you or me.

Not now, breathest thou sweet grace, Shall we explore all things; Why some great cross must here efface, What there is sacred bliss. O trust as we with me, and we, Though our paths must sever; Shall find their crossing place to be, Love's home with Him for ever.

Oh, was my birth accused? What happened, then to me In that strange chamber before My dawn, and its first cry? By rolling of what star In its orbit over me, Balaful, that all the ends Of my life have I defied? I the great light have seen, I have hoped as the gods hope, And strive as they strive; In vain! I have fallen and risen A thousand times; and the part Of life for which I live Is coming surely to night.

My jubilant journey fled I deserted you, my maid Youth's dewiest prize, in the sun I strove for the prize of song, Undoubtedly, Laurels I saw; Smiles fell and cheers. How now? Let man, who man may say, Look to the end, Alas! 'tis true, This is my trust in the conflict—Only a feeble feat.

The prize is borne away, A cross on my forehead gleam! How dared it be feeble—how! It? and my aim so high? What is this failing within me, That the cry of exultation Turns to the hiss of defeat? The crown I wear, Starry, with gold of song Gleaming, it has become Deader, beyond my reach—My mockery and my shame.

Praise, gratulate, no more. You! if perchance I hear Under the word of cheer, Myself I shall never please. Failure! Then what remains? Waits me a race untied, For the prize I missed, beyond Under some kindly star, Propitious, and not malign? There may my quest attain Completeness and grandeur of aim. Here denied it? May I Recover my talisman, My wizard transmuting touch, And see my Pentecost, Her ashen wing reborn?

Or will the potter: make Me a broken vessel there? Stands at the gate of life Where I re-burn, go in, The invisible grim fate, Ironical, astutening, To look after me and smile; To wither with his breath My first new buds, and stop My blossoms before the fruit? Will the weaver, Destiny, Tangle anew my feet, When I set them to the heights; Or urge me witless down Along some profligate path, To the lonely desert goal, Where song and hope were vain? Down! yet from each abyss Glimpses of rose-crowned peaks And towers the muses haunt, Where song's divine ideal, That radiant, vital, fests, Showing me, till I cry Wildly against the vision Impossible; vain as the stars To him who lies far in the pit, Joseph-like, hated and sold, Feeding the silent rage Of inward protesting thought? That summit of life is reached To which wholesome youth aspires; The strenuous testing time, The age of action, meant For fruits and for rewards. I stand in doubt,—They go To the resolute, the bold—Alas! I have reached the time For which I was never fit, And dream and song are afar. I stand in doubt and dismay. The years and the men are not As my soul; I hear my heart Utter an alien cry. Give justice to the earth, Give mercy, beauty and love And magnanimity, Give them, and take away The craven, sordid and base. Yet the burden of the time Sits hard on me; to bear It, come, and slow to put away,

Calla, implements, high demands; Yet they do so; I smile, I weep, I strongly determine. Ah, That one slight but sure firm In action, decisive, clear; What, shall I ask the years For a gift? Yes, there is a graver Than what is the life man loves? It oppresses, it kills delight, It stifles the voice of song, It smothers the heart of joy.

What, ye years! Bring on The oblivious days that bury The singer and his complaint. Yeans whose men shall say, "Yes, he was fit for song." Fit seemed I for the spirit, The sweet "eternal prime," His may I be, perchance For the gentle grace of age, If that said bonus be mine, There to complete my dreams; Then shall the world rush on; But I shall have quiet repose, And he who shrunk from life In its fury and its lust, May watch the falling ash And flickering fire, and bless The chimney corner decay, The smother, the smother years.

Sweetheart. Of all the maidens I have seen— And that you know is not a few— 'Tis thee I rank the fairest queen, To thee my heart yields homage true. Thine eyes are like the Scottish bell, The bluebell of my native land, The drooping lilies hide a spell Before the which I may not stand. Thy smile is like the sunny day That sheds its brightness all around, A love-lit beam, a heavenly ray Descending on unhalloved ground.

Thy voice is like the summer song That whispers through the hazel dell Or warbles forth the trees among, Thy laugh the tinkling of a bell. Thy golden tresses rich and rare, Thy ruby lips enchant my lay, The rose buds on thy lily cheeks, But who can paint the bloom of May? 'Tis true thou call'st me friend indeed, O may thou not still more award? I offer thee not wealth and power, The honest heart of a humble bard.

Thy soothing presence doth impart Sweet foretaste of a better life, Ambition's height to thy low art, My friend, my sweetheart, and my wife. St. John, N. B. C. H. D. Disquietude. 'Tis him the heart sick victim of unrest, There is no skill in Nature's brush; The pipes of nightingale and thrush Out to his weary, burdened mind suggest The hallow promises and joys of life, 'Tis stable griefs and never falling strife. 'Tis moon's soft beams serve but to throw a shade: The brook flows mournfully along In chorus with the sad-toned song. 'Tis balmy-scented breeze, that erst played With merry zephyr throughout the shaded wood, And to the murmuring pine its love-song cooed. Alone, amidst the bustling throng, He aimless wanders, now dreams of peace, save, In the dark, quiet confines of the grave.

"PHILOSOPHY AND FOLLY." By "Jay Bee." Imagination is capable of doing most wonderful things, but is rarely strong enough to pay a bill. Conversion that fails to make home happier needs a little more prayer. Pride may have its "fall" in winter or spring. The fire alarm is as efficacious in drawing a crowd as some other attractions. Never be content with saying "God help you" to the needy without extending a little yourself. If you get the best of a trade you are considered a "fakir." If you don't, the other fellow is. Moral—Keep on trading. Glass houses continue to be built. 'Tis the pure, all things are pure. That's the kind of procer to deal with, he does not know what adulteration means. 'Tis time for the maple honey bee to be getting in its work. An impatient doctor likes a patient patient. The abounding cashier enjoys a checkered career, a sort of bank-checkered one. If the soul has any transmuting propensities what elaphantine propensities some will enjoy, while many more will descend to the mere animalities of another life, 'tis heart and soul are synonymous. No one courts death while in the enjoyment of life. Amongst housewives, there are generally but too kinds, the slave and the drone. A paper price is not necessarily a princely pauper.

To move or not to move! That is the question! Whether 'tis better to put up with the inconvenience of the present house, or on the first of May to end them? The consummation so devoutly to be round again. To be dead five minutes is generally conceded sufficiently long to determine one's utility. If you wish to be O.K. ("oak") "spruce" up and don't "pine" or "stagnate." A word to fatalists.—That cold you have contracted may have been hovering around for ages awaiting an opportunity for you to "catch" it. Catch on? A wooden suit, wooden suit a live man, wood it? The mother-in-law is much better appreciated when she becomes your children's grandmother. Ability without willingness is of little worth. There was a young man named Jycle, Who tried hard to ride a cycle, But the harder he tried To accomplish the ride, The worse it was for his cycle. In no count.—The unpatriotized penny-in-the-slot machine. The way to spell pepper that is half peas is this, pea (p) e double e (e) pea (p) pea (p) e double e (e) (e) (e).

An April Fool Frank. A young lady who was going down the street on Monday last was accosted by a body of laughing little maids from school. "Have you got a pin?" one of them asked. The young lady obligingly gave them a pin, and the little maid basely repaid her by pinning on the young lady's dress a piece of paper with the legend, "April Fool."

How Dyaks Settle Disputes. The Dyaks in Borneo have to decide which is in the right, they have two equal lumps of salt given to them to drop into water, and he whose lump dissolves first is deemed to be in the wrong. Or they put two live shell-fish on a plate lined with paper with the legend, "April Fool" one for each litigant—and, squeezing the juice over them, the verdict is given according to which man's mollusk stirs first.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

A few months ago Progress, in alluding to a current number of the Review of Reviews, said that it might well be called "the Canadian number." The Easter number of Donahoe's may well be given the same name. "A Winter Visit to Ste. Anne de Beaupre," that famous Canadian shrine, is well treated by G. M. Ward (Mrs. Penne). The account is illustrated. There is also a good article by G. M. Ward on Sir John Thompson. The article is illustrated by a portrait of the late premier, and by pictures of his birthplace and late residence. "Wendell Phillips—A Reminiscence" is a Canadian reminiscence. It tells how the great American orator was received very coldly by a Toronto audience when he rose to speak of Daniel O'Connell, and how Phillips secured the sympathy of the audience by the following words: "It is over two decades since I stood under the folds of the flag which flies over the Dominion of Canada. I remember the occasion well. The war which recently rent my country in twain for a period had not yet begun, and we were struggling with great issues. I had reason to visit the city of Kingston; and as I stepped on the dock and saw before me the rascal surmounted by the British flag, I paused. I had but little love for it, it had once done grievous injury to me and mine; great crimes against humanity were represented by its blood red; it had a great history, and millions loved and hated it, but forgetful of its crimes and its glories, as I saw it I thanked the God of freedom that on the American continent there was one flag whose domain held not a single slave."

The "Trilby" obtains precedence over the "Napoleon" in McClure's Magazine this month. Du Maurier is well treated. E. J. Edwards, a most entertaining writer of political history, begins a series of articles on "Tammany," from its origin twelve days after Washington took the oath of office as president. "The Bank of England" is another interesting article, that new Scotch "hon," Ian MacLaren, has a pathetic tale, "Afterwards."

Capt. In Church Choirs. A man who sings tenor in a fashionable London church remarked to the writer some time ago that he knew of at least half a dozen serious affairs of the heart in progress in as many choirs. "I believe," he added, "that if statistics were obtainable on the subject it would be found that of single people who join church choirs a larger proportion get married within a year than among an equal number of young people that might be selected anywhere else. A possible exception might be made of the operatic stage. Singing, even if it is about things celestial, sets the deepest of all earthly emotions going, and the hearts chord with each other just as voices do."

If the singer doesn't discover an affinity in a fellow-singer it is pretty apt to be found in the congregation. If a woman has a sweet voice, a face to match, and a figure to go with the other two attractions, she has the best possible opportunity for displaying them, as you can understand. The same principle applies to a handsome man.

Man Against Game Cocks. A new kind of a combat has been arranged to come off in Portland, Me., in the near future. This is to be between a colored man and three game roosters. The pugilist has knocked out a fall out of the sluggers in town and in the neighborhood who are in his class, but accepting a few who are a little above it, and sighs for more worlds to conquer. The three roosters are in some of the other roosters for miles around, and occasionally taken a fall out of each other. The match, it is said, was made in a stable recently, the conditions being that the colored man is to be locked into a room with the birds, having his arms tied together and being innocent of transgress. The birds are so fierce that they will fly at any one who pokes his foot at them, and this method is to be used to encourage them. The man is to be allowed to kick all he wants to, to kill the birds with his feet if he can, at any rate to knock them out, but he must not untye his hands or use them in any way to help himself.

But Not in His Paper. Probably no man ever so completely dominated a publication with his personality as Mr. Bonner did the New York Ledger. When it was first published he formulated a code of morals and manners, so to speak, for it, and no contribution that transgressed these rules was inserted. He objected to stories that reflected on sisters, stepmothers, or life insurance; and if submitted by any of the staff, they were rejected. All horses that figured in the pages of the paper had to be named Dobbin, and there was a heavy fine for driving them along faster than a walk. Neither could cousins marry, in Ledger stories. "Cousins do often marry in real life," once protested a contributor, whose story was rejected on account of a cousinly marriage. "Not in the New York Ledger," said Mr. Bonner and they didn't.

How Anarchy Began. The beginnings of anarchy as a system are generally traced to the writings of Frudon, but there was a very curious reference to it in France in 1857. At that time a M. Rignault began his election address with the words: "The Hydra of Anarchy raises its head." It is interesting to find that his opponent against this metaphor was leveled, was Hippolyte Carnot, the father of the late President, who was destined to perish by the dagger of an Anarchist.

How Dyaks Settle Disputes. When the Dyaks in Borneo have to decide which is in the right, they have two equal lumps of salt given to them to drop into water, and he whose lump dissolves first is deemed to be in the wrong. Or they put two live shell-fish on a plate lined with paper with the legend, "April Fool" one for each litigant—and, squeezing the juice over them, the verdict is given according to which man's mollusk stirs first.

Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED



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HOT or COLD, WHICH?

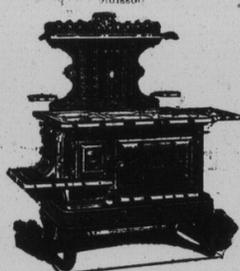
If you want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE...

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A dress that will look well, and at the same time defy rain or dust, would seem to be the ideal after which ladies have been longing...

A "STAR" Outfit.



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Earnscliffe Gardens,

CONTAINING TRIED AND APPROVED PLUM, Peach, Pear and Apple Stock for Spring Planting.

PLUMS—8,000 young trees of best commercial varieties, chiefly on native stock; 2,000 in yearling...

W. C. ARCHIBALD, Wolfville, N. S.

Our New Spring Patterns

Have struck the popular is and are going with a rush. Now let us call attention to our

Just as Novel, Just as Pretty, Just as Good, Just as Desirable

New Cotton Goods For Ladies' or Children's Dresses, Blouse Waists, &c.

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

St. John—South End.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Temple have taken the Brass property on King Street East, and will take their home in future.

Miss Donville returns to Newport about the middle of the present month to resume her work in that city.

Mrs. Smith, of Ottawa, wife of the deputy Minister of marine was a guest at Dr. Hayward's, German street, this week.

Mrs. DeWolfe spent a very enjoyable five o'clock tea last Monday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Smith and her family.

Mrs. DeWolfe was served and it was in every way a very successful social function.

Mrs. Marie Robinson who has been spending the winter in Fredericton has returned to St. John, and intends to remain at Mrs. Val's Coburg street for three months.

Messrs. Harry and W. Kaye are about to leave St. John and will in future make their home near Dwyer, N. B.

Miss Louise Travers, daughter of Dr. Travers, who has been ill for some time has been suffering from a relapse though she is now very much improved.

Bishop Kingston of Fredericton, is a guest at the Victoria this week.

Hon. Samuel Ryan the newly appointed consul general of the United States to Newfoundland, and Mrs. Ryan were in this city this week en route to St. John from Montreal.

Miss Gertrude Melick, of Elliot Row, left on Thursday for Newton, Mass., to take a course of training in the Newton hospital.

The Kitchen Garden, Canterbury street, under the control of the W. C. T. U. give an At Home on Thursday afternoon. The proceeds will of course be devoted to charity.

The C. of E. Institute are to have an Easter sale, for which elaborate preparations, are being made. A very large number of beautiful articles will be placed on exhibition to attract the unwary visitor.

Mrs. Stevens, of Douglas avenue, who has been confined to the house for over a week, is able to be out again.

Mrs. Geo. A. Ricker, who has been visiting friends in Fredericton, arrived home last Saturday after a very pleasant visit.

Mr. W. H. Kipstick, who went to New York last week, entered upon his duties there the day after his arrival.

St. John society ladies are just now rejoicing over the fact that Mademoiselle Stanton has returned to town after an absence of four years spent in one of the leading Boston dressmaking establishments.

Miss Stanton has taken the cottage next to the Burton House on Elliot Row.

Mrs. Dakin of Boston, is visiting her friend, Mrs. Patterson, Horsfield street.

On Tuesday night an at home given by the members of the M. C. K. Society attracted quite a large number of invited guests to the Oddfellows hall.

A committee of ladies had prepared an excellent varied programme which proved a source of enjoyment to all who were fortunate enough to be present.

Mr. Chas. K. Cameron presided and was in his happiest and merriest mood humor which tended to make everybody merry at home.

There is something particularly attractive and enjoyable about such a meeting especially when rendered in the excellent manner in which it was the other evening.

The following excellent programme was carried out and the enthusiasm displayed was very much deserved.

Yes, George Dishart, Reading—Margie McFarlane's Pick, Rev. Mr. Rainnie, Rob. Horiston's Bonnet, Thomas White, F. Solo—Wae's Me For Prince Charlie, Alex. Cruikshank, Reading from Lady of the Lake, A. Malcolm, Scottish Melodies on the Victim, A. Watson, "The Pipes," Piper Cruikshank, Scottish Immigrant's Farewell, Chas. Cameron, Duncan Gray, Rob. Milligan, Selections Scottish airs—Piano, Mrs. Dishart, The Post Delivery—from Scott, Mayor Robertson.

After the programme had received attention refreshments were served by the ladies. They were very tempting and were heartily enjoyed.

It was nearly seven o'clock when the "good nights" were said and the members and their invited guests turned out towards "home," the ladies who worked most energetically for the success of the affair were Mrs. Chas. K. Cameron, president; Mrs. Cruikshank, Mrs. McGowan, Mrs. Dolg, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Leitch, Mrs. Wm. Cameron and Mrs. Murdoch.

Mrs. Robert Jardine and Miss Jardine are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Smith, at Shediac, N. B.

Mrs. James and Miss James have returned to their home at New York, after spending a few weeks pleasantly the guests of the Misses Pullen, Horsfield street.

The Misses McLaren left on Friday last for a visit to Boston and New York.

Dr. C. O. Tupper, of Amherst, was in the city on Monday on route for New York, where he will practise his profession in future. Before leaving Amherst he was entertained at supper by his friends.

Mrs. Daly, wife of Governor Daly, of Nova Scotia, and Miss Daly were in the city this week on route for the States.

Mr. N. C. Hartson, of Middlesexborough, England, spent some days in the city this week, renewing his acquaintances with old friends.

Mrs. William Thomas, of Canada, N. S., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. E. E. Daley, Duke street.

Miss Mone Thompson, of this city, accompanied by her friend Miss Thomas, of Prince Edward Island, returned this week to Halifax, to resume their studies at the Ladies College.

Rev. A. A. Bryant, who has been curate of St. George's church, Parrsboro, for the last few months has been engaged to assist Ven. Archdeacon Briggs in Trinity church during the absence of Rev. William Eastough.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Mr. Fred Jones and Miss Jennie Smith. The ceremony will take place in Lester street baptist church at 8 o'clock next Wednesday evening, and will be performed by Rev. E. E. Daley.

Mrs. Edgett who has been visiting relatives here returns to her home in New York next week.

Miss Edna Sully is suffering from an attack of grip.

Rev. Wm. Burns and Mrs. Burns, of Hampton, who have been the guests this week of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McLeod, King street east, left on Wednesday for their former home at Orillia, Ontario.

Miss McMillan spent this week with friends at Fredericton.

A telegram was received this week from Philadelphia announcing the death of Mrs. T. C. Burpee. The deceased was a sister of Judge Barker of this city. She leaves a husband and two daughters, who have the sympathy of a host of friends in their sad bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. H. Stewart, of Bathurst, spent part of this week with friends in the city.

Mr. W. D. Walker, son of Dr. Thomas Walker, left this week for Cambridge, Mass., where he will take a year's course in the science of chemistry.

Mr. John Ferguson, of Hartford, Conn., is the guest of his brother-in-law, Mr. D. E. Brown.

Lester street baptist church contained a large number of persons on Tuesday evening, assembled to witness the marriage of Mr. Charles LeBaron Carter to Miss Nettie Sully, daughter of J. W. Sully, which took place at 8.30 on that evening, the ceremony being performed by Rev. E. E. Daley. The church was very prettily decorated, and the choir furnished excellent music.

The bride was beautifully attired in ivory silk, with ivory lace and ribbon trimmings, well and grace blossoms and carried a bouquet of pink roses, shaded hair ferns and lilies of the valley; she was attended by Miss Cairns Sully, who looked very pretty in pink silk with ribbon trimmings and carried a beautiful bouquet of pink roses; The tiny maid of honor, Miss Jennie Edgett was a pretty picture of childish grace, in pink silk with lace and ribbon trimmings; she carried a basket of choles and lovely flowers. The groom was supported by Mr. Fred Fraser, while Messrs. Fred Jones and L. Wallace, were the ushers. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father on Pitt street, and a large number of friends tendered their good wishes to the happy pair, who left on the 5.20 train the same evening for New York, Boston and other places. The bride's travelling costume was a brown dress with a short effect of brown and blue, fawn and brown cape, and brown chip gamborough hat with brown trimmings. Many elegant and costly presents, testify to the esteem in which the bride is held by her friends. Profoundly sincere congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Carter.

Lady Tilley returned last Saturday from a visit to her mother at St. Stephen.

Girls Alumna club met at Mrs. W. S. Carter's Elliot Row, on Thursday and spent a very pleasant evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Harless Clarke intend leaving on the seventeenth of this month for Victoria, where they will make their home in future.

Miss Julia Conboy, who has been enjoying a very pleasant visit to friends at Coles Island returned to the city last Saturday.

Miss T. Patton will leave in a few days for Cambridge, Mass., where she will take a course in training for a nurse.

Mrs. N. W. Brennan entertained a few of her friends very pleasantly at a whist party on Thursday evening.

Miss Atherton, who has been confined to her residence with a very severe attack of grippe, is able to be out again.

Mrs. J. W. King very pleasantly entertained a number of her friends at her home on Sydney street on Friday evening.

Mr. A. E. Jordan, of Fredericton, is in the city on a visit to his friends.

Rev. B. M. Sharpe, of the reformed presbyterian church, spent a portion of this week in Bonaventure, N. B. and Mrs. Joseph Allison left on Friday afternoon for a trip through the upper provinces.

There was a quiet wedding at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carpenter, St. James street, on Wednesday evening, when their daughter, Emily May, was united in marriage to Mr. Winthrop Whiting, of Stoneham, Mass. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. O. Gates, in the presence of many of the relatives and friends of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Whiting left on the evening train for their future home at Stoneham, Mass.

Set on his more genuine sorrow been expressed over the death of any citizen of St. John than that which greeted the intelligence that Ex-Mayor T. W. Peters had died on Saturday evening. The deceased was one of St. John's best and most progressive citizens and his loss to the city, as well as his own immediate family circle will be very deeply felt. His funeral which took place on Tuesday afternoon was one of the largest ever witnessed in this city. One of the last requests of Mr. Peters was that there be no display, in the way of flowers; and regulated orders attended upon the funeral obsequies and though various societies of which he has been an honored member attended in a body it was simply as private citizens. The services at St. Stephen's church, by Rev. Dr. McKee was a very solemn and impressive nature, and the solemnity was added to by the fact that the first hymn sung "Jesus Lover of My Soul" was an especial favorite of Mr. Peters. The church was thronged with people and many were unable to obtain admittance.

Mr. Peters was a comparatively young man being only 47 years of age. His wife and little daughter have the warm sympathy not only of those who knew the family personally, but of thousands who had met the deceased in his public life.

North End. Miss Helen Roberts is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Stuart at Sackville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison, of Fredericton, were among our visitors this week. Mrs. Morrill returned last Saturday from Everett Mass., where she has been spending the winter. Mr. Vermer McLellan has been very ill for the past few weeks, and friends will be glad to hear that he is somewhat improved.

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You can get

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WINDOW SHADES, BRASS FIXTURES, POLES, TRIMMINGS, ROOM MOULDINGS, &c. WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

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WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS

To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape. See Specimen Samples at our office and be convinced.

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Cheroots 4 FOR 10c

All Imported Tobacco. Better than most 5 Cent Cigars. As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar.

It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when hard times come. Every smoker should try these Cheroots. Assorted colors. For sale by tobacco dealers everywhere. Creme de la Creme Cigar Co., Montreal.

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Keep Your Feet Dry

If you catch cold now it will hang on all summer.

Wear Granby Rubbers.

They are the best and last longest Perfect in Style, Fit and Finish. THEY WEAR LIKE ON.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's Wine. OUR BRANDS: DEW CAYAWA, SWEET CAYAWA, ISABELLA, NEW AUBURN, (Registered), CLARET, CLARET.

E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. DEAR SIR—My family have received great benefit from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and restorative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house. Yours, JAMES E. DEXTER, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Programme for sale in Halifax at the following places: Knowles' Book Store, 24 George street; Dawson & Co., 24 George street; ...

Dr. Col. Otter, commander Royal Canadian Engineers, Toronto; Capt. McDougall, Royal Engineers, St. John, P. Q., were guests in the city last week and left by steamer Mongolian for Liverpool England on Friday last.

The Dalhousie club concert was very largely patronized on Thursday evening of last week, notwithstanding the very disagreeable weather; doubtless the evening being a fine one a great many would have been present had it not been for the weather.

The tenth anniversary of the departure of the Halifax Provisional Battalion for the northwest campaign is to be celebrated this year on a more elaborate scale than usual. The officers have decided to have a dinner at the Halifax hotel on Wednesday evening, April 10th, and have opened it to any member of the late battalion, officer or soldier.

Colonel Isaacson R. A., who has been away from Halifax all the winter, returned to the city. The hall in aid of the women's work exchange is to take place in the Freeman's hall on Wednesday evening April 17. It is under very distinguished patronage. The committee of ladies having the affair in charge is composed of Mrs. J. F. Kenny, Mrs. James Morrow, Mrs. J. C. McIntosh, Mrs. E. D. Tucker, Mrs. John Harvey, Mrs. Lyde, Mrs. E. W. C. Cook, Mrs. Townsend and Mrs. Davis.

Word has been received in this city of the very serious illness of Rev. W. B. Booth, formerly rector of St. George's, Halifax, but for some time rector of Clementopolis. At the last report he was not expected to live but a short time.

St. Mary's junior dramatic class was formed last Wednesday evening on the chance of giving to the members a chance to develop their dramatic ability. It is under the direction of Mr. G. F. Kenny, director of St. Mary's Senior Class. The election of officers took place and resulted in Mr. J. T. Connell being elected president. No doubt the class will distinguish themselves very ably in the near future.

There was another recital at the Conservatory of Music a few nights ago this time there were several new names on the programme. Among those who delighted the audience with their charming instrumental selections were Misses Wild on E. Archibald, L. Goss and Master A. Smith, all of whom certainly did much credit to themselves and their instructors. Miss L. Murray a Miss Murphy sang very beautifully, while the duet by Miss Holbrecker and Mr. Moore was beautifully rendered. Indeed it is scarcely necessary to say that even men in those names, for every number was a perfect gem in its way. There seemed to be a restlessness of feeling among the audience in some parts of the room and this at times seriously interfered with the entertainment.

The Letchford Stock Co. still holds the fort at the Lyceum, and is drawing excellent houses. "Passion Slave" drew a very large and appreciative audience one night recently, while the acting above the average—in fact was decidedly good. The company will open their sixth week at the Lyceum with a presentation of "Living Pictures."

A very interesting programme was carried out in the vestry of the Tabernacle church on Tuesday evening last. Among the prettiest of the selections I might mention a piano duet by Miss Hall and Mr. Hubby; Miss Low's excellent reading; Miss Hubby's solo "The Holy City," and Herr Karl Dornings solo "Lutan." The entertainment was excellent and well deserved the enthusiasm it called forth.

The weather is the topic with which most conversationalists begin, so I will use it as a beginning for my letter this evening. Just as we were congratulating ourselves that the spring was at hand, down came the snow! It has been very cold since Friday last and the risk is to be kept open another week in consequence. Between the time when the sating ends and the boating and tennis begins there is a very dull season; even walking is out of the question unless you wear "high topers" and they are a most ungracious form of footwear. Truly a "Trilby foot" would look ugly in it.

A prospect of "bills" which are a curse to us is it was quite impossible to get it from Miss L. Fairbank's lending library. The library is a most popular resort and Miss Fairbank tries to get most of her new books. She has a great many subscribers, and if people would only read the book and return it at once, it would be much more satisfactory to every one concerned.

Several well known medical men have gone off for a short holiday. Dr. Slater has gone to New York from there he goes to Chicago for a week or two. Dr. Wirkwire and Dr. John Black left on Friday in the "Dauntless." The latter went as doctor to the ship, as there were a company of the "Berkshire" regiment on board.

The Berkshire is coming here in the early part of November, the King's going to Barbadoes and Jamaica. Mr. and Mrs. Daly left on Monday for New York. Mr. Daly's term as Lieutenant Governor is up in June next. It is greatly hoped that he will be reappointed. He and Mrs. Daly are universally popular.

The seventeenth of April is the date fixed for the subscription ball. The ball is in aid of the "Women's Work Exchange." It is to take place in the Masonic hall. Mrs. Jerry Kenny is the head and front of the managing committee which augurs well for the success of the ball. The King's hand is to be attended to. The supper is given by different ladies so as to make the expenses as small as possible. The price of the tickets is very reasonable, two dollars for ladies and three for gentlemen. Judging from the sale of tickets so far, we hope that the debt on the Women's Exchange will be completely paid off.

What Does? Why IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF. Soap does. Only give it a chance. No alkali-burnt garments. Cheapest Soap in America. I Try a bar. Put up in 3-lb. or Twin bars. JOHN TAYLOR & CO., MANUFACTURERS.

ton, Saturday night, were Captain J. Taylor Wood, Major Mellor, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Sawyer and Mr. E. P. Greenwood. The latter while in station has been seeing about costumes and properties for a theatrical entertainment he is getting up in aid of the "Church of England Institute." The entertainment takes the form of a musical burlesque written by Mr. Greenwood. Whatever Mr. "Rope" manages is sure to be worth going to and is always most amusing. The parts are all taken by gentlemen, ladies are left out.

The members of the yacht club will be glad to welcome Captain H. C. Kent back again. He has exchanged with Captain Mills, R. E., and will be here the middle of the week. Captain Kent always took a great interest in yachting and with his small boat the "Calypso" was several times in the water in Washington, and with her sister spent a summer in Halifax. It was here that Captain Kent met her for the first time.

Another old friend who will be back again this summer is Mr. or should say Captain (as he has got his promotion), Wilkinson. He comes out on the "Clyde," the new ship, as commander. The "Blake" goes home from Bermuda the middle of April.

"Sabbath's Crucifixion" is to be sung in St. Luke's cathedral next Friday evening. It is given by the choir of the church. The collection to be taken up in aid of the organ fund. The new organ will not be here for some time, but I believe will be out very soon after. Mr. Knight is extremely well on the old one, so we shall expect great things when the new one is put up.

John T. P. Knight is to give a lecture at St. Luke's hall on Thursday evening. The lecture is on "The Crucifixion." The literature of the Crucifixion is a very interesting subject. Mr. Knight is always most happy in his remarks, and also it will be a worthy substitute as the proceeds are in aid of the Victoria school of art and design. Mr. George Harvey, E. A., will illustrate the lecture with amusing sketches. Both Mr. Knight and Mr. Harvey are keen admirers of the game and had a match played on their own property at the residence of the "Patriot" was late in starting and not a match played on their own property at the residence of the "Patriot." The latter have taken room at the Waverly for the present.

Amherst. [Programme for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.] A large number of leading citizens assembled at the Terrace hotel on Thursday evening for the purpose of discussing the proposed park of an excellent design given in honor of Dr. C. O. Tupper, who left on Friday to reside in New York. Mrs. Tupper has just returned from a long visit to friends in Vermont and is very pleased to see her large circle of acquaintances. It is a pleasure to see the park and to learn that the purposes remaining in Amherst until autumn. There is no getting away with the fact that the courteous and clever Dr. is going to leave an astonishing blank and the only source of consolation in the sudden change is that his health demands it.

In reviewing the list of recent exodians one is prone to conclude that the result of their departure is greater than can be readily comprehended. That of Mrs. and Master A. Smith, all of whom certainly did much credit to themselves and their instructors. Miss L. Murray a Miss Murphy sang very beautifully, while the duet by Miss Holbrecker and Mr. Moore was beautifully rendered. Indeed it is scarcely necessary to say that even men in those names, for every number was a perfect gem in its way. There seemed to be a restlessness of feeling among the audience in some parts of the room and this at times seriously interfered with the entertainment.

The outlook for Easter week is rather bright for society folk. Two elaborate processions are in course of preparation, and a very popular young man is over critical about the cut of his Easter coat. Then again dame rumor declares that another fine looking townsman is preparing to better his position in life by becoming a benedict.

Mrs. George Nelson, who has been visiting her mother returned to her home in Truro on Tuesday. Among the visitors of the week was Mr. Tinklin, of Kentville, who was the guest of Mr. J. H. Kenny. It is a pleasure to state that Mrs. W. J. Moran is recovering from a very severe attack of pleurisy. Judge Townshend of Halifax, was the guest of his brother, J. M. Townshend, Q. C. for a few days last week at her home in Truro.

Miss Smith, who has been visiting Mrs. Howard, has returned to her home in Truro. Miss Mabel Gross, of Hillboro is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Gibson, at the Terrace Hotel. Mrs. Ketchum for the past few weeks, went to Halifax on Wednesday to visit friends. Rev. V. E. Harris returned home on Saturday from a short trip to Boston. Miss Annie Mitchell, who has been attending school at Halifax, came home on Tuesday, to spend the East holidays.

Mrs. James Moffit returned home on Monday from a short visit to friends in St. John. Mrs. Morris of Halifax is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Mackintosh, Laparache street. Mrs. Parks and daughter, Miss Helen Parks, who have been in Halifax for the past month returned home last week.

Miss Florence Heverson entertained a number of her young friends very pleasantly at five o'clock tea on Saturday afternoon. The guests present were: Mrs. C. W. Moore, Miss Fuller, Mrs. M. S. Satchell, Miss Helen Brien, Miss Annie Jarvey, Miss Mable Parsley, Misses Love, Misses Murray, Miss Helen Adams, Misses McKinnon, Mr. Dawson was assisted by Miss Cole in serving tea.

Mr. Chas. McNeil who has been attending dental college at Baltimore came home last week. [Programme for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Falton and D. H. Smith & Co.] April 3.—Mr. Melville Cumming left yesterday for New York, where he goes to consult a famous optician. There was a charming visit and enche party, on Friday evening last, at the hotel American, given by the popular host and hostess Mrs. and Mrs. Dan O'Rourke.

BACHELOR CIGAR. IT IS THE FINEST. 10c Havana CIGAR. IN THE DOMINION. A. ISAACS, - 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. N. B. Sole manufacturer for the genuine No. SMALL QUEEN.

checked. Mr. and Mrs. McKay are guests of Mr. E. L. Holmes. Mrs. Buelow is spending a week in Halifax. Mrs. Burton York has returned from St. John. Dr. Townsend went to Truro on Monday. Mr. McNeill, and Mr. Moore, of Amherst, were at the Quoniam, last week, and Mr. Lawson, of Montreal, and Mr. Harvey, of St. John, at the Central.

SYDNEY, C. B. [Programme for sale in Sydney by John McKenna and G. J. McKinnon.] April 2.—Mrs. J. A. Young celebrated her wedding on Tuesday last. Mrs. Jean, of Glouce Bay, was in town on Saturday. Mrs. Forbes, who has been staying with her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Young, the last two years, left this morning for New Glasgow.

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WINDSOR. [Programme for sale in Windsor at Kowles' Bookstore and by F. W. Dakin.] April 2.—On Thursday evening a concert was given in the basement of the presbyterian church which was listened to by quite a large audience, although the night was one of the stormiest of the season. The entertainment consisted of songs, readings, vocal duets, solo, etc. and was well carried out. The singing of Mrs. Geldert and the Misses Shand and Smith being particularly enjoyed. Mr. C. de Wolfe Smith spent last week in St. John.

Miss Faulkner, of Sherbrooke, is in town visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Reid. Mrs. Brook, of Kentville, was in town the guest of Mrs. Butler. Miss Louise Blanchard, who has been spending the winter in Montreal returned home on Friday. Rev. C. J. Harvey was in Halifax last week. Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Mande returned from Halifax last week. Mrs. Kennedy has the sympathy of her many friends in Windsor, having lost both father and mother within a few weeks.

Rev. Theo. DeWolfe, an old resident of Windsor, passed away on Friday at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Wiggins. His funeral took place on Monday morning. Mr. Keith has the sympathy of the community in the death of his wife, which occurred on Monday after a long illness. Mrs. I. S. Johnson has returned from her visit to Truro. Mr. Harry King, of Halifax, was in town this week attending the funeral of his uncle Mr. de Wolfe.

Miss Winnie Hensley returned to the Normal School, Truro, this week. Prof. Roberts left for New York on Tuesday. Mrs. Sherris, of St. John's, Newfoundland, is visiting her grandparents, Rev. and Mrs. Harvey. Dr. Townshend, of Parrsboro, is in town. Prof. Kristed, of Acadia college, Wolfville, lectured in Convocation hall, King's college, on Tuesday evening. The subject was "The University as the Custodian of the Higher Life of the people."

BUCCHOUHE. April 2.—Mrs. J. Hall, of Kingston, visited her sister Mrs. J. C. Ross on Friday. Messrs J. A. Irving and I. Trenholm drove to Moncton on Monday. Mr. J. W. Harrigan has returned home from Chatham. Mrs. H. Hutchison visited her sister Mrs. J. Stevenson, of Richibucto last week. Miss Helen Dr. Arnold, of Red Bank, is visiting friends here. Miss Fannie Germond has returned from Shediac. Miss Beatrice Sutton left on Monday to take charge of the school at Upper Bouchouhe. Miss Foster, of Kingston, was visiting Mrs. J. D. Irving last week. Sheriff Legere, and Mr. Wm. Whiten, of Richibucto, were in town on Monday. Mr. J. MacLeod, of Amherst, was in town last week. Rev. Mr. Mackenzie occupied the pulpit in the episcopal church on Sunday morning. Miss E. L. Inglis who has been visiting her sister Mrs. W. H. Irving has returned home. Mrs. A. T. Coote is visiting her niece, Mrs. B. T. Smith, in Moncton. Mr. and Mrs. George Irving received to day from

BRIDGE TOWN. [Programme for sale in Bridgetown by Miss B. Eldridge.] April 3.—Mr. N. E. Chute and little daughter, Jennie left on Wednesday last for New York. Messrs. Gordon Crowe and John Bochner, of Annapolis were in town on Thursday, the guest of Mr. R. A. Crowe. Mr. Holden who has been spending several months with Mr. P. Cheley of Ursaville, returned to his home in Truro on Friday. Rev. Mr. Hart was in Halifax last week. Mrs. G. B. Howles, of Grand A. Kings County is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cheley, Grandville street. Mrs. E. A. Harrigan, of Guysboro, is visiting Mrs. Chas. Poole left on Saturday for Boston.

ANTIGONISH. [Programme for sale in Antigonish at I. R. MacHilreth & Co.'s book store.] April 3.—Hon. Mr. Dickey, minister of militia, was in town a few days last week. Mrs. Robert Henry left Thursday for Halifax. Mrs. R. M. Gray and Miss B. Foster spent a few days last week visiting friends in New Glasgow. Hon. C. V. McIssac returned from Halifax the first of this week. Miss Violette McDonald and Miss Louise Kirk are at home this week from the ladies' college, Halifax. Mrs. E. A. Harrigan, of Guysboro, is visiting Mrs. Adam Kirk. Conversations to Dr. and Mrs. Cameron, on the birth of a son. Mr. L. C. Archibald was a very pleasant snow-shoe party for her son on Monday evening. The guests were Miss Macdonald, Miss V. Macdonald, Miss MacMillan, Miss Goss, Miss Foster, Miss A. Cunningham, Miss Dexter, Miss Henry, Miss Manson, Messrs. D. McCurdy, Eaton, Steves, Graham, V. Cunningham, W. Foster, McCrorry and Mr. W. Archibald. After a tramp of about one hour the party returned to Mrs. Archibald's where refreshments were partaken of and amusements indulged in until about twelve o'clock. Mrs. Wheeler, Tracadie, is spending a few days in town.

PARRSBOUR. [Programme for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.] Mr. Charles McCabe has returned from Washington. He has resigned the office of stipendiary and is succeeded by Mr. C. B. Muir. Mrs. Sellen, of Bathurst, has been visiting her sister Mrs. Erigo on week. Mrs. Anqu to, Hignat, of Boston, is spending a month with Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland who have been paying a visit to their daughter Mrs. A. W. Copp, have returned home to Westmorland. Miss Mabel Holmes is at home from the Ladies college for Easter holidays. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Eaton, of Eastville, were lately in town for a short time the guests of Mrs. R. Eaton of Sackville. Miss Agnes Atkman arrived on Friday from Syracuse, New York, for a short visit. Mrs. A. E. McLeod started yesterday for Woodstock, called to dinner by the illness of her sister Mrs. H. P. Erigo. There has been lately added to Mr. O. L. B. Prince's family a little son. Rev. Mr. Bryant who has been assisting Rev. S. Gibson for the last three months, left yesterday for St. Luke's church St. John. During his brief stay Mr. Bryant became very popular with the people of St. George's parish, who much regret his departure. Evangelist McKay, of Picton, is holding largely attended meetings in the presbyterian and Methodist

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Sick Headache CURED PERMANENTLY BY TAKING Ayer's Pills. "I was troubled a long time with sick headache. I tried a good many remedies, but I was not cured until I began taking Ayer's Pills. I am now a well man." - C. H. HUTCHINGS, East Auburn, Me. Awarded Medal at World's Fair. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Best.

Coughing Yet? BEWARE! Take heed before too late. CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE. Has cured many. Why not try it? It is recommended by doctors as a modern scientific combination of several powerful curatives. A trial bottle will soothe a regular treatment will cure your cough. AT ALL DRUGGISTS. K. CAMPBELL & CO., Montreal.

STAINED GLASS Memorials Interior Decorations Castle & Son 17 University St., Montreal.

A Word With the Ladies. Why use the nasty, ill smelling "Oils" so-called, that stain the clothing, when you can get better and quicker results from Minard's Liniment, that will not injure or stain the finest fabric? This is also one of the qualities that imitations of Minard's Liniment do not possess.

We Can and if you let us will give you better value. in a Road Wagon than any other maker. Write us. Price & Shaw, 221 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

WEDDING CAKES. We send them by Express. Safe and guaranteed. The largest Catering Establishment and Wedding Cake Manufactory in Canada. Harry Webb Toronto.

WOMEN'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. The Improved KNITTER. DUNDAS KNITTING MACHINE CO., DUNDAS, ONT.

PATENTS. TRADE MARKS & DESIGNS. HANBURY A. BUDDEN, Advocate, Attorney, and Solicitor in Patent Cases. Expert, 517 New York Life Building MONTREAL.

Hats, Toques & Bonnets. Trimmed and untrimmed, from Paris, London and New York. Inspection cordially invited. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

Various small advertisements and notices on the right margin, including mentions of 'No Objection', 'Ayer's Pills', 'Coughing Yet?', 'Stained Glass', 'A Word With the Ladies', 'We Can and if you let us will', 'Road Wagon', 'Price & Shaw', 'Women's Chocolates', 'Wedding Cakes', 'Patents', and 'Hats, Toques & Bonnets'.



No Other Medicine SO THOROUGH AS AYER'S PILLS. Statement of a Well Known Doctor. "No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried them all, is so thorough in its action, and effects so many permanent cures as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."



ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Programme for sale in St. Stephen by Messrs. Ralph Trainor, and at the book stores of R. S. Dacre, G. S. Wall and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at U. F. Treas']

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A "SENSATION."

Whiteout, Ont.—"I had suffered indescribable torture or two years or more, that is, times, from dyspepsia. Fearful pain and loss in the stomach, pain between shoulders, and sensation as of being pulled right in two, in small of back. I dieted, used patent medicines, and different doctors' medicines all to no use. Your K. D. C. third dose completely relieved me, and four bottles, I believe, have cured me. A thousand thanks I can study, preach, and do my work now with energy and satisfaction, as of yore"



during the past few days, looking over the proposed route for the Maine Shore Line railway.

Mrs. G. H. Raymond of St. Andrews is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Hattie Gilmour.

Mrs. W. Watson is the guest of Mrs. David Brown, during the week ending at St. John.

Mrs. D. W. Macdonald of St. John is in town and is very well at the Windsor.

Mrs. A. E. Gilmour is in town and registered at the Windsor.

Mrs. F. G. Gilmour are spending a few days here. It is the first visit Mrs. Gilmour has made on the St. Croix since her marriage, and her friends, among whom she has always been a special favorite, are giving her a glad welcome.

Mrs. S. J. Gilmour returned from St. John, where she spent several days during the past week.

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Mrs. X. G. Gilmour returned from St. John, where she spent several days during the past week.

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and had not only been most successful as a teacher of physical culture, but also as a man, and a man of high character, and a man of high social position.

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Mrs. W. G. Gilmour returned from St. John, where she spent several days during the past week.

Mrs. X. G. Gilmour returned from St. John, where she spent several days during the past week.

Mrs. Y. G. Gilmour returned from St. John, where she spent several days during the past week.

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Photography.

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP, REFINED FINISH

and moderate prices, combine to make these PHOTOS the most satisfactory in St. John today.

HAROLD CLIMO, 85 GERMANS STREET.

Mrs. M. G. Gilmour returned from St. John, where she spent several days during the past week.

Mrs. N. G. Gilmour returned from St. John, where she spent several days during the past week.

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Mrs. I. G. Gilmour returned from St. John, where she spent several days during the past week.

Mrs. J. G. Gilmour returned from St. John, where she spent several days during the past week.

Restores Nervous Energy, Mental Activity, and Muscular Vigor. Re-Vitalizes the Blood, Invigorates the Stomach, and Aids Digestion.

HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC.

SOLE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. 50 CENTS A BOTTLE SIX BOTTLES, \$2.50.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE HAWKER MEDICINE COMPANY, LIMITED, ST. JOHN N. B.

INSTRUCTION. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELUCIATION.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY: 15 KEGS PIGS' FEET, 3 KEGS LAMB'S TONGUES.

SILK ELASTIC Stockings AND ANKLETS.

"The Occasional", 44 Pages. Price 5c.

DELICATE FEMALES. General Debility, Anemia, And all Diseases of their Sex.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION. It improves the DIGESTION, purifies the BLOOD, and repairs the waste that is constantly going on, and completely restores the system.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST and DRUGGIST.

NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, LIMITED.

CAPITAL STOCK: \$150,000. Incorporated to Promote Art.

16th Day of April 1895.

Change of Name. In future Dr. Levers' 'Quick Cure' the great remedy for Tooth-Ache will be called

Pheno-Banum CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

EASTER HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

One Fare FOR THE ROUND TRIP.

CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued from First Page.)

which I will try to summarize. Miss Minnie Gray, wears a very pretty gown of pale blue muslin with yellow lace and lace.

Miss Madam Conrad, pink cashmere with panna and flowers.

Miss Addie Best, looked very pretty in white muslin with white silk.

Miss Madam Best, cream muslin with an silk. Miss Grace Mitchell, wears a becoming gown of cream cashmere with decoration of crepe velvet.

Miss Isabel McKay, white cashmere with trim, ribbons of lace, ribbon and rose.

Miss Eva Grant, garnet silk with garnet velvet and white chiffon.

Miss Ella Bowman, white cashmere with lace and swan down.

Miss Annie M. Graham, scarlet cashmere with black chiffon.

Miss Gertrude Douglas, cream sunsveiling and black net.

Miss Isabel Graham, pale blue silk, with over dress of black net.

Miss Ray Ross, white cashmere with lace and ribbon.

Miss Tena Green, wore figured chaille with lace.

Miss Dollie McKarher, white muslin veiling with lace.

The "Oho" given Friday evening by the members of the Band of Hope met with an unusually large attendance, the majority being children, the programme was good but simple and varied, it consisted of a cantata, followed by a number of most amusing dialogues; the feature of the evening was "The Bird Car" in which some of our young ladies distinguished themselves; at the close of the programme Rev. A. Robertson in a few well chosen remarks, thanked the audience in behalf of the tiny performers, for their kind attention to the rather lengthy programme. Rev. and Mrs. Robertson are to be highly complimented on the perfect success of the Oho which was due entirely to their patient teaching, and good management.

I have this week to tender, an apology to Mrs. George L. Wood of Tricon for the grievous mistake appearing in my last letter, the visit party given by Mrs. Towson on Friday of last week was a most informal affair, and not intended for "Walls."

Miss Minnie Hyndman, of Charlottown, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James F. McLean.

Mr. John J. Roy a student of McGill University Montreal, has returned home, the winter season being concluded; congratulations to Mr. Roy on the successful issue of his exams.

Miss Mary Eastwood entertained her friends very pleasantly Monday evening from 7.30 till 11.30. In the course of the evening selections on the piano were given by Messrs. Harry Grant and G. W. Jackson delighted the assembled guests. Dancing and cards were the other amusements. The dresses worn by the young folks well merit mention, but it is not my intention to do so tonight. Those who participated were: Misses Annie C. Fraser, Jennie Eastwood, Jessie Douglas, Laura Smith, Lillie Munroe, Lida Kennedy, Freda Best, Florence L. Bailey, Ida McKay, Miss Grant, Laura M. Rose, Minnie McGregor, Stella McKenna, Emma McDonald, Flossie McKay, Daisy Bell, Bessie McDougall, Nellie Fraser, Jessie Graham, Messrs. Harry Grant, G. W. Jackson, Charles Gray, Hedley Musgrave, Louis Eastwood, Vernon Kerr, Will Kerr, A. Ritchie, William McGregor, George Boggs, John Mutch, Will Cameron, Stanley Fraser, George McKay and Fred Rice.

Miss Louisa McLellan, of Oxford, has resumed her position as milliner at Stiles and London's.

Miss Grace Carmichael entertained a few young friends Saturday evening.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the lecture given by Rev. A. Robertson on Thursday evening was very poorly attended, the lecture was most interesting and the subject "Scotland Yet" is one that every speaker would find himself to be a perfect master of. We hope to hear it repeated in the near future.

Mr. T. Graham Fraser, left on Tuesday for Halifax.

Mrs. James Carmichael entertained the following ladies with a very enjoyable "Tumble party" given at her beautiful residence Tuesday afternoon; Mrs. John De Vries, Mrs. Andrew Walker, Mrs. J. Peter Grant, Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Mrs. J. F. Fraser, Mrs. James Keith, Mrs. E. East, Miss Margaret McKay, Miss Anna G. McGregor, Miss Margaret Cameron, (of St. John's), Mrs. James McKay, Mrs. James Eastwood, Miss Margaret McGregor and Miss Carlisle Carmichael.

Miss May Agnes Kelly gave a recital in McCreery's hall last evening under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Miss Kelly is a talented vocalist and a no small repute and the recital well merited a much larger attendance.

DALHOUSIE.

[Progress is for sale in Dalhousie by A. H. Johnson.]

APRIL 3.—Miss Bessie Stewart has gone to St. John's, for a few months.

Rev. H. B. Morley who has been visiting friends in England, for the past few months has returned home.

Miss Lena Barberie very pleasantly entertained a few of her young friends last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Chas. Stewart has returned home from Campbellton.

Mr. Edgar Chandler, of Campbellton, is spending a few days in town, the guest of his uncle Mr. John Barberie.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Hattie Johnson is confined to the house, by a severe cold.

Mrs. H. O'Keefe was the guest of Mrs. Murphy Tuesday.

Miss Maggie D. verrens spent Tuesday in town. Miss Frank Murphy who has been absent several weeks visiting friends in St. John's and Cansham, has returned home.

The many friends of Mr. Andrew Burr, are pleased to see him in town again.

Miss Bert Stewart, of Campbellton, was in town yesterday the guest of her cousin Miss Aggie Stewart.

HARCOURT.

APRIL 3.—Mr. Edward Hannah and bride, of Kingston, were at F. Woods' hotel today returning home from their honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wallace Graham were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. David D. Johnstone on Monday.

Mr. Charles Fawcett of Sackville spent part of last week in Harcourt.

Mr. James D. Woods left on Thursday for Lynn, Mass.

Mr. James R. Ayer of Sackville was here for a short time on Friday.

Councillor Robert Murphy of Bass River was in Harcourt on Monday.

The entertainment in the town hall on Friday evening, by the Harcourt dramatic troupe, was well and deservedly patronized and can bear repetition.

Rev. Mr. Peacock, who has occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church at Harcourt and Mill Branch so acceptably for the past two months, will leave this week for a circuit in Restigouche county.

Mr. J. Harry Wilson, who has been at Kent Junction relieving Mr. J. W. Morton, during his latter illness, has returned and resumed his duties in Harcourt I. C. R. station.

Mr. Allan McLellan, of Newcastle, has accepted a position in Mr. Eves' mercantile establishment.

Misses Lizzie and Minnie Buckley spent Saturday at home and had as their guest Miss Christina Fraser, formerly of Kingston.

Mrs. Crasie, who is staying at Harcourt Place, purposes leaving for Burand in a few days.

Mr. George H. Perry went to Acadia today on a business trip.

Mr. Silvester Watson, of Richibouctou, is visiting his brother, Mr. J. Neale Watson, at Mortimore.

ANAGANUE.

APRIL 3.—Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Steves spent last Friday in Sussex visiting friends.

Mr. Geo. Y. F. Wilson, of St. John, who has spent the past winter in our quiet village, managing the mills owned by Messrs. McLoughlin & Wilson returned to his home today.

Miss Ida Smith, who was so severely hurt while

coasting last Friday night is not yet able to be around.

Miss Bertie Davidson, who was so ill last week is now convalescing.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Danfield are entertaining a few of their friends to a candy party this evening.

Mr. G. H. Davidson, (Station agent), was in St. John last week on business. Mr. J. L. Taylor, of Salisbury, was the operator, who relieved him.

Mr. Dick Green, of Pembroke, spent last Wednesday in town. Moncton.

BATHURST.

[Progress is for sale in Bathurst by Master Joe London.]

APRIL 3.—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. H. Stewart are in St. John visiting friends.

Miss F. J. Burns entertained a few ladies at afternoon tea on last Thursday.

We are glad to welcome among us Mrs. O. F. Stacey, of Boston, who I think intends making her home in Bathurst during the summer months. She and her first husband are quite an acquisition to our society.

Mrs. Wilson, of Halifax, is visiting her niece, Mrs. deBrisay.

During the month of March a host of our young folk male and female have been enjoying delightful tobogganing on "The Island" as early as five o'clock in the morning they may be seen wending their way to the place of fun.

Jacob White is now completing his large store on the corner of St. Patrick's street. He intends moving in about the first of May. T.

ST. ANDREWS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Andrews by T. R. Wren.]

APRIL 2.—Mr. W. A. Robertson has been visiting Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hanson have been paying a short visit in St. George.

Miss Stevenson entertained a few friends at what on Thursday evening.

Rev. Mr. Allen preached in the Methodist church on Sunday, while Rev. Mr. C.uben officiated at St. David's.

Rev. Archibald Gunn is making a short visit in St. Andrews.

Mrs. G. H. Lamb entertained a number of wee people on Wednesday last week.

The Presbyterian pulpit was filled last Sunday by Rev. Mr. McLean.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Clarke and their little ones spent Sunday of last week in St. Andrews, the guests of Capt. and Mrs. Nelson Clarke.

Mrs. C. B. Munro has joined her husband in Houston.

Mr. James Russell, M. P. P., went to Deer island on Tuesday.

Capt. and Mrs. Kent, of Grand Manan, were in town on Thursday, en route for Shelburne.

Mr. Robert Johnson, of Victoria, B. C., is visiting friends here.

Mr. H. M. Nourse came from Boston last week.

Mr. T. T. Odell has returned from a very pleasant visit to Washington and other cities. JACK.

HILLBORO.

[Progress is for sale in Hillboro at Dr. Marvill's Drug Store.]

APRIL 2.—Mrs. G. D. Steves entertained a few friends on last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Keith is visiting her sister Mrs. Hayes in St. John.

Mrs. Jas. Scott gave a small but pleasant party last Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Steves and Miss Flo Steves gave a party last Friday evening. Among the invited guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Lewis, Dr. and Mrs. Marvin, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Steves, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Steves, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Steves, Mr. and Mrs. D. Duff, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Duff, Mr. and Mrs. John I. Steves, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. John Peck, Mr. and Mrs. Watson Steves, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Edgett, Mrs. Keith, Miss Joan Wallace, Miss Emma Wallace, Miss M. Gullart, Miss Curry, Miss Ida Scott, Miss M. Gross, Miss Katie Gross, Miss Annie Steves, Miss Roseman Beatty, Ed. Sherwood, Mr. Jas. Wallace, Mr. John Wallace, Mr. F. Thomson and others.

A party was given on Sunday evening for the game of "Hidden Books." Miss Joan Wallace won the first prize and Mrs. John Peck second prize.

Mrs. John A. Beatty and Mrs. Geo. Edgett, who have been spending the past week in Moncton, returned home Saturday.

Miss Mabel Gross has gone to Amherst to visit her aunt, Mrs. Calhoun.

Mrs. G. D. Steves will have a small whist party tomorrow evening.

The friends of Mr. R. Rowe will be glad to learn that he is now convalescent, and left here Wednesday morning. SCHEWEN.

A Modern Nursery Rhyme.

[Nova Scotia Folk Lore Collection.] Respectfully dedicated to the Historical Society. "Who Killed Cock Robin?"

Who'll kill Hemmon's Bill? Said J. Wilberforce Longley (He spoke very strongly) "I'll chop it and scratch it, With my little hatchet I'll kill Hemmon's Bill!"

THE NEW MAN'S RIGHTS.

WILL HE BE CONSIDERED BY THE WOMAN?

Will He be Allowed to Occupy a Place, However Humble, in the Improved and Regenerated World She Will Create, When She Comes into Power?

I wonder whether, if she told the truth the New Woman would not confess as being just a little weary of that capital N. and capital W., which seem to be perpetually cropping up in every column of print one scans? If the N. W. was in search of an advertisement she must surely be satisfied, as success beyond her most sanguine dream has crowned her modest efforts. But if she only knew it has reached a more critical point in her career than she seems to be aware of.

Unfortunately there is only one short step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and the dividing line between the two is so invisible that the honest searcher after notoriety does not usually discover it until too late, and then to use a homely expression, "the fat will be in the fire."

"The new woman again," some impatient reader will exclaim, "what an old story she is getting to be, and now I wish she would keep out of the newspapers!" And some evil inspiration will prompt the person addressed, to respond bitterly,—"Yes, she is a nuisance, and I am sure her age qualifies her for a vote now, she ought to be called the Old Woman by this time!" And the Old Woman she will be from that time forth until she only has one wish left, the longing to hide her diminished head somewhere, and forget that she ever existed. Impertinence and persistence are good things in their way, but still there is a proverb somewhere which tells us that we may get too much of even a good thing, and once Woman—with a capital W.—becomes a drug in the market, and gets to be a nuisance, her cause is lost! The public is a long suffering institution in many ways, and willing to put up with a good deal, but the one thing it will not stand is being humiliated, and persistently bored! It rather fancied the New Woman at first, because she has a fresh sensation her pretensions were so large that their very audacity has enough to make the sternest critic smile and the easy confidence she displayed in her own ability to "run things" was too funny for anything. So she was rather encouraged that the contrary, and the public grew quite interested in her movements and waited indulgently to see what she would do next.

Since that time he has managed to do a good deal, and to keep the public surprised well-informed of her movements. True, she has not attained the summit of her ambition, since she does not vote, and still wears skirts; but she rides a bicycle, and holds congresses, at which she settles the affairs of the nation and many other things besides. She has rather a nice time if fancy, and I know she looks down upon the retiring matrons, and maids who are satisfied with their lot in life, and have no yearnings to mould the destinies of men—except those of their lovers, husbands and sons—or to shine on the platform, the hustings, or in the political arena. Such poor spirited creatures are only worthy, in her estimation, of oblivion, and the smallest w to be found in type!

She is a noble self-reliant being, this new woman, and just now she is stalking through current literature in a sort of dignified solitude truly edifying to behold, but which must be a little trying to endure. It is very nice to be a central object perched on the summit of a mountain and have everyone looking at you, but I should think it would pall after a time, and the peaceful valleys look very inviting to the solitary rembler on the height.

So far, the New Woman has said so little about the new man, that I am in doubt as to whether he will be allowed to occupy a place, however humble, in the improved and regenerated world she will create, when she comes into full power. She does not seem to take him into account at all, and it is the fear that his position is to be ignored, which has started my eloquence, and my ink flowing today. It is true there is consolation in the certainty that the news, and bravest kind of woman must pass through many generations of independence, and "self-helpable-ness," before she will get used to seeing herself home at night, to driving away a stray cow from her path, or facing an able-bodied mouse alone; so our total extinction may be delayed for some years yet, but the solemn fact remains that our usefulness is gradually growing less, and we are being crowded off the scene more rapidly than is at all pleasant. I don't know that the remedy lies in our hands, in fact I am afraid it does not, but if we would clutch the least remnant of supremacy before it is quite out of reach, it behooves us to do something, and that right soon. In short the time has arrived for the New Man to be heard from, and to assert his claim to existence as emphatically as possible before it is too late. I confess I don't see that there is any more crying need for us to be regenerated, made over new, as it were, than for the other sex to go through a like process, but it is as well to be out of the world as out of the fashion, so we may as well follow the lead of our better angels, and be new if possible. I have

B.B.B. CURES DYSPEPSIA SCROFULA CONSTIPATION THE SECRET Of the marvelous success of Burdock Blood Bitters lies in its specific curative power over every organ of the body. The Liver, the Blood, the Bowels, the Stomach, the Kidneys, the Skin, the Bladder, in fact, all parts of the human system are regulated, purified, and restored to perfect natural action by this medicine. Thus it CURES all diseases affecting these or other parts of the system, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bad Blood, Biliousness, Headache, Kidney and Liver Complaint, Obsolete Humors, Old Sores, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Nervous or General Debility, and all irregularities of the system, caused by Bad Blood or disordered action of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver or Kidneys. Thousands of testimonials warrant the assertion that B.B.B. is the BEST SPRING MEDICINE FOR YOUNG OR OLD.

not yet stretched out a platform for the New Man, provided he gives me a portfolio, but I am very sure the front plank in that structure, if I had anything to do with its framing—would be this—that women of independent fortune, or those who were wage earners, or bread winners themselves, should be entitled to all the privileges they are contending for, but that it should be considered a grave breach of the law, for women who are entirely dependent upon men for their livelihood, to be their wives, daughters or sisters, to refuse to take some notice of the humble beings who work so hard for them and are content with so little in return. A very slight acknowledgement of their existence would be sufficient, and the dignity of the new superior sex would not suffer from the concession in the least; while the stamp of approval which would be placed on the lower animal man, would be of incalculable benefit to him; a half-mark, or to speak, which would give him a distinct standing in the world as well as a marked value. Do not think it, dear kind ladies of creation, and make up your minds to give us a vote rights even if you do decide to deprecate us, don't annihilate us altogether. Let us feel that we have still a place in the world if it be an inferior one, and even though the new woman should be destined to reign paramount on the earth, during future ages that there will be a few homes in the land where the S. I. C. law is not entirely forgotten, and the new man will feel that he has a right to exist, else some day in the far off future, he may arise and clamor for his rights, even as you are doing now; and somehow I have an impression that if the new man ever does arise in his might and take the bit between his teeth after ages of oppression, he will create a ripple on the shores of time, beside which the famous Sixty gale will sink into insignificance. This is not intended as a threat by any means—only a friendly warning.

GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

PAID MONEY TO THE ROBBERS.

The Sultan of Muscat and His Strange Dealings with the B. dools.

It was a novel plan the Sultan of Muscat adopted the other day to get rid of his enemies. They had possession of the fort that overlook his chief town, and were making things very warm for his Highness. They had made most of this Arabian seaport untenable, and the Sultan was at his wits' end to know what to do.

At last a bright idea struck him. According to the cable despatches he offered the invaders \$16,000 in cash to get out of the town and give up the forts. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and after looting the palace and picking up a lot of other plunder, his Highness's disloyal subjects retreated over the hills, and the Sultan again lords it over the famous seaport of eastern Arabia.

The Sultan was in a pickle. The robber mountaineers who had risen against him, as they have a habit of doing about once a year, had come from some distance in the interior, and almost before he knew anything had happened they were in possession of the little forts that crown these mountains and of the stone fortifications that run along the slope. They had the greater part of the town at their mercy, for most of it was within range of their guns. The Sultan was still master of a small part of the town. Under the circumstances the rebels let his Highness off dirt cheap when they agreed to raise the siege for \$10,000, but then they carried off a good deal of plunder besides.

If the Sultan will take our advice he will spend the coming year and all the money he can raise in preparing to give these wild Bedouins a good trouncing when they come to the coast again to extort money from the people of Muscat. As sure as the years roll round they will appear again on the heights above the seaport. The only difference between the recent raid and that of former years is that the successful foray of the past few weeks was on a much bigger scale than usual. These Bedouins are scattered all over the interior of Oman, of which Muscat is the capital. They nearly monopolize the carrying trade, rear and most of the camels, and possess large tracts of country among the highlands. They are numerous and powerful, and the Arabs of the towns are afraid of them. The fact that, after the date crop had been sold and the people have a little more money than usual, bands of these robbers rove through the land and even

infest Muscat to forcibly acquire the product of the year's harvest, shows that the Sultan's power is becoming feeble.

Muscat is hardly half an Arab town, for many Indian traders have gone there, and today they are the largest factor in its trade and industry. The result is that this important port on the largest peninsula in the world has lost the fanatical character that makes most towns in Arabia so difficult to access. The religious faith of its inhabitants has become a curious mixture of Islam, Brahminism, and Parsi worship. The glory of the town is its fine harbor. British steamers call there regularly. Some of these days we are likely to hear that the British flag has been flying to the breeze in Muscat. The people probably would not object if they might thereby secure protection against the marauding Bedouins.

Du Maurier Takes on Awful.

A learned traveler who was lately permitted to look through a window pane at George Du Maurier says that he is kept in close seclusion, nobody being permitted to see him, the slightest allusion to "Trilby" causing him to flush at the mouth. Every morning Mrs. Du Maurier carefully reads the paper and cuts out all the notes about "Trilby" and throws them in the fire. Then she lets the wretched man read the news. The Harpers have been warned to address no communication to him, not even bills of exchange for his profits, lest they should remind him of "Trilby" and he should go mad. On a recent morning at breakfast Mrs. Du Maurier, opening the mail, paused to examine one communication. "What is it?" asked Mr. Du Maurier. "Oh," said she, thoughtlessly, "it's that little bill—"

With a wild shriek Du Maurier rose and began hurling the china. "What again!" he howled. "Little Billee again! Where is he? Where is he? Oh, let me get at him!" And it was quite a while before he could be calmed and told his mistake.

Three Crops a Year.

Small as the farms are, many of the Chinese farmers obtain wonderful results from their work. Three crops a year are by no means uncommon, and if any sign of a failure of crop is seen, the seed for another crop is straightway sown. The land is irrigated and thoroughly fertilized. Everything is saved. Thousands of men do nothing else but gather up bits of fertilizing matter and sell them. The refuse is put together in such liquid form that a garden. Each plot gets its daily food and drink.

Whalebone in Favor.

The best dressmakers no longer are willing to use substitutes in the market for the old-fashioned whalebone. They insist upon going back to these for the darts and ever, with a diffidence. The corsets stretched upon the lining and then the bones, which have been soaked in a basin of water till they are perfectly flexible, are run in-

Broken in Health

That Tired Feeling, Constipation and Pain in the Back

Appetite and Health Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Whalebone in Favor. The best dressmakers no longer are willing to use substitutes in the market for the old-fashioned whalebone. They insist upon going back to these for the darts and ever, with a diffidence. The corsets stretched upon the lining and then the bones, which have been soaked in a basin of water till they are perfectly flexible, are run in-

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Whalebone in Favor. The best dressmakers no longer are willing to use substitutes in the market for the old-fashioned whalebone. They insist upon going back to these for the darts and ever, with a diffidence. The corsets stretched upon the lining and then the bones, which have been soaked in a basin of water till they are perfectly flexible, are run in-

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side the made coverings and cut off, as they may easily be. The bone may even be sewed through with the utmost readiness when it is thus softened by soaking.

An Extraordinary Explosive.

Among the most wonderful and dangerous of all explosives is iodide of nitrogen. For many years chemists have been trying to determine its precise composition, and in doing so have sometimes fairly taken their lives in their hands. For the substance explodes on the slightest provocation. An mere draught of air passing over it will cause an explosion. The least shock or friction is equally disastrous. But Doctor Szuhan, of Buda Pesth, has not been deterred by any danger from trying once more to ascertain what the iodide of nitrogen contains, although he has had some of his apparatus pulverized before his eyes. And he has succeeded, too, in his attempt, having recently established the fact that the extraordinary explosive, which he produced in the form of a fine powder, contains hydrogen as well as iodine and nitrogen. This fact has been suspected, but never really proved.

A Bishop's Romance.

The late Dr. Ailay, Bishop of Hereford, baptized as well as married his wife. An English clergyman, the Reverend Canon Henry Frederick Phillips, M. A., now residing at Wootton, in the Isle of Wight, was formerly a curate at St. Trinity Church, Hyde, of which the Rev. Arthur John Wade, Mr. A., was vicar. Canon Phillips, while serving a curate to Mr. Wade, baptized his vicar's daughter, whom when she was grown up, he married. The bride's father's first curacy was in the Isle of Wight, in the diocese of Salisbury, and his first in England, St. James's, Bristol. He went to the Isle of Wight in 1846, and became vicar of Holy Trinity in 1846. An incident is related at the marriage of a man (aged thirty) who, when at Christening on the Island of Gole, in the West of Scotland, was so struck with the pleasant little face of the baby that he resolved to make the child his wife, and when she reached the age of eighteen he married her.

A Kindly Warning.

A little girl in this city, in saying her prayers the other night, was led to pray for her father and mother, who are both very ill, and for one of the servants who had lost her husband. She did as instructed, and concluded

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1895.

THIS CITY'S CHARITIES.

WHAT SOME OF THEM HAVE DONE TO HELP THE POOR.

The King's Daughters and their Noble Work—The Charitable Work of the W. C. T. U.—An Aid Society Which Owe Its Being to the Great Fire.

The work of a number of the charities of the city has been told in this article which will tell what others have done to help the poor and lowly. There are in the city thirteen institutions for charitable objects and four societies devote themselves to relief work.

The institutions are the general hospital, the Mater Misericordia hospital, four orphan asylums, home for aged women, insane asylum, home for reformed women, S. A. rescue home, day nursery, and little girls' home. The societies on the relief and aid, W. C. T. U., King's Daughters and St. Vincent de Paul.

On the same standard of importance as the insane asylum is the general public hospital, also a provincial institution. Last year 625 patients were admitted to the institution and there were 91 there at the beginning of the year, a total of 716 treated during the year. Besides these 895 visited the hospital and received treatment. The average cost of each patient per day was 72 1/2 cents. The total expense of maintenance for the year was about \$18,000. The hospital is governed by a board of commissioners numbering ten. The resident physician and superintendent is Dr. W. A. Christie and Eliza P. Hegan is the matron. There is an efficient staff of assisting physicians and nurses and in proportion to the outlay the hospital accomplishes much good.

The King's Daughters do a great deal of work in the relief of destitution and in the improvement of the condition of the working classes in this city. In St. John they have a membership of between three or four hundred and they are banded together to help the lowly. Under the leadership of their active president, Mrs. McMichael, they did a great deal of work during their last society year. They conducted sewing and evening classes and an employment bureau. The girls of the cotton mills receive considerable of their attention and quite a number of them attend their classes. They also do considerable relief work. Last year 160 persons applied to them for relief. 39 families received clothing, 25 received food and other received medicine, fuel, etc. Mrs. Wesley is one of the most active members of the society. Last year she reported 26 cases of hardship or affliction to ministers and others and the unfortunate ones were assisted. Mrs. Hall is the general secretary of this body of workers.

An organization which was constituted mainly for other purposes but which devotes some attention to charitable work is the Women's Christian Temperance Union. They devote themselves chiefly to temperance and women's work, but charitable and benevolent effort finds a large place in their thoughts. They established the Little Girls' Home and during the course of a year about ten children find a shelter there and a permanent home. The maintenance of this home costs about \$570. They make the jail brighter to the unfortunate who are there by their frequent visitations. Last year they held about fifty evangelistic services in the jail and made about the same number of visits to female prisoners. They moreover engage in relief work as far as limited means will allow and in this way expend about \$70 a year.

A product of the great fire of 1877 was the organization of the Relief and Aid society formed for the purpose of expending two funds which were subscribed for the relief of the sufferers by the fire. The total amount subscribed was about \$375,000 and the first year \$204,800 was expended in the immediate relief of those who lost their means of livelihood by the fire. The second year \$32,600 was expended. The balance remaining was then \$141,000 and \$6000 or \$7000 are now expended annually in this relief work. There are a large number of names on the list of contributors. Some of these are people who have received help ever since the fire. Others have been put on at different times since then and they are being put on even now. These have struggled along on their uphill road but at last, old age reaching them, they have had to seek aid. Mr. James Reynolds is the president and Mayor Robertson is treasurer and the society is composed of a number of leading citizens.

There are four orphan asylums in the city, the Protestant Orphan Asylum, Wiggins' Male Asylum, the Cliff Street Asylum and St. Patrick's. The Protestant Orphan asylum is maintained by private contributions and there are there on the average 30 or 40 boys and girls. The cost of maintenance of the institution is about \$3,000. The matron is Miss Frost and the motherless and fatherless find in the asylum a veritable home. Mr. W. W. Turnbull is president of the board of directors, Mr. J. E. Irvine is treasurer and Mr. E. L. Whitaker secretary.

The Wiggins Male Orphan Asylum was

founded through the munificence of Mr. Stephen Wiggins, who left a bequest of \$150,000 for the purpose. This was increased by another bequest of Mr. Charles Merritt. There are thirteen boys in the home at present, which is the average number and the annual cost of maintenance is \$3000 or \$3000. The asylum occupies a substantial building on St. James street valued at \$67,000, and the principal is Rev. R. Mathers. G. Sidney Smith is president of the board of governors and Mr. J. T. Hutt is secretary-treasurer.

ST. ANNE DE BRUAPE. The Famous Canadian Shrine, Which Thousands Visit.

The following extract is from an article in the "Easter Donahoe's": Outside of Lower Canada, who knows what Canadian villages are like in winter? They have been represented and misrepresented. That they are primitive, no one can deny. In the country parts, Canadians are proverbially conservative, though in the large towns they are losing this characteristic, and even in the rural districts a gradual change is working, especially among the young, whose avocations take them among the surging populations of large towns and even in other countries. But the spirit still prevailing in our villages is eminently conservative and catholic. To any one not thoroughly conversant with the dates of the Feasts and Saints' Days of the catholic church it is somewhat puzzling in the conversation to hear constant allusion to Kings (Epiphany) Chandelers (Purification), St. Jean Baptiste, St. Martin, All Saints, etc. Of course St. Anne's Day (July 26), is pre-eminently feted and referred to among the good folks in her own chosen abode. The weather, too, is prophesied by the way the wind blows on certain days, and nothing can bode worse for an early spring than a northeast wind blowing during the reading of the Passion on Good Friday.

One strange metamorphosis at St. Anne, during the winter, is that noticed among the beggars. In the summer, beggars from Quebec and from afar, through the village, exhibiting their wounds and infirmities to the good pilgrims, and, when they can elude the eyes of the Fathers, loudly clamoring for alms. In the winter these beggars vanish, and beggars of the regular Canadian type make their appearance. These are generally men and women who have been compelled to ask charity through the loss of property, infirmity, or old age. There is almost a respectability about them, and no one refuses them a meal, a night's lodging, or a few coppers. Articles of food are also bestowed on them, and it is for the accommodation of such gits that the sack is carried on the shoulder.

Nothing can be more different than summer and winter at St. Anne's Basilica. The only thing that remains the same is "good St. Anne" herself. Comparatively few pilgrims approach the shrine in winter, yet the saint gives, in proportion, as many proofs then as in summer, of her power with God. Wonderful are the miracles which have been made known of bodily cures; but those which are not recorded, miracles of grace, of conversion, and of spiritual healing, are still more numerous and more astounding. If the priest could speak from his confessional he could unfold to us greater wonders than we dream of.

A Queer Form of Courtship.

A well-known English artist, while travelling in the East in search of subjects, came upon a curious form of courtship. Sketching one day in Burmah, he noticed a man a little distance off, glaring fiercely straight ahead of him at some object he could not see from his position. The man sat with the same fixed glare the whole of the afternoon, and was there again next morning. The artist had the curiosity to ask an English visitor what it meant. The reply was, "Oh, he is in love." It was explained that this was their method of courtship. The object of this man's attentive gaze was a girl in the neighboring bazaar. When a man falls in love he has to seat himself at a certain distance from his adored one, and wait for her to do the rest. If she looks in his direction once or twice on the first or second day, he is wildly encouraged; and if on the third day she nods at him and smiles, it is time to go to the parents with reference to the marriage settlements.

With A Dog For Lawyer

A dog was recently allowed to plead for his master in a New York police court. The matter was arrested for being drunk, the man and dog were locked up together in a cell in the station-house. When brought before the judge the next morning and asked what he had to say for himself, the man said to the dog, "Talk to him, Jim." And Jim, rising on his hind legs, whined into the judge's ear. "Are we sorry, Jim?" interrupted the man, and the dog sank his head between his paws and to the eyes of the spectators appeared convulsed with grief. The judge dismissed the case, remarking that such a sensible dog deserved a sober master.

Invincible Ink.

Quite a dramatic story is told of the General Post Office, concerning "invincible ink." A postman had long been suspected of stealing sheets of postage-stamps, but the crime could not be brought home to him. One day he was found with a square foot or two of them in his possession and confronted with his official superiors. He maintained, as on former occasions, that he had bought them for his own use. "What these?" exclaimed his chief, at the same time passing a moist brush over one of the sheets, whereupon the blood-red words, "Stolen from the General Post Office," started out like flame upon it. The ingenious chemical contrivance at once brought the thief to his knees.

PRETTY ST. JOHN GIRLS.

THEIR CLAIMS TO BEAUTY DISCUSS AT THE TEA-TABLE.

What the Handsome Man, the Cynic, the Philosopher and the Aesthetic One Think of Our Maidens—How They Differ From Toronto Girls.

Not long ago that versatile writer "Kit," otherwise plain Mrs. Watkins, criticized the St. John girl in a way that was not only unfair, but positively wanting in good taste and refinement. This particular form of ridicule is, I believe, a peculiarity of the fair "Kit" though it is not my intention to discuss her interesting failings here. This is for the delectation of the St. John girl—not as a balm for wounded feelings however as I believe the majority were far too sensible to take "Kit's" remarks seriously, therefore flattery's, soothing salve may be relegated to a top shelf.

"Do you think St. John girls are pretty?" It was the tall, aesthetic boarder with the white hands and dreamy eyes who asked the question at the tea-table the other night, and as no previous remarks had suggested the subject it took almost two minutes for each one to recover his mental equilibrium. There seemed to be a very general, though unspoken, feeling, that the Aesthetic One had been too abrupt and as no one in particular had been addressed everybody waited for somebody else to speak; the St. John girl's reputation seemed trembling in the balance during that uncomfortable pause and to one interested in the proper adjustment of the matter it was by no means flattering.

Finally the company drew a deep breath and as if by mutual consent all eyes turned to the Handsome Man who occupies an isolated seat at the foot of the table; not that there was any connection between him and the interesting question but, somehow his opinion, especially in matters similar to the one under discussion carries more weight than that of our Cynic, Philosopher, Medical Student and Aesthetic One combined. No one seems to know just why this is so, but it may be due to the fact that, having done considerable globe-trotting he is the more competent to judge in such matters and is somewhat of an authority on female beauty. He maintains the dignity of the position he has won, in a most insouciant manner and in his descriptions are sometimes a trifle too deep for the ordinary mind to grasp we have an uncomfortable consciousness that our own mental machinery is out of gear.

He rose sublimely to the present occasion, though with a decidedly bored look, as if the subject were a threadbare one, to him.

"Do I think St. John girls pretty?" he repeated as he carefully balanced his spoon on a glass. "Well let me see"—and here the Handsome Man fell into a deep study, while the others held their breath in suspense. The silence lasted only a very short time however, and then, "Well, yes, I do think the majority of them decidedly pretty and I've seen some pretty girls in my time." This last assertion has ceased to excite the same admiration and envy that it did six months ago, for having heard it on an average of four times daily we have grown very well acquainted with it; no comment was made so he proceeded. "They are not exactly beautiful, not stately like the Halifax and Toronto girl, but taken all in all they are very good to look at and"

"But what is their chief claim to good looks in your eyes," interrupted the impatient Cynic. "Is it just the mere accident of a pretty face or is it in the general appearance?"

"Oh in general appearance of course. They all have excellent figures; in fact that is one of the first things that strikes a stranger. They are a trim, neat and natty lot of girls."

"But don't you think they would look more soulful, more ethereal, with just a trifle less color," suggested the Aesthetic One.

"No, sir," promptly replied the champion of the St. John girl, "none of your sentimental, languishing creatures, of the old keepsake style for me; every sensible man will prefer the St. John girls just as they are, bright and natty, with the freshest and prettiest of complexions, and these days when complexions are a purchasable commodity one can better appreciate the natural article. In Toronto now or instance, the exact original shade of the female face divine is an unknown quantity and there is an awful monotony of your soulful ethereal faces."

The irrepressible Handsome Man would doubtless have continued in this strain indefinitely but for the entrance of the Medical Student who generally has an original idea on most subjects and is never afraid to express it, even if it sometimes differ with the solon of the circle.

"Talking of pretty girls, are you?" said he. "I heard considerable about St. John girls before I came here and somehow they are always associated in my mind now with the St. John policemen. For some time after my arrival I looked in vain

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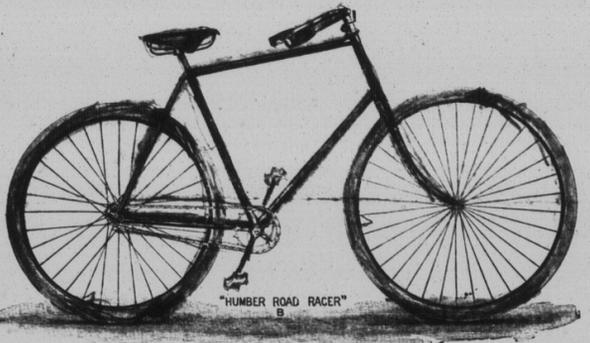
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PEABODY'S ROMANCE.

"Yes, I know George Peabody personally. The speaker had a two-story head; such a tall forehead could not tower up in a head of only one story. It was thatched with silver now; for that head was eighty-six years old. Under the great-house of jet black bushy eyebrows, what bright eyes, looked out. Old age or cool the Douglas blood, nor does it dim the Douglas. He was sitting in a great arm chair, on the broad back galeric of an of an old-fashioned Southern home, and it was the grand-child leaning against his knee who asked him the questions; "Did you ever see George Peabody? Did you know him?" "Yes, little Ethel," he went on, "I knew George Peabody well. I was merchandising at Madison Courthouse, Va., and George Peabody was a wholesale merchant in Baltimore. I always bought my goods from him. No man had had dealings with him once ever torsook him for another man. It never occurred to me that he was a great man, but I felt the power of the absolute straightforwardness and simplicity of his character. Then his integrity was exactly what the word implies—wholesome, entireness, soundness throughout—everywhere, in length, breadth, and thickness. The strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link, but in the chain of characteristics that went to the making up of George Peabody's character there was no weakest link. All were sound and strong. "Grandpa, said little Ethel, "I know he was a good man, a great man, for we have been studying all about him in our grade, before his money first started our public school down in Selma, Ala., and we have his picture on our walls there, and Miss Emily told us all about him, but somehow, grandpa, I don't love him much. And I never will love him much." "Why, my child, I don't understand you. It seems to me that every child in the South ought to love George Peabody." "Well, grandpa, they don't. The little darkeys are not going to love him because he didn't give them any money for their education. All the white children love him except me, and I don't love him one bit. There I I wanted to say that and I feel so much better that I have said it. That old cracker woman in Factory Row said to her little child the other day: 'I allus lowed that ef you got sump'n to say don't keep chawin' of it; jest let in and spit hit out.' Well, I've spit that out and I feel better." "Can little Ethel give any reason for her feeling? It won't do to say 'because,' you know that never satisfies grandpa. Why is it? Tell me now that you do not love George Peabody after all the history of his noble deeds has been unrolled before you? Can you account to yourself for the fact that he excites no enthusiasm in the heart of a little enthusiast noted for being a hero-worshiper." "Why, grandpa, you ought to know," said the child, with that same hiding-away of sacred thoughts that we see in older people. "You ought to know if anybody in the world does." "But, girly, I do not." "Why, grandpa," said the child, nestling up to the old man and laying her curly golden head upon his breast, while he put his arm around her. "I love grandpa, and George Peabody wouldn't get married, and wouldn't have any little boys and girls, and they didn't grow up like my mamma did, and have another little girl like me. I love old men to be grandpa. I don't like George Peabody and John Greenleaf Whittier. I don't mind about Washington Irving because it was so sad about his sweetheart. You know she died, and he never, never never loved anybody else, and so he couldn't get married you know, but had to live on with a broken heart. Oh I love him; indeed I do; but George Peabody—no, I don't like him a bit. I only admire him, and stand quite still, and make a nice dignified bow to him. My heart don't beat any faster, and I don't feel the blood hurrying along up to my face as you say it does when I am very glad and happy. I just look at his picture, and say, all to myself, good morning, sir. You are a very great man, but little Ethel don't love you one bit, not even one teeny, teeny wee bit of a bit." "Ah, you romantic little child-woman. I understand; I understand. But listen; let grandpa tell you something that he heard in old Virginia such a long long time ago, that he cannot remember who told him. It seems that I have known it always. Here it is: Once upon a time a long while ago, there was a fresh, pretty wholesome, sweet young girl; a girl as true as steel, as modest as a violet; a girl who was a "very woman of very woman." She was like Bassanio, the only wealth she had ran in her veins; She was like the milkmaid who sang, "My face is my fortune." Beautiful and well born, and with a fair soul. Well a man much older than this girl saw her, grew to know her well, loved her. With the strong truest love of a mature man in his heart he went to her with all the simplicity of truth told her of his love and asked her to be his wife. This man was the rich merchant, George Peabody. The girl did not flash beneath his ardent gaze; she grew pale; her bosom heaved, her eyelids dropped over the eyes where he had hoped to see love looked back into his own. With the worshipping love that fills the heart of him who woos nobly, he waits for a moment in a silence so deep that he hears his own heart beat. Tears escape from the down-dropped eyes of the girl; her lip trembles. Then, as if with a supreme effort, she raises her eyes, looks into his, and said: "I cannot bear to pain you—but, oh, oh,—I love another. I love a man in your employ, a poor clerk. I am going to marry him. Forgive me. Forgive us both. He loves me and I love him." "Oh, grandpa, what did he do? What did George Peabody do? I am so sorry for him; it hurts me to think about him. I must open my eyes wide so that I cannot see him. My eyes make pictures when they are shut," and I cannot bear to look at his face now, grandpa." "Tell me, what did he do?" "He bade her good-by; he told that he hoped she would be happy, and believed that she would be, for the young man was worthy of the love of a true woman. Then he left her." "Shortly afterward the young man received sudden promotion from Mr. Peabody, then was made a partner in the

business. When the wedding took place, Mr. Peabody was an honored guest at the wedding, and his bridal gift was a check for many, many thousands of dollars. "No, little Ethel, George Peabody did not set his eye to the music of a gentle voice and the patter of little feet, but he was tender and true as Douglas of old—tender and truer, perhaps, than any of the grandpas, whose little ones nestle lovingly in their arms." "Very quietly little Ethel climbed down from her grandpa's lap and went into the house. A moment later she returned, her eyes shining through her tears. "I went to get my history, grandpa. His picture is in it. I wanted to kiss him and tell him that I loved him just like my grandpa." MONGOOSE AGAINST COBRA. How the Little Fighting Animal Vanquishes the Most Deadly of Serpents. One of the most interesting and curious animals known to India are the mongooses. They belong to the weasel tribe, and are about the size of half-grown cats. They are dark brown in color, and have long and rather bushy tails. To see them in the jungles playing with their half-dead young is one of the most interesting and entertaining pleasures of jungle life. In their wild state they are exceedingly timid, and scamper off to their hidden retreat at a moment's warning. When taken young they are easily tamed and make agreeable pets. Both natives and Europeans value them highly, as they will soon clear the premises of the numerous hordes of mice and rats that often abound, and also make way with the larger noxious insects to a great degree. Domesticated, they are cunning and mischievous, fond of milk and eggs, and are easily reared. They never, however, forget their jungle habits, and cannot be trained so as not to molest either their masters, or the neighbors' chickens or pigeons, and, like their near relative the weasel, they often destroy a whole coopful of chickens in one night, merely cutting the throat with their sharp incisors, sucking the blood from their victim, and leaving the body untouched. The peculiar trait of this little animal is its great antipathy to the whole serpent tribe. The greatest of interest is always manifested when it is known that a battle is to take place between a mongoose and a cobra. Often Europeans secure a large cobra and, placing it in an unoccupied room, feed it for several days until it is strong and lively, then introduce its natural enemy and watch the terrific conflict. This is accompanied with much danger, for in captivity the serpent will rarely eat of its own accord. But the enthusiastic youth will put on heavy boots and thick clothing, tie a handkerchief around his neck and about his face, enclose his hands in a pair of thick buckskin gloves, then fearlessly enter the room, catch the venomous creature near the head and force down its throat a number of raw eggs. This process is repeated almost every day for a week or two, until the reptile becomes strong, lively, and powerful. The mongoose also is not neglected, for it must be in as good condition as possible so as to meet its adversary with equal advantage. Both being in excellent condition the battle is announced, and never fails in bringing a large crowd of interested witnesses. The mongoose is introduced into the room, and immediately the most furious and absorbingly interesting conflict ever seen commences. It is usually a deadly combat, and unless interfered with in any way so. The serpent seems to know its enemy. At once its head is erected and hood expanded; dancing and swaying from side to side it advances slowly, carefully to give battle. The hissing and smothered growling, and the glittering eyes and flashing fiery tongue of the maddened reptile is a scene of awful malignity. The mongoose is in no way daunted by the furious anger manifested by its terrible antagonist, and stealthily but cautiously advances. Watch the beautiful little fellow. All our sympathy is with our friend. See him circle round, seeking an advantage. But he is met at every turn by the subtle enemy. If the serpent strikes the mongoose while it is on the ground, which sometimes happens, and has a chance to turn its head, the deadly poison is injected through its fangs and the battle is over, for now the mongoose hurriedly seeks an avenue for escape, and will hasten into the jungle, where some believe it finds an antidote for the poison unknown to humanity. Mongooses have often been closely followed after such a catastrophe, but so far their secret cure has never been discovered. The poison acts so quickly that unless allowed to escape, the poor little creatures soon succumb. But the mongoose rarely allows such an accident to happen. It is usually quicker than the striking serpent, and often catches the head of its adversary in midair. The wonderful agility of this animal is marvelous. If it gets a good hold of the serpent's jaw, then there is tremendous tussle, and for a time cobra and mongoose are indistinguishable as they roll, flounder, and struggle. They break away, the mongoose retreats, and gets his wind, while the serpent seems loath to continue. It dare not follow any seeming advantage, for the mongoose never loses courage as long as it escapes the twisted head of the serpent, and the serpent's head must twist before the death-dealing power is effectual. They go in for another round. The mongoose makes the advance. The serpent erects and bleeds at the mouth, is maddened beyond expression. As his enemy approaches, if possible, more cautiously than before. It crouches and creeps; the serpent strikes; the mongoose dodges away from its reach. Again it goes through a similar movement and bounds at the head of the serpent, the serpent strikes, and the mongoose lands opposite. As quick as a flash again it jumps for the serpent's head, inflicts a slight wound and lands just beyond the lightning-like strike of

the serpent and as quickly turns to the charge, seizing the serpent close to the head on the neck. The serpent for the moment is pinned to the ground. It lashes its tail and turns its head in every direction, endeavoring to shake off the plucky mongoose. The struggle is desperate and successful, for suddenly the mongoose is away out of reach of its dreadful fangs. Panting and almost breathless, it rests for more wind on one side of the room, while the serpent, bleeding and almost exhausted, curls itself in the centre. We wonder if the mongoose is wounded, as with its tongue it laps the blood off its body and curiously examines itself with its nose. But see, it is all alert; watch its beautiful, twinkling eyes. It still has all the marks of cunning mischievousness peculiar to its species. Again it is ready for the fray and seeks its enemy. The serpent, with watchful eyes, would escape if it were possible. But see, it is all alert; watch its beautiful, twinkling eyes. 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Sunday Reading.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

The Strong Precepts That are Found in the Bible.

Two friends were sitting on the veranda of a country house looking toward the West. It was at the delectable hour of sunset, when the affairs of the day are done and the heart is at home with itself. The glories of the sunset seemed to fill the world, and to open the hearts of the two friends that they poured forth their innermost feelings, for they were congenial, and their friendship was heart friendship. One was an elderly person, with the experiences of a long life, and the other a young college woman, with remarkable intellectual gifts and a well-trained mind.

This conversation fell upon serious things, and the elderly friend said: "What is the most important thing, what is the one thing you cannot live without? You have had this far almost everything that makes life desirable—a happy home, a competency, and the advantages of education and travel." She hesitated, and her thoughtful eyes wandered. "Yes," she said, "it is true; I have enjoyed almost every blessing that the world has to offer. I have seen almost all the beautiful things God has made for His children, and I can truly say that to my soul the best thing I know, the thing that gives me more real happiness, more peaceful satisfaction than any other thing I can live without, is the love of my friends, the sympathy that comes from hearts fired with the love of God, and that reaches out to every one of His children."

Said the elderly woman, she upon whom the years had left their traces, looking into the glorious sunset clouds which always open to me the gates of heaven: It is love that thrills me through and through, that makes my heart leap with joy at the thought of meeting the loved ones who are within the gates. What would avail the splendors of the heavenly city, the pearly gates and the golden streets, if there were no loving hearts to answer to my longing heart, and what in the daily routine of life, though one should have all the world call good, what could satisfy the desires of a human heart if there were none to love and none to help?

Said the young lady: "The wise people say friendship is dying out. What has the world to offer better than the heart intercourse, the friendly interchange of thought that you and I have at this moment—the helping hand that love stretches out towards the unfortunate, the helpful emotion that comes with the thought that we have made some one happier and better, that we have sent a ray of sunshine into some sorrowing heart? God grant us more love to Himself, and so to His children, for 'if we love not our brother whom we have seen, how can we love God whom we have not seen?' 'How dwelleth the love of God in us.'"

HONOR IN BUSINESS.

Some Remarkable Examples of Honesty when Unlooked For.

Some people pay their debts, some do not; some go in for liquidation, while others again are content to go through the process of being "whitewashed," and after paying a certain sum, more or less (generally less), never allow such a trivial matter as an unpaid balance to again trouble them.

There have been, however, several exceptional and striking examples of commercial honesty and integrity, instances where men have, owing to adverse circumstances, "come a cropper," but have afterwards (many years afterwards, some of them) paid their debts in full.

A notable case was recorded recently, none the less striking because the man owed but a small sum. Some six years ago a young man had a tobaccoist's business in a town in the West. Things went wrong with him, and eventually he left the town suddenly. His debts, including two quarters' rent, amounted altogether to \$500. Recently he has returned and not only paid all the money he owed with interest up to date, but he also insisted on giving a supper to his creditors.

Such an instance as this deserves to rank as honorable as that of Sir Moses Montefiore, who, it will be remembered, made up for having failed by eventually paying all his creditors with five per cent. interest. An equally noble example is afforded in the history of the firm of Messrs. Ickeringill. Failing in 1879 for a large sum, the partners were released from all their obligations on payment of a composition of 50 cents on the dollar. Since then they have had to overcome many unlooked for difficulties, but that notwithstanding, they have called their old creditors together, and, at an outlay of over \$50,000, have paid the 50 cents owing on every dollar they were indebted.

A later instance of honorable generosity as related of a certain well known gentleman. A small company in which he was interested went to the bad, and not satisfied with simply bearing his own loss, he has let it be his duty to pay in full the balance to make up the amount invested by the shareholders.

A pleasant story is on record in connection with a West of England building society, which a few years ago came to grief. The cause of this was the defection of an official who had won the unlimited confidence of the whole board of directors. The culprit was taken with the robbery, and probably because there was no other way out of the difficulty, admitted his guilt in order to make restitution, so far as lay in his power. The secretary and the directors, however, were not satisfied with this, and to save the credit of the society, as well as to make it impossible for the shareholders and depositors to suffer, they subscribed

between them every shilling of which that society had been robbed.

Another building society official, the secretary this time, "acting on a sudden impulse," departed one night with \$600 of the society's money. The society's headquarters are in a town on the south coast. Recently the directors have been pleasantly surprised by the receipt of \$250, included in a letter. It was from the former secretary, the money being "an instalment" toward making good his delinquencies.

A delicate method of making good a failure in early life was that employed by the late Mr. Neville, the great baker. Mr. Neville's first venture in business ended in bankruptcy. Failure made him try harder to succeed, and eventually he became wealthy. Then he invited each of his former creditors to a dinner, and under the covers set for each was placed a check for the balance owing, with compound interest up to date.

In 1883 a large firm of merchants failed for a considerable sum. They paid 40 cents on the dollar. Recently one of the partners (the one who was, perhaps, least responsible for the failure) returned from America, and after considerable difficulty succeeded in tracing every creditor, to whom he has paid the balance due. This, in spite of the fact that after so doing he was left with less than \$200 with which to start the world anew.

SOME BRAVE CHILDREN.

"That Brave Drummer Boy of Kent Who Never Beat Retreat."

An American girl performed a heroic act during the recent forest fires. She was 12 years old, and saved her little brother of 2 by running with him on her back down the railway to a neighboring camp.

In another case a boy 14 years of age displayed great heroism during a fire. His home was being burned down, but he was rescued by passer-by. As soon as they got him into the street he inquired after his father, brothers and sisters, and when he found that they were not saved he immediately rushed back in the burning house in order to rescue them, if possible. He found his father lying insensible, badly scorched by the flames, and succeeded in dragging him out. He then went back to relieve his brothers and sisters, but unfortunately, the flames prevented him from doing anything further, and so the five children were burned to death. This took place at Springfield, Minn.

Another little girl of nine showed that she had grit in her. She and her brother of five were playing near the dam of a mill, when the little boy fell into the water, and she immediately plunged in to his assistance. The mother of the children was present, and she, too, rushed into the water, and rose with one under each arm. Fortunately, her cries for help brought her husband to the spot, and he succeeded in swimming to them, and bringing them all safely to land.

Some schoolboys also proved themselves well worthy to be included in a list of brave children. Six of them were bathing one suddenly disappeared in a deep part of the river, but immediately a comrade, aged 13, dived after him, and he, too, sank, apparently to rise no more. Another boy of twelve followed, but with a like result, and yet a fourth, about the same age, was so little daunted that he likewise plunged in to the assistance of his comrades. He, too, sank from view, but this moment a man appeared on the shore and managed to reach the remaining one.—the boy who had first risked his life to save his companion.—so a fifth boy, only ten years old, pluckily plunged in, and success attended his effort. Surely this is a record of heroism amongst schoolboys.

War has frequently brought out these youthful heroes. When Sir Cloudeley Shovel was a boy he was engaged on a ship in action, the commander of which wished to know some important orders conveyed to another ship at a considerable distance. Shovel undertook the task, and actually swam through the enemy's line of fire with the despatches in his mouth.

Admiral Ezebonias's son, a lad of thirteen years of age, was another useful hero. He was on board the Orient at the battle of the Nile, and, stationing himself amongst the guns, greatly encouraged the men in action. His was wounded, and the vessel took fire, and yet the boy could not be induced for some considerable time to leave his post. Ultimately, he was prevailed upon to do so, and when he saw his father in the gunroom, which was the first infirmity that he was wounded, he refused to leave him in order to save his own life, although an explosion was inevitable. "If my father must die, I will die with him," he answered to entreaties, and there he remained, although shortly afterwards the fire reached the powder, and the vessel was blown up.

An English drummer boy once showed his pluck before the French. It was during the war with France prior to the revolution that the boy in question, who was only fifteen years of age, wandered from his camp, and was seized by the enemy. On being questioned by his captors, he stated that he was a drummer, whereupon a drum was sent for in order to test him. He beat a couple of marches, but the suspicious French commander was still not satisfied, and requested the boy to beat a retreat. "A retreat, sir," exclaimed the brave fellow; "I don't know what that is," and this answer so pleased the Frenchman that he released the drummer, and wrote to his general commending his plucky conduct.

One Hero in Paul's Day.

There was but one hero in Paul's day, inside and out, and Paul was the man. No training, no school, academic or other, no philosophy, none of all those that draw the sword to carve their way to fame, could be compared with him for a moment. Others were but luminous dust that filled the air when the sun shines; but he filled him-

self up into grandeur. Disfigured, probably of body, sun-eyed, contemptible in speech, among men that estimated all things according to their outward appearance, he stood most highly, Paul filled himself up to a stature so high that 2,000 years have not put it down below the horizon.

"The Greatest Occupation."

The greatest occupation of intelligent man is praise. There is nothing nobler than worship. Nothing can become a grateful soul more than to pour forth his gratitude in holy songs, anthems of sincere thanksgiving. In a beautiful psalm not far away the psalmist calls on all his powers to engage themselves in praise. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." As though, like some general commanding an army, he blew a clarion note that should summon every soldier to the front to stand in solemn reverence before their king. God is indeed worthy to be praised by every power of man. Thought and emotion, anticipation should all be laid upon that altar that sacrifices alike the worship and the worshipper. Another thought is here presented. God is worthy to be praised by every tongue, by every form of intelligent homage. He is also worthy to be praised through all the years and all the ages. "From the rising of the sun to the setting of the sun, and from the east to the west, the name of the Lord our God shall be praised." Another thought is here presented. God is worthy to be praised by every tongue, by every form of intelligent homage. He is also worthy to be praised through all the years and all the ages.

When we analyze the ingredients that go to make up the spirit of the time, of any one phase of time, and when we observe that, notwithstanding its stout assertions of a right to rule, it melts away before our very eyes like the fashions of a lady's dress into shape and modes which contradict, with equal self-confidence, its former self, we may hesitate before we listen to it as if it were a prophet or make a fetish of it as though it had within it a concealed divinity. The spirit of any generation may have its own elements to recommend it, but assuredly it has also other and very different elements, and the question is, Whence do they come, whether are they drifting? All that is moving, interesting, exciting in the world of ideas, in the successive conceptions of the living mind, is but the play of the elements that are in it, and it is necessary for us, nor does it necessarily tend toward, the source of good. The mere movement of the ages does not in itself imply a progress from lower to higher, from darkness to light; movement is not right, but it may have its own elements to recommend it, but assuredly it has also other and very different elements, and the question is, Whence do they come, whether are they drifting? All that is moving, interesting, exciting in the world of ideas, in the successive conceptions of the living mind, is but the play of the elements that are in it, and it is necessary for us, nor does it necessarily tend toward, the source of good. The mere movement of the ages does not in itself imply a progress from lower to higher, from darkness to light; movement is not right, but it may have its own elements to recommend it, but assuredly it has also other and very different elements, and the question is, Whence do they come, whether are they drifting? 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HE KILLED THE WOLVES.

BUT HE ALSO KILLED ALL HIS FAVORITE DOGS.

An Interesting Letter From a Provincialist—The Great Milk River Valley—Wolves are Bigger Than They Have Been for Years.—A Fair Hunter.

The following interesting letter is from a provincialist in the west, Mr. J. S. Bliss of Chinook, Lower Snake Creek, Montana. Mr. Bliss is evidently not a strong upholder of the democratic party: "The Great Milk River Valley and surrounding country was six years ago a part of the Tetonian Indian reservation. It came into possession of the United States government by the treaty made in the winter of 1886 and 1887, and was opened for settlement the following year, but though only a new country the home recker, unless his pockets are well lined, had better not come here, for all desirable ranches are taken up and are being held by actual settlers or land grabbers who are holding for a stiff figure. This will be the next future a great country, rich in ore and range, but as for farming—well, every man to his taste, but I cannot see where the money is in farming when oats can be shipped here for eighty cents a hundred from Dakota. Of course in eastern eyes eighty cents a hundred is a big figure, but they must remember that it costs ten times as much here to raise a bushel of oats. Farming land here must be irrigated and as a general thing it costs from four to ten thousand to start your water and from two hundred to a thousand dollars per year to keep your dam and ditch in repair. There is more money in raising wool even under the Wilson tariff. Lamb punchers only get seven cents a pound now for their wool, three years ago it was eighteen, but we live in hopes of the good times coming, the good time that it is only a year hence when Grover will have to take his papers and get. There is nothing like experience for teaching tools and Montana had its fair share, we included, who shouted for free trade when we did not know what it meant, but experience has taught that it is easier to pay ten cents when we have twenty in our pockets than two cents when none is in our pockets. No, it is no use in talking, for the wool and mining industries there must be protection. Montana that was six years ago the true Queen shook and nearly fell during this crash of two years and no other country could have stood it, but now she is regaining her old vitality and after the next election will be greater than ever. There is going to be a big boom to the Little Rockies when the spring opens up. It is claimed that the richest quartz in mountains is there. There were several carloads sent to Omaha, Nebraska, to be smelted and they cleared four thousand dollars a carload, after being packed down the mountains on pack-horses and freighted eight miles to Chinook, and then sent by rail to Omaha. Rock like that is worth working, and it will surely be a big thing and pay well when they get a smelter there. This has been a very fair winter and stock wintered well, but the wolves are something terrible. I do not know what will become of it is something is not done. I've had them break into my sheep shed twice during the last winter, the only time I've known them to be so bold in nine years' experience. I caught eighteen with poison and all my dogs, four in number, but as a good sheep dog is very valuable poison is hardly a paying investment.

EMMA JUCH AS A BEAR HUNTER.

The Bear was all Beauty, but She Delayed Doing Her Part Too Long. It hadn't been for procrastination and the bear getting ugly beyond all patience with him, it would have been sprung on New York and the whole country that Emma Juch, the opera singer was intrepid enough to kill a bear, and you'd have seen its skin on exhibition here in town, with such things printed about the way the deed was done as Manager J. Charles Davis could have poured into the ears of amazed newspaper men," said a New Yorker who was to have been an accessory before the fact.

"It won't do any harm to tell it now, for the bear is dead, Miss Juch is married, and J. Charles Davis won't care. The plot was laid up in Monroe county, Pa., which, being on the border of Pike county, naturally can't help harboring the overflow of Pike county bears. It was in the Pocono region, West Brier and his brother Wild kept house, as numerous New Yorkers know. The time I'm speaking of, J. Charles Davis was among others who were there. He was enthusiastic over Miss Juch, as he was going to manage her, and he wanted something unusual to occur that would make a newspaper story about her. Once in a while they talk bear quite a little in the Pocono county, and one day that subject came up. It hadn't gone on long before Davis exclaimed:

"I've got it! The very thing! I'll make the hit of the season! I'll have her kill a bear!" "A live bear?" some one asked. "Sure!" said Davis. "I'll have her come up here and kill a bear. She'll send the skin to New York, and I'll do the rest!" "This was a tolerably bold scheme, we all thought. We couldn't see how Miss Juch could be induced to come up into the wilds of Monroe county and roam about looking for a bear to kill. There are not many men who would care to do that." "Roam nothing!" said Davis. "All I want is somebody to go out and catch me a live bear, lock it in a cage, and keep it until the time is ripe for Miss Juch to come up and kill it. Then you simply tie the bear so it can't get away, and give Miss Juch a gun, let her take a rest on something, fire, and blow a hole through the bear bigger than one in a theatrical contract. See? And leave the rest to me."

THE BEAR'S LAST FEATS.

It'll do the roaring after I get to New York and the ear of the press. All I want is somebody to run out, catch me a live bear, and lock it in. I'll do the hard work.

"Strange as it may seem, the Price boys said they thought they might manage the bear part of the scheme, and it wasn't many days before they did. They captured a six-months' old cub well grown; in fact, big for his age, and still mild in temper. Davis rejoiced, and went back to New York to perfect his plot. The bear was fastened to a pole by a long chain, and got along first rate for a while on a diet of a couple of bushels of apples and half a dozen loaves of bread a day. The ladies declared that he was cute. He was an amusing little cuss, and no mistake. He cut up all sorts of didoes, sparred like a boxing teacher, climbed his pole like a toy monkey going up the its, and made himself generally agreeable. He grew like a weed. But he kept the women folks of the family busy making bread to meet his demands, and threatened a total annihilation of the apple crop.

"I hope the time 'll get ripe before long for that lady to come up and kill this bear," Wes Price kept saying. "We got to live on this place next winter." "There was a favorite cat in the family. It was a beauty and no money could have bought it. We took to noticing that Jack—that was the bear's name—liked to see the cat stroll around in his vicinity, but no one knew what was in his mind, until one day he sat with his eyes closed, as if he were asleep, while the cat was passing along his way. She was going by him, but she didn't. Like a flash Jack threw out his paws and gathered pussy in. There was one loud, soul-piercing yell, and the cat was no more. And the bear ate her every speck, toe nails and all.

"I have eaten 40-cent table d'hôte without a quaver, but to see the bear eat that phased me, and I walked away. Perhaps there was something in that family, and didn't Jack lose caste? From the moment he ate the cat he was a changed bear. He got snappy and ugly, and turned up his nose at apples and bread. "Thunder!" said the Price boys. "We can't scour this country gathering in cats to keep that bear on! That time better get ripe pretty soon!" "The next thing Jack did was to grab a dog belonging on the premises, and dine on him. Things were approaching a crisis. We kept writing to Davis to fetch his star up and let him kill the bear, and he kept saying he would be there soon. One day, soon after Jack had killed the dog and eaten it, the women came running out of the house screaming, and some of them crying, down to where a number of us were lounging some distance from the house.

"Jack has snapped his chain!" they screamed. "And he is going to the pig pen!" "Wes Price and the rest ran up. Sure enough there was his nibs the bear, dragging about four feet of chain on his way to the pig pen, where there were a couple of nice fat pigs. Wes picked up a stout club and started for Jack. The ugly little chap rose on his hind feet, growled and snapped his jaws, and waited for the attack. He even came a few steps to meet Wes, who fetched him a hearty whack on the nose with the club. A good blow on the nose will tumble a bear every time, and in many instances keep it tumbled for some time. This blow knocked Jack down, but he was up again in a second, scooted around Wes like a flash, and was half way over one side of the pig pen before Wes could get at him again. The club brought Jack to the ground a second time, but up he got, and rushed with blood in his eye upon Wes. And maybe he didn't give Wes a lively go. Wes backed away, the bear following him close, cho-ck full of bloody fight. It was a hard ever struck his heel and fallen backward the bear would have killed him sure. The club come down rapidly on Jack's head, but he stood it like a major, and it wasn't until he was overpowered by superior numbers that he was got back and chained up again.

"The time has got to be ripe right now," said Wes Price. "The bear had a fine coat of fur, and he was nice and fat. One of our party said to Wes: "What'll you take for that bear on the hoof?" "Twenty dollars," said Wes. "The price was paid, and the purchaser got a rifle, shoved a ball through the bear, and put brain out of all future trouble. Then we wrote to Davis, enclosing Price's bill for \$25 for getting and keeping the bear, and telling him Jack's fate. In a couple of days a check for the money came from Davis, but with a wail. "This is too bad," he wrote. "Everything was ready, and Jack and I were coming up tomorrow to kill that bear!" "And that's the way procrastination robbed Miss Juch of fame as a bear killer."

Lincoln's Exorbitant Bill.

One of the most interesting "remains" at the recent sale of Lincoln relics, in Philadelphia, was the autograph copy of Lincoln's bill for legal services for the Illinois Central Railroad Company. The bill was for \$5,000, and six members of the Illinois bar certified that the amount was not unreasonable. Another relic was a check for \$250, given to Lincoln at another time by the same company as a retainer. It succeeded, he would receive a thousand dollar fee. Mr. Lincoln won the suit in the Supreme Court, and presented his bill for the balance. The president of the company was absent when Lincoln called, so the latter was referred to the superintendent, who refused to pay the account, remarking, "This is as much as a first-class lawyer would charge." The superintendent was General George B. McClellan.

Funeral Wreaths of Violets.

The procision, writes Richard Harding Davis, treating of the funeral of Carnot in Harper's for April, left the Elysee at 10 o'clock, for the accompaniment of minute guns from the battery on the pier near the Chamber of Deputies. It was held by a very fine body of cuirassiers, who presented a better appearance than any of the soldiers in the procession. The regiments of infantry, who were followed by the cavalry, lacked drum and march, though they had not convinced themselves that what they were doing well. The funeral was followed by the mourning wreaths sent by the Senate and by the different monarchs of Europe. The larger of these wreaths were hung from great scaffolding,

FOR NOT BUILDING A CHURCH.

Some little time since some convicts were being removed from one prison to another. When in railway carriages, one suggested that each man should give the reason for his being sent to prison; whereupon every one in turn told his experience. One had killed a man in self-defense, a second had trifled another man's property to a cheque, a third had stolen a horse, and so on.

The only man who did not make any disclosures was a sanctimonious-looking fellow, known as "Parson." "Come, Parson, now tell us why you got lagged," said one of the others. "I don't care to say anything about it," said Parson. "It was only a 'trifl,' and none of you would believe me." "Out with it," rejoined the others. "Did you shoot anyone?" "No, I did not; but since you must know, I'll tell you. I got 'lagged' for not building a church."

Deep silence fell upon the party: such an excuse for going to penal servitude had never before been heard. The "Parson" was asked for more light. "Well, you see, a congregation raised a thousand pounds, and turned it over to me to build a church—and I didn't build the church. That's all."

The Origin of the Earriaz.

It is a strange tradition among the Arabians that earriaz came into use in the following way: When Parash summoned Abraham and reproached him for his untruth (in saying that Sarah was his sister) Abraham prayed for the King, and Allah heard the King, who now gave Abraham rich presents, and among them an Egyptian slave named Hagar. She bore him a son, who he called Ishmael. But Sarah became jealous, since the light of Mohammed shone on Ishmael's forehead. She demanded of Abraham to put away Hagar and her son. He was undecided until commanded by Allah to obey Sarah in all things. Yet he entreated her not to cast off her handmaid and her son. But this so exasperated her that she declared she would not rest until her hands had been imbued in Hagar's blood. Then Abraham pierced Hagar's ear quickly and drew a ring through it, so that Sarah was able to dip her hand in the blood of Hagar without bringing the latter into danger. From that time it became a custom among women to wear earrings.

A BATTLE FOR LIFE.

THE RESCUE OF A C. P. R. OFFICIAL'S WIFE.

Helpless and Bed-ridden for Months—\$275 Spent in Medical Treatment Without Avail—Her Early Disease Looked for as Inevitable—But Health and Strength Have Been Restored. From the Green Sound Times.

Last fall when the Times gave an account of the miraculous cure of Mr. Wm. B. Ross through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, we had little idea that we would be called upon to write up a case which is even more remarkable. It was related to us by a letter from Mrs. John C. Monnell, whose cure has been effected by these marvellous little messengers of health. The Times' reporter was met at the door by Mrs. Monnell, who though showing a few traces of the suffering she had undergone, moved about very sprightly. With apparently all the gratitude of a man who had been saved out of the deepest affliction, Mr. Monnell gave the following account of his wife's miraculous cure: "I have been in the employ of the C. P. R. at Toronto, Ontario, for some time. In August last year, after confinement, my wife took a chill and what is commonly known as milk-leg set in. When I came home from my work I was informed of the fact, and next morning called the family physician. The limb swelled in a very short time to an enormous size. Every means known was adopted to reduce the inflammation, but without avail. Consulting physicians were called in, but all the satisfaction they could give me was that the doctors attending were doing their utmost. A tank was rigged up, a long line of rubber hose attached and wound around the afflicted limb, and ice water allowed to trickle down through the piping to relieve the pain and reduce the inflammation about the knee. The leg was opened and perforated, a tube inserted from the thigh to the ankle with the hope that it would carry off the pus which formed. For five long anxious months I watched the case with despair, while my wife was unable to move a rell in bed. At the end of that time she was placed in a chair where she spent another three months.

To add to the complications gangrene set in, and for weeks there was a fight for life. At last the physicians gave up. They said the only hope was in the removal of my wife to the hospital. After a brief consultation she emphatically refused to go, stating that if she had to die she would die amongst her little ones. At this time she could not put her foot to the ground. Her nominal weight was 135 pounds in good health, but the affliction reduced her to a living skeleton for she lost 65 pounds in the five months. To all human intelligence it was simply a case of waiting for the worst. Up to this time I had not thought of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, until one day I came across an advertisement which determined me to try them. This was two months ago, just about the time we were moving up here from the Junction."

At this point Mrs. Monnell took up the story of the marvellous cure, and corroborated that her husband stated. Continuing she said: "After using a few boxes I could walk on crutches, and after their further use I threw away my crutches and am now doing all my own housework. The limb is entirely healed up, and the cords, which in the terrible ordeal had been

What St. John People Say of THE YOST Writing Machine.

THE YOST Writing Machine. Compliments are constantly being received by the users of the "YOST" machine in this city from correspondents throughout Canada and from the various parts of the world, even from China and Egypt. Enquiries are being made from users of the "YOST" machine as to the kind of machine All of the leading merchants and others in St. John in their several lines, are users of the "YOST" as the following list will show:

- Manchester, Robertson & Allison, Board of Trade, Exhibition Association, Macaulay Bros. & Co., Merritt Bros. & Co., W. H. Thorne & Co., J. & A. McMillan, Massey-Harris Co., P. S. McNutt & Co., Daily "Globe," Daily "Record," "Progress," Halifax Banking Co., Hurd Peters, City Engineer, Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, T. S. Simms & Co., Hon. Wm. Pugsley, Curry & Vincent, C. A. Palmer, S. B. Bustin, A. W. MacRae, E. R. Machum, Morley & Hayden Colloge, James Donville, J. J. McGaffigan, A. H. Chipman, Dearborn & Co., F. A. Jones, Imperial Oil Co., Imperial Trusts Co., Cornwall & Tilley, W. Frank Hatheway, Geo. S. deForest & Sons, Jardine & Co., Smith & Tilson, Hon. A. G. Blair, Barker & Belyea, E. T. C. Knowles, G. G. Ruel, C. J. Milligan, Whittaker & Co., Geo. O. D. Otty, Collier & Co., and many others.

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents:

- Messrs. R. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, VanMetre & Butcher, Moncton; H. D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown; F. J. W. P. Kempton, Yarmouth; Clarence E. Lacey, F. J. Gogan, P. S. Johnston, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Castanet, Sussex; L. J. McGhee, 30 Bedford Row, Halifax; J. R. Dunsmuir, Glenora, N. S.; Dr. W. F. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, "Advocate," office of Sydney, C. B.; S. J. Chas. Barrill & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Charlton Ketchum, Woodville, N. S.; N. S.; E. M. Fallon, Truro, N. S.; T. W. Butler, Newcasale, N. S.; H. F. McLatche, Campbellton, N. B.; R. B. Murray, Springhill, N. S.



Black and Tan

YOU can buy "the Slater \$3.00 Shoe" for Men, in tan as well as in black,—made of genuine American calf-skin superior to French,—made on the same lasts as our best \$5.00 shoes—cut from the same piece of leather, with as much fit, style and "get up" about them as the best we manufacture. Why buy high-priced goods? They won't wear any better.

EVERY PAIR STAMPED ON JOLE.

"The Slater \$3.00 Shoe for Men." If your Dealer does not keep them write to us.

Geo. T. Slater & Sons, Montreal.

Baby's Own Soap

PRIZE COMPETITION FOR BRIGHT CHILDREN...

A handsomely framed olograph, one which will be prized in any drawing room (it has no advertising matter on it) will be given each week by the proprietors of Baby's Own Soap to the boy or girl under sixteen years of age, who will have sent during the current week the best advertisement, illustrated or not, suitable for publication in the newspapers for advertising Baby's Own Soap. The prize winning advertisements will be one our property and no others will be returned unless they will have been accompanied by postage stamps for the purpose. CONDITIONS:—1st. That competitors be under sixteen years of age. 2nd. That the wrapper of a cake of Baby's Own Soap accompany the advertisement. 3rd. That the age, name (in full) and address of the competitor be plainly written and attached to the submitted advertisement. REMEMBER: One prize is given every week and if not successful at first, try again. N. B. Two or more advertisements may be submitted at the same time by any competitor. Address, E. D., Account Albert Toilet Soap Co., 22, McCord and William Street, Montreal.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

One of the French writers of the day, M. Augustin Filon, has been paying a visit to London lately, for the express purpose of studying the English character, with special reference to the character of the English woman of the period. I do not know how long he stayed, nor how much of his time was devoted to the charming study in hand, but I fancy he must have been fired with an ambition to rival his brilliant fellow countryman Max O'Rell, and write a second edition of "John Bull's Daughters." The outcome of his visit so far, is a very curious little volume, in which he gives the world the partial result of his observations.

He tells us, in the first place, that Great Britain is just now being upset from top to bottom by a mighty upheaval of the social system, a curious phenomenon which, for each of a better term he calls the "demonisation," or "masculinisation" of the Englishwomen. I do hope that no puzzled correspondent will write and ask the correct pronunciation of those two words, because I am sure I do not know it myself, but what M. Augustin Filon means in plain English was, that the English woman of today is doing her very best to change her sex, and be a bold bad man. What the consequences of this movement on the part of the once shy retiring English damsel may be, M. Filon thinks it would be difficult to prophecy, but he cannot regard it without a certain amount of uneasiness.

I scarcely see myself, what ground there can possibly be for uneasiness on M. Filon's part, as there is evidently little danger of the new movement with the hard name spreading in our country, as he is careful to observe that an Englishwoman, unlike a Frenchwoman has always the courage to carry out her inclinations, desires and tastes, and to cherish sentiments which are directly opposed to those held and expressed by those around her—in short to find out a new path for herself, and follow it, regardless of public or domestic opinion.

I had always imagined that English girls and women were so far the reverse of being progressive and independent that conventionalism might be considered their besetting sin, and a lack of originality almost a natural virtue. I did not know they had changed, but doubtless M. Filon knows best, and he goes on to say that the physical training of the young Englishman has developed a kind of natural intrepidity, which will explain the aplomb noticeable amongst them, but until recently Englishwomen were essentially reserved, and today one seeks in vain for the type of the English girl of yore. The Ethiopian has changed his skin, and the leopard his spots, and the lovely shy, modest shrinking English girl who used to be the very type and model of "femininity" is no longer to be found. She has transformed herself by some process known only to her, and is losing her sex more and more. She has managed to preserve "a certain attenuation of language," but that is about all, and she dresses herself up in such a masculine manner that she looks more like a young man than a young woman.

The logical result of this contumacious conduct on the part of the young English woman has been, according to M. Filon, a considerable decrease in her charms, and in consequence of it, the number of pretty girls to be found in London shows a lamentable falling off.

Now I cannot for the life of me see how it is that the modern English girl's habit of dressing in a masculine fashion for the last few years should have affected her looks so soon. M. Filon does not tell us that amongst her other efforts towards changing her sex she has taken to shaving, or had her hair cropped, so she must look pretty much the same, I should think, and I can only surmise that M. Filon did not visit London during the season and all the pretty girls were out of town.

But perhaps the most discouraging statement which the French critic makes is his opinion that Englishmen are marrying less, and so the fair daughters of Albion are freed to reckon only on their own exertions in the struggle for life.

Looking at the question from another point of view, Mr. Filon is quite certain that what is now going on with regard to Englishwomen—that is to say, her effort to change her sex, I suppose, is a manifest confirmation of the fundamental theories of Darwin. The English race is transforming and modifying itself in accordance with the new laws which have sprung up. I suppose he means the survival of the fittest, but once more I fail to see the exact application of his logic. I may be unusually stupid today and the fault be entirely my own but my principal object in reviewing Mr. Filon's book at such length, was not so much to refute his assertion that English damsels are losing their charm, as to warn our own dear Canadian girls against following their example, and "doing their best to change their sex." If the habit has had such a bad effect on the matrimonial market of Great Britain, and Englishmen are gradually giving up the old fashioned custom of marrying in consequence of it, only "demonisation" may possibly have the same effect on Canadian men, and our

great Dominion become depopulated in a few centuries.

To be warned in time, girls, guard against demonisation as you would against smallpox, or the Goli Cure, abjure bicycle costumes when they lean towards the bloomer variety, wear skirts nine yards wide if you want to, and above all things be feminine, anything, anything, but a Darwinian survival, because the untutored mind will persist in confusing everyting Darwinian with the missing link!

A late English fashion writer speaks of the draped skirt as one of the new innovations from Paris which is a boon to tall slender women. She mentions several varieties, one of which is draped at the left side to display a petticoat of a different material, and another which opens over a panel of braiding, while a third is left open at the side and turned back in triangular folds.

A pretty fashion for trimming light summer dresses, will be to outline the seams of the many gored skirts with either narrow lace insertion, or else ladder embroidery through which baby ribbons may be run. This will be suitable for the French gingham, lawn and percales which will be so fashionable during the coming summer.

I believe the spring jackets are all to be quite short, many of them with half fitting fronts and very full skirts.

The ever present rever has not lost its popularity by any means, but sometimes it assumes a new shape by being draped, instead of standing out in sharp points, that is to say the revers are folded three or four times into a cluster of plaits, and look less stiff than formerly.

Of course there are new styles galore in millinery, and some of the new fancy straws will look a little startling until we get used to them when they will be lovely, of course. Rough straws come in colors which are decided, to say the least: for example cerise and heliotrope or old rose and green are favorite combinations, trimmed with reversible ribbons, and shaded ostrich tips in colors to match the straw. A large lovely "picture hat" has a crown of parma violets, a standing spray of violets and hedge roses, and a rose cluster, and a violet velvet bow beneath the brim. A toque of rough pink straw is trimmed with jatted lace arranged as a fluted albatross bow, twisted loops of moire ribbon, a cluster of crush roses, and some jet pins.

Some of the hats which have flower garnitures are accompanied by collarettes composed of the same flowers, with a tab, or loop of yellow lace at each side of the throat. One very handsome specimen was of violet velvet pansies, and another of crimson snap-dragons. A double tirl of black lace was made to go around the throat, and the flowers were arranged between, with a jabot of yellow lace in front.

A Paris hat, which was very French, and very stylish indeed, is of fancy pink straw, with the brim cut away in the back and replaced by a cluster of roses shaded from crimson to pink. The under brim was of knite plaited black lace, and a bow of shaded pink glace silk was in front of the crown. Jet ornaments finished the trimmings.

Black and tan, is another combination, a crown of fine black straw being set upon a tan colored brim, and the trimming a skillful combination of the two colors. Reversible ribbons are in high favor, and are employed for albatross bows, rosettes, loops and high tan plaiting. They are shown in great variety, and in exquisite combinations of color.

For the Summer Wardrobe.

A summer wardrobe will not be complete without a Marie Antoinette fitted. They are made of white muslin with fine close polka dots of pale pink or blue, and have deep double ruffles of muslin and three-inch yellow lace. They are worn on wool or cotton gowns, passed about the shoulders in soft folds, low down, making a yoke effect in the back, brought straight over the shoulders, and held on each side of the bust by knots of fuchsia-colored ribbon. From these bows the fuchsia is carried to the waist line and tied in a loose knot, with ends falling way down in the front of the gown.

Varieties of Novels.

The following extract is from the advertisement sheets of "Annals of the Court of Oberon," by Hunter Duvar, the gifted Prince Edward Island litterateur. "On one wet, disagreeable day which confined us all to the haunt, it occurred to me that I would write a novel. The task is easy, and, from the proverbially facile nature of publishers, the profits to authors are large. I felt myself qualified for the undertaking. Before I accepted my present position of Annalist I lived in the capacity of nephew with a relative, and in return did odd jobs about his place. The gentleman was by profession a dealer in waste-paper, and in the course of his business had amassed a

large collection of modern fiction, which he had saved from the pulpmakers, and which I read with avidity. The various schools of composition were therefore familiar to me. As a novel is, or ought to be, a proscribed work of art, I proceeded in my design secundum artem, according to art, by making a list of the leading styles that have brought fame and fortune to their writers. Of these were—the Goody-Goody, not applicable to real life; the Adventurous, "played out" (so to speak) in boys' papers; purely Historic, never a success; the Religious, involved the question, "Which religion?" the Notable Numskull, adapted only to the serious elderly; the Athletic, difficult to prevent being at once dull and blasphemous, and mostly written by college girls; the Political, was not to be thought of; the Nigger, oppressively prevalent among boot-blacks and newboys, but among them only; the Detective, so simplified by overdoing that any schoolboy can follow the scent with his nose, and unwind the clue as it were; the Gynarchian—Eureka! I have found it. I ceased no farther. The Chivalric tone has had its day; funny men have utterly extinguished wit in the Humorous; the Natural has ceased to exist since syndicates revived Grub Street; but Gynarchy, or Government by Woman, including Gush, is exactly suited to the tone of the time, and in every way adapted to the taste and range of the average typewriter."

Sublime but Evasive.

The late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once told, at a dinner party, how he had undertaken to solve the mystery of creation. He said that he had often observed that when unconsciousness is consciously approached as during the inhalation of anaesthetics, when the mind is on the confines of two worlds—there arose sublime and wonderful, but fugacious, thoughts in the soul. These thoughts, he concluded, if they could only be caught and written down, might give a key to the very secrets of the universe; and he determined to catch and transcribe them if possible. So placing himself in his armchair, with pen, ink and paper at hand, he inhaled the vapor of chloroform. As drowsiness stole over him, and just as unconsciousness impending those sublime and marvellous thoughts arose, and, by a vigorous effort, he seized his pen and wrote he knew not what, for, before he had finished, he fell back unconscious. When he awoke, with trembling anxiety he turned to the sheet of paper, on which he could read, in scrawling characters but quite legible, the secret of the universe, written in the words: "A strong smell of turpentine pervades the whole."

Where Rain Never Falls.

There is, perhaps, no more curious place on the Pacific seaboard than Iquitos. It stands in a region where rain has never been known to fall, and where, as was remarked by Darwin when he visited Iquitos in 1835, the inhabitants live like people on board ship. The sea number about 14,000, nearly all connected with the staple industry of the port, due to the transport of the nitrate industry on the adjacent pampas. The rain gauges at Lima, close to the Pacific, record absolutely no rainfall. There are several parts of the earth where rain never falls. Such are the Sahara Desert of Africa, and considerable tracts of Arabia, Syria, Persia, Tibet, and Mongolia in the Old World, while in South America the rainless districts comprise narrow strips on the shores of Peru, Bolivia, and Chili and on the coasts of Mexico and Guatemala.

"Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Relieved Me of Agonizing Pain in 20 Minutes, and Was the Means of Saving My Life," So Says Mrs. John Jamieson, Tara, Ont.

About three months ago I was attacked with nervous heart trouble. The pain was so severe I could hardly breathe. I could get no relief and I feared that I could not live. I saw advertised in The Tara Leader Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and immediately procured a bottle. I secured perfect relief inside of 20 minutes and firmly believe it was the means of saving my life.

If your heart flutters, palpitates or tire out easily, it is diseased, and treatment should not be delayed a single day. Dr. Agnew's cure for the Heart relieves almost instantly and will effect a radical cure.

More Kind Words from Hamilton Regarding the Great Remedy Which Cures Rheumatism in One to Three Days.

Mrs. Phillips, sr., corner Hunter and Grath streets, Hamilton: "Several months ago I was afflicted with rheumatism, which completely crippled me. South American Rheumatic Cure being recommended to me I procured a bottle and obtained perfect relief from the first few doses. It is without doubt the quickest relief for rheumatism I have ever seen and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers from this disease."

NEW RICHMOND-STREET METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. A. B. Chambers, LL. B., the Popular Pastor of the New Richmond S. Methodist Church, Toronto, Testifies Straight In Favor of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Heaps of good things are being said of the Rev. A. B. Chambers, LL. B., for his straight talk for secularized churches. Quite aside from the merits of the question the vigorous and able manner in which Mr. Chambers handled the subject has been universally admired. In the same frank and straightforward manner, this gentleman, whom the New Richmond-Street Methodist Church has requested shall remain their pastor for another term, talks of the help that comes to those who use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Mr. Chambers knows, from experience in his own family, and he says so over his signature, how helpful this remedy is for cold in the head and catarrh. One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses the powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sample with blower sent free for two 3 cent stamps.

S. G. DETCHON, 44 Church St., Toronto.

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Men wearing Razor Toed Shoes should see our Rubbers. We are progressive shoe dealers and will always lead in styles and keep our prices the lowest.

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61 KING STREET and 212 UNION STREET.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.
Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Sea Foam

It Floats.

A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils, it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft, smooth and healthy.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

Long Waist, Correct Shape, Best Material,

Combined with the best filling in the world, makes the "Feather" one Corset" unequalled.

TRY A PAIR.

The Belle of the Ball

Never has A Red Nose, A Rough Coarse Sk in, A Brown Neck, Pimples, Rashes, Blackheads, Freckles, etc., etc.

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That favorite Summer Resort complete in every detail. Owner selling on account of ill-health. Price low. Send for full particulars to A. E. LEWIS, 18 St. James' Street, Montreal.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.50
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.30
Express for Sussex	16.40

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 12.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	5.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.30
Express from Montreal (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax	15.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.30
Accommodation from Montreal	24.60

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN St. John and Halifax.

(Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.)

On and after WEDNESDAY, October 3rd, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY:

Leave Yarmouth, 8.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 9.20 p. m.
Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 8.45 a. m.
Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:

Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5.50 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m.
Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8.45 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 7.20 p. m.
Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.50 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.50 p. m.
Leave Kentville Daily, 6.00 a. m. Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a. m.
Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 8.10 p. m.

Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the ship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cornwallis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, for all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, at W. Junction and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for points West.

For Tickets, Time Tables, etc., apply to Station Agents, to 128 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. W. R. Campbell, General Manager. K.utherland, Superintendent.

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Fits, Nervous Debility.

Causes, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to M. G. Enson, 30 deSalaberry St., Montreal.

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Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

FORTUNES BY ACCIDENT.
 How Fortune Smiles on Many who do not Deserve Her Smiles.
 There is at any time something particularly fascinating about the thought of fortunes made by accident. They are so amazingly hard to acquire nowadays. The world is full of people who, having schemed and sweated for years to grasp the golden key to the problem, could tell pathetic tales of failure; while the few who succeed invariably attribute such success to dogged persistency and hard work. Altogether it would really appear as if the Fates were purposely ironical when, as now and then occurs, a person stumbles upon a solid fortune by mere accident—especially where that person happens to be one whose thoughts were not feverishly absorbed in pursuit of wealth.

Perhaps it is not often that a person has a fortune come, it might be said, voluntarily to his very door and stay there. This, however, was the staggering experience of an easy-going Kentish laborer, who went out to Oregon three years ago, more intent upon staving off the wolf than upon becoming actually rich. To this end he worked steadily for a year; then he purchased a small fruit farm, and because the water supply in the locality was meagre, spent the first six months of his occupation in digging a channel from his farm to a stream in the hill. He shrewdly reckoned that by doing so he would eventually score, to the disadvantage of his less thoughtful neighbors in the trade.

He certainly did. Down this narrow channel presently came an alluvial deposit of rich mud and sand, threatening to choke the stream. All the farmer could do was simply to dig out the deposit until he had a small mountain of it, and when one day he examined his sand more closely, he saw something that made his heart beat faster. Specks of gold!

He had the sense to keep his mouth tightly shut, and sent for his brother in the old country. Then they worked the treasure, and it yielded over an ounce of pure gold to every ton of the deposit. He had stumbled upon a splendid fortune, that hundreds of men would have given years of their lifetime to obtain.

Fat fortunes are made by fiction-characters at times, but streaks of luck calculated to make the mouth water occasionally happen that rival anything imagined by romantics. In one of his books Charles Reade makes a man discover an island and a buried treasure-ship worth a huge fortune. The romantic element here has been quite expunged in sober reality by the "find" of a Yankee prospector not so long ago.

While prospecting for guano in the South Pacific, his crew mutined and cast him adrift on a small uninhabited island. It was months before any of his countrymen came that way and rescued him; but the mishap had not been unprofitable. He quit the island in possession of specimen pieces of what looked like milky glass, but which were actually pure opals, used by the natives as beads because of their iridescent qualities. Nor did he fail to take the latitude and longitude and return for more of the precious stuff. Sheer accident had put him in the way of making a fortune that he would certainly never have acquired by the sale of guano.

Very plausible must have been the sensations of a master carpenter, living in the north of London fifteen years ago, whose unexpected leap into allience the writer personally remembers. The house he occupied was one of the old-fashioned sort, large, quaint, full of passages and garrets, and untinged back to the time of Elizabeth. He believed he knew every nook and corner of it, but it was not until a portion of the wall-paper came away that there was found a passage leading underground to a circular well in the garden, which the occupier himself had bricked over. This passage was too narrow to admit a man's body; a boy was sent along it.

He found, half-way along, a skeleton lying across an iron box, the contents of which represented a fortune even when the government claim had been reckoned with; gold coins, gold crucifixes, gold ornaments of all kinds. The supposition was that a Spanish grandee of the period, creeping with his treasure into the passage in a time of jeopardy, had been still there; but, of course, there could be no verification of the surmise. The substantial fact remained that the master carpenter had accidentally stumbled upon wealth, and wealth beyond all ordinary dreams.

One very singular instance of a fortune accidentally acquired was made the subject of a letter in one of the daily papers not long back. It appeared that the fortunate man, a vendor of rags and bones, had, ten years previously, fished out of some waste stock an old diary, in the pocket of which were a number of shares in connection with a Canadian timber company, made payable to the holder. The owner was advertised for, but did not appear, and so the finder retained possession. However, as it proved on inquiry that the shares were worth next to nothing, and the timber company was in a moribund condition, he stowed away his "find" and completely forgot the matter.

Ten years later he happened to see an announcement to the startling effect that the "So-and-s" timber company was paying high dividends. He ran for his forgotten shares, and then straight to a premium for years past, and the accumulated dividends alone constituted a snug sum. This he claimed immediately, and, in due course, obtained. What with that and the subsequent sale of his interests in the company, the ex-vendor of unconsidered odds and ends found himself a rich man.

For your throat when hoarse or husky, use Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry. It is found promptly and leaves the voice clear and distinct.

A cheap and sure cure for cold in the head or catarrh; a twenty five cent box of Hawker's catarrh cure.

Rub your Rheumatic Joints with Dr. Manning's German Remedy. The universal pain cure.

A soothing, healing and perfect cure, Hawker's Balsam, a sure cough cure.

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 The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR.
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HUMPHREYS'
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 It Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain.
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 It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetters, Scurfy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects.
 Three Sizes, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.
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WITCH HAZEL OIL

CLEAN TEETH
 and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TARTI FRUIT.
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 MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
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HOW ALMANACS ARE MADE.
 An Amusing Confession Taken from an English Paper.
 The incredulity of the general public with regard to weather predictions which are scientifically made—being based on actual observations over a great extent of country, transmitted by telegraph—and the common credulity as to almanac predictions and those made by charlatans and ignorant persons from the stars or the moon, suggest that, from a mercenary point of view, the "almanac prophet" may be justified in sticking to his "system."

Some idea of what this "system" may be gathered from the private confession made by a man whose duty it was to prepare the weather prognostication for a certain almanac of wide circulation.
 "In a general way," he said, "I always used to consult my wife as to what she thought the weather ought to be at a certain date."
 "Sixteenth of March—sixteenth of March," I said to her once; "what shall I put down for that day?"
 "That's Aunt Anne's birthday and I always walk out to see her."
 "So I put down 'dry and clear,'" but knowing the uncertainty of the weather at that time of year, and remembering the proverbial ill-luck of Irishmen on their holidays, I put down for the seventeenth of March, 'St. Patrick's Day, look out for rain or snow.'"
 The prognosticator always went to London on the first Monday in each month, and he invariably put down good weather for that day. During June, July and August he put in an immense proportion of fine weather. The farmers, he declared, ought to have good weather then in order to get in hay or grain.
 The farmers who looked over the almanac were delighted with this promise, and bought it in great numbers.
 "And in the end," said this sage prognosticator, "I got the weather right as often as anybody else did."

Nevertheless, scientific predictions, made for two or three days in advance, will be preferred by persons of discretion, even if such forecasts do sometimes turn out wrong.

The Pig was Comfortable.
 The late Father Thomas Burke in one of his lectures told the following story:—A peasant in a remote part of Galway was one day standing at the door of his cabin. He did not look particularly well off, poor fellow, and an English tourist passing stopped to speak to him. As he did so he saw the children inside the house playing with a pig. The Englishman was shocked.
 "My good fellow," he said, "why have you that pig in the house? It does not seem very comfortable."

"Why not, sir?" answered Pat promptly; "why not? Sure an hasn't the house every accommodation that any ray's snout pig would require?"

Where the Ocean is Deepest.
 A little more than thirty miles from the coast of Japan the Pacific Ocean has been found to be more than 4,643 fathoms deep. Some officers who were surveying for a telegraph cable found that the wire broke at its depth without reaching the bottom. This is said to be the deepest sounding ever made, and is so deep that the two highest mountains in Japan, placed one over the other, in this abyss would leave the summit of the upper one two-thirds of a mile below the surface of the water.

How Not to Handle Books.
 The authorities among the circulating libraries at Dresden have been conducting a series of experiments to determine if books in general use become a medium for the communication of infection. Sulfur leaves were rubbed first with dry fingers and then with wet ones, and the results microscopically examined. No microbes, or few, were found on the dry fingers, but many on the others.

Wonders of the Telegraph.
 By means of improved telegraphic machinery 600 words a minute can be transmitted over a single wire, while a speed of about 400 words a minute can be conveniently and safely used in practical working—a very satisfactory result compared with the modest rate of 60 or 70 words a minute, which was the average speed in the year 1870.

After-Dinner speech.
 Master of the house (on his fiftieth birthday) to his guests:—"Ladies and gentlemen, this day fifty years ago, when I first saw the light of this world—um, um—I did not for a moment anticipate—er—anticipate that I should see so numerous and—um—so distinguished a company gathered around me."

Disillusion.
 "I don't know what I am going to do about my husband," said the owl, with a sob.
 "What's the matter?" asked the sympathetic nightingale.
 "His habits are getting to be something dreadful. This is the second time this week that he has been up all day."

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.
 RIVERDALE. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.
I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.
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I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth.
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 and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion, than all the rest of the food they eat. Its nourishing powers are felt almost immediately. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of food is assimilated.
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 stimulates the appetite, enriches the blood, overcomes wasting and gives strength to all who take it. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Emaciation, Consumption, Blood Diseases and all Forms of Wasting. Send for pamphlet. Free.
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Worth A Trial.
 Hundreds of business men in this city read PROGRESS who do not advertise in any paper. They do not have a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it.
 Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to PROGRESS. We will give you a handsome, well written advt., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods there should be no doubt about the result.
 Try it.

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AN "IMPRESSION"
 This is How Sir Wylie Thompson Describes a Phenomenon.
 Everyone knows what an explosion is, but its opposite, an "implosion," is less familiar. At great depths in the sea the conditions are favorable for its production. At twenty-five hundred fathoms the pressure is, roughly speaking, two and a half tons to the square inch—that is to say, several times greater than the pressure exerted by the steam upon the piston of a powerful engine. A beautiful experiment to illustrate the enormous force of this deep-sea pressure was made during the voyage of H. M. S. Challenger. A thick glass tube several inches in length, full of air, was hermetically sealed at both ends. This sealed tube was wrapped in flannel, and placed in one of the wide copper cylinders used to protect deep sea thermometers when they are sent down with the sounding apparatus.
 The copper cylinder had holes bored in it, so that the water had free access inside around the glass.
 The copper case containing the sealed glass tube was sent down to a depth of two thousand fathoms, and drawn up again. It was found that the cylinder was bulged and bent inward, just as if it had been crumpled inward by being violently squeezed.
 The glass tube itself, within its flannel wrapper, was reduced to a fine powder, almost like snow. The glass tube, it would seem, as it slowly descended, held out long against the pressure, but at last suddenly gave way, and was crushed by the violence of the action to a fine powder.
 This process, exactly the reverse of an explosion, is termed by Sir Wylie Thompson an "implosion."

Hens who got Drunk.
 Apropos of the total abstinence habits of hens, I am reminded of a trick played by a small boy on some stately old hens, who stepped haughtily around his father's yard, as if they merely allowed the family to live there for their convenience. He soaked some breadcrumbs in whisky and scattered them liberally in the chickenyard. Now, I never knew a hen who would refuse to eat anything that was thrown to her, from cold roast to a diamond ring. So very soon the bread crumbs had vanished, and in a time the jolliest party of old hens who ever got a jag on were clucking and cawing around tangled-footed beyond the wildest experience of unfeathered bipeds. For, being by nature a little cross-eyed in their toes, they stepped on their own feet, and got in their way, and all the while cackled and jered at each other for being drunk. One old rooster, in particular, was a sight for gods and men. He leaned with a limp tail and uncertain head, in a suggestively familiar attitude, against the gatepost, blinking his stupid little eyes, and trying in a manly way to crow, with but indifferent success. I'll wager the whole lot got up with a headache next morn'g, and went right off to sign a pledge.

The Blue Penell in Furkey.
 A paragraph was published in an Arabic journal referring to the celebrated soprano Mme. Adeline Patti, wherein it was stated that she derived by her singing a yearly income of several thousand pounds. The blue pencil was hastily dashed across the lines, the reason adduced being that such news would "disturb the souls of the moral and loyal female subjects of the finest pearl of the age." What this meant the censor alone could tell, unless it be learned that some of the paragons of morality and loyalty should take it into their heads to emulate the gilded artist in amassing by singing, or in any other way by which money may be procured. Another curious whim to individual letters from the proper names of certain titles that may be published in the press. The name of a certain person as a Sultan once appeared in a paper. The "n" was crossed out, making the name read as I. Sulta. In justification of this act it was said that there was only Sultan in the world; none other must be called by that name. Yet that particular person's father and grandfather were always known among their friends by the surname of Sultan, in the same manner as there are in England many families known by the name of King.

"Playing Wives."
 How closely children observe the life of their elders one may see who watches their games as they play them in the streets of New York.
 On the brown stone steps of a Madison avenue residence were two little girls, with their paper dolls. One small paper lady was evidently calling on another, and their owners were carrying on the conversation for them.
 "How lovely your new dress is," said the hostess. "How kind of your husband to get you such nice clothes."
 "Indeed, he is not kind," answered the guest. "I have my own money, and don't ask him to get me anything. Besides I don't speak to him now. I really think we must have a separation."

The Kaiser and the Cadet.
 The Kaiser William cracked a neat little joke the other day during an inspection of the cadets corps in Berlin. On these occasions the Emperor, as he walks down the line, stops to inspect each cadet, with respect, at a given signal, the latter calls out his own name. This time, as the Emperor approached, the cadet's chance would have been one, of the cadets' name in the name of Kaiser. When his turn came to call out his name, His Majesty turned with a smile to the officers forming his suite, and said: "A colleague of mine!"

A Gracious Bride.
 The Bavarian peasant's are in many respects like the Irish. They drink a great deal, are quite witty, and are never so happy as when they are fishing.
 A story is told of two Bavarian peasants meeting in the road and having the following conversation:—
 "Were you at the wedding last night?"
 "Yes; it was the nicest wedding this year!"
 "Why, even the bride took a hand in the fight!"

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 Cures Sick Headache
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 Valuable treatment of all forms of medicine and Free to all Sufferers. Give Express and Post Office address. H. C. ROOFT, M. C., 10 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

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 Adam's Root Beer Extract, One Bottle
 Fleischmann's Yeast, Half a Cake
 Sugar, Two Pounds
 Lukewarm Water, Two Gallons.
 Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle, put in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice which will open sparkling and delicious.
 The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

DRUNKENNESS
 Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS.
 Mothers and friends, you must save the victims.
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THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed.
 fills a much higher place in the estimation of eyes than when thoughtlessly and indifferently clothed.
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WHY BOILERS EXPLODE

AN UNPUBLISHED ARTICLE FROM A CANADIAN PAPER.

The Amount of Extra Fuel Demanded Because of "Scale Matter—How Cast Iron is Corroded—The Mechanical Contrivances Which Ensure Greater Safety.

The following article from the Canadian Engineer concerning "Water in Boilers" will be read with interest by St. John people, because of the recent fatal explosion at King's mill. The article is pronounced by some of this city's engineers to be a much better article than one which recently appeared in the Scientific American on "Grease in Boilers."

All waters used in steam boilers contain, in solution or suspension, more or less mineral and organic matter, acquired by contact with the earth's surface, or by percolation through its alluvium and rocks. Of this river and lake water contain from five to 90 grains to the gallon in solution, and a varying quantity in suspension. Well and spring hold but little in suspension, but, in solution, a quantity varying from 10 to 650 grains. This matter consists of a variety of substances, namely, carbonates of lime, magnesium, iron; chlorides of lime, magnesium, potassium; sulphates lime, magnesium, soda and potash; phosphates of lime, bromides and iodides of calcium and magnesium, alumina and silica. Besides these substances, certain gases are more or less present. These are oxygen, hydrogen, carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen—the three first being always found. All of the above substances are not uniformly present. The quantity and character of the matter in any particular water depends much on the constitution of the earths and rocks over or through which it has passed, and upon the condition of location, and motion, and exposure to light, heat and air which it has undergone. Consequently, there is much variety in the constitution of various waters with reference to their adventitious ingredients.

All water, on being evaporated by boiling in an open pan, leaves a residue composed of all the elements contained in it. The deposits of the residue take place in the following manner: As soon as ebullition begins, the contained free gases are driven off, since they are not soluble in hot water, and, as the presence of carbonic acid is necessary to the solution of the carbonates of lime, magnesium, iron, these salts, which are found in all waters, are precipitated in a finely crystalline form, tenaciously adherent to whatever they fall upon. Sulphate of lime, which is commonly present, is soluble in 400 parts of cold water, but scarcely at all in boiling water; therefore as the evaporation proceeds super-saturation occurs, and thus salts are thrown down in the same form and possessing the same adherence as the carbonates. The other contained elements, which are more soluble, are precipitated in the same way by super-saturation. As the quantity of water is lessened the suspended matter gradually subsides and agglutinates with the other deposits. In a steam boiler the deposits from the evaporated water tend to take place in the same manner, but the constant supply of fresh portions and the occasional emptying out of the saturated water prevents the precipitation of the more soluble salts; these are retained in solution. Practically, it is found that the deposits from all kinds of boiler waters consist almost entirely of carbonates of lime, magnesium and iron, and the sulphate of lime. Scarcely more than 5 per cent of other salts are found.

It is important both for the safety and efficiency of a boiler that the tubes and sheets are kept free from scale. The evil effects of scale are due to the effect that it is relatively a non-conductor of heat. Its conducting power, compared with that of iron (according to Despretz), is as 1 to 37.5 or thereabout; accordingly more fuel is required to heat water through the shell and flues of an encrusted boiler than would be required if the boiler were clear of scale. It is readily demonstrated that a scale one-sixteenth of an inch thick will demand the extra expenditure of about 15 per cent more fuel. This ratio increases as the scale grows thicker. If a boiler be perfectly clean, the contained water may be raised to any given temperature by heating the external fire surface to a temperature a few degrees higher, but if any scale be present it will be necessary to heat it still higher, according to the thickness of the scale in an increasing ratio. To illustrate: To raise steam to a pressure of 90 lbs., the water must be heated 320° Fahrenheit. If the boiler be clean, this may be done by heating the fire surface to about 325°; but if one-half inch of scale intervenes between the shell and the water, such is its non-conduction that it will be necessary to raise the fire surface to a temperature of about 700°—almost low red heat. Now, the higher the temperature at which iron is kept, the more rapidly it oxidizes or carbonizes, and undergoes molecular change. At any temperature above 600°, it soon loses the fibrous cast iron (which it has really become) by carbonization. In this condition it is brittle, thin, and, under high heats, liable to bulge or even give way to the great pressure upon it. Weakness of boilers thus produced predisposes them to explosion, and causes necessary expensive repairs.

To obviate these evils, namely, danger from explosion, expense of repairs, loss of time and waste of fuel, very many methods have been devised, having in view the prevention and removal of scale. For this purpose, picking, scraping, chipping, etc., are generally resorted to periodically. Such is its toughness and tenacity, however, that mechanical force only succeeds in removing a portion of it, and is generally unsatisfactory, since in addition it is necessary to empty the boiler and to allow it to get cool enough to enter, which, with the operation itself, generally requires a whole working day.

Various mechanical contrivances have been and are now used to intercept the precipitated scale matter from the supply water on its passage through the heating apparatus. They consist essentially of obstructions to the flow of the water. This latter being heated to boiling by being intermingled with the exhaust steam in the heater, the carbonic acid is driven off, and

a precipitation of the carbonate takes place, the deposits accumulating on the shelves, straw, or other obstructions, over or through which the water slowly flows. In this way large accumulations of the matter in suspension, and of the precipitated carbonates, are prevented from going into the boiler, and being retained in the heater, may be removed very conveniently when opportunity is afforded. This plan, however, only partially remedies the difficulty, since it is only the precipitated carbonates and the matter in suspension that are retained by this apparatus. The soluble salts all pass on to the boiler and also a great portion of the earthy carbonates which cannot be precipitated during the short passage through the heater, therefore the scale in the boiler forms more slowly.

Another variety of mechanical device for preventing scale is the sediment pan. This, of which there are many forms, consists essentially of a shallow vessel which is placed in the bottom of the boiler, with view of catching the precipitate and preventing its deposition on the inner portion of the shell. This plan succeeds in gathering much of the sediment, but much necessarily remains still to the boiler, and the scale, as before, continues to form. For a long time, simple chemical agents have been used in an empirical way, or applied without science, with a certain success. Some of these are molasses, fruits, sops, vinegar, cane-juice, and a variety of vegetable substances containing more or less acetic acid, which when placed in a boiler, at regular intervals, will remove and prevent the incrustation to a certain extent. The acetic acid decomposes carbonates, forming acetates, which are kept in solution and hence cannot become increments of scale. The sulphate of lime and other salts are not affected by it, and from this the scale will be gradually formed. Moreover, the iron of the boiler being open to the attacks of the free acid, will be gradually corroded, and after a time rendered useless, if not dangerous.

This fact alone ought to forbid the use of these agents. Starchy matters, in various shapes, such as potatoes, corn, oil cake, etc., have been much used. These prevent scale only by enveloping the precipitates with gelatinous matter, which lessens their weight and prevents their agglutination into a solid mass. Starch, as well as nearly all other organic matters, has a tendency to produce foaming or frothing of the water in the boiler. In this case the exact quantity present cannot be determined by the gauge cocks. This is a course of great danger, and ought to prevent the use of such agents.

Oak, hemlock and other barks and woods are operative in the prevention of incrustations, on account of the tannic acid which they contain. Various extracts, such as catechu, logwood, etc., rich in tannin, are also used. Tannic acid decomposes the carbonates, forming tannates, which are insoluble; but their specific gravity being light, they do not subside, but remain continually floating in the boiling currents; and, moreover, being amorphous, they have no tendency whatever to agglutinate, and therefore do not incrustate on those surfaces with which they come in contact. The sulphate of lime, however, if not decomposed by tannin, and will form a scale, notwithstanding its presence. The same objection holds against tannin, in its free state, as offered in the above named agents, as it does against free acetic acid—it will attack the iron of the boiler; though, as the tannate of iron is insoluble, the corrosion will not be as rapid as with the acetic acid, which forms a soluble acetate with iron.

INDIAN CLERKS.

Their Favorite Excuse to Get Away is the Old Funeral Dodge.

"Nothing in Indian life," said the returned East Indian, "impresses the European resident more than the fact that he never comes to be anything but a stranger to those about him. He never fathoms the Indian mind, and never knows more of his servants than appears on the surface. His boy, for example, is an enigma to the European. Perhaps the master learns incidentally that the boy has a wife and family and makes shift to maintain some sort of family life while seemingly giving all his time to his employer.

"The boy and many of the other servants visit the bazaar, and the bazaar of the East is the great exchange of gossip—'gup,' as the Hindustani word is. Every piece of news, native or foreign, is in the gup of the bazaar. Your boy brings home all sorts of news, which is to be had merely for the asking. He knows who among your friends are ill, in love, in debt. The bazaar often has early news of European disturbances; and these mysterious people who surround you, and of whom you are curiously ignorant, talk familiarly in the bazaar of your private affairs.

"It is in business life as in family life; you know nothing of the native with whom you come in contact. The native studies English only to get a place where he may earn a living, and once possessed of a clerkship he is content to plod on, working with a peculiar care and precision, but with the utmost slowness, malingering whenever he dare upon any excuse, and constantly, as it seems, concealing his real self. The native employee's favorite excuse is a funeral, and he seems to be bereft of some one near and dear every three months. It is impossible to guess whether the excuse is real or fictitious. One is often amazed at the seeming acquaintance of the native with all sorts of things that belong to a European education, but after a time one finds that it is only lip knowledge.

"Baboo is the name given in Bengal to the graduate of an Indo-English school, and such men constitute a small clerical class, some of whom rise to places of importance under the government. Baboo English is a stock subject of jest among Indo-Europeans. It is often curiously absurd. The memoir of Onoosul Chunder Moorherjee, a judge of the highest Indian tribunal, published at Calcutta ten or twelve years ago, was received with a burst of laughter by the English press. Half a dozen books since published in English by more or less distinguished natives have

been quite as ridiculous. Native newspapers printed in English are the funniest things in life. They are made worse by the tricks played upon them by English residents. Newspapers in the native dialects are usually bitter assaults of the government, but they have little or no circulation and are usually short-lived, though no steps are taken to suppress or to exercise a censorship over them.

"The native delights in strong English words of Latin derivation, and often uses them with a meaning just a shade off their common acceptance. Along with these ambitious words the native uses slang and conventional phrases by way of giving his style an air of unstudied ease. The selection of Justice Moorherjee, says his biographer, 'was most judicious and tip-top.' A scolding utterance of humor marks the attempt of the native at English composition. A native applying to me for a place as clerk closed his letter thus: 'Hearing that you are fond of figures I append a few: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.' A clerk being absent me a letter of excuse, in which he explained that he was kept away by a 'boil' as per margin.' On the margin of the sheet he had drawn a rude outline of the part affected by the boil, with an exaggerated representation of the latter. I am entirely clear that neither had any humorous intent. 'Some of the baboo adopt the profession of writers, which means that they undertake the correspondence of persons not so happy in their education. These baboo letters are marked with an exaggeration of the absurdities that belong to native English. Every native on applying for a place in an English house brings letters of recommendation. These are occasionally, perhaps frequently, forged by the baboo writer employed for the purpose. The writer does not hesitate to append the name of any Anglo-Indian, no matter how distinguished. I doubt not that Warren

Hastings' name has appeared in a hundred such. These forgeries are so clumsy as to be ridiculous, for the recommendations are fulsome and florid to the last degree.

"One must consider caste in all dealings with the natives, yet I own my ignorance of the subject. A prince is not necessarily a man of high caste, and his prime minister may in this matter be his superior. An American corporation has done a great deal to shake the power of caste, at least in some particulars, at Bombay. When street railways were introduced into that city by this American company it was supposed that the enterprise would be a failure, that men of different castes would not mingle in the street cars. But exactly the reverse is true. You see men of all castes sitting side by side in the street cars, and the same is true of the steam railways.

"It is a mistake to suppose that the European imposes upon the individual native, whatever you may think of the British occupation of India. The native is extremely litigious. If the European strikes his boy, the latter is quick off to have the master hauled before the justice and tried for the offence, and all natives in contact with their rights under the law. The people of all classes, however, are polite to the verge of obsequiousness. You meet this politeness on every hand. I saw it even among the burghers at Bombay, a singular class of men whose habits I found peculiarly interesting.

"The European resident in India gradually becomes indifferent to the swarm of dusky figures to ever surrounding him. One ceases to be conscious of the servants, with their gliding, silent steps and inscrutable faces. The houses are without doors, so that servants can pass troley and noiselessly from room to room. The man that shaves you steps at day break into your apartment and performs his duty while you

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are yet half asleep. You submit to be dressed like a child by your boy. Even when a become unconscious of the man servant gliding about their dressing rooms, and the employer has no secret from his servants. The European feels himself a drop in the ocean of native humanity. He knows that those mysterious people, whose lips are to him as sealed books, are acquainted with all his doings, and while outwardly subservient, privately hold him and his civilization in contempt."

Decreed by the Cuckoo.

In Denmark, in early springtime, when the voice of the cuckoo is heard in the woods, every village girl kisses her hand and asks the question—"Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be married?" The old folk, borne down by age, inquire—"Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be released from the world's cares?" The bird, in answer,

sings "Cuckoo" as many times as years will elapse before the object of these desires will come to pass. But, as some old people live to an advanced age, and many girls die old maids, the bird has so much to do in replying to the questions put to her that she has no time to make her nest, but lays her eggs in that of the hedge-sparrow.

An Immense Plough.

The largest plough in the world, perhaps is owned by Richard Gird, of San Bernardino County, California. This immense sod-turner stands 18 feet high, and weighs 36,000 pounds. It runs by steam, is provided with twelve 12 inch ploughshares, and is capable of ploughing fifty acres of land per day. It consumes from one to one and a half tons of coal per day, and usually travels at the rate of four miles an hour.

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